

SAFETY.

Is the public money safer in the hands of an individual appointed by the President, or in the custody of good banks?—That is now the question.

The States of this Union have frequently entrusted and kept their public treasure in the hands of individuals, until they sustained large losses—and then they abandoned that mode, and deposited their public money for more safe-keeping in banks.

The answer is obvious, simply because their money was safer in the banks.—The conduct of all those eagle-eyed merchants, who know so well how to make, and safely keep their own money, is the best commentary and strongest argument that I have ever met with against the Sub-treasury, and against putting all the public money in the pocket of one man.

Merchants have bestowed much reflection and attention upon the best and safest mode of keeping money—and here is the concurring testimony of practical business men, that their own private money is safer in the custody of banks than individuals.

In the city of New York alone the public revenue amounts every year to ten or fifteen millions of dollars, and all to be collected in gold and silver, when this scheme shall be completed.

All that large sum is to be placed in the keeping and possession of one man, (called the receiver general.) His key, solitary and alone, can lock and unlock the door.

The Government under which we live is based on the principle, that the safest way to make a public agent faithful to his trust, is not to give him an opportunity of playing the tyrant.

to such demoralizing consequences, and to squander the public treasure by temptations and defalcations. Sad experience has clearly shown that the public treasure is insecure, and committed to earthen vessels, when in the hands of Sub-treasurers.

The principles of this bill are dangerous to public liberty, and destroys the guards, checks, and barriers, imposed by the constitution for the protection and security of the people.

The President appoints all the regular officers that command that large force. The navy consists of about six thousand men; and he appoints all the officers that command and govern that right arm of our national defence.

The Cincinnati Chronicle states that a party of thirty persons of the Mormon sect, reached that city last week, from England, on their way to the head quarters of the Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois.

A New York paper relates the following story:—One of the principal landlords of Burlington Slip recently seized five chests of tea belonging to one of his defaulting tenants, as security for rent over due.

The fool said some things he knew and some things he did not know. He knew the miller's bags were fat, but he did not know where he got the meal to feed them with.

Another precious passage.—The chivalrous Governor Pinckney, of Mississippi, being lately on a visit to the Warm Springs, in Virginia, was called upon to express his sentiments concerning Gen. Harrison.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, speaking of peach trees and their liability to be destroyed by hard winters, states that Judge Judson, of the U. S. District Court of Connecticut, who resides at Canterbury, caught the idea that it might be the too early springs which created the difficulty.

The great excitement in the west brings out much originality in their banners and in political meetings. At Dayton, Ohio, one banner represented Amos Kendall on his back, his heels in the air, his hat falling off, and Extra Globes tumbling forth.

Another represented Van Buren running down hill, his locks and coat tail streaming in the wind, and a barrel of "hard cider" after him; and was crying out "stop that barrel!"

ed to the Executive, and the last was committed to the keeping of Congress. The President's influence is limited without money; but, with the keys of the Treasury in his hand, it is unlimited; hence the bold assaults upon the stronghold of all power, the money power, which is stronger than steam power.

A GOOD JOKE.—Two electoral candidates in Tennessee, were lately to have met for the purpose of addressing the people at Russellville, in that State.

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Upon another were the letters "K K O K." This was too hard for us, and we asked the bearer its meaning; he told us it meant, "kunt come over Korwin."

THE MESSENGER.

D. R. M'ANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Friday Morning, October 9, 1840.

WHIG

ELECTORAL TICKET.

- 1. Col. CHARLES McDOWELL, of Burke.
2. Gen. JAMES WELBORN, of Wilkes.
3. DAVID RAMSOUR, of Lincoln.
4. DAVID F. CALDWELL, of Rowan.
5. JAMES MEBANE, of Caswell.
6. Hon. ABRAHAM RENCHER, of Chatham.
7. JOHN B. KELLY, of Moore.
8. Dr. JAMES S. SMITH, of Orange.
9. CHARLES MANLY, of Wake.
10. Col. WM. L. LONG, of Halifax.
11. WILLIAM W. CHERRY, of Bertie.
12. THOMAS F. JONES, of Perquimans.
13. JOSIAH COLLINS, of Washington.
14. JAMES W. BRYAN, of Currituck.
15. DANIEL B. BAKER, of New Hanover.

THE ELECTION

For Electors for President and Vice President takes place in North Carolina the SECOND THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER NEXT;—REMEMBER, the Second Thursday in November, (the twelfth day of the month.) THEN LET EVERY MAN DO HIS DUTY. Each voter will vote the whole ticket.

A voice from Revolutionary Soldiers!

