

OREGON TERRITORY.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE (KY.) JOURNAL.

Perhaps there are no two things which differ more entirely in all respects than a fancy picture of Oregon and a real landscape of that remarkable region. In the fancy picture, trees, flowers, and shrubs are most luxuriant and fresh to look upon; the rivers are broad, silvery, capable of bearing on their bosoms the largest vessels; the atmosphere is brilliant as that of Greece; all sorts of animals are lively, fat, and abundant; and, in fine, the country is the most charming that the man in the moon in his perigrinations has the felicity of beholding. This is the picture of Oregon that is painted on the imaginations of those who have made up their minds to make that land their homes. Oregon itself presents a very different kind of picture to the eye of an artist. It is a vast succession of mountains that produce volcanic rocks, and valleys of sand which produce ticks and prickly pear. Such is the general appearance of the territory. In vain does the anxious eye of the emigrant wander over the sterile expanse in search of greenness. He finds it only in his own person. He comes sometimes on an enterprising catamount, that is travelling, like himself in quest of a region in which a catamount may pursue his vocation with decency and dignity, but has lost his flesh and his heart in the bootless effort. There are beavers and muskrats along the rivers, but they are the only quadrupeds to be met with. It is true that the entomological department is rich in variety and character; there is no region in which black ticks and mosquitoes flourish more abundantly, and if the happiness of a person is in proportion to the number of bites made on his body by hungering and thirsting insects, Oregon is the very clime, the El Dorado, for him.

It happens once in a while that a fellow that has been to Oregon in quest of happiness manages to save enough muscle from the depredation of fevers and mosquitoes to bring him back to the United States. Such miraculous escapes have happened, and may possibly again occur. One person was recently so lucky as to get back to New York from the beautiful Oregon, and he has given the New York Tribune an account of the country. He found that Oregon is a remarkably hard country to make a living in, as the soil is sterile and miserably rocky. Of the climate he was greatly enamored. Although the winters are not very cold, they are very rainy, and the summer nights, instead of being warm, are cold and frosty.

Now this is very true, and, in consequence of the heat of the day and the chilliness of the nights in summer, every body is addicted to the most wasting diseases. Bilious fevers and old-fashioned fevers and agues invade every body within their reach. Men, women, and children burn up and freeze up every day in the alterations of disease. In these diseases there is no necessity to resort to the lancet, as the mosquitoes are always at hand to save the poor devils the expense of surgical instruments and leeches. They bleed him pretty effectually. They bleed him in bed and in the field, by night, and by day, and all times and in all places.

When you are in Oregon you cannot get to any spot from which you may not see mountains clad in eternal snows; and every night in summer as well as in winter, old Jack Frost comes rushing down from these snowy cliffs and chills those little rills of blood in the neighborhood of the human heart into which neither mosquito, sand-tick, nor gallinipper can plunge his sucker. The frosts kill every thing that cannot, like white bears, live on frost and icicles. Hence prickly pear is the only plant that flourishes, and one can have just as many patches of that beautiful, velvety, and finger-and-shin-dabbling plant as one pleases without incurring expense or labor.

Corn cannot grow in Oregon, and hence the mastication of dodgers and ponies is a felicity which, like one's first love, is a dream of the past. In the absence of corn and carrion, crows and buzzards are very scarce indeed, as these scoty birds are far too smart to go where such hardies are unknown. If a nubbins shall ever be raised in Oregon, we hope it may be sent to this part of the world to deprive our statement of the impossibility of growing corn in that climate.

Very few men, who go to Oregon with the intention of settling themselves there, remain more than one season, not, however, because they all die during the first year, though many do drag their miserable carcasses thither only to find miserable graves. They who have strength enough to withstand the depredations of disease and insects, leave, on the opening of spring, for California, where there is a fine opening for emigrants. It is said by some rather unromantic individuals that there are valleys in Oregon where human life is endurable, and we suppose the statement is true, as we occasionally hear from persons who have contrived to live a little while in the neighborhood of the Wallamette river. How they live we have not been informed, notwithstanding we have long felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn.

