



POSTICAL



From the Indiana State Journal.

A Whig Song WRITTEN BY A LADY.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You did pretend to be a Whig,
For Harry, sir, you went,
But now you have turned loco, John,
And now for Polk you go,
Against your former principles,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
The whigs have fought together,
And many a happy day, John,
They've had with one another,
But you have them betrayed, John,
And why did you do so?
A curse upon all traitors, John,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
Why will you be a fool,
And sneak about the Locos, John,
Who use for you their tool?
They're laughing in their sleeves, John,
That they can gull you so,
And thus obtain a vote for Polk,
John Anderson, my Jo.

The brave Hooster whig boys, John,
Will never sell their votes,
For Locos-poo promises,
Or even British coats:
They want a Protective Tariff, John,
And Texas they forego,
With her slaves and her ten million debt
John Anderson, my Jo.

The Indiana whigs, John,
Will never own a more
And Polk-root bitter,
No more than tea
The whigs will no f
On a
You've
John And
Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
You've helped the cock to kill,
And done an act of cruelty
That makes our blood run chill;
Go now among the whigs, John,
Their minds if you would know,
And list to their deep curses, John,
John Anderson, my Jo.

The following remarks are from a paper that takes no part in the party conflicts of the day—the writer is not a politician who is seeking votes for any man or party—but he speaks as an American, who has no theory to defend, and consequently, whose mind is unfettered by party prejudice. The remarks of such a paper are entitled to more weight than those which are daily engaged in political discussions, in order to have an influence on the approaching election. They are the sentiments of every true American, when he views the subject in its proper light.—America contains genius and industry equal to that of any country under heaven. What has man ever done, that Americans cannot do? Why then should our country have a name to be independent, while in fact she does not possess true independence—while we rely upon a foreign power for supplies, instead of furnishing them ourselves, and which, in the event of war, we must be deprived of, and involved in serious difficulties? Protection to American mechanics should be the watchword of every American citizen:

From Wilson & Co's Dispatch.
AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.
FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The circular recently issued by the American Institute of this city, preparatory to the exhibition in October, displays unusual zeal in the cause of domestic industry. It is intended, if possible, to surpass all former displays, and to show the world what American ingenuity and American labor are capable of performing. We confess we always feel a glow of pride at the contemplation of their handiwork. We would like to see the American mechanic surpassing every foreign competition, and there is no doubt in all the branches which he has yet undertaken, he has completely done so.

Nothing can make this country so rich or so truly independent as the encouragement of our domestic industry, but the politicians on both sides have raised questions, or in the language of the day, issues, on this subject, which they are discussing more for effect upon the ballot boxes, than the good of the nation at large. Every thing they can lay their hands upon to turn to political account, they seize with avidity, and the most opposite statements are constantly made in order to effect their designs.

We believe it is possible to look at this subject in a clear and distinct light, and the arguments on both sides may be fairly examined, stripped of all the false theories and delusions with which it is a fashion to mystify matter of fact. Without taking this trouble, we may nevertheless state some things which are self-evident.

If this country was in a state of war with England, is there an American alive who would not be glad, if we were able to furnish our own supplies? Would it not be absolutely necessary, under such circumstances, to rely upon ourselves?

The answer to these questions is unavoidable. Every reader anticipates them. Have we not several times been apparently on the brink of a rupture? Are there not some points yet to be settled with England which may lead to difficulty? If we are to believe the friends of Texas and Oregon, British presumption and aggression are bolder than ever! Is it wise then for us to wait till we are involved in war before we become truly and really independent? When the country shall be in a state of excitement and confusion, is that the time to build up the manufacturing and mechanical interests? Common sense says No. Patriotism tells us in peace prepare for war.

We hold then that any policy which designs to attack the labor, the industry, or the skill of American operatives, is suicide to our best interests. Politicians have no right to blink this fact, and if they do, the people should not be led off blindfold in the path of error.

We do not, in this place, intend to discuss the character of the measures which have this tendency, nor to say how high or how low a tariff should be constructed. We believe all parties are for incidental protection, and we do not lay aside our neutrality when we quote this generally received proposition as admitting all that is necessary. Incidental protection, if it means what it says, is all that the manufacturer asks. Protection, whether incidental or otherwise, is all he cares for.—Let others quarrel about words, the practical result is to him quite sufficient.

