

# Highland Messenger.

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

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1840.

NUMBER 26

VOLUME I.

A. L. FANALLY & 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 WAR WITH CHINA.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.  
"Mistress of herself the China fail."—*Pope.*  
"I can't understand it," said my uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading and looking up over the fireplace at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother when he was master of an East Indiaman. My aunt was seated beside my uncle, with her cotton-box playing at working, and cousin Tom was working at playing in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk to take our tea, which, through an old connexion with Cathay, was certain to be first-rate at the cottage.  
"Why on earth," continued my uncle, "why on earth we should go to war about the Opium business quite passes my comprehension."  
"And mine; too," chimed in my aunt, "whom about it was to put in a word and put an argument as often as she had an opportunity. 'I always thought opium was a harmless, soothing sort of thing, more likely to compose people's passions than to stir them up.'"  
My uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie's picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy's grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler, for my aunt's allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking as interrupting the discourse.  
"The sulphur question," she continued, "is quite a different thing. That's all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece if we were to send our men-of-war, and frigates, and fireships, to bombard Mount Vesuvius."  
"I should like to see it," said my father, in his quietest tone and with his gravest face—for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed grand display of pyrotechnics.  
"To go back," resumed my uncle, "to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Capt. Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese admiral a chop."  
"And a very civil thing of him, too," remarked my aunt.  
"Ah! what?" exploded my uncle, as snappish as a Waterloo cracker.  
"To be sure," said my aunt, in a depreciated tone, "it might be a Friday and a fast day, as to meat."  
"As to what?"  
"As to meat," repeated my aunt, respectfully. "I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese."  
"Phoo! nonsense!" ejaculated my uncle, "a chop is a document."  
My uncle looked upwards worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted, but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My father tried to mend matters as usual.  
"After all, brother," he said, "my sister's mistake was natural and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops and stakes. Besides, she has had greater blunders to keep her in countenance. You remember the needless resentment there was about 'Barbarian Eyes.'"  
"To be sure he does," said my aunt; and why should I be expected to know Chinese any more than Lord M. Bourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who? especially when it's such a difficult language as Chinese, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics."  
"But what says the pamphlet?" said my father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.  
"Why, he says," replied my uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug; that it produces the most demoralizing effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."  
"No, nor wholesome one either," returned my father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here? return of our exports to the Celestial Empire!"  
"The author means to imply," said my uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."  
"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke Brummagen hardware and cutlery, like the British!"  
"I believe it is but a Brummagen argument, after all," said my father; "a mercantile interest pleaded over with morality. It's the old story in the spelling-book, 'There's nothing like leather.' The pamphlet and Commissioner Lin are both of a kind, in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious demoralizing effects of the article are found out only in 1840? The Opium trade with China is of long standing; as old as—"

"Robinson Crusoe," cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper kite at the same time.  
"Robinson Fiddler sticks!" cried my aunt; "boys ought not to talk about politics.—What in the world has opium chewing to do with a desert island?"  
"He had a whole cargo of it," muttered Tom, "when he went on his voyage to China."  
"The lad's right," said my father.—"Go, Tom, and fetch the book;" and De-foe's novel was produced in a twinkling!  
"The lad's right," repeated my father, reading aloud from the book—here's Crusoe, "we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price among the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there."  
"That's to the point, at any rate," said my uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy. But my aunt did not so much relish Tom's victory, and, on some household pretence, took herself out of the room.  
"It is a sad job, this war, and I am sorry for it," said my father, with a serious shake of his head. "I have always had a sneaking fondness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have out run them now in the race of civilization, but no doubt there was a time when, comparatively, they were refined, and we were the barbarians."  
"It is impossible to doubt it," said my uncle, with great animation. "To say nothing of their invention of gun powder, and their discovery of the mariner's compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old China. It is, I may say, quite a passion—inherited, perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste."  
"And she had Horace Walpole," said my father, "to back her opinion."  
"To be sure she had," replied my uncle eagerly; "and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant tea services, to convince one that they are not made any more than their vessels of the commoner earth. You feel at once—"  
"That Slang Whang is a gentleman," said my father, "and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names."  
My uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Matthew. "To look at a Chinese service," he said, "is enough of itself to make one a tea-totaller. It inspires one—at least it does me—with the exquisite horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse buckets to bird glasses; and remembering their huge flagons, and black jacks, and wassail bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish in their draughts."  
"They must, indeed," said my father.  
"Now, here is a delicate drinking vessel," continued my uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. "What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?"  
"At a guess," replied my father, very gravely, "nothing coarser than mountain dew."  
"Yes," said my uncle, with enthusiasm, "to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is indeed, like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong!"  
"She must have had thinner lips than an Austrian," said my father.  
"And what a lady-like hand!" exclaimed my uncle, "for such a Lilliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers."  
"Her hand must be like her foot," said my father, "which is never bigger than a child's."  
"And there again, we have a proof of refinement," said my uncle. "Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shows the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility."  
"And it is somewhat remarkable," said my father, "that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time, the pigtail."  
"Exactly," said my uncle; "but here is the lady," and he took up another of his grandmother's brittle legacies, "on a plate that ought to be a plate to Moore's Paradise and the Peri. Just hold it up towards the window and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine, you observe to a sort of moonlight."  
"Very transparent, indeed!" said my father, "and yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."  
"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"  
"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my father.  
"Whichever you please," said my uncle "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon, you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in paradise, of earth and heaven."  
"Very poetical, indeed," said my father.

