

found it more difficult to return than to go forward. He could have returned easily from the point where he disembarked himself, but the fact that he did thus prepare so early and so near the ground, and after he had ascended more than double that height on the other side, are clear proofs, that to inscribe his name was not, and to climb the bridge was his object. He had already inscribed his name above Washington himself, more than fifty feet.

Around the face of this huge column, and between the clefts he now moved backward and forward, still ascending, as he found convenient foot hold. When he had ascended about one hundred and seventy feet from the earth, and had reached the point where the pillar overhangs the ravine, his heart seemed to fail. He stopped, and seemed to us to be balancing midway between heaven and earth. We were in dread suspense, expecting every moment to see him dashed to atoms at our feet. We had already exhausted our powers of entreaty, in persuading him to return, but all to no purpose. Now, it was perilous even to speak to him, and very difficult to carry on conversation at all, from the immense height to which he had ascended, and the noise made by the bubbling of the little brook, as it tumbled in rainy cascades over its rocky bed, at our feet. At length he seemed to discover that one of the clefts before mentioned, retreated backward from the overhanging position of the pillar. Into this he sprang at once, and was soon out of sight and out of danger.

There is not a word of truth in all that story about our hauling him up with ropes, and his fainting away so soon as he landed on the summit. Those acquainted with the localities, will at once perceive its absurdity, for we were beneath the arch, and it is half a mile round the top, and for the most part up a rugged mountain. Instead of fainting away, Mr. Piper proceeded at once down the hill to meet us, and obtained his hat and shoes. We met about half way, and there he laid down for a few moments, to recover himself from his fatigue.

We dined at the tavern of Mr. Donoho, half way between the Bridge and Lexington, and there we related the whole matter at the dinner table. Mr. Donoho has since removed to the St. Clair, in Michigan. Mr. Piper was preparing himself for the ministry, in the Presbyterian church, and the president of the college was his spiritual preceptor, as well as his teacher in college. Accordingly he called him up, next morning, to inquire into it, thinking, perhaps, that it was not a very proper exhibition for a student of theology. The Reverend President is still alive, and can corroborate my testimony. I mean the Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D., at present at the head of the Theological Seminary in Virginia. As to the other witnesses, Mr. Revelly afterward became a member of the Legislature of Virginia, and somewhat distinguished, I believe, for a young man; but he unfortunately fell a victim to poison, as I have been informed. Mr. Wallace was then of Richmond, but a native of Scotland, whether he returned soon after. It strikes me that I once heard of his death, but of this I am not certain. He may be still alive, and able to substantiate my statement.

Mr. Piper himself afterward married a daughter of Gen. Alexander Smyth, of Wythe, and was soon after appointed principal of some academy in the West, which he abandoned, however, as he had done the ministry before. The last I heard of him, was during the last summer, when I saw his name registered at one of the Virginia springs. I was told he had become an engineer, and was then engaged in surveying a road between some two of the springs.

I have thus briefly and hastily related every thing about the exploit, which I have any reason to believe will be interesting to the public, either now or hereafter.

WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

QUESTIONS OUT OF A POLITICAL CATECHISM.

Question. Pray, sir, what politics do you profess?

Answer. Sir, I am a democrat.

Q. In what does your democracy consist?

A. To be "all things [at times] to all men." To advocate the establishment and utility of a national bank in 1816, and to repudiate it in 1828. To oppose a sub-Treasury in 1834, and to laud it to the skies in 1837. To advocate the democracy of August and September, 1837, as then declared and expounded by the Albany and New York republican committees, and to advocate what it was declared and expounded to be by the republican committees in December, 1837, after the Locofocos (which were till the tail-end of all parties, as pronounced by the Globe and Argus,) were admitted into our ranks.

Q. What, then, is your definition of a Locofoco?

A. The present definition is equivalent to democrat. Before this was found out by Van Buren to be the case, we called them Agrarians, Fanny Wright-men, Infidels, Radicals, Flour-barrel party, &c.; but Mr. Ming and Mr. Slamm, and their associates, satisfied Mr. Van Buren they were the true democratic party, and, there-

fore, the Conservatives were turned out of the party.

