

Whelan Messenger.

LIFE IS TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl, used to sit, on the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me every time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich—often and often have I sat, after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerily from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquillity steal over my bosom. Such was Eliza Huntley, whom I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when, walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face; but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow, and said, "do you not recognize little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived together in Walnut-street? I did remember, it was herself."

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a most romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however, she current, and as we generally believed, well-founded report, was sufficient to draw round her many admirers—and among her number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long, before a young gentleman, on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the neatest and handsomest of her lovers, emulated by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart melted a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put in a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which should be understood before, giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise. "Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have to labor under a mistake upon that point, am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

There was an immense crowd of people on both sides of the street. Mr. P. was on the look out for every man that came in, and while I was standing there a Mountaineer came in, and having tied his horse, he was addressed by P.

How do you do Mr. G.—I am glad to see you? How are you, sir. Come, take a drink with me.
G. No, no. I aint going to vote for you.
P. —it, cant you take a drink? I dont ask you to vote for me.
G. I dont want to vote for you no how—yep. I wont drink with you.
P. —it take a drink and go and vote for any one you please. Come?
G. Well I'll take a drink, but—if I vote for you. [He takes a drink and seems to like it, and after a little time the conversation is again commenced.]
P. Come mend your drink, you are tired.
G. No —you, I aint going to vote for you. I dont like you no how.
P. Take a drink and be independent and vote for any one you like.
[He takes another drink and begins to be in a very good humor.]
G. Friend P. this is mighty good truck.
P. Well I am glad you like it; take another, it won't hurt you. It will do you good.
G. Will you give me a leetle drop more, for it is mighty good.
[He took another drink of the "good critter" which worked wonders.]
G. Come here P. here P.—you are the feller I've seen to-day. Come wid me f-for I v-vote for y-you any h-how. Y-your a mighty cl-ever fellow.
They went to the poll and G. voted for P., but whether for any one else I know not. I should think most likely it was a plumper. P. was elected!—S. C. T. Advocate.

A CORN MEAL RUSE.—Among the many delusions in the form of bread, which render the enjoyment of breakfast an acceptable, we know of none more deserving of notice than the one prepared according to the following receipt:—
Take 5 cupsful of corn meal, 4 of wheat flour, 2 cupful of molasses and two table spoonful of saleratus, (pearl ash) mix the whole together and knead into dough; then make two cakes; bake them in a pan, for three fourths of an hour, and you will have one of the most palatable descriptions of bread that ever graced the table.—Farmer and Gardener.

AN OLD STEED.—The horse which the prince of Orange rode at the battle of Waterloo, did not long since at the great age of thirty-eight years and seven months.

POLISH LITERATURE.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

The conclusion drawn by all who peruse this rapid sketch must necessarily be, that the language and literature of Poland have advanced to their present very high degree of perfection in an equal ratio with the increasing misfortunes of the country, during the last fifty years. This phenomenon appears so extraordinary that it deserves the serious consideration of every reflecting mind. What, indeed, should seem more unfavorable to the progress of a nation's language, than its political annihilation, and the incorporation of its dismembered provinces with several foreign states, each respectively intent upon destroying every vestige of its former nationality? Yet, it is a fact that Polish literature is actually now reaching its zenith, and at no former period could Poland ever boast of more distinguished men in every department of science, learning, and political eminence.—Since the third partition in 1792, all the public museums, the library of Warsaw, numbering 200,000 works, that of the Society of the Friends of Science, scarcely less rich, and Prince Czartoryski's Library at Pulawy, containing individual materials connected with Polish history, and not fewer than 20,000 English works, were, after the melancholy catastrophe, carried off for the second time to Russia. Yet these inopportune circumstances, so far from retarding, have promoted the growth of national literature;—and works of sterling merit have been lately published, not only in several parts of Poland, but St. Petersburg, Moscow and Vienna. In fact, the hitherto unsuccessful attempts made for the recovery of independence, have invigorated instead of weakened the moral energies of the Poles, and that ardent feeling of patriotism which in former times was principally confined to one class, now animates alike the inhabitants of every cottage and palace in Poland. That feeling alone, without admixture of Jacobinism, democracy or any other political theory, prompts the rich and the poor to submit to every sacrifice for the restoration of their country. Their literature is more intimately connected with the history of their incessant political struggles, than is the case with any other nation: it is a most potent weapon, which they now understand how to use. The time may yet come when the following passage shall have ample realization, though not designed for them, even on earth, as it assuredly will be in heaven—"In this time shall the present be brought unto the Lord of Hosts of a people scattered and peeled, and from a people terrible their beginning hitherto: a nation meted out and trodden under foot, whose land the rivers have spoiled, to the place of the name of the Lord of Hosts, the mount Zion. Isaiah, xviii. 7.—Foreign Quarterly Review.

