☞ If the people wish to *speculate* themselves out of debt; if they wish to encourage speculators and to sanction fraud; if they desire to see the country and their posterity fettered and chained down with bolts of adamant, let them go for a National Bank. But if, on the other hand, they believe as all men should believe, that *labor*—long-continued and well-directed labor—is the only thing which can relieve them ultimately and fully, let them go to work with renewed vigor, and above all, *let them save what they make.* What makes the lords of England insolent, and secure, and proud in their security? The operations, to a great extent, of the Bank of England. Break that Bank, and the thunder-bolts of ruin would fall at once upon the realm. What fettered and crushed, more than any thing else, the limbs of Republican France, and made her an easy victim of the ambition of Napoleon? The explosion of her paper system.

No Bank ever devised by the wit of man, can get the American people out of debt. Its inevitable tendency is to plunge them deeper in. They must *labor;* they must be frugal in their habits; they must let the Banks alone, if they would be let alone themselves.

☞ The Whig presses and orators are afraid of the people. They are afraid to spread the truth and the whole truth before them—and hence they are constantly engaged in mixing error with it, or in withholding it entirely. In the mean time, *they* are purer than any body else—the schemes *they* put afloat on the popular sea are destined for a fortunate haven; and if any democrat, or the people themselves, should dare to think and speak as the truth prompts, they are at once denounced as agitators and demagogues. We have only to point to the Register, of this city, for confirmation of what we have just said. That print, one of the most hypocritical and profligate in the whole Southern country, is continually harping on the danger to be apprehended from democracy, and charging the democratic party with being guilty of efforts to array the poor against the rich. No charge can be more false. The democracy are generally poor men, but they are not levellers or agrarians. They respect the laws they live under, and they desire to have certain laws made better, that they may respect them more than they do already. They are opposed, it is true, to overbearing corporations, to exclusive privileges, and to classes too high to be reached by the laws—and here they are right, for they stand in the footsteps of the purest sages of the Revolution. The Editor of the Register is a demagogue of the most despicable character, and it is but natural that he should think every body like himself—a demagogue also. *He* appeals to low prejudices, and endeavors to press into the service of his party the worst passions of frail human nature; and feeling guilty himself, he tries to fix the stain on his political opponents. But he will fail in this. The people are beginning to find him out; and although we will not say as he said of us, "that his diminishing subscription list will attest the truth of what we utter," yet we venture to predict that the day is not distant when his statements will be disregarded, or noticed only to be treated with contempt.

☞ Gen. Daniel M. Barringer, formerly a Representative in Congress from this State, has been elected a member of the Legislature of Tennessee.

COTTON CROP.

The following letter appears in the Philadelphia *U. S. Gazette.* The statements are in accordance with all the information we have received up to this date, and the conclusion that the Cotton crop will be "very deficient," is altogether beyond dispute.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of this city travelling at the South.

I have received letters and talked with two gentlemen who have lately passed through the heart of the cotton growing country; all concur in the opinion, that the total crop cannot be, even with favorable weather for the residue of the season, over fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand bales. The spring was so backward, or wet and cold, that the plant (throughout) did not get a good stand, or in other words, the roots did not grow deep in the ground; consequently the yield will be very deficient. The States in which the crops look best, are South Carolina and Georgia. In portions of Alabama, the crops look very unpromising, and are unquestionably much injured; so also in Louisiana and lower Mississippi. That the crop will be five or six hundred thousand bales short of the last crop, there can now be no question; and it is equally certain that it is from four to five weeks later than usual, and by consequence more exposed to bad weather and frost than it has been for ten years. Here are the facts; whether cotton will advance one, two or three cents, remains to be seen.

Prejudices are said to be the more difficult of being combated, because, having no real foundation, you cannot oppose truth to them.

Miss Sedgwick says that the shield of silence is the most effectual defence against a thorough gossip.

Misfortunes have been called Cadmean creations, as they destroy one another.

The Hindoos have a saying to this effect:—'Strike not, even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of an hundred faults.'

Duc d'Ayen, the father-in-law of La Fayette, was so bitter-minded a man, that it was said of him, if he could find nothing else to snarl at, he would have looked into a mirror, when alone, and would have satirized himself.

Lady Bulwer calls a wife a *calamity.* Her ladyship's husband found her a calamity too grievous to be borne.

We have heard of an editor down east, who failed in business because he could not keep his own money so well as his patrons could *keep it for him.*

"Why, Jim, what's the matter?"

"O, not much Ned. I only underwent a gouging operation since you saw me last; that's all."

