

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1840.

NUMBER 21

VOLUME I.

A. A. MANLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY J. H. CHRISTY.

TERMS.—The "MESSENGER" is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.
No subscription discontinued, (except at the option of the publisher) until all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each subsequent insertion.
All communications must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PARAMOUNT NATIONAL INTEREST.

In a country like ours where millions of acres, rich with the accumulated vegetable deposit of centuries, invite labor and industry to a pursuit where an abundant reward is sure, agriculture is truly, (and should be so considered,) the chief interest of the nation. Commerce and manufactures are also weighty interests, and are principal constituents in the formation of national character and the accumulation of individual wealth; yet they are artificial, and depend solely upon agriculture for a sure basis on which to rest. When imprudence or unenforced calamities disturb the laws of trade, embarrass commercial operations, and depress the manufacturing and mechanical interests of the country, then all eyes are turned to the grainfields of the north and west, and the cotton plantations of the south, as the source from whence sure remedies for existing evils must come. When due proportions of sun and shower draw forth from the exuberant bosom of earth its varied treasures, and there are promises of abundance in the coming harvest, then, even in the darkest hour of commercial gloom, the sunbeams of hope enlighten the future, and all are ready to exclaim, in view of anticipated abundance:—

"Behold how brightly breaks the morning!"
It is from the soil that the sure wealth of a nation is established in a land with a climate and other natural advantages like ours, must be drawn; and it should be the ardent prayer of every patriot that the great interests of agriculture should ever be held paramount to all others. That foolish pride which denies the nobility of manual labor and urges thousands of yeomen's sons to engage in mercantile pursuits, should be discouraged. Many, very many, think it far more honorable to stand behind the counter in large cities and buy and sell the products of manufacturers, than to hold the plough or swing the scythe; and are ready to exchange the honest independence of the life of a farmer, for the precarious and vexatious pursuit of the merchant. That the latter is an honorable pursuit, we of course admit, but that it is more honorable than the former, we deny. Admitting then, that agricultural pursuits are as honorable as any other, what inducement can there be for the sons of farmers to leave the pure air and moral influence of the country, and bury themselves in the cares, and the moral and physical impurities of cities? The young farmer finds his labor, when connected with temperance, to be the best preventive in the materia medica, of diseases of both mind and body; and for independence, he can truly say:—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
And boast like Shakspeare's husbandman:
"I am true laborer. I earn that I eat,
I get what I wear, owe no man hate,
envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze
and my lambs suck." Again:—

"Test my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I wear my own fleece and I wear it."

With these advantages, how can a young man long debate which of the two to choose, the pure breath of heaven or the smoky atmosphere—the prospect of brick and mortar, and the eternal rattle of carts and omnibuses; or the green woods, the golden harvest fields, and the sweet melody of birds.

History will bear us out in the assertion that in all ages, whenever the chief pursuit of a nation was agriculture, permanent prosperity marked its course—the morals of the people were of a high character, when judged by the standard of the age, and the nation and individuals enjoyed more genuine happiness than fell to the lot of a commercial people. The happiest days of Rome were during that period of the commonwealth, when to be a good husbandman was considered a high honor, and when, like Cincinnatus, her rulers were invested with the purple, at the plough. When by foreign conquests wealth was poured into her lap and agriculture was neglected for the barbarous pursuit of war, her people degenerated and the seeds of decay were planted. So it has been with other nations, when the agricultural interests were neglected; and Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations" clearly traces out the prime cause of the degeneracy of Spain, in her conquest of Peru and the discovery of its immense mineral wealth, in the sixteenth century. By this event, large numbers of Spaniards were induced to leave their country to amass fortunes in the El Dorado of the western world, and this great wealth which the mines of Potosi and others poured into old Spain, introduced luxurious habits to the great detriment of agriculture and the consequent degeneracy of the people.

It is to be hoped that in this country, so

well adapted to the pursuits of agriculture, it will ever remain the paramount national interest; and that while we foster commerce and manufactures, and all other avocations of general and individual utility, we may ever look to agriculture as the great foundation upon which all rest, and the sure and inexhaustible source from whence our wealth and power are derived.

