

BY THOS. W. ATKIN & CO.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Road to Fortune or the Rise of M. Jacques Laffitte.

When M. Laffitte came to Paris in 1778, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking house, and to obtain this object he called on M. Perregraux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Mad. Gurmard, which had been put up to lottery by that lady, and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Laffitte paid his first visit in Paris, and, as it were, took his first step to the Parisian world. The young provincial—poor and modest, timid and anxious, entered by that gateway which had witnessed so many of the geniuses of the last century. He was introduced into the boudoir of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit.

"It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment at least for the present," replied the banker; "all my offices have their full complements. If I require any one at a future time, I will see what can be done; but in the meantime I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect to have a vacancy for some time."

With a disappointed heart the young aspirant for employment left the office, and while with a downcast look he traversed the courtyard he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck to the lapel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate, but so it was.

From the window of his cabinet M. Perregraux had observed the action of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers of human actions who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action, he saw the revelation of a character; it was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of all the qualities which should be possessed by a good financier. A young man who would pick up a pin could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and attain a high degree of prosperity.

In the evening of the same day M. Laffitte received the following note from M. Perregraux:

"A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow morning."

The anticipation of the banker were not deceived. The young Laffitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From simple clerk he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris, and afterward, in rapid succession, a deputy and president of the Council of Ministers, the highest point to which a citizen can aspire.

On what a trifling does the fortune of a man sometimes depend. But for the simple incident of the pin, M. Laffitte would, perhaps, never have entered into the house of M. Perregraux; another employer might not have opened to him so wide a field of action, and his talents and intelligence would not have led to such magnificent results.

Little did M. Perregraux think that the hand which would pick up a pin was that of a man, generous to prodigality in doing good—a hand always open to succor honorable misfortune. Never were riches placed in better hands—never did banker or prince make a more noble use of them.

SMILES.—The ladies have many kinds.—There is the smile of coincidence in opinion—the smile of encouragement when we are attempting something difficult—the smile of approbation when it is done—the smile of amused fancy at our conversation—the smile of hope, if we venture to aspire. But the great smile—the smile imperial—is that which says, plainer than words, "you have won me!" That smile never leaves the memory, even after she who gave it has mouldered in the tomb.—*Boston Post.*

"Shall I see you home this evening?" asked a long-haired, bushy-headed dandy of a young lady, whom he met in the street.—"Yes, sir," said she, "if you go and stand on the steps till I get home."

SMILE DISASTROUS.—A New York editor gave a beggar sixpence recently. The latter took off his hat and thanked him very politely, but sang out as he left him—"Look 'ere, old boss, could't you make this a shilling!"

POLITICAL.

[BY REQUEST]
From the Charleston Courier.
Political Horse Race.
SUNTERRVILLE So. Ca.

