HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

VOL. VI---NO. 29. ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1846. WHOLE NO. 290.

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.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each continuance. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged at 5 dollars, invariably.

The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is $2 50 in advance, or $3 00 if payment be delayed.

Letters to the Editor must be free of postage.

Flour.

Fine quality Tennessee Flour, at $4 cents per pound, for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, by
W. WILLIAMS.
feb. 27 tf

Flax Seed Oil

By the gallon or barrel, for sale by
W. WILLIAMS.
march 6—tf

NOTICE.

The subscriber wishes to dispose of a Tract of Land, containing upwards of 200 acres, situate 14 miles east of Asheville, and lying partly on the river road. There is a first rate SAW-MILL on the place now, and not to be surpassed by any in the country. Also, some 12 or 13 acres of fresh cleared land. Persons wishing to purchase such property would do well to call and examine. Liberal terms will be given to the purchaser. For further information call on me, either at or brother on Swannanoa, near Mount Marion, N. C.
J. McD. WHITSON.
March 6, 1846—tf. 2-3

SUGAR

A few pounds to the dollar, can be had of
W. WILLIAMS.
march 6—tf

CORN, WHEAT, OATS.

Feathers, Wool, Beeswax and Tallow, received in exchange for Goods, by
W. WILLIAMS.
march 6—tf

Best Rio Coffee

At 9 pounds for one dollar, by
W. WILLIAMS.
march 6—tf

PUNCTUALITY.

We would remind those of our customers who have open accounts with us, of the fact of their having been made with the express understanding that they were to be settled by the first of January, 1846, which time has already passed. We are under the necessity of making collections, and hope that those indebted to us, either by note, judgment or book account, will make payment between this and our April Court, for by so doing they will save us trouble and themselves cost—for necessity compels us to collect.
PATTON & OSBORN.
Asheville, Feb. 20, 1846. tf

For Sale,

Sapadine Flower, either by the Bundle or Bag.
RANKIN & PULLIAM.
Asheville, Nov. 7, 1845.—tf.

GOOD LAND FOR SALE, In Buncombe.

The subscriber proposes to sell two tracts of land on good terms. The 1st tract joins lands with Thos. Foster, Thos. T. Patton, Wm. Patton and others on Swannanoa river, including the mouth of Gash's Creek and all the creek land up to and including Jno. Reid's improvements, near Whitson's mill, on the road leading from Asheville to Rutherfordton, containing about

FIVE HUNDRED AND TEN ACRES,

well timbered, and about fifty acres cleared, and fifty or seventy acres of good bottom. The value of Swannano lands, and the increased advantages resulting to near Asheville, and immediately on the Rutherford Gap Road, is so apparent to all acquainted with the country, that it is unnecessary to say more than ask those who wish to purchase, to call and examine for themselves.

The other tract joins lands with Daniel Blake, and B. H. Merrimon and others, on Hooper's Creek, containing about

160 ACRES,

nearly one hundred of which is Creek Bottom, and one-third half in cultivation. To see the lands, call on B. H. Merrimon, on Hooper's Creek; or B. S. Gash, on Swannano. To purchase, call on either of my sons, B. S. Gash, on Swannano, or L. S. Gash or M. A. Gash, of Henderson county, N. C.
JOHN GASH.
Swannano, Oct. 10, 1845.

Plain and Fancy BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

executed with Neatness, and at very Reduced Prices,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE MESSENGER,
WHERE EVERY VARIETY OF

Letter-Press Printing

WILL BE DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND ON THE MOST ACCOMMODATING TERMS.

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HANDBILLS, INVITATION CARDS, NAMES, ELECTION TICKETS, BLANK NOTES OF HAND, HAT TAGS, WATCH AND SADDLE TICKETS, GOODS BILLS, OF ALL SIZES, WAY BILLS HORSE AND JACK BILLS, &c.,

PRINTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

Books, Catalogues, Circulars, Minutes, Cards, Labels and Ball Tickets

Printed in superior style.

Horrible.—A colored man died recently of the small pox, at the head of South river, near Annapolis, Md., and so great was the fear of his neighbors *that his house was fired, and his corpse with all that the building contained consumed!* He died because everybody deserted him in his sickness.

