

From the New York News.
Who was the Inventor of "Poker?"
The following is from the Albany Evening Journal of Tuesday:

ANOTHER LOCO FOCO "ROORBACK FORGERY."
"The 'Democratic Campaign,' one of the numerous *Loco Foco* newspapers that have sprung strangely into existence since a fund was raised in England to print and distribute Free Trade Tracts, contains the following paragraph:

Political Brag.
"Mr. Clay is undoubtedly a 'great hand' at the game of Brag—indeed, in *Cowell's* 'Thirty Years among the Players' he is said to have been its inventor, as also of the other kindred game known by the inauspicious name of *Polker*—but it requires rather a staid nerve than his present trembling energy for the great stake enables him to maintain."

"The pretended extract from *Cowell's* 'Thirty Years among the Players' is a Forgery. There is no such charge against or allusion to Mr. Clay, in *Cowell's* Book."
The *Express* of this city copies and adopts the above as its own—giving it editorially as its own assertion. We commend to their prurial the following extract from "*Cowell's* Book," in which they thus assert that "there is no such charge against or allusion to Mr. Clay." Its title is, "Thirty Years among the Players of England and America: Interspersed with Anecdotes and Reminiscences of a variety of persons, directly or indirectly connected with the drama, during the Theatrical Life of Joe Cowell, Comedian. Written by himself. N. York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1844. Price Twenty-five Cents."

"One night while I was getting instructed in the mysteries of *uker*, and Sam was amusing himself by building houses with the surplus cards at the corner of the table, close by us was a party playing at *polker*. This was then exclusively a high-gambling Western game, founded on *brag*, invented, as it is said, by Henry Clay when young; and if so, very humanely, for either to win or lose, you are much sooner relieved of all anxiety than by the older operation. Chap. xv, p. 94.

It is not quite unambiguous here which of the two games, *brag* or *polker*, is meant as "*invented*," it is said, by Henry Clay. It is probably *polker*, which, as a decided progressive improvement on *brag*, (to say nothing of its expeditious "humanity,") is the more worthy of its genius, highly cultivated as that is known to have been in this valuable department of science. *Polker* may be said indeed to include *brag*, on the old logical maxim that "the greater includes the less;" or it may be said to bear the same relation to *brag* that a North River steamboat does to an Albany sloop, or a locomotive to an old four-horse post coach.

On the testimony of that common report on the Western waters, from which *Cowell* speaks, among the gentry whose vocation is to deal in *Uker* and *Polker*, this interesting point may therefore be considered settled. The *Journal* and the *Express* will have the goodness to "back out," as gracefully as may be. Mr. Clay has certainly, therefore, conferred some benefit on his ungrateful country. He gave it *Polker*—and that, too, which was the precocity of his genius, when "a youth!" Though he can never be President of the United States, Mr. Clay has secured at least one title to immortality—

"Non omnis moriar: multaque pars mei Vitabit Ericiniam!"
—as Horace exultingly exclaims, which may be thus translated, for fear the *Evening Journal* may have grown rusty in its Latin—"I shall not wholly die, and be buried out of memory by that Knave of Spades, the Sexton!"

Beneath the high altar of the Cathedral at Havana, sleeps the glorious dust of him whose tomb bears the inscription: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world." A still nobler epitaph, is reserved to grace the tomb in which Mr. Clay (many years hence, we trust,) is destined to find his last repose—"And to that new world Henry Clay gave *Polker*!" Washington gave it Independence. Jefferson gave it the immortal Declaration. Franklin gave it the Lightning-Rod. Fulton gave it the Steamboat. Clay gave it *Polker*!

If we had properly reflected on this ground of claim, we probably should not have devoted the *News* and *Campaign* to opposition to Mr. Clay. At this late hour, we fear that we are too deeply committed to retreat. Far from ever having been capable of inventing *Polker*—that "very humane" mode of getting "sooner relieved of all anxiety than by the older operation"—we do not believe (to his shame we confess it) that Mr. Polk ever knew what *Polker* is—and that, too, though he may almost be said to have named after it!

