SALISBURY:

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1823.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Editors of the Raleigh Star, in a column of very sensible and temperate remarks, in their paper of the 13th inst. have revealed their sentiments on the subject of the Presidential Election. After assigning their reasons for not sooner taking a part in the pending contest, they proceed to intimate that their paper is now open "to respectably written and temperate essays in favor of either of the candidates." This is as it ought to be; it is all that the friends of Mr. *Calhoun* desire. Let there be a full and fair examination of the pretensions and qualifications of the several candidates, and we do not fear but that the people will then make a judicious choice. But let *all* come out—no *suppressing* information, or documents. That man who is to be the chief magistrate of the United States, should not be afraid of *light*; his character should be such, as to face the solar effulgence of mid-day, without a wink.

It is our honest and firm opinion, that Mr. Calhoun, on the score of talents and public services, has higher claims to the Presidency than either of his competitors; yet we freely open our columns to the friends of either of the other candidates,—reserving to ourselves the right of detecting and exposing the fallacies that may appear in any of their communications.

The Editors of the Star give it as their opinion, that the time *has been* when the public sentiment of the State was for Mr. Crawford, but that now it is otherwise. We will agree so far with our brother Editors as to say, that some time back Mr. Crawford was much more popular than at present,—*for then* his character and views were not so fully developed as they *now* are; but we cannot admit that the great mass of our population *ever* had a confidence and respect for his political wisdom and integrity, that would induce them to think of him seriously for President of the United States. At all events, we are well satisfied he *now* has no prospect of obtaining the vote of North-Carolina. That Mr. Crawford has friends in the State, and some very active and *managing* ones, cannot be denied; but were his friends much more numerous than they are, they could not carry the vote of the State with them. The time has gone by, when the great argument in favor of Mr. Crawford could have been used with effect,—to wit, that he is the *Virginia* candidate. Virginia influence is no longer the charm that will control the public sentiment of North-Carolina. However sensibly it may be felt by such of our citizens as live along the borders of the "Ancient dominion," the people of the interior are now free of it, and are determined to redeem the character of the state. No doubt this is much regretted by the friends of Mr. Crawford; but the friends of *North-Carolina* must rejoice at it,—no matter whether they live in the East or the West.

Perhaps few persons have had greater facilities than we have, of ascertaining the sentiment of the people of the western counties, on the Presidential question. We not only have intelligent correspondents in almost every county, but we have just returned from a visit in the upper counties; in the course of which, we took some pains to learn the public sentiment. The result of our observation is, that Mr. Crawford has much fewer friends than either Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Adams, or Gen. Jackson. How it is in the Eastern section of the State, we cannot, from personal observation, pretend to say; but judging from the best accounts, we must come to the conclusion, that Mr. Crawford's prospects are but little better in the East, (with the exception of a few mid-way counties bordering on Virginia) than they are South of the Yadkin.

If, then, Mr. Crawford and his friends seriously calculate on the vote of North-Carolina, we feel confident they will meet with a disappointment.

It is really amusing, and at the same time a little provoking, to see how pertinaciously the friends of Mr. Crawford cling to the idea, that North-Carolina will *follow* Virginia. In all their calculations, as a matter of course, they tack us to the wake of the "Ancient dominion." This, we think, is carrying the joke a little too far. North Carolina is not a *province* of Virginia; and because Virginia has heretofore *led* us, that is no reason we should forever *follow!* Our character and pride as a State, forbid it. We can "*walk alone!*" We repeat it, that we feel assured, if Virginia votes for William H. Crawford as next President, she will not find the 15 votes of North Carolina thrown into the same scale.

We will close our remarks *at this time*, by extracting a part of the editorial article above alluded to, from the Star:

"In opening our columns to the various advocates of the respective presidential candidates, we, by no means, hold ourselves bound to abstain from an unreserved expression of our own opinions on the subject.

