

THOS. W. ATKIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER: Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance...

MISCELLANEOUS.

Obedient Instructions.

"Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father, his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present?"

"Too soon—too soon, Julia! Have we not waited two long years and you have been all the while preaching the same doctrine, 'too soon!' 'too soon, indeed!'"

"Well, now don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance and look pleasant, and we will immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire."

Robert Moultrie loved Julia Hollowell, and she loved him; two years and more had passed since they had agreed—come, come, come, woe—they would trudge through life together.

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, S. C. He was an upright and highly honorable man, but whose ipse dixit was law supreme whenever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance usually allowed to young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant his assuming the expense of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society which would justify him in presuming upon the head and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as he was for his correct deportment; but the curse of Gehaza was upon him—he was poor.

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hollowell since he was fourteen years of age; he had grown up in his family and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you. I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance, until I have grown melancholy myself. What's the matter, boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hollowell, one day when he and Robert were in the counting room alone, and if any individual has ever passed through a like fiery trial, he can have an idea of Robert's feelings when the man whose daughter he had loved, was contriving the best plan to get from him the secret cause of his downcast looks and addressing him in such kind and affectionate language.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentlemen as you appeared to be. Now that was a stumper, Robert. Why did you not? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Julia, do you think he suspects?"

"Well, Julia, to tell the truth about the matter, I felt this morning with the intention of telling him about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to

act for myself, without further advice; and when I came before him, I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could hardly talk to him about business, much less about love affairs."

The lovers met often, and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short, Mr. Hollowell was endeavoring to discover the cause of his clerk's unhappiness, more for the good of the young man than because he cared for the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts.

Robert stammered and stammered a great deal, and at last came out with it—"I am attached to a young lady of this city, sir, and have reason to believe that she is much attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Ah indeed! And does the obstacle amount to over a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—she—that is—the reason of my uneasiness, is, I am afraid her father will not consent!"

"Why who is he? refer him to me; I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—yes, sir."

"She says so, any how, don't she?"

"Why—I—yes—she—yes, sir, she has said so much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I believe, sir, he is tolerably well off."

"And he won't consent! By the powers of love he must be an old Turk—he won't he? here give me his name—I'll soon settle the matter. But stop, has he any thing against you? Does he know me?"

Here the gentleman gave a string of questions which Robert felt not disposed to answer, and which it is not worth our while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of the check for a thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in prospectus. He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hollowell's carriage, and George, his black waiter, was to drive.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given; and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, who in the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in prospectus. He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hollowell's carriage, and George, his black waiter, was to drive.

Early in the morning Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr. Hollowell; the young couple, anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception and act as moderators on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hollowell, whose first words were—

"You young rogue, you, little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well, Robert," he added, laughing heartily, "you caught me that time, and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say—here are deeds for property worth eleven thousand dollars, and henceforward you are my partner in business."

Sheridan.

BY DR. WARREN.

From the Memoirs of a Statesman.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing this remarkable man. He was then in the prime of his life, his fame, and of his powers. His countenance struck me, at a glance, as the most characteristic I had ever seen. Fame may do much, but I thought I could discover in his physiognomy every quality for which he was distinguished. The pleasantness of the man of the world, the keen observation of the great dramatist, and the vividness and daring of the first rate orator. His features were fine, but their combination was so powerfully intellectual that at the moment when he turned his face to you, you felt as if you were looking on a man of the highest order of faculties. None of the leading men of the day had a physiognomy so palpably mental. Burke's spectacles eyes told but little. Fox, with the grand outlines of the Greek sage, had no nobility of feature. Pitt was evidently no favorite of whatever goddess presides over beauty at our birth. But Sheridan's countenance was the actual mirror of one of the most glowing, versatile, and vivid minds in the world. His eyes alone would have given an expression to a face of clay—I never saw in human head orbs so intensely

black, and of such brilliant lustre. His features, too, were then admirable, easy without negligence, and respectful as a guest at a royal table, without a shadow of servility.—He, also, was wholly free from that affection of epigram which tempts a man who cannot help knowing that his good things are recorded. He laughed and listened, and rambled through the common topics of the day with all the appearance of one enjoying the moment, and glad to contribute to this enjoyment; and yet, in all this ease, I could see remoter thoughts, from time to time, passed through his mind. In the midst of our gaiety, the contraction of his deep and noble brows showed that he was wandering far from the slight topics of the table; and I could imagine what he might be when struggling against the gigantic power of Pitt, or thundering against Indian tyranny in Westminster Hall. I saw him long afterwards, when the flashes of his genius were like guns of distress, and his character, talents, and frame were alike sinking. But, ruined as he was, and humiliated by folly as much as by misfortune, I have never been able to regard Sheridan but as a fallen star, a star, too, of the first magnitude, without a superior in the whole galaxy from which he fell, and with an original brilliancy perhaps more lustrous than them all.

