

We have observed, even at this early day, that the Loco Focos are beginning their wearisome and fruitless labor of deception as to the merits of their candidate for the Presidency.

That any convention composed of two hundred and seventy respectable men in the Union—should have thought of James K. Polk for that high office is not only surprising to us, but must be to the candid portion of the Loco Foco party themselves.

That they should find something in the name of Polk to gratify pride and build up strength is not surprising; but that Editors should unscrupulously labor to commend him to the favor of the People on account of the patriotism of his ancestors, without inquiry or proof, is most remarkable.

We in Mecklenburg are justly proud of the name and services of the Polk family, but to our mortification it is recorded that the ancestors of the Loco Foco candidate are not included in the number.

We would not fill our minds with events which have long since passed away—unless driven to do so by the rage of our adversaries. We say, however, that though it is true that Mr. Polk is a son of old Mecklenburg, that he descended from a respectable branch of a noble stock, and that if it is desired we will furnish from living witnesses the proof of the assertion.

Thomas Polk was a devoted patriot—the father of the Mecklenburg Declaration—but on that instrument the name of his brother Ezekiel, the grandfather of the Loco Foco nominee, does not appear, and with that circumstance is connected a melancholy and disgraceful history.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

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SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 22, 1844.

REMARKS OF MR. PEYTON, OF TENNESSEE, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Tuesday, June 5, 1844.

The GENERAL APPROPRIATION BILL, being under consideration in Committee of the Whole, and the debate having progressed to a considerable extent—

Mr. PEYTON, who, though deeply averse to speaking here, excused himself for doing so on the ground that it would be expected of him by his constituents; and since Mr. Clay, Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Polk, had been brought in to the debate by other gentlemen, he should claim to follow the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors.

Mr. Clay had been traduced and vilified by all who had spoken from the Democratic ranks of the House. He had been compared to Caesar, to Caligula, and to Cromwell. He asked all to look at his acts, to contemplate his public history; and then to look at those of the party who opposed him, and after that to say who was the Cromwell. He asked who it was that had been, at the commencement of this Congress, in favor of maintaining the majesty and supremacy of the laws?

The Whig party, with Mr. Clay at its head. On the other hand, who were they who had come up into this Hall, and by one sweep of the pen nullified the districting law? And who were they who at this very hour hold seats here directly in the teeth of law? Who had carried out those doctrines of nullification which South Carolina had only threatened, and openly trampled the Constitution under foot?

Look at one of the first acts of this Congress, immediately after its organization; the Journal of the House, the record of its proceedings, had been deliberately mutilated, by order of a Democratic majority. The Whigs had entered their solemn protest against the right of the nullifying recusants to seats in this House, and placed that protest on the Journal; but where was it? It had by force been stricken from its place, and was no more to be found there.

Mr. Stetson repeated his inquiry, observing that the statement had taken him completely by surprise. Mr. Peyton replied, it was a member on this floor, a distinguished member of the House, a great friend to Mr. Van Buren, and in fact, considered as his right-hand man here.

Mr. Stetson again interposed, (Mr. P. not yielding the floor,) and said that, as Mr. P. was the only one who had referred to the member from the New York delegation, it was to him alone he ought to apply for his name.

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THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A cannon? Where were the Jackson men on that memorable occasion? Not one of them—no, not one, would stand up to do honor to the sentiments of his chief. The only friends the old hero had in the House that day were the Whigs. Who could ever forget the scene? Mr. P. had often witnessed great confusion in that House, but never had he seen confusion like that.

What running to and fro! What commotions! What consultations! If a ghost had risen through the floor, or a bomb shell had fallen upon it, scattering its death dealing fragments in every direction, there could not have been witnessed a greater exhibition of horror. They were alike afraid to adopt the resolutions and to reject them, lest they should be committed on the one hand, or on the other should seem to run off from their great man.

But such was modern Democracy. Such were democratic metamorphoses. Modern Democracy had well and wisely been declared to be "progressive"—a sort of migratory bird—its track like the track of a snake. In illustration of the last idea, Mr. P. quoted some lines, which have escaped the reporter. The point was, however, that none could tell whether the snake was "going South or coming back."

In Tennessee, the Democratic leaders talked of the "black tariff" as opposing the poor and Col. Polk denounced it on that ground. Were they in the Jackson ranks? How did they agree with these high protective doctrines of the old hero? Who had passed the tariff of 16 and 18? All the great party leaders of the present day. Yet they now charged it with oppressing the South, and uttered loud threats of dissolving the Union.

Mr. P. had been horrified, his very blood had been chilled, while he listened to the terms in which a gentleman from Alabama (for whom personally he cherished the very highest respect) spoke of rupturing that same bond.

Those who held this language respecting the oppressive operation of the tariff advocated, like his colleague over the way, (Mr. Cave Johnson,) a resort to direct taxation. According to him, it would be a great blessing to Tennessee, and save her treasury hundreds of dollars.

Mr. P. began to fear, from the frequent reference to this idea of late, that it was becoming the settled (though secret) policy of the party leaders. They were afraid to avow it. One of them said it would not do now to avow it, but it was their bean ideal of taxation in a republic.

He presumed, therefore, that as soon as that party had the reins of power, they would strike forth. Their watchwords would be FREE TRADE and DIRECT TAXATION. Free trade! Where was it? Only in the distempored imaginations of a few abstract theorists.