"And those curly-tailed swallows and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."  
"Exactly so," said my uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."  
"He would not indeed," said my father, "even if he could get an act of Parliament for it."  
"Not he," cried my uncle; "all must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road the further end of which is lost in that white blank which may or may not stand for the atmosphere."  
"And yet," said my father, "that little man in petticoats is walking up it, as if he had an errand at the other end."  
"For aught we know," said my uncle, "it may be an allegory; and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the mean time we may gather some hints of the character of the people from the porcelain—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrences of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armed figure, weapons, or any allusion to war and its attributes, in any of their enamels."  
"So much the worse for them," said my father, "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a tea-cup. It will be like the China vessel in the old fable coming in contact with the brazen ore. There will be a fine smash brother, of your favorite ware!"  
"A smash! where?" inquired my aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. "What are you talking of?"  
"Of a bull in a china shop," said my father, with a hard wink at my uncle.  
"Yes, that's a dreadful smash, sure enough," said aunt. "There was Mrs. Starkey who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at Smithfield Bars, she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At first, she says, he was quiet enough, for besides racing up and down St. John street he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington and Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs and mugs and things, as if admiring the patterns."  
"And pray," inquired my uncle, "where was Mrs. Starkey in the mean time?"  
"Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in the back parlor and saw every thing by peeping through a crack of the green curtain over the glass door. So the mad bull stood staring of the crockery quite enough, when unluckily with a switch of his tail he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over his head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets, for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up again, for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarter. Well, round turns the bull, quite savage, with another loud bellow, as much as to say, 'I should like to know who did that!' when what should he see but bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as high as our Tom there, a grinning and nodding at him with his hand."  
"Commissioner Lin," said my father, with a significant nod to my uncle.  
"Mrs. Starkey thinks," continued my aunt, "that the mad bull took the china figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so life-like; however, the more the bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at last and at last the bull got so aggravated, that, sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him into shivers."  
"And there you have the whole history," said my father with another nod to my uncle, "of a War with China."—*New Monthly Magazine for October.*

**THE WILD HORSE.**  
The following picturesque and graphic description is from the N. O. Picayune. It appears in a series, entitled "Prairie Sketches":—  
We were water-bound at Walnut creek. The water was too high to admit our crossing, and for three days we had remained listless and idle on the bank of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water continued rising, and as we could not proceed upon our travel, three of us, weary of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of a buffalo. We discharged the old charges from our fire-arms, and, having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable mosquitoes, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun flowers, miles in extent, with their dark sooty centres, and radiating yellow leaves, following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows close over and sentiment. These are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sun flower.  
About half past ten, we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused—for to pursue him with a view of catching him was clearly impossible. When he discovered that we were not following him, he also paused, and now he seemed to be inspired with as great curiosity as ourselves, for after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.  
We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with jet black mane and tail.—We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.  
Of all the brute creation, the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, all countries and all ages yield him their admiration. But, though the finest specimen of his kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that beams like a halo round the simple name of freedom.—The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master, has never felt the whip, never clasped in his teeth the bit to curve his native freedom, but gambols unmolested over his grassy home, where nature has given him a bountiful supply of provender. Lordly man has never sat upon his back; the spur and the bridle are unknown to him; and when the Spaniard comes, on his fleet trained steed, with noise in hand to ensnare him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as an arrow from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud.  
We might have shot him from where we stood, but had we been starving we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head; he heard the report, and the whizz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.  
Just as he vanished, we perceived two dark spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in pursuit.

