HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

VOL. VI—NO. 38. ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1846.

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 Twenty-five 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 six 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 come free of postage.

Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of a decree made in the Court of Equity for Buncombe County, at Spring Term, 1846, in the case in said Court pending, wherein Mira Vance, Guardian of the infant heirs of D. Vance, deceased, is Complainant, and M. L. Neilson and his wife Laura H. are Defendants, I shall offer that valuable farm and all the adjoining land on Ream's Creek, belonging to the Heirs of David Vance, Deceased, for sale to the highest bidder on the 13th of June next. The sale to be made on the premises and in one or more tracts or parcels as may then be thought best, on a credit of one, two, three, four, and five years, with interest from date. One third of the purchase money to fall due the first year, and the remainder in four equal installments, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond and approved security.

ALSO, at the Mills on Ivy, formerly the property of E. H. Hughey, I shall sell the said Mills and one hundred acres of adjoining land, on a credit of one and two years, with interest from date, on the 12th day of June next—The purchaser giving bond and approved security. To be sold by virtue of the same decree.

I. B. SAWYER, c. & m. e.

May 8, 1846—tds. 298

Valuable Town Property for Sale.

The undersigned will sell, to the highest bidder, on Wednesday of the Extra Court at Hendersonville, it being the 24th day of June next, their valuable possessions in the town of Hendersonville, consisting of

EIGHT HALF ACRE TOWN LOTS,

four of which are in one block, forming an entire body of two acres of land, immediately on the South west corner of the Public Square, and the other four lots immediately back of the first in the same range, forming another block of two acres, having a drain of water passing through it.

There is also a commodious and slightly

TWO STORY HOUSE,

with a chimney at each end, and an entry in the middle with a Dining room and Kitchen running off in the form of an ell, well finished off and new; also, another two story house with a chimney in the middle; also, a new and well finished

FRAMED STABLE,

1 on stories, with stalls conveniently arranged, on the premises, all well fixed, and convenient for a Public House, or Private Residence.

A credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months, will be given, by the purchaser giving note and approved security.

For further particulars apply to Benj. King, who may be found on the premises.

ELISHA KING,
BENJ. KING.

May 8, 1846—267—tds.

Fashionable Tailoring Establishment.

JUST received, a splendid sheet of Fashions for Spring and Summer, 1846. I tender my grateful acknowledgements to my friends and customers for past favors, and hope to merit a continuation of their support. I flatter myself from my experience, and the regular correspondence I keep up with the North, to furnish my patrons with the latest and most approved style of fashion. Neat fits, good work, and prompt attention to business will be our motto. These promises made good, and all reasonable demands obeyed. Prices moderate.

Shop North-East of the Court-house.

One fine pair of crooking shears for sale.

I. Mc. DUNN.

May 8, 1846—tf. 298

Southern Harmony.

A large stock of the above work just received and for sale cheap. Merchants and others desiring it, can be furnished by the dozen.

THOS. W. ATKIN.

May 8, 1846.

A. T. SUMMEY
AGENT.

Will attend to the offering of notes at the Bank of Cape Fear in Asheville either for discount or renewal. Persons entrusting him with their business may rely upon its being attended to promptly and carefully, and he will in all cases return as soon as possible an account of his transactions.

He begs leave to refer to any of the prominent *business men* of the place.

Feb. 27, 1846—tf 288

MEDICAL NOTICE,

DR. G. H. FREEMAN, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Western North Carolina in the various branches of his Profession, but especially in the cure of Cancers and Ulcers of long standing which have hitherto been pronounced incurable. Dr. Freeman has a number of certificates of cures performed by him, that place the matter beyond doubt that he can cure any Cancer in from four to six days, while there are several persons now in Buncombe County to whom reference is made who will cheerfully testify to the fact of his having performed radical cures. He may be consulted at his residence on Bear Creek, three miles from Col. Chunn's Bridge, on the West side of French Broad River, or by letter Post paid directed to Lapland Post Office, Buncombe County, N. C.