Q. What do you mean by Conservatives?

A. I mean a party that supported Van Buren for President, through thick and thin, and afterwards would not obey his orders to support the sub-Treasury system?

Q. What do you mean by the sub-Treasury system?

A. I mean a system that would concentrate the whole money power with the sword, in the hands of the executive, and ruin all the banks—a power that would enable the Executive to accumulate patronage and power to an extent that would perpetuate him and us in office.

Q. I thought that the Constitution gave Congress the power of regulating the Treasury?

A. So it did according to its ancient construction, but we have found a shorter way, that is, "to construe the Constitution as we understand it." And surely the party can only understand it in such a manner as it shall answer best the good of the party. Ask Mr. Butler—the former, I mean the present Attorney General of the United States till September—whether this is not the true definition; and Mr. Butler is certainly the best expounder of constitutional law we have ever had in the country.

Q. Is then the constitution to be so construed as to subserve only the interest of the party?

A. Certainly.

Q. Has not the country at large something to say about this affair?

A. The country at large has nothing to do with it. We, the democracy, are the country in its proper and legitimate sense.

Q. In what dictionary do you find your definition?

A. In no dictionary. We want no such trash as Webster's, Walker's, or Johnson's dictionaries. They were all rank aristocrats, and that is enough for the true democracy.

Q. Do you hold to the doctrine that the democracy of numbers, or, as H. Bleeker quaintly calls it, King numbers, is the true test in a republican country as to what the People want and ought to have?

A. It was once the doctrine when our party was in the majority, but it has been since exploded.

Q. Why so?

A. Why—because—because it is rather now an inconvenient doctrine.

Q. Please explain?

A. Well, if the truth must out, we have lost already twenty States in the recent elections, and we are confoundedly afraid that we shall soon lose the remaining six. We now incline to the opinion that the "minority of numbers" should govern.

Q. Do you consider a President's orders and opinions to be always definitive and conclusive upon the party?

A. Certainly; so long as he professes our democracy.

Q. What do you consider the Bible of your democracy?

A. The Globe and Argus.

Q. Do you believe all they say?

A. Certainly.

Q. But when they contradict themselves, how do you then manage?

A. We take their last assertions to be the true democracy. We follow, in this, the Revised Statutes, (and remember Mr. Butler was one of the revisors,) "the last clause, or section, shall prevail."

Q. Good day, sir; I may ask you, perhaps, at another time, a few more questions.

A. I shall answer them with great pleasure.

Q.

A proposition for our Van Buren friends.—The patriotic intentions of "the party," to force their opponents to the adoption of their on peculiar views on the subject of hard money, having been defeated by Congress, we have a proposition to make to them which we think cannot fail to meet their approbation, and accomplish their object, so far as they themselves are concerned.

The members of the party, one and all, having such a horror of banks, bank officers, and bank notes, we respectfully propose that they forthwith sell, or give away, all the bank stock they hold, resign all their offices in banks, and resolve themselves to receive no bank notes, but to sell all their goods, receive all their fees, and pay all their debts, in hard money, only.

As we take it for granted that it is only because this plan has never suggested itself to our opponents, that it has not been adopted, we anticipate its immediate adoption, by acclamation. We look for the speedy relinquishment of his Stock by the wealthy Stockholder, who regards the banks as vampires, sucking the blood of the "dear people."—the retirement in disgust of the Director and officer, who have such a horror of the corrupting influence of banks,—the refusal to receive, a fee, and the resignation of his office, by the Bank Attorney, who, believing all banks to be unconstitutional, cannot consent to sue for a judgment against a delinquent debtor. And last, but not least, that all the faithful will at once and forever, refuse to sell goods, or do any manner of labor, for the "worthless bank rags," for which they have such a thorough contempt.

