

the might get out of their depth in water, and swimming would not avail them, for they could not see where to swim to. He knew if they could bear the coldness of water and length of time they would be safe, for another guide would be sent from the cave house, to see what had become of them. And in this perilous condition, up to their mouths in water, in the midst of darkness more than night, four miles under ground, they remained for upwards of five hours, at the end of which time, another guide came to their relief. Mathew, or Mat, the guide who rescued them, told that when he got where they were, his fellow guide, Stephen, (the Columbus of the cave) was swimming around the rest of the party, cheering them, and directing his movements while swimming, by the sound of their voices which were raised, one and all, in prayer and supplication for deliverance.



JEFFERSONIAN:
CHARLOTTE,
FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1845.
FOR CONGRESS,
CHARLES FISHER,
Of Rowan.

The Rt. Rev. L. SILLIMAN IVES, D. D., L. L. D., Bishop of North Carolina, will preach in Charlotte, on Thursday, 17th July next.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.
We understand Mr. FISHER, the Democratic candidate for Congress in this District, will address the people of Union county at Monroe, on Monday of their ensuing County Court, the 7th day of July. He will also address the people of Cabarrus at Concord, on Tuesday of their Court, the 22d July. On Saturday the 20th July, he will address the people at Edward B. Sloan's in the upper part of the County, and on Monday, the 25th, he will speak at Charlotte, being Monday of our County Court. We presume Col. Barringer will accompany Mr. Fisher at these appointments. We hope he will for we wish the people to hear them together.

A GREAT MAN HAS FALLEN!
We have the painful duty to perform, of announcing that the honored death of Gen. ANDREW JACKSON, noticed in our last paper, has proved true. The venerable patriot and hero died at the Hermitage on Sunday evening, the 8th inst. We cannot better perform our melancholy duty on this occasion, than by copying the following announcement from the Washington Union, of the 15th inst.:

THE DEATH OF A GREAT MAN.

The death of General Andrew Jackson was announced in this city this morning by the following letter, brought from General Houston to the President by Col. Eldridge, who came express from the Hermitage. He arrived in Washington on Sunday evening, about six o'clock. Col. Eldridge is a native of New York, is a secretary in the State Department of Texas, and accompanied Gen. Houston to Tennessee. On Sunday, (being the 8th inst.) the General and his family, who had just arrived at Nashville, set out for the Hermitage to see General Jackson, but did not arrive there until about two hours after his death. Colonel Eldridge heard of General Jackson's death on the same night, hastened to the Hermitage, where he arrived about twelve o'clock. He remained till about two o'clock in the morning, and then consented to bear to Washington General Houston's letter to the President. He was of course, not long enough at the Hermitage to collect many incidents of General Jackson's last moments. He had been tapped for the dropsy a few days before his dissolution, but he had no sufficient strength left him to recover from the operation. He had completed his admirable portrait of him a day or two before his death, for the King of the French. He died like a Christian and a hero.

We publish this evening the testimonials of public respect, which have been adopted by the President and his Cabinet. The general orders, issued to the army and navy, by Mr. Secretary Bancroft, are among the finest compositions we have ever read. It contains a just and eloquent eulogium upon one of the first men of his country and his age; it is left to the city authorities of Washington, and the citizens of every part of our country, to testify their respect for his memory by every tribute which can be paid to the illustrious dead.

HERMITAGE, June 8, 1845.

12 o'clock, night.
MY DEAR SIR: In deep sorrow I address you this hasty note. At 6 o'clock this evening Gen. Jackson departed this life. He retained his faculties to the last hour. I lament I was denied the satisfaction of seeing him in his last moments. I was unfortunately delayed in ascending the Mississippi, so that I did not reach Nashville till half past six this evening. I immediately procured a conveyance, and came out with my family—having understood that the General's health was exceedingly precarious, and being anxious to administer, if I could, some comfort in the closing scenes of his eventful life. On my way, a few miles from the city, I met the family physician, who informed me that the General was no more.