However, as well for his enlightenment, as to give Mr. Clay the full credit for the brilliancy of the invention, we add from *Cowell* the following description of what *Polker* is:

"For the sake of the uninitiated, who had better know no more about it than I shall tell them, I must endeavor to describe the game when played with twenty-five cards only, and by four persons.
"The aces are the highest denomination; then the kings, queens, Jacks, and tens; the smaller cards are not used: these I have named are all dealt out, and carefully concealed from one another; old players pack them in their hands, and peep at them as if they were afraid to trust even themselves to look. The four aces with any other card, cannot be beat. Four kings, with an ace, cannot be beat, because then no one can have four aces; and four queens, or Jacks, or tens, with an ace, are all inferior hands to the kings, when so attended. But holding the cards I have instanced seldom occurs when they are fairly dealt; and three aces, for example, or three kings, with any two of the other cards, or four queens, or Jacks, or tens, is called a full, and with an ace, though not *inimitable*, are considered a very good bragging hand. The dealer makes the game, or value of the beginning bet, and called the anti- in this instance it was a dollar—and then every body stakes the same amount, and says, 'I'm up.'" Chap. xv, p. 94.

"I'm up"—or rather "it's all up with me!" is precisely what Mr. Clay may say now in his game of *Polker*, as well as that of *Poker*. It is we who hold "the four aces" which "cannot be beat," boldly as Mr. Clay may make play with his "very good bragging hands." How much Mr. Clay may have lost at *Polker* in the course of his life, we do not know. Such inventions are apt to "return to plague the inventors." It is very certain that he will never gain much at *Polker*.

And now that we have given the *Journal* and *Express* chapter and verse, date and page, will they have the goodness to do two things—viz. In the first place, to be a little more cautious in attacking our statements of fact, and still more so in charging us with "Forgery."
In the second place, to give the world the date of the "paragraph from the *London Times*," announcing the raising of "about four hundred and forty thousand pounds" in England for the circulation of free trade tracts in the United States.

Both of these papers have laid themselves more fairly open to a libel suit from us, than any of those which the *Journal* has so ridiculously sued. The *Express* repeats the *London Times* paragraph in the same sheet in which it charges us with our "Forgery." We will forgive them our "ten thousand dollars damages," and give them up all our share of the "British Gold" besides, if they will either produce the said paragraph, or one of the "millions of tracts" which they know to have been printed here, and of which the *Rochester* (Whig) *Democrat* has recorded the arrival of a "box" at that place.

P. S. While *Cowell* is before us, we may as well copy the following amusing anecdote which we find on the same page:
"A lieutenant in the navy, on his way to Pensacola to join his ship, was one of our boat-mates, and belonged to the flooring committee—so all were called who had to sleep on it. Two ardent devotees at *seca-up* finding no better place late at night, while he was fast asleep coiled away in his cloak, squatted on either side of him, and made his shoulder their table. The continual *tip, tap*, as the cards were played by each upon his back, rather aided his *samanlike* repose; but an energetic *slap* by one of the combatants at being "*High, by thunder!*" awakened him, and looking up, one of the players, slightly urging down his head, said, in a confidential whisper:
"Hold on a minute, stranger: the game's just out—I've only two to go—have twelve for game in my own hand, and have got the Jack!"
"Ho, of course, accommodated them; and when the game was out, he found they had been keeping the run of it with chalk tallied on his stand-up collar!"

We wonder whether one of these nocturnal devotees of "*seca-up*" may not possibly have been the great Inventor of *Polker* himself! As *Jeremy Diddler* says in the play, "We only ask for information."