Some of the Locofoco talk of taking possession of Oregon. That is absolutely impossible. The United States Government may and we hope will continue to call Oregon a portion of its territory, but to take possession of it in any other sense is against the laws of Nature. Oregon will never be divided into States, counties, townships, and farms, because, such divisions imply population and population there is utterly impracticable. Mehemet Ali may as well undertake to populate the Great African Desert, as the United States undertake to populate Oregon, which is one vast desert, larger and as sterile as Sahara. It can't be populated with men, or any other tribe of animals that we know of, with the exception of chameleons and lovers, which creatures, it is said, can live on air. All animals, with the exceptions we have made, have stomachs which must be fed, and blood-vessels which must be filled, and as nineteenth-twentieths of the whole territory is incapable of producing food that will sustain bipeds and quadrupeds, it is altogether absurd to talk of taking possession of it.

Graham has, it is said, shown very conclusively that the human body can be nourished by saw-dust bread, and if some enterprising philosopher shall transcend the sublime discovery of Graham, and contrive a plan by which volcanic rocks and pudding stones can be converted into bread, and the prickly pear can be elevated to the rank of an edible, digestible, and nutritious vegetable; then, we grant, that human life and other sorts of life may become possible in Oregon. But so long as gastronomy remains in its present imperfect state, and so long as science is unable to convert stones into loaves of bread and the prickly pear into an excellent, why just so long will it continue to be impossible for the United States, Great Britain, or any other Power to take possession of that country. In our humble opinion, the play that is enacting

is not worth the candle; and if Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Polk would be good enough to visit Oregon in person, we have no doubt they would advise their respective Governments of the fact that the fig-end of creation, about which they are now disputing, is not worth a war of words, to say nothing of a war in which the more destructive implements of warfare shall be employed.

THE REVENUE STANDARD.

The Washington Union of Monday published the following as extracted from the "Mississippi" of the 18th June, adding that it is in union with Mr. Bancroft's Speech.

LETTER FROM HON. R. J. WALKER.

Extract from a letter to the senior editor of the Mississippi, dated June 5th, 1845.

"It would be impossible for me to give you any adequate conception of the labors of this office, (Secretary of the Treasury); suffice it to say, I never have any leisure. At present my chief occupation is with the details of the tariff. It must be reduced to the REVENUE STANDARD.

I do hope and trust our friends in Mississippi will not quarrel about men, in elections for office. Their motto should be, any good democrat, (for all the offices), and union and harmony in his support against all the whigs.—There should be no division, or it may produce ends that will defeat the party.

Ever truly yours,
"R. J. WALKER."

This is in quite an imperious tone. The Secretary must imagine that he is really endowed with the characteristics which distinguished the late General Jackson. The United States Journal, a few weeks ago, said he was so endowed; that he had the General's promptness and firmness, &c. The Union, too, has awarded to him the possession of rare powers. This comparison and praise have possibly exerted a strong influence upon his own imagination, and he attempts to imitate the old Lion; but we apprehend if he continues his attempts, he will wind up with a very different kind of tone from that of the old Lion's roar.

"The Tariff 'must' be reduced to the revenue standard, says Mr. Walker. Very well; what is the revenue standard? and how is it to be ascertained and settled upon? The Northern Democracy understand the revenue standard to be the levying of such duties as will raise money enough to defray the expenses of the Government, and incidentally protect those interests, which it is important should be protected, against foreign competition. A part of the Southern Democracy, on the other hand, have an abstract theory about the levying of duties, in such a manner as in no case to restrict importation, and yet to raise enough money for the wants of the Government. How they will get exactly at this point, and whether their Northern brethren will have patience to study with them to find out this nice standard, remains to be seen. But Mr. Walker says it must be done, and we suppose the Democracy will have to regard his say so, backed by the head of the Navy, as the 'fixed decree'."

