

# HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

BY THOS. W. ATKIN.

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## The Boat of Life.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide ocean  
Through which, in frail and buoyant boat,  
With skiff and rudd, and now and then,  
Together thou and I must float.  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
But time flies swift with his flying ear,  
And, as we speed—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—  
Sit closer till the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour,  
And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall  
Down which life's current all must go—  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below.  
Nor can that hour shall want its charms,  
If side by side still fond we keep,  
And early in each other's arms  
Together linked, go down to sleep.

From the New Jersey State Gazette.  
Trenton Rough and Ready Club—No. 1.

Tune—"Dandy Jim."  
Our country calls, once more to arms,  
To save our workshops and our farms;  
"Old Rough and Ready" makes the call,  
The invitation to you all.  
Let Palo Alto be the cry  
And on the breeze Raasas fly,  
"Till Buena Vista's deeds repay  
The conquerer of Monterey.

The Empire State with noble pride  
Has placed her Fillmore side by side  
To run the people's race with Zack,  
So Cass and Butler clear the track,  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

A sounder welcome than the rest  
Lights up the prairies of the West;  
'Tis Ashland's thunder burst away,  
The well known voice of Henry Clay,  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Now "in the dark and troubled night,"  
A star is seen on Bunker's height:  
To guide the old Whig army home  
The tribes of Dan retired come.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our gallant Scott brings up the rear  
His burning eyes the Locos fear,  
Their old resolve can never cease  
The deadly aim of Taylor's grape.

Our harbor boys will wheel about,  
And help to clear the Cass-ado out,  
"Chicago's letter" they will read,  
And snag him in the hour of need.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The people say Cass has been dull  
Since he surrendered under Hull,  
And with that sword he broke in two  
A Mexican bravo Pillow slow.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

When starving Ireland cried for food,  
Cass like his native granite stood;  
He dreamed the day was far remote  
Ere he would want the Irish vote.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Cass rides a Fogy by Donkeys led,  
Palo has a Pillow for his head;  
And should his Buckeye Bashaw fail,  
He has a Cushing for his tail.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The sovereign people will it so:  
Old Zack must to the White House go;  
For that high station he was made,  
He never wore the black cockade.  
Let Palo Alto, &c.

From the United Irishman, May 27.

## The Time.

These are solemn days. We are walking the brink of an abyss; fathomless yawn the chasm before us; if our hearts sink, if a nerve trembles, we fall and perish; if, on the contrary, our souls be brave and our steps rapid, we will come forth from the danger, triumphant. In these days, cowardice is folly, and courage is wisdom. The man who shrinks from his post, and pins himself to his lady's apron string; must meet the dog's death which he deserves; but wherever a dauntless heart be beating, be sure God's good angels are watching there. For two brave men who fall on a battle field, fifty cowards are slain. Vigor is a very Ajax-shield, and he who possesses a bold spirit has a never failing talisman. What is the grandest biography that men can aspire to? He lived a brave man's life. What is the sublimest epithet which can grace his tomb? He died a brave man's death. The coward breaths his last on a bed of down, with low whispering voices in his ear, the patriot falls across a barricade, and is dragged through mud and street-filth—but the memory of the one dies with his body, while the other, in entering a tomb, ascends a throne, and rises us from his sepulchre.  
The time. It is a steel-toned era. Not the age for silvery tones and measured sentences. Not the age for rhetoric, skill

and tricks of fancy. The strong thing is now the only true thing.

The time. It is a glorious age. Old Earth aways to and fro, rocked hither and thither by the storm breath of democracy.

The great Lazarus—the people—has come forth from its tomb. The sleeping warriors are awakened. The clash of their swords is the death knell of tyranny. And when all the nations are advancing in a "rhythmic march," shall we not keep the step? Dress up your ranks, fall in and follow.

The time. It is no poetic, rainbow-hued, golden age. No gentle sweet-voiced sovereign rules the world. Our only king is the sword. At the flash of the patriot's steel the torch of freedom can alone be lit.