One of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens of Boston is about to give a practical illustration of his opinion as to who should constitute a republican aristocracy. For this purpose he intends giving a splendid entertainment, to be composed of such guests from all grades of society, as are distinguished for their moral, intellectual and physical endowments. A large number of the factory girls at Lowell, are included in his list of invitations. He intends, if he can, to place beauty, intelligence, virtue and usefulness, in the front rank of society, without regard to wealth or occupation, thus forming an aristocracy based upon merit solely, and not upon accidental causes. We shall see how he will succeed.—*Exchange.*

POETRY.

From the True Sun.

One Hundred Years Hence.

While flowing these sweets in eager haste,
One hundred years from now,
And Mammon's fleeting phantoms chase,
With care worn, anxious brow;
To gain a name
For wealth or fame—
Ambition's goal,
Or Honor's scroll—
Who, who is, will be first spell bound throng,
Pursuing with hasty steps along,
One hundred years from now?

Where, oh where, will be the men,
One hundred years from now,
Who now the anxious poor contemn,
With curse proud, haughty brow?
Who give a sneer
To Mercy's tear—
Withhold relief
To orphan's grief—
Where, O where will be their pride,
When rich and poor lie side by side,
One hundred years from now?

Where, where, will be those fiends of grave,
One hundred years from now,
Who lure us in the giddy "chase,"
And at whose shrine we bow?
The rapture kiss—
The dreams of bliss—
The plighted vow
O, lover now?—
Where, where, will be those hopes and fears,
Those Lover's smiles, and maiden's tears—
One hundred years from now?

Who'll guard our rights o'er land and sea
One hundred years from now—
Stand to the banner of the Free,
And dare confront a foe?—
And never yield
O'er flood or field—
And do no wrong—
Submit to none—
Who, who will be those patriots brave,
To guard our flag o'er land and wave,
One hundred years from now?

Who'll grace our courts as judges grave,
One hundred hundred years from now,—
Nor warp the law, nor screen the knave,
When wealth and influence bow,
—With bribes of gold,
And crimes untold
Makes Justice sleep,
And Mercy weep;—
Who, who will be these jurists pure,
And bribes and sycophants abjure,
One hundred years from now?

Where, where will the proud despots be,
One hundred years from now,
Who'd crush the germ of Liberty
And make the nations bow?—
They'll be forgot—
Their names will rot,
Nor nations feel
Their iron heel,—
And the fair goddess, Liberty,
Will reign o'er every land and sea,
One hundred years from now!

New York, Feb. 14th, 1846.

G. W. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Snake-bit Irishman.

AN AMUSING STORY.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times gives "an original Tennessee Hunting Incident" that "will pass." A jolly party of sportsmen, made up of veteran hunters rifle for sport and full of fun, were enjoying themselves for a few weeks in the mountains of Morgan county Tennessee. A huge raw-boned, loquacious Irishman, unmarried, quartered himself in their camp, and in addition to being a nuisance when awake, snored so terrifically when asleep as to drive "timid nature's sweet restorer" from others. Pat was afraid of snakes generally, and "ould snakes" in particular, and the awful yarns he heard in the hunters' camp, "wakked snakes" in every hair on the Irishman's head. After listening to a few yarns on the much dreaded snake subject one evening, this fresh son of the sod prepared to turn in, literally crawling all over. Counting his beads and the chances of being "snake bit" before day, and "tucking in" his blanket and wishing "the sowls of all snakes in these parts in puthickuler," in a country where, to say the least, they would stand but a slim chance for indulging in their natural stupidity, he fell asleep. The correspondent proceeds:

And now the storm begin. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long; occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt, terminated with "snakes by jabers, blast their sowls!" "Ugh! ugh!" when there came the variation or chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to drive them through his jaw or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars; that I could spell it! It was a sort of cross between the bellowing of an amorous elephant and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of the whip poor-will's cry, until say half an hour before day-break, J. M. W. (Jim W. we'll say,) whose stock of patience had long evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, "Humph! I'll *stop* that infernal concert or *start* the maker of it, see if I don't! Umph!" he then awoke Jim A. and the Judge who's plot was laid and carried into execution——

