

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK,  
By PHILIP WHITE.

The terms of the *Western Carolinian* will  
hereafter be as follows:  
Three Dollars per annum, payable yearly in  
advance.

Every paper sent at a distance, will be discon-  
tinued after the time has expired for which it  
has been paid for, unless the subscriber is known  
to be good; in the latter case, the paper will be  
sent until paid for and ordered to be stopped.

Advertisements will be inserted at fifty cents  
per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five  
cents for each subsequent one. Advertisements  
from a distance must be paid for, or their pay-  
ment assumed by a responsible person, before  
they can be published.

All letters addressed to the Editor, must be  
post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

POLITICAL HORSE RACE.

As the following long, allegorical article, on  
the subject of the Presidential Election, has  
been the theme upon which the lovers of coarse  
humor have delighted to dwell, — as its notoriety  
has spread far and near, and its reputed wit  
gained a kind of flying, hear say eclair, that neit-  
her the sense nor talent evinced in the piece  
will warrant, — and as we have been importuned  
for six or eight weeks past, not only by those  
whose mawkish zeal prompts them to say  
“amen” to all the fulsome flattery with which  
the radical patron is besmeared over by those  
eyeglints who, spaniel like, cringe around his  
footstool; but by many of those good-natured,  
inoffensive creatures, who mean no harm, and  
do no good, and whose whole enjoyment is de-  
rived from what they term “good fun” — we  
have concluded to publish it. The reader will  
take it for just what it is worth. The writer of  
the piece is said to be Thomas H. Fletcher, of  
Washville, Tennessee, a solicitor of one of the  
Judicial districts of that State. He is a native  
of Virginia, — and so is Mr. Crawford; this may  
account for his bringing the Crawford out ahead,  
and for his abusing and slandering the other  
candidates. — *Ed. Carolinian.*

FROM THE NASHVILLE GAZETTE.

As racing has become a fashionable  
amusement of the day — whether it be  
the racing of grooves or politicians, I  
have here undertaken to amuse the lovers  
of sport with the details of a splen-  
did political sweepstakes, which I re-  
cently witnessed.

It has been announced by the stew-  
ards of the turf that, agreeably to the  
provisions of the constitution of the  
jockey club, on a certain day a jockey  
club race would be run over the United  
States track, free for the entrance of  
any horse or gelding, mares being ex-  
cepted; said horse or gelding being a  
native of these United States, and aged  
thirty-five years or over. The dis-  
tance — once round the turf — the course  
embracing the whole twenty-four United  
States of America. The weight to  
be carried by the horses, nothing  
more than the obloquy which the re-  
spective riders of each could throw up-  
on the nags of the others. The en-  
trance gratis. The purse, the reward  
of speed and bottom, furnished by the  
jockey club, was a liberty cap, which in-  
vested the successful candidate with the  
presidency of these United States for  
the term of four years, from and after  
the 4th day of March, 1823.

The magnificence of the prize, pro-  
duced great interest and excitement;  
and it was supposed the turf would be  
crowded with the distinguished racers  
of the continent. Indeed, for a long  
time previous to the day of trial, the  
public prints were incessant in their  
annunciations of celebrated couriers,  
who would be competitors in this con-  
test. But when the day of entrance  
came, and the books were closed, the  
following five candidates were alone  
placed on the list; to wit: the ADAMS,  
the JACKSON, the CLAY, the CALHOUN  
and the CRAWFORD. (N. B. It is said  
the Dewitt Clinton of New York — a  
steed of no small celebrity, would have  
also entered, had not some of the jock-  
ies of that state, last year, wilfully  
lamed him!)

But to enable the reader to enter ful-  
ly into the interest which this contest  
excites, I will add a brief sketch of the  
pedigree and performances of the five  
nags which were entered.

