

# Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1840.

NUMBER 19

VOLUME I.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OR, HOW TO WIN A MISTRESS.

An affecting story of the Mountain lovers.  
Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the spot.  
We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows looking at his mistress, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectfully looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such rapture as is known only to real lovers; or none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality ennobles and makes greater the respect.

The lady, stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretense, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning to the first time, took up the lady. The spectators rejoiced to see the manner in which he moved off, slow but secure, and as to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and he refuses something; then ascends at a quick rate; and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the moment the lover resumes his way. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead, and on the eye. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort; the lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See, he is almost to the top; he stops; he struggles; he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A cry goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full towards the top; it is nearly almost a level, he staggers; but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and now he falls with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress; and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd followed him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his laying on each side.  
"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"  
"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed."  
"Part them!" said the baron.  
Several went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

### ENCOURAGING.

An agent for the Southern Christian Advocate sends us three dollars to pay for a subscriber's paper, and directs it to be discontinued, assigning for its discontinuance the following reasons: "It does not wish to take it any longer, and a wife says the paper has nothing in it but old tales about Sunday Schools."  
Tell us, good folks, is not this encouraging? We wonder how this good lady would stand reading all the "tales" and other matter that a poor editor has to read weekly, only to find out they won't suit his paper.  
We have long since settled down upon the conviction that the fable of the man who, in carrying his ass to market, by trying to please every body pleased nobody, and lost his ass in the bargain, contains too sensible a moral to be forgotten by one who wishes to pass through the world comfortably. We do the best we can to give general satisfaction in every thing, but without ever expecting to please every body.  
The following article from our brother of the "Temperance Advocate," though not altogether suiting us, (ours being a religious paper,) we commend

TO THE FAULT-FINDING NEWSPAPER READERS.  
It is certainly gratifying to the vanity of editors, that their readers should expect them always to say the right thing, and always to say it in the right way; but until a new generation of editors shall spring up, newspaper readers need not be very much surprised if now and then one of the present corps editorial should say a wrong thing—or even say a right thing in a wrong way. We have sometimes been amused, sometimes mortified, and sometimes discouraged by the various and contradictory faults found with us as an editor. A few days since a gentleman came into our office and protested against our pursuing so mild a course; he was anxious for us to mix up a little more salt—cayenne pepper and gunpowder, in our editorials; very soon after he left (perhaps in an hour) another came in, and, though very friendly to the paper, was very much opposed to the harsh and violent spirit we manifested, and he was quite as urgent that we should mingle a little more sweet oil, honey and arrow-root, in our editorial bill of fare. But this is only one specimen of many.

Now we certainly do not mean to complain that fault is found with us, for we really feel thankful to any friend of the paper who will tell of its deficiencies, and we have received valuable suggestions in this way, and, we hope, profited by them. But, at the same time, we are surprised that any man, when he subscribes for a paper, should expect every article, and every paragraph, and every sentence, and every word, in each paper, to be just what he would wish it to be.  
It is no easy matter to conduct a paper that is wholly neutral in religion and politics, in such a way as never to publish a sentence that may be considered offensive either by some of the various sects in religion, or the still more various parties in politics. If the reader will only reflect for a moment that religion and politics are in some way more or less remotely connected with every occurrence in the affairs of the world—with science, literature, news, agriculture—in short, with every thing—if our readers will reflect on this; they certainly cannot be surprised that now and then there should be a sentence in our paper that may be considered offensive by some of the varied classes of mankind. We should be very much surprised if every one of our papers pleased every one of our readers, for we assure them that we often find things in them that displease us very much. We read our selected articles carefully, but we have not time to parse every sentence, and trace back every word to its root, to see if it cannot possibly be tortured into something offensive. And besides our carefulness; if in reading proof the publisher sees a sentence that is calculated to give offence on the score of religion or politics, he does not wait to consult us, but strikes it out, knowing that such is our decided wish.—This is all we can do—and by way of finale we will relate an anecdote, and leave our fault-finding readers to make the application.