The Enquirer of yesterday notices this bulletin from the Secretary of the Treasury, and regards it as "confirmatory proof" of their declaration, "that the administration intend to be true to the principles which carried them into power, and as far as they are concerned, to do justice to the South by modifying the unequal and unjust tariff of 1842." But what becomes of the implied pledges to the people of the North? Did Pennsylvania think, when voting for Mr. Polk, that this "justice to the South" as understood by the Enquirer, was to be a principle of his Administration? We shall see what were and are the expectations of the different sections of the Democracy next winter, and how the "Young Hickory" of the Treasury will guide and control the conflicting views of those sections; for he seems to have taken command, so far as his department is concerned.

The Enquirer makes an effort to show that we ought to begin to relax our Tariff policy, and be very liberal towards England, since she has been so kind as to reduce some of her duties so as to enable our people to introduce there some tallow, beeswax, butter, &c. (all indeed to a very trifling amount)—and says:

"So true is it, that the export trade of our agricultural products is beginning to be of high importance to more interests than one, as to cause the state of the English harvest to be watched here with almost as much anxiety as in England."

Now, this anxious watching of the wheat harvest in England is what has existed all the time since we were independent, and it amounts to just this: that when the British grain crops fail and the price of wheat rises, the duty slides down the scale until it reaches a point at which we can export flour to England with profit—and then, if we are very active, very fleet of foot, and get in ahead of the Mediterranean and Baltic supplies, why we do very well. This is the reason the British crop is looked to, and this is the very slim chance we have of making much by the failure of the English harvest. And how often does the English harvest fall short? Why, our's fails at least five times to its once. We ought of course, to make great concessions to Great Britain for this. True, she has, for the sake of her starving population,—not from any concessions to the principles of free trade—made her sliding scale a little lower, so that the price of wheat in England is not required to be as high as formerly before we have a chance to send in our broad-stuffs at a profit. But this modification by no means opens to us a market for a redundant crop, except in the happening of an event which can be seldom indeed looked for; because the British grain crop is the most regular in the world. Great Britain has made no concessions to free trade. She has made concessions to her necessities, and she has falsely made light of them, upon which she has based an appeal to us, which some of our own citizens are ascending under very mistaken notions. Great Britain will take care of her interests, and make no concessions which their advancement does not require.

We shall have no doubt much of this kind of argument of the Enquirer's next winter in Congress; but we apprehend it will not satisfy even the Democracy. The ability of the administration to carry out the pledges which it is represented at the South to have made, and reconcile the conflicting views of the party which brought it into power, must be tested next winter; but we venture to suggest that the mantle of the hero of New Orleans will be found not to have descended upon more than three of the men who compose it.

The Newark Advertiser speaks of black Tartarian Cherries in that place measuring over three inches in circumference.

THE WATCHMAN.

Salisbury, No. Co., July 12, 1845.

We are authorized to announce JAMES E. KERR, as a candidate for the County Court Clerkship of Rowan.

We are authorized to announce JOHN H. HARDIE, as a candidate for the County Court Clerkship of Rowan.

We are authorized to announce JOHN S. JOHNSTON, as a candidate for the Superior Court Clerkship of Rowan.

We are authorized to announce OBADIAH WOODSON, as a candidate for the office of Superior Court Clerk of Rowan county.

FOR CONGRESS, DANIEL M. BARRINGER.

By Messrs. MASON & TUTTLE, No. 38 William Street, Merchants' Exchange, are our sole Agents in the City of New York, for receiving Subscriptions and Advertisements.

MR. FISHER.

In our last paper, we referred to Mr. Fisher's position in politics as he stood in 1839, in which we said he was opposed to Martin Van Buren, and the measures of his administration. We now propose to give some extracts from a circular which he then sent out, in proof of our statements; which will also exhibit, what we consider a desire to deceive the people as to his true politics. The following is the first paragraph of that circular:

"Among other things I have been charged with being a Van Buren man, and a supporter of all the measures of his Administration. When I tell them it is not true,—that I am not a Van Buren man, nor ever have been,—nor a supporter of his administration further than to approve of what I think right, and condemn what I think wrong, they say, ah!—to be sure he is not so openly, but is so at heart!—Charitable men! judge not, lest ye be judged." The truth is, these men have taken great pains to make up a set of opinions for me, and without doubt, it would suit their purposes very well that I should adopt them as my own;—but then it does not suit me to do so: I cannot oblige them at the expense of truth, and principle."