"We believe that the public sentiment in this state, *sometime since*, (emanating, probably, from the same source whence its *political tone* is usually derived—we mean our sister state Virginia,) was for Wm. H. Crawford, Esq. To whatever cause individuals may choose to attribute the change, certain it is, in our opinion, the popularity of this gentleman has visibly and rapidly declined within a short period. Its *wane* is daily more and more perceptible. We do not assert it without the best means of knowing, when we say that the major part of that populous and wealthy portion of North-Carolina, viz. the *western section* of the state, is decidedly in favor of the election of JOHN C. CALHOUN, Esquire, as our next President; that this gentleman has numerous influential friends in the eastern section, who are determined to subserve what they conceive to be the best interests of the country by aiding his cause, or that of any other true republican, and to oppose, by all fair means, the pretensions of Mr. Crawford and the *Radical party*; that, as regards the central portion of the state, the best information from others, and some personal observation, enables us to say, that, if a *southern candidate* is elected, the choice will fall upon Mr. Calhoun. Indeed, the merits of this *consistent republican* (to borrow the words of a correspondent now on file) are daily becoming more perfectly appreciated; and the prospect of his ultimate success hourly brightening by the continued accessions of strength which his pretensions to the high and responsible office of chief magistrate of the Union derive from the combined aid of talents, individual worth, and political influence. We shall feel bound to follow, speedily, the premises, with the reasons, which have led to their adoption.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

MR. WHITE: I am an old man, and have from my youth been engaged in the laudable pursuit of endeavoring to raise a support for my family, by strictly attending to agricultural employments. My parents gave me an education sufficient to enable me to read the Bible, the testament, the almanac, and the newspapers. When I find any difficulty in understanding the two first, I refer to our parson; who, without hesitation, gives me such an explanation as is satisfactory to himself, and of course, as his education is superior to mine, ought to be satisfactory to me. As to the almanac, a Justice of the Peace in my neighborhood, a very knowing man, who has been acquainted with the sun, moon, and planetary system from their birth, can give the history of all their odd freaks and juvenile gambols up to the present date, and is consequently well qualified to explain any difficulty I meet with in it. And when any thing novel or incomprehensible to my understanding is published in the newspapers, I think it most advisable to request an explanation of the publisher; who, by the by, for the sake of novelty, frequently publishes communications sent to him, which neither himself, or any body else, understands; which, in all probability may be the case in the present instance.

Myself and neighbours have recently become much alarmed with the report in your paper, of the invasion of our country by the *Radicals*,—a people with whose character, numbers and measures we are unacquainted. A sagacious old neighbor of mine informs me, that since reading your paper, he has examined Guthrie's Grammar, from stem to stern, and as he can discover no nation of that name on the surface of the globe, wisely conjectures they must be inhabitants of the country lately discovered in the centre of the Earth, by Capt. Symmes; who, for the want of room, have grown to such an enormous size as to burst the world, as a chicken would an egg-shell; and, if the aperture is only sufficiently large, will pour out upon us by thousands, like ants from a mole hill. And, as they have commenced their attack at the seat of government, and have already captured some of the officers of the cabinet, he shrudely shakes his head, and observes, "The Lord only knows what they will do next." Another old broad brimmed friend of mine, is clearly of the opinion that the Radicals are a spurious production of the late union between the Democrats and Aristocrats of our own country; and that as the connection was unnatural, the offspring must of course be monsters. Whether either of these gentlemen have come within a mile of the truth, I am unable to say; and would be thankful to know who those Radicals are? From whence they originated? What mischief they have already done? What they may hereafter probably do? Whether those are not the same fellows who, some time since, had the audacity to contend that public debts were not public benefits? That standing armies in time of peace were unnecessary and expensive? That retrenchment in the expenditures of our government ought to be made, so as to bring our disbursements within the nett amount of our revenue? And, finally, that borrowing money for the support of useless and unnecessary offices and officers, was impolitic, and ought not to be tolerated by an enlightened people?

AN OLD FARMER.

