

IMPERFECT COPY

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER... TERMS OF THE PAPER... THE ASHEVILLE REGISTER...

Wonderful Escape From the Indians.

A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married an early wife, and soon after settled near Bryan's Station, in the State of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, and fenced the garden, and was one day in the field, when he was surprised by a party of Indians. He was immediately forced and the next moment there were several of them around him. He was bound and gagged, and the Indians proceeded to plunder his house. He was taken to a cave and kept there for several days. He was finally rescued by a party of men from the settlement.

Several days after his Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles. James Morgan was amongst the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appearing on the ridge, he felt and knew his wrongs and recollected the lovely objects of his affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from the saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. As this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian and with a deathlike grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under the awful oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action elapsed, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle. It was now midnight. The savage had fled, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; his trunk supported his head. The ground was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks bleached with the rain and the sun of centuries were crimson with blood that had warmed the hoar and animated the bosom of the patriot and soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mingled bodies of the dead, the expiring cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendering doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensation, and looked forward to the agony of death to his own end. A large, furious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commending his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The savant animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. His now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached; a cold chill ran over him. Investigation—creative, busy investigation, was actively employed; death, the most horrible death awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and be devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished; another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who in sacred audible voice exclaimed, "My husband—my husband!" and fell upon his bosom. Morgan now learned from his wife that after the Indians entered the house, they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the roof upon her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house proceeded to Bryan's Station. On the day of battle of the Blue Licks, a horse, with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded—made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned the parent and left the battle ground, she with some other persons, who had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living, to save them. They left from the house of prey. After searching for

some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him. The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and returned them to their friends, their infant and their horse. Develop the Moral Powers.—All our moral powers exist in us. The highest aim of our teachers should be to disengage and call them forth, but this is what they think the least of. Without troubling themselves as to whether the horse be already full, they only busy themselves about furnishing it. They fatigue the intellect with their wearisome maxims, and they leave unsharpened the faculties of the soul which could render these maxims intelligible. To speak to little children of God, is in other words to present to their contemplation the object to which all souls ought to tend. Cause the sentiment of infinity to recognize itself in the presence of the infinite God, and nothing will be lost even amidst our terrestrial passions, if from the depth of their darkness man has still a glimpse of the radiant path to heaven. Is there on earth a vice which will not fall before the revelation of the beautiful? An error which will not vanish before the light of reason? and is not conscience more powerful than the sword, the faggot, torture or pleasure? Develop in Caesar the moral sentiment which animated Cato, and Rome will be free and Caesar will be great. Develop in Alexander the sentiment of the beautiful which animated Socrates; give to his ambition the insights of virtue, and instead of conquering the world Alexander would render it happy. A generous thought in the soul of the mother was then only required to save the human race. Another chapter in the slave case.—Catherine Lindsay, the servant girl of Mr. Hodgson of Savannah, Ga., who was arrested and taken before Judge Dewey, at Wilmington, in a writ of habeas corpus, through the agency of Dr. Hudson, of West Springfield, has sued Hudson for false imprisonment, laying her damages at \$1000. The suit is brought in the common pleas court for Suffolk, which meets in Boston in October. As Hudson refused to give the necessary bail, (\$1,500), he was committed to jail, in this town, on Monday last. In the arrest and commitment, he played the part of a good "non-resistant," and was about as helpless as a bag of cotton.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican. In addition to this we understand that Mr. Hudson has presumed four individuals of the mob who came to the light with the sheriff, to the grand jury who will doubtless indict them for riot. A suit will also be instituted for the loss of services consequent on the habeas corpus. These legal proceedings of Mr. Hodgson will contribute to arrest, in some degree, at least, the gross outrages which are constantly perpetrated by the abolitionists upon Southern citizens.—Washington Union. It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight.—So much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him in the pocket. The Hon. Wm. C. Preston, while returning from his salt works to Abingdon, Va., was seized with a sudden affection of the brain, and immediately deprived of sight.—The disease assumed the character of Canine fever, and for some days his life was despaired of. Our latest information is, that he has recovered his sight, and is now thought to be out of danger.—South Carolinian. The Fruits of Gambling.—We have been in possession, for some days past, of the circumstances connected with a case of high-handed swindling, which occurred some two weeks since in one of the numerous "hells," which, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts that have been made to suppress them, we regret to say yet infest our city. A young gentleman from the country (Isaac Jones), lately came in possession of about \$12,000, and was induced by one of the many phiscons connected with a gambling house in Chelver street, to visit it, and in one short night robbed of his entire patrimony. The pigeon, it appears, succeeded in finding out his circumstances, and in the most ingenious and friendly manner enticed him into the den, where a costly entertainment was set out, of which he was invited to partake. After supper he was supplied freely with champagne, and when sufficiently under the influence of intoxication, the game of robbing commenced. They succeeded before morning in not only getting all the money contained about his person, but actually secured his checks for the entire sum of \$12,000, which he had some days before deposited in Bank. He was not suffered to retire at daylight, but detained by force until the opening of the Bank, for fear that the payment of the checks might be stopped by himself or friends. At the hour of nine they hurried to the Bank and drew the money, and are now mustering throughout the country on the fruits of their villainy. One of them, an undisciplined, purchased an additional one day last week, a fine horse, for which he paid in cash \$1200; another with his funds in the early part of the week on a visit to the Virginia Springs. The author is a nephew of one of our wealthiest merchants, who, we understand, had intended to take him as a partner in business.—Baltimore Clipper. One George Johnson has been arrested in Philadelphia for causing the poison of Mercury to be violated, brutally, and in great quantity, for confined. Let him be hanged!