This is not the time for beggars' petitions. No more prayers; no more whining; no more dying in the ditch-side, no more patient and persevering cannibalism; no more soup-kitchen paterity; no more of the grim farce, in which two millions of men, with red blood in them, and something resembling a soul, by the grasp of the devil and the advice of their pastors, bid farewell to the sun, and committed suicide; no more of that gentle "law" which, like death, levels all distinctions, and places a high-souled patriot in the same filthy cell with a common bugler and a swindling Jew; no more of the licensed scoundrelism of pompous magistrates—which the other day consigned one of our best friends to felon's prison, for walking through the streets of Dublin with his friends; no more of that accursed mockery, called "government," which has trampled into sterility every good seed of truth, and honor and courage, which the just God had planted in this land, and left it without fruit and verdure. Away, away with all this "specious fry of fraud"—with English rule and English robbery. Down to their native hell with aristocratic plunderers and vice-regal greenroppers. Their hour is come.—With the keen steel, which all redden in the blood of the first foreign butcher, we will write Finia in the book of British crime, and trace the title-page of Ireland's new history.

The people of this land have been dreaming an uneasy dream. The nightmare vanishes at last, and the bloom-stream circulates in the country once more. They can stir their arms and use their strength again. A voice was heard; crying in this wilderness, and it has aroused them to sense and volition. A glorious *fat lux* was rebuffed from one end of the isle to the other, and the clouds rolled off from our horizon, and the blue sky looked forth on us, and blessed us. A revelation came unto the people, and they felt that they had only to say, "we shall do such a thing," and it was done—they felt, at last, the everlasting truth flashing in on their benighted souls, that a people's will, and Omnipotence—as far as regards earth—are synonymous.

Let them come forth then, in the sun light, and take the rights which have been withheld from them so long—yes! take them, for they have only to stretch forth their hands, and they will soon grasp the treasure which they desire. Paris willed that it should be free, and Louis Philippe packed up his things, put his umbrella under his arm, and, renewing his youth—eagle-like—went forth a travelling. Sicily willed that the Union act—which sucked out its life-blood—should be repealed, and the first sword which glistered in the patriot's hand, cut the parchment link that bound it to a foreign country—Milan—but why multiply instances? Is it not plain as that God liveth, that we have but to ask and we shall receive, if we ask in the commanding tones of freemen, not in the whining accent of slaves?

Come forward, then, ye suffering poor, and prove to your oppressors that you are men, and not dogs. From the fields where you toil in the heat of summer and the frost of winter, coaxing out of the heart of earth those hidden riches which minister to your tyrants' luxury—from the filthy lanes where you cower in rags, and wet, and misery, hiding your shame from the eyes of your fellow men, and gnawing (you have done it) through the flesh of your own children, to fan the flickering flame of life within you—from the underground cellars, where some of you, endowed, mayhap, with high aspirations and sunny genius, grovel, worm-like, in cold and darkness, cursing the rule which has crushed you down to dust, and extinguished the heavenly light within you—from the haunts of crime, where, with breaking hearts, you sell the beauty which was intended to adorn the homes of virtue, that

the Hungot fend which is preying on your entrails may be satisfied—come forth, come forth, ye poor. You wear the garb of humanity; you have the appearance of men. Let the garb have something within it—let the appearance clothe a reality. You were made in God's likeness. Promisers and aristocrats may deny it, but the Man-God who died for you has said so. Blood circulates in your veins, too. You have rights to demand, and wrongs to avenge. You have as rich a fluid within your hearts as the tyrants who tramp on you. You are like them in physical formation. If they prick you, do you not bleed? If they poison you, do you not die? You are stronger than they are.—They are few and you are many. Up, then, grapple with them, and try a fall or two. It is only when you have your hands round their waists that you can truly estimate their strength or weakness.

## From the Louisville Journal. Brazen Impudence.

Every body knows, that, if Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster, or Gen. Scott had been nominated for the Presidency by the Whig Convention, the Washington Union would have professed to be shocked beyond measure at the Convention's bad treatment of Gen. Taylor; but now that Gen. Taylor is nominated the Union affects to be awfully indignant at the bad treatment of Clay, Webster, and Scott. Of Scott the official editor speaks thus:

"And Scott—the brave and gallant Scott—who fought from Vera Cruz to Mexico—who entered in triumph the city of the Montezumas, and through whose direct agency the olive branch is now entwined with the late hostile banners of the United States and Mexico—he, too, has been pushed from his stool, to make room for a younger, not a better soldier."

