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MISCELLANEOUS.

REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

In the summer of 1811, I was passenger in a ship lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands, waiting for a convoy...

Our next difficulty was to obtain signals, to inform the fleet from time to time of the intentions of our commodore...

Walking one afternoon on the highlands overlooking the Pentland Frith, I met a gentleman, a passenger in one of the vessels forming our fleet...

Meeting the officer entrusted with these papers a few days afterwards, he informed me that the commodore soon after he had taken them into his cabin...

The "President" sailed, and I thought no more of the affair, until some weeks after, taking up a newspaper, I therein saw it stated that she had taken the British Government schooner Highflyer by stratagem...

Soon after the peace, dining with Commodore Rodgers at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give nearly in his own words...

"I acknowledge the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended...

"The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal-book on board the 'Sea-Horse,' in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the numbers...

"On reaching our deck, he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which every thing appeared; admired the new red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward...

en all the Frenchmen we might meet, before our arrival at Leith. Such proved to be the fact. We continued our course sailing in with no vessels, until we reached Leith Roads, where we were announced as a large fleet of merchantmen under convoy of a United States gun-brig.

But the readers will naturally inquire, "What has all this to do with the late war with Great Britain?" To which I answer, that it is merely given by way of introduction to show how I came in possession of her signals, and the use I subsequently made of them.

In the summer of 1813, the frigate "President," Commodore Rodgers, arrived in Boston harbor, after an unsuccessful cruise. The war was extremely unpopular among the People, and the uncharitable portion charged his not capturing any of the enemy's ships more to cowardice than to the difficulty he had encountered in finding any thing worth capturing...

For the first time it occurred to me that the signals, obtained two years previously, might be of service to the Commodore in destroying some of the enemy's vessels within reach of his guns; and the thought no sooner entered my mind than I sought them from among my papers, and put my plan into immediate execution...

I was not personally acquainted with Commodore Rodgers at the time, although intimately with most of his ward-room officers, by one of whom I sent the picture, with a letter addressed to him, showing how the signals were to be used, and observing that he should obtain the number of one of the largest class of British frigates, and by hoisting it when an enemy was in sight, it would, without doubt, decoy her into his reach.

Meeting the officer entrusted with these papers a few days afterwards, he informed me that the commodore soon after he had taken them into his cabin, appeared on deck, apparently highly pleased, and ordered one of his warrant officers to have some blue bunting painted black, very much to the surprise of the officers, who could not conceive for what purpose he intended it; but I was satisfied that the signals were to be made, one of them being black and yellow.

The "President" sailed, and I thought no more of the affair, until some weeks after, taking up a newspaper, I therein saw it stated that she had taken the British Government schooner Highflyer by stratagem...

"I acknowledge the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which she answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her main-top-gallant mast-head, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the "Sea-Horse," one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once, and coming under our stern, I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

"This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal-book; enjoining on him and the crew the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose schooner proved to be the "Highflyer. Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown-and-anchor was on the button; but casting his eyes on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now then the red coat of marine appearance above the hammock-netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

"The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal-book on board the 'Sea-Horse,' in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the numbers. This ruse had the desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the whole correspondence of the British Navy. I then sent the gig for the captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any despatches he might have in charge.

"On reaching our deck, he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which every thing appeared; admired the new red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation.

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood? He said, to intercept the American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rodgers; who he understood had command of one of the largest and fastest-sailing frigates in the American navy! Inquired of him if he had ever seen him? He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and devilish hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put this question to him:

"Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?"

"Why yes, sir," he replied; "on board His Majesty's ship Sea-Horse."

"Then, sir, you labor under a great mistake. You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service!"

"The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors, than did this poor fellow's face. "Sir," said he, "you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking!" I assured him it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," on our quarter-deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of the marines turned blue, and the crown-and-anchor metamorphosed into the eagle.

"This affair," observed the commodore, "was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by non-receipt of his despatches, were destroyed for the season; and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running, at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night."

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Having perused, with deep interest, the sermon recently delivered in Christ Church, Cincinnati, by the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, on the occasion of the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Polk, as Missionary Bishop of Arkansas and the adjacent States—a copy of which has been kindly forwarded to us by some attentive friend, perhaps the distinguished author—we are persuaded that the following extract from this excellent discourse cannot be otherwise than highly acceptable to the religious portion of our readers, and probably to many others. For the information of such as may not be aware of the fact, it may not be improper to observe that the Bishop was Chaplain at West Point, at the period when the incident referred to took place.