W. got his hunting knife and going to where the off leg of a large deer had been thrown he cut off about seven feet of *gut*, and securing the ends with twine, to retain the contents he tied one end of it tight and fast to a corner of Paddy's shirt-tail that had wandered through a "rint" in the seat of his breeches coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores with the "snake-owls" variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, "Ho was! Ho was! A big copper-headed black rattle-snake, eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches and is tying himself into a double bow-knot around my body!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment of his shins with his heel! Of course, this hurting awoke him quick and wide; in his first movements he laid his hand on the nice cold coil of gut at his side. Hissing out a 'Jayzus' from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip. Casting one wild blazing look behind he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling, "Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail! Och, holy Vargin, stop 'im Och, Saint Patrick! tare 'im till jabletts! A whu! A whu! Bate 'im to smithereens wid a gun can't yez! He's got me fast howld by an ————! och he has, by jabers! *an' he's mandin his hoult*, a whu! Howly Father, he's got a shark hook on 's tail! och murther he's forty fut long!" On making the last circuit he ran through a part of the mouldering camp-fire, and the twine at the aft end of the gut caught fire; this brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate; round and round he went! "He's a fiery serpent. Och murther. Howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by! Och, help! I'm swallowed (jumping along) intirely all but me head! He's sixty fate long, if he's a fut! Thread on his bloody, fire tail, will yez? Thry to save me!" then, as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out, "Shoot 'im! shoot 'im! *but don't shoot at his head!* Shoot! shoot!"

Now here was a picture. There stood the Judge, hanging to a sapling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back emitting scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with Jim. All sound, not all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal frame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steamboat. Yonder stands Jim A——"fat Jim"—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake!—Snake!!—*Snake!!!*" at the same intonation but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags and "Snake! Snake!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods and the motley sounds of "snake murther! help-fire! saxty fut! Howly Vargin!" &c. gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W., (after stopping his laughing hiccough.) "umph, I thought *that gut* would stop snoring at this camp at least! Umph." The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one arm and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half exploring attitude. When he was asked by Archy Mc——with "which way, Paddy!" Casting round at the speaker a sort of hang-dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "Strate for Ireland, by Jayzus; where there's no snakes!"

You cannot say "snake" to either member of the party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons or producing a "stitch in the side."

A Conversation.

"Have you hear'd the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"The Locusts have appeared on several farms near the city, and there is every indication of such a swarm of them as will destroy *every thing green* throughout the country!"

"Indeed! well, in that case you had better leave the country."

The Deafmutes of New Orleans are being well cared for by the Legislature of Louisiana.

From the Raleigh Star.

The following list of crimes and punishments which has been furnished to us by a gentleman of the legal profession, will be read with interest in connexion with the Penitentiary question.

Crimes punishable with death in North Carolina for a single offence.

Murder.
Burglary.
Arson.
4. Robbery on or near a highway.
8. Accessaries before the fact in each of these four.
9. The fighter of a duel and all aiders and abetters where a party is killed.
10. Castration with malice aforethought.
11. Rape, or Carnal abuse of a female child.
12. Crime against nature.
13. Burning the State House, Court Houses, Jails, &c.
14. Stealing a slave.
15. Conveying or concealing a slave, with intent to enable him to escape out of the State.
16. Taking a free negro or person of mixed blood out of the State with an intention to sell or dispose of him, &c.
17. Breaking Prison when confined on a capital charge.
18. Rebellion or Insurrection by slaves, &c.
19. Joining a conspiracy or rebellion of slaves by free persons.
20. Slaves who voluntary return to the State, after being transported by sentence of a Court.
21. Attempting to commit a rape on a white woman, by a person of color.

For second offence.

22. Malicious Maiming.
23. Bigamy.
24. Grand Larceny.
25. Horse stealing.
26. Burning Bridges, &c.
17. Circulating seditious publications among slaves.
18. Exciting slaves to sedition by words.
29. Forgery.
30. Manslaughter.

Offences punishable by branding.

1. Manslaughter.
2. Bigamy.
3. Counterfeiting Coin.

And all clergiable felonies not having a special punishment provided for them by statute,

By cutting off ears.

1. Perjury committed on a trial for a capital offence.

By whipping on the bare back.

1. Perjury generally.
2. Malicious Maiming.
3. Bigamy.
4. Larceny Grand and Petit.
5. Horsestealing (by statute)
6. Circulating seditious publications among slaves.
7. Exciting slaves to insurrection by words.
8. Forgery.
9. Stealing growing corn &c. &c.
10. Attempting to burn State House, Court Houses, &c.
11. Counterfeiting Coin.
12. Having in possession, with fraudulent intent, instruments for the purpose of counterfeiting coin.
13. Counterfeiting Bank notes.
14. Passing or attempting to pass counterfeit Bank notes.
15. Cheating with false tokens.

By Pillory.

Many of the crimes in the last three classes are subject to punishment of the Pillory in addition to branding and Whipping.

Imprisonment.

Many of these as well as others, not enumerated are liable also to long terms of imprisonment in Jail, some by statute, and others at the Common Law.