A certain man, whose zeal was greater than his knowledge, imagined he had a divine call to preach the gospel, and, after a hard struggle, obtained a license from the church authorities to do so. The day, "big with the fate of Caesar and of Rome," at length rolled round when he was to preach his first sermon. A large congregation assembled, and our friend took his text and said—"Amen!" He looked first at the floor, but could find nothing like a thought there; he then looked intently at the ceiling, but he could perceive nothing there that could help him to elucidate his text; he next scratched his head, and whatever else he may have caught, he certainly did not catch an idea; at length, looking at his congregation with a deprecatory expression of countenance, and the perspiration rolling off him, he exclaimed, "Well, brethren, if any of you think preaching is easy work—just come up here and try it."  
"MILISHA JUTY."  
"Right ableek," said Capt. —to his newly raised company, as he suddenly came in contact with a bank of oyster shells.  
"That are's a wrong order," said a veteran looking fellow, with a gun without a lock, and with a polish not dissimilar to Rip Van Winkle's, after his twenty year's sleep.  
"Keep your jaw," said the Captain, "and hold up your head like a man."  
"Fine looking fellows," continued he, "our country is safe with such soldiers."  
"I say Levtenant, what is you arter in letting that mud-hole—dress—eyes right, forward—left foot afore, boys—keep your heads up—fine looking fellows—glorious day—forward march." And away we went up Broadway in style.  
"I don't like this training," said my next neighbor, "its a dead loss to me of six dollars."  
"And I do like it," said another, in the next file "its a glorious time to frolic, almost equal to the fourth of July."  
"No talking boys, no talking, I can't allow talking, regulars never talk," said the Captain.  
Well, we marched a mile or two to the grand place of operations, were drummed about for an hour or so, saw half a dozen military looking men on horseback come out to review and examine us, passed inspection, were dismissed for half an hour, half of us got drunk, were called to arms, drummed through the streets again, and then permitted to go to our homes, with head ache enough to last a week. And this is New York Militia duty.  
A PRIVATE.

ANECDOTE.—We are remarkably well-pleased with the rebuke which Wm. Gray, of Boston, familiarly termed "Bill Gray," once gave. He happened to be at a market one day, when he heard a spruce young lawyer who had just opened an office for the practice of his profession, inquiring for some one to carry home a piece of meat for him, which he had been purchasing.—Stepping to the man of law, said Billy to him, "Sir, I will carry your meat."  
"Very well," was the reply, as it was handed to him, and he led the way through the streets, while he was followed to the no small amusement of those who happened to know him. Having arrived at the house, the attorney inquired what was to pay. "A shilling, sir," replied the carrier, which having received, and bowing politely, he thanked the lawyer, and told him, "whenever he wanted a similar service done to call on Billy Gray." As might have been expected, the man was astounded at the announcement of the fact that a man worth as many millions as he was was, had condescended to do this piece of drudgery for him.—Frugality.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:  
"We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the sources from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object round us, which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, beautiful parts, to the Gospel."

Tis one of God's blessings that we can not foreknow the hour of our death; for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than doth this uncertainty.

SEVERE REMARK.—The New York Signal says that one of the Arabian ships Sultane, now in New York, a Mussalman of course, being on shore, was inveigled by some sailors into a bar room where he was with difficulty persuaded to drink a glass of wine, in direct violation of the precept of the Koran. The effects were instantaneous. He returned to the deck of the "Sultane," dancing about and capering like a mad man. His companions soon suspected the cause of his unaccounted conduct, and a grave old Mussalman, with a beard long and grisy as King Lear's, seizing the delinquent by his turban, exclaimed in Arabic—as translated by the Captain—"Wretch! if you go on at this rate, you will soon be as low and degraded as a Christian."

ET NOD HANNAGAN, our own democratic orator, is at 1402 votes, if the reports which we have heard from the different counties be correct. Lane, our talented, whig orator, triumphs by 1402. Thank God it is not by fourteen thousand and two.—Frankfort (La.) Argus.

That beats the Dutchman who thanked God his pipe wasn't broken when he lost his leg. By every thing humorous, we admire this fellow's philosophy.—"We are beaten by fourteen hundred and two, but thank God it is not fourteen thousand and two!" Capital! Well we do get a good thing now and then in a political paper.—P.C.

A POOR WHITE MAN SELLING HIMSELF INTO SLAVERY.—One hundred and seven-teen voters of Blount county, TENN., recently announced their secession from M. Van Buren. One of them, however, has since been bought back by the locofocos.—Louisville Jour.

## POLITICS OF THE DAY.

### SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

Gen. Cass has used, as is generally known, the advantages of his position as Minister to the Court of Louis Philippe, to make observations upon the condition of France, which he has published, within a few months, in a small volume. The following is a passage from it, which may be new to many readers, mentioning facts which should be known in this country, especially at this time. The matter is concerning the army system of France, and exhibits in a strong light the state of society throughout the kingdom, as it must necessarily be when every man is subject to do military duty for seven years, at the very period of life when his habits of industry and business and his domestic associations as husband and father should be formed.