From the Albany Argus.
A JESUITICAL APOLOGY FOR DUELING.
Henry Clay's recent letter to citizens of Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, on duelling, has been termed by those who look at it closely a most ingenious, and therefore the more dangerous palliation for duelling. Even at his advanced age, bordering on seventy, he does not take that decided stand against duelling which the public sentiment of the age had a right to demand. He pointedly refuses to say that he shall not fight another duel. Here are the words of Mr. Clay, written this very month of August; and we wish the moralizing, truth-abiding, and duel-hating freemen of the United States to notice every line:
"You ask me whether, if I were challenged to fight a duel, I would reject the invitation? Considering my age, which is now past sixty-seven, I feel that I should expose myself to ridicule if I were to proclaim whether I would or would not fight a duel. It is certainly one of the most unlikely events that can possibly be imagined; and I cannot conceive a case in which I should be provoked or tempted to go to the field of combat; but as I cannot foresee all the contingencies which may possibly arise in the short remnant of my life, and for the reason which I have already stated, of avoiding any exposure of myself to ridicule, I cannot reconcile it to my sense of propriety to make a declaration one way or the other."
Look at that closely, and we ask all to say, if they do not perceive that the follies and passions of early youth still lurk under the head whitened by the frosts of sixty-seven winters.

The New York Morning News thus pertinently sets forth the dangerous influence of this most insidious letter:
"Mr. Clay virtually throws all the great influence of his position, talents, character, and popularity, (popularity, at least, with the main bulk of the persons occupying those spheres in society to which duelling is chiefly confined)—on the other side of the wavering scales of public sentiment, on this subject. Mr. Clay can never know how many young men, whose opinions were in the progress of maturing into the ripe results of sound and settled principles, will be made decided duellists for life by the influence of this letter. The force and general social diffusion of right sentiment on this subject, afford the only counteracting influence against that of the false and bad public opinion by which duelling is sustained, and men made to feel or fancy themselves compelled to give and accept challenges to this foul and foolish game of murder."

"Let it not be said in reply, that Mr. Clay in this letter does declare a strong reprobation of the practice, and that it is at worst a mere piece of paltry non-committalism on the question. Ninety-nine duellists in a hundred make similar declarations—subject always to reservations which wholly nullify all their meaning or worth."
Our readers undoubtedly remember that during the last high Congress, the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, introduced a series of resolutions censuring John Q. Adams for his efforts to dissolve the Union. At the late Nashville Democratic Convention, Mr. Marshall informed his audience that the resolutions of censure upon Mr. Adams introduced by him, were agreed upon in a whig caucus, "nooses were counted," and it was ascertained that a majority would vote for censuring the "old incendiary." After the resolutions had been presented to the House for its consideration, Mr. Adams spent a long time in pouring forth his fierce invectives upon Mr. Marshall and others, but his efforts to get the resolutions laid on the table were unsuccessful. On learning that a majority were disposed to censure him, he suddenly changed his mode of defence, and commenced a furious onslaught upon Mr. Clay, charging that the latter, in moving to abolish the veto power, was struggling to destroy the Union by breaking down its only bulwark. The arguments of Mr. Adams were clear and cogent, showing that if Mr. Clay's proposition succeeded, the Union could not be preserved. The attack upon Mr. Clay produced a terrible fluttering among the Whig members. It was understood, said Mr. Marshall, to be a warning to the Whigs, that unless they choked him off, Mr. Adams would take their leader, Mr. Clay, by the throat and strangle him. Another Whig caucus was held, of which Mr. Marshall was kept in ignorance, and it was agreed that the resolutions of censure should be laid on the table. Pursuant to that caucus arrangement, Mr. Marshall was deserted by those who had urged him to take the step which he had, and who had promised to stand by him in the conflict. The resolutions were consequently laid on the table.