We can in no way so effectually answer the queries of "An old Farmer," as by quoting the following address of Mr. M'Duffie. In it our correspondent will see a faithful portraiture of the *Radical* party,—a party, of whose existence he is ironically incredulous. In it, he will see a true history of the origin, the character, and the prospective views of the members of this party; he will see that they are the chance offspring of disappointed political aspirants,—engendered by a morbid, rankling inveteracy against the administration of Mr. Monroe; and in it, he will see a masterly exposure of the false-hearted exprobations of the members of this Radical party, and a bold and intrepid defence of those measures of the general government which are calculated to render us a great and prosperous nation at home, and a respected people abroad.

[*Ed. Carolinian.*

The citizens of Edgefield and Abbeville Districts, S. C. gave their representative in Congress, Mr. M'Duffie, a public dinner, on the 20th ult. in testimony of their high regard for his worth and ability as a patriotic defender of his country's rights and honor; when, among others, the following toast was drank:

"*Our Representative and Guest, George M'Duffie*: alike powerful to shield the wise policy of the administration, and to scourge the madness of radicalism; the world has proof how largely he possesses the confidence of his constituents."

To which Mr. M'Duffie replied in the following eloquent manner:

Fellow-Citizens of Cambridge and its vicinity.

The manifold proofs which it has been my good fortune to receive of your warm and disinterested friendship; the kind indulgence with which, in your abundant partiality, you have been pleased to view such parts of my conduct, as constituted grounds of conscientious objection in the minds of some of my most worthy and respectable fellow citizens, during the usual discontent and excitement that prevailed in the recent canvass; and the manifestation of your continued attachment and undiminished confidence, furnished by this hospitable reception and flattering notice: all conspire to excite in my bosom a tumult of mingled emotions which I am utterly incapable of expressing. Under circumstances so deeply impressive, those complimentary forms of speech, which usage has appropriated to occasions like the present, would be cold, uncongenial, ceremonious: and I am sure I should exhibit a beggarly picture of those feelings of gratitude which literally overwhelms me, were I to attempt to give them utterance. But though I will not venture to commit to the inadequate vehicle of words, the warm current which flows from a heart oppressed with kindness, I will at least express a hope, that the assiduity and zeal with which I shall devote myself to your service in the high and responsible station to which I have been twice elevated by your suffrages, will not only evince my profound sense of the obligations under which you have laid me, but also afford some evidence, that I am not altogether unworthy of the confidence you have so liberally reposed in me.

As you have alluded in terms undeservedly complimentary, to the humble part which I have acted in defending the policy of the administration against the violent assaults and reckless projects of the *radical party*, I shall avail myself of the occasion to present some views, illustrative of the character, principles, and designs of this ephemeral faction, which has sprung up since the late war, from the various elements of envy, disappointment, discontent, honest error, and restless ambition. It was the peculiar and distinguished characteristic of the war to which I have just alluded, that we not only acquired glory by its achievements, but wisdom by its disasters. We came out of the conflict proud in the consciousness of our capacity for war, but deeply and solemnly impressed with the conviction that a well measured and systematic preparation for that dreadful but inevitable exigency, constituted a leading and essential feature in the permanent policy of the country. Our own recent experience had verified the maxim of Washington, and accordingly Congress under the recommendation of Mr. Madison, organized our peace establishment upon a scale commensurate with the capacity of the country, the condition of the world, and the great purposes of national defence and security. When Mr. Monroe succeeded to the Presidency, but little more remained for him than to maintain and improve the system so wisely established by his predecessor. In effecting these important objects, he behaved with an ability and a zeal, which gave him new titles to the lasting gratitude of his country.

The internal administration of the government assumed an aspect entirely new. By an improved organization, and a well adjusted system of accountability, efficiency was made to supply the place of imbecility, and a degree of economy was introduced, in the great disbursing department of government, wholly unprecedented in our history. By these means, upwards of a million of dollars were annually saved in the expenditures of the military establishment alone. But in the very midst of these signal improvements, when Mr. Monroe was enjoying his merited reward in the affection and confidence of an undivided people, the leaders of the radical party, at first under the simulated guise of friendship, but eventually with an open display of hostile banners, commenced an attack upon his administration, with all that concert and consistency which indicate a common purpose, and existing circumstances, characterise a faction. This system of policy, so deliberately devised under the auspices of Madison, and so ably sustained by the firmness and energy of Monroe, was denounced as unnecessarily expensive, and inconsistent with the purity and simplicity of republican principles. In the very face of mathematical demonstration to the contrary, Mr. Monroe's administration was charged with extravagance; and by a profanation of all that is venerable and sacred in human character, it was charged with corruption!