Anticipating, as we have said, the immediate adoption of this suggestion, we first publish it here, in Fayetteville

and Cumberland, that our neighbors may have the glory of taking the lead in the great work, and besides have all the benefit of the flood of prosperity which will pour in upon them in consequence. As they have so strenuously contended that the country can only be saved by a return to a hard money currency,—that business would flourish, and honor and fair dealing and equal rights be secured by the banishment of "bank rags," and as the ignorant Whigs know not what is good for them, and utterly refuse to come into this wholesome measure, it is but fair that the wiser Vans should have the benefit of putting in practice their own notable scheme. For the more effectual and speedy accomplishment of the great object, we proposed to them to carry out their plans by holding meetings of the "dear people" on to-morrow, at the various election grounds, where they will have a full assemblage of all their forces, and can fully concoct the plan, of which the above is only an outline.

!!! DUNCAN'S SPEECH TO BE STEREOTYPED !!!

We read in the Evening Post last evening that the non-spoken speech of Mr. Duncan, of Ohio, was to be stereotyped by the People of the Evening Post!—a Speech never before delivered in Congress, but manufactured after the adjournment. Now as the Editor of the Post has some merit in the eyes of the world as a man of *Belle Lettres*, we do hope, that before he stereotypes this budget of vulgarity and falsehoods (which we do not expect him to correct) that he will, at least, for the honor of the English language we all profess to respect, put it under the screws of the "King of the Grammar," and give it a touch of Syntax at least.

As this unspoken Speech is to be the *Loco Foco* Talisman, it is well to look at it a little now.

The following article is taken from the Washington Globe, where, it will be observed, credit is given for it to the Raleigh (N. Carolina) Standard—

"Mr. DUNCAN'S SPEECH.—We are inclined, at first to condense this speech, fearing its great length would prevent many of our readers from perusing it; but we saw no part that could with propriety be omitted, and hope, from the importance of the subject, all will read, examine, and decide for themselves. That Mr. Bond is a most reckless and abandoned libeller, does not rest on the assertion of Mr. Duncan alone, but on a crowd of evidences and a mass of documentary proof. We might suppose that Mr. Bond's speech could have no effect on the people, who are aware of the tricks of Federalism, and who have been so often deceived by that party. But if this has been the case, the speech of Mr. Duncan, with the accompanying proofs will remove every doubt, and show that the Federalists charge their own profligacy on the present and preceding Administrations. This game they have for some time played. They have deranged the currency, suspended specie payment, hampered the public Treasury and brought ruin upon many and embarrassment upon all, for political purposes, and have charged the consequences upon a patriotic Administration; and they have now, through the 'automaton' Bond, charged the Government with extravagance, produced by 'Federal' or 'Whig' votes."—*Raleigh (N. C.) Standard.*

We think it was a judicious determination in the editor of the Standard, not to attempt to condense Mr. Duncan's speech. A man might as well undertake to condense the contents of an air-balloon, a full blown foot-ball, which, the moment a hole is made in the bladder, loses its wind, and becomes perfectly flat and rapid. Duncan's speech is without exception the most accomplished piece of bombast and froth, the most tumid and turgid specimen of inflated, foaming, windy oratory, that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The following passage may be considered as affording conclusive proof of the remark we have just made—

"Yes, it is said that the Government is trying to be divorced from the State banks.

Sir, I deny, that ever the Federal Government was wedded to the banks. There is an alliance between the Government and the States: you regard that alliance in the character of a husband, friend, protector, guardian, or what you please. To accommodate the Whigs, we will call it husband; will agree that the sister States confederated, and gave up certain portions or parts of their independence, supremacy, and means, and out of those constructed a Federal Government, and imposed on that Government the duties of a husband towards them, defining specifically the power he shall exercise over them in a written Constitution, which was to stand for all time as a wall of fire to secure them from any Federal innovations upon their reserved rights and sovereignties. All this we know to be true; but was the Federal Government thereby to play the husband with and for every hand maid that the States might take into their employ. Was she to bed and board with every wrinkled yellow and toothless washerwoman that the States might engage to do that which was beneath their dignity to do themselves? When the Federal Government united in the honorable bonds of matrimony with the States, that an-

son was superinduced by their youth, beauty, intelligence, wealth, and chastity, and every other requisite necessary to make such an union desirable and permanent."