THE FALLEN TREE.

BY JAMES M. FULTON.

Jared, the son of Jesse, was reflecting on the vicissitudes of human life and the versatility of human actions. He was ruminating on the changes in the tastes of men, and the transitory nature of all earthly enjoyments. He had collected the different periods of human life together, and again distributed them into three natural divisions which take place in the seasons of the year. As he walked forth from his tent he beheld an oak that had braved the tempests of an hundred winters, standing erect in the majesty and grandeur of his strength, spreading his mighty arms as if to grasp the heavens and would have deemed it immortal, had he not stood upon a little knoll of earth that had been thrown up by the falling of a tree. He began to soliloquize: "This oak is not immortal, for behold here is where its fellow once stood.— Its mighty trunk was many years ago precipitated from the summit of this little eminence with the resounding crash of the earthquake. It lay here for half a century together, gradually decomposing from the alternations of wind and rain, of sunshine and of shade, until it has finally disappeared, leaving this brown and lengthened mark which it has left upon the surface of the ground. It is true it once was erect as its mighty neighbor. Its shade was as refreshing, and its leaves as green. The birds chirped as merrily and sung as melodiously in its branches, and the squirrel leaped as often and as actively upon it, from limb to limb, and from spray to spray. But it has now left nothing but this sad relief of itself behind it,—its strength and its umbrage, its verdure and its beauty are fled, never to return. But what shall be said of man?—possessing almost the talents of an angel? Shall he decay like the oak and wither like the tender bark? Shall he moulder like the massive trunk, and disappear as its mighty branches? Shall all the troubles of his breast pass unregarded by his Maker, and shall all his hopes shrivel as the leaf and disappear as the shade.— Shall all the early joys of life pass away as the sweet spring music of the birds, and shall naught be heard in the evening of his days, but the sighing of the winds and the cooing of the dove?" "Yes," said he, "this is the fate of man. Poor man is worse off than the insensate tree, for he has a love of life and a hope of a future, and yet he has not the firmness of the oak to resist the hurricanes of life, but is agitated by every gale and bends with every breeze. In youth he has a nature that prompts him to expect more from human life than it is calculated to afford, till stung by disappointment and discouraged from defeat he at length overlooks the few little delights that belong to life and sinks into the vale of sorrow and the gloom of desolation." He turned himself from this scene of decay, and again walked sad and solitary to his gloomy abode. Again he engaged in the cares of life. He ploughed his fields and scattered seed upon the ground. As he threw his scythe into the grass, he could scarce keep from lamenting the destruction of the verdant beauties occasioned by the sweep of his hand. The meadow with all its array of vibrant grass and multifarious flowers was in a few days so scorched with the sun and winnowed with the breeze that he was again inspired with the deepest despair, and the most profound melancholy. Again, he returned to his home. In a few weeks he returned to the meadow where he had lately been so despondent. Fresh verdure had covered its surface. A new tribe of flowers had sprung from the roots of the stalks that he had extirpated. The stream that wound through the meadow, covered, when he left it, with green slime and almost exhausted from long continued drought, was now replenished and purified, and glided peacefully along, glittering in the sun, and the lark was twittering around it in the meadow. Day succeeded day, night followed night, and year rolled on after year in their usual succession. One beautiful mid-summer day, Jared strolled into the wood, where full twenty years before, he had taken his solitary walk. He came to the place where he had seen the marks of the fallen tree. To his surprise a beautiful young tree stood in all the vigor of maturity, where the old one had decayed. The birds sang sweetly in its boughs, and it spread a wide and refreshing shade over his head. The breezes at the point where the sunshine and the shade united were exhilarating to his spirits, and his long and dreary spell of melancholy was dispersed as the clouds pass away after a long continued rain. He called to mind the thoughts that had engrossed his attention when many years before he had stood upon that spot. He now ruminated upon the prospect of the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, as illustrated by the returning bloom of the meadow and the re-appearance of the tree.

