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WHOLE NO. 242.

THOS. W. ATKIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER :

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year.

From the Boston Journal.

Stray Recollections of a Sleigh Ride.

BY SAM FBAT.

Amongst the few things which Dr. Johnson repeated of was having once gone by water to a place he could have reached by land.

Frank Foam and myself had just arrived from Sumatra. His mother lived in Milton, and on the morning of our arrival he chartered a clipped horse and a light cutter, for the trip out and back, giving me a seat along side of him.

"Well," said Frank, "it's not often you see a pilot boat run ashore to accommodate a fisherman—or a crack Boston concern, like this, so mindful of the bushwhackers, as to give every one he meets the whole of the road."

So Frank laid the string on, and took the lead. The stranger dropped quietly in our wake and showed no disposition to change his position until our slackened pace convinced him that we were trailing for him, and were inclined to see his log.

"Who ever saw such a gait!" "Neither a trot, pace, or rack, but a species of the whole—a flash of lightning harnessed in harness."

Our companion carried all sail for a few minutes; when he hove to shove out, but started again just as we came up with him.

When we were pretty well along we found the travelled part of the road narrow, low, and curving. There was margin enough on both sides, but the absence of any track upon it, looked suspicious.

"You see," said Frank, "the chap with the log keeps his log on this track—he knows the road—two inches more to the left and his trim craft would be bottom up amongst breakers."

probably went a little faster for a short time than they ever went before! Upon heaving to, it was found that the countryman's concern was a little injured, and clamorous and abusive enough he was in his demand for damages.

"I say," said Hawthorn furiously, "I ought to have some remuneration for that shaft, which is broke short off; and I leave it to these gentlemen to say whether a dollar is too much, considering the loss of time in mending it, the board of these young ladies, and the risk there was in case my horse had run?"

"Why you land sculpin," said Frank, "the fault was your own. The thunder and lightning horse was doing well enough, until you drifted upon him."

"Yes," replied the other, "and that's reasonable when you think of the shaft—the time—the board, and the way you drove that mad horse."

"My friend," rejoined the other, "your charge is not extravagant, but however correct you may be in your estimate of damages, you are unjustly hard upon my driving. The fact is, my horse has not been out for a month, and I am very weak from sickness. You know the Small Pox!"

"What!" yelled Jerry, retreating instinctively.

"I say," continued the stranger, that the Small Pox (here he offered Jerry a soiled dollar bill, which he had been fingering for some time, and in the act showed the back of his hand, purple with cold) not only affects a man's strength and vision, but his look. That however, is my misfortune, and not your fault."

"No, sir," shrieked one of the rose-buds, "we are not cold—we've got on double quilted, stuffed petticoats."

"My dear friend," said the countryman, "don't stand in the cold any longer, drive off. I shall do very well, the shaft is only cracked a little, and with some cord which I have, I can fix it in five minutes."

No sooner did Jerry begin to hunt for the rope, than the citizen also began to fumble about the bottom of the sleigh. The countryman drew back, the tan yard grin had vanished, and with a countenance in which despair and indignation were strangely mingled he said—

"Stranger this is too much. You drive along like a whirlwind—pick me up in a steam engine does a cow—drag me half a mile—broke my sleigh—and then insist upon giving me the Small Pox!"

At every count, Jerry's wrath increased, and at the close, when his eye fell upon a bundle of axe-handles, which stood in his sleigh, the expression of his face was absolutely terrific.

Mr. McDuffie—By withdrawing our army and navy. Mr. Crittenden—That would make peace on our side only; there were two sides to all wars.

Mr. Crittenden—We might not carry on the war, it is true, but it would be a very favorable time for our enemy to carry it on, much to our disadvantage. (A general laugh.)

The Horrors of Milleries.

Trial of Israel Dammon.—We have seen the report of the trial of a man who is termed Elder Dammon, at Dover, Maine, commenced on the 17th February, before Moses Sweet and Seth Lee, Esq's.