HOW TO GET A VOTE.

Mr. Editor.—I happened at an election not many years since, when Mr. P. one of the Candidates for the Legislature, kept a genteel confectionery (with all sorts of liquor) store. The polls were opened just on the other side of the street.
There was an immense crowd of people on both sides of the street. Mr. P. was on the look out for every man that came in, and while I was standing there a Mountaineer came in, and having tied his horse, he was addressed by P.

THE EMPERORS CHARLEMAGNE AND NAPOLEON.

Upon opening the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was enveloped in a Roman dress, and the double crown of France and Germany surrounded his fleshless brow; by his side, near his pilgrim's scrip, lay Joyeuse, that good sword, with which, says the Monk Saint Denis, he cut in twain a completely armed cavalier. His feet reposed upon the massive gold buckler, which was given him by Pope Leo; and from his neck was suspended the famous Talisman which rendered him victorious in battle. It was a relique of the true cross, presented by the Empress Irene, and was contained in an emerald attached to a heavy gold chain, which the good people presented to Napoleon when he entered their city. In 1811, he threw it around the neck of Queen Hortense, acknowledging to her that he wore it at the battle of Austerlitz and Wagram, just as Charlemagne had done 900 years before. Since then the precious Talisman and chain has never quitted the possession of the Duchess of St. Len, who regards it with the confidence reposed in it by its imperial donor.—N. Y. American.

REVENUE.

A person named Owen Moore once left his traditional somewhat unceremoniously, on which occasion a wag wrote,
"Owen Moore has run away,
Owin' more than he can pay."

PAYING THE FINE.

It appears that the cost to the United States for keeping the seventeen Amsted negroes in custody, and their board, is over two thousand dollars.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNION.

Sir: Being informed that the Honorable Henry Clay, of Kentucky, in his public speech at Nashville, yesterday, alleged that I had appointed the Hon. Edward Livingston Secretary of State when he was a defaulter, and knowing him to be one, I feel that I am justified in declaring the charge to be false. It is known to all the country that the nominations made by the President to the Senate are referred to appropriate committees of that body, whose duty it is to inquire into the character of the nominees, and that if there is any evidence of default, or any disqualifying circumstance existing against them, a rejection of the nominee follows. Mr. Livingston was a member of the Senate, from the State of Louisiana, when he was nominated by me. Can Mr. Clay say that he opposed the nomination because he was a defaulter? If so, the journal of the Senate will answer. But his confirmation by the Senate is conclusive proof that no such objection, if made, was sustained, and I am satisfied that such a charge against him could not have been substantiated.

I am also informed that Mr. Clay charged me with appointing Samuel Swartwout collector of the port of New York, knowing that he had been an associate of Aaron Burr. To this charge it is proper to say that I knew of Mr. Swartwout's connection with Aaron Burr precisely as I did that of Mr. Clay himself, who, if the history of the times did not do him great injustice, was far from avoiding an association with Burr when he was at the town of Lexington, in Kentucky. Yet Mr. Clay was appointed Secretary of State, and I may say confidently with recommendations for character and fitness not more favorable than those produced to me by the citizens of New York, in behalf of Samuel Swartwout. Mr. Clay too, at the time of his own appointment to that high office, it will be recollected, was directly charged throughout the Union with having bargained for it, and by none was this charge more earnestly made than by his present associates in Tennessee, Mr. Bell and Mr. Foster.

Under such circumstances, how contemptible does this demagogue appear when he descends from his high place in the Senate, and roams over the country retailing slanders against the living and the dead.

ANDREW JACKSON.
Hermitage, Aug. 18, 1840.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Your surprise, I am quite sure, will be as great as mine was, on the perusal of a note, signed Andrew Jackson, addressed to the editor of the Nashville Union, and bearing date on the 18th instant.

The circumstances of my present visit to Nashville are well known here. I declined repeated invitations to attend the Convention held on the 17th inst., and finally yielded to an unusual appeal, with which I was honored, and which it would be difficult for any man to resist.