The "Chitable men!" here referred to, sarcastically, are some Whigs who, from Mr. F's equivocating manner, disbelieved his professions, and considered him a Van Buren man in disguise. They charge him with desertion from the Whig ranks,—with going over to the very Administration whom he had but a short time previously condemned in the most unqualified manner. This charge was likely to operate very seriously against Mr. F., provided he did not manage in some way to break its force, and to this end, he denied being a Van Buren man, and denied being a supporter of his administration, further than to approve what he thought right, and to condemn what he thought wrong!

This was an artful way of dodging. For how was it possible for Mr. Fisher to support Mr. Van Buren at all without at the same time supporting the whole of his Administration. Or how was it possible for him to oppose Mr. Van Buren without at the same time opposing his administration. Did Mr. Fisher think, that Van Buren would cease the operation of those measures to which he objected, because he, (Mr. F.) was opposed to them. Or did he suppose Mr. Van Buren would gratify him and direct his Administration in such a way as to meet his approbation. By no means—we must take an Administration as we find it: If upon examination we discover that, upon the whole it is evil in its tendency, it is then our duty to oppose it. And if we discover it is good, we adopt it. There is no middle ground. You cannot go for this or that measure and reject others. You must take the whole or reject the whole. It is true, you may entertain your opinions abstractly as to the merits of the various measures of an administration. You may, abstractly, approve of some and condemn others; but when you are called upon to vote, you must take it or reject as a whole.

Now is there any man who doubts but Mr. Fisher knew this? Will any one for a moment suppose that Mr. F. believed he could, effectually "approve of what he thought right, and condemn what he thought wrong?" Or that he could at all separate the right from the wrong! Yet this artful language, had the desired effect: It deceived a large portion of the Whig Party,—persons who were proud of Mr. Fisher's talents, and who also, felt their bosoms swell with joy and satisfaction when on former occasions he had stood up so boldly and manfully in opposition to the corruption, extravagances and monstrous dardings of the Administration of Jackson and Van Buren. They remembered his course in years even preceding that dynasty: They remembered when, in 1827, and '28 he rallied with them under the banner of reform, and went against John Quincy Adams, whose administration, although it expended only about 13 millions annually, was accounted extravagant. He was a Jackson man, and did all he could to elect the hero, in order that such extravagance might be put a stop to. But the hero turned out to be more extravagant than Mr. Adams: Under his administration the expenditures of Government increased to nearly double their former amount; and practices of a dangerous and evil nature were introduced, which were perfectly astounding to the true friends of the Country. The Gener-

al's old supporters deserted him by thousands! and never were the people more alarmed for the safety of their Republican Institutions, than when he seized the Purse and the Sword of the Country—than when he declared he would take the responsibility; and when he closed his administration by recommending, or almost dictating who should be his successor in the Presidential Chair; and that favorite promised to "tread in the footsteps" of his illustrious predecessor, and carry out the plans commenced by the tyrant. These were indeed alarming times: The Jackson men of North Carolina, deserted him en masse; and Mr. Fisher was among the first to take the alarm: Nor was he vague and indefinite in his denunciations of his old friend, the General. There was no "approving what he thought right, and condemning what he thought wrong" then. He was bold and independent, and knowing very well that he could not effectually approve the good and reject the evil, in this case, and seeing that the evil overbalanced the good, he did what every rational man will always do—he rejected the whole!—He denounced the Administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, loud and long, and declared eternal warfare against it. [See proceedings of meeting in Vogler's grove, in 1835.]

In 1839 he still denounced it;—it was necessary that he should, for he was a candidate in a Whig district. Nevertheless, he did so as one submitting to a necessity, and even then apologised for it by attempting to saddle the blame chiefly on Congress, as though the President had not power to prevent any unconstitutional or mischievous measure of Congress.