Dammon was charged with being a vagabond, a common railer and brawler, neglecting to support his family, &c. He pleaded not guilty, and numerous witnesses examined during the time of the trial, which lasted two days.

Wm. C. Crosby, testified. He was at the meeting on Saturday night, from about 7 to 9 o'clock. There was a woman on the floor, who lay on her back with a pillow under her head; she would occasionally arouse and tell a vision, which she said was revealed to her.

Lorton Lambert testified that he attended a meeting one evening lately, and that Dammon was very abusive; called all other denominations liars, murderers, &c.

Jerome B. Green testified that in the meeting he attended, he saw men washing women's feet, &c. Elder D. was the presiding Elder. He saw Dammon kiss Mrs. Osborn.

Ebon Trundy testified that prisoner told him he must live on them that had property, and if God did not come, then they must go to work together.

The first witness offered in defence, was James Ayer, Jr. He testified that a man went into the bed room with Miss Baker. He is an adventurist, and said it was a part of their faith to do such other—and that they had Bible authority for it.

George Woodbury affirmed he believed in Miss Harmon's visions, because she told his wife's feelings correctly. It was his impression that prisoner kissed his wife. Believed the world will come to an end within two months, prisoner preaches so.

The first signature of Mr. Buchanan, as Secretary of State is said to have been attached to the passports of the Mexican Minister.

said to his wife and the girls, if they did not do as she said, they would go to hell. His wife and Dammon passed across the floor on their hands and knees. Some man did go into the bed room. Heard brother Dammon say the gift of healing the sick lay in the Church. Dammon advised us not to work, because there is enough to live on until the end of the world.

Thomas Proctor testified that prisoner confessed to him that Miss Baker had an exercise in the bed room, and he went in and helped her out.

Each other testimony was received, pro and con, of a similar character, and the prisoner opened his defence. He cited Luke vii. 36; John xiii; last chap. in Romans, Philippians iv; 1st Thes. v. chap.

Prisoner again arose and read the 50th and 126 Psalms. He argued that the day of grace had gone by, that the believers were reduced, but that there were too many yet, and that the end of the world would come within a week.

The prisoner was sentenced to ten days in the House of Correction, from which sentence he appealed.

On Tuesday, after the trial was concluded, and while the Court was waiting for the counsel to come in, prisoner and his witness asked permission, and sung that hymn, by John Craig, beginning—

"While I journey down in Egypt's land, I languish, and am at hand; The melody of the sounding, And I weep for thee, O my dear brethren, To meet the pilgrim."

These songs are not enacted at Atkinson only. In this city, we are informed "gross deeds" are done by one section of these fanatics—for there are two. One washing with propriety of conduct (so far as we know) at Beethoven Hall—the other at private houses. The latter hold to the "washing," washing each other's feet, "abandoning work, &c. Many of these were once respectable, happy, and comfortably situated. Now, by the delusion of the devil, they are wallowing on the floor, their characters lost, their families broken up, their daughters debased, their minds wild with insanity.

Official Notification.

We learn from an article in the last Memphis Enquirer, that Messrs. Lotham & Gibson, Editor and Publisher of the Memphis Daily Eagle, had been arrested by virtue of an attachment, issued by Judge King, of the Criminal Court, for an alleged contempt of Court. It appears that an article had been published in the Eagle from a correspondent, imputing to the Judges of the State, including his honor, Judge King, too great leniency in the administration of the law against keepers of Tippling Houses.

Beautiful Ideas.—This stanza of Longfellow's has excited the admiration of almost every body: "Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave."

The New Bedford Mercury has looked up the following, in an old poem, published about two hundred years ago. It is the lament of a husband for his departed wife—

But hark! my former love a soft sweet strain my approach, tells that I come; And show how oft by rancies we met, I shall at last die by thee.

There is the same idea. It only shows that there is "nothing new under the sun."—Nashua Telegraph.

The Empire Club.