"And lost an eye, eh?"

"Yes—and although as romantic as ever, I'm not more than half *vision*-ary."

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the North Carolina Standard.

Mysteries of Coondom unveiled.

Scene 1st Whiskerando's *Office.*

Persons present—Whiskerando and Ajax the 2nd.

Whiskerando—Ah! Ajax—the thing was badly managed elsewhere, but *you* triumphed like a man. I confess I begin to have a little affection for you. I have found you steady—a *true* Whig—as Great Western says—ever since you bolted from the Calhoun track; but you *know* that if it had not been for *me*, you would have been now enjoying the luxuries of private life. But Ajax, trusty and well-beloved, it will be some time before all the members of the Club get here, and in the mean time tell me how you managed to beat Moore so far.

Ajax. Beat him? Why my honored friend, I *annihilated* him. From the first, Sir, I was confident of victory. Great souls never despond. Sir, from the very moment I planted my feet on the track, I felt like Cæsar when he crossed the Rubicon. Sir, it was *in me*—I felt it *visibly* working—and sir—

Whiskerando.—Felt it "*visibly?*" Why, my dear Sir, I fear you are deranged. But hush! by the powers of Puseyism! I believe they are coming—I think I hear the Little Blower singing. I told him, by the way, to bring a jug of hard cider, and if he don't I'll make the house too hot to hold him.

(*Enter Little Blower with a jug of hard cider, his coonskin pocket-book under his arm, and two shillings between his teeth.*)

Whiskerando. It's well you thought of the cider, Sir, but where's the Great Western and the Short Farmer, and what are you doing with those shilling pieces between your teeth? How often have I told you about your miserable noise about shillings?

Little Blower. One question at a time, if you please sir. If your reverence—your honor, I mean, will bear with me, I'll tell you all. I went down to get the cider, and after pricing it thought it was too dear; but at any rate I determined to take it, knowing you were in a hurry, and then come it over the shop-keeper for a half shilling of the change. Well Sir, he filled the jug, and just then I told him there was a dog in the back room collaring a piece of meat; whereupon he cut into the back room and I gathered up the change, and not having time to poke it in my pocket-book, I slipped it into my mouth; and what is remarkable, sir, he gave me only three kicks before I was out of harm's way. [*Aside.* I called him "*his reverence,*" no great blunder, I reckon, for they tell me he once wrote a pamphlet on dancing.]

Whiskerando—I absolutely despair, sir, of ever making a gentleman of you.

Little Blower—[*Aside.* And I absolutely despair of ever making an honest politician of you. *I* never *cavorted* about equality, and then devoured a pound-cake intended for the people by way of showing my love for them. But every man to his *taste*, as the old lady said when she lost her shilling.]

Enter Great Western *and the* Short Farmer.

[After the whole company had taken some hard cider and talked a little, Great Western, from the committee heretofore appointed on the subject, reported the following subjects for the action of the meeting: The late elections—the best means for putting down the Editor of the Standard—and the visit of Henry Clay. Ajax proposed that all the subjects should be discussed at the same time; but the Short Farmer swore that Henry Clay was to be first thought of every where, and moved that he be taken up. But the Great Western interposed and declared that the questions should be taken up in regular order, and that if the Short Farmer opposed what he wished to do, he might go to grass, for that *he*, the Great Western, had just about as much affection for Judge M'Lean as he had for Henry Clay. This rather settled the Short Farmer, and he said nothing more for some time.]

Whiskerando.—We are again together, gentlemen, and it is needless for me to say that I am glad to see you all. We have just come out of a hard-fought battle—some have been cloven down, and some have triumphed. Among those who have fallen beneath the sword of Locofocoism, I mention only one—*Edward Stanly.* How painful to the feelings of a *gentleman*—how humiliating to all our ideas of "*decency,*" to be beaten and consigned to the insignificance of private life, by such men as the wheel-horses of Edgecomb county! That County must be "conquered." Even as far back as the days of the elder Adams it had too much of the Jeffersonian odor about it; and all along down, from that period to the present time, it has been uniformly opposed to the Federal doctrines. We shall never be able to rule that District, and to administer, in our own way, the consolations of hard-cider to the citizens thereof, until Edgecomb is conquered. I speak what I do know, and testify to what I have seen to be the case. It was in vain, gentlemen, that we sent documents and hand-bills and certain rumors among the people of that District; it was in vain that our beloved and fallen Stanly expended his money with one hand and threatened to shoot Arrington with the other; in vain, gentlemen, did *I*, penetrated with a sincere desire to re-elect our chosen friend, send to various portions of the District my immortal Granville Speech, and a large number of my essays on dancing; in vain did Edward himself deliver whole pages of my speech and *dance* to the tune of my essays in Nash and Edgecomb; the people—the stubborn, the unconquerable people declared against him, and on this occasion we are therefore almost dissolved in tears. Oh! as I have often said before—oh! that the people knew their truest friends!

