Gov. Morehead.

Highland Messenger.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SKETCHES OF HABIT.

One day and a half in the life of a Tobacco Chewer.

Saturday, July 22, 1843.

Took my hat for a walk, wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin N.'s and borrow for her the Sorrows of Werter. Hate to have a wife read such namby pamby stuff—but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's Sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrow' for your humble servant.

Got to cousin N.'s door. Now cousin N. is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman.—Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in dread while on their premises lest I should offend their super superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the sole of my boot or such matter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs, while she rummaged the book case.—Forgot to take out my cavindish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room. Windows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove varnished.—Looked to the fireplace—full of flowers, and hearth newly daubed with spanish brown.—Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether as a last alternative it were better to drown the flowers, redaub the hearth or flood the carpet. Mouth in the meantime pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions. 'Did you ever read this book, ——?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of the well, while I wished book, aunt, and all were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. 'How do you like it?' continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair and mouth upward to prevent an overflow. 'Pretty well,' said I. She at last found the Sorrows of Werter and came toward me. 'O dear! cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't, you'll grease it, and take off the gilding.' I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. 'Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormentor unconscious of the reason of my appearance, 'you are sick, I know you are, your face is dreadfully swelled,' and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn was clapped to my distended nostrils.—As my mouth was closed imperturably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing place. Judge, then, what a commotion a full stuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories.

I bolted for the door, and a hearty ache-he-hee! relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., 'all at once disgorged' from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech.—Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience, I told her I had been trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco—while truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday Forenoon.

Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr. —— preach. Conducted by neighbor A. to his pew. Mouth as usual full of tobacco, and—horror of horrors! found the pew elegantly carpeted with white and green—two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand, but no spit-box. The service commenced—every peal on the organ was answered by an internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation from its contents, but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit-box—then of turning one of the crickets over—but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plentitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die.

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife—confound these women, how they dog one about! imagining me unwell, she might have known better, got up and followed me out. 'Are you unwell, Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us.—I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog with a flood of expressed essence of cavendish. 'I wish,' said she, 'Mr. A. had a spit-box in his pew.' 'So do I.' We footed it home in steady silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate, confound them; no I don't mean so, but she might have known what ailed me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco! O tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not told yet. After the conclusion of the services along came Farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick to-day, Mr. ——?' 'Rather unwell,' answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of tobacco. 'We had powerful preaching, Mr. —— sorry you had to go out.' My wife asked him in, and in he came; she might know he would, but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over, I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, he drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco and commenced untwisting it. 'Then you use tobacco,' said I. 'A leetle occasionally,' said he, as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. I mentally pitied those who use more. 'A neat fence, that of yourn,' as flood after flood bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. 'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, 'and yaller suits my notion. It don't show dirt.' And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinne. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in the particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He drew them across his mouth; I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and—shocking to relete—deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth.

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now, I was sick. I retired from the table, but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell importunely ringing, called him away before he could use his plate for a spit-box—for such, I was persuaded, would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundation, floods and fire harrassed me.—I thought I was burning and smoking like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape, the water had reached my chin—I tasted it, it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awakening, found I had been to sleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entered at the moment I threw away the filthy weed—'Huz, if I were you I would not use that stuff any more.'

'I won't,' said I. Neither fig nor twist, pigtail nor cavendish have passed my lips since, nor shall they again.

From the Southern Citizen.

Fanning's Mare.

The exploits of Fanning, the famous tory partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the innocent and the helpless in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring; lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword and rushed at his captain, swearing he would kill him. Fanning had stretched his slight form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fanning, in his quick tone. He laid still; calm and self possessed, with his keen dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous lunge at his breast.—But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quck as lightning Fanning's sharp blade passed through and through his gigantic frame—"*thus*, and *thus*, I punish those who disregard my authority!"—and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

But "Fanning's Mare" is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles had Xanthus and Balius, and Podargæ; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fanning was a man of blood, like them, and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fanning's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, and docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would. But Fanning lost his mare.

Down on the coast of Little River the Partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter—a whig from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fanning told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently *a man of the times*; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with half a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fanning told him he might pray, for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down, and seemed absorbed in his last petition to a throne of mercy. Fanning and his men stood by; and the trusty mare stood among them, with the reins upon her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered there was more of earth than heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fanning's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels in her flanks and she darted away like the wind!