A short time subsequently, Mr. Giddings began to agitate the dissolution of the Union, and resolutions were brought forward to expel him from the House. The very Whigs who had deserted Mr. Marshall in his conflict with Adams, were seized with sudden indignation at the reasonable proposition of Mr. Giddings, and gave vent to their patriotism in eloquent speeches. Just as they were about to vote on the Giddings' resolutions, Mr. Marshall put his hat on his head and walked

towards the door. He was stopped by one of his treacherous Whig friends, and asked in a tone of surprise if he did not intend to remain and "vote against that infernal fellow Giddings." "No," was the pointed retort of Mr. Marshall, "no, no, no, I refused to help me throttle the lion, and you may now hunt down the polecat yourself!"
These facts afford a striking proof of the character of the Whig Congress. Partisanship for Mr. Clay exercised a stronger influence over that body than patriotism or love of the Union.



THE STANDARD.

R. LEIGH N. C.
Wednesday, October 16, 1844.

FOR PRESIDENT:
JAMES KNOX POLK,
Of Tennessee.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
GEO. HIFFLIN DALLAS,
Of Pennsylvania.
For Electors.
1 Dist. THOMAS BRAGG, Jr., of Northampton Co
2 " HENRY L. TOOLE, of Edgecomb,
3 " ABRAHAM W. VENABLE, of Granville,
4 " GEORGE WHITFIELD, of Lenoir,
5 " WILLIAM S. ASHE, of New Hanover,
6 " DAVID REID, of Cumberland,
7 " JOSEPH ALLISON, of Orange,
8 " DANIEL W. COURTS, of Surry,
9 " WILL J. ALEXANDER, of Mecklenburg,
10 " GEORGE BOWER, of Ashe,
11 " ALEXANDER F. GASTON, of Yancy.
Election on the 4th day of November.

Davidson County. W. P. Richards, Esq. is the democratic candidate in Davidson to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Brummett. His competitor is Mr. B. C. Douthit. The democrats of Davidson will hold a Mass Meeting and Barbecue at Lexington on the 24th inst.

We caution the public against false reports and false election returns put afloat by the National Intelligencer and Raleigh Register. Both these papers are in the service of the British party, and they will scruple at nothing to accomplish their desperate and selfish purposes. People of North Carolina, beware!

FRANKLIN SUPERIOR COURT.
Franklin Superior Court was in session last week, Judge Caldwell presiding. We learn that much civil business, and several important criminal cases were disposed of. The celebrated *Hardy Carroll* having at length been overtaken and brought to justice, judgment of death was pronounced against him; but by the humanity of the Act of Assembly he has been allowed an appeal to the Supreme Court, which will give him six months longer to live. Messrs. Busbee and Littlejohn were assigned by the Court as his counsel.
On Thursday of the term, Tom, a slave, was tried for a rape on a free woman of color. Verdict, not guilty. Messrs. Saunders and Gilliam for the defence. On the next day Sam'l A. Thomas was tried for the murder of Samuel Joyner. Verdict, not guilty. Gen. Saunders was counsel for the accused.

People of North Carolina!
READ THIS!
The last National Intelligencer contains an Address from John Quincy Adams to the Whig Young Men's Club of Boston, in which Gen. Jackson is pronounced the author of a "wifful falsehood," and in which also occurs the following sentence:
"Young men of Boston, your trial is approaching. The spirit of freedom and the spirit of slavery are drawing together for the deadly conflict of arms. The annexation of Texas to the Union is the blast of the trumpet for a foreign, civil war, and Indian war, of which the Government of your country, fallen into faithless hands, have already twice given the signal—first by a shameful treaty, rejected by a virtuous Senate; and again by the glove of defiance, hurled by the apostle of nullification, at the avowed policy of the British empire, professedly to promote the extinction of slavery throughout the world. Young men of Boston: burnish your armor, prepare for the conflict, and I say to you, in the language of Galgacus to the ancient Britons 'Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!'"
We have no room for comments this week. The above language, be it remembered, comes from a Clay-leader at the North, and from a man who was the choice of Mr. Clay for President in 1824 and 1828.