The great race over the National Course, between Old Hal and the Tennessee colt, is now over, and for your amusement, I shall here attempt a description of it. Expecting that the track would be very much crowded, and desiring to get all the information possible as to the condition of the nags, I conceived it to be highly important to be out early, before the crowd should assemble. My notion was to court the trainers, and endeavor to extract from them as many of the stable secrets as possible. But a little reflection soon convinced me that this plan would not do. I recollected that a trainer never yet did fail, on the day of a great race, to throw himself upon his consequence, and to rebuke rudely any stranger who might make free to ask him a question. The only chance then was to engage the services of some one who might be deep in their confidence; and in this I was fortunate, for I soon fell in with a gentleman who not only had the confidence of the trainers of both the stables, but who was one of the best judges of blood stock, I think, in America—and not only of stock, but of men; he knew well how to look into their deeds. He was introduced to me under the appellation of "Prince." I soon discovered that there would be no necessity to lose time among the trainers, for Prince himself was master of all the secrets of the Jockey Club. On our arrival at the track, the first thing that took my attention was a string of race horses yet under blanket, which, as Prince informed me, were what he called "retarded stock"—that they were yet under blanket, because it was unusual for a race horse that had been long in training, to be turned out suddenly in the woods. The transition from anticipated glory to absolute gloom, would be too violent, it was thought, for the delicacy of their nerves. I now told Prince that it would be gratifying to me to examine these horses separately, and also to be informed as to the particular causes which had led to the rejection of each. Prince consented to do so; and so we strolled around to where the stable boys were giving them an airing. Upon approaching them, I quickly saw that there was one among them that wore marks of being an animal infinitely superior to all the others, and I at once asked Prince to explain him first. That, said he, is JOHN C. CALHOUN. The boy was ordered to step him, and to move the blanket well forward, that we might get a full view of his fine form. After walking around him, and giving him a thorough examination, I asked Prince if he did not think him in a good racing condition? The best, said he in the world.—"Every muscle on him is as hard as wood; and, if you will observe there is not a wind-gall upon his neck. Now, if they had started him to day against Old Hal, we would have had a heat for which the world might justly have envied us. And why on earth, said I, was that thing not done? It was not done, said he, because this horse has a trait in his character which has ever rendered him odious to the Jockey Club, or rather to that part of the Jockey Club that controls matters and things in relation to the entries. He is a horse which, like old Boston, will not run from the lash; and even when the trainers come at him with a drench, there is no such thing as forcing him to swallow, unless they first permit him to smell or taste the drug.—But not so with a couple of pets which they have long since had trained to their own notion. Now, either of these pets will gulp down any sort of drench, no matter of what it may be composed, at the first intimation; and like well trained circus horses, all the master has to do, is to point his finger, and depend upon it, the deed will be done. Now, these qualities were too sacred, and these pets too much in the way for any other sort of horses to have any chance at all for the entry. One of these pet colts, Little VAN, is well known, and the other is no less than JAMES K. POLK, the regular entry for this day's purse. The boy was now told that we were done. And as I saw him moving the noble animal slowly away from the field, I looked upon him with an emotion, such as I believe would have sprung up in my bosom, if I had been a spectator at an *auto da fe*. But it was so, for a miserable knot, whose ambition extends no further than party and plunder, has so intended it from the outset.

We next turned our attention to an old looking cypresser, which appeared to be very much lashed. He looked as though he was not on his heels. This turned out to be old JOHN TYLER, a coarser, which Prince informed me, was formerly regarded as a tip top second rate race horse, but that unfortunately for him, as well as for his rightful owners, in the year 1840, he had suffered himself to be told away from them, and that ever since he had been looked upon in no other light than that of a common stray. It was true that some strolling short racers had lately picked him up, and as they expressed it, were determined "to string him in upon us." This they said they intended to do, notwithstanding that the Jockey Club had officially decided that it was contrary to usage for any stray to be entered

in a regular turf race. It was generally conceded though, I believe, that there would be but one chance for him if he should be wrong in, and that would be for all the horses to take his or the lock jaw, and die in the middle of the heat.

The next that took our attention was a couple of very coarse looking animals, which from their long bushy fetlocks indicated that they must be from the far distant west, and that they could not be what is commonly denominated "blood;" and so it turned out to be. It appeared that in the Indian wars they had acquired some distinction as gallant chargers, and that their owners had somehow got it into their heads that they might succeed upon the turf; but if those owners had understood the feelings and views of the majority of their own body as well as I do, they would have known from the beginning that an Indian pony would always have to fall when a pet colt stood in the way.