It is difficult to say whether nonsense or pomposity is the predominant characteristic of this passage. The confederation of the States is here exhibited under the endearing name of a husband, married to a large number of wives, counting at the present time no fewer than twenty-six, and the number is almost constantly increasing. One would think this would be pretty well in a Christian country, where polygamy is not allowed. But it seems these wedded States, not satisfied with their relationship, like the wives of the ancient Patriarchs, have undertaken to turn out their handmaids for the benefit of their lord and master; and as if to impeach his taste, as well as his morals, these Hagars, and Bilhahs, and Zilphas, are described as the most ugly, repulsive, and disgusting of all human beings—wrinkled, yellow, and toothless. And to such a degree of rhapsodic enthusiasm does the Doctor's imagination and feelings carry him, that, in the twinkling of an eye, he transforms his Confederated husband, who seemed at first something like the Grand Turk with his Seraglio—into a female, with all these wives on hand. "But," says he "was the Federal Government thereby to play the husband with and for every handmaid that the States might take into their employ? Was she to bed and board with every wrinkled, yellow, and toothless washerwoman that the States might engage to do that which was beneath their dignity to do for themselves?" The old notion of transmigration is a fool to this. It is a short mode of making a "Grey Mare," otherwise called a She Husband.

The North Carolina writer suggests, that if Mr. Bond's speech could have produced any effect upon the public mind, Mr. Duncan's will remove every doubt, and show that the Federalists charge their own profligacy on the present and preceding Administrations. The great object of Mr. Duncan's speech, as far its meaning can be understood, is, not to prove that Mr. Bond does not tell the truth in the instances of extravagance that he details, but he attempts by a reference to other cases to show that the Whigs are as bad as the *Loco Focos*. The amount of this is, that the *Loco Focos* claim no higher credit for themselves, than that of placing their best deeds upon a footing with the worst of their opponents. This is a low species of merit; especially as they charge the Whigs with every thing that is base, unworthy, and unprincipled.

N. Y. Express.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Halifax Court House, Va. July 3d, 1838.

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of many of the Whigs of Halifax, convened for the purpose, we were appointed a committee to invite you, in their name, to visit their county on your return to your home in South Carolina, and to dine with them at their Court House on such day as may suit your convenience.

We give but a feeble expression to their sentiments, when we declare to you that your steady devotion to, and able support of, principles dear to all true Whigs—your constant, unwearied and eloquent defence of the Constitution when attacked by many and defended by few—your efficient and manly resistance to the tyranny and corruption of the most dangerous Administration which this or any other country has ever been cursed with, have called up feelings of gratitude and respect which they would be delighted to have an opportunity personally to express to you.

At a time like the present, when they find many of those whom Virginia has been pleased to honor and to trust, falling one by one from the faith of our fathers, they turn with an honest pride to a native born Virginian, who, in another land, illustrates, by his life and his character, the political creed of the Old Dominion as she once was. We feel that we do no injustice to the sentiments of the meeting, when we say that it is their earnest desire to accord to you a yet more decided and unequivocal mark of the high estimation which they place on your character and services. We cannot permit this opportunity to escape without expressing to you our individual concurrence in these sentiments. While the South, now the weaker portion of the confederacy, finds herself on every side assailed in her dearest rights, it is a source of much satisfaction to know that we have such a champion as yourself on our side. We have the triple security of talent, integrity, and a common interest.

Hoping that we may be permitted to return to the meeting whose organ we are, an affirmative response from you, we are, with sentiments of distinguished consideration,

Your most obedient servants,
Jas. C. Bruce, Thos. S. Flournoy,
W. B. Banks, E. Barksdale, jr.
Thos. J. Green, Thomas Leigh,
J. S. Lewellen, William Holt,
Wm. Bailey, P. A. Gilmer,
T. Baker, Wm. D. Sims,
Thomas Davenport,
Committee to correspond.