The ADAMS is a horse of illustrious  
ancestry. He was begotten by the  
celebrated John Adams, who run with  
much distinguished applause during  
the revolutionary war; and although  
his performances in the latter part of  
his life detracted much from that high  
and deserved reputation which his ear-

ly success had acquired for him — hav-  
ing been in old age, beaten and distanc-  
ed by the pride of Virginia — that  
matchless courser the Jefferson still  
he was unquestionably a horse of no  
mean prowess. The friend of the old  
Adams however attributed the defeat  
which he received at the hands of the  
Jefferson, to bad keeping; and threw  
the blame on one of his grooms, na-  
med Hamilton; but wholly without au-  
thority, for the Jefferson was eviden-  
ly his superior. But jockies, you  
know, are fruitful in excuses when ill-  
fortune attends their nags. The high  
blood of the Adams seems to have  
been more sanguinely relied on than  
either his figure or his previous per-  
formances; for he is an obese, stout  
bucktoed animal, and his excellence  
in racing partakes not of downright turf  
running, such as we now speak of, but  
rather of the light airy ambling of the  
Pegasus breed. It is with difficulty  
he can be kept in the track, so much is  
he addicted to bolting. He displayed  
his propensity in this way in the year  
1807. When running against some  
horses called the Republican over the  
course called the Senate, he suddenly  
reared, and kicked up — threw  
off his rider, one OTIS, whom he re-  
peatedly stamped, and forthwith dash-  
ed into a rich green clover field that  
bordered the margin of the course,  
where he has ever since remained,  
grazing on the fat of the land. His  
sire was also venemently addicted to  
this practice of bolting. The ADAMS  
has been frequently sent to Europe by  
the American jockies; but it said the  
expenses, attending the outfits, &c. al-  
ways amounted to more than his win-  
nings. He was raised in Massachu-  
setts: or rather he was born there,  
for he was trained in Europe, having  
gone to that country when but eleven  
years old, and remained there many  
years under the guidance of some royal  
grooms.

The JACKSON is a tall, slim horse;  
but “of mighty bone and bold em-  
prise.” He is moreover exceedingly  
spirited and high mettled. In his  
own state (Tennessee) he has run with  
wonderful success; never having lost  
a race there or elsewhere — but it is  
the splendid victory which he obtained  
over the noted British horse, the PACK-  
ENHAM ON THE ORLEANS TURF on the  
8th January, 1815, which has given  
him such distinguished reputation. —  
The Packenham was a full blooded  
courser — akin to the invincible Wel-  
lington, who beat the far famed NAPO-  
LEON ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO. —  
The Packenham was expressly picked by  
the British king, from amongst his  
whole stud, and sent to the Orleans  
turf expressly to encounter an Ameri-  
can horse; yet the Jackson distanced  
him the first round. It is universally  
admitted, even by the knowing ones  
of England, that the Jackson ran that  
race in exceeding quick time! The  
JACKSON has also beaten the Creek; the  
Seminole and the Florida, horses of  
some note.

As to the CALHOUN, he is a mere  
colt — scarcely *bride wise*. His for-  
mer performance had given him no re-  
putation — and the knowing ones were  
astonished at the rashness of his keep-  
ers in placing him in competition with  
such tried speed and bottom.

He is, 'tis true, a sprightly, lively  
looking colt, but he has not one of the  
marks or points of first rate. His  
backers frequently indicated a dispo-  
sition to withdraw him, and venture  
their funds on the Adams; but in their  
councils “madness ruled the hour,”  
and he appeared upon the course a can-  
didate for dominion.

The CLAY is an airy, supple-jointed  
fellow, of bright and cheerful counte-  
nance. He comes from the backwoods  
of Kentucky, where he has run with  
such success, at county gatherings, that  
in that state he has no competitor. In  
1814 he ran at Ghent, where some  
American horses, and among others  
the Adams, were matched against the  
steeds of old England, and success  
crowded the heels of the Americans.  
It is thought by some that the Adams  
did not on that occasion maintain the  
interests of the whole American sports-  
men; but that he ran only for the Cape  
Cod jockies. The western sportsmen  
had liked to have lost their all by him,  
and would, but for the Clay.

