

**THE PRESIDENCY.**—The Georgia Journal has placed at the head of its column, the name of Mr. T. of that State as a Candidate for the Presidency.

**SILK.**—Poulson's Philadelphia Advertiser says—  
The silk mania is in the ascendant. Doylestown, Pennsylvania, promises to be another Lyons. Not less than one million of the Marus trees will be cut this season, and at the adjacent encampments over one million and a half of worms will be raised.

Arrangements are in progress to establish a line of steam vessels from Boston to Liverpool, via Halifax; three boats of 1,250 ton burden with engines of 180 horse power are stated to be in the process of construction, with the intention of commencing operations next Spring.

## Communications.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

To the reflecting men of the 10th Congressional District.

Permit me, Messrs. Editors, through your columns to address a few words to the sober and reflecting men of this district—in such as are not swayed by prejudice, party, or passions, but who in the exercise of one of their most sacred rights—the right of voting for men to fill public stations—are guided, and controlled by principle, and who will themselves bound in the discharge of that most sacred duty, to act as if they were sworn jurors called upon to decide a matter on oath between two of their countrymen.

The duty of selecting a representative to serve you for two years in the Congress of the United States, will soon devolve on the voters of this district. The names of Charles Fisher, and Pleasant Henderson are before you. The question before us is, which of these men have the greatest claims for your suffrages? And in deciding who are the greatest claims you will naturally ask, who is Charles Fisher, and who is Pleasant Henderson? A spirit of fairness without passion or prejudice, let us look to facts:

Charles Fisher was born in the county of Rowan; he grew up to manhood among you; in early life he became your representative in the upper branch of the State Legislature; he afterwards served you in the Congress of the United States, and frequently in the State Legislature, and over a latter body he was for several years the presiding officer, having been selected to the station of vice for his talents, and his qualifications for appointment.—He has served you often in other situations: There has been no public work calculated to advance your interests or the interests of your children, but in which he has taken the lead. In the cause of education and public improvements of every description, he has always been the warm and zealous champion; and even now, he is doing more by his example than any other individual to arouse the dormant energies of your people to their true interests, by his energetic efforts to manufacture machinery of every description for you, and especially for your mills, and cotton factories. A word for the last twenty-five years he has been your able, your zealous, your unflinching public servant; foremost in every thing calculated to promote your interests—especially here, and his interests are all to be closely identified with yours that he can do nothing, as a public servant, which will affect you, without affecting himself in an equal degree with any other.

Now let us see who Dr. Henderson is: He was born and educated in the county of Orange, where he became a practitioner of medicine;—ten or twelve years ago, he removed to the city of Davie, and located himself at Mocksville, where he practised medicine for several years, and as a Physician, and a beloved, sociable, kind companion he was beloved all.—He afterwards went to the county of Surry, where he quit medicine for Politics, and served people of that county with respectability, as they chose to elect somebody else in his place, remained there taking his pleasure, and occasionally practising medicine until the last summer, which time he came to this place, Salisbury, where he remained until November or December, then went to Raleigh as a delegate to an Improvement Convention, where he remained short time, and then went to his old home in Davie, where he remained up to the time he became a candidate for Congress.

I have thus given you the most important part of the history of the two men in a spirit of candor and fairness, which always governs the seeker after truth.—Now which will you choose? Will you take a man you have known all your life—every interest identified with yours—who served you long and faithfully—and who never betrayed you. Or will you take an instance of his yesterday—and one who is really a citizen of the district? If you distrust my words of passion and prejudice; if you listen to the voice of reason, and not to the violent invective of the partisan I think you will not long inde-

pend. I have no party prejudices or passions to gratify—I hate, from the bottom of my heart, the delusion of party; I look upon the violence of the popular press, and of the politicians by trade as the worst signs of the times, and one of the greatest curses of our country.

We have taken the liberty of addressing you upon a subject which concerns us all, and all I ask of you to read and reflect upon what I have said with the same cool and calm feelings with which it was written.

NO PARTIZAN.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

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FAIR PLAY.