Dr. Freeman would visit Patients any where in North or South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, and would receive patients at his own house, where they would have the advantage of his medical attendance until a cure was perfectly effected. His charges will at all times be moderate and in proportion to the services rendered.

Refer to Col. HODGE RABUN,
J. M. RICE, Esq.
LITTLETON PARHAM.
Buncombe Co., N. C.

May 1, 1846. 4m. 297

JAMES M. SMITH

IS now receiving at his old stand a new and splendid stock of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

which he offers at the lowest prices.

His stock is full and unusually rich, and those who want FIRST RATE bargains are invited to the old stand.

As his Goods were laid in with much care, and every facility for purchasing cheap used, he flatters himself that if his old customers will give him a call they will not go away dissatisfied.

Direct their Hides of barter taken in exchange and manufactures.

SPECIAL COURT.

State of North Carolina.

HENDERSON COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, Spring Term, 1846.

In obedience to an order made by his honor Richmond M. Pearson, at the present term of this Court, an extra term of said Court is ordered to be held at the Court House in Hendersonville, on the 4th Monday in June next; when and where all parties, witnesses, and suitors having suits, or causes to be heard or determined in said Court, are requested to be in attendance, and it is further ordered that publication thereof be made in the Highland Messenger.

Witness, John C. Gullick, Clerk of said Court, at office, the first Monday after the fourth in March, A. D. 1846.

J. C. GULLICK Clk.

May 1, 1846 297

$25 REWARD.

The above reward will be given for the apprehension of **Coleman P. Murray**, who was let out of the Jail of Newport, Tennessee, *by means of false keys*, on the night of the 11th inst. He had on when he was in prison, a grey mixed janes coat, brown janes pants and black hat, all much worn.—He is 50 or 55 years of age has dark hair slightly grey, has a large scar on the back of his hand, I believe the right hand, which seems to have been caused by an edged instrument; weighs 160 or 165 pounds, is about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high.

Said Murray was in prison here for passing counterfeit gold coin, and is supposed to belong to a clan of counterfeiters in this county, and the counties of Buncombe and Yancey, N. C. Gentlemen of the old North State *look out for the rascal.*

SPENCER HENRY,
Jailor of Cocke County, Tennessee.

April 24, 1846.—296—4t.

NOTICE.

All those indebted to Dr. John Dickson, will find their accounts and notes in the hands of the undersigned, who is his authorized agent to settle his business.

Persons owing, and whose notes or accounts are due are earnestly requested to make payment.

A. T. SUMMEY.

April 24, 1846.—296—4t.

NOTICE.

Taken up by the subscribers in Henderson county, North Carolina, on the 13th inst., a certain negro man by the name of **ALFRED**, who was recently taken from this county by Benj. King, Esqr., and sold in South Carolina.

Said negro is lodged in jail, and the owner is respectfully requested to come forward, pay charges and take said negro, or he will be dealt with according to law.

T. W. TAYLOR.
W. MERRELL, Sr.

April 24, 1846—296—3t.

VALUABLE LANDS AT AUCTION.

I WILL sell, as Trustee, to the highest bidder, on the 28th of July next, at the Court House in Marion, McDowell county, N. C., the splendid tract of Land formerly owned by Charles Carson, containing upwards of 300 acres of Bottom Land in a high state of cultivation, lying on both sides of the Catawba river, adjoining Pleasant Gardens. On the place is a fine Merchant Mill, and a suitable seat for a Saw Mill. The outlands adjoining are very extensive, and a great deal of it fine upland.—It will all be sold in one tract, and is regarded as unequalled in fertility, the most desirable place, combining more advantages than any other tract to the size of it, in the western part of North Carolina.—Every effort has been made to redeem it, but failing, has placed in market an estate that will not perhaps for ages be offered again.