"But you will indulge me, brethren, with a moment to say a few words to him whose consecration to the office of Missionary Bishop is now to take place. You can little conceive with what a special and most affectionate interest the speaker will participate in this solemnity. A little of it may be explained by the following brief relation:

"It is now nearly thirteen years since a very remarkable work of grace occurred in the Military Academy of the U. States. During a condition of almost universal indifference to religion and of wide-spread infidelity, against which the efforts of the ministry of one man, set for the defence of the gospel, seemed for a long time to make not the least way; suddenly almost, in a very few days, many minds, without communication with one another, and without personal intercourse with the minister, appeared deeply, and almost simultaneously interested in the great matters of eternal life. Officers as well as cadets participated in this, and to such an extent, that the minister's study was soon occupied every evening by assemblies, composed of both, for prayer and the exposition of the Word of God; and a serious impression, more or less deep and abiding, was spread over a large part of the whole military community. Several became at that period devoted soldiers of Christ. Many other received impressions then, which God has since ripened into manifest and energetic piety. Many more received the seed of the word, in whom, though it seemed to die, it has since, through the continued influence of the Spirit, sprung up and brought forth fruit. Some are still in military life; others have been, long since, adorning the Christian profession in the ministry of the gospel.

"The very first appearance of this work of grace, so remarkably and singularly the work of God, was the coming of a cadet, alone and unexpectedly, to introduce himself to the chaplain, and unburthen the sorrows of a contrite heart. All around him was coldness and skepticism. To speak decidedly in favor of religion, was then so unusual in the academy, that it made one singular. To converse with the chaplain on that subject, had not yet been ventured by any, except out of opposition to the truth. That any would appear there, seriously seeking eternal life, even the chaplain was afraid to hope. But the darkest of the night is nearest the dawn. A cadet did venture to come, in open day, to the chaplain's study, too deeply concerned to heed what would be said of him. He was personally unknown to the chaplain. His message he tried to utter, but he could not. Again he tried, and again; but the heart was too full for speech. At length it was: 'Tell me what I must do—I have come about my soul. I know not what I want—I am entirely in the dark. What must I seek? Where must I go?' Such was the first declaration of one who for some days had

been awakened under the preaching and reading of the truth. A sermon preached on the scriptures, and a tract, sent at a venture, from the chaplain's study to whom, soever it might meet, had been blessed to his soul. Doubts and evils were all abandoned. Implicit submission seemed his engrossing principle. From that moment, the young man appeared to take up the cross, and to stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side. The singular and very prominent evidence of the hand of God in this case, was very greatly blessed to others. By and by, he professed Christ in the sacrament of baptism, which was administered to him with others, recently turned to the Lord, in the chapel of the Military Academy, and in presence of all the corps. After graduating at that institution, and leaving the army, he passed through a regular course of study for the holy ministry, and was successively ordained deacon and presbyter.

"Many years have since elapsed. The chaplain has since been called to a higher order in the ministry, and more enlarged responsibilities in the church. The cadet, meanwhile, after many vicissitudes of active duty and disabling ill-health, supposed he had settled himself for the rest of his life, as a preacher and pastor to an humble and obscure congregation of negroes, whom he had collected together from neighboring plantations; to whom, living entirely upon his own pecuniary means, he appropriated a part of his own house for a church, and to whose eternal interests he had chosen cheerfully and happily to devote himself as their spiritual father, with no other view but their salvation. But such was just the true spirit for the highest of all vocations in the church. To be a servant of servants, is the school which to prepare for the chief ministry under Him who took on him the form of a servant. The church needed a Missionary Bishop for a vast field, for great self-denial, for untiring patience, for courageous enterprise. Her eye was directed to the self-appointed pastor of that humble congregation. With most impressive unanimity, did she call him away, to a work, not indeed of more dignified duty, but of more eminent responsibility; not indeed of more exquisite satisfaction to a Christian's heart, (for what can give a true Christian heart more exquisite satisfaction, than to lead such of the poor to Christ!) but of severer trials and vastly greater difficulties and hardships. Counting the cost, he has not dared to decline it. Regarding the call as of God, he has embraced the promised grace, and is now ready to be offered. And thus the chaplain has here met the beloved cadet again, seeing and adoring the end of the Lord in that remarkable beginning; and now, with unspeakable thankfulness to God, for what he here witnesses, may he say to this candidate, elect, for labor and sacrifice, in the words of St. Paul to his beloved disciple:

"Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. HARRISON.—Many years since while the tide of emigration was flowing through the Western States, the hero of the Thames having, for a while exchanged the arduous duties of a statesman and a general, for the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, was on a hot summer evening, at the porch of his log cabin, asked for shelter and a meal, by a minister of the Gospel of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. The faded appearance of the steed and the soiled garments of the rider, proclaimed the fatigue of the day, and with his usual courtesy the old General welcomed the stranger. After a plain and substantial supper, the guest joined with his host in social conversation, and the latter, laying aside the character of the soldier and statesman, willingly listened to the pious instruction of the traveller. They retired to rest, the good old soldier thankful to a munificent Providence that he was enabled to administer to the wants of a fellow creature, and the worthy minister of Christ invoking the blessing of heaven upon his kind benefactor. Morning came, and the minister prepared to depart. He was in the act of taking leave, when he was informed that his horse had died during the night. This loss, however severe, considering that he had yet two hundred miles to travel, did not discourage him in the exercise of his duty; but taking his saddle-bags on his arm he rose to depart with thanks for the kindness of his entertainer. The old General did not attempt to prevent him, though he offered his condolence upon the loss, but an observing eye could have detected a smile of inward satisfaction, which the consciousness of doing good alone produces. The guest reached the door, and to his astonishment, found one of the General's hobs accoutred with his own saddle and bridle, in waiting for him. He returned and remonstrated, stating the inability to pay for it, and that in all probability he should never again visit that section of the country.—But the General was inexorable, and reminded the astonished Divine, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, sent him on his way, his heart overflowing with gratitude, and his prayers directed to heaven for blessings on the venerable hero.—Rat. Reg.

"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

POLITICAL.

[From the Weekly Pilot.]

Gen. Green.—I was sitting at my window some evenings ago, when two mechanics met each other and began to talk just below me. Being pleased with the good sense of their conversation, I took up my pen, and, as well as I can recollect, wrote it down; here it is:

"Good evening, John; have you found any work yet? I have not."

"No," said John, "not one stroke; nobody's doing any thing."

"What," said his companion, "are things coming to, if they keep on at this rate?"

"I don't know, indeed," said John; "I can't live on one day's work in a week, and support my family; Bill, I hate to go home and see my poor children; for God only knows how long it will be before they are crying to me for bread; it's all owing to the currency, and our rulers should better it; they have the power."

"They are going to, John."

"Yes," replied he, "and their attempts are like the man who undertook to make his horse live on one straw a-day; his experiment went on bravely, with this exception, that before he had reduced him to the one straw diet, he was dead."

"Why, John, you talk like a whig."

"So I am."

"You a whig?"

"Yes, you need not stare—the story is short; I had nothing to do, so got the papers and read both sides, and now I mean to go it strong for Tippecanoe."

"Well!"

"Yes, it's very well, indeed."

"But, John, the boys will laugh at you and call you 'turn-coat.'"

"Let them; and those of them I can't thrash I'll try to! I know my own business best, and I know who is my friend; Old Tip is, and Martin Van Buren is not. Tip's a brave old soldier, and an honest man; and what is still better—a working-man, like myself. As regards the coat, I'll tell you how it is: I got up in the morning, half asleep, and put it on wrong side out, and that was the Van Buren side, all threads, seams and linings; when I awoke well, I like a sensible fellow, took it off, brushed it, and then put it on right. Now the Tip side is out; and I consider that man a fool who takes an exception at the change; but him a greater fool who is ashamed to turn his coat right; but would, because he put it on wrong in the morning, wear it so all day."

"But, John, what's your reason?"

"For these: Van Buren's experiments have played the devil with the currency, and I am consequently out of work; he has, therefore, virtually taken my wages from me, and I mean to charge him in my book for every day I am out of work, and consider the sum total so many good reasons for not voting for him. When his party came into office, they found the best of currencies, and I found work plenty; both are gone to Davy Jones' locker; he promised a gold and silver currency. Where'd it? Why, here is one of the ghosts of the humbug; and he took out a shiplaster-levy."

"But, John, 'twas the whigs and the banks."

"Pshaw, nonsense! nobody in his senses believes that. What have the whigs to do with our financial affairs? They are not the head of the Government. They were in the minority, (but don't intend to be any longer,) but, admitting this falsehood, a party that would permit a minority to do as they please with our money, are not fit to pretend to rule, and should be turned out. And again, I should be a fool indeed to vote for a party who goes the whole hog reducing my wages; and that, by-the-by, I think is very useless, for just let them tinker and cobble away as usual, and the mechanic won't have any wages to be reduced at all. And Mr. Van Buren is not the choice of the people; he was smuggled into the Presidential chair under the old General's popularity. We want no such bastard politicians foisted upon us. Let a man's own worth, talents, merit and popularity, father him—not another's. And, again, this party has proposed and acted upon this curious proposition, 'a small rogue's big rogue, and a big rogue is no rogue at all'—he is only a defaulter—an absquatulator—but no rogue. Steal a five dollar note, and you will be sent to jail; steal (don't steal, Oh, no!) only take a million and a half, and you are a fine fellow—very much surprised you didn't take more; and, in one case, they actually applied the old fable of the fox and the flies to some roguing; they've rascal out west."

"Well, John, I have no work to do: I will go and read both sides. May be my old jacket is on wrong too; so good-bye."