In the Circular from which we have already quoted, we find the following, in relation to the extravagances of the times:

"For all these EXTRAVAGANCES I give to the President and his administration their full measure of condemnation. Neither Mr. Van Buren, nor his predecessor, has carried out the principles of reform they promised;—their Reform has been backwards. Mr. Van Buren himself, has fallen far short of what I consider his duty, and I always have, and always will consider him responsible for much of the evils that we complain of;—but in holding him to an account, let us not overlook Congress. This body is fully as much to blame as is the administration for all the enormous abuses we have witnessed,—nay, Congress is most to blame;—for, if Congress had not appropriated the money, the Executive could not have spent it."

Now this thing of blaming Congress more than the Administration, is another of Mr. Fisher's tricks. He knew very well this sort of argument would seem fair to many, and that it would have the effect to scatter the concentrated resentment of the people—justly bearing against Martin Van Buren. But we all know the President, in these latter days, is a partisan; and, (with the exception of Tyler,) has a party able to shape things to their own liking; and that the President is the soul of his party, whose very suggestions are moulded into laws, and whose frown is terror. This was the case when Jackson ruled, and also, when Van Buren occupied the Executive chair. Under these circumstances we think there is great justice in laying the blame at the President's door, when mischief is done.

But there is still another reason why the President is chargeable with the wrong doings of Congress: He possesses the veto power. If Congress pass an act, contrary to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, and which is fraught with danger to the interests of the Country, it is the duty of the President to arrest it. If he neglects to do so, he is at fault—not Congress—for, for that very purpose was the veto power given.

Thus, it would seem, this argument of Mr. Fisher's, was really intended to screen Mr. Van Buren, with whom he was then falling in love.

There is one other sentence in this extract worthy of particular attention: It is this—"Neither Mr. Van Buren, nor his predecessor, has carried out the principles of reform they promised;—their Reform has been backwards." And again:—"Mr. Van Buren himself, has fallen far short of what I consider his duty, and I always have, and always will consider him responsible for much of the evils that we complain of."

This is pretty plain, strong language; and if he had not sought to dilute it by throwing in Congress, it would have passed tolerably well. But Congress is dragged in, and made the scape goat for Van Buren's political sins. Nevertheless, it is strong enough for a necessity case, and it was available to the extent of his wishes.

Next to the closing paragraph of this Circular, we find the following interesting lines:

"I will go for investigating all abuses of power,—for correcting all evils, and punishing all defaulters. In short, I go for reform;—I believe that the preservation of our liberties,—nay, the very existence of our Institutions,—depends on a thorough reform,—not only in the EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, but likewise in CONGRESS."

This is capital! Who could vote against Mr. Fisher after his promising to do all this?

But did he keep his word? Ah! there lies the rub: It is an easy thing to promise!—much easier than to perform.—Did you ever hear the result of Mr. F's investigations?—Of the evils he corrected?

Or of his punishment of defaulters? No, we presume not. You never heard of a defaulter being punished under the Locofoco administration. But you have heard of their continuance in office, after their defaultations. Nay, it was contrary to the spirit of "reform" to punish them! If Mr. Fisher had not become such a thorough-going Reformer, it is likely we should have heard of some of them being brought to an account. But he turned Reformer, and that was the last of it.

What kind of "reform," gentle reader, do you suppose Mr. F. went for? He charged Mr. Van Buren, of "Reforming backwards!" Of course then, Mr. Fisher, as he was setting up for "reform," would do better than that: He saw how extravagantly, corruptly, and loosely Van Buren was administering the Government, and he saw that a "thorough reform," was absolutely necessary to "the preservation of our liberties;—nay, the very existence of our Institutions" was depending on it. And he declared most emphatically, that—"Should I therefore become your Representative," [we quote from the same document,] "you need never be at a loss where to find me;—wherever the flag of REFORM is hoisted, there you may look for me,—ready and willing to do my part of the glorious work."