From the National Intelligencer.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

To answer inquiries which have been made of us by letter from a friend, and to save the trouble of inquiry to others, concerning the origin and precise import of this term, so often used in public discussions to designate the line of division between the states in which slaves are still held and those in which they are not, we insert the following, which we suppose to give a correct account of the matter:

"MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, the gentlemen appointed to run unfinished lines in 1761, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1639, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement, in 1639, between themselves. A decree had been made in 1618 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty, (afterwards to William Penn,) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Eastern Sea on one side, and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 4th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted, and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and of Lord Baltimore, in 1714, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William,) and Cecilius Lord Baltimore, grandson of Charles, and great-grandson of Cecilius, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1722. To this agreement a chart was appended which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the Peninsula.—Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and he endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kindly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed, which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1739. But the cause in chancery being decided in 1759, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open until 1761, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon."

A Pretty Rascal.

The Edenton N. C., Sentinel cautions the public against one J. C. Martin, who has been figuring in that quarter since he broke jail at Norfolk, where he was confined for kidnapping and selling a free negro. The last that was heard of this worthy was an account which he gives of himself, and from which it appears that he was in Philadelphia. He has succeeded in imposing himself upon some credulous woman, with a couple of thousand dollars at her command, which he was endeavoring to secure to himself, preparatory to leaving her. He says: "I am now living high, and paying a very fine board in the prettiest city in the United States, which is old Philadelphia, and enjoying myself well. I shall not stop here no longer than I can get this woman off my hands, and then start to look for another. After I do get clear of her, I am going to buy me a first rate horse, and start a good distance out in the country to look for another; and by that time I will give up my bad habits of courting, without I get broke; and if I do, that is all the source I have to make another raise; for I know, dress me well, with a little money to make a show and act large, I can make a raise anywhere in the country where there are women or money." Lamentable proof of the credulity of women!—Raleigh Register.

POLITICAL.

From the Whig Standard. The Candidates.

In these trying times, when our republican institutions are menaced from within, while the aspect of our foreign relations is far from presenting a stable and peaceful appearance, the greatest consequence will attach the stigma of the man selected to rule over us. If we place in the Presidential chair a statesman of long-trying patriotism, talents, and firmness, all will be well. But if, in mere mockery, we elect a demagogue of no high qualities—without dignity, without the respect of even his party—the worst may be apprehended.

The Whigs present to the people the name of Henry Clay—a name which, for a quarter of a century, has been one of the most illustrious in the land—a name which has been made illustrious by the genius and patriotism of one man, reared in the humblest walks of life, and without the factitious aids of fortune or collegiate education. Mr. Clay is literally the people's man. He is of the people—sweated and toiled with the poorest of the people, at the plough handle—and from this humble but honorable sphere he has raised himself, by dint of talent, industry, and economy, to fill the high places of the land.

Opposed to him is Mr. James K. Polk, a gentleman, who, with every advantage of fortune, family influence, and education, has been unable to acquire any reputation of his own, but is presented to the people by the nullifiers and Texas party, solely on the ground that he is the friend of Gen. Jackson. Gen. Jackson, like Mr. Clay, made himself, but when he is called upon to make a statesman and a ruler of such materials as James K. Polk, we apprehend his powers of skill will be overtaxed. Mr. Polk never had a sentiment in his life, which was indigenous to his mind. He is the veriest copyist, and implicitly receives the opinions of those whom he has been taught to revere. He has been detected in the grossest plagiarisms from the writings of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison—a species of meanness, betraying at once a beggarly mind, and an absence of honorable feelings.

Such are the candidates. Will freemen hesitate in selecting between them?

From the Romney (Va.) Whig. The Plot Developed.

See the letter from Charleston to the editors, from a source of credit and confidence. We believe it announces with fidelity, the programme of the conspiracy on foot against the Union of these States.

The public have been amused with a show of division between Mr. Calhoun and Rhett—between the more and the less "impulsive spirits." To a certain extent there is a division, but that division is only as to a question of TIME. Placed high in office, cooled by age, satisfied at length of the odium in which he is held by the American people; Mr. Calhoun is disposed to call a halt in his long cherished scheme of Disunion; Rhett and the more "impulsive spirits" are disposed to risk and dare every thing now! Let Mr. Clay be elected, and Mr. Calhoun will go with Rhett; let Mr. Polk be elected, and Mr. Calhoun have a chance under him, of PLACE AND POSITION, and Mr. Calhoun is willing to wait! It is but a question among them of time, circumstance, and interest! ALL are willing to dissolve the Union—we mean the Texas party of South Carolina, unless Texas be annexed. Mr. Clay's election will be considered decisive of that question in the negative, and then we may expect the volcano to commence its eruption.