It is a very common thing, however, to hold up to the people the fact that they are enormously taxed on articles of necessity. We saw the other day a frightful appeal to this subject in Beach's Sun. The tax upon some articles was displayed as an extortion from the pockets of the people. But it has long been known to practical men that the duty upon a foreign article does not necessarily raise its price. Since the higher rates of the last tariff were established, goods never were cheaper on the average than at present. We appeal to every man's experience, whether he ever knew prices to be more reasonable than now. It may indeed be shown and demonstrated that the cost of most articles of necessity is less than it has ever been before in this country. To the consumer, therefore, the duties are in fact nothing. If they were taken off, goods would not be cheaper, as experience shows.

And there are good reasons for it.—First, because most of the foreign goods sent to this country, are sent for a market at all risks, and at any price. More goods are sold under the hammer in the United States than in any other country in the world. Where this is the case, the will of the buyer rules the market, and he gets the goods at the price he chooses to pay, or there is no sale. Second: because much of the stocks sent to this country are the balance left of what has been sold at home at remunerating prices. A manufacturer who has disposed of £10,000 of his wares in England at a round profit, will not lose if he send £500, the balance of his stock, to be sold here at any price. Third: the competition which is produced by our own manufacturers in cotton, woollen, iron, leather, &c., compels a corresponding fall in prices by the foreign merchant who sends his goods here. And this is a direct benefit to the American consumer.—The greater our success in manufactures, the greater will be the supply and the competition.

We contend, therefore, for the American mechanic. We do not wish to see our blacksmiths, our turners, our boot makers, our hatters, our jewellers, our nail manufacturers, our tailors, our printers and bookbinders, ruined for any body's theory, or any one's ambition to be in office. If the American people can maintain themselves by their honest labor, we do not wish to see them prostrated. It would not help agriculture, certainly, if all our mechanics had to turn farmers to live. The over supply would knock labor down to the European standard, and there would be one great level reached of poverty and stagnation. We say again away with all theories that destroy the independence, business and prosperity of American mechanics.

VANBUREN IS NOT POLKISM.—No one will controvert the remarkable statements made below by the Newark Daily Advertiser, a paper of perfect responsibility in all its statements:

VANBUREN ELECTIONS COMING OUT.—At the Whig meeting in Hanover (Morris county) on Saturday last, Dr. Fairchild, who was the Van Buren candidate for Elector in 1840, presided, and introduced Giles M. Hillyar of New York, and N. H. Conger of this city, as speakers.—This is the second of the "Democratic" electors of this State in 1840, who honorably refused to be sold to Polk & Texas.—Judge Stule, of West Jersey, being the other. We hear that one of the others will vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen, but are not permitted to mention the name.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY. To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

ASHLAND, SEPT. 23, 1844.

GENTLEMEN:
Since my nomination at Baltimore in May last, by the Whig Convention, as a candidate for the office of President of the United States, I have received many letters propounding to me questions on public affairs, and others may have been addressed to me which I never received.—To most of those which have reached me I have replied; but to some I have not, because either the subjects of which they treated were such as that, in respect to them, my opinions, I thought, had been sufficiently promulgated, or that they did not possess, in my judgment, sufficient importance to require an answer from me. I desire now to say to the public, through you, that, considering the near approach of the Presidential election, I shall henceforward decline to transmit for publication, any letters from me in answer to inquiries upon public matters.

After my nomination, I doubted the propriety, as I still do, of answering any letters upon new questions of public policy. One who may be a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, if elected, ought to enter upon the discharge of the high duties connected with that office with his mind open and uncommitted upon all new questions which may arise in the course of its administration, and ready to avail himself of all the lights which he may derive from his Cabinet, from Congress, and, above all, from the popular opinion.

If in advance, he should commit himself to individuals who may think proper to address him, he may deprive the public and himself of those great guides. Entertaining this view, it was my intention after my nomination to decline answering for publication all questions that might be propounded to me. But, on further reflection, it appeared to me that if I imposed this silence upon myself, I might, contrary to the uniform tenor of my life, seem to be unwilling frankly, and fearlessly to submit my opinions to the public judgment. I therefore so far deviated from my first purpose as to respond to letters addressed to me, making inquiries in regard to subjects which had been most agitated. Of the answers which I transmitted, some were intended exclusively for the satisfaction of my correspondents, without any expectation on my part of their being deemed worthy of publication. In regard to those which have been presented to the public, misconceptions and erroneous constructions have been given to some of them which I think they did not authorize, or which, at all events, were contrary to my intentions.

In announcing my determination to permit no other letters to be drawn from me on public affairs, I think it right to avail myself of the occasion to correct the erroneous interpretation of one or two of those which I had previously written. In April last I addressed to you, from Raleigh, a letter in respect to the proposed treaty annexing Texas to the United States, and I have since addressed two letters to Alabama upon the same subject. Most unwarranted allegations have been made that those letters are inconsistent with each other, and, to make it out, particular phrases or expressions have been torn from their context, and a meaning attributed to me which I never entertained.