A while we flourish, said he, like the cedars of Lebanon. We spring up to maturity as the tall pine of the mountain. Our course is upward like that of the bird of

heaven and we seem to dwell among the stars. But the tempest comes. Limb after limb is dashed from the tree as the "curls of beauty" fall from the head of man until at last, beset on every side, he falls and is gathered to the tombs of his ancestors, to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. But from his dust he shall arise as the tree from its ruins, or the Phoenix from its ashes, and bloom in youth, and health, and in undying beauty beyond the precincts of mortality. It may be that his body may slumber in the dust and mingle with its mother earth, year after year and age after age. But a period shall come when it shall resume more than its former erectness and beauty, and triumph forever over the ruins of time.

THE ANCESTORS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

We have been favored within the last few days, with a highly interesting account of a monument in England, erected to the memory of some of the ancestors of our beloved Washington. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account, is Mr. Samuel Follaway, of this city—but who, being a native of England, returned to that country on a visit to his parents, who reside at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire. The monument in question, is in Garsdon Church in the same county.

The village of Garsdon is about two miles from Malmesbury, and the church is an ancient Gothic edifice, situated in the bosom of a rich country, and surrounded with venerable trees. The country people have for many years been in the habit of conducting strangers to the church, for the purpose of pointing out the venerable memorial of the Washington family—in former ages the Lords of the Manor of Garsdon, and the residents of the Court-House, a building of the olden time—gray with the lapse of centuries.

The monument was once a superb specimen of the "mural" style—and even now exhibits relics of richness and curious workmanship. It is to be seen in the chancel, on the left side of the altar, and is richly carved out of the stone of that part of the country. It is surmounted with the family coat of arms, which form a rich emblem of heraldry; and although two hundred years have rolled away since it was erected, they are still burnished with gilding.

The following are the inscriptions:
TO YE
MEMORY OF
SIR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Knt.
Lately Chief Register
OF YE
CHAUNCEY,
Of Renowne, Piety and Charytie.
An Exemplary and Loving Husband,
A Tender Father, A Bountiful Master, A
Constant Reliever of ye Poor; And To
Thous Of His Parish, a Perpetual Benefactor;

Whom it Pleaseth
GOD TO TAKE IN TO IS PEACE,
From the Furies of the Insuing Wars.

BORN MAY XIV.
He Was Heare Interred,
May XXIV, An. Dni. 1643.
ÆTAT. SUE. 64.

Heare Also, Lyeth
DAME ANNE.
Is Wife who DECEASED
January XIIIth; And Who
WAS BURIED XVth,
Anno Dni. 1645.

Hic Patrios cineres, curavit filius urna,
Condere qui Tunulo, nunc jacet illepius.
The pious Son His Parents here interred,
Who bath his share in time, for them prepared

The old Manor House of Garsdon is now occupied by a respectable, and, indeed, opulent farmer, named Woody—two of whose sons lately came over to this country in the ship Philadelphia, and are gone back into the State of Ohio. Mr. Woody rents his farm and house of Lord Annoter. This ancient seat of the Washington family, is handsome, very old-fashioned, and built of stone, with immense solidity and strength. The timber about it is chiefly British oak, and in several of the rooms, particularly in a large one, which was a old hall, or banquetting room there are rich remains of gilding, carved work in cornices, ceilings and panells, polished floors and wainscoting—with shields containing the same coat of arms as on the mural monument in the church, carved over the high, venerable, and architectural mantelpieces. Beneath the house are extensive cellars, which, with the banquetting room, would seem to indicate the genuine hospitality and princely style of living peculiar to a

"Fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time"

And, indeed, according to the traditions and chronicles of the country, such was the general character of the heads of the Washington family. Soon after the Civil War, the family left their ancient seat, and removed to another part of the kingdom—but an old man now living in the village, named Reeves, who is ninety years of age, states that he remembers one of the Washingtons living in that part of the country, when he was a boy, and that his great-grandfather remembered the last Squire Washington living at the Manor House.—The walls of the house are five feet thick, and the entire residence is surrounded by a beautiful garden and orchards. In the old parish archives, the Washington family are constantly referred to as the benefactors

of the parish; and from the very earliest recorded times, they seem to have been the Lords of the soil at Garsdon, down to the period of their leaving, when the Manor House fell into the hands of a family named Dobbs.