Columbia, July 14, 1838.

GENTLEMEN—I have had the honor of receiving from you, a Committee of

the Whigs of Halifax, an invitation to a dinner at your Court House. Your letter was received at the very instant I was quitting Washington, and not read until I was on board the boat.—Travelling with the mail, there was no moment at which I could acknowledge and thank you for this flattering testimonial, elicited, I doubt not, more by the kindness with which you have regarded my wishes and purposes to do good, than by a just consideration of the efficiency with which I have prosecuted them.

I came into the Senate, gentlemen, at the moment when the unparalleled usurpations of the Executive, consummated by the seizure and detention of the public treasure, brought into existence the Whig party, composed of all those who struggled to preserve the constitutional limitations of power, or the principles of free government. Against those usurpations, so utterly destructive of every thing that the revolution won and sanctified, we have continued to struggle, with a zeal which thus far has not been rewarded by a proportionate success. In 1833, the public money was found in the hands of the Executive, unregulated by law; but, even Gen. Jackson was unwilling that it should continue thus, and earnestly recommended that the dangerous trust should be taken from his hand and placed in the custody of the law—now in 1838, a willing Senate proposes to place in the hands of this President, exempted from legal restraints, the funds his predecessor seized. If there were no other indications of the progress of right principles, the patriot Whig might be disposed to surrender in despair; but recent events administered consolation, and teach us confidence in the permanence of our free institutions. The power and patronage party has been rebuked by the House of Representatives at each appeal made to it, by a stronger and stronger voice. The people are coming—have come—to the rescue of the constitution. The mad and wild projects of a pampered and reckless party are and will be defeated. But, at the same time, it is my deliberate conclusion, painfully and reluctantly arrived at, that no defeat, however disgraceful; no warning, however solemn; no experience, however disastrous, will turn the party in power from the error of its ways. Its whole organization, principles and practices are wrong, essentially immoral and revolutionary. As long as it is in power, the country will be tossed with violent agitations, harassed by sudden changes, subjected to rapid alternations of facitious prosperity and real disaster, be divided into sections and classes, in bitter hostility to each other—while a general uncertainty, confusion & anxiety, will pervade the public mind. These are the necessary and inevitable consequences of the domination of such a party as now govern the country—our only hope is in a change of the dynasty. Let us expel the Stuarts whoever may replace them.

Is there any man who will look back upon the history of the last eight years, and believe it possible that our country can produce any other party or set of men who in the same space can do as much mischief? The kind temper in which my fellow citizens of the Whig party of Halifax have been pleased to regard my humble efforts, will be a stimulus to increased exertions in the common cause of the Whigs and the Constitution. For the favorable terms, gentlemen, in which you have been pleased to couch your communication, I beg you to accept my sincere thanks, and that you will be assured of the high respect and consideration with which I am your obedient servant,

W. C. PRESTON.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Whether the present Banking Capital of North Carolina, amounting only to three millions of dollars, and less than any other State of the union, is adequate to her wants, I shall leave to the decision of her Legislators and Financiers.

The question is an important one, and requires mature reflection and dispassionate discussion. If we are to continue as we have been and as we are, it is perhaps enough. But if we design to develop our resources—if enterprise is to be stimulated and encouraged, our manufactures multiplied, and our buried wealth brought into activity and usefulness, our credit must be employed, and our currency enlarged.

The hazards and the errors of Banking for the future must be greatly diminished. The system will be based upon a better digested and more stable foundation, or we have paid the price of experience without its profit.

The experiments of the Government upon the currency—the novel postulate that "all who trade on borrowed capital ought to break," and the atrocious war which has been waged so obstinately against the entire credit system, have aroused the public mind to reflection, and concentrated as with a burning lens the intelligence of the country upon the subject of Banking, and good must be deduced from it. Finance as a science has thus been advanced a century, and it is to be hoped that we will no longer grope in the darkness of ignorance, stumbling over rash experiments—losing ourselves in the mazes of visionary expedients, and at last

sinking into the pits of universal bankruptcy.