Persons of color, whether slave or free, are likewise punished in every case not already enumerated.

The belle of Genoa.—Mr. Headly, in his interesting volume of travels entitled 'Letters from Italy,' gives the following glowing description of the Belle of Genoa:

'There, for the first time, I saw the Belle of the city, the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regard as a beauty, and was surprised to find that she had the light complexion and rosy cheeks of the Saxon race. She was beautiful—very, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire—it was what I would term of the doll kind. But oh! such, such spirits, and a dazzling quantity of diamonds!—one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at two hundred thousand dollars! But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather, and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her.'

Poor fellow!

The Senate of Virginia has rejected by a vote of 20 to 11, the bill authorizing the banks of that State to issue notes to a limited amount, under the denomination of five dollars. The Richmond Whig says the people need expect no relief from the reigning democracy, on this subject.

Ahem!—Who's The Driver?

There is no good humor in the cut and thrust system carried on in Congress, among the leaders of the majority. They spit forth spite with a flashing eye, and in a temper which tells of *party*, as well as *personal* hate. But now and then there is a coolness more provoking than anger, and a mocking tone more biting than abuse, manifested towards the democracy by its friends. Hear Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, in reply to Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee:

"Sir, I deny the authority of the gentleman to read me or any of my colleagues out of the party. Our position with the party is not of such a doubtful character, that he or any body else can cast suspicion upon our party fidelity. Our service have not been so unimportant that the party will surrender us willingly to the opposition. But if the gentleman had the power of driving every man from the party who differs with the party upon any subject, I would beg him to consider what would be the consequence of his exercising it.—He would commence, I suppose, by reading out all who would vote against the views of the executive on the Texas question; then, such of us as will not vote for giving the notice; next all such as differ with it about the reduction of the tariff; then, such as do not agree with it about the sub-treasury; and last, all such as differ with it upon the subject of internal improvements. And by the time he had put all these under the party ban, how would it stand! Its supporters would have a beggarly account of empty benches."

And pray what is the "Democratic creed! Why, according to this, there is no agreement—no unity—in fact in the party. An honest avowal of each man's sentiments, would do what?—according to Mr. Bayly's story leave it with a beggarly account of empty benches. What is the cement, then, that binds the party together? Who controls? "King Caucus"—the despotic party will of the majority!

Well—if a party can long adhere together; when this is the case, its adhesion will prove an exception to all rules!

The St. Joseph (Missouri) Gazette says there are likely to be difficulties between the Pawnees and Iowas, who are located opposite that place.—Some months ago, the Iowas killed three of the Pawnees. On the 16th, a party of the Pawnees visited the Iowas to demand satisfaction. A council was held, but the result of their deliberations was not known.—They demanded of the Iowas three thousand dollars or three scalps. Of money they have none; and the scalps, it is probable, they will have to take before they get them.

Duelling.—The new Constitution of Missouri provides that any person who shall, after the ratification of the Constitution by the people, be engaged in a duel as principal, second, surgeon, accessory or abettor, shall forever be disqualified from holding any office, civil or military, in the State. This disqualification reaches those who leave the State to engage in duels, and those who fight in other States and fly to Missouri. There is also another clause which, touching the duelist's purse, may have a good effect, namely, the survivor in a duel is required to support the widow and children of the man he has murdered. These fundamental laws, if carried out by future legislation, and by the action of judges and juries, will have a salutary effect in restraining a practice which originated in a barbarous age, and is a disgrace to an age which boasts of so high a degree of civilization.—*Orthopolitan.*

"What do you do for a living now a days, John?"

"I'm a witness."

"I don't understand you."

"Why you see I 'tends rows, and I'm always on hand when there's a scrape, and so gets hauled up for a witness and pockets the fees. I've worked at this business for two years and find it very profitable."

Gale and Shipwreck.—The accounts from the coast are very distressing. The gale on Sunday week, was the most severe that has taken place for many years. The wreck master writes to a New York paper, that he never saw or heard of such an appalling scene as the beach presents from Squan Inlet, for many miles south. It is strewn with boxes, bales, water casks, trunks, goods, wearing apparel, broken spars, and the dead bodies; and as there are but three houses on the beach, built of wrecked wood, the privations and sufferings of those who did survive, must have been horrible.

The Charleston papers describe the gale on Saturday as being terrific, continuing above three hours, doing, however, no very material injury to the shipping. Some small craft were sunk—no loss of life.—*Independent.*

There are two hundred professional gamesters in New Orleans, and ten times that number in New York. They "live and let live" with a vengeance.