I wish now distinctly to say that there is not a feeling, a sentiment, or an opinion expressed in my Raleigh letter to which I do not adhere. I am decidedly opposed to the immediate annexation of Texas to the United States. I think it would be dishonorable, might involve them in war, would be dangerous to the integrity and harmony of the Union, and, if all these objections could be removed, could not be effected, according to any information I possess, upon just and admissible conditions.

It was not my intention, in either of the two letters which I addressed to Alabama, to express any contrary opinion. Representations had been made to me that I was considered as inflexibly opposed to the annexation of Texas under any circumstances; and that my opposition was so extreme that I would not waive it, even if there were a general consent to the measure by all the States of the Union. I replied, in my first letter to Alabama, that personally I had no objection to the annexation. I thought that my meaning was sufficiently obvious, that I had no personal, private, or individual motives for opposing, as I have none for espousing the measure, my judgment being altogether influenced by general and political considerations, which have ever been the guide of my public conduct.

In my second letter to Alabama assuming that the annexation of Texas might be accomplished without national dishonor, without war, with the general consent of the States of the Union, and upon fair and reasonable terms, I stated that I should be glad to see it. I did not suppose it was possible I could be misunderstood. I imagined every body would comprehend me as intending that, whatever might be my particular views and opinions, I should be happy to see what the whole nation might concur in desiring under the conditions stated. Nothing was further from my purpose than to intimate any change of opin-

ion as long as any considerable and respectable portion of the Confederacy should continue to stand out in opposition to the annexation of Texas.

In all three of my letters upon the subject of Texas, I stated that annexation was inadmissible except upon fair and reasonable terms, if every other objection was removed. In a speech which I addressed to the Senate of the United States more than three years ago, I avowed my opposition, for the reasons there stated, to the assumption, by the General Government, of the debts of the several States. It was hardly, therefore, to be presumed that I could be in favor of assuming the uncanceled debt of a foreign State, with which we have no fraternal ties, and whose bad faith or violation of its engagements can bring no reproaches upon us.

Having thus, gentlemen, made the apology which I intended, for my omission to answer any letters of inquiry upon public affairs which I may have received, I announced my purpose to decline henceforward transmitting answers for publication to any such letters that I may hereafter receive; and vindicated some of those which I have forwarded against the erroneous constructions to which they have been exposed. I have accomplished the purpose of this note, and remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

MOSBY, GALES & SEATON.

The Good President Harrison.
The living men of this generation can never forget the public dishonor, and private distress, which through all time, will throw a cloud over the misrule of Martin Van Buren, and those who were banded together with him in their attacks upon the Constitution—the Law—the Moral—the Peace of the Nation. "When I look back, the people mourn" said the voice of inspiration. Five hundred thousand persons, pursuing their lawful callings, were crushed into bankruptcy by the government—and two millions of human beings—their parents, wives, children—dependent upon them, humbled to beggary. A mountain of debt was entailed upon the people—and, unable to pay either principal or interest, the nation's shame went forth on the winds, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The Spanish bloodhounds, from the isles of the tropics, scenting after human flesh, were not more horrid foes to the naked native of Florida, than the bandits of the capital to the peaceful citizen. Labor sickened, credit died. The earth seemed brass, and the heavens iron. Could the living men, who were then ruined, be assembled—and, with them the dead who died broken hearted, unable to sustain the ruin of their families—they would equal one quarter of the voters of the Republic—a host far greater than those who fell in the revolution. Then, the men of these times, and this nation, felt the desolation of a bad government—and beheld, enacted by their hearths, the tragedy which gives mournful interest to the history of ruined States and fallen greatness. Instinctively, we remembered the glorious ages gone. We thought of the sound wisdom of other days—and, contrasting what was, with what had been, we cried with sorrow—"Our fathers—where are they?" All the far famed heroes of the Council and War slept in glory. But the son of a Patriot who signed the immortal Declaration—a man who had been commissioned by Washington, the Father of his country—one who had stood in battle, beneath the victorious banners of Wayne; the uncorrupted son of the patriot sire, nursed at the feet of heroes, and breathing the earliest breezes that fanned the banners of freedom yet lived—lived in good old age, the last link that bound this generation to the statesmen of those forgotten days. The times were evil.—Public integrity had fled. Faith in the virtue of public men was dying in the nation's heart. Then it was that OHIO disclosed to the eyes of the people an UPRIGHT STATESMAN, amid her own sylvan shades, giving a new illustration to the questions.