PASQUOTANK COUNTY.
We are glad to hear that the democratic republicans of Pasquotank are aroused to the importance of the crisis. The table of elections shows that we are gaining in that county, while the "coons are losing. Let this encourage our friends that are renewed efforts in the good cause. We make the following extract from a letter dated ELIZABETH CITY, Oct. 5, 1844.
"Some time since the whigs here started a subscription to raise a Coon pole, and we immediately went to work to raise a Hickory pole, and on the 29th ultimo, we planted one, which is 105 feet in height. Our flag is 10 by 30 feet, and has inscribed upon it, 'Polk and Dallas—the Union—a Star—a democratic Rooster, and a ship.'
"Every thing is bright for us in this and the adjoining counties. The moderate and reasonable whigs are beginning to open their eyes to the truth. We shall make up our full proportion in the increased vote necessary to ensure the State for Polk and Dallas."

Useful facts and reflections in relation to the late United States Bank.

We here present to the public a table of the rates at which checks or exchanges were sold by the United States Branch Bank at Fayetteville, in this State, from July, 1820, to January, 1831. This information may be implicitly relied on. It was obtained some time since, and having been mislaid, is now submitted at the earliest moment.

Date	Rate	Location
1820, July	4 per ct. prem.	on Bank U. States. Charleston.
1821, Jan.	" " "	on B. U. S. and N. York, no doubt this was for proceeds of northern bills, or their own notes.
1823, " "	" " "	Richmond, Va. Charleston.
1823, July	" " "	" " "
1824, Jan.	" " "	Washington.
" July	" " "	Bank United States. Charleston.
1825, Jan.	" " "	Charleston & Richmond.
" July	" " "	Bank United States. Charleston.
1826, Jan.	" " "	Bank U. States and New York. Richmond.
" July	" " "	" " "
1827, Jan.	" " "	Norfolk.
" July	" " "	New York. Richmond.
1828, Jan.	" " "	Bank United States. New York.
" July	" " "	" " "
" Nov.	" " "	Bank U. S., N. York and Norfolk.
1829, March	" " "	New York.
1830, Jan.	" " "	" " "
1831, Jan.	" " "	over \$500.

This Bank opened at Fayetteville, in January, 1818, without capital, save drafts on State Banks, by which in a short time it drew out of those Banks in specie \$100,000. All it brought with it to commence upon was its own notes, (paper) and kegs of cents. It maintained itself by drafts or runs on the State Banks for specie, until about 1830 or 1832, bringing none from abroad till 1833, when President Jackson caused the public deposits to be removed from the Bank of the United States. In 1830, it received in interest from local Banks upwards of \$100,000, and in 1827, above \$32,000. From 1826 to 1830 the net profits made by the Bank per year were from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

These facts show, that during the time the Bank of the United States was in operation in this State it made its profits by drawing specie and funds from our own Banks and citizens, which profits, as well as the specie continually drawn from our Banks, were principally sent to the North, to go into the pockets of foreign stockholders and Northern Banks. Also, that it made our own citizens (out of whom this capital and profit were drawn) pay higher for checks or exchange on the North, and other parts, than they have had to pay since the Bank of the United States ceased to exist. Also, that our currency was more unsettled and deranged whilst that Bank was in operation than it has been since; for we all know that the Bank broke in January, 1841, and that since then checks on the North have ranged from only $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, at which they are now and have been for a long time selling in this City.

These facts further show, that the precise period when we had the least specie, when the currency was most deranged, and exchange the highest, was during the administration of that Bank. Also, that it never let down the price of exchange to what it is now, until after the election of Gen. Jackson, and when it was asking Congress for a renewal of its charter. See prices in 1830 and 1831. Also, that our currency was never so sound, nor so useful and convenient—composed as it is now of both paper and specie, and of every variety too of specie—since this destructive monster expired in 1841. In other words, we never had a specie currency until this Bank went down. It brought none into the country—robbed us of what he had—and sent it away.