Let us here pause for a moment, and inquire what is the history and what is the character of the man against whom such infamous charges are preferred by these puritanical pretenders of the lights of a new revelation in politics! Who is James Monroe? He is a revolutionary patriarch; one of the fathers of the Republic, who fought by the side of Washington for our Independence, and having contributed to carry his country through the perils of two glorious wars, was elevated to the highest office in her gift, as a reward for his long and faithful services. At this moment he occupies a position in our history, calculated at once to extinguish enmity and excite the warmest feelings of kindness and affection. Most of those with whom he commenced the career of public service, have passed away from the scene of their common toils and common glory, and he remains on the theatre of active life, almost a solitary monument of times which can never be forgotten; and is, in all probability, the last of his race that will preside over the rising destinies of the nation they have delivered from bondage. The sceptre must soon pass into the hands of another generation; and happy will it be for the republic if, with the emblem of power, the mantle of his purity should descend upon his successor. This is the man upon the ruins of whose administration, the radical party have impiously attempted to build up the fortunes of a new political dynasty. What then shall we say, fellow citizens, of that unchastened and unhallowed ambition, which, for the selfish and sinister purpose of its own aggrandizement, would tear away with sacrilegious hands the last honors which a grateful country has placed upon the brow of this venerable patriot! And who are those political adventurers, who have arraigned the purity of his principles, and charged him with wandering from the fold of the true republican faith, merely to excite new divisions, in the hope that they may be thrown up to the surface, by the political elements? Are they the venerable relics of the revolutionary stock, who imbibed the purity of revolutionary principles in times 'that tried men's souls?' No, they are mere political ephemera, generated by the fermentation of the times.—Have they the warrant of long and faithful services, to challenge the confidence of the country? No; they are unknown to its history. Where were they in our recent struggle with Great Britain, when all the talents and patriotism of the country were called in requisition to direct our councils, and lead our armies? Neither were their voices heard in the council, nor their arms raised in battle. But when the storm had pased away, and the sunshine of peace had announced that the danger was all over, then, like the "insect tribe," they sprang into a fluttering and noisy consequence, denouncing all that had been done, while they lay ingloriously secure in the deep obscurity of their hiding places.

Such are the pretenders who have had the effrontery to denounce as apostates from republican principles, those able statesmen and ardent patriots who raised the indignant spirits of the country to avenge her wrongs in the recent war; who, in the darkest hour of that eventful struggle, when the hosts of the invader darkened our shores, and the voice of faction distracted our councils; when the feeble shrunk from danger, and the stoutest hearts looked to the event with the deepest anxiety, and adopted the dying sentiment of *Lawrence*, and 'would not give up the ship;' but

"Stood by their country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colors to the mast."

As we have seen something of the history and character of the radicals, let us inquire a little into their principles and doctrines.