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We did not need the evidence furnished by this writer, that "A Freeman's" shot had struck in the right place. The fluttering of the wounded pigeons had before been the source of no little amusement here. The naturalist tells of a bird, which when pursued, hides his head in the nearest bush, and imagines himself secure from observation. Such seems to have been the cause with "A certain set." They have been for weeks engaged in this work of misrepresentation and slander—disseminating such stories as that spoken of by "A Freeman," if not in the same words, and no doubt imagined that it would excite an observation from any one, except the honest farmer to whom they were telling it. And now, forsight! when the mirror of truth is held up to them, in which they can see their own conduct in all its naked deformity, they, with untrained eyes, affect a holy horror at the freedom with which they are exposed. They defame and misrepresent Charles Fisher and his friends; they stir up the waters of bitterness and strife, and if it is noticed at all, behold! their liberality—knows it was often false when he wrote—

he knew it had as little truth in it as the assertions of his master's that Mr. Fisher would induce the Commissioners on the Creekaw claims from giving up being in Washington. But it is ridiculous that I believe they are ashamed of themselves. They must surely presume as on the capacity of the people, as they do on strength of their own understandings, and the influence of their influence. That one as reckless as

Swain should resort to any thing for a price, is not to be wondered at, but that one accustomed to Mr. Fisher's has been to the refinements of social life, should descend to the use of such means, is indeed a matter of wonder.

YADKIN.

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MESRS. EDITORS: Intended a meeting at Scott's Oldfield the other day, at which the candidates for Congress were present. Mr. Henderson first addressed the assemblage (which was numerous) at some length, the purport of which was plugging himself to support Henry Clay for President right or wrong, and attacking Mr. Fisher's private enemies; but after speaking a great while, said but little, and then gave way. Mr. Fisher met all his opponents allegations with cool, clear explanation, much to the satisfaction of the people, with the exception of a few, some of whom having come to deliver addresses on the Common School Act, but more particularly to try and do a little something against Mr. Fisher, and there are some men here in Randolph injuring their own popularity very much by taking such an active part against Mr. Fisher, and in trying to suppress the free and Republican principle of thinking and acting agreeable to the convictions of judgment, and honest opinion; and one individual, (of some note,) went so far as to say that "those who would believe Fisher were fools;" he said this in my presence, alluding to some very worthy farmers in his neighborhood.—But one consolation is that such language is calculated to disgust, and consequently defeat a good cause, much more a bad one. And I verily believe that those who are trying to do most against Mr. Fisher are doing most for him, so futile are their arguments.

A CITIZEN OF RANDOLPH.

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Yours, &c.

A FARMER OF DAVIE.

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This writer, with a philosophical assumption of superiority, characteristic of himself and "the art," boasts of having "an overwhelming majority of steady and sober citizens." Thus as great a liberal open as the charge of "A Freeman" was upon them, to say the least of it. In this, however, he is little more modest than some of his co-laborers, for I have before heard said of the decency and soberness claimed for that party. I doubt whether they will claim the merit of exclusive decency and soberness for their candidate. They may well boast of this, however, for I am much mistaken, if an intelligent public will not adjudge some of them to have forfeited a far more important characteristic—that of truth.

This political Doctor deals largely in quack medicines, and seems to view Swain's Patacea with wonderful complacency. There is certainly no disputing about tastes. I am not sufficiently conversant with such matters, to judge how it was intended to operate—whether as an emetic or otherwise—one thing is very certain, that in this county has had an almost universally a nauseating effect, so much so that I do not know an instance of a patient taking a second dose, except some few in Lexington, whose stomach seem to be made of sterner stuff. With regard to a certain cathartic, or some such thing, which this veracious writer prates about, I am at a loss in what light to regard it, whether as an drivelling nonsense, or as insinuating something which the writer dares not openly charge—something of the bush-fighting so characteristic of the "set." If in this, however, as has been suggested, the writer means to intimate that the North Carolina Standard is received here with any more favor than it was "some year or two ago," he but adds another falsehood to the long list for which the "set" are responsible—if, indeed, they are responsible for any thing. The writer's silly nonsense about the "Autocrat," and aristocratic brain, &c., is entirely worthy of the source from which it emanates. But enough of this "Davidson Whig."

The people—the real people of the county—will, in due time, overwhelm him and his Federal associates in spite of all their writhings and contortions. In the meantime let the gallied jade wince—my withers are unrued."

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