Now there is no doubt but Mr. Fisher was in favor of "Reform,"—he was a perfect "Davy Crockett" on the subject,—a real scrounger! but still he didn't flog the defaulters. He let the rascals escape! and most wonderful to tell, he too, "Reformed BACKWARDS!" He adopted Mr. Van Buren's system!—Yes, in 1840, he was found travelling the same political track with, and just in the wake of, the little Magician, doing his part in "the glorious work"; and he is to this day, "among the first to take hold, and among the last to let go," this Van Buren system of reform!

It will be seen by to-day's paper, that that Col. BARRINGER has laid out his work for the time intervening between the 10th and 28th Inst. He will, no doubt address the people at other places than at those appointed, if circumstances will permit him, before the election comes on; for we know he will not be idle.

A word to the Whigs: Gentlemen, you are all, undoubtedly proud of your candidate, and desire that he shall not only be elected, but that a blow may be given to Locofocoism in this District, that will knock it into the "Indian nation!" But what have you done to accomplish this? Put the question to yourselves. We assure you from our own personal knowledge, and from the best information we can obtain from abroad, that there is scarcely an unprincipled Locofoco in the District but what is doing his utmost to elect Charles Fisher. They are to be found at the tail of liquor carts wherever there is a public gathering—they make every edge cut. We tell you this because it is important you should know it; and in order that you may take every opportunity to defend the truth and proclaim the rectitude of your principles.

LOCOFOCO PATRIOTISM.

We invite the attention of the People, of this District, to the following article from the Louisville Journal. It shows up Locofocoism in its true colors—that those who call themselves Democrats are the advocates of British Interests from their own mouths. Are the people of this District willing to send a man to the next Congress of this school of politics? If they are not, it is clear that Charles Fisher will not be our next representative. He is the ardent admirer of Calhoun and McDuffie, the two great advocates of Free Trade Principles. Mr. Fisher is out against the Tariff—he is opposed to the very measure which has, and will continue to raise the country from the depressed condition in which the narrow and contracted policy of the Locofoco party has plunged it;—and, if persisted in, will still enrich foreigners and impoverish our own country:

From the Louisville Journal.

MR. McDUFFIE'S great anti-tariff, free trade, speech at the time of its delivery created a vast sensation in all the Locofoco circles, from the highest to the lowest, from the upper stratum to the most subterranean! The Locofoco editors and demagogues pronounced it a perfect miracle of genius and wisdom. They thought it prudent and patriotic. The editors quoted from it and stole from it. Those who had at their command the smallest possible sheets in which to cramp their prodigious intellects, took McDuffie's staple, and having embellished it with the most exquisite nonsense, presented it to the admiration of their readers. They took McDuffie's thunder-bolts in their puny hands and hurled them hissing like squibs with all the force of pop-guns at Mr. Clay and the Whig party. McDuffie's speech, according to these Locofoco dunces, completely annihilated the grounds on which the protective policy rests, and utterly demolished every argument ever raised in its support. The desolation it wrought was awful. The Locofoco central committee at Washington city franked copies of this marvellous oration everywhere where they thought free-trade was popular, taking especial good care to keep it out of Pennsylvania and all other regions where Locofocoism happened to be in that blissful state of ignorance in which white appeared to be black, lies looked like truth, and Mr. Polk was thought to be the most unwavering friend the protective system ever had. The following passage from this speech was peculiarly delightful to all Locofocodoms:

"As a representative of the great exporting interest of these States, I habitually look upon the prosperity of Manchester with as much interest and gratification as I do upon that of Charleston and New York, and much more than I do upon that of Boston, which I am constrained to regard as the fruit of an unjust and oppressive system of legalized plunder, which concentrates at least one-fifth of the annual income of the cotton planters to maintain a mercenary, moneyed aristocracy of pampered and bloated monopolists."