But now it was that a curiosity presented itself wholly unknown to racing history. They had something under blanket that appeared to be no horse at all. It appeared that the democrats, not having been content with such stock as was to be found on terra firma, had actually explored the regions of the great deep in quest of some leviathan or sea monster, with which to conquer old Hal. But the leviathan, like the Indian pony, was no where when the pets came forward. But our examination of the rejected stock was here interrupted by the sound of the drum, which admonished us that the hour of starting had arrived, and so we had to hurry up to the stand; and sure enough it was not long before we looked and saw the champions coming slowly along, each surrounded by a host of anxious admirers. Old Hal came moping up in real race horse style, and looked as though he well understood what he had to do, but the colt, I thought, looked a little wild. He had not been accustomed to crowds so vast as this. The short races in which he had been engaged in Tennessee were of quite a different character; but even these were of a nature to make him wild, as I should suppose, for I learned from Prince, that there they had taken one of their young horses out of the plough, and had whaled him badly with him upon two different occasions, though his owners still appeared to think that although he could not succeed as a quarter horse, he yet might do so as a four miler. About this time I observed a great bustle about the stand. It appeared that they had brought a great ponderous machine there with the evident intention of lashing it on old Hal's back. Prince told me it was a spinning jenny, and that old Hal being an aged horse had to carry it as dead weight. But the spinning jenny was not all the dead weight that was attempted to be packed upon him; there was a mighty effort to have saddled on him, also, a roulette, dice boxes, cards, and all manner of gambling apparatus; but it proved a failure, and very justly so; all except a little light brag deck; there was no such a thing as getting round that; but when they threw it in with the spinning jenny, one of his backers remarked, with a smile, that it was so long since it had been used, that it had now become too light to do him any harm at all.

Matters and things being now fully arranged, the riders were ordered to mount—they came handsomely up together—the drum tapped, and off they flew, like arrows hurled from the bow. The colt took the lead and maintained it most gallantly; though only while passing through Main and New Hampshire; for when they got fairly into the other four New-England states, the old horse went at him with a resolution that was wholly irresistible, and passed him amid cheers that were absolutely deafening.

In the York state, the backers of the colt had strong hopes that he would recover his lost ground; but this was altogether a mistake; he performed no better there and in New Jersey, than he had done in the land of the weavers. In Pennsylvania, though he made a very pretty brush, but could not quite pass. In Delaware and Maryland, Old Hal, with his long four mile stride, widened the gap again to its usual width.

But when they struck the shores of the Old Dominion, there the struggle became truly animating. The jockey of the colt appeared to regard this point as highly important, and gave him to understand distinctly, that he must now "do or die." Indeed, his feelings were so strong upon the occasion, that he was compelled to give utterance to them, though with no one to address himself to but a horse. Come, said he to the colt, let us now try and have an annexation, and if we can, let it be now or never; for I do vary believe that the British and Abolitionists are close after us, with sharp sticks, and that if we do not overtake Old Hal now, the red coats will nab the whole party, right here in sight of York Town. Come, sir, remember that on this very part of the turf, four years ago, our other pet made a perfect smash of old Tip, and that, too, without the benefit of any trick at all. Now, the Texas trick is for your benefit. 'Tis true that some of our opponents say it is old Tyler's trick, and that we have robbed him of it, but I regard that charge as a matter of no consequence at all, for it is well

known to be the order of the day for the strong to do as they please with the weak. He has attempted to trifle with the pretensions of Mexico, for the simple reason that she was weak; and now why not we, in our turn, trifle with his claims to this trick? knowing, as we do, that he is weak, very weak.

By this time, the colt had made a struggle so desperate that he was fairly up by the side of Old Hal; and his jockey having heard a good part of the harangue just recited, and not wishing to be outdone at any thing, took it into his head that he would make a little short speech to his horse, also, which, as well as it could be understood by the instructors and stewards, was as follows: "Come, you old dog! have you no trick at all in store for this trying occasion? Remember, sir, that you have been a turf nag for the last thirty years—that in the course of that time you have done much for the benefit of the Club—twice, at least, you have saved it from utter ruin; and will you now, sir, suffer your laurels to be withered by a mere pin hook trick, got up in a day, and to be played off on you by a pumpkin colt. Remember, sir, that we are now about to approach the land of the good old Nat Macon, a man who, when he talked to us about Democracy, meant the practice of it. He did not talk to us all day about Jeffersonian principles, and anti-banks, and free trade, and then at night plunder all the post offices, and land offices, and other offices. Now it is well known, sir, that this is to be the course of our adversaries if the colt beats us—we must not let him do it!"