"Must such minds be nourished in the wild, Deep in the unpruned forest—midst the roar Of catbirds, where nourishing nature smiled On infant Washington?" Scarcely could the sight be credited.—His integrity was without stain. Trusted he had been and found faithful. Governed, in years long since gone by, with kingly sway, of the vast realms of the West—with opportunities for princely wealth soliciting his virtue—he ruled wisely, as a freeman should, in obedience to the Laws—and, after the wealth of an empire had passed through his hands, he was found with only his ancestral plough.

While eager enquiry was on the lips of the young, a thousand witnesses appeared. From the hills of New England, from the fields and beside the lakes and streams of Pennsylvania, and the Empire State—from the Savannahs and prairies of the South and West—thousands, with one and the same voice testified to the virtues and the valor of their leader in days of difficulty, when they went soldiering with HARRISON, long time ago.

There was that mysterious coincidence seen, when appears, between the hero's life and the nation's wants—and which marks, visibly, him whom Providence sends as the restorer of violated freedom to an oppressed people.

It was the kindling from a mountain—a beacon, whose broad light, streaming through the night, shows the position of the invading horde, and thousands of patriot soldiers, grasping the gleaming steel.

Give him, said the myriads of tyrants—the proud, insulting mockeries at public honor, and foes of the people's peace—"give him a log cabin and hard cider, and he will be quiet." His Log Cabin was the White house. He drank the wine of a peoples enthusiasm.

Twelve years—equal to three that space in date, for sorrow plucks the wings of time—had the nation suffered. The annals of the world never saw such forbearance in any people, whose courage despair had not crushed. They hoped against hope. They reasoned. They ratiocinated. Time, which revealeth all, showed the sign of distress from the capitol. Congress summoned. But there were men who have not the capacity to learn. There are men whom heaven makes mad, that it may destroy the destroyers of the human race. The infatuated leaders—Wright, Van Buren, Benton, Polk; the political banditti, saw, but could not interpret, the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.—They were reviled with gold cups, stolen from the temple of constitutional liberty, when the deliverer and the avenger was at the gate.

Was not the revolution of the memorable eighteen hundred and forty the greatest triumph of Freedom in the history of nations? Line upon line, Whig Statesmen for twelve years had defended and expounded the Constitution, and enforced, in the national assemblies, the true principle which, though domineering, ran through their veins. Over the Legislature, compelled by its extremity to assemble Congress, a peace, awake at last to fury an insulted people. Under any other the government of our Fathers, they would have driven these Cossacks from the temple of Liberty, frightened by the flame of the sword and the lightning of the spear. As it was, with glorious enthusiasm they assembled in tens of thousands. The soul of the nation flowed forth in song. The principles of Freedom were in every heart. The fire of Liberty flashed from every eye.—The name of the Patriot HARRISON was upon every lip.

He died. As he placed his foot upon the threshold of the high places of glory, he died.

To the Hero of Freedom the order was given, "Form on in a line with your comrades in heaven."

His last words—breathed as a sacred legacy to his surviving countrymen, were, "I WISH THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION CARRIED OUT." The time has come to do it. The hour has arrived, when the dying mandate of our Hero and Patriot must be obeyed.—**SOLDIERS OF HARRISON—STAND TO YOUR ARMS!**

Boston Atlas.

Unblushing Public Proclamation of Bribery.

Our attention was called yesterday to the following audacious resolution, passed by a Locofoco meeting at the court house on the 7th, at which John Cuny presided, and Mr. Guthrie made a speech. The proceedings of the meeting were published in the Democrat of the 8th inst.:

Resolved, That if any of the Whigs of this city or State, feel that their Whig patriotism would not be a sufficient safeguard against the blandishments of a gold influence, they are cordially and affectionately invited to enroll themselves with the unpurchaseable and untainted Democracy of Kentucky, and we hereby inform them that they will be cordially received into the Democratic fold and no questions asked.

We have never heard any thing that would compare with this resolution in open, undistinguished, audacious profligacy. The mask is here thrown off, and corruption ceases to show even outward respect to virtue or decency. This is the last stage of rottenness, but we believe there is morally enough yet among the American people to rebuke this public outrage. If there are any Whigs willing to take a bribe, let them come forward and enroll themselves in the Democracy—they will be cordially received into the Democratic fold and no questions asked. What a resolution to be adopted by Locofocos at a meeting called expressly for the denunciation of the charge that British gold is used by their party!!!