The editor of the Union, the official organ of the Administration, says this, and says it without a blush. He says that the gallant Scott who fought his way to the city of the Montezumas, and by whose direct agency the blessings of peace are secured to our country, "has been pushed from his stool to make room for a younger, not a better soldier;" he has been pushed from his proud position at the head of the victorious armies of his country to make room for Gen. Wm. O. Butler; ay, the brave and war-worn old veteran, after winning his glorious way to the centre of the enemy's country through the fire and blood of Vera Cruz, of Cerro Gordo, of Contreras, of Churubusco and of Chapultepec, and raising the stars and stripes of the Republic upon the loftiest spires of the capital; found himself suddenly degraded from his command, called on to surrender up his authority to a comparatively inexperienced volunteer, and ordered for trial before a court composed of his subordinates and upon charges preferred by his subordinates; but, thank God, this gross outrage, this pushing of a glorious old veteran "from his stool to make room for a younger, not a better soldier," was not perpetrated by a Whig Convention or by the Whig party, but by the infamous Administration which recognizes and uses the Washington Union as its organ.

That the editor of the Union, with all the facts of Gen. Scott's monstrous treatment by the Administration before him, can have the audacity to taunt the Whigs with Gen. Scott's having been "pushed from his stool to make room for a younger, not a better soldier," is to us among the mysteries and the marvels of human nature.

GEN. TAYLOR IN FLORIDA.—The following extract from a report of operations in Florida, made by Gen. Thomas S. Jesup, then as now a supporter of the Locofoco Administration, shows the estimate placed upon Gen. TAYLOR's military services and talents before he became the Whig candidate for the Presidency:

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1833.

"Gen. Taylor was directed to proceed from Tampa Bay, open a road in nearly an eastern direction into the heart of the country, establish a road at Peace Creek, another on the Kissimmee, and attack the enemy in that quarter. He came up with the enemy on the 25th December, attacked them, and in one of the best fought actions known to our history gained a complete victory, though with great loss of officers and men."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The Pike County, Illinois Free Press—states that a Justice of that County voted against the New Constitution on the ground that he had taken an oath to support the old one.

## Awful Conflagration in Norfolk.

This morning (June 15th) between 12 and 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in Norfolk, in the Lumber Yard of Messrs. Ferguson and Milhado, situated on the south side of Wide Water street, which spread with fearful rapidity in every direction, destroying almost every building south of Water street, between Fayette street on the west and Commerce street on the east. On the north side of Water street, commencing with the Bethel Church, the flames extended west, crossing Fayette to Washington street, thence to Main street, sweeping both sides of Fayette street, and the entire square between that and Washington street. One building on the north side of Main street, belonging to L. W. Tazewell, Esq., was also destroyed. It is estimated that about sixty buildings, valued at some \$300,000 were destroyed.

Besides the buildings an immense quantity of Lumber, Coal, Cotton, Sugar, Molasses, Tar, Pitch, &c. &c., was consumed. Some of the most extensive warehouses in the city, filled with merchandise, were totally lost.—Portsmouth Chronicle.

## From the Jonesboro' Whig. Hacking Out.

The Democracy of Virginia—no doubt at the suggestion of Father Ritchie—has appointed a Democratic Committee of Vigilance, who are to act as a sort of Central Clique, to furnish slanders for the smaller fry to retail. It seems that they have been either unfortunate or indiscreet; in the selection of some of their men.

A Mr. Caldwell, a leading Democrat, publishes the following card in a paper of that State, in which he informs the party that he can't do the dirty work they expect him to do:

Newcastle, June 16th, 1843.

MR. EDITOR:—In glancing over the *Pinecastle Democrat* I see my name associated with others on a committee of Vigilance, under the flag of Cass and Butler. I beg leave to say that being a Republican I feel it my duty to give my hearty support to General Taylor, and thereby contribute to the furtherance of the principles as advocated by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. Respectfully yours,

OTIS CALDWELL.