The CRAWFORD is a tall, majestic  
figure, with wonderful bone, muscles  
and sinew. His tread *firm*, and indi-  
cative of great strength and activity.  
He sprung from the old Virginia stock  
of racers; one of the best strains in  
these United States. (Vide the Ameri-  
can racing calendar, titles, *Washing-  
ton, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.*)  
When young he was taken to Geor-  
gia, and there occasionally ran a few  
cider races successfully, when his own-  
ers emboldened at his success, ven-  
tured to enter him in the state jockey  
club, where he defeated the favorite  
horse of Georgia, although often op-  
posed by that dare devil, the John Clark,  
a nag of some distinction in that quar-  
ter, who has lately, however, become  
*spavined, splinted and stringhalted.* —  
It is singular that the supporters of all  
the other nags vied in their abuse of  
this horse and his performances.

Such are the characters of the horses  
which paraded on the day of trial. —  
All of them had acquired reputation  
in their provincial racing, but how they  
would play their parts, when opposed  
to each other on the great theatre of  
the national turf, was all “doubt and  
darkness.” Bets were various — and  
the vociferations of praise from the  
friends of the respective nags were  
boisterous and constant. The shrewd  
Yankee was ready to risk his whole  
crop of onions, together with the fruits  
of his year’s toil in the cod fishery,  
on his favorite Adams. Hundreds of  
the sons of old Kentucky were around  
the Clay, who made the “welkin ring”  
with their shouts. They said “he  
was half horse, half alligator, and tip-  
ped with the snapping-turtle.” Nay,  
they avowed “he was a very steam  
boat! a Mississippi sawyer!” They  
swore “he was the best horse on the  
turf, and that they could out run, out  
jump, out shoot, throw down or whip  
any man or set of men who dared to  
contradict them!”

A faint uproar of approbation was  
occasionally heard from the friends of  
the Calhoun, but it was “a dying  
sound.”

The Georgians and Virginians were  
loud in their plaudits. They offered  
to stake piles of old Virginia sweet scented  
and Georgia uplands on the Craw-  
ford. The Yankees looked with a  
yearning eye at the hogsheads and  
bales, and sinned most heinously, in  
their hearts, against that command-  
ment, which forbids the coveting of  
their neighbor’s property.

The Jackson had about him some  
staunch friends, though few in number.  
They talked of the ever glorious eighth,  
and swore “by the deeds he had done,”  
that he “was the horse of horses.”

The Adams had been long in train-  
ing. He had been long under the care  
of two famous sporting associations,  
called the “Essex Junco,” and “Hart-  
ford Convention,” whose system of  
training was fashioned after the English  
plan.

The Clay was trained chiefly in Ken-  
tucky, amongst the people, and rubbed  
down occasionally by the friends of S.  
American independence and the Mis-  
sissippi boatmen.

Some Dutch waggons in Pennsylv-  
ania had the keeping of the Calhoun,  
who stuffed him with rye straw and  
wheat bran; a sort of food that mere-  
ly tended to puff him up, without in-  
vigorating him with any real strength.

The Jackson might be said to be  
without keepers; at least he had none  
of experienced professional skill. His  
backers said he was always at the service  
of the jockey club — that he required no  
keeping, and that he was always ready  
if the people should think fit to start  
him. No studied preparation had  
therefore been made, and he came up-  
on the ground full and rough — relying  
on his native strength, unaided by the  
skill of the jockies.

The Crawford was in famous plight.  
He was first managed by some Geor-  
gia jockies. He was thence taken to  
the old dominion, where he was again  
looked after by some of the old grooms  
of ninety-eight: the same who had  
trained the Jefferson, when he beat  
“other Adams.” Mordecai Noah  
of New-York also “ever and anon”  
took him through a course of exercise.  
The state of Maine was selected as  
the starting post. There on the ap-  
pointed day the candidates met; and

from thence they were to run through-  
out the whole twenty-four states.