This appeal was not without its effects; for sure enough when they struck the land of turpentine and tar, the old horse shook the colt from him with utter contempt. But it was not long before the colt rebuked him severely for his contemptuous treatment. Upon the soil of the little chivalric palmetto, nullification state, he rushed upon him as though he had found a pair of Tennessee quarter paths; and the way he mashed up the district system, and the corruptions of the Syracuse and Baltimore conventions, was nothing to nobody's consistency but our own.

But in the region of Oglethorpe and the Crawford the colt could not maintain that quarter horse lick for which he had been so remarkable in the land of chivalry. It was evident that he was now among a plain people, a people who had to undergo the serious drudgery of thinking for themselves. As to Old Hal he continued that regular four mile stride of his, which I thought would be bound to tell against a horse which done the most of his running by spurs; and in this I was correct, for when they crossed the Alabama line he was a clear light ahead of the colt. Though I did think, for the first time, that Old Hal here showed some signs of distress, for he was now evidently on part of the turf where his spinning jenny did him no good, and his little brag deck not a great deal of harm. But such was the confidence which his backers had in his bottom that the betting was much more spirited on his side yet, than on that of the colt. Indeed there would have been no takers at all on the colt, but for the confidence reposed in the Texas trick. It was plain to be seen though, that the Georgians were not prepared to exchange so valuable a turf horse as Old Hal for a scrap of western land—and particularly since an honorable title to it was, at least, doubtful. It was the opinion of Prince though, that they wanted the land, and intended to have it, but their motto was "Old Hal first."

In Alabama, as it was well understood beforehand, the colt went ahead. In Louisiana and Mississippi the contest was so close that I could not distinguish between them. But in Arkansas the colt was decidedly the victor, and I presume he was in Missouri also; but whether or not I was afraid to look and see, not knowing but the tiger of that forest might spring upon me, without even awaiting the ceremony of a regular meeting with board swords at Philadelphia.

But it was reserved for the little gallant state of Tennessee, to witness the most exciting struggle that had occurred during the race. The old lion himself, it appeared, had taken the field, and was to be seen on every part of the ground, animating the colt on to vigorous exertion. Like Napoleon at Waterloo, when the impetuous Ney would return from an ineffectual charge, his cry to him would be "onward, we must beat them."—But then on the other hand, there stood Jones, and Foster, and Bell, surrounded by a little Spartan band, which, like the invincibles of Wellington, were as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. The colt could not look upon these without cowering, for they never yet had failed to make him quail in a contest. It is now a killing struggle, and the office seekers and expectants of spoils are gazing with an intensity which seems to signify that everlasting things (at least to them) are hanging upon a mere thread. The struggle is yet doubtful, neck and neck, and in sight of the Hermitage. At this juncture of time the old horse was observed to move his ear back and forward, as though some strange note had fallen upon it. It turned out to be that he fancied he heard the shouts of the husters of Kentucky in anticipation of his triumph. This fancy was irresistible. It appeared to arouse all his latent energies, and he made an effort which was

regarded as without parallel in a racing history—at the very door of the hermitage he rushed by the colt with such a rapid stride as to make him look as though he were tied; and as he dashed by him he hung such great globes of that black Texas mud in his face and eyes as to knock him perfectly blind. This ended the race, for although he had to lops through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio; that was only a matter of form.

HAMPTON.

A Curious History. Worth Preserving.

CRONOLOGY WITHOUT COMMENT.

PREFACE.

May 30, 1844—Resolution of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Messrs Polk and Dallas.

"Resolved, That Congress has no power to charter a National Bank: that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country; dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and will of the people."