Kingston, Canada, has a population of nearly 10,000. It provides for, and maintains, 15 lawyers, 17 doctors, 14 parsons, and a long list of army surgeons.

A country editor tells his subscribers that he has been compelled to adopt the cash system, but will continue to receive *potatoes at par.*

Murder and Arson—a Flood.

At Adrian, Michigan, an awful tragedy was enacted on the evening of Jan. 19.—The chronicling of such enormities makes us heart sick of our vocation. A letter relates the fact as follows:—

"A man by the name of Chamberlain has for the last five or six years been more or less an inmate of the poorhouse. Although really in good health, and an able bodied man, capable of doing any work, he has managed to excite the sympathy of the commissioner of the poorhouse, and thus obtain the support of the county. He is of a most revengeful, malicious disposition. The commissioner ordered him to be discharged and he attributed the cause to Mr. Cobb. To revenge himself, he enticed Mr. C.'s son into an upper chamber, there struck him three times on the head with a shoe hammer, and then cut his throat from ear to ear. Having done this, he put the child into his trunk, locked it, locked also the chamber door; set fire to the building in an adjoining room, and for the purpose, as is supposed of drawing attention from that, he immediately fired the barn attached to the poorhouse; then he proceeded to the barn of John Hutchins, one of the commissioners, and fired that also; and then to that of Bryce Hong, the other commissioner, and was there detected in the act of setting fire to that. The skull of the little boy was broken in ten places; he was a fine healthy child of about three years of age. The hammer and knife were both found on the floor of the room where the child was. Chamberlain's clothes were covered with blood. He is now in jail, but refuses to answer any questions. The barns were totally destroyed with their contents, which consisted mostly of wheat and oats.—The loss is probably $1100. Judge Thompson had over 400 bushels of wheat in Hutchins's barn which was destroyed."

A young man named Benjamin Young was dangerously stabbed on Monday night, by a party of rowdies in Walker's Oyster cellar, Washington City. There were several wounds on his person, apparently cut with different weapons. Two of the party were arrested, and great excitement prevailed.

The ex Governor of Virginia, James McDowell, has been elected to Congress in place of Mr. Taylor, dec'd.

There are 63 planters in the Alabama Legislature.

The Quebec *Gazette* is 90 years of age—the oldest paper in the Canadas.

A memorial has been presented to the Mississippi Legislature, praying for an act to make a man of E. P. Griffin, a minor. They had better try guano and electricity.

"Long experience has proved," says Miss Wentworth, "that those teachers who fail to control their own temper, cannot, for any length of time, secure the respect and obedience of a pupil."

How to Stop a Newspaper.—Call at the office and fork up the arrearages and order it stopped like a man; and not refuse to take it out of the post office and sneak away like a puppy.

The St. Louis Reporter says that about 2,000 Mormons, mostly young men, have crossed the Mississippi on their way to California. They are to form the *advance guard* of the Mormon expedition. They have started early for the purpose of providing the necessary subsistence for those who are to follow.

It is stated that Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Emperor, and who is confined as a state prisoner in the castle of Ham, has been offered his liberty, provided he would pledge his honor never to disturb the existing government in France; but he declines to receive his freedom on such conditions.

Industry of German Women.—In my way from Spain I saw a woman threshing in a barn with a man; she beat her time well, and I laid 4 cents hard as her portion. This, I think, nearly makes up the list of female accomplishments. Brick-making, stone-breaking, wheat sowing, reaping, mowing, threshing, and carrying heavy loads, are pretty little additions to the burdens that nature lays upon the sex. I have not yet seen any female postillions, or wool-sawyers, but I live in hopes. In the evening I send at the Brunnen, at Aix, a woman plays the violoncello.—*Journal of a Patient under the Hot Water Cure.*

The Rev. Nelson R. Ellis, a preacher of the Campbellite church at Washington, in Indiana, committed suicide on the 29th ult, by shooting himself in his barn with a rifle. It is supposed he was laboring under a temporary fit of derangement.

Mr. Hyman, who killed Mr. Kane in a duel at New Orleans, has been held to bail in $5000.

Who! Next!—A man in Norwich, Connecticut, has invented a *writing machine!*

President Jones has engaged 1000 head of sheep, which he intends placing on some one of his tracts of land on the Medina river, Texas.

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, a very popular English poetess, died on the 7th January. Also on the same day, the Earl of Granville.