This notorious gang of pickpockets and gamblers, figured quite conspicuously at Washington city, during the inauguration.—They went on from New York in a body, wearing the uniform dress of the Club, red flannel shirts—and carried with them a huge brass cannon, which they stationed near Mr. Polk's lodgings, and kept constantly firing.—The Club called on Capt. Tyler, the Apostate, who received them very graciously, and made them a magnificent speech, to which Rynders, the President of the Club, replied.

It is stated that the Club sent a deputation to Mr. Polk to know when it would be his pleasure to receive "the Empire Club"—His prompt and dignified reply was "Never, never!" To this Rynders, who by-the-by, keeps a gambling house in New York, states in reply that such is not the fact. "We called," says the Captain, "upon President Polk in a body, at eight o'clock in the evening, were kindly received, and invited into the reception room. We marched in with our music playing and our banners flying, and were greeted with a cordial welcome from the President and other distinguished gentlemen who were present, and who can bear witness to what I have stated."

They found out—probably from Mr. Polk himself—whom he would appoint as members of his Cabinet and forthwith went off some of his leaders to Baltimore. The following from the Baltimore Patriot shows for what purpose:—

"The leaders of the Empire Club are here, and true to their vocation, they are to be found in all the 'halls,' bar-rooms, and grogeries; proposing bets on the composition of the Cabinet.

"In detail, they propose three to one on Buchanan and Mason; one to three on Walker and Johnson, and two to one against any man named for the Attorney Generalship.—They have succeeded in 'laying out,' as their slang calls it, large sums on these points—with Louisiana, of course."

What most right-minded men, of all parties, think of Mr. Polk for "kindly receiving and inviting into the reception room," these wretches, and then informing them who were to constitute his Cabinet! We did hope that when Tyler should leave the White House a better order of things would prevail there.—But, alas! the country has fallen on evil times.—North State Wite.

Dignitaries Arrested.—The Senate of Michigan has got into a pretty muss, for which the people will have to pay the piper.—It appears that Judge Wilkins, of the U. S. Circuit Court, issued a warrant for the arrest of Senator Williams, which was served by Deputy Marshall. The Senate were so indignant at the arrest of a member of their honorable body, that the arrest of the Judge, Marshal, and Clerk of the U. S. Court, was at once ordered, for a breach of privilege.—The arrests were made by the Sergeant-at-Arms; and Judge W., when arraigned, refused to respond, except to deny the jurisdiction of the Senate. This complicated the Senate for a time, but it was finally decided to make the whole matter the special order of the day. Preliminary arrangements for the trial for contempt were made, and the prisoners were suffered to go on parole, to appear when wanted.—N. Y. Amer. Republican.

The difference between a Jack in and a Jack out of office was pretty forcibly displayed yesterday, in our city. Mr. Tyler was a few moments too late for the steambath that was to take him from the city, and the consequence was that he was left behind. Had he still been President he could have commanded the time of others as well as his own; but as ex-President he shares the fate of the humblest citizen. The lesson must have been an impressive one for Mr. Tyler. One day a President, with more than the power of a King, the next day a plain man, "none so poor to do him reverence."

Among the incidents of the day past has been the appearance of a pamphlet, printed in Maryland, by order of ex-Governor Thomas, of Maryland. It gives a curious account of the marriage of Mr. Thomas, and implicates Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Gov. McDowell, of Virginia, and lady, and many others. It charges criminality upon Mrs. Thomas, and has made a profound sensation. The contents of the pamphlet are as serious as they are scandalous, and have made parties for Mr. Thomas and parties for Mr. Benton. I forbear even to state the contents of this extraordinary statement.—Wash. Cor. Express.

The Fur Cap Makers of this city, after working eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, find it impossible to make over thirty cents per day at present prices. What do our young men and boys think of this? Are they willing to wear caps against which the widowed mother and the orphan have tilled for this miserable pittance? The beautiful paragraph with which the ladies shade their faces in Broadway, were stitched by working women for twenty-four cents per day! We have heard of a widow with three children who earns a precarious subsistence by sewing parasols and umbrellas, and with the closest application also cannot earn more than twenty-five cents per day. How long shall these things continue!—N. Y. Sun.

Fire and a Horrible Death.