Our neighbor of the Democrat took one idea from this extract, and on it based a magnificent calculation, eminently creditable to his reputation as an algebraist and mathematician, from which he ascertained that one-tenth portion of all the products of the nation was annually "confiscated" to sustain the "pampered and bloated monopolists" of New England. He made it very clear that the protective system confined one-tenth of the products of the whole nation, and thus effected a considerable and ingenious improvement on McDuffie's calculation as to the injury sustained by the "cotton lords" of the South.

McDuffie's declaration that he looked upon the prosperity of the English manufacturing city of Manchester with much more interest than he did that of Boston, is a specimen of that kind of patriotism which is so generally and generously diffused over the heart of Locofocoedom, Massachusetts is a noble and unfaltering Whig State, and that is a sin perfectly unpardonable. The Locofocos pretty generally agree with McDuffie in preferring the prosperity of Manchester to that of any city in Massachusetts. The tariff policy they are, for the most part in favor of, is precisely what would be most favorable to their Manchester friends. It would cause every "pampered and bloated" English manufacturer to rejoice, for it would break down the competition of American manufacturers and give those of England the command of the markets in the United States. Such patriotism will become the Southern, swaggering, nullifying Whig-hating, "bloated" Locofoco nabobs. It is, however, not quite so becoming to the Locofocos elsewhere, who profess to love the masses; those who have to feel most acutely the original curse of labor in the United States. The Whigs all over the nation utterly disclaim it. They are for promoting that policy which will elevate the masses, which will secure to them the most bountiful provision for their households, and which will enable every industrious man to hold up his head and enjoy the blessings which Providence has shed with lavish hand around him. The cant of Locofocoism is most insufferably disgusting. Its voice is in favor of the poor, while its miserable hand would wrench from them their means of support. The Locofocos would gladly procure from Manchester the results of pauper labor; while the American laborer might starve or languish in hopeless poverty. Such is Locofoco patriotism, and such are some of the tender mercies which Locofocoism would bring down on the victims of poverty. The honor, the prosperity, and the general welfare of the nation require the protection of Locofocoism. It is a monstrous imposition on popular credulity. It is amazing that such a vile and stupendous system of fraud and deception should have been so long imposed on the people. When political enlightenment shall succeed to the present unrayed darkness, will not Locofocoism meet with its desert in the overwhelming scorn and contempt of the people!

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Our neighbor of the Democrat took one idea from this extract, and on it based a magnificent calculation, eminently creditable to his reputation as an algebraist and mathematician, from which he ascertained that one-tenth portion of all the products of the nation was annually "confiscated" to sustain the "pampered and bloated monopolists" of New England. He made it very clear that the protective system confined one-tenth of the products of the whole nation, and thus effected a considerable and ingenious improvement on McDuffie's calculation as to the injury sustained by the "cotton lords" of the South.

McDuffie's declaration that he looked upon the prosperity of the English manufacturing city of Manchester with much more interest than he did that of Boston, is a specimen of that kind of patriotism which is so generally and generously diffused over the heart of Locofocoedom, Massachusetts is a noble and unfaltering Whig State, and that is a sin perfectly unpardonable. The Locofocos pretty generally agree with McDuffie in preferring the prosperity of Manchester to that of any city in Massachusetts. The tariff policy they are, for the most part in favor of, is precisely what would be most favorable to their Manchester friends. It would cause every "pampered and bloated" English manufacturer to rejoice, for it would break down the competition of American manufacturers and give those of England the command of the markets in the United States. Such patriotism will become the Southern, swaggering, nullifying Whig-hating, "bloated" Locofoco nabobs. It is, however, not quite so becoming to the Locofocos elsewhere, who profess to love the masses; those who have to feel most acutely the original curse of labor in the United States. The Whigs all over the nation utterly disclaim it. They are for promoting that policy which will elevate the masses, which will secure to them the most bountiful provision for their households, and which will enable every industrious man to hold up his head and enjoy the blessings which Providence has shed with lavish hand around him. The cant of Locofocoism is most insufferably disgusting. Its voice is in favor of the poor, while its miserable hand would wrench from them their means of support. The Locofocos would gladly procure from Manchester the results of pauper labor; while the American laborer might starve or languish in hopeless poverty. Such is Locofoco patriotism, and such are some of the tender mercies which Locofocoism would bring down on the victims of poverty. The honor, the prosperity, and the general welfare of the nation require the protection of Locofocoism. It is a monstrous imposition on popular credulity. It is amazing that such a vile and stupendous system of fraud and deception should have been so long imposed on the people. When political enlightenment shall succeed to the present unrayed darkness, will not Locofocoism meet with its desert in the overwhelming scorn and contempt of the people!