The beating of the drums announced  
that the hour for the riders to mount  
had arrived. The rattling of this in-  
strument of war electrified Old Hicky-  
ory. It was to the same music he ran  
when he tried his speed with the Pack-  
enham. He pricked up his ears, bow-  
ed his neck, champed his bit, and car-  
ried loftily. But this note of war  
greatly affrighted the Adams, whose  
spirits are always startled at wild war’s  
deadly blast: and his friends were  
greatly shocked at sounds so offensive  
to the feelings of a peaceable and reli-  
gious people.

The Editor of the National Gazette  
was selected as the rider of the Adams,  
who has acquired some distinction  
both in this country and in Britain, as  
a rider. His system of political horse-  
manship partakes more of the English  
than of the American mode: And it  
is moreover said, he is quite capric-  
ious in relation to his tenets, al-  
ternately the votary of ‘doctrines  
fashioned to the varying hour.’ He  
mounted his candidate for dominion;  
and the richness and the gaudiness of  
his dress filled the people with amazement.  
He was clothed in purple; and on his  
head he wore a cap shaped like a crown,  
and attached to this crown, floated in the air  
two ensigns, impressed with appropriate  
mottos — the one however was soon  
tied up; the other rattled in the wind,  
and displayed this inscription, “We are  
all Federalists — We are all Republicans!”  
It was, however, whispered about that  
this was the same flag which the Adams  
carried when he ran in Massachusetts under  
the fictitious name of *Publicola*; and it  
was apparent that the ground of the  
ensign had been newly painted; that  
the old inscription had been brushed  
out, and this new one substituted in  
its stead.

Noah, one of the Crawford jockies,  
a keen lynx-eyed fellow, was seen to  
gaze slyly, yet intently, at this ancient  
banner, hinted that vestiges of the an-  
cient writings were visible; a transcrip-  
t of which being submitted to that  
burrower after antiquities, Dr. Mitchell,  
he produced the true and original  
reading to be thus: “Hurra for the  
Alien and Seditious Laws! Standing  
Armies and Direct Taxes!” The rider  
carried in his hand a whip made of  
a certain timber called ‘direct taxes,’  
admirably calculated for scourging.  
The Adams carried heavy weight, fas-  
tened upon him by the opposing  
grooms, consisting of huge masses of  
federalism and aristocracy. It was  
thought those burdens would not great-  
ly impede his progress in passing over  
the dry sandy soil of the New England  
States; but it was believed they would  
cause him to stick fast in the deep,  
rich and loamy grounds of the west.

He was led to the starting post by a  
federalist of the Boston turf.

The Clay was mounted by one of the  
people, a rough hardy Kentuckian,  
dressed in a lousy-woolsey hunting shirt  
fastened around him, a coarse leath-  
ern belt, with deer skin mockas-  
ins, with ‘a blue and white cotton  
handkerchief’ tied round his head.  
He carried a whip, a mere twig, cut  
from the tree persuasion. His bridle  
reins were made of the people’s will.  
He too unfurled an ensign, which bore  
“Western States and the Mississippi.”  
The only extra weight which the Clay  
carried, consisted of an old dirty pack  
of cards, heretofore much used, but  
apparently long since thrown by, which  
the Adams jockies thrust into the girde  
of his rider.

A “Western Citizen” conducted the  
Clay to the polls, who merrily chanted,  
as he led him up,

My bonny brave horse is come out of the West,  
And in all the great valley the steed is the best.

A square built *mysheer* of Pennsylv-  
ania, led the Calhoun to the charge,  
who pitched upon his back a mere  
catch, (the editor of the Franklin Ga-  
zette) as his rider. The little groom  
was almost weighed down by applauses,  
sashes, lace buttons, embroidery and  
plumes. He wore a fierce *chapeau*, to  
which was affixed a golden plate with  
this inscription — “The Army Can-  
didate.” ‘Twas cruel to oppress this  
yearling with additional weight; but  
an unfeeling Crawford jockey thrust  
into the knapsack of the rider, a huge

*Rip Rap Rock*, which almost frustrated  
the frisky rider.

