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

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "Sketches of the Santa Fe Expedition." A Stampede.

As there was no wood near our camping-ground, some half a dozen men pushed on to a small piece of timber in search of it.

"Stampede!" shouted some of the old hunters, jumping from the ground and rushing towards their frightened animals.

It is singular, the effect that sudden fright has, not only upon horses, but oxen, on the prairies. The latter will, perhaps, run longer and farther than the former, and although not as difficult to "head," because they cannot run so fast, their onward course it is impossible to stay.

Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scene when a large cavallada, or drove of horses, takes a "scare." Old, weather-beaten, time-worn, and broken-down steeds—horses that have nearly given out from hard work and old age—will at once be transformed into wild and prancing colts.

Were the earth rending and cleaving beneath their feet; horses, when under the terrifying influence of a stampede, could not bound away with greater velocity or more majestic beauty of movement.

On one occasion, when a closely-hobbled horse was rushing madly along the prairie under the influence of fright, his owner coolly remarked, "I wish I could make that critter go as fast on my own account without hobbles, as he can on his own with them—I'd gamble on him, sure." And so it is. No simile can give the reader a fair conception of the grandeur of the spectacle, and the most graphic arrangement of words must fall far short in describing the startling and imposing effect of a regular stampede.

Falconer's horse—a total wreck.—While upon this subject, I should not, perhaps, neglect to notice one of the little private stampedes my friend Falconer's horse was in the habit of occasionally getting, principally on his own individual account and to gratify his own peculiar tastes and desires, entirely regardless, all the while, of his master's convenience as well as of the public safety.

He was a short, thick-set, scrawby, wiry nag, tough as a pine-knot and self-willed as a pig. He was moreover exceedingly lazy, as well as prone to have his own way, and take his own gait—preferring a walk or gentle trot to a canter; and so deep-rooted were his prejudices in favor of the former methods of getting over the ground, that neither whip nor spur could drive him from them.

He had one bad quality, however, which was continually putting his master to serious inconvenience, and on more than one occasion came near resulting seriously to all. One day we stopped to "noon" close by a spring of water, and had simply taken the bridles from our horses to give them a chance to graze, when he improved the occasion to show off one of his eccentricities.

He would run about ten jumps and then stop and kick up about as many times; then he would shake himself violently, and then start off again on a gallop. Every now and then a culinary or scientific instrument would be detached from its fastenings, when the infuriated pony would manage to give it a kick before it struck the ground and send it aloft again.

The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme, defying description. The rattling of the tin, earthen, and other ware, as the pony snorted, kicked, and pranced about, made a noise resembling that produced at a charivari. His antics were of the most unseemly nature, too—and the cool philosophy of Mr. Falconer, as he quietly followed in the wake of the vicious animal, picking up the fragments scattered along, completed a picture which would have made the fortune of a Cruikshank had he been on the spot to take it down.

From the New York Mirror, 9th ult. Spirited Elopement.

A very handsome bride and bridegroom left New York yesterday, who were pointed out to us as the hero and heroine of the following story: Ten days ago a small town in Massachusetts was quite alive with the preparations for a coming marriage—the "well-off" belle of the neighborhood to a wealthy gentleman from a distance, much her senior.

A father in Indiana flung his daughter to death! The coroner's jury rendered this Death occasioned by night-lacing!

From the New Orleans Free Press, 17th Nov. Later From Mexico.

We yesterday received advices from the city of Mexico as late as the 2nd inst. The most important intelligence we have yet read is the refusal of the Chamber of Deputies to vote the loan required by the Mexican Executive for carrying on the campaign against Texas.

The best informed in Mexican affairs think a revolution inevitable—many that the train is already laid, and that the explosion will be heard immediately.

The Minister of Finance, Trigueros, has resigned his position. Grievous charges had been made against him, and he had previously expressed his desire to retire from the administration, but the wishes of his associates in power induced him to remain.