But why labour for the means, when the importance of the end is not yet sufficiently realized? Or people are yet asleep, or but half awake.

Would that we had a trumpet's tongue to speak to every hamlet of the State, and rouse it to its wants and interests. Would that we could see the people rising up in the majesty of their power, shaking off their petty aims, their sectional jealousies, their mere local objects, and their absorbing devotion to federal politics, and girding themselves with equal earnestness for the improvement of their native State. Could they be persuaded to bestow on her one tithe of the zeal which they so freely give to party politics, we would soon see our water courses cleared and deepened—railways crossing them at the head of navigation—the rich products of the interior flowing onward to the seaboard, and our ports and harbours whitened by the sails of our ever growing commerce.

Is so glorious a consummation never to be attained? Will our people still sleep in the dull embrace of ignorance or listlessness, suffering their noble gifts to remain unimproved, or to be snatched from their nerveless hands by their more enterprising neighbors of Virginia or South Carolina? People of North Carolina, let not your children bear such a reproach upon you.—Pride of our native State, let not contemptuous pity smile at your imbecility—nor the broad laugh of derision mock you yet longer as the sleeping partner of this string and enterprising confederacy. Your lovely valleys are depopulated by emigration—your rich alluvions are fallow—your mineral wealth unexplored, or lying a burden on your hands—and all your superfluities rotting in your groaning barns—because you will not effect a communication with your seaboard, and an outlet to all the markets of the world.

Fellow labourers of the press, we call upon you to discharge your paramount duties to the State. Discarding local interests and narrow prejudices, let us take an enlarged, an elevated and patriotic view of the public weal. Excite and reform public feeling—concentrate public attention upon the subject—inform the public mind and devote to the advancement of your State, a portion at least of those talents which you so zealously give to partisan warfare. The period is propitious, this day ends our party struggle, and decides for the present the political character of our State. A happy breathing time is left us. This is a neutral ground upon which we can all meet, as brethren, and is calculated to allay irritation, and harmonize animosities.

As to our course it is simple and plain—our duties are written with a pencil of light. We must decide upon the general principle whether the interest of North Carolina, her pride and honor, require that she should export her own products or continue tributary to her neighbours.

If as we hope, there can be but one response to this, our next business will be to select the seaport most eligible for our purposes, and then build up its means of communication with the interior.

The subject only wants your reflection, the honest and deliberate decision of your understandings, and your personal energies, your moral influence, will bring about its accomplishment. The State has ample means at her command, and it is for you, to rouse the public will, and bring those means to bear upon the noble enterprise.

Wilmington Adve.

OUR PRINCE IN ENGLAND.

John Van Buren, a son of our President, is in England. He is a man of talents—and of very agreeable companionable qualities. Mr. Bennett of the New York Herald, writing from London, thus speaks of him:

"My friend young John Van Buren is behaving very well here. He puts up at Long's fashionable Hotel in Bond Street, and quizzes the English dandies most unmercifully. I understand also that the Queen is much better pleased with our Prince than with the white-haired sprig of royalty from France—I mean the Duc de Nemours. John has a great deal of natural drollery & wit about him—a little bizzac it is true—but the poor Frenchman has little of either. Both have long legs, but the form and figure of the democrat is decidedly much straighter than that of the tri-color. On each side of the Queen, when she is at the dinner table, is a chair generally vacant.

"When she wants to talk to any of her guests, she sends her page to the person with a request to drink wine with her majesty. The person thus honored immediately gets up, and walks to one of the vacant chairs, drinks with her majesty, and enters into conversation. When John had the invitation, he entered I am told into an interesting tete-a-tete with the pretty little Queen. He talked of the United States—of the big rivers—big mountains—and his prairies. The Queen was highly delighted with young John—indications of which crossed her fair cheeks in the form of sweet smiles.—After a little while her majesty sent her page to another of her guests.—This was the signal for John to retire to his former seat at the table, which he did with great grace, her little majesty eyeing him from beneath her left eye all the time."