The tory rifles were levelled in a moment. "Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fanning—"save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one, that told with unering aim, and tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled in the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him—death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods, and ravines, and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford—the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came—he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly in the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down the stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm cloud.

But Fanning was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself high on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare.

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foeman, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.

'76.

Randolph, N. C., Aug. 1838.

Immigration.—The number of emigrants who arrived in Canada from foreign countries during the year 1842, was 44,474, viz: steerage passengers from Ireland, 25,470; from England 11,892; from Scotland, 5874, lower ports, 524, cabin passengers, 614. The number at New York, during the same period, was 74,949. Total in Canada and New York, in one year, 119,323.

During fourteen years, ending with 1842 inclusive, there arrived in Canada:

From England	85,965	emigrants.
" Ireland,	228,335	"
" Scotland,	49,300	"
" Other countries,	4,761	"
Cabin passengers 1842,	614	"
Total,	366,675	

During the same period, at New York 566,932, and at other American ports enough to swell the aggregate number of emigrants to the United States and Canada in fourteen years, to at least a million; being at the average rate of over 70,000 per annum, of which to the United States, about 50,000 per annum.

A Hint to Girls.—We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress upon us the idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies by some curious kind of hocus-pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the King's French, may be a good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very shallow water. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishmets which make a good wife.

Advice to the Melancholy.

Well, sir, how have you been? Down in the mouth again! Aye, sir, you have been looking at something too long. Never should do that. In a world that is whirling a thousand miles an hour, everything should be taken at a glance. Get the wit of a thing, and have done with it.

I give you five minutes every day to look at the stars, but don't particularize; for some in those far off places send their light down long after they have been knocked out of existence, and you may be looking at a blank. Look out for such delusions, and act, remembering that the poetry of the hour, like the cream of your coffee, should be fresh every morning.

Oh, sir, in a world that never halts for a single moment in its everlasting round of changing amusement, your small agony is unpardonable. Why the clouds and darkness are part of the play. Certainly, part of the play. Rain and snow, and chilly winds, pain, trouble, and torment,—these are the variations for which you may thank God.

If there were not plainer faces and worse figures, your little wife would soon be a perfect fright to you—a perfect fright. Find your bubble and blow, but never stop to look at the colors. Let them burst; no matter for that while your wind lasts. Blow away, there's nothing like it. If you are tired like myself, and would like to look on, I can only say that the moralities of such speculations are hazardous; and if you have any wind left, it is better to die with a round cheek than a hollow one.

A man without a bubble is flatulent; and a woman without one—that's impossible.—Take my advice, sir, and let the world wag. If it chooses to run off the track, *let it*, and if any comet has a mind to take us *en route* to the sun, why blaze away!

There are thousands of better dots in creation than this old concern; and whether we go up, down, or sideways—rocket, earthquake, or thirty-two pounder, we shall land somewhere; can't get lost, no how.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Dirty Foot.—An old woman who was remarkable for her money-getting propensity, called upon a celebrated surgeon complaining of a trouble in her foot, but before having it examined, insisted upon paying only half a guinea. To this the doctor agreed, and proceeded to unwrap the ailling member. "Oh my kingdom!" exclaimed he of the lancet, "what a [illegible]" "[illegible]" the old crone, highly offended. "Well I'll bet you ten guineas there's a dirtier one in your own house?" The doctor counted out the money, and so did the patient, which being deposited in two piles on the table, he called upon his two daughters and wife to substantiate his claim to both piles. His patient, however, signified to the ladies that it was unnecessary for them to display their feet, and removing her other stocking, displayed a foot blacker than the darkness of Egypt, and in comparison with which, the pretended ailing one was white as snow. The doctor was trapt. He delivered over the money—prescribed soap and sand to be applied daily, and his customer made her exit.

Flattering Preachers.