We desire the people of Virginia to keep their eyes upon this threatening danger.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 25th, 1844.

To the Editors of the Whig: GENTLEMEN—Having been put in possession of some intelligence of importance to the people of Virginia and the whole Union, I send it to you to do with it as you please.

In conversation with one of the knowing ones of the party, and a candidate for the Legislature, he remarked, "that Mr. Calhoun and his friends were determined to keep silent about state interference just now; that after the election of President, say in the course of two years, the Virginia politicians, who are now entirely released from all obligations to Martin Van Buren and the Albany Junto, would call a Convention of the southern states to take into consideration the oppressions (which means nullification and secession, as I take it) of the General Government; and Mr. Calhoun would keep perfectly quiet until the elections and present Congress has adjourned, when he and the party in Virginia would go to work to organize the south." It is understood, Virginia is to take the lead in this matter, to give it force and importance. This may account for the levity manifested by Ritchie to the Rhett movement in this state, and the countenance given by the party in Virginia to the Convention recommended to meet in Richmond. From what I gathered from him I think it is a deep laid scheme secretly to dissolve these states. I believe that arch traitor Tyler along with Calhoun, are preparing something, heaven knows what, to array the south against the north, and Virginia is to breed or hatch this infamous sedi-

tion. He did not tell me there was to be anything odious or revolutionary in this contemplated movement, but in connection with the subject we were talking over, what other conclusion could I draw. He was not willing this state should act now, because Calhoun, as it was well understood, was writing for Virginia, who being released from Van Buren and the Albany Junto, would, after the elections, take the lead in calling a Convention of the southern states to meet in Virginia, to take into consideration southern grievances. The gentleman who told me this did so in presence of another, and will not deny it. Let the people of Virginia be on their guard, and let the whole Union. That a secret movement is on foot to dissolve this Union, is put beyond a doubt. The delay is simply to get Polk and Texas saddled on us, and if that fails, an effort will be made to organize the south and Texas. The south will first demand of the Union, grants, as South Carolina did, which she knows will not be given, and then as a color for the justification, inflame the minds of the south, like the Jacobins of France and the Nullifiers of South Carolina did, and then unite with Texas, and fly to arms to resist the authority of the laws of Congress, and dissolve these states. There are Achans in the camp of our Union. The names of all the parties can be given if desired.

UNION.

The Hon. LANGDON CHEVRS has been warmly recommended by Mr. BARNWELL RHETT and the Charleston Mercury as the candidate of the party for the United States Senate, to take the place of the Hon. D. E. HOPER, who is expected to resign. The Charleston Mercury promptly seconds the recommendation. There has been a time when neither Mr. RHETT nor the Mercury would no more have supported Judge CHEVRS for a seat in the Senate than they would have voted for Pontius Pilate; but that was the time when Mr. CHEVRS took bold grounds against their nullification projects, and when it was the fashion of the chivalry to talk about Andrew Jackson as the "toothless tiger," and boast of its ability to thrash the rest of the United States with as little difficulty as a Santee overseer would thrash a peck of peas of a young negro. There is no sincerity in this new-born affection for LANGDON CHEVRS; but as that gentleman chances to be a violent anti-tariff man, (as he always was,) and has recently used tolerable strong expressions in opposition to it, his name is seized upon with wonderful avidity by the Nullifiers as likely to give some countenance to their present nefarious intentions. They will make little out of the Judge, however, if they should actually adopt him; for he has no idea of joining them in their disunion projects, but, on the contrary, rebukes them in distinct terms, and with part of the indignation which they ought to excite in every American bosom. We venture to say that LANGDON CHEVRS will never be sent by the Nullifiers into the United States Senate.—N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

It has been the subject of much curiosity, "here and elsewhere," for a week past, to know who was the highly favored person selected to fill the vacancy in the enviable office of Consul of the United States for the port of Liverpool, for which there were innumerable applicants.

It yesterday came to our knowledge that the person upon whom this appointment has been conferred is JOSEPH W. WHITE, of Connecticut, whose name is little known to fame, except as having been accidentally called to preside at the "Tyler National Convention" held at Baltimore in May last.—National Intelligencer.

From the Whig Standard.

Col. Polk's Demagoguism.

In 1840, James K. Polk travelled over the state of Tennessee, making speeches against and ridiculing General Harrison, whom he called "General Mum," the "Mum Candidate," &c.; because, he said, and in the most sneering manner, too, with his face covered all over with those farcical grins which are so peculiar to him—General Harrison had refused to answer the inquiries which respectable gentlemen and committees had addressed to him; he had no opinions for the public eye!