As they aim at a political revolution, and are more anxious to occupy the seats of power than scrupulous about the means of ascending to them, they have adopted such topics of declamation and of censure, as they suppose will render them the most acceptable to the people. They consequently hold themselves up as the special and exclusive advocates of economy, and declare that the people will be ruined by the extravagance of the government. But almost every page of history teaches us the lesson, that those who ambitiously aspire to power, without any substantial claims to promotion, are invariably most obtrusive and clamorous in their professions of attachment to the rights of the people. Such professions cost them nothing, and they are worth precisely as much as they cost. And that you may be enabled to estimate the value of such professions on the part of the radicals, I invite your attention to two facts, singularly illustrative of radical sincerity. In the first place, they began to preach in favor of economy, and denounce extravagance, at the very time when the government was more distinguished for economy, and less obnoxious to the charge of extravagance, than at any former period. In the second place, the very men whom they have selected to cleanse the Augean stable of abuses and extravagances, is the only member of the very administration they condemn, who has wasted the public money by official mismanagement. What then is the economy of the radicals? Underrating the virtue and intelligence of the people, and believing that avarice predominates to the exclusion even of a rational and calculating patriotism, they hope to recommend themselves to popular confidence, by appealing to the most grovelling principles of our nature. Hence, according to their professed notions of economy, all the defensive institution of the country; all that renders us secure at home or respected abroad; every thing, in fact, that constitutes us an independent nation, must be immolated at the shrine of this false idol. Our fortifications must be suspended, and the rich and flourishing cities that ornament our extensive line of sea coast, and pour the treasures of commerce into the bosom of our country, must be exposed to plunder and desolation, to *save our money*. Our army must be disbanded, our navy dismantled, and the country left naked and defenceless, a prey to every invader, and the contempt of every nation, *to save our money*. In fact, according to the creed of this new sect of politicians, the great end of man's creation is to consume the fruits of the earth and perish, leaving no memorial behind him; and the only legitimate object of government is not, as we have been taught by our forefathers, "to provide for the common defence and general welfare;" not to vindicate the rights and avenge the wrongs of the people; but to provide them with the mere means of gratifying their physical appetites. But such is neither the destiny of man, nor the end of government.—It is in the order of Providence, that nations as well as individuals, should derive true and substantial happiness only from a high course of moral action, involving toil, and rising above difficulties; and that government best fulfils the end of its creation, which produces the fullest developement of the more elevated and disinterested principles of our nature.

But I am running into a discussion that would carry me far beyond the limits prescribed by the occasion. I will, therefore, conclude by offering you a sentiment, which, if these were my last words, I should utter with as much religious devotion, as I now do with heart-felt sincerity:

The citizens of the united districts of Edgefield and Abbeville—high minded, intelligent, and patriotic: may they never be represented by a false-hearted demagogue.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Mr. Editor: The following case, which can be well authenticated by many respectable persons, ought to be made public, that those who are or may be afflicted with that disease of the eye called "Cataract," may know where and to whom to apply to obtain relief.

Mrs. Penny Edwards, one of the poor of Lincoln county, had been blind of one eye for the space of thirteen years, and of the other for six years; her blindness was occasioned by violent inflammation of her eyes. Doct. James Bivings performed an operation on each eye, by which the sight of them both was restored.

It is nearly or quite two years since the operation was performed; and although she is upwards of fifty years old, she can at this time see to card, spin, knit, and sew.

A publication of the foregoing appears the more necessary, as Dr. Beckwith has removed from Salisbury, and as many who may need relief in such a case, may not know that it can be as conveniently obtained by applying to Dr. Bivings, of Lincoln. PHILANTHROPOS.

Bad news.—A trading party of 75 Americans, under the command of Gen. Ashley, which started from Missouri sometime last spring, to visit the Rocky Mountains, was, on the 2d of June, about 300 miles above the Council Bluffs, attacked by the *Ricasas* Indians, who killed 14 of the Americans, and wounded nine. As soon as intelligence of the outrage reached Council Bluffs, Col. Leavenworth marched with a body of troops to punish those lawless savages. It is believed that the Indians were instigated to this wanton attack by *British* agents, or traders, who are very jealous of American enterprize.

A Mr. M'Kenzie, and one of his workmen, by the name of Milton Ladd, were drowned on the 26th ult. near Columbia, S. C. in attempting to cross the Saluda river, near its mouth. Mr. M'Kenzie had just finished a large dam across the river, and had rowed out in the middle of the stream, below the dam, to see what effect a high fresh, which was then rising, would have upon the dam. The stream swelled so much, and ran so rapidly, that the boat was upset, and two of the men in it lost.

DOGS.

By an ordinance of the City of Boston, any person who keeps a dog "which shall, by barking, biting or howling, be offensive to any person whatever," is liable to a penalty of five dollars for every week, which the dog is so kept. Such a regulation is particularly wholesome; for nothing is more annoying, even to people in health, and much more so to those who are sick, than the howling of dogs, especially in the *night* season.