About three hours before his departure he conversed for some time with his family, and took an affectionate leave of them, as also of his domestics. His physician represents the scene as most affecting, and remarks that he departed with perfect serenity of mind, and with full faith in the promises of salvation through a Redeemer.

I have seen the corpse since my arrival. The visage is much as it was in life.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday next, at 11 o'clock, a. m. A nation will feel their loss, as a nation has received the fruits of his labors during the best years of his life.

Very truly, your friend,
SAM. HOUSTON.
His Excellency JAMES K. POLK, &c. &c.

We gave, in a slip of this morning, the letter of Gen. Houston announcing to the President the death of the great man "who filled the measure of his country's glory." We re-publish Gen. Houston's letter, for there could be no better herald to proclaim the close of a bright career, which imparted to him so much of its lustre.

It is not the scope of a hurried obituary notice to

do justice to such a man as Gen. Jackson. His life is a volume of his country's history. At this moment the nation's sensibility will be most solicitous to learn something of the last thoughts of the great mind—the last throbbings of the honest heart, which for so many years, have made the public welfare its chief concern. The vast range of the military genius of General Jackson; his creative faculties; his power in applying resources; his vigor, vigilance, activity; his stern resolution as a military leader; his sagacity, his probity, his firmness; his patriotism as a statesman; making a combination of splendid characteristics surpassing all his contemporaries in public life—extinguished in the general gaze—the halo that surrounded him in the retirement of domestic life. His lofty bearing, his courtesy, his magnanimity in his personal commerce among men; the proud spirit which would ask nothing that was not strictly right, and brook nothing that was wrong—traits in keeping with his public career—had commanded attention to the man of the hour will. But the gentler aspects, the humbler virtues of the master of the Hermitage, were known only to the inmates and its intimate friends. In his own house, all were ever indulged but himself—There, gentleness, affection, and hospitable kindness attended him at every step, and all were made sensible, that in the comfort and enjoyment of those around him his own consisted, and that no personal selfishness was too high a price to be paid for it. The soul of General Jackson, when not called to combat violence and wrong was made up of the deepest devotion and the kindest sympathies.

As soon as this melancholy news reached Washington, the President issued the following order, which we learn since has been fully carried into effect:

By the President of the United States.
ANDREW JACKSON is no more! He departed his life on Sunday, the eighth instant, full of days and full of honors. His country deplures his loss, and will ever cherish his memory. While a nation mourns, it is proper that business should be suspended, at least for one day, in the executive departments as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

I accordingly direct that the Departments of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Post Office, the office of the Attorney General, and the Executive Mansion, be instantly put into mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day of tomorrow.

JAMES K. POLK.
WASHINGTON CITY June 16 1845.

GENERAL ORDER.

WASHINGTON June 16, 1845.
The President of the United States, with heart-rending sorrow, announces to the army, the navy, and the marine corps, the death of ANDREW JACKSON. On the evening of Sunday, the eighth day of June, about six o'clock, he resigned his spirit to his heavenly Father. The nation, while it laments with grief the death of its most illustrious citizen, finds solace in contemplating his venerable character and services. The valley of the Mississippi held in him the bravest and wisest and most fortunate of its dependents. The country raised him to the highest posts in military and in civil life, a confidence he never abused, and an affection that followed him to undiminished vigor to retirement, watched over his latest hours, and pays its tribute at his grave. Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared among the people around him, first in moral, and afterwards in resources, not less than first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live forever, in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs, instinctively attached itself to general principles, and inspired by the truth which his own mind revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the breast of his countrymen. Crowded with glory in war, in his whole career, as a statesman, he showed himself the friend and lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the widest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce, between the nations of mankind. He was the servant of humanity. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things, yet in the moment of action, deciding with rapidity. Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness. His judgment was of that solidity, that he never temporized with his conscience. The flashings of anger could never cloud his faculties, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war, his eye at a glance discerned their plans with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections ever ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends; fervid for his country. Indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievement of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the West cover itself with the glory of free and ever increasing States; happy in his age, which saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions, and freedom and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from this life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer.