TEXAS COTTON.—From the Galveston News we derive some statistical information concerning the Cotton crop of Texas. In 1829 the whole crop was 500 bales, and in 1835 had increased to between 3 and 4000. In 1840 it amounted to 9000. Since that time there have been three seasons of nearly total failures. In 1846 the crop, which in the year was not more than half an average one, reached 8000. The crop of 1847 reached 40,000. In this statement is not included the crop of Eastern Texas, shipped to New Orleans by way of Red River, and which has been estimated to equal that of all the rest of the country. Before the declaration of Texas an Independence, almost the whole trade of the country was concentrated in New Orleans. Subsequently much cotton was shipped direct to Europe. In 1831 and 1832 some shipments was made from the Brazos River to Tampico, where it was sold at 30 cts. per pound.

AN EXPEDITION.—Col. Fremont will start upon an expedition to Oregon and Upper California, early in July. He will be accompanied by about twenty chosen spirits, boys of the West. The undertaking is of a private nature, and the design of the projector is to complete the explorations which were interrupted by the war with Mexico.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—The Siamese Twins, for the last eight or ten years residing on a farm in North Carolina, purpose to make another tour of the Southern and Western States the coming Fall, for exhibition. They will start from home in October. They have wives and three children each—a fact which has given the husbands additional interest, and goes where they may, especially if their wives accompany them, we predict more crowded houses than ever before.

SPIRIT RATIONS IN THE BRITISH NAVY.—We learn by recent intelligence from England, that the British Government has issued orders to all its consuls in different parts of the world to institute inquiries into the character and capabilities of British seamen as compared with those of other nations. The result thus far shows that the British seamen, are below others in morals, and, as seamen, are much less efficient than our own. This has been attributed to the spirit rations in the Navy.

## Millard Fillmore.

The history of Millard Fillmore, our candidate for Vice President, affords a useful lesson as showing what may be accomplished in the face of the greatest obstacles, by intellect, aided and controlled by energy, perseverance, and strict integrity, in a public and private capacity.

His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, is the son of one of like name who served in the French war, and was a true Whig of the revolution, proving his devotion to his country's cause by gallantly fighting as Lieutenant General Starke, in the battle of Bennington. He was born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1771, and early in life removed to what is now called Summer Hill, Cayuga County, New York, where Millard was born, January 7, 1800. He was a farmer, and soon after lost all his property by a bad title to one of the military lots he had purchased. About the year 1802, he removed to the town of Sempronis, now Niles, and resided there till 1819, when he removed to Erie county, where he still lives, cultivating a small farm with his own hands. He was a strong and uniform supporter of Jefferson, Madison and Tompkins, and is now a true Whig.

The narrow means of his father deprived Millard of any advantages of education beyond what were afforded by the imperfect and ill taught common schools of the country. Books were scarce and dear, and at the age of fifteen, when more favored youths are far advanced in their classical studies, or enjoying in colleges the benefit of well furnished libraries, young Fillmore had read but little except his common school books and the Bible. At that period he was sent into the then wilds of Livingston county, to learn the glothier's trade. He remained there about four months and was then placed with another person to pursue the same business and wool carding in the town where his father lived. A small village library that was formed there soon after, gave him the first means of acquiring general knowledge through books. He improved the opportunity thus offered; the appetite grew by what it fed upon. The thirst for knowledge soon became insatiate, and every leisure moment was spent in reading.—Four years were passed in this way, working at his trade, and storing his mind, during such hours as he could command, with the contents of books of history, biography and travels. At the age of 19 he fortunately made an acquaintance with the late Walter Wood, Esq., whom many will remember as one of the most estimable citizens of that county. Judge Wood was a man of wealth and great business capacity; he had an excellent law library, but did little professional business. He soon saw that under the rude exterior of the clothier's boy, were powers that only required proper development to raise the possessor to high distinction and usefulness, and advised him to quit his trade and study law. In reply to the objection of a lack of education, means and friends to aid him in a course of professional study, Judge W. kindly offered to give him a place in his office, to advance money to defray his expenses, and wait until success in business should furnish the means of repayment. The offer was accepted. The apprentice boy bought his time, entered the office of Judge Wood, and for more than two years applied himself assiduously to business and study. He read law and general literature, and studied and practiced surveying.