But, gentlemen, it is cowardly to sit down and weep like children over our calamities. Let us rise in the strength of men, and go forth to the great popular battle about to commence. In this battle (I should do equal injustice to those *distinguished* gentlemen were I not to say it) we shall look with great confidence to the Great Western and the Little Blower. It is pleasant, and as edifying as it is pleasant, to be permitted to associate with two such great popular leaders. Their hearts are always in the right place, and the praise of their pen is music to my soul. They are both, gentlemen, decidedly Federal in their notions. Great Western, it is true, is somewhat given to *romancing;* but, inasmuch as I make it a point never to see any thing but virtues in my friends, I say nothing on that head. As to the Little Blower, gentlemen, much could be said. Educated in the frigid, Federal atmosphere of the North, he came to North Carolina many years since, well skilled in card-playing, deeply imbued with the principles of Adams, and reeking with the beauties of the Melodies of Mother Hubbard. With these remarks, gentlemen—

[Here the Short Farmer, feeling envious of the Little Blower, and desirous of preventing Whiskerando from praising him any more—although Ajax and Great Western saw *what sort* of praise it was—offered Whiskerando a glass of hard-cider. Whereupon the latter gentleman, not liking such an unmannerly way of getting along in debate, pulled the nose of the Short Farmer, and wound up the performances in that line by throwing the cider into the north corner of that gentleman's left eye. As soon as the Short Farmer's vision was restored, he stepped back a few feet and swore that no man should bully-rag a friend of Henry Clay—that certain folks were beginning to think too much of a certain John M'Lean—and, if he could only get at Whiskerando, he would make him think heaven and earth were coming together in the very midst of a dissolution of John Tyler's cabinet. To all this Whiskerando, knowing full well that the Short Farmer was an arrant coward, paid not the slightest attention, but proceeded in his speech as given below.]

Whiskerando.—I propose, gentlemen, to see what can be done to save the State from the fangs of Locofocoism. We have already taken several steps. Henry will be here in the spring. *That* will be worth at least five thousand votes, whether they come to his benefit or not. But [*turning to Great Western*] what can the Great Western do? He is at the head of a journal possessing *some* reputation for truth, but he is too backward—too lukewarm—too much of an abstractionist—he never writes a practical article, which he can find room for praising John Quincy Adams or for speaking well of the English Government. It is unnecessary for me to tell him that this will not do. He knows better. He ought to labor to conceal his true feelings and principles. *Words*—mere *words*—are every thing. Let us use them to hide our meaning, and thus lead the people as we wish to lead them. Will not the Great Western undertake to prove that a Tariff for Protection is not only constitutional, but eminently conducive to Southern happiness?

Great Western.—I have just been *thinking* of that, sir.

Whiskerando.—Very well, sir. It was well thought of. But this, permit me to say, is only a beginning of the series of my measures. We must get up a panic about the Mill Boy of the Slashes. We must procure a supply of meal-bags, and mount our boys on horses—in a word, we must again stoop to conquer. What says the Great Western to this proposition?

Great Western.—I have just been *thinking* of it, sir.

Little Blower.—[*Aside. Thinking* of it, the old boy. You have "just been *thinking*" of that game of chess I beat you at last night. I made two shillings clear on that game, and if I don't have them I wish I may never see Smithfield again in peace!]

Whiskerando.—There is something else I have thought of. We must print secret circulars, and scatter them broad-cast over the State. Each and every section must be appealed to in the right way. What says the Great Western?

Great Western.—I have just been *thinking* of that, sir.

Whiskerando.—Really, gentlemen, the Great Western has a very peculiar way of responding to my questions. He reminds me of an anecdote I once heard of a planter and his overseer. The planter, whenever he suggested to his overseer any improvement on his farm, was always met by that very *original* personage with—"I have just been *thinking* of it, sir." One day, however, he thought he would *head* the overseer even as Botts "*headed*" Captain Tyler; and after asking him a great number of questions of a practical nature, and receiving the *usual* answer, he told him he had an idea of planting a certain field with *salt.* "I have just been *thinking* of it," was the prompt reply of the overseer; whereupon the planter told him he had just been *thinking* of turning him off, and did indeed forthwith discharge him. Let the Great Western take warning!