The evils this Bank inflicted upon the currency and the business of the country, during its disastrous reign, were dreadful to be sure; but they dwindle into insignificance when compared with the dishonesty in management and failure cast upon our national character—with the corruption it set afloat through so many slices, the press, Congress, State Legislatures, elections and the markets, upon the country—with the thousands of orphans, widows, old and disabled persons and families that it brought to ruin—and with the daring attempt it made to put down the President of the people, and revolutionize the government. Such an institution may be great for good, but it must be too great for evil ever to be trusted in a free country. There are more Nicholas Biddles than one. Besides, such a tremendous power, placed for twenty years in the hands of a President and a few Directors, which the people cannot control through the ballot-box, as they may their government, begets the temptation to abuse. It may operate every where in secrecy, and none can stay its arm before its evil works are done. It would again prove, as it has heretofore proved, a curse to the Banks, the citizens, and the trade of North Carolina; and through the long period of twenty years, (the time of its charter) the temptation would constantly be presented to Presidents and parties to seek an alliance with it, and make it a corrupt and dangerous political machine.

In his great speech against the Bank in 1811, Mr. Clay said that the two most dangerous powers in a government were the purse and the sword; but continued he, after all, money is the great power, for with that you can purchase all the rest. What he thinks now, on this or any other subject, we cannot tell. This was his opinion in 1811, before he became an Attorney for the Bank, but since his Attorneyship commenced, his mind has certainly undergone a great change in relation to the expediency and constitutionality of such an institution.
The Democratic Meeting in Rockingham shall appear next week.

THE ALLEMANCE MEETING.

The Register of yesterday has a long account, by a correspondent, of the Allemance Meeting. The writer puts down the number present at 4,000! Now we happen to have heard something about the number, and we state, upon the authority of a gentleman of Orange, whose veracity no Coon would dare to call in question, that there were not more than six hundred persons on the ground. So much for the tales of Coonery!

The writer of this account, (and remember that he is endorsed by the Register) speaking of the persons assembled, says:
"Such man cannot be enslaved by the arts of Loosofocism, headed by such a man as James K. Polk—the mere shadow of Gen. Jackson's old hickory staff! The fruits of it will be seen in November next, and old Orange will speak in tones of thunder to those who are endeavoring to fix upon the country the 'supple tool of a petty tyrant,' without principles, without abilities, for the highest office in the world. They are too true to themselves and to the country, to permit a miserable cabal and an old tyrant, who has done more than any man living to break down the true principles of liberty, to dictate who shall rule over them!"

People of North Carolina—people of Orange county—descendants of the Regulators—Jackson men—mark the insulting language which is here used towards ANDREW JACKSON! "An old tyrant!" John Quincy Adams calls him a liar, and the Register echoes the cry of "old tyrant!" Orange county has never uttered this cry. Hero-hearted and patriotic sons honor the Old Hero of two wars, and they stood by his principles and voted for him for the highest office in the world, at a time when Henry Clay was intruding for the Presidency, and madly and corruptly plunging after power, careless whether the country sunk under or survived the baleful influences of the star of Federalism. "An old tyrant!" You were present at the Meeting, Mr. Waddell—is this your language? Your organ has spoken—do you speak as he does? What think you of it, Dr. Smith? With but few if any principles in common with the Coons, do you still intend to shame your republican blood, and to endorse these denunciations of Gen. Jackson, by clinging to Henry Clay in the face of his rejection for twenty years by the people, and in spite of the sins, political and private, which fester on his garments? And who is Henry Clay? It makes our blood run hot in our veins to hear Andrew Jackson vilified and denounced by the graceless minions of a bad man. Who is Henry Clay? Let the whole country answer. Let the response come up in tones of thunder through the long sweep of twenty years—he is the condemned of the people, and the "supple tool" of an ambition which would ride in the chariot of a "tyrant" over the prostrate necks of his ruined countrymen. Let the South answer. He voted against our choice for President in 1824; he has heaped taxes on us ever since; and he would now repulse Texas from our embraces, and see her star of glory glitter in the blood-wrought diadem of England. Let the West answer. He has waged a war against our frontier settlers; he has banked and unbanked until his splendid spend-thrifts got the better of us;—and he then gave them a law which released them from their debts, and set them afloat with as much capital as the honest poor man. Let the North and East answer. He fastened a National Bank upon us—a Bank which paid him high fees as its attorney, but which exploded, and left thousands of us to the tender mercies of poverty and want. Let the whole country answer. We condemned him 1824 as unfit to be President, and this too when he pretended to be a Republican, but we saw the coon-skin on him, and we stripped him of it. We confirmed that sentence of condemnation against his choice for the Presidency in 1828; and in 1832, we told him a third time that we had no use for him, and that he was a disturber of the moral and political repose of the republic. Look in this glass, ye coons who went to Allemance, and see your leader!