From the Church and Manor or Court House of Garsdon, there are the remains of an ancient paved causeway, extending for about two miles, to the far-famed abbey and cloister of Malmesbury, founded and endowed by King Athelstan—not only celebrated for its power and splendor in Catholic days, but also as being the birth place and residence of William of Malmesbury—one of the earliest of British historians.—Phil. Inquirer.

FOREVER.

"Who can paraphrase upon the words forever and ever?" said the dying Newport. Yes, who can paraphrase upon them? What mathematician can number their years? Whose imagination so vivid as to stretch onward to that day when eternity shall have run its cycles? Alas! the imagination tires in the task; the mathematician is lost in his computations, and the mind falters as it gazes into that dread abyss. Well might the dying free-thinker, as he hovered upon its borders, exclaim, "Oh, eternity! eternity! who can discover the abyss of eternity!" What countless ages, for ever lasting, but never told! And yet how near they roll! Their waves dash upon the shores of time at our very feet—and soon, Oh, we launch upon their shoreless bottom. Sinful man, art thou prepared to number the hours that make up that vast eternity to which you are hastening? Time-serving professor, art thou prepared to traverse those trackless paths, which know no termination forever! Awake, O thou that sleepest, and gird thyself for the journey. Time is but a meteor's gleam, a single inch; and then eternity stretched onward to the judgment, and from the judgment still onward, forever and ever.—Western Recorder.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

The trumpet shall sound—long—long after the millions now living upon earth shall have laid their wearied heads on the lap of their mother earth—a remembrance of his promise shall come up in the Eternal Mind, and the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.

The husbandman throws his seed into the earth in the late days of autumn and covers it deep from his sight, yet he expects to see it again in the spring. So we, when we lay the inanimate bodies of our friends in the grave, expect to see them again.

Ye, who have wronged the dead! tremble and turn pale—for ye shall see them again glaring upon you with eyes of fire, and showing the wounds with which ye have gored their bosoms, and accusing you before the world of hidden injuries and wrongs inflicted with deliberate malice long years since! It is dreadful to have a human being, an immortal spirit, leave the world ill at peace with us. For no bribery can suborn a witness against us who has once passed into eternity. His tale will ring around the judgment tribunal, and we unrepenting and absolved shall be speechless under the accusations of a wounded spirit. No wonder, in view of this solemn consideration, the Saviour said, let not the sun go down upon your wrath. O, settle with thy fellow man, lest death come in the hour of his slumber, and seal up his eternal testimony against thee! Be at peace with thine enemy while thou art in the way with him.

TEXIAN CITIES.—A missionary of the Methodist E. Church says: "You take up a newspaper, and you read of the cities of Velasco, Brazoria, Austin, &c., and you picture out in your mind Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, or, at least, Louisville, Natches, and Vicksburg; but you would be a little surprised in visiting those cities to find that some of them have only a dozen houses, and others of them none at all! In our papers, letters, &c., we Texians have a little of that grandiloquence which characterized the first settlers of our father land. It is just as easy to lay off a city as a village, and we can write town, a little sooner than we can hamlet. And you know the maps of cities look better than the maps of villages; and who would not rather live in a town than in a hamlet!"

Galveston is to be a city without doubt—the New York of Texas. It is in its infantile state, being only about eighteen months old; yet it has, I suppose, 600 houses, and at present about 3000 inhabitants. The winter population is greater, as in all southern cities, notwithstanding the delightful breezes, which blow from the gulf, make it a desirable summer retreat. Virgil knew nothing of the soft breathing zephyrs which daily and nightly fan the inhabitants of Galveston.

A life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Washington Irving, is in the press of the Harpers.

A farmer about kindling up a fire, bitter cold day, deep snow on the ground, said to his son, "Tom, my son, can't you go out to the woodpile and hustle me up a few chips to start this fire?" Tom: "Oh yis, while I am a hustling about there, arter them chips, who knows but I might hustle out a snake."