Our community was horror-stricken on last Thursday morning by the reported death of Mrs. Mary West, wife of the late Wm. West, aged about 60 years, and her grandson Henry Swink, aged about 12 years, living four miles North of this place; whose half consumed bodies were drawn out of the flames of the burning and destroyed dwelling of the deceased. The fire was first discovered by the neighbors about day light, but it had so far progressed that it was impossible to arrest the entire destruction of the dwelling, smoke-house, and crib, together with all their contents. The bodies of the unfortunate old lady and her grandson were not discovered until a late hour—indeed, it was hoped they had escaped from the burning edifice, for a while,—and when discovered and drawn out, they were a spectacle most shocking to behold. Nearly all the limbs of each were either entirely or partly burnt-off—their heads were gone, as if destroyed by the fire. A Jury of Inquest having been summoned to the spot, after due examination, found that the deceased had come to their deaths by the violence of some unknown person or persons, on the morning of Thursday; and that the building was then fired. Mrs. West was known to be in possession of several hundred dollars in silver and paper money; and there is no doubt but the perpetrator of the heinous deed just related, was in pursuit of this, and very probably obtained the whole of it. Salisbury Watchman.

Immigration to Texas.—We are by Mark Inard, Esq., who lives six miles west of Natchez, in Louisiana road travelled by all emigrants to Texas, across the Mississippi river at Natchez for the last two and a half months, fifteen a day have passed his house, on an average. Much of this emigration is in the prospect of annexation, and is from this state. It adds greatly to the population of the Mississippi land.—Natchez Courier.

Death by Lightning.—Mrs. Mary residing at Cape Creek Factory in this city, was killed by lightning on Sunday, the 29th ult. She was standing outside of the house, near the chimney, when the lightning struck the chimney, tore a hole large enough for a man to pass through, and killed Mrs. Woods instantly. The persons in the house felt the shock severely but none of them were injured.—Hillsborough Recorder 2d instant.

Won't Give Up.—The city of Nauvoo will not give up its charter, notwithstanding the legislative act of its repeal. Recently, the municipal election came off as usual. The St. Louis Revueille observes that all the officers of the city were duly elected. The whole system of government is enforced as usual. The leading Mormons say, the Legislature had no power to repeal their charter, that it is not repealed, and they will pay no attention to the repeal law, but go on as usual.

The New Orleans Jeffersonian of the 12th ultimo states, that the steambath Ruby from Mobile to Columbus, Mississippi, was run into and sunk by another boat coming from Wetumpka, some days ago. The Ruby had \$10,000 in specie on board, which it is feared will be irrecoverably lost. Another boat and a negro boy were unfortunately drowned.

Spits on a Small Snake.—The Catholics within the precincts of the United States Arsenal, a few miles from Pittsburgh, saw the Age, burnt in one form a copy of the Protestant Universalist, a paper published in this city. Some of them so bound would have liked to serve its publishers; printers and editors the same way—this is, however, as yet the country for that operation.

The Contrast.—When Congress appropriated six thousand dollars, to furnish the House, to be occupied by the separated Whigs, was not the cry of extravagance raised and sounded throughout the Union by the Democratic party? Now Twenty thousand dollars, is appropriated to furnish the same house for Mr. Polk's comfort by the same party. It is presumed to be all right, as no notice is made about it. We say this not in the language of complaint, for we believe the Executive mansion should be habitually furnished. We hope, however, when appropriation for the same object shall be made in 1846, for the comfort of a Whig President, the Democratic party will then, at least, play mum.—Connecticut 19th.

A young man left Henderson county, a few days ago, taking with him a married woman, the mother of five children. We have heard with the husband, whose name we do not know, in great grief for the wife, and his young man.—Savannah Daily 21st.

McCaskey M. Clark, of Henderson county, near to act very graciously toward the family of the late Wm. West, who was the cause of the burning of the dwelling of the deceased. He is a young man, and is said to have been a member of the Empire Club. He is now in the Kentucky State Prison, and is said to be very much improved in his mind, and is likely to recover.