The Register goes into agonies of ecstasy at the "entertainment" offered at Hillsborough to the Raleigh Coons, on their return from the Meeting. Messrs. Freeman and Battle made speeches—what marvellous proper men they are to alter the Federal Constitution, and impose "salutary restraints" on Executive power! But the Editor says nothing about the return of a prominent member of the Wake delegation before he even reached Allemance—nothing about the dissatisfaction evinced by Messrs. Badger and Manly at the coolness which marked their reception at Hillsborough on their way up—nothing of the gentleman who started from Raleigh a Whig, but who came back a democrat. These were party secrets, which it was considered inexpedient to tell.

Truly, as we said last week, the coon is in his last agonies. Failures at Allemance—failures at Lexington—failures on all sides—how happily the prospects of the coons taper off to the little end of contempt and insignificance! This is strong language, but we speak by the book, and as a free man—and they may make the most of it.
Democrats of the Old North, rouse yourselves for the contest! Pennsylvania leads off for Polk and Dallas; Georgia shakes the evil influences of coonery from her brow; and New York is ready to open with her thunders upon the flying squadrons of the enemy. Let there be a bold charge—an onset shout from the labor, the honesty, and the manhood of the land. Every where—you have seen it as we have—the coons are alarmed. Now is the time to meet them, if you would vanquish them. Let the committees be organized! Let every democrat be at his post, and let all remember that should Henry Clay be elected, there will be no opportunity to "pick the flint and try him again."

Extract from a letter to the Editor dated HALIFAX, Oct. 12th, 1844.
"We are all in fine spirits, in this part of the State; and particularly in old Halifax. We raised a Hickory Pole in the town of Halifax a few days since. It is seventy-six feet clear of the ground. We have flung our banner to the breeze, inscribed with Polk and Dallas, and the Constitution as it is; and come defeat or victory, we will do our duty."

Mass Meeting at Ransom's Bridge.

Glorious outpouring of the democracy of Halifax, Nash, Franklin and Warren!
We learn from an esteemed Correspondent that the democracy had a glorious day of it on Saturday last at Ransom's Bridge. The Committee deserve great credit for their handsome arrangements, and every thing went off in such a style as cannot fail to have the happiest effect.

Our correspondent says:
"A large company assembled at an early hour. The Whigs were greatly elated by the intelligence of the previous day from Pennsylvania, when an express arrived from Warrenton with the Globe, changing the face of things. This news was received with loud applause, and our Whig friends looked as if some dreadful calamity had befallen them."
"The Meeting being organized by the appointment of the proper officers—an account of which you will no doubt receive—the speakers were invited on the stand. Mr. VENABLE, our Elector, opened the discussion in a speech of two hours. He made a very happy effort, particularly on the questions of the Bank, Tariff, and Veto. His reasoning was clear, his anecdotes appropriate, and his diction well delivered. His speech was well received, and received with the most rapturous applause."
"The meeting then adjourned to dinner; and after enjoying an excellent barbeque, the speaking again commenced. Dr. PATTON, our Assistant Elector for this District, spoke for more than an hour. His speech was cogent and eloquent, and was listened to with attention, and frequently applauded."
"The President next introduced Gen. SAUNDERS, who commenced his speech with some very appropriate allusions to the flags and mottoes which the stage had been ornamented, and some well-merited compliments to the Ladies who were present. He passed rapidly over the questions of Bank, Tariff and Veto, but spoke with feeling and effect on the Texas question. He held in his hand a beautiful flag, which he said had been presented to him by Miss Jane Perry, Misses Lucy and Ann Stamper, Misses Elizabeth and Mary Davis, Misses Martha and Caroline Aiston, Miss Lucy Arrington, and others. (God bless them all!) upon which had been handsomely painted an Eagle, with a single star and the following lines:
"Hail to the lone and trembling star
That glitters in the South afar—
Too fair a prize, too bright a gem
To grace a foreign diadem!
Statesmen! exert your well known powers,
And South and West alike are ours."
Gen. Saunders asked if any one with the spirit of a man could look upon this bright and beautiful flag—coming as it did from fair hands, and waving to the free elements by the prayers of warm and patriotic hearts—and say he was unwilling to accept of Texas and stand by her, though Mexico should go to war, and England should be the eloquent speaker, let him speak out! Upon which one loud and universal shout went up, *No, No!*