Great Western.—I rise, gentlemen, not for the purpose of contradicting the Honorable Whiskerando, but to vindicate my claims to *originality.* And I think I may appeal with a sense of overflowing confidence to my friend the Little Blower, and after having asked him a few questions, rest in my defence before this honorable assemblage. [*Turning to the Blower.*] Do you or do you not know me to be the author of certain passages containing an affectionate appeal to posterity, together with divers "broad streaks of political light"?

Little Blower.—The question is irrelevant. I protest against saying any thing till I am *paid,* or have satisfactory assurances.

Great Western.—Paid, indeed! I suppose, sir, if I should appeal to the sense of the House or especially to the Honorable Whiskerando, you would speak the question at once "trippingly on the tongue," without the least hope of reward. Answer, sir! In addition to the affirmative response you ought to have made to my first question, do you not know me to be the author of certain beautiful "coincidences" between a snake and a dog's stomach?

Little Blower.—I do.

Great Western.—Is it not true, sir, that I proved and published in my paper, that Hardy Carroll had been seized with a "Destructive Monomania"?

Little Blower.—As true, sir, as your charge against Col. Wheeler.

Great Western.—Is it not true, sir, that I have proved to the satisfaction of every body but the Locofocos, that the Whig candidate for President will carry this State by twenty thousand majority?

Little Blower.—As true, sir, as your charge against Col. Wheeler. [*Aside.* By the way, there never was such a slander perpetrated before. *His own witness convicted him.*]

Great Western.—I continue, gentlemen, to be impressed with the belief that I am an original genius. The examination just gone through with has been a triumphant one for me, and I indulge the hope that I may hereafter have the singular good fortune to please the Honorable Whiskerando. Gentlemen, we are in the midst of a great political battle—dilated coruscations of political illumination are flashing in the orient, and it becomes us all to rouse up and plunge forward to the contest. The "gallant Stanly" has set us an animating example. True, he has fallen, but in the inspiring language of the illustrious Campbell, he has fallen

With his back on the ground and his face to the foe.

Let us imitate him. And now it occurs to me that I have a letter, which I will read to the Club, with the permission of the Honorable Whiskerando. Here it is:

Terrapin Retreat, August 9, 1843.

Dear Sir: The campaign is over, and I am defunct. The "wheel-horses" have been too hard for me. What a fool I was to brag that I would conquer them! It only made them fiercer, and sir, I believe, if the polls could have been kept open, they would have been voting against me up to this very hour. But, sir, after all I was cheated out of my election. It rained ten times harder in Beaufort, Tyrell and Carteret, than it did in Edgecomb and Nash. The oldest inhabitants assured me that the clouds never stopped for a moment to get ready; but, animated by the fell spirit of Locofocoism, came trooping along like palls of death to darken all my prospects. Oh! sir, it is natural that I should feel like Shakspeare and speak like Solomon. Let the waters of the ocean that lay calmly in their bed, whilst the waters of the heavens conspired against me, take up the song of my mournful and endless lamentations!

One thing in confidence. You know some time since Ajax the Second made an anti-abolition speech in Congress. Well, sir, he was too hard on Mr. Adams in that speech, and entirely too sentimental, and I forthwith told the House the speech would do very well to amuse women and boys with, but that it was fit for nothing else; and the result of this was, that he gave me the "cold shoulder" in my late contest. If he had worked for me as he ought to have done, I should have got a much better vote. Mark him for it, sir.

As a source of some consolation in the midst of my calamities, I have lately turned painter, and it would make your mouth water to see the likeness of a lovely Terrapin I have just finished. Terrapins, sir, are much more interesting than I once thought. When I come up I will show you the likeness, and get you to keep it until Mr. Clay comes on, and then present it to him.

Give my love to Wkiskerando; tell the Short Farmer I fear that Mr. Clay is not to be the man for us in '44; and inform that extraordinary personage the Little Blower, that his efforts during my campaign, did me more harm than good. Yours, eternally,

CHESTER.