That is a strange sort of a preacher that can be pained and pleased by a compliment.—Not very. It is human nature, to desire to be well thought of, and to be pleased when others approve. No man of sane mind wishes his brethren or the world to think evil of, or underrate him, for he knows that if he gets his whole due, even that will be very little.—Very few men are entirely indifferent to the opinion of others, and perhaps those who are are not to be envied. A man may *desire* to be thought well of by his fellows if he looks beyond the selfish gratification applause would afford him, to the greater amount of good he may be able to do, in consequence of having the esteem and confidence of those with whom he associates. But a minister, notwithstanding he is possessed of this laudable desire, may be disturbed and pained by flattery. He is acquainted with his own weakness, knows that many have fallen, and sees that he is exposed to the same danger. He may justly consider the compliments which sometimes are so profusely showered upon him, as unmeaning words, thoughtlessly used by those who uttered them, or as the offspring of design on the part of his enemies, or too great partiality on the part of his friends, and at the same time tremble, lest what he is determined to forget, if possible, may cause him to "think of himself more highly than he ought to think." Said a pious minister once to a friend who was congratulating him on one of his pulpit efforts, "you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much tinder my heart contains." Another being told that he had preached a good sermon, replied—"the devil told me that before you did.—*Meth. Prot.*

Marry a man for his good sense, amiable temper, his sound morals, his habits of industry and economy, and you will then have a good husband.

The path that leads to fortune too often passes through the narrow defile of meanness, which a man of an exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.

POLITICAL.

Well Put.

The following admirably written homily is from the National Intelligencer. No commentary of ours could add to its force and cogency. We commend it to all:

THE WHIGS AND THEIR MEASURES.

It is within the knowledge of every intelligent man that when the Whig President, Gen. Harrison, came into office, he found an empty Treasury, and the country burdened besides, by his predecessors in office, with debts, for the payment of which no care had been taken, and a revenue less than the current expenses of the government, which, also, the "Democratic" administration had left unprovided for.

An extra session of Congress, at the earliest practical moment, became inevitable, and a proclamation to that effect was issued by President Harrison, as soon as the state of the finances came to be with any certainty ascertained.

Soon after issuing this proclamation, President Harrison died; but his proclamation held good, and Congress having assembled, went to work to provide temporarily for the necessities of the government, by authorizing loans and the emission of Treasury notes, to an amount sufficient to keep the government agoing until a more permanent revenue could be devised.

At the regular session of Congress following, the Whigs went steadily to work to establish a revenue for the support of government. In this effort they encountered the hostility of all the elements of a bold and confident minority, and received no aid or countenance from the few friends the President had in Congress. The government was in the mean time becoming more and more involved, and its credit growing daily less, until it had hardly a dollar in the treasury, and its credit was so far reduced, that an agent sent abroad to make a loan, could find no trace of it, after a diligent search, but was laughed at by all Europe for his pains.

In the face of every difficulty, the Whigs laid themselves out upon the work, and surmounting all impediments, passed a tariff bill which the President put his veto upon for reasons more exceptionable than even the exercise of the veto in such a case.

Discouraged but not disheartened—bent upon discharging *their* duty in the face of every obstacle—the Whigs again put their shoulders in the wheels of the car of government, by this time set fast in a slough, and at the temporary sacrifice of a cherished feature of their plan of government, passed another tariff bill, which received the signature of the President, became the tariff act of 1842, and at once set the government machine again in motion.

This is the only part of the ground plan of Whig administration, which the Whigs, whilst they had a majority in both Houses of Congress, were able to carry into effect; and they carried it against the almost unanimous vote of the locofoco party, who began, from the very day of its passage, to threaten its repeal, and have attempted to repeal it at every opportunity they have since had.

The best commentary upon the policy of the Whigs, so far as it is embodied in this act, is a comparison between the condition of the government and country when that law passed, and their condition now.

Then the government was unable to borrow money upon any terms. Now, six per cent. stock of the United States is selling at fourteen per cent. advance on its par value, and the government could, without difficulty, borrow a hundred millions of dollars at less than 6 per cent. interest.

Then, without a dollar in the treasury, the government was dependent on fresh issues of treasury notes, (below par in the maket,) for meeting its engagements. Now, there is an amount of eight millions of dollars actually in the treasury, which will probably be increased by the first of January next, to a surplus of Twelve Millions of dollars, almost enough to extinguish the whole debt created by the last administration.

Then, in every vocation in life, and in every branch of industry and trade, were visible stagnation, despondency and dismay.—Now, in all the branches of industry, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, there is a comparative activity, enterprise and prosperity.