Fearing he should incur too large a debt to his benefactor, he taught school for three months in the year, and acquired the means of partially supporting himself.—In the fall of 1821 he removed to the county of Erie, and the next spring entered a law office in Buffalo. There he sustained himself by teaching school, and continued his legal studies until the spring of 1823, when he was admitted to the common pleas, and commenced practice in the village of Aurora, where he remained until 1830, when he again removed to Buffalo, and has continued to reside there ever since.

His first entrance into public life was in January, 1829, when he took his seat as a member from Erie county, to which office he was re-elected the two following years.

His talents, integrity, and assiduous devotion to public business, soon won for him the confidence of the House in an exampled degree. It was a common remark among the members, "if Fillmore says it is right, we will vote for it."

The most important measure of a general nature that came up during his session in the State Legislature was, the bill

to abolish imprisonment for debt. In behalf of that great and philanthropic measure, Mr. Fillmore took an active part, urging with unanswerable arguments its justice and expediency, and, as a member of the committee on the subject, aiding to perfect its details. That portion of the bill relating to justices' courts was drafted by him, the remainder being the work of the Hon. John C. Spencer. The bill met with a fierce, unrelenting opposition at every step of its progress, and to Millard Fillmore as much as to any other man, we are indebted, for expunging from the statute book that relic of a cruel, barbarous age, imprisonment for debt.

He was elected to Congress in the fall of 1832. The session of 1833-4 will long be remembered as the one in which that system of politics, known under the comprehensive name of Jacksonism was fully developed. He took his seat in the stormy session of 1833-4, immediately succeeding the removal of the Deposits. In those days the business of the House and debates were led by old and experienced members—new ones, unless they enjoyed a wide spread and almost national reputation, rarely taking an active and conspicuous part. Little chance, therefore, was afforded him as a member of the opposition, young and unassuming, of displaying those qualities that so eminently fit him for legislative usefulness. But the school was one admirably qualified to more fully develop and cultivate those powers which, under more favorable circumstances, have enabled him to render such varied and important services to his country. As he has ever done in all the stations he has filled, he discharged his duty with scrupulous fidelity, never omitting on all proper occasions any effort to advance the interests of his constituents and the country, and winning the respect and confidence of all.

At the close of his term of service, he resumed the practice of his profession, which he pursued with distinguished reputation and success, until, yielding to the public voice, he consented to become a candidate, and was re-elected to Congress in the fall of 1839. The remarks above made in relation to his service in the 23d Congress, will measurably apply to his second term. Jacksonism and the Pet Bank system, had in the march of "progressive Democracy," given place to Van Burenism and the Sub Treasury. It was but another step towards the practical repudiation of old republican principles, and an advance to the Locofocoism of the present day. In this Congress Mr. Fillmore took a more active part than he did during his first term, and on the assembling of the next Congress, to which he was re-elected by a largely increased majority, he was assigned a prominent place on what, next to that of ways and means, it was justly anticipated would become the most important committee of the House—that on elections. It was in this Congress that the famous contested New Jersey case came up. It would swell this brief biographical sketch to too great a length to enter upon the details of that case and it is less necessary to do so inasmuch as the circumstances of the gross outrage then perpetrated by a party calling itself republican, and claiming to respect state rights must yet dwell in the recollection of every reader.

The prominent part which Mr. Fillmore took in that case, his patient investigation of all its complicated, minute details, the clear convincing manner in which he set forth the facts, the lofty and indignant eloquence with which he denounced the mediated wrong, all strongly directed public attention to him as one of the ablest men of that Congress, distinguished as it was by the eminent ability and statesmanship of many of its members. Public indignation was awakened by the enormity of the outrage, and in that long catalogue of abuse and wrongs which roused a long suffering people to action, and resulted in the signal overthrow of a corrupt and insolent dynasty in 1840, the New Jersey case stood marked and conspicuous.

On the assembling of the next Congress to which Mr. Fillmore was re-elected by a majority larger than was ever before given in his district, he was placed at the head of the committee on ways and means. The duties of that station always arduous and responsible, were at that time peculiarly so. A new administration had come into power, and found public affairs in a state of the greatest derangement. Accounts had been wrongly kept, peculation of every kind abounded in almost every department of the government, the revenue was inadequate to meet the ordinary