[At this stage of the proceedings, the Club, upon motion of Great Western, proceeded from labor to refreshment. For some time all was quiet and orderly, until a noise was heard behind the door, when Great Western forthwith rose and dragged out the Blower and the Short Farmer from their retreat, and asked them what they had been doing. The Short Farmer swore that he was a free man, and was not afraid to tell what he was doing behind the door—he had been taking steps to secure the election of Henry Clay. But the Little Blower, who had been seen to slip something in his pocket, was not so communicative all at once. He said he was not the only *back door* Editor in the State; and that some folks had better mind how they choked a certain character. Something very serious would undoubtedly have occurred, had not Whiskerando himself entered the ring of contention. Walking up to the Blower, he told him he saw guilt in his face, and ordered him to turn his pockets wrong side out. This the Blower after some hesitation, did—when the following *pictur* was revealed to the Club. I have procured a copy with great difficulty, and hope you will print it. It represents, it is said, the Little Blower himself *up to his ears in Whiggery.*

All looked at the *pictur*—and in the mean time the Blower himself looked so sheepish that he actually bleated outright. Whiskerando said it would be very pleasant to stick the Blower's head a little lower down in the barrel; indeed he thought it might be soused under nine times with great effect. But Ajax was not precisely of that opinion. He thought the Blower owed it as well to himself as to the country always to have his head above the drowning point. The Great Western said, that but for the presence of the Hon. Whiskerando, he would venture to regard the entire picture, and the subject of it with profound disgust; whilst the Short Farmer, who had been all the time poking the Blower in the short-ribs with his knuckles, said the latter personage had assured him, behind the door, that it was a likeness of Henry Clay *up to his ears in victory;* that, under this impression he had offered the Blower a tract of land for it, and would have closed the bargain on the spot, if that individual had not stopped to count up the value of the land in shillings; that the Blower had fooled him, and come in one of cheating him; and that, if he could once get hold of the likeness, he would send it to Henry Clay—tell him the Blower had been poking fun at him, and get him to read the Blower out of the party. The Short Farmer was, however, at length pacified by the following song, which the Blower agreed to sing for the edification of the whole Club:

Away down in Johnston-town,
Blow boys, blow!
I drank my grog and wore my gown,
Blow boys, blow!
'Twas there, upon a certain day,
Blow boys, blow!
That I first heard of Henry Clay,
Blow boys, blow!

Oh! Hal he is a noble Chief!
Blow boys, blow!
It fills my eyes with 'tarnal grief,
Blow boys, blow!
To think that he must cease to reign,
Blow boys, blow!
And yield the throne to John McLean,
Blow boys, blow!

But Hal will come again, my friends,
Blow boys, blow!
When one more term of glory ends,
Blow boys, blow!
And then we'll fling the banners out,
Blow boys, blow!
And ride to mill, and sing and shout,
Blow boys, blow!

So wipe your eyes, my hearties all,
Blow boys, blow!
Our Hal was never doomed to fall,
Blow boys, blow!
For if he yields to John—he's not
Blow boys, blow!
To yield to Major-Gine al Scott,
Blow boys, blow!

So fire the guns and wave the flags,
Blow boys, blow!
And, sure of triumph, make your brags,
Blow boys, blow!
And all stand pledged this blessed night,
Blow boys, blow!
To go for what great Hal thinks right,
Blow boys, blow!]

ONE WHO KNOWS.

For the North Carolina Standard.

To the Freemen of North Carolina.

(No. 1.)

Fellow-citizens: It was the language of a highly gifted ecclesiastical functionary of the last century, that when noxious and erroneous tenets were diffused, all men should embrace some opportunity of bearing their testimony against them.

These remarks from the lips of a distinguished and eminently pious man, and spoken by him in reference to the state of the Church, and of that lethargic inactivity which seemed to characterize her supporters when assailed by the shafts of infidelity, are none the less applicable to our political condition.

Noxious and erroneous tenets *are* diffused; the highest seats in the political synagogue have latterly been filled by a class of politicians who are at this moment attempting, by declamation, and rant, and frothy appeals to your passions and prejudices, to retain that hold upon your affections, through which they were at one time permitted to enter the sanctuary, and there set up images of their own orthodoxy.

Political as well as religious truth should be the object of our inquiry; and although it shrinks into minor consequence, when placed in juxtaposition with the latter, yet nevertheless it has solid claims upon your attention, for like that, it starts out with man's happiness in view; for all Governments are intended to make life easy and a people happy, and when they fail in this, they will fail in the only legitimate objects of their creation.

Will you permit one from the more humble walks of life, a farmer as you are, who can have no political aspirations to subserve—no blind party attachments to advance, or sinister motives to mislead you—to trouble you with some reflections upon the affairs of a common country, which is endeared to him, as he feels it is to you, by every consideration that should influence a patriot.