Officers of the army, the navy, and marine corps will wear crepe on the left arm and on their swords, and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning, for the period of six months. At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be worn at half-mast for one week; and on the day after this order is received, twenty-one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock of this order, the national flag will be displayed at each military station, the day after the reception of this order, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at day-break, half-hour guns during the day; and at the close of the day a general salute. The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day will cease.

Let the virtues of the illustrious dead retain their influence, and when energy and courage are called to trial, emulate his example.
GEORGE BANCROFT,
Acting Secretary of War, and
Secretary of the Navy.

From all quarters of the Union, the evidences of public grief at this national loss are pouring in upon us. The papers, (with the exceptions, we are sorry to say, of a few radical papers), are shrouded in mourning, public meetings are called

colleges, court rooms and public offices shrouded in mourning, and every demonstration made to show that the nation has lost one of its greatest benefactors. In Charleston a large public meeting was convened, at which the following Resolutions were passed:

Resolved therefore, That the memory of Andrew Jackson is dear to the hearts of his countrymen, and cherished with affectionate feelings by the people of Charleston.

Resolved, That we bow to the inevitable decree of Providence which removes him from the scenes of life in the fullness of years and honors, with the resignation of filial sorrow.

Resolved, That a funeral Oration be delivered in commemoration of the life and virtues of the deceased, and that an Orator for that purpose be appointed who will give expression to the feelings of this community.

Resolved, That a Committee of 25 be appointed to select the Orator and make all other appropriate arrangements for the foregoing purpose.

And on motion of Senator Huger, the following Resolutions were also adopted:

Whereas, the citizens of Charleston are sensibly affected by the death of General JACKSON, and deeply impressed with the magnitude of the services he has rendered his country.

And whereas, any expression of their feelings at this time might fail to convey to posterity, the impression which his character and services have made on their minds and hearts; Therefore,

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to call the attention of the Legislature to this subject; and the Legislature is hereby requested to vote and cause to be paid to the memory of Gen. JACKSON, such Tribute as may be deemed by Posterity, worthy of the State and worthy of the Patriot Hero who has left his impress on the age in which he lived.

From the Nashville papers, (whig and Democratic) we take the following account of the death of Gen. JACKSON, and the funeral ceremonies:

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

For some months past, it had been becoming daily more and more certain that the earthly career of General Jackson was rapidly drawing to a close. Several times of late, he was snatched from the jaws of death by the timely and skillful application of medical remedies, and a few more days added to his eventful life. On Sunday morning last, however, it became apparent that the skill of the physician was exhausted, and that the demands of the grim monster could no longer be resisted. The progress of his disease was such, that life could no longer be sustained. This fact was known to the suffering old hero early on Sunday, and he freely communicated to his friends his consciousness that his time had come. During the day, his mind was occupied with his "future state"—his conversation had constant reference to his approaching dissolution; and at no time did he express the slightest apprehensions as to entire preparation for the awful change, or the least fear at appearing in the presence of his Great Judge. We have heard many interesting details of his last day's conversation, which we intend to present hereafter in an authentic shape. At this time we must be content to state, that after discovering that he could last but a few hours, he summoned around him his faithful domestics, and in a strain of pious eloquence, exhorted them to fidelity in all their duties, impressing upon them the all important subject of Christianity; and upon taking an affectionate leave of them he expressed the sincere hope that he might meet them all in heaven.

His conversation with his beloved family was characterized by the deepest solicitude for their attention to religion. He retained intellect in full vigour down to the very time of his dissolution. His body pained was great, but it seemed to have no effect upon the clearness or vigor of his mental operations.

His dying hour was cheered with the bright assurance within him, that in a few short moments he should be united in heaven with his beloved wife, who had gone before him. Amongst the last things he said, was that his sufferings, though great, were nothing in comparison with those of his dying Saviour, through whose death and suffering he looked for everlasting happiness. In this temper of mind, he quietly and calmly breathed his last, at 6 o'clock, p. m. on Sunday, the 8th instant.