The *Gallant War Horse Jackson*, was  
led to the polls: The Editor of the  
*Columbian Observer* officiated as his  
principal attendant, though his assist-  
ance had been previously given to Clay.  
He was rode by the Editor of the  
*Nashville Gazette*, who, owing to the  
spirit of his steed, was mounted with-  
out whip or spur. He wore an old  
*Continental* three cornered cocked hat,  
with ensign pendant, in which were  
inscribed, “Camden, Tahoopka, New  
Orleans.” The Clay folks ungenerously  
endeavored to fasten to his croup a  
heavy southern mineral, called *Arbitrat*,  
not which, however, the noble animal  
shook off entirely, before he started.

Next, ‘in gallant trim,’ was mar-  
shalled at the polls the lofty Crawford.  
His undaunted air, perfect figure, and  
agile tread, called forth the plaudits  
of the great assemblage. The Editor of  
the *National Advocate*, the famous New  
York keeper, the same who last year  
lamed and pricked the Clinton, led the  
Crawford to the polls: The Editor of  
the *Enquirer*, a lad bred in the best  
Virginia stables, was seated on his  
back. In his dress were blended the  
fashions of the white man and of the  
Indian. On his flag glared in large  
Capitals, “STATE RIGHTS — E-  
CONOMY — REPUBLICANISM  
OF NINETY-EIGHT” — and in the  
back ground a painting, a representa-  
tion of an encounter, in which the bow  
of Cupid overcomes the scalping knife  
of the Savage, designed as an emblem  
of the new mode of inculcating civil-  
ization by means of the pleasant process  
of intermarriages.

He carried neither scourge nor goad.  
His enemies thrust under his saddle  
large bundles of misdated Treasury  
Reports, *Suppressed Documents*, &c.,  
but his rider with the slight of *Arcus  
pocus*, freed himself from these incum-  
brances. They attempted too to point  
out a speck of *Federalism*, which they  
said had attached itself to him, but it  
was bedazzled by the resplendent dapp-  
les of Republicanism which pervaded  
his whole body.

The competitors were at length mar-  
shalled at the post. The Judges gave  
the word — Go! A hurra! was shout-  
ed by the multitude, and off dashed  
the gallants — an Empire the prize.

They started in the state of Maine,  
through which state there were two  
tracts; viz: the *Missouri Tract* and  
the *Maine Tract*. The Crawford  
promptly selected the Missouri route,  
which he steadily pursued, and at the  
onset ran far ahead of the Adams, who  
had lost much time in temporizing,  
in first trying the advantages of one track,  
and then of the other, to catch the  
most popular breeze. At length hav-  
ing gotten into the current, he spread  
all his canvas, and then ensued a vig-  
orous contest between the Crawford  
and the Adams, which, however, re-  
sulted in the supremacy of the latter.  
Throughout New-Hampshire the A-  
dams continued to lead the van. The  
same success continued to attend him  
as he onwards passed over Vermont;  
but as they dashed along the Green  
Mountains, the old Warriors of the  
Revolution shouted zealously for Old  
Hickory, who made a run at the A-  
dams under this cheering, but ineffec-  
tually. Massachusetts was next en-  
tered; the Adams far ahead. Here  
the rider of the Adams unfurled his  
heretofore conceded banner, which dis-  
played “The Hartford Convention”  
and amongst those people who have so  
long cried “England is the Bulwark of  
our Religion,” the effect which these  
talismanic words produced, was pro-  
digious. Faneuil Hall resounded with  
cheers. Throughout, the Adams led  
the way.

Once, however, he was suddenly  
checked in his career, on the plains of  
Lexington, by the shade of those whigs,  
whose bones are bleaching on those  
fields. They essayed to tear from the  
gown of his rider the traitorous ensign,  
which he had just unfurled.

The state of the turf in this state,  
seemed happily fitted for the success-  
ful progress of the Adams, whilst the  
other nags rode on a soil peculiarly  
heavy to republican hoofs.

No change was noticed in their pro-  
gress through Rhode-Island; but as  
they reached the confines of Connec-  
ticut,