We have not the vanity to suppose that by any crude and undigested efforts of our own, much additional light will be thrown upon the subject matters discussed. All we aim at, is to awaken in some little degree, a feeling in you proportioned to the importance of the crisis at which you have arrived; conscious that if we succeed in arousing the sleeping lion from his "lair," he will rise in the majesty of his strength, assert his claims to pre-eminence, and once more walk forth the undisturbed sovereign and asserter of his natural rights.

You will agree, I have no doubt, that it is time, *high time*, in our political discussions, we confined ourselves to the true issue, avoiding all harshness of expression and coarse personal allusions.

Arguments drawn from the feelings and addressed to the angry passions of our nature, leave the judgment untouched; they neither refute an error, nor yet enforce the truth; still less are they calculated to leave the mind open to conviction. Men may be reasoned with, and persuaded to abandon what may be false; but they will not be driven either by reflections upon *their intelligence* or upon their persons.

Truth, in the end, we are fully persuaded, is the great object of the great mass of both political parties; and the surest way to arrive at it is by courtesy in the means employed.

We have professed not to be actuated from mere party feelings; and if we know ourselves, we have to party resentments to gratify. Office, as now obtained, we do not seek—do not want—and would not have. Political preferences and predilections we certainly have; but allow us to say, that they are not of that hard-shelled kind which discovers no virtues beyond the pales of our own church. In the remarks we propose making, we may find it necessary to speak freely of public men, as identified with public measures, which we have a right to do, and against which none should protest.

We have lived to little purpose not to know that it is one thing to assail a man's acts, and quite a distinct thing to impugn his motives. The latter never should be done, unless the motive shadows forth the act, and the act plainly reflects back the motive. Some acts of prominent men have been so pre-eminently distinguished by these characteristics, that silence would be a sickly virtue; and he who would be restrained, under such circumstances, from speaking out, would justly become chargeable, as an accessory, to all the consequences which result from a base prostitution of public confidence.

The subject to which we shall call your attention, is the approaching Presidential election; and the manner in which we propose to discuss it, is to place before you the principles of the rival candidates, selecting the most prominent, and proceed to show the immediate and *ultimate* bearing of those principles both upon Southern industry and Southern institutions.

A WESTERN FARMER.

For the North Carolina Standard.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

At a meeting of a large and highly respectable portion of the Democratic citizens of Caswell county, held in the Court House at Yanceyville, on the 4th instant: On motion of Maj. James Kerr, the meeting was organized by calling Gen. Barzillia Graves to the Chair, and appointing Abisha Slade and John E. Brown, Esqr's, Secretaries.

The object of the meeting being explained by the Chairman,

On motion of L. A. Gwynn, Esq., a committee of ten persons was appointed to prepare and report Resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting: Whereupon, Maj. James Kerr, Litleton A. Gwynn, William Russell, Saml. Moore, Geo. Williamson, Esqr's, Doct. James E. Williamson, Capt. Richard Jones, Col. William Lea, and Gen. Thos. W. Graves, were announced by the Chairman. The committee, after having retired for some time, returned and reported the following preamble and resolutions, and recommended their adoption:

Whereas, the Democratic party of the county of Caswell, entertaining a deep and abiding interest in the success of the inestimable free institutions of our country; and believing that a system of measures has been adopted, since the defeat of the Democratic party in 1840, by the party who then came into power, destructive alike of individual liberty and national prosperity; and whereas, in the opinion of this meeting, a crisis has arrived in our public affairs, which demands the united and energetic action of the Republican party, in an earnest effort to produce reform, and to restore the ascendancy of those Democratic principles, which all experience has proven to be indispensable to public liberty and prosperity: Therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That the leading measures adopted by the Whig party since they came into power, are violative of the first principles of a Republican Government, because they have been favorable to the interests of privileged classes instead of the great mass of the people.

2. *Resolved*, That the Whig party, in having established a large permanent national debt on the country, by which its industry is to be taxed for the benefit of a few privileged fund holders—in having adopted a policy which looked to the assumption of the State debts by the Federal Government, for the benefit of foreign bankers—in having passed a Bankrupt law, by which a comparative few were to be benefitted at the expense of the many—in having imposed on the country an oppressive Tariff, by which the great mass of the producing class is to be taxed for the benefit of the *manufacturers*—and in seeking to fix on the country *a great National Bank*, by which to tax its industry and control its politics, have shown a total disregard of those equal rights on which a Republican Government alone is based.

3. *Resolved*, That the Democratic administrations of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, by their opposition to those measures, present a striking exemplification of the superior justice and wisdom of the principle that Government should be administered for the benefit of the many and not a few privileged classes.