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Dallas and a Bank of the United States: IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Monday, January 9, 1832.—Mr. Dallas presented the memorial of the Bank of the United States, praying for a recharter, and said "he could not but feel strongly impressed by the recollection that the Legislature of Pennsylvania recently, and in effect unanimously, had recommended the recharter of the Bank. He became, then as WILLING, as he was virtually an instructed agent in promoting to the extent of his ability an object, however dangerously timed its introduction might seem, was in itself entitled to every consideration and favor." [See Register of Debates, vol. viii, part 1, p. 55.]

Jan. 20, 1832.—Mr. Benton asked leave to introduce a resolution to declare the branch drafts of the Bank of the United States illegal. Mr. Dallas replied in favor of the Bank, and said:—"To me the Bank of the United States is nothing but a bank—a mere bank—enacted under the influence of the purest motives for admirable purposes." On granting leave the yeas were 16, nays 25; Dallas voting against granting Mr. Benton's leave.

February 8, 1832.—Mr. Dallas made another speech in favor of the Bank and in reply to Mr. Benton.

March 13, 1832.—Mr. Dallas, from the Select Committee, reported a bill to renew the charter of the Bank of the United States.

May 23, 1832.—Mr. Dallas made his speech in favor of the Bank as constitutional and expedient. Mr. Webster followed on the same side, and on the 26th of May, Mr. Benton replied to Messrs Webster and Dallas.

May 25, 1832.—Mr. Webster moved an amendment to make the payment of the bonus more gradual and easier to the bank; Mr. Benton opposed it. It was carried, 32 to 10, Mr. Dallas voting for it.

May 29, 1832.—An amendment was adopted to strike out the pending amendment, which required the assent of the states to the establishment of branches; yeas 28 nays 18. Mr. Dallas voted for it.

June 1, 1832.—An amendment was pending to tax the branches; a proposition was made by Mr. Sprague, to strike it out and distribute the bonus among the states; agreed to, 25 to 18. Mr. Dallas voted for it; Mr. Benton against it.

Same day.—Mr. Bibb offered an amendment to limit the Bank rate of interest to 5 per cent; rejected 20 to 25. Yeas—Benton, Grundy, &c. Nays—Dallas, Webster, Frelinghuysen, &c.

Also—An amendment to abolish proxy voting, rejected; 10 to 35. Yeas—Benton, Bibb, Ellis, Haynes, Hill, Kane, Marcy, Moore, and White. Nays—Clay, Dallas, Frelinghuysen, &c.

June 2, 1832.—Mr. Benton's amendment to strike out the exclusive privilege of the Bank rejected; yeas 16—Benton, Grundy, &c.; nays 26—Dallas, Webster, Clay, Frelinghuysen, &c.

Same day.—Mr. Benton's amendment to forbid foreigners holding stock in the Bank rejected. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Benton's amendment asserting individual liability of stockholders rejected. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Benton's amendment forbidding the issue of any currency by the Bank not redeemable in specie. Mr. Benton said he offered this to test whether it was intended to make the Bank a specie-paying Bank or not. Rejected, 17 to 27. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Marcy's amendment reserving the right of repeal of the Bank charter to Congress; rejected, 15 to 29. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Tazewell's amendment to shorten the term of the charter from 15 years to 10; Mr. Dallas earnestly opposed it, saying:—"That the Bank heretofore had done no mischief, and could not hereafter," and that "in his opinion nothing was so weak, so contemptible weak, as a moneyed corporation." Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster sustained

Mr. Dallas. It was rejected, 20 to 27.—Mr. Dallas voted against it.

June 5, 1832.—Amendment to strike out the bonus and limit the rate of interest to 5 per cent. Mr. Dallas and Mr. Frelinghuysen opposed it. It was rejected, 18 to 20. Mr. Dallas voted against it.