I was called on to address the Convention. In what terms of respect, and for his military services, of praise, I spoke of the distinguished individual who is the occasion of this note, all who heard me can testify. Among the subjects which I discussed was that of the degeneracy of public virtue, and especially the delinquency and infidelity in public officers, of which within the last few years we have had such lamentable proof. In assigning causes for this deplorable state of things, I stated, as among them, the subversion of the rule laid down by Mr. Jefferson, of honesty, candor, and fidelity to the Constitution, and the substitution for it of one founded on devotion and subservience to the country, but to the chief of a party: the persons appointed to office, too often considered themselves as being only put in possession of their legitimate share of the spoils of victory, instead of feeling bound by the obligations of a sacred trust confided for the benefit of the People. In respect to the defaulters, I referred to the case of Mr. Livingston, of whose attainments as a jurist, not more consistent with truth than my feelings, I spoke in the highest terms. He was one of the earliest and one of the greatest defaulters. His case occurred under Mr. Jefferson's administration. The records both of the Executive and Judicial Departments established his default. He remained a defaulter about a quarter of a century, if not more. How he finally liquidated the balance against him, and whether I do not certainly know; but I believe he was by property, and under the first term of Gen. Jackson. But whenever and however it was, a tardy payment or composition of the debt could not, and did not, expunge the fact of his original default.

In arguing from cause to effect, I contended that the appointment of Mr. Livingston was a pernicious precedent: that it was a virtual proclamation to all who were or might be defaulters, that their infidelity in a public trust constituted no insuperable barrier to a promotion to one of the highest offices in the Government. I did not attribute to Gen. Jackson a knowledge of the default. I went even so far as to say that he might not have reflected upon the consequences of the appointment of an individual so situated. I must now say that, until Gen. Jackson otherwise asserts, I am constrained to believe that he could not have been ignorant of a fact so conspicuous in the annals of our country as that of the default of Edward Livingston, Esq., as Attorney of the United States, in the District of New York, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, to the amount of about \$100,000.

It was in the train of the same thought and argument that I added the appointment of Mr. S. Swartwout to the office of Collector of the most important port in the United States, as one of the most unfortunate and injurious examples. His participation in the schemes of Col. Burr was a fact of such notoriety that I supposed and yet suppose, that no man the least conversant with the history of the country could be ignorant of it. But it was not upon Gen. Jackson's knowledge of the fact, it was upon the fact itself that I dwelt.

THE WHIGS AND CONSERVATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ROOM, WASHINGTON AUGUST 25, 1840.

The splendid election results just announced from the States of North Carolina, Kentucky and Indiana, gladden the heart of the patriot, and stimulate him to greater efforts in the service of his country. In these States, the enemies of the Constitution and of the prosperity of the Republic are annihilated. The Destructives are panic-stricken: turn which way they may, their affrighted vision is startled with the "hand writing on the wall." In Alabama, they have barely escaped defeat. Missouri is "coming to the rescue." With forced but feeble shouts, they exult over Illinois, and rejoice that they have been able to hold their own.

Since the nomination of Gen. Harrison, the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, Louisiana, and North Carolina, all of which voted for Martin Van Buren in 1836, have proclaimed in no equivocal language, their allegiance to the Country and its Constitution.

The information which we have received, and which we continue to receive, from the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia, is well calculated to inspire us with fresh confidence in the intelligence and patriotism of the people, and with the conviction that their slumbering vengeance is awakening into life and action, ready to lay hold of the temple, which corruption has raised on the ruins of the Constitution and welfare of the Nation, and crush beneath its fragments its power-grasping and inflated architects.

Excessive confidence in our own strength is the only danger to be apprehended. Let us not rest in fancied security. Let us not repose on our laurels so freshly and gallantly won, but rush into the battle field in quest of new achievements. The enemy is rich in the means of corruption, and they will use them with no sparing hand. A mercenary legion of one hundred thousand office-holders, who fight for their salaries and their bread, are arrayed against you. The money of the people, now in the hands of the President by his Sub-Treasury, will tickle the palms of the purchasable. A ribald and stendipendary press, sustained by Government patronage, will scatter its vile trash among you. To meet successfully these fearful odds against you, requires vigorous and untiring exertions. Let us not fear that our majorities will be too overwhelming.