4. *Resolved*, That the unsurpassed prosperity enjoyed by the people of the United States during the twelve years comprising the two former administrations, and the utter prostration and depression which, under Federal Whig measures, have every where since visited the country, are practical commentaries, inculcating the lesson that the Democratic principle of equal rights, is the only safe one for the people.

5. *Resolved*, That, for the purpose of uniting and harmonizing the action of the Democratic party in the approaching Presidential election, we highly approve of the proposed national convention to meet in Baltimore, in the month of May, 1844.

6. *Resolved*, That among the distinguished Democrats whose names have been brought to the public notice, as possessing high qualifications to fill the office of President, we recognize in Martin Van Buren the statesman of eminent ability, of long-tried and unquestionable devotion to Democratic principles, of uncompromising firmness in discharge of public duty; and hereby declare our preference for him as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

7. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, That the defeat of Martin Van Buren, in 1840, with a popular vote of near four hundred thousand more than either himself or Gen. Jackson received, when successful candidates for the Presidency, constitutes the strongest presumption that an organized system of fraud triumphed at the polls, over the will of the people.

8. *Resolved*, That in the crusade against Democratic liberty in the Presidential election of 1840, entered into by the American and British banking power—the former endeavoring to recover the public deposites afforded by the public Treasury, and the latter to procure an assumption of the State debts by the Federal Government—we perceive a more dangerous assault on the principles of popular sovereignty than from the most formidable array of hostile forces.

9. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, That the great principle of popular sovereignty, deeply wounded in the election of 1840, by the unhallowed means resorted to, not merely to disgrace but to control it, cannot be so adequately vindicated as by the re-election of Mr. Van Buren, which, while it would afford proof of the invincible determination of the American people to govern themselves, would convey a merited rebuke to the daring attempt made against the sacred right of suffrage.

10. *Resolved*, That the indomitable spirit of Democracy, which did not suffer the names of these great Democratic champions, Jefferson, who was defeated at the polls by the Federalists, and Jackson, who was defeated by the coalition in the House of Representatives, to rest under federal marks of displeasure, but nobly brought them forward after defeat and triumphantly sustained them, deserves imitation in the case of Mr. Van Buren.

11. *Resolved*, further, That as Southern men we cannot be unmindful that much of the ruthless and unrelenting warfare carried on against Martin Van Buren, in 1840, was because of the moral intrepidity he evinced in maintaining our just constitutional rights against the combined efforts of Northern fanatics and manufacturing monopolists.

12. *Resolved*, further, That in the preference which we have thus declared, it is not intended to disparage the claims of other eminent and distinguished Democrats whose names are before the public as candidates for the Presidency; and it any other should be the choice of the national convention, we will cheerfully unite in his support.

The preamble and resolutions having been read, a call was made on the Hon. Bedford Brown to address the meeting: Whereupon, Mr. Brown rose from his seat and said, unprepared as he was to make a speech, he would nevertheless give his decided support to the resolutions; which he then proceeded to do in a short and animated address, advocating their adoption. The question then being called for, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Doct. James E. Williamson, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries, and forwarded to "The N. Carolina Standard" and "Democratic Signal" with the request that they publish them in their useful columns, and ask for them a place in such other public prints as may feel friendly to the cause of Democratic principles.

On motion of T. J. Reed, Esq., it was

Resolved, That the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the Chairman and Secretaries of the meeting for the promptness manifested in discharge of their respective duties.

BARZILLIA GRAVES, Ch'n.

A. Slade, John E. Brown, } Secretaries.

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if the conversation did not make his head ache?—to which he replied, "No ma'am I have been married twenty eight years!"

The Madisonian has the following characteristic and *naive* assertion and interrogatory: "We believe he (Tyler) has thousands and tens of thousands of friends in the country, and *we wish to know who they are, and where they are!*"

Pretty Keen.—The Albany Patriot says:—"One of our own Methodist clergymen, last Sunday remarked that if all the world believed the Second Coming was to take place on the 23d of May, 1843, at 3 o'clock P. M., two thirds of them would delay all preparation for it, till *half past two!*"

No real greatness without sincerity. No real greatness can long coexist with deceit. The whole faculties of man must be exerted, in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.

Little progress has yet been made in the art of turning human creatures to the best account.—Every man has his place, in which, if he can be fixed, the most fastidious judge cannot look upon him with disdain. Every human creature, idiots and extraordinary cases excepted, is endowed with talents, which, if rightly directed, would show him to be apt, adroit, and intelligent, and acute in the walk for which his organization especially fitted him. *Goodwin.*

PRICES CURRENT.