"It is difficult for an American to conceive an idea of the true state of the working class, upon whose passions these men continually operate. Perhaps thirty cents a day, or a little more, may be the average price of labor throughout France; and out of this the workman must clothe and feed himself. And then come the seasons of interruption, when work is almost discontinued, and when the starving mechanics are thrown upon the community, to seek the support of life as they can. With us, every honest industrious man can reasonably expect to provide something in the meridian of life for his decline. By emigrating westward, he can procure a piece of land, and close his days surrounded by his family. But such an occurrence in Europe would be little short of a miracle; and in this reasonable expectation of an eventual acquisition of property in our country, with the moral stimulus which accompanies it, and in this despair of the future which seems almost inseparable from the condition of a European laborer, I trace one of the most striking distinctions between a new society and an old one, and one or more of our surest guaranties for the perpetuation of our institutions.  
"An illustration confirmatory of this state of things is furnished by the law of conscription. By this law every young man, after the age of twenty years, is liable to serve in the army. He draws for his chance of enrolment, and is then called as his number and the exigencies of the public service may require. He served seven years precisely, at the time of life when he ought to be forming himself for his eventual duties, and laying the foundation of any respectability he may hope to acquire. It is precisely the period which, with us, if lost, would be lost irreparably. The average annual demand of conscripts in France, to keep the army at its requisite number, is eighty thousand; and this immense amount is every year drawn from the class, of the population in the very spring-time of life, to be returned—such of them indeed as have the luck, good or bad, as it may be, to return—seven years after, without any preparation for eventual usefulness.  
"But the most remarkable fact in all this institution is the pay which these forced soldiers receive—a pay which, after making the deductions which go to the Government for indispensable supplies, amounts to one cent a day, twenty-five dollars and a half for seven years' services. And yet this process of military supply seems firmly established and engrained on the habits of society; nor have I seen among all the propositions with which the Public has been excited, since my residence here, for the melioration of the existing institutions of the country, a single allusion to this greatest of all practical oppressions. And I cannot account for this apparent indifference to a subject which strikes every American with astonishment, unless it results from the conviction that a bare support is all the laboring classes can procure by the most fortunate exertion, and that this may as well be in the army as elsewhere.  
Such is the system in France, and with certain modifications in other countries of Europe, the governments of which on account of its operation are said to be "strong." To our apprehension a large standing army is at once an index of a despotism feeble in itself, and resting for support upon the arms of the soldiery. Just in this particular does our republican institutions differ from all other forms of civil policy in existence. Its strength is intrinsic. Its safeguard is the affections of the people. Every where but in the United States the municipal authorities are protected from the people, here they are protected by the people. The operation of laws among us is through respectful acquiescence in the necessity and justice of them. In foreign countries it is through the organized coercion of a military force. There is a spirit of truth and patriotism in the subdued remarks of the American Sentinel, which we warmly commend. The subject is kindred to the matter in hand. Where, but in this Union—which ruffian scribblers abroad have held as semi-savage—where but here would thousands and tens of thousands of men peaceably assemble, peaceably discuss questions of the most exciting temporary interest to the mass, and peaceably disperse to their homes, as men do daily throughout our vast territory? Republicanism needs not this no higher eulogy; no better proof that its foundations are eternal, truth and equity:  
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tion, there is little to offend or alarm the lovers of good order, or threaten the security of republicanism. Millions of people are in unrestrained motion, and even fermentation. Frequent conventions of zealous partisans, attended by ten, twenty, or forty thousand, listening for hours, and sometimes days, to the most impassioned, earnest, and eloquent orators, are held in all parts of the land, and nearly with as much order and quietness as a Sabbath gathering for religious purposes. No other country in the land could do it.—The most stable nation of Europe would reel like a drunkard—would be convulsed with revolution and drenched with blood, in such an experiment upon the populace. Think of such conventions in Paris or London, with all their note of preparation, with all their pageantry, and all their freedom and eloquence of speech, and you think of a revolution. To the enemies of republican forms, the political agitations of this country may appear precursive of this end. To us, it is the most assuring token of permanence and power, that a great people assembling, as is the wont of ours, like waves or storm clouds, are yet so far the intelligent masters of their passions, that they can deliberate and retire from the most exciting gatherings in peace and good temper."