Gen. Saunders then alluded in the most animated strains to the noble stand which had been taken by the democracy of Maine, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey, for the country and Texas, though here in the South, where the question was one of the very highest moment, we were divided. He alluded in terms of strong and burning indignation to the proscriptive course of the Whigs in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and said most emphatically that the democracy would stand by the Constitution as it is, guaranteeing freedom of speech—freedom of the press—and above all freedom of religion. This sentiment was received with great applause.

The speeches being over, Mr. WENTON, of Franklin, came forward and said, that he had no speech to make, but that he desired to say he had come there a Whig, and was a Whig no longer. He intended to go for Polk, Dallas and Texas. Other Whigs were understood to come out from the Coon party, and take their stand under the flag of Polk and Dallas. The meeting adjourned at the best possible feeling, and all resolved to do their duty. Hail to the democracy. Their banner will again wave in triumph!"

THE BLAIR LETTERS.
The friends of Henry Clay have at length published his celebrated Blair Letters. After all they agree substantially with the version of them given from memory by Mr. Kendall, and consequently still leave Mr. Clay as deep in the mud as he was in the mire. We have neither time nor room to devote to them now. A few questions will suffice for this week. Mr. Clay says of Mr. Adams: "What has great weight with me, is the decided preference which a majority of the delegation from Ohio has for him over General Jackson." But Mr. Clay, what had you to do with the "preferences" of the Ohio delegation? You were the representative of Kentucky; and how does it happen that you thought so much of the opinions of Ohio, when your own State Mr. Adams did not get a single vote?
Again, Mr. Clay represents himself as perfectly passive in the matter, and alludes to the manner in which he was approached by the friends of Messrs. Jackson, Adams, and Crawford? But if he was indeed so—if he was actuated by pure motives, and desired to make no bargain, but only to give his own vote as an independent member—why did he ask Mr. Blair to write to the Representative of his district and "stringham" him in his "inclination" to vote for Mr. Adams?
Again, Mr. Clay says the friends of Mr. Crawford appealed to him in one way and those of Gen. Jackson in another, but that the friends of Mr. Adams asked him to "consider seriously whether the public good and his own future interests did not point most distinctly to the choice which he ought to make." How did he happen to follow in the lead of his "future interests" by voting for one who had been his bitter enemy, and then taking office under him?
Again, He says one of his reasons for voting against Gen. Jackson was, that he might, by voting for him, give a "stimulus" to a "military spirit" which would "lead to the most pernicious results." Why, then, did he vote for General Harrison?

We guess that about this time the Coons are beginning to find out who James K. Polk is. They asked the question some weeks since. By the 10th day of next month they will know him like a book. Is there any "glory" in that Mr. Gales. Have you any friends (we know you never bet) any where about in any of the counties to whom you would loan small sums, on undoubted paper, to be staked upon the election of Henry Clay?

Mr. Register, what do you think of the returns from Georgia and Pennsylvania?

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