Prepared and corrected weekly for The N. C. Standard.

RALEIGH, August 23, 1843.

Bacon, (hog round)	$ 7 00	a	
Beef, (on hoof,)	3 1-2	a	4
Beeswax,	17	a	20
Brandy, Apple (Nash county,)	45	a	50
" (Up-country,)	37 1-2	a	40
Butter, (plenty at)	10	a	
Corn, per bushel,	50	a	
Cotton,	4 1-2	a	5
Flour, per barrel,	4 25	a	4 50
Fodder, per cwt.	70	a	75
Lard, per lb.,	8	a	
Meal, per bushel,	50	a	50
Molasses, per gallon,	45	a	
Tallow, per lb.	7 1-2	a	8
Whiskey, per gallon,	28	a	30

MARRIED,

In Milton on the 17th inst, by Rev. N. H. Harding, Mr. William Irvin, of Virginia, to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of W. M. Lewis, Esq.

New Store.

The Subscriber has Established a new Store at Roleesville, (under the care of Edward A. Janny,) where he intends keeping, at all times, a full and general assortment of fresh DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, just from the Northern Markets, which will be sold cheap for *Cash.* S. L. TUCKER.

☞ A Large quantity of Alum SALT, cheap.

August, 1843. 460-4t

Brigade Orders.

Head Quarters, Newlight, August 12, 1843.

To the Colonels commanding the 17th Brigade of North Carolina Militia:

You are hereby commanded to call together the commissioned and non-commissioned Officers, Musicians and Privates under your respective command, for the Inspection of Arms and General Review.

The 22d Regiment at Nashville, on Tuesday, Oct. 3.
" 23d " " Warrenton, " Thursday " 5.
" 29th " " Louisburg, " Saturday " 7.
" 35 & 36 " " Raleigh " " " 14.

Have your Regiments ready for the inspection of Arms at 11 o'clock, A. M and General Review at 12.

By order of JAMES M. MANGUM,
Jno. M. Crenshaw, Aid. 460 6t.

SPLENDID LOTTERIES.

J. G. Gregory & Co. *Managers.*

40,000 dollars.

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY,

Class No. 47, for 1843. To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C., on Saturday, Sept. 9, 1843.

Fifteen drawn numbers.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1 prize of	$40,000	1 prize of	$1,800
1 do	10,000	1 do	1,700
1 do	5,000	1 do	1,600
1 do	3,255	10 do	1,000
1 do	2,200	10 do	500
1 do	2,000	10 do	300
1 do	1,900	&c.	&c.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50.
Certificates of Packages of 26 Whole Tickets $130
Do do 26 Half do 65
Do do 26 Quarters do 32 50

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY,

Class 48, for 1843. To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C, on Saturday, Sept. 16, 1843.

PRIZES.

1 prize of	$30,000	6 prizes of	$1,500
1 do	10,000	100 do	1,000
1 do	5,000	110 do	500
1 do	2,367	&c.	&c.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50
Certificate of a package of 26 whole tickets $130
Do do 26 half do 65
Do do 26 quarter do 32 50

GRAND SCHEME

50,000 Dollars! 25,000 Dollars.

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY,

Class No. 49, for 1843. To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, Sept 23, 1843.

BRILLIANT SCHEME

1 prize of $50,000; 1 of $25,000; 1 of $15,000; 1 of $10,000; 1 of $5,000; 1 of $3,000; 1 of $2,425; 50 of $1,000; 100 of $500; 63 of $400; 63 of $200; 63 of $150, &c. &c. &c.

75 number lottery—12 drawn ballots.

Whole tickets $15—Halves $7 50—Quarters $3 75, Eighths $1 87

Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets $200
Do do 25 Half do 100
Do do 25 Quarter do 50
Do do 25 Eighths do 25

ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY.

Class No. 50, for 1843. To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C., Saturday, Sept. 30, 1843.

14 drawn ballots.

1 prize of	$30,000	1 prize of	$1,995
1 do	10,000	2 do	1,500
1 do	5,000	30 do	1,000
1 do	3,500	50 do	250
1 do	3,000	75 do	200
1 do	2,500	&c.	&c.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50.
Certificate of a package of 26 whole tickets $130
Do do 26 half do 65
Do do 26 quarter do 32 50

For tickets and shares or certificates of packages in the above splendid lotteries, address

J. G. GREGORY, & Co. Managers.
Washington City, D. C.

☞ Drawings sent immediately after they are over to all who order as above.

August 23, 1843. 460-3t.