### THE FARMER'S DEMOCRACY.

Passing a retail store a few days since, we stepped in, as is our custom, to have a friendly chat with those we usually find round the stove. One of those band-box raised chaps, a fellow whose hands were as white and as soft as a newly made kid glove, was prating about Democracy and Van Burenism. In the store was an old Kentuckian, whose head bore the blossom of some seventy or more winters, buying some articles for his farm, for all his appearance bespoke him a tiller of the soil. For some time he paid no attention to the Van Buren champion's declarations about the federal candidate, the old granny, the petticoat hero, &c. When he had finished his purchases, he turned to this pink of modern democracy; and looking him sternly in the face, observed—  
"You say Gen. Harrison is a Federalist!"  
"Yes."  
"You called him Granny?"  
"Yes."  
"You called him a petticoat hero?"  
"Yes my old back, what if I did?"  
"Why, I will tell you what, I served under this Federalist, this petticoat hero.—I followed him through the snow when I had a pair of shoes as good as that negro; I have fought with him, eat with him, and slept with him. I have seen him where you don't show your calf skin; and although I don't know that I shall vote for him for President, or for any body, yet, by golly, if you don't say you lied about him, I'll make you—that's all I have got to say, old back, as you call me." The mushroom began to apologise, but the old man wouldn't let him off; he made him chew his own words over and over again. When he had finished, the old man remarked, "you call Gen. Harrison a Federalist, because he was fighting for his country when your Democratic President, Van Buren, was doing all he could to assist the enemies of his country, by opposing Mr. Madison and his administration. If to fight for my country makes me a federalist, I am so; and, if serving in places where I am well paid, and am in no danger of my hide, makes me a Democrat, I ain't no Democrat. I tell you, stripping, you'll find plenty of old men here that won't stand by and hear their old General abused, no way you can fix it; and hereafter, when you want to abuse a man who has fought for his country, you had best go out to one side where you are sure none of the old settlers will hear you; if you don't, you'll catch it certain. The first vote I ever gave was for Tom Jefferson, and if I live to give another it will be for old Tip."

### GENERAL HARRISON AN ABOLITIONIST.

The locos insist upon this—and we admit the General will be an abolitionist of the first water, after the fourth of March. He will abolish all sinecures. He will abolish all extravagance in the public expenditures. He will abolish all hankering after Kingly power. He will abolish all efforts on the part of Office Holders, to make a King of the President. He will abolish this thing of specie currency for the office holders and a paper currency for the people. He will abolish all attempts to raise a large standing army in time of peace. He will abolish the Florida war and the blood hounds. He will abolish the efforts to reduce the wages of the poor man, and to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. He will abolish loco-focoism. He will, in fine be a most thoroughgoing abolitionist—such an one as he was in the last war, when he abolished and demolished the British and Indians whenever they showed their faces.  
Now Messrs. Office-holders, how do you like Gen. Harrison's abolitionism!

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"Why, I will tell you what, I served under this Federalist, this petticoat hero.—I followed him through the snow when I had a pair of shoes as good as that negro; I have fought with him, eat with him, and slept with him. I have seen him where you don't show your calf skin; and although I don't know that I shall vote for him for President, or for any body, yet, by golly, if you don't say you lied about him, I'll make you—that's all I have got to say, old back, as you call me." The mushroom began to apologise, but the old man wouldn't let him off; he made him chew his own words over and over again. When he had finished, the old man remarked, "you call Gen. Harrison a Federalist, because he was fighting for his country when your Democratic President, Van Buren, was doing all he could to assist the enemies of his country, by opposing Mr. Madison and his administration. If to fight for my country makes me a federalist, I am so; and, if serving in places where I am well paid, and am in no danger of my hide, makes me a Democrat, I ain't no Democrat. I tell you, stripping, you'll find plenty of old men here that won't stand by and hear their old General abused, no way you can fix it; and hereafter, when you want to abuse a man who has fought for his country, you had best go out to one side where you are sure none of the old settlers will hear you; if you don't, you'll catch it certain. The first vote I ever gave was for Tom Jefferson, and if I live to give another it will be for old Tip."

### GENERAL HARRISON AN ABOLITIONIST.

The locos insist upon this—and we admit the General will be an abolitionist of the first water, after the fourth of March. He will abolish all sinecures. He will abolish all extravagance in the public expenditures. He will abolish all hankering after Kingly power. He will abolish all efforts on the part of Office Holders, to make a King of the President. He will abolish this thing of specie currency for the office holders and a paper currency for the people. He will abolish all attempts to raise a large standing army in time of peace. He will abolish the Florida war and the blood hounds. He will abolish the efforts to reduce the wages of the poor man, and to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. He will abolish loco-focoism. He will, in fine be a most thoroughgoing abolitionist—such an one as he was in the last war, when he abolished and demolished the British and Indians whenever they showed their faces.  
Now Messrs. Office-holders, how do you like Gen. Harrison's abolitionism!