The Administration, and the principles on which it acts, should not only be prostrated, but prostrated effectually and forever. It should pass to its long account amid the exultations of immense majorities, and without the hope of a resurrection. The rebuke about to be administered should not only be severe, but astounding. It is due to the constitution—to the country—to retributive justice, and to posterity, that the crimes of this Administration should be

marked with a reprobation deep as your sufferings, and broad as the Union. The "hic jacet" which the people are about to write on its tomb should be in capitals, bold and prominent as are its derelictions from duty. Thus written, it will stand through future ages as a political "memento mori" to any person who, "dressed in a little brief authority," shall play the tyrant, forgetful of the power that made him.

Is there a patriot in the land whose bosom does not swell with pride and exultation at the brilliant prosperity now dawning on his desecrated country? On the 4th of March, history, with iron pen, will inscribe on her marble tablets, on this day, by the almost unanimous voice of confiding, abused, and intelligent people, was banished from the Capitol, the first American Nero, who laughed at the calamities with which he scourged his countrymen, mocked at the sufferings which he had created, and tauntingly told them "that they looked to Government for too much."

Then will the Country shake off the shackles with which folly and madness had bound her young and vigorous limbs, rise with her new strength and press onward to her high destiny. And who among you will not on that auspicious day, join the joyous song, and with honest pride and patriotic exultation, mingle your voice with the shouts of millions, and exclaim, "I too fought at the battle of Waterloo." To all such who have up to this period stood by as idle spectators of this fierce conflict now being waged between the people and the office-holders, let us say, "delay no longer. Inaction now is dangerous to the Republic. Rally on the side of your Country, and prove your love to her institutions."

We use no hyperbole when we say that she is but one remove from a practical anarchy! Give to Mr. Van Buren a standing army of 200,000 men, and your liberties are at an end. Already is he in the possession of the entire revenues of the country. The national purse is at his unbridled control. Think you that he will abandon his wild schemes of an overwrought ambition? Think you that he will cease to urge upon the consideration of Congress the monstrous project of an immense standing army? Think you that there is in Congress independence sufficient to deny him any request? No, no—"Lay not the flattering unction to your souls." Who could have been found on the first of January, 1837, bold enough to have predicted that a measure, which had been denounced by nearly the unanimous voice of the people, "disorganizing and revolutionary," as subversive of the Government from its earliest history, "as enlarging to an alarming extent the boundaries of Executive power," would at this time have been the law of the land? But such is the melancholy fact! The National Legislature furnishes you with no protection, no guaranty against the exactions of Executive power. It is the fundamental law of "the party," both in and out of Congress, and woe to the man who dares to oppose it. He is denounced as a traitor and renegade.

The sleek hounds of the Administration, thirsty for blood, are unleashed from their kennels, and with eager scent pursue the object of their hate. They will soon banquet on the mutilated carcass; with crimsoned muzzles they return to their master, giving gratifying evidences that his orders have been faithfully executed, and are again kept in reserve for some fresh victim of Executive vengeance. Under this reign of terror and proscription, place no dependence on Congress. It is no longer a shield between the rights of the people, and the usurpation of the President. It caters for Executive gratification, and panders to his cravings for power. The same men who, but a short time since, spoke of a Sub-Treasury bill with horror, and who now condemn the standing army project, with apparent sincerity, will, at the bidding of the President, adopt the latter with as much unanimity as they enacted the former. The same servile partisan majority who here gave him the "purse," who at his nod disfranchised a sovereign State without reading one syllable of the evidence, will not hesitate to arm him with the "sword" also.

There is but one step between the President and despotic power. Lose no time in throwing yourselves between them. If you value your liberties, achieved by the blood of your fathers—if you would hand them down unimpaired to your children, hesitate no longer, but join the army of Patriots marching to victory under the banner of the Constitution, and of "Harrison and Reform."

The history of the last six months admonishes us to warn you against the falsehoods and calumnies of the Administration press. Within that period you have been told that General Harrison was a "weak imbecile old man in his dotage." The ink with which the slander was penned, was scarcely dry when we heard of him at Fort Meigs, one of the scenes of his glory, addressing in the full voice of vigorous manhood, and with the fervor of youth, an immense multitude on the great subjects which so deeply agitate the public mind, and vindicating his fair fame from the aspersions which malignity has attempted to cast upon it. More recently has he visited Fort Greenville, and again with his usual ability and eloquence, addressed a large concourse of his fellow-citizens. Soon, perchance the feed libellers of the Executive organs may announce that he is the victim

of the United States, in the District of New York, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, to the amount of about \$100,000.