[From the Boston Weekly Magazine.]  
**A REMARKABLE FACT.**  
[We are assured that the following fact, singular and improbable as it may appear, did positively occur; and as it has afforded much scope for conjecture and theory, we have been induced to insert it. It may induce some of our readers to rack their brains, and if possible, to discover some plausible method of accounting for the wonderful occurrence.]  
In the spring of the year 1803, a notice appeared in several of the London papers, to the effect that the advertiser had found a large amount of money in bank notes, and that the owner might recover them, by establishing his claim to the satisfaction of a certain Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Smith, a solicitor, whose abode was designated.—The advertisement continued to appear for several days in succession; it was then withdrawn, but in the course of a few days re-appeared, with a slight change in its terms, just sufficiently to indicate that the purpose for which it had originally been made public was not yet accomplished.—The second edition in like manner continued to excite the speculation, the wishes and the envy of numerous readers, and was in its turn followed by a third, a fourth and a fifth, the latter of which bore date about two months after the first. In the mean time, the circumstance had been quoted and commented upon by every newspaper in the kingdom; the sporting weeklies were made the proclaimers of several bets touching the sum, the name of the finder, and the probabilities of an owner appearing to claim the lost mammoth; and even the magazines had something to say of the very remarkable fact that any number of bank notes should go begging so long for a proprietor. It will be understood, therefore, that greater publicity could not be given to any event, than was bestowed upon this bundle of treasure, and the wish of the present possessor that it should fall once more into the hands of its legitimate master.  
The fifth edition had appeared for some days, and the solicitor to whose management the affair was entrusted, was on the point of advising his client, that nothing more was to be done, except to enjoy his good fortune; when a claimant appeared, as it were, at the eleventh hour. He announced himself as one of the partners of an extensive banking establishment in Yorkshire; and requested an interview with the advertiser. This was, of course, granted at once; and the two gentlemen, with their respective solicitors, met at the hour and place appointed.  
The preliminaries were soon adjusted; that is, taking the fact into consideration that two lawyers had gotten their fingers in the pie; the next step was for the claimant to make known the ground of his belief, that the money belonged to his house. In the first place, he gave the amount; and it was admitted he was correct in his description so far; the notes were of the value of eight thousand pounds. But, beyond this, his tale was abundant in difficulties. The notes were of various banks and denominations, and had been paid to his house on the third day of May, as he knew not only from the books of the concern, but from a private memorandum made at the time by one of the partners; for some particular reason, which he either did not explain or the writer has forgotten, they had not been thrown immediately into circulation, as was the custom of the house; but had been deposited with some other papers of value in an iron chest, of which only the parties had keys, and this chest was locked up in a vault, to which none of the clerks had access. The loss of the money had not been discovered until the day previous to that on which he had started for London, and he was utterly unable to conjecture how, or by whom, it had been taken away.  
This was all the account the banker could give of the matter; neither the iron chest nor the vault gave the least evidence of having been forced; the keys had never been out of the possession of the partners; and nothing else appeared to have been taken.—The notes had been received from various persons, and he had not yet been able to ascertain any particular by which they could be identified, farther than that the receiving clerk of the banking house remembered one of them to have been a bill of the Bank of England for five hundred pounds, and to have had upon it a large spot of red ink. The other parties were now engaged in making inquiries, by which they hoped to be able, in the course of a few days, to identify at least some of the others.  
At this stage of the proceeding, it was suggested by Mr. Johnson—if that was his name—the solicitor, that one of the officers of the Bank of England, in which the money had been deposited by the finder, for safe keeping, should be requested to attend; and in the course of three-quarters of an hour, he made his appearance. In reply to a question from the solicitor, the banker again stated that the bills were received by his house on the third of May, at about 11 o'clock in the morning; his description of the five hundred pound note was admitted to be correct, but the gentleman from the bank produced a minute from his book of entries, by which it appeared that it was on the third of May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that the notes were placed in his hands; and it was proved that the first notice of the finding had been published on the morning of the fourth; if the notes were those alluded to by the Yorkshire gentleman, they must have been taken from his bank and conveyed to London, a distance of more than two hundred miles, in less than two hours, a performance of which all admitted the utter impossibility.  
At a subsequent day, another partner arrived in town, having succeeded in ascertaining the sums and descriptions of several of the lost notes; his memorandum was compared with the bills deposited in the bank, and found to agree; but his testimony as to the time of the receipt of the money, corresponded precisely with that of the first comer. He declared that it was very strange, but there was no contending against the fact that the notes were in the custody of the Bank of England within four hours from the time at which, if the same, they were undoubtedly in Yorkshire. The finder alleged that he had picked them up in St. James' Park, that they were done up in a paper, and tied with a piece of red tape; and that he had immediately on dis-