MEXICAN STEAMERS.—These steamships which came in here for repairs some months since, still remain snugly moored off the Navy Yard, and on Friday night a sloop of war of the same nation arrived and anchored near by the steamers.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser copies the above, and remarks: The detention of the Mexican steamers have been solely on the part of their commanders and the Mexican consul, until they received a sum of money to defray the expenses of the extensive repairs, both of the Guadalupe and Montezuma.

'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a cloudy canopy overhung the earth; the vivid lightnings flashed, and shook their fiery tresses in the face of heaven; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail stones fell like a shower of pearls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; torrents leaped from the mountain tops, in short, it was a night awful beyond imagination, and Adolphus Leopold sprang from his couch with vengeance stamped upon his brow, murder in his heart, and the fell instrument of death in his hands.

It is asserted that death caused by Prussic acid is only apparent. Life, say the German papers, can be immediately restored by pouring acetate of potash and common salt dissolved in water upon the spine and head.

From the Lynchburg Virginian. Dallas and Dorr!

As soon as it was ascertained that Mr. Dallas had been elected to the Vice Presidency, his friends in Philadelphia proceeded to his residence to congratulate him on the event.

Rejoice, then, LABORERS OF AMERICA! for by the voices of a great portion of your number it has been decided that Protection to American industry is not among the duties of your Government, and that the workman who cannot support his family on such prices as he could realize when exposed to unrestricted competition with the cheapest labor of Europe, ought to go to the Poor House!

LOAFERS around the grog shops of our manufacturing villages! subsisting on the earnings of your wives and children in the factories, give an extra glass and an extra yell for Polk and Dallas, and down with Cooney Clay!

From the Alexandria Gazette. Henry Clay.

"Let others hail the rising sun, We bow to him whose course has run." In all human probability the public career of Henry Clay has closed, and he is now in that retirement which he will dignify and adorn, and which, in all likelihood, he will now never forsake.

He is the same Patriot, Statesman, Orator, and Republican, that he ever was—the same GREAT MAN. Office could not have added to his true fame, however much his elevation to the office of President, might have contributed to the prosperity and honor of the nation.

Honor to his great actions and to his great name! Forever may they live in the hearts and recollections of the American people!

John C. Calhoun, it is well understood, is to continue in the Cabinet under Jas. K. Polk, and is to be the master-spirit of the new Administration. The whole-souled champions of Texas and Free Trade are determined to have it well understood that this victory is theirs, that they are to reap the fruits of it.

There will be, doubtless, great rejoicing in Europe when the news of Mr. Polk's election reaches that country. He was regarded by Europeans as the anti-American candidate, being opposed to the encouragement of American industry, and in favor of Foreign Manufactures, and they will never right to rejoice at a result which promises, in the event of the repeal of the Tariff, to be of immense advantage to them.

to them. After four years of misery and suffering, we shall be able to elect an American President.—Kentucky Post.

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As soon as it was ascertained that Mr. Dallas had been elected to the Vice Presidency, his friends in Philadelphia proceeded to his residence to congratulate him on the event. Mr. Dallas made a speech on the occasion, in the course of which, (according to the Public Ledger,) "he spoke particularly of the confinement of Thomas W. Dorr in the Rhode Island prison, and the sympathy felt for him by the American people; and he prophesied that the time was not far distant when he would be liberated, AND RAISED TO THE HIGHEST HONORS." &c. &c. Here we have the Vice President elect, making a grand nomination of a felon in the Penitentiary—a traitor in act, and a murderer in intent—for the "highest honors" of the country—nothing short of the Presidency of course.

The Veil Thrown Off. A distinguished Locofoco of a neighboring county, who was run as a candidate for Representative by his party at the recent election, has been compelled to give up the idea of coming satisfied of the election of Mr. Polk, that he would not give as much for pork this fall by fifty cents on the hundred as he would have given had Mr. Clay been elected.