The Charleston Mercury is again exhibiting signs of distress—and certainly not with our cause. It seems that the Washington Union some six years ago published with emphasis and appreciation, the proceedings of "a democratic meeting held in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, containing, among other resolutions, one, in these words:—"Resolved, that we are, (notwithstanding the "assurances" of our political opponents,) still in favor of "a protective tariff, within the extreme standard," which, as our leaders know, is the true Whig doctrine, and has been solemnly repudiated by the Southern Locomotives, who go far "discriminating against protection," if there be any discrimination at all. We are, becoming indeed, more and more satisfied, every day, that, so far as the principle of protection is concerned—and that is the gist of the controversy between the two parties—there is not the slightest reason to apprehend any change in the existing system. The Locomotives may alter some of the details of the system; but they will not dare to assail the great principle of protection, except in words. Yet they stand pledged to the country—if they are pledged to anything—to abolish protective duties; and to this pledge we shall hold them. No more reduction of the duty on cotton and woolen goods, while they continue to discriminate on Pennsylvania coal and iron and Louisiana sugar, will satisfy the Southern portion of their party—for that will concede both the constitutionality of protective duties and the expediency of resorting to them in special cases—a concession which yields all that the Whigs claim, leaving the time and the manner of the exercise of the power thereby admitted to exist entirely to the discretion of the majority. The Charleston Mercury denounces this temporizing policy in advance, and predicts the overthrow of the administration, and the party which supports it, if it be adhered to. The best statement that can be made, is furnished in such facts as are in the subjoined letter, which we find in the New Orleans Tropic: Florida Politics—Tariff of 1842.—Southern Manufactures—New Cotton Factory—A word to Free Traders. ARCADIA, (Pa.) 30th Aug. 1845. DEAR SIR:—I have no news of much importance to give you about the doings of our squadron, which appears, for the time being, quite stationary in Pensacola. I will scribble about something else, and give you a few remarks on the "Let us alone State." By the date of the present, you will perceive that I am actually on a short journey in the interior of Florida, about 35 miles distant from Pensacola. I received yesterday, in due course, my mail from New Orleans, and had the pleasure of a thorough perusal of your good paper. I am here in St. Rose county, where the good folks are all true and staunch Whigs, with the exception of a few straggling ones, who might easily be made "converts," in the "true faith." I handed the "Tropic" to some of those good farmers here, and they regretted very much to hear of the Whigs doing so badly in Tennessee and Indiana. They are now burning up once more their armor, and getting ready for the contest on the first Monday in October. The election will be for a member of Congress, in place of Mr. Levy, elected to the United States Senate. While chatting on the so much hackneyed subject of politics, I will scribble some of our Locomotive friends, to pay a short visit to this place. They will then be able to judge for themselves, and be at once convinced of the falsity of the assertion, viz:—"The Tariff of 1842 was framed entirely for the benefit of the Northern States, and to the direct prejudice of the whole South." Indeed, one would think it hardly credible that in the piney woods of the young State of Florida, situated as far South, there is now building in Arcadia, a village situated about four miles from Black water River, and whence I write, a Cotton Factory, which will consume 3,000 bales of Cotton, for the first year, as a mere beginning. The different buildings being in rapid progress, by January next it will be in full operation, and will manufacture different numbers of Locomotives, and other heavy domestic, and in the progress of time will extend to other kinds of goods. For these few days past, I have visited the premises often, and the owners tell me that they are confident of realizing great profits. In the vicinity of the Factory there is a Fall and Bucket Manufactory, which has been in operation for better than two years; it is truly a very ingenious piece of Machinery. It is also a very goodly contemplated to establish shortly a "Shoe Manufactory," about three miles from this place in the town of Milton. I have conversed with the two gentlemen engaged in the enterprise, and they have assured me that it would go into operation within six months. I would wish, then, some of those misguided Locomotives, who are not yet weaned to adhere to sin, to come over here and see how the beneficial effects of our act and tariff are rapidly spreading, even to the piney forests, thereby creating and fostering a new branch of industry to the inhabitants of the South. Surely do I believe that their eyes could be made to see, their ears to hear, and their hearts to feel, the benefits of our act and tariff.