Early on Tuesday morning every vehicle in the city that could be procured was put in requisition, and a vast concourse of citizens repaired to the Hermitage. There was an immense assemblage present from all the surrounding towns and counties. The body of the old hero was laid out in the parlour with the face uncovered—every eye being anxious to take a last lingering look at him. We saw present many of his old companions in arms, and many a tear fell from their manly cheeks as they gazed for the last time upon his features cold in death.

At 11 o'clock, the Rev. D. Edgar preached a most impressive and eloquent sermon. His text was taken from Revelations, 7th chap., 13th and 14th verses—

13th. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, what are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?
14th. And I said unto him, sir, thou knowest.—And he said to me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb.

The eloquent divine gave an interesting sketch of the conversion of General Jackson about six or seven years ago, and bore the strongest testimony in behalf of his Christian life and walk. His delineation of his character as a soldier, commander, statesman and patriot, was striking and eloquent.

After the religious services were ended, the body was conveyed to the vault prepared many years since for its reception. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers on the solemn occasion, viz: Jacob McGavock, Esq. Joseph Novell, sen. Esq., Joseph W. Hixon, Esq. Joseph Luton, Esq., Captain Alpha Kingsley, Timothy Dodson, Esq., James Ham, Esq., Dr. J. Shilby, F. B. Fogg, Esq., Hon. M. W. Brown, and David Craighead, Esq.

In the presence of the vast assembly, without pomp or display, his body was deposited by the side of his beloved wife, which had been there resting for sixteen years. It was his wish that he should be buried quietly and peacefully, without pomp or display; and so it was done. Captain Carroll's fine company of Blues was present in uniform, which gave additional interest to the occasion. The solemn ceremony was closed by the discharge of three volleys over the grave, under the command of General Hasting.

Thus died, and thus was buried, General Andrew Jackson. We deem it unnecessary to speak of one so illustrious, that his name and fame have filled the world. He had emphatically filled the measure of his country's glory; and at a ripe old age, he quietly and calmly breathed his last, having made his peace with his God, and laid up for himself an imperishable treasure in Heaven.

From the Nashville Republican Banner, June 11.

Death of General Jackson.—Andrew Jackson breathed his last at the Hermitage on Sunday, the 8th instant, at six o'clock in the afternoon. He is represented to have retained his faculties to the end, and to have died "quietly, calmly, and with entire

resignation, amidst the beloved members of his family, and a few intimate friends were present.

Thus has passed from the stage of life, and gone to his "long account," a man who for more than twenty five years has filled a large space in the public eye, and has exerted more influence over his countrymen than any of his contemporaries, or probably than any individual, with one exception, that has preceded him. His career will constitute an important portion of his country's history, and his name is destined to live while that country continues to exist. It will require a pen of more than ordinary power to give his biography, and to present to posterity a correct account of the eventful scenes of his public career, whether civil or military. Nature had poured out her gifts lavishly upon him—endowing him with an intellect of extraordinary vigor, a will of iron—and, at the same time, a surety of manner, and an elegance of demeanor, which all combined, would have made him a man of "mark and note" in any part of the world. Few men excelled him in personal address, and he impressed all who approached him with the opinion that they were in the presence of a being of no ordinary character. We well remember to have heard a distinguished diplomatist assert that, in his carriage and bearing as President of the United States, he seemed to possess intuitively, and to display without an effort, qualities which other individuals did not exhibit, whose whole lives had been passed in the most refined courts of Europe. He had the power, beyond most men, of infusing his own spirit and opinions into those who came near him, and of arousing their personal attachment.

Many of his companions in arms, who endured privations with him on the plains of Alabama and Florida, and shared in his glory and success at New Orleans, however much they may have afterwards differed with him in political opinion, have never forgotten the charm and dignity of his manners, his readiness to divide with them the last morsel of bread in his knapsack, or the last drop of water in his canteen, and the cheerfulness with which, under whatever disadvantages or troubles they may have been laboring for the time, he directed their thoughts to a day of final triumph and victory, and once more revived their drooping spirits by bright pictures of their distant homes and future happiness.