It is stated that 96,000 muskets have been manufactured at Springfield, Mass. within the last four years.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM The Crisis of the Country. BY JUNIUS.

How the credit system affects the poor.
The poor man's family is sick and he wants a doctor. The doctor comes, and waits till the poor man can pay. He wants medicine at the apothecary's, and the apothecary does him the same favor. Suppose he can never pay. The doctor and the apothecary can both afford to forgive him the debt; they consented to the risk; distress has been relieved; and society is benefited by a voluntary tax on those who could afford it. Besides, the man may be able to pay; and in nine cases out of ten, or in nineteen out of twenty, he will.

How the no credit system affects the same case.

The doctor don't come; the apothecary refuses the medicine; the sick members of the family may live; but more likely will die. There is distress aggravated; there is perhaps loss of life; on one part, there is a sense of unkindness, and of a want of humanity, despair, death; on the other is hardness of heart, a consciousness of wrong, at least to humanity; society is injured; nobody is benefited.

How the credit system affects a young man setting up in life.

We will suppose he has earned a good character, is respected, esteemed, and in all respect qualified for this, that, or the other kind of business; but he has nothing to begin with—no capital. He has friends, however, who are able and willing to supply his wants, and wait till his success in business may enable him to refund. The parties who help him know there is some risk, but they can afford it, and they have a good feeling, a gratification in the matter. If they lose all, they are not embarrassed by it; whether they lose it or not, they are better in heart; they are conscious of having done a good thing; and society is benefited. It is in no way injured, because the property is somewhere, in use, though it may not come back to them. But in most cases of this kind, the young man succeeds, pays all, is thereby put forward in life, obtains a standing, has credit of his own, can do the same favor to others, will be disposed to do it from gratitude, is respected, honored, blessed. He is also enabled to do a great deal of good in the various relations, and for the most important purposes of life, because he has the means. He may be honored with public trusts, and discharge them for public good. He is a made man, and made by credit; a blessing to himself, and to his family, to society.

How the no credit system affects the same case.

The money lent by these kind friends to this worthy young man, would perhaps otherwise have been hoarded up as dead capital, to do nobody any good. At least it would have been retained for selfish ends, instead of being appropriated for generous objects. The feelings of these parties, who have come to the aid of so worthy a person, and by that means made a thrifty, useful, happy man, would, in the case of the no credit system, have failed of this high gratification, and been bound up in selfishness. This young man would have been doomed to remain where he was, to look this way, and that way for help, finding none. He would have failed to get into the business of the case supposed, which belongs to the credit system; he would have encountered hard-heartedness all around him, grown selfish himself, perhaps discouraged. The chances are many that he would never have come to any importance in society, that he would have got into low pursuits, and a low condition, perhaps been abandoned to vice, or ended his days in crime.

What proportion of young men in our country are so favored as to inherit capital? Probably not one in a hundred. Will they not, then, be in favor of the credit system? Will not fathers, who look with anxious concern on the sons to whom they can leave nothing but their blessing, be in favor of this system?

How the credit system affects mechanics.

Take for example a journeyman printer of good character, who is offered a chance, with good prospects, of placing himself at the head of an establishment in his line of business as proprietor; but he has not sufficient capital. The credit system, however, comes in, and enables him to conclude a purchase. He rises at once to importance, with every prospect of doing well. The credit system has given him advantages in one day, which it is possible, he could not have acquired in all his lifetime under the no credit system, and nobody is injured by it. They who have accommodated him were perhaps as willing to do it for their own interest, as he was to accept it for his.

This may illustrate the case of ten thousand, more probably of a hundred thousand mechanics in our cities and country, who are deeply interested in the credit system, as the individual here supposed. The same may be said of young men and others engaged in agriculture, in manufactures, in trade, in any calling of life, requiring some capital to begin with. On the no credit system most of them might give up all hope of being able to establish themselves, without any considerable aid, in respectable and advantageous positions for the business they have chosen.