Constitution has been called in late to the reports and doings of Agricultural Societies in different parts of the country. South Carolina our sister State shows a good spirit on the subject. She has a number of Agricultural Societies, which her boards of agriculture, and energetic laborers, but late towards bringing about a sound, practical, as well as theoretical knowledge of Agriculture among our people. Agriculture is the greatest, the most interesting and delightful pursuit of man; and yet we venture to say that it is the least understood of all, particularly in the South. Farmers generally speaking, have an aversion to what they call "book farming," and consequently prefer plodding through life in the old beaten track—the track of their fathers, and fathers' fathers. The consequence is that in a few years after opening a plantation, it is worn out. They are driven to the necessity (as they think) of clearing more land—the old fields no longer producing crops worth the labor to till them; they are "turned out" and in a year or two the rains wash great gaping gullies through them, and the present owner of the land is lost.—This system is kept up for a few years, and the farmer becomes dissatisfied with the gloomy prospect presented him, of young pines and asparagus growing all around him, and of the young claims gaping wherever he looks as if waiting to swallow him. He resolves to sell his old homestead. He can never do that part by his family that he should do, if he remains there. So he advertises: "Having determined on removing to the West, the subscriber offers for sale his valuable plantation, lying on the waters of Panther Creek," &c., &c. This plantation, once valuable indeed, is sold at a price falling one, two, three, or four thousand dollars below first cost; and its late possessor leaves it, perhaps with less means at his command than when he first entered it. This is the system of Agriculture, and a very destructive and shameful system it is—nevertheless, it is a very common one in many parts of our country. The purchaser of these worn out fields and fruitful gullies, happens to be a different sort of man. He is a firm believer in book farming, if you please; for every spare moment from his outdoor labors is spent in reading Agricultural books and periodicals; and he watches with the avidity of a heat of prey, the mode, or making, calculated to make some new development of the science of Agriculture. Agriculture is a science with this man—one that pleasing and delightful, and not drudgery, a galling yoke, as some men regard it, in which they reluctantly submit, to obtain leave to live. Six or seven years' riding by, and our scientific farmer, with laboring on the old homestead, has become the pride and boast of the neighborhood. The people just around him thought he was a silly, shallow brained fellow, at first, else he would never bought such a place to settle on; and they would frequently indulge in very hearty laughs at his expense, when he chimed to speak of his plans. But now, things have taken a change; instead of laughing when they meet with him, their eyes, ears and mouths are all open to catch every word he utters; and when they visit his farm, with all the curiosity of green ones, they go to examine his things and that about the premises. To find they are utterly astonished to see what a wonderful change has been wrought upon the old fields; the gullies have all been stopped and the red clay declivities through which they ran; now bear a luxuriant crop of corn. The old fields, late the haunt of wild turkeys, lost sheep and hogs, and strayed cattle, under the hands of this new, scientific farmer, have shed their pine, sassafras and persimmon bushes and now bear upon their bosoms rich, waving—wheat, barley, rye and oats,—or else delight the eye with the deep green of a heavy clover carpet. This is no fiction—no fancy sketch. The farmers of Pennsylvania, New York and other Northern States present a more striking contrast with those of North Carolina than the foregoing; or any one would imagine, who has not seen them. The reason why it is so, is very evident. The farmers of those States are in reading, reasoning, and consequently enlightened people,—enlightened, particularly on the pursuit or occupation of their lives. They not only labor in the fields but they labor in their houses. They not only labor within their hands but also with their heads. From books they learn the constitution of all the various products of the farm; and from them also learn the nature of the soil they have to work, as well as the kinds of manures suitable to those soils and necessary to facilitate the growth and increase the product of each and every crop they wish to grow. Let not man despise "book farming," but on the contrary let every one embrace all opportunities to store his mind with many useful and valuable maxims and hints as well as the philosophy of that pursuit which is the greatest, wealth and happiness of the country. To do this successfully, we know no better plan than to get up Agricultural Societies. By these enterprising spirit is scooped, which leads men to read, to think and to act, and thus prepares them to the light of reason, and wisdom manifest itself on every acre of the farm. We therefore rejoice to see that South Carolina and Georgia are waking up to the importance of a change in their system, by their Agricultural Associations are destined to exercise a powerful influence upon the prosperity of their people, and glory of themselves.—Carolina Watchman. A Temperance Lady.—Mam, can you give me a glass of stout? said a traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the side of the road. "I ain't got a drop, stranger." "Well, but a gentleman told me just now that you had lately received a barrel." "Why, no, no, no, no." "What do you reckon a level of liquor is to me and my children, when we are out of milk?"