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From the New York Tribune. Rather Rav. On Friday evening, after the Locofoco procession, a young Irishman, two weeks from the "Old Country," came into the Virginia in company with his brother, an M. D., who is by the bye, a ranting Loco, and after calling for something to clear their throats, (being considerably hoarse from following for Jimmy Polk,) was accosted by the bar-keeper, and the following conversation took place:

B.—Good evening, sir! J.—Good evening! B.—I see by your badge you have been in the procession. J.—Yes, sir. B.—How long have you been in this country? J.—Two weeks yesterday.

B.—So soon in this country and taking part already in politics?

J.—My brother wished me to walk to-night—to say that we may beat the Whig procession in numbers.

B.—To which party do you belong, sir? J.—To the—(hesitating) to the what? what you call them—the—the Dug-walkers, (turning to his brother, the M. D.) what's that you call them, sir?

M. D.—You mean Democrats. J.—Yes, sir, them's them.

Incidents of the Election.

As Whigs, we have cause to rejoice with great joy at the result of the election in our good old Town. Such a triumph of Truth, of Order, and of Law, over all the opposite elements so appropriately denominated Locofocism, may well excite a thrill of proud satisfaction; and the result accomplished with repeated cheers by the crowd of Whigs who so anxiously waited the announcement. It shows what Whigs can do, when effectually organized and so deeply interested as to work in the good cause.

Several incidents of the day furnished new evidences of the contempt of the self-styled Democracy for the poor men who get their living by honest labor. A year or two ago, some of the leaders of that party published an advertisement in the organ in this town, in which those who thus labor in the Factories, were insolently called "Factory Vagabonds." More recently, in the late County canvass, it was publicly declared from the stump, by one of the candidates, that he would rather see a child of his go to the grave, than to work in a Factory, or words to that effect: Major Davezac, the celebrated Locofoco orator, who has been delivering speeches in Virginia, asserted of those who work in the Lowell Factories, that they were "ignorant, half starved, and half blind." These repeated insults produced their natural effect upon the minds of those connected with the Factories; and, united with a proper desire to maintain the Tariff system, with which their own interests are so fully identified, induced many of them to vote for Clay at this election.

In passing along the street in the afternoon, we had to interfere to prevent the infliction of a drubbing on a Locofoco, who told one of these Factory SLAVES that he was compelled to vote for Clay. On inquiry we ascertained that the fellow who had made the charge was a loafer, who, too lazy to work himself, had regularly received charity from the Superintendent of one of the factories, to prevent his starving. Let these things be remembered, and as long as they are remembered, they will prevent every man who has the spirit of a man, from voting with those who thus dare to insult and abuse them.

We are authorized to say, that an attempt was made, sometime before the election, to get some of the factory hands to give a certificate that they were threatened with dismissal if they did not vote for Clay. These hands were more honest than their tempter, and refused to certify to the falsehood. And we are further authorized to say, by the proprietors or managers of five out of six of the factories in this town and vicinity, that no such threat has been made. The sixth factory belongs to Locofocos, and we have heard of no complaint because all the hands voted the Locofoco ticket, as it is said they did. We only wonder that they do not understand their own and their country's interests.—Fayetteville Observer.

The Philadelphians, says the New York Tribune, contemplate a grand and fitting testimonial to our great Statesman. They propose to raise by subscriptions—none to exceed five dollars—the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to be paid to Powers, the Sculptor, for a statue of Mr. Clay, to be placed in a suitable building in one of the public squares in the city. Probably since the death of the Father of his country, there has never at any time been sorrow so pervading and so profound as that which follows the discovery that Mr. Clay is defeated. The intelligent and right-minded regard him with an affection which no other public man ever inspired, and which is only surpassed by that devotion to country which induced the desire of his election to the Presidency. Henry Clay is defeated—worse than that, the people are defeated—and the last suffer. For him the Presidency had few if any attractions, except such as it was invested with by patriotism. It could add nothing to his greatness or to his reputation. Who would not rather be Henry Clay than be President? If there be any such, we pity him.