How the credit system affects those who are already established in business, and are worthy of credit.

It enables them to enlarge their plans on a prudent basis, as they may judge best; to attempt and accomplish many things which active minds prompt to, which are essential to happiness, possibly to the greatest usefulness. It is a right which they have earned by their probity, by their good conduct, by their diligence in business, and which is conceded to them by the respect and good esteem in which they are held. Their good name is as much a capital as their money; in acquiring the last honestly, they have acquired the first, and with the same pains. They are, therefore, as fairly entitled to trade upon one, as upon the other.

How the no credit system affects the same cases.

It is a libel on good character; it is a libel on society; it is a quenching of the spirit of noble and generous confidence, it is cramping the expansive powers of sound public morality; it prevents the accomplishment of great good; it checks activity and limits useful enterprise; it curtails individual and public wealth; and in a thousand ways robs society of benefits and advantages it would otherwise realize.

How the credit system affects a poor young man of promising abilities who has lost his health that he cannot work, and wants to get a liberal education.

His friends take him by the hand, and help him, with the understanding, if he should be able, that he should remunerate them. The young man gets his education by this assistance, enters his profession, is successful, and returns to his benefactors to redeem his pledge. Possibly they may be in circumstances not to want it, or so gratified with the good they have done, as to say, "No, you are welcome," and offer to cancel the obligation. Still, he may insist upon repayment. Who will deny that this is a great blessing to all the parties and to society?

But suppose the young man dies in the course of his education, or is unsuccessful, his benefactors always had this contingency in prospect, can generally afford the loss, and there is no complaint. Who is injured?

How the no credit system affects the same case.

The unfortunate young man is cut off from all prospects in life, left to want, perhaps to misery and starvation. His supposed benefactors must now be supposed hard-hearted and selfish; kindness and morality are so much the less; and it is possible, that society is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, of a most useful public character, and the country of one of its most illustrious men.

How the credit system affects the honest and strong, though poor man, who goes with no estate but his axe and rifle on his shoulder into the western wilderness.

It is possible that even his axe and rifle were furnished by a kind neighbor, who said, "Pay for them if you prosper; if not you are welcome." In the first place, on the basis of the credit system, he may avail himself of the privileges of a squatter, if he chooses. That is credit, and his creditor is the Government of his country. He has no money, but he has a strong arm, and a sound and courageous heart. The trees fall before him; a "log cabin" is soon erected; he gets food by his rifle. Our pioneer of the wilderness, having cleared away his patch—made "an opening" as they say in the West—and built his cabin, takes down his rifle, makes his way through the forest to the nearest of one of the older "settlers," who had begun in like manner, but has now large openings, a barn filled with grain, cattle, pigs, poultry, &c. He negotiates with this neighbor, whom perhaps he had never seen before, for seeds, pigs, fowls, a cow, perhaps a yoke of oxen—all on credit, for still he has no money. The look and bearing of the man are a sufficient recommendation, the bargain is closed, with no other security than the common generous faith of the West, "Pay when you can." Not even a scrap of paper is demanded. The obligation is written on the heart, the best of all securities in such a case. "God bless you, neighbor," says the generous creditor, who knows how to sympathize with such a case, "let us see you when you can;" and they part. Our pioneer takes care to assert the pre-emption right of a squatter, has looked to him at the Government land office as much land as the terms of sale will allow, or as he may want. He works away upon credit, pays for his seed and first supply of stock, meets his engagements at the land office; after two, three, or four years, is well off, though still in debt, still living and prospering on credit. He revisits his native place, marries the daughter of the kind neighbor who gave him the axe and rifle, who welcomes his return with all the generous feelings of a benefactor.

We may suppose our pioneer to have squatted on the prairies of the West, and by adapting the scene to the circumstances, the result would be the same.

In the succession of events this man, long before he dies, is first a justice of the peace over a surrounding population, whose history corresponds with his own; next, perhaps, a member of Congress; and finally, it may be, is Governor of a new western State. He has risen from nothing to wealth, to consequence in society, to dignity, to happiness; all on the basis of the credit system.