The N. S. Courier and Enquirer published the following account of the capture of a slave ship in the Chesapeake Bay. The Hong Kong King Capt. Macfarlane, on the 21st of August, captured the slave ship "The Mary" from Nassau, in the Chesapeake Bay, and took her to the Chesapeake. The ship was loaded with 2100,000 of specie on board. In the afternoon Capt. Macfarlane sent a boat to the ship, to take the cargo for tea. At half past eight the chief officer, Mr. Williams, invited to him in an unusual tone and said he was "wounded on deck." On going up the companion was found covered with a trace of blood. They concluded that the Captain should not have been in the boat, proposed to him to go on the deck, but into a cabin and attend to dress the man who had been hit. The man was all with them. He endeavored to dress in three from their cabin, but in two persons, though they offered to give him the man, he refused to go in his cabin until the afternoon of the next day, when his arrival had been reported. The man was not in the boat, but he intended to rise upon the mate and quartermen and regain possession of the ship. The Register says: "About ten o'clock they had captured their plans, and although without other arms than the compasses of his gun and their knives, they attacked the mate, & at the same time enabling the Captain to get on deck through a window, and aiming him with the cook's eye. The fight was soon over, the mate knocked down with a rammer, and also cut with knives; the gunner took refuge in the cabin, raising the hatch which covered the magazine, and threatening to blow up the ship. Capt. Macfarlane had by this time got possession of a fowling piece, one barrel of which was loaded, with it he fired and wounded the gunner in the thigh. The gunner cried out for mercy, but still threatened to blow up the ship. A man was put ready and drawn over his head, with which the crew landed him on deck and secured him. The gunner was brought here, and has been committed for trial, after an examination by Mr. Hillier, the acting marine magistrate. It is pleasing to state that after the ship was over and the ship's course was again shaped for Hong Kong, Capt. Macfarlane mustered the crew, and offered up prayers and thanksgiving for their deliverance from imminent danger." Taking a negro by the head because he refuses obedience, is a seizure of wool in the fault of darts.—Sunday Times. Messrs. William Greig, H. Hutchinson, and others, will apply to the Legislature of S. Carolina, at its next session, for a charter of a company for manufacturing purposes.—We learn that they will establish a factory near Hamburg. In all probability, they will make a safe investment of their capital.—The Advertiser. Extract of a letter from Richmond, Madison County, Kentucky, dated Sept. 14, 1845. "Our country has been thrown into much excitement, in consequence of an order from the Governor for three hundred volunteers, from the Seventh Regiment, to repair to Manchester, Clay county, to quell an insurrection, got up for the purpose of rescuing Dr. Abner Baker, under sentence of death in the county jail, for the murder of Daniel Bates. A party of lawless men to the number of one hundred, having determined on his rescue. The order was promptly executed. Col. J. M. Miller and Major James Caldwell, have the command. They started yesterday, early in the morning with ten days' provision, and are mounted and well armed. Great anxiety will be felt for the result of this expedition. I will forward you the news up to the time of its execution, which is to take place on the 21st day of October." [The murder referred to above was committed about a year since. We learn that Dr. Baker is connected with some of the first families of Kentucky, and is a relative of Gov. Letcher of this State.]—Christian Courier. A Good Character.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artisan who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity; a helping hand will never be wanted.—But let a single part of this be defective, and you go a hazzard amidst doubting and distrust; and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse—without it, it is a curse; an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not. Good.—The New York Express says that Mr. Carey, who spoke a night or two ago, at the temperance mass meeting, in the Park, told a good story on that occasion. He said that a few days since, an Irishman, (one of Father Mathew's people,) landed at the wharf in New York, when he was accosted by an old friend, "Atrah, Pat, I am glad to see you in this free country; come up here a bit, and take a drink for me; you are a good fellow, and I am sure you will be a good man." "No," says Pat, "I've signed Father Mathew's pledge." "But," says his friend, "this is a free country; you are a free country." "Atrah, Pat, I am sure you will be a good man; you brought my body here, and I am sure you will be a good man." "Atrah, Pat, I am sure you will be a good man; you brought my body here, and I am sure you will be a good man." Earthquakes in China.—In the Bahurore American of Saturday, we find the following paragraph appended to the news from China. The New York paper makes no mention of the occurrence. "Terrible Earthquake.—From Hainan province there are reports of an earthquake, which demolished about ten thousand houses, killing upwards of four thousand people.—Others, who the particulars, were selling in the streets of Canton." But Smith has ordered from the island of New Zealand, that he is not allowed to teach the natives, who are ignorant of the letters in that city. He has no doubt of it. Still he has no far pretensions, especially with an English girl in his family, that she is married with his left hand.