Now how changed! James K. Polk is a candidate himself for the Presidency—and he is fifty times as mum as dum as was the noble old General whom he so abused, belied and slandered, in 1840! He answers no inquiries addressed to him by respectable gentlemen or committees. He has no present opinions for the public eye! What a deceptive, tricky demagogue!

But this is not all. We learn, from the Nashville Whig papers, that although Mr. Polk has no opinions for the public eye which he will furnish under his own name, yet he can furnish data in abundance for the most outrageous misrepresentations of and attacks upon the Whig party in general, and Governor Jones in particular, through the columns of his confidential organ, the Nashville Union. That paper is edited by Samuel Laughlin, a man who lost all the character he ever had long ago, and who for years past has been lying out of every pore of his hide. He

has recently, by the aid of the subject of the eulogy, given to the world a most interesting and truthful Biography of the Louisiana candidate for the Presidency, which has been most beautifully and elegantly ridden by the able editor of the Nashville Whig. We know not when we have seen a piece of work so thoroughly and genuinely executed. We doubt not that Colonel Polk most devoutly wishes that the Biography had never been commenced. We observe in Saturday's Globe an article, eulogistic of Col. Polk, from this same Nashville Union, which contains two or three statements which we will notice.

1. It claims great merit for Col. Polk, because he wrote to Mr. Grundy, a member of the Baltimore Convention in 1840, not to press his name for the Vice Presidency, if it should be found to be in the way of harmonious action. Most gentlemen, whose names are before a Convention, do this without claiming merit therefor. But what were the facts in regard to Col. Polk. His papers in Tennessee had all boasted his name at the mast head as their candidate for the Vice Presidency. Two or three papers in other states had done the same. And this was all. There was not the slightest chance of his getting the nomination. He saw this, as every body else did, and hence his very disinterested letter to Mr. Grundy!

2. It claims credit for Col. Polk, because, in the exciting contest of 1840, he declared himself a candidate for re-election as Governor. Now when did he do this, and how came he to do it? He did it the 4th of July, at Knoxville, after he had been three months in the field making electioneering speeches, whilst the people were calling upon him in all directions to come out and say candidly whether he was running for re-election as Governor, or for Vice President, or for both stations! In many instances scores of freemen who had voted for him the year previous, signed their names to loud calls upon him to define his position and acknowledge what place he was running for! His name was still flying in all his papers as a candidate for Vice President. At last the times became too hot for him, and he was forced, literally compelled to speak out, as he did at Knoxville, and take his position. He received one vote for Vice President!

3. It claims credit for Col. Polk, for having, after being beaten by Gov. Jones in 1841, when the Whigs had the majority in the Legislature, declined being considered a candidate for the United States Senate—to be beaten, of course! He told his friends that he had fallen, and would go to his home—he would go back to the people, and if he rose again, would rise from the people. All very fine, seeing he was down first, and very much in the style of the demagogue. But did he go home to the people, and be quiet? Far from it. He saw that he had no chance for the United States Senate from the Legislature then in power; but if the election of others could, by any base revolutionary movement, be defeated, another effort might secure a Legislature of a more favorable complexion, and then he could be a Senator in Congress! With this view he set on his tools in the state Senate of 1841 to defeat or prevent, at all hazards, the election of United States Senators. In this, James K. Polk accomplished his object. By a vile, abominable, revolutionary refusal on the part of thirteen Senators, to meet the House in Convention, agreeably to the constitution, laws, and precedence, which had been implicitly followed ever since Tennessee had been a state, no Senators could be chosen by that Legislature—and the state had to remain unrepresented in the United States Senate two years longer in consequence! In 1843, however, the arch demagogue was again defeated for Governor, by an indignant and an insulted people, and a Legislature, Whig in both branches, was secured, which elected Senators to Congress—neither of whom, thanks to the honesty and energy of the freemen of Tennessee, happened to be James K. Polk.

George Washington on Protection. Extract from an answer to the address of the Delaware Society for promoting Domestic Manufactures, on his accession to the Presidency of the United States, April, 1789:

"The promotion of Domestic Manufactures will, in my conception, be among the first consequences which may naturally be expected to flow from an energetic Government. For myself, having an equal regard for the prosperity of the farming, trading and manufacturing interests, I will only observe, that I cannot conceive how the extensions of the latter (so far as it may afford employment to a great number of hands which would be otherwise in a manner idle) can be detrimental to the former."

This is an entire coincidence with various other opinions expressed and acted on in the earliest days of the Union, by those patriots who first fought the battles, and then framed a Constitution to govern their country. The instances quoted in Mr. Webster's Albany Speech have called this to mind. Whose views best coincide with those of the early patriots, those of the Whig Party, or of Col. Polk, and his fellow patent Democrats?

Flour is selling in some parts of the Oregon Territory, at \$40 per barrel.