"Good-bye, Bill; tell all our friends to read both sides, too;" and they parted.

BORN A VETERAN.—"I am a veteran in the cause of democracy. I was born so, and have lived so."—Mr. Grundy's speech at the V. B. Convention.

Reading the above brought to my recollection an anecdote, said to have occurred in Tennessee. A bragadocio offered himself a candidate for the Legislature, and, as is the custom in the country, he was addressing the people, and speaking largely for himself, when all at once, he paused, raised himself on his toes, and bawled out, "I am a democrat, I sucked democracy from my mother's breast." An old soldier who stood near him, and who knew all about the matter, responded as quick as thought, "It is well you did not suck your daddy, for he was a tory."—Madisonian.

CHARLES FISHER, Esq.

The following letter from the Hon. H. Clay to "Amilton, C. Jones, Esq. of Salisbury, proves to what desperate and contemptible alternatives the Van Buren leaders (and particularly Mr. Fisher,) resort for the purpose of lessening Gen. Harrison in the estimation of his countrymen. How honest and candid men can countenance such mean, sneaking, conduct, it is difficult to determine. We say, however, "go on gentle men, you are cutting your own throats rapidly."—[Raleigh Register.

WASHINGTON, May 12, 1840.

Dear Sir.—I received your favor, stating that Mr. Charles Fisher, the member of Congress from your District, in a public address which he made to some of his constituents, asserted that I had opposed the appointment of Gen. Harrison, as Minister to Columbia, because of his utter incapacity for the appointment; and inquiring of me as to the truth of the assertion.

I have no hesitation in saying that there is no foundation whatever for the assertion: The appointment of Gen. Harrison, as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republic of Columbia, had my entire concurrence; and, besides the usual credentials, I entrusted to his care a private letter to General Bolivar, the President of that Republic.

I know not on what authority Mr. Fisher has undertaken to make the assertion attributed to him; certainly none from me; and yet he has enjoyed abundant opportunities, during the present session of Congress, to ascertain from me personally whether the above assertion was true or not. But never have I had, at any time, any conversation whatever with him, in respect to Gen. Harrison's mission.

You are at liberty to show this letter to Mr. Fisher himself, or to make any use of it. I am respectfully,

Your obt. serv't,

H. C. JONES, Esq. What do Mr. Fisher's constituents think of this?

DECLENSION OF PROBITY.—Any one who will cast his thoughts back, and call to mind the events of the last ten or twelve years, and contrast them with what happened in previous years, cannot fail to be struck with the lamentable declension that has taken place in the probity of individuals in public stations, as well as in the general tone of public morals. Those whose heads are now "silvered o'er with age," tell us that, in their younger days, had such a case as Swartwout, or Price, or Boyd, or Harris, occurred, the nation would have been stunned at the intelligence. Or, had one such defilement on the part of an officer of a banking institution, or other corporation, as now are recorded constantly in the newspapers, and regarded as only nine days' wonders, happened, the community where its injurious consequences resulted, would not have recovered from the shock for years. Alas! how different the feeling since we have been accustomed to these things.

The theme is a trite one, but it is well to discourse on it, because the enormity of the evil may, from repetition of its description, be seen and acknowledged by all.

The fact being admitted—the cause is to inquire after—that a remedy may be found. It is time, indeed, for a return to a purer and better era.

Many reasons are given for the melancholy exhibitions of breach of faith, loss of character, and want of honesty, which we have witnessed. They have been attributed to the "increasing depravity of mankind"—to the "spirit of speculation," so rife in our land—the numerous temptations that now beset a public officer, &c. &c.

Our own opinion is, that, whatever share these, and other like causes, may have had, in producing what we deplore, the root of the evil is in the bad system of administering the government of the country, introduced by General Jackson, and the corruption that necessarily flowed from that system. We have not time, nor room, on the present occasion, to follow out this idea; but, we believe, that the history of the country, and a review of the incidents connected with the finances of the nation, the States, and corporations, would prove incontrovertibly the truth of the proposition. The declaration actually made in words, and continually proclaimed in practice, that officers of trust and honor were bestowed upon individuals, not because they were faithful or competent, but because they were partizan politicians, was, itself, demoralizing and corrupting, and calculated to bring about just what has happened. It offered no inducement to honest worth, but held out a prize rather for unscrupulous conduct and reckless character. As the fountain was thus rendered impure, all the streams soon became in a like condition.

The moral of this is, that in a republic like ours, we must have the Government administered on just and honest principles, otherwise National, State, and individual interests, will suffer.—Alexandria Gazette.

Expenses of the Government.—By reference to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, it will be seen that in the four years of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, there has been expended more than double the sum that was expended during Mr. Adams' administration, and yet Mr. Adams was turned out of office for extravagance by many of those who are now leading the Van Buren party.