And, in whatever part of the country these old soldiers may be, when they hear of the death of their general, tears will involuntarily spring into their eyes, and their busy thoughts will conjure up the stirring scenes through which, under his guidance, they have passed.

On Monday morning, shortly after the intelligence of the death of Gen. Jackson was received, the mayor convened the board of aldermen who adopted the preamble and resolutions which will be found in another column; and in the afternoon the citizens held a meeting, the proceedings of which we also publish in another part of our paper.

Yesterday every place of business was closed, and our citizens, for the most part, went up to the Hermitage to pay the last solemn rites to the distinguished dead. A very large concourse assembled from the town and country, and a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Edgar. The body was borne to the grave by the pall bearers appointed by the meeting on Tuesday, and, without ostentation or parade, but in the midst of silence and tears, was placed by the side of her whom in life he had loved so well.

PARTIZAN MALIGNITY.

Be it said to their honor, most of the whig editors in the country have dressed their papers in mourning, on announcing the death of Gen. Jackson; and even Mr. Webster and Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, have attended public meetings and expressed their grief at this great national calamity. But there are others who have acted like fiends.

On hearing the news at Washington, the British Editors of the *National Intelligencer*, announced the sad news as follows, without even a black line to accompany it:

"We learn by a passenger, direct from Nashville, that Gen. Jackson died on last Sunday evening."

As a contemporary indignantly remarks, less could not have been said had it been a dog that was dead. Yet this is not the worst. Immediately under this, the editors of this leading whig journal put the following pompous notice of the death of a British General, who recently died in Canada:

Death of Sir Richard Jackson.—The Montreal Courier announces the death of Sir Rich. Downes, her Britannic Majesty's forces in British North America. He died on Monday, the 9th instant, having after attending divine service during the day before, been suddenly seized by apoplexy, and died in good health. He was on the point of embarking for Europe, having been relieved from his command, and the arrival of his successor, Lord Cathcart, being looked for in a few days. Sir Richard was (says the Courier) a good and brave soldier, and a good man, who "feared God and honored the King." He entered the army as ensign in 1794, and had participated in nearly all its severe service during the eventful period in which he held a commission."

What must be thought of the editor of an American paper, who thus notices the death of ANDREW JACKSON, the greatest of his country's benefactors, and then right under it, puts such a fulsome notice of the death of a British general? It looks like a premeditated insult to our countrymen. Is it any wonder that such editors are always found taking the side of England against our own government?

LAST WORDS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

The whole American people will dwell with deep interest upon everything connected with the closing scenes of the eventful life of Andrew Jackson, and treasure up his counsels. A gentleman who spent some days at his bedside a few days before he died has published a diary, in which the last words of the departed sage and hero are given.

In relation to our dispute with England about Oregon, he said our right to that territory was clear, and that "we should submit to no arbitration but that of the cannon's mouth." And that if war did ensue "let every American swear that he will not lay down his arms until these European meddlers shall not own a foot of land on the North American continent." How characteristic of the old patriot!

Speaking of his approaching dissolution, and his beloved country, he said:

He felt grateful to a merciful Providence, that had always sustained him through all his struggles, and in the defence of the continued independence and prosperity of his beloved country, and that he could now give to his stewardship, and resign his breath to God who gave it, with the cheering reflection that the country was now settled down upon a firm, democratic basis; that the rights of the laboring classes were respected and protected. (For he adds, it is from them that the country derives all its prosperity and greatness,) and to them we must

never look to defend our soil when invaded. "They have never refused. No, sir; and never will. Give them an honest government, freedom from monopolies and privileged classes, and hard money—not paper currency, for their hard labor, and all will be well."

DISTRIBUTION.

Is it not surprising that Col. Barringer should at this day advocate a distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands, when that measure, and all who advocated it, have been so emphatically condemned by the people? Yes, he came out for distribution in his speech at Lincoln, and cried out,—let the people have the money—they are entitled to it! Was there ever such demagogism!