It is the policy which has brought about these blessing that the locofocos are bent upon destroying. It was against this policy that all the efforts of the leaders of that party were bent at the last session of Congress.—It is against this policy that they are waging the most deadly warfare in supporting the election of Mr. Polk, known to be opposed to it, against Henry Clay, its earliest, steadiest and most zealous advocate.

Choose ye, People of the United States, between these opposing candidates, and the antagonist principles which they represent.

Important Inquiry!! A portion of the citizens of Hanover, N. H., recently held a public meeting and appointed a committee to ascertain who Polk and Dallas might be!

From the National Intelligencer.

A Few Serious Thoughts.

We have reached a crisis in the condition of our country that demands the serious reflection of every one that properly appreciates the supremacy of law, of good order, and the stability of our institutions. It is not to be denied that for many years past there has been a great falling off in the moral tone of society, and particularly in that portion connected with the administration of the Government. We have seen whole communities convulsed by reckless associations of individuals, taking the law into their own hands, to the extreme of putting to death citizens of the country in the most summary and cruel manner, as lately in the case of the Mormon Joe Smith and his brother. We have seen a district of country rise up against the ministers of the law, and with brute force drive them from the performance of their duties; as in the case with the "Patroon Manor," in the state of New York. We have seen mobs, again and again, put all the authority of a city at defiance, and conflagrate churches and destroy property; and, more recently, we have seen a mob in its fury resisting the civil and military authorities with all the dread consequences of civil strife. We have seen the highest functionaries of incorporated institutions bring them to bankruptcy by fraud and robbery; we have seen states, unmindful of every high and solemn moral and just obligation, repudiate their debts, and beggar their creditors; we have seen numbers of the officers of the General Government violate their oaths of office, and by speculation, peculation, and fraud, become defaulters to the aggregate amount of millions of dollars.—Under the eye and sanction of the Executive we have seen a party press appealing to the worst passions of the masses to divide society into two great parties, the rich and the poor, as antagonist in all their objects, and urging the latter class to redress their grievances by the power of their numerical superiority. We have seen some in high places stepping above and beyond the Constitution in the exercise of power gained by usurpation; and we have heard the transgressor lauded by the multitude for his daring. These are but a part of the deep stain that rests upon the country, from the conduct of those who have set the laws at defiance, and have disregarded all the restraints of morals and duty.

It is very evident that these transgressions are but the offspring of adequate causes, about which diversity of opinion may exist. May they not be traced to the departure, in the administration of the Government, from those principles that distinguished its early history, and continued to exercise their influence until within the last fourteen or fifteen years, for a great part of which time the Government has been administered more in reference to the prospects of a few leaders, and to the supremacy of their party, than in obedience to the great interests of the country? During that period, the cardinal principles of the fathers of the Republic have been repudiated. In selections for office, it is no longer inquired "Is he honest? is he capable?" A new code of ethics has been introduced in the memorable maxim "*To the victors belong the spoils;*" and, in consonance with this piratical creed, the only question that has been asked is, "What has he done *for our party?*" The consequence has been that profligate and unqualified persons have been invested with office, who, when they have not robbed it when they should have protected it, have, from ignorance and indulgence, left undone what they should have done. This principle of rewarding the "rabble followers of the camp" has raised up an army of mercenaries that hover around the Government like vultures over a carcas; and, for what they can do, not less than for what they have done, legion in number, they get access to the ear of power, and poison it with false and pestilential suggestions. It is thus that they virtually administer the Government by their dictation, corrupt it by their profligacy, and weaken it by their ignorance.

We appeal to the candid, even among the true friends of the Administration referred to, to say whether these evils have not been seen and felt for some years past.

We had no such doings in the days of Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Adams. The prosperity and the honor of the country were the great objects to which *they* looked. They, too, were party men, but it was party tempered with justice, and party regulated by patriotism. There was a moral power in the virtue and grandeur of those men that was felt in every member of their Administrations and in the pulse of the whole country. There was to be seen, with such exceptions only as indicated the infant struggles of the new party which afterwards obtained the ascendancy, a respect for the laws, a fidelity in the discharge of every trust, and a reverence for all the social relations of life, that made us a peculiar people zealous of good works. These great virtues faded away as the new party grew in strength, and at length lost their ascendancy in the Government under the influences of modern democracy, with its ruinous experiments and its tyrannical intolerance.