It will be seen by to-day's paper, that that Col. BARRINGER has laid out his work for the time intervening between the 10th and 28th Inst. He will, no doubt address the people at other places than at those appointed, if circumstances will permit him, before the election comes on; for we know he will not be idle.

A word to the Whigs: Gentlemen, you are all, undoubtedly proud of your candidate, and desire that he shall not only be elected, but that a blow may be given to Locofocoism in this District, that will knock it into the "Indian nation!" But what have you done to accomplish this? Put the question to yourselves. We assure you from our own personal knowledge, and from the best information we can obtain from abroad, that there is scarcely an unprincipled Locofoco in the District but what is doing his utmost to elect Charles Fisher. They are to be found at the tail of liquor carts wherever there is a public gathering—they make every edge cut. We tell you this because it is important you should know it; and in order that you may take every opportunity to defend the truth and proclaim the rectitude of your principles.

MR. FISHER AND MANUFACTURES.

We invite the attention of the freemen of this District, to the article in to-day's paper from the Raleigh Register, giving a few extracts from a report made to the Legislature of this State in 1827, by CHARLES FISHER, the Locofoco candidate for Congress in this district.—He is now, as all no doubt well know, one of the bitterest enemies that Home Industry has, notwithstanding the unanswerable arguments in this report of his, proving to the satisfaction of any reasonable man, that manufacturing such articles necessary to our comfort and contentment, is the only way to become a truly independent people.

Will the Editor of the Register publish the report or furnish us if possible with a copy?

THE SEASON—CROPS.

We have seen in nearly all our exchanges in this State, Virginia and South Carolina, something about the weather, and there seems to be a very general drought prevailing in them all. Here, in this section, we are visited by a drought, to which there is scarcely a parallel in the recollection of our oldest citizens. In 1815-'16—'17 or '18, we cannot ascertain with certainty—this part of the country was visited by a drought. Crops of every kind, except in the article of wheat, failed almost entirely; and no little suffering was the consequence. The prospect with us now, is truly alarming. There has been no rain in many parts of this County and the adjoining Counties to wet the ground since the corn crop was pitched—at least three months. We have occasionally had light showers, but they were too light to do any good. The oat crop is almost an entire failure: We know some farmers who were not able to save their seed for another year. Unless we have rain within a few days it will be a wonderful display of Omnipotence to prevent almost a total failure of the corn crop. Early corn, is now selling; and unless rain comes soon, it will dry up, without even forming a nubbin. The hay crop is also very far short of an average.—Wheat turns out much better than was expected. It is not an average crop, however; but what there is of it, is good, heavy grain. The Frosts in April and May destroyed the fruit—we have none of that—excepting blackberries.

P. S. Since the above was written, we have had a pretty good rain; but the ground is not wet to any considerable depth. It came in time, however, to be of incalculable value to some crops.

Is it not likely some garden vegetables might be produced before frost, provided the seed is sown immediately?

We learn from a correspondent at Statesville, that Col. BARRINGER was not there, on the 4th, as was expected. Mr. Lillingston, of Mocksville, delivered an address however, after the reading of the "Declaration," by Doctor Johnston.

We wonder if Mr. Barringer should say unto Bonaparte & James, "come up you Dutch and drink," whether their sensibilities would be debilitated by indulging in Lincoln's hair.

This is a home thrust, is it Tommy? Well, we have the advantage of knowing you better than you do us. We are not at a loss to know how your "sensibilities" are affected when asked by any one to take a drink.