From Col. Barringer's speech on this subject, one might infer that this land money had been given away to somebody—or, that Van Buren was yet showing it away in his breeches pocket, and thus cheating the people, as they said in '40. Such slang is an insult to the intelligence of the people. Does not every man know that this money arising from the sales of the public lands is a common fund among all the States, and by the deeds of cession from the States that originally owned it, it was set apart as a fund to pay our national debt, and, when that was accomplished, it was to be used in paying the expenses of government, and thus lighten the taxes upon the people? But no, no; says Col. B., tax the people with a tariff, and then give them this land money—take a dollar from the poor creatures in a way in which "they do not feel it," and give them a sixpence in their hand, and they will be satisfied!

But we presume Col. Barringer has another reason for wanting this land money distributed to the States. Our readers are aware, (for we have before proved it upon him by the records) that he was the main instrument in fastening upon the State the enormous debts of the insolvent Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, and the Wilmington Road. Here he ran the State in debt near a million of dollars, and most of it has been paid from the State Treasury, and all will have to be paid, by taxes upon the people. But, says Col. B., give us the land money, and we can pay off these debts. This sophistry is too shallow. The people know that the land money is treasured in the national treasury to pay the expenses of the government—it distributed to the States, then, this is the operation of the system: A swarm of public officers is necessary to collect this money; another swarm to distribute it to the States;—then another swarm of tax gatherers must collect tariff taxes to replace this money in the national treasury, and in this way, the people's substance is cut out.

But what benefit would the people derive from a distribution of this money? Our State has already got two or three instalments, and where is it? Have the people seen any of it? Has any of our farmers ever seen a dollar of it? No! What then has become of it? It has been swallowed up by tax gatherers and speculators, while the people, instead of being benefited, have had to pay increased tariff taxes. This is the system now advocated by Col. Barringer. Says he, I would tax the people a dollar by the tariff—that they do not feel, because it is indirectly paid; but I give them a sixpence in their hand, that they can see. Am I not a great fellow.

COL. BARRINGER'S HERESY.

We would not be illiberal or unfair towards Col. Barringer,—the most outre federalist in politics we ever knew. He is a federalist of the old school, and takes up all the exploded notions of his federal fathers in politics, with as much gusto as if the people had not killed them and their advocates a hundred times.

The Col. even now comes out in defence of the exploded doctrine of internal improvements by the general government. He always has been an advocate of this heresy; which is not only unconstitutional, but which has a direct tendency to impoverish one portion of the country and make another rich.

Mr. Fisher, in reply to Col. Barringer at Lincoln, so plainly showed the injustice of this system, that we cannot do better than take his forcible illustration.

To make internal improvements, money must be taken from the federal treasury. This money is raised by tariff taxation. Suppose the north paid as much of this money as the south, (which she does not,) as the money is nearly all spent in the north to clean out rivers, make roads, canals, fortifications, &c., the north gets back not only what they pay, but they get ours too!

To illustrate this matter: Say that Mecklenburg and Lincoln counties form a confederacy, and agree to tax their citizens each ten thousand dollars. But when it comes to laying out the money, it was all spent in Mecklenburg.—Would not Lincoln get poor, and Mecklenburg get rich? And would not the people of Mecklenburg be in favor of continuing this sort of a partnership, and say go on! tax us more! we are able and willing to pay? Yes, because after paying, they get back their own money, and get that of Lincoln too; while the people of Lincoln are left to sweat and toil and get grow poorer.

This is the precise effect: Col. Barringer's tariff and internal improvement systems has upon the south. The north and the south pay tariff taxes, but in the expenditure of them, they get back their own money, and get ours too; while the devoted south is left to sweat and toil and grow poorer every day.—But Col. Barringer says this is all right;—and, we suppose, if the people think so too, they will send him back to Congress. They have the matter in their own hands; and, if they wish to be pronounced down and impoverished, just send such politicians as Col. Barringer to Washington, and he will help the northern men to shear the fleeces of his own constituents.

We are glad to see by the last South Carolina man, that the health of Gen. McDuffie is rapidly improving, and that his friends think he will be able to take his seat in the Senate at the next session of Congress.