covering the contents of the parcel to be so valuable, taken a cab and proceeded at once to the bank.  
These were the statements and facts relied on by the parties in relation to their claims upon the deposit. The matter continued to be a subject of wonder, investigation and controversy, for some months; but nothing appeared to clear up the mystery. The proof adduced by the bankers of the identity of the notes, and the time and manner of their coming into the Bank, was abundant and irresistible; and equally so was the evidence as to the time of their appearance in London. The dispute was at length compromised; the finder consented to give up his claim, upon condition that the bankers should pay certain sums to certain specified charities; but the puzzle remains to this day as perplexing and perfect as ever.  
**THE DYING HOUR.**  
If the experience of the dying hour could be faithfully written, the thoughts that then fill the brain like the last inhabitants of a crumbling temple, and the feelings that then occupy the chilled heart, be revealed to the eye of sense, what a view would be displayed! The period of dissolution brings with it emotions of a peculiar character. There are at that time operations through which the soul never before passed. Nothing appears in its old aspect. Like a splendid hall which has been hung in new drapery, each object wears a different dress. Opinions, that the strongest force of argument could not repel or withdraw from the mind, then hastily depart; prejudices that rooted themselves more and more deeply at every attack, then bend before the blast; cherished feelings, that the bosom had ever clung to, then are hated, and desires that have ever found a home beside affection's altar, then are banished. What fearful change is this, that then befall the spirit? Are the faculties then so weakened as to prevent it from thinking and feeling aright? No; it now sees things as they are. Falsehood has ceased to obscure its vision.—Truth, long deprived of her authority, long forced to crouch like a slave, obtains her rightful station, and shows that the pretended nature of the world is very unlike its real character. O what an hour is this!—When the soul is aroused to the true relations of objects; when mistakes are seen but alas too late for correction—when eternity's importance and awe enter into the decisions, wishes, and feelings of the mind!  
The hour of death! In this brief space the past is reviewed. How'er treacherous memory may have been on a thousand occasions, she now acquits herself with fidelity. Omit she now to unroll the record, which her hand so often clasped?—Is she like the trumpet, that bloweth an "uncertain sound." Life's history her tongue now repeats—scenes, forgotten scenes, are recalled, and buried events are brought up before the eye. Over the long path which we have made, she leads us; here she stops to meditate on some dark deed; there she shows another way into which passion hurried us. Have we injured friends? Have the true and fond bosoms on which we rested been pierced by the darts of unkindness? Memory presents it. Have we performed actions of generosity? Have the desolation of the widow been cheered, and the loneliness of the orphan been relieved by us?—Has the path of one individual lost a throne by our instrumentality, or the wrath of fate had one rose added by our hands? Delighted with the occurrence, memory repeats it in strains of exultation. Crowded into this narrow period, the moments resemble the waves that now dance in the sunlight to the music of the breeze, and now flow on in solemn silence beneath the shade of over-hanging boughs. But does the past alone employ the fugitive hour? That hour imagination also makes her own. What- ever may have hindered its operation is now removed. Loftier and freer than ever soars its wing. Over the highest summit it easily rises, borrowing life from death itself.  
The dying hour! It is then that Time and we are parted. Though he may have led us over a diversified way, we then forsake him, he continues to travel on in his own course, but we are ushered into a new condition. Care ceases to distress. The last tear falls from the eye, the last sigh escapes from the bosom. Darkness gathers upon the earth, relieved only by that pure light which proceeding from heaven hath power to gild the closing scene. Mortality shrink not from this hour! Pursue virtue—let religion be thy study, O man, and whenever and wherever this event occur, it shall find thee happily prepared. Whether thou meet thee at the door when midnight reigneth, or mid-day pour its tide of glory on the world—whether it meet thee amid the consolations of home, or the privations of a stranger's country—whether it meet thee on the uprising billow or in the fruitful plain its stern brow shall bear a soft and holy expression, and its angry voice shall speak tones but those of peace and love.  
An old man who had been dreadfully "hemped" all his life, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. "T'old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson endeavored to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors! "Hout, tout, mon, I'm no scart!" The King of Terrors! I've been living sax and thirty years with the Queen of them, and the King canna be muckle waur.