The Locofocos deemed it necessary to call a public meeting to denounce the British gold charge. Now let the decent and honest portion of them call another meeting to denounce that most disgraceful resolution.

Low Jour.

WHERE'S KENDALL?—The Locofocos of Eaton, Ohio, were spalled the other day by a very terrible omen. They undertook to raise a liberty pole, marked out into several parts, each inscribed with the name of a State, which they expected to carry. The pole-fellows, however, couldn't for the lives of them raise their pole until they had cut off New York, Pennsylvania

Condition of Women in Europe. Professor Sisw, of Cincinnati, states the following facts, in a recent number of the American Biblical Repository:

"We have, in the United States, no idea of the distress poverty to which great masses of people in other countries are condemned. Millions of industrious and virtuous families in Europe can afford in the severest weather to keep a fire only an hour or two in the morning. Coarse black bread and water alone constitute the usual food of the laboring people, and happy do they consider themselves if they get enough of this. The women bring the produce from the fields and take it to the market in long baskets fastened to their shoulders; and in none of the slave States which I have visited have I ever seen negro women drudging in such loathsome cut door labor as falls to the lot of the laboring women of Germany and France. And all this they do for less than the bare necessities of life. In one of the most fertile and wealthy provinces of gay, polite, sunny France, I have seen blooming girls from twelve to eighteen lugging manure into the vineyards in baskets."

In looking over, recently, an ancient English publication of the last century, our eye fell upon a letter from one of the first settlers of Pennsylvania—a Quaker—one Townsend—to a friend in England, in which describing the then "howling wilderness," he gives the following account of his catching a deer. This was about the time that Philadelphia was founded, which was in 1682:

"As I was in my meadow mowing, and during the haying season, a deer came out of the bushes near by, and stood still and looked at me. I continued moving, and the deer continued looking. After a while I laid down my scythe, and went gently towards him. Upon this he ran off, but not far. I went to work again, and the deer began to look at me again, so that I left my work several times to go towards him. But he still kept himself at a distance. At last, as I was stepping slowly and softly towards him, he, looking me full in the face, and retreating did not mind his steps, but stumbled violently against the trunk of a tree. The shock stunned him so much that he fell. I now ran forward and getting upon him, held him by the legs. After a great struggle, in which I had almost tired him out, I threw him on my shoulders, holding him fast by the legs, and carried him about a quarter of a mile, home—though not without difficulty from his fresh straggling. A neighbor of mine, who happened to be there, helped me butcher the deer very handsomely, and he proved serviceable to my family."—Boston Transcript.

THE POLK FAMILY.—The editor of the St. Louis Republican, who was a delegate from Missouri to the recent great whig convention in Tennessee, gives the following summary of the POLK FAMILY at Columbia the place of James K. Polk's residence:

"At the late whig mass convention in Columbia, Tennessee, (Mr. Polk's residence) there were present five men by the name of Polk, all good true Whigs. They are not, however, descended from Ezekiel Polk, of revolutionary memory, but Thomas Polk a gallant and true whig of 1775. At the head of these five Polks stood the venerable and honored Bishop Polk—Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Tennessee, and a cousin of James Polk. Although connected by affection and congeniality to his cousin, and at the head of a Church embracing men of all parties, the Bishop feels it a duty to his country to protest, and does oppose in the most public manner, the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency. He freely says that he is unfit for so elevated a station, and the principles he supports are pernicious. This is but one of the many strong evidences against Mr. Polk furnished by his immediate neighbors and most intimate acquaintances."

HEALTH OF MOBILE AND NEW ORLEANS. The New Orleans Picayune, of the 21 inst., says:

MOBILE.—We judge that the health of Mobile, by reading the following from the Register of Monday, must be pretty good, something like that of our city:

The weather for two days has been so cool as to be very uncomfortable in the morning and evening, and to need fires.—The health of the city does not appear to have changed. Generally it is very good, with an occasional case of fever.

THE DEBT OF TEXAS.—The Houston Telegraph, the principal newspaper in Texas, says that the debt of that country amounts to one hundred dollars to each individual. And this is the debt which the people of this country are called on to assume. Are the citizens of the United States willing to buy the inhabitants of Texas into the Union at the rate of \$100 for each man, woman and child?

TEXAS HUMBUG CONFESSION.—The editor of the Columbia (Tenn.) Observer says that he is prepared to prove, if it shall be denied, that Mr. Polk acknowledged to a Democratic friend of Giles county, after the nomination at Baltimore, that the Texas question was a humbug, but that it would be necessary to publish the name of the party.