June 6, 1832.—The bank bonus in Mr. Dallas's bill being \$150,000, Mr. Marcy moved to increase it to \$250,000. Rejected, 10 to 36. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Mr. Knight moved to increase it to \$350,000. Rejected, 23 to 27. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Mr. Seymour moved to increase it to \$300,000. Rejected, 20 to 27. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Mr. Dickerson of New Jersey, moved to increase it to \$250,000. Rejected, 20 to 27. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Finally, \$200,000 were agreed to. Mr. Dallas and Mr. Webster voting for it.

Same day.—Mr. Marcy's amendment, reserving right to the states to tax, rejected, 23 to 25; Mr. Dallas and his friends voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Forsyth's amendment to limit bank interest to 5 per cent, again rejected, 21 to 36; Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. White's amendment to require the bank to pay 3 per cent interest on surplus public deposits rejected, 23 to 24; Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Mr. Benton's motion to refer the bill to the Secretary of the Treasury (Gen. Jackson's) to report on it, rejected. Mr. Dallas voting against it.

June 9, 1832.—Mr. Grundy moved the indefinite postponement of the bill—lost, 20 to 24; Mr. Dallas voting against it.

Same day.—Bank bill, ordered to a third reading, 25 to 20; Mr. Dallas voting for it.

June 11, 1832.—Bank bill finally passed, 28 to 29; Mr. Dallas voting for it. Nays—Benton, Bibb, Brown, Dickerson, Dudley, Ellis, Forsyth, Grundy, Kane, Haynes, Hill, King, Mangum, Marcy, Miller, Moore, Tazewell, Trousdale, Tyler, White.

July 10, 1832.—Andrew Jackson vetoed the Bank of the United States as unconstitutional and inexpedient.

The next day the veto was considered in the Senate, Mr. Webster commencing the debate, sustaining the bank bill, and opposing the views of the President. Speaking of the message, he said: "It wantonly attacks whole classes of people for the purpose of turning against them the prejudices of the other classes. It finds no topic too exciting for use, no passion too inflammable for its address and solicitation."

July 13, 1832.—Mr. Benton spoke in favor of the veto; and a vote was taken on the passage of the bank charter in spite of the veto, and Mr. Dallas voted for the bill, and against the VETO.

July 21, 1832.—Town meeting in Philadelphia; at which Daniel Groves was President; Charles J. Jack, Esq. offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That in the veto of President Jackson he has shown an utter contempt of the unanimous voice of Pennsylvania, expressed through her Legislature and delegation in Congress, both with regard to the bank, the tariff, and the judiciary."

Daniel W. Cox offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are due, and are hereby tendered to Gen. M. Dallas and William Wilkins, for having after a full discussion and deliberation being had on the Executive veto to the bill rechartering the bank, continued to vote for the passage of the bill."

July 23, 1832.—Veto meeting in Philadelphia; Henry Ford, President. Mr. Dallas spoke. On motion of Thomas Earle,

"Resolved, That this meeting fully sustain the veto and the reasons by which it is sustained in the President's excellent message."

July 7, 1836.—Mr. Dallas wrote his memorable letter in which he said: "Of the constitutional power of the National Government to create a bank, I did not then, nor do I now entertain a doubt. Of the ability of Congress to create such a bank as would be a safe machine of finance and a servicable agent in preserving a sound currency, I then was, as I still am convinced."

The end of chapter I.

CHAPTER II.
Mr. Dallas and Distribution.

Resolution of the Baltimore Convention that nominated Messrs. Polk and Dallas.

"Resolved, That the proceeds of the public lands ought to be sacredly applied to the national objects specified in the constitution; and that we are opposed to the law lately adopted, and to any law for the distribution of such proceeds among the states, as also inexpedient in policy and repugnant to the constitution."

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.
April 13, 1832.—Mr. Clay, from the Committee on Manufactures, reported his bill for the distribution among the states of the proceeds of the Public Lands.

May 9, 1832.—Mr. King, of Alabama, moved to refer Mr. Clay's bill to the Commit-