We give below a certificate signed by sixteen out of the seventeen Revolutionary soldiers now living in Buncombe county. This, so far as our section of the country is concerned, is a successful refutation of the oft-repeated slander that all the Revolutionary soldiers belong now to the Democratic party.

One of those whose names are found below, (Mr. Woody) is now in his hundredth year, and this summer has made a good crop of corn with no other means than his hoe!

JOSEPH CROSS, mark.
JAMES JESTER, mark.
SAM'L PATTON, mark.
THOS. PAYNE, mark.
WM. WOODY, mark.
WM. DEEVER, mark.
JESSE PALMER, mark.
BRADLEY POWERS, mark.
JACOB MARTIN, mark.
ADAM PHILLIPS, mark.
STEPHEN LOW, mark.
JOSEPH RICE, mark.
JAMES ALEXANDER, mark.
WM. BRITTAIN, mark.
ALLEN FOX, mark.
EDMOND SAMS, mark.

Tardiness of the Mails.

It is truly remarkable to witness the exceeding tardiness of the mails in carrying the news of the Maine election to the Administration prints of the country. Our nearest neighbors have only gathered some "uncertain," "indefinite," "doubtful," "vague" and "unsettled" rumors as to the result.

We chanced a few days since to lay our hands on a "new prospectus" of a little paper published in Philadelphia, called "The Magician's Wand."

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19th, 1840. Sir: Your attention is respectfully solicited to the accompanying Prospectus for the extensive circulation of The Magician's Wand.

This is what we call begging in earnest. The "smallest pecuniary assistance," it informs us, "will be thankfully acknowl-

edged." We will try, therefore, and prevail with the Postmaster at this place to send the editors a sixpence, to aid them in their "great time of need," and relieve, to some extent, the troubles of their hearts.

But if we rightly interpret this circular, it is nothing more nor less than a call upon Postmasters, as officers of the Government, for pecuniary aid to roll forward the shackled car of modern Democracy, it virtually says—"Come, now, you hold your office under Mr. Van Buren, and you ought to do all in your power to secure his re-election."

The prospectus of "The Magician's Wand," is as remarkable as the circular. The publishers make repeated calls on "Men and Democrats;" whether they really consider Democrats as a different race of beings from men, we cannot certainly tell; but they so address them.

Profitable Gardening.

Our enterprising citizen, T. T. Paton Esq., has sent us another specimen of his garden in the shape of a head of cabbage, weighing, after being closely trimmed of all its rough and green leaves, pounds. It is decidedly the largest, and every respect the finest one we ever saw, and shows what might be done in this country if proper means were used.

Quaint Titles.

Some weeks since we gave our readers a specimen of the odd titles selected for books in England some two hundred years ago; these we think fully equalled, if not surpassed, by the titles selected by our Democratic friends for some of their weekly journals.

In New York City they publish a weekly paper under the very classical appellation of "The Old Back Tail." In another part of the same State is published "The Huge Pair."

In Tennessee their names evince rather a more pugnacious disposition. At Nashville is published "The Advance Guard of Democracy." At Knoxville "The Vedette," which, agreeably to our understanding of the French language, means, literally, "A sentinel on horseback."

BRIEF DISCOURSE.

Text.—"There is a way that seems right to a man, but the end thereof is death." We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here this sublime precept from the Oracles of divine Truth, as a discourse from in the manner which is allowed, although in aid of subjects of so very a similar nature, appertaining however to mortality.

It may seem right to a man—to neglect paying his debts for the sake of lending speculating upon his money, but the end thereof is—a bad paymaster. It may seem right to a man—to live beyond his income, but the end thereof is wretchedness and poverty.

It may seem right to a man—to attend to the fashion of the times, but the end thereof is—disgrace to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man—to be constantly borrowing of his neighbors, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors. It may seem right to a man—to be trumpeting his own fame, but the end thereof is—his fame don't extend very far.

on—this is the bank we mean. As we were saying, we were in our office busily reading a paper, when there came a young man dashing up to the door as fast as if O'Shaunter's witches were after him, announced that just behind him was a "couple to get married." To get married, said we, "y-e-s, they want you to be 'em." Well, we will try and do it where are they going to stop? "I don't know." Then tell them to come here, the office, said we; and the way our began to grin at the idea of a wedding printing office, was a sight; but we hardly time to notice the boys before women, and children, began to pour the office as thick as lawyers in Westminster Hall, and a tall, red-whiskered, looking young fellow, with a plump, rufous faced, pretty little girl, stood before the happy pair. We called for the "authority" which was immediately produced and we standing at the "bank" as he tied the "Gordian" knot in "double time." The next moment the office cleared—each boy took up his case, stick again, we turned to our paper, every thing went on just as if nothing happened. That's the way we do things in Buncombe. What do you think of it, Register?

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