A portion of the purchase money may be required down; but terms will be as accommodating as possible to punctual purchasers. Particulars made known on day of sale.

T. C. CARSON.

April 24, 1846.—296—tds.

Great Bargains!

CAN'T BE BEAT IN ALL CREATION!!

CALL AND SEE US

A. B. & J. S. CHUNN

Are just receiving and opening a splendid

STOCK OF GOODS,

fresh from the eastern cities, which they promise and positively declare shall be sold as low, if not lower, than any other Goods, let them come from what quarter they may.

It is usual to boast through the medium of an advertisement, and promise a great many things, not expected to be performed, but we only ask a call, that we may prove how far our assertions may be believed. If you want a big load of Goods for little money, come and see us, and you shall not be disappointed.

It will be sufficiently satisfactory, we hope, to say that our stock is *general and complete*, comprising almost every article usually in demand in this country. The stock has been selected with care and judgment, and from our knowledge in matters appertaining to this business, cannot be beaten for beauty, quality and cheapness any where in the back country.

With due deference to our competitors, we will say we intend to beat them, if we can by fair and honorable means, and if we find we can't, why then we can't.

We intend to do as much as possible a prompt business, as we intend our profits to be so low that indulgence cannot, nor ought not, to be expected.

We kindly admonish our old customers not to desert us, and we pledge ourselves they shall not be sorry for it. Stick to us like brothers, and we assure you that no good reason for complaint shall be given, either for want of accommodation or good bargains.

A. B. & J. S. CHUNN.

N. B. All kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for Goods, on the most accommodating terms, such as Beeswax, Feathers, Wool, Tallow, and Fur Skins in proper season.

Asheville, Feb. 20—tf 287

BANK AGENCY.

JAMES P. HARDY, Asheville, N. C,

Will attend to the offering of Notes either for discount or renewal, at the Branch of the Bank of Cape Fear at this place, and will make the settlements and payment upon Notes each renewal day. The mail facilities from this place to every part of the country are such that notes may be sent and the money received by mail with but little if any risk. The most prompt attention will be given to all such business entrusted to my care, and an accurate account rendered in every instance, while my charges will be moderate.

Feb. 20, 1846—tf. 287

FUR SKINS WANTED.

W. Williams will purchase all the coon, fox, otter, mink, and wild cat skins brought to him, at the highest market prices, payable in goods.

Feb 27 tf

RIO COFFEE,

10,000 pounds of best rio coffee just received and at the lowest rates.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846—tf. 293

MANUFACTURED TIN-WARE

Of Superior quality, riveted and warranted not to leak. For sale either in small or large quantities.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846.

From the Olive Branch.

The Modelliar's Vengeance.

A SINGHALESE TALE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

THE DEADLY INSULT.

Two months after this occurrence Sergeant Hughes was seated in his quarters at Colombo, his wife, a fine looking matron, seated opposite to him, and his daughter Mary, a beautiful brunette of eighteen, pretending to be busily engaged with some sewing at the window. The Sergeant was very grave in his aspect just then, and reason good had he to be so, for although just returned from a hard and dangerous excursion in the kingdom of Kandy he found that he was required to set out again immediately upon another expedition.

"Heaven grant, dear Thomas," said his wife, "that this horrid war may soon come to an end. I am half distracted at every noise I hear, and I never can tell whether your life is safe from one day to another.—Oh! I wish it was either all done, or that we were well out of it."

"Well! Well! my dear woman, wishing won't make it any different," said the Sergeant, rather impatiently, "and as I *must* go, I wish you would get me a few pairs of those stockings I spoke to you about. Mary, my dear," said he to his daughter, "will you go over to Mrs. Mooney's and get me a pound of tobacco?"

Mary took down her bonnet and shawl and instantly went out.

When she was gone, the Sergeant's wife, after going to the window to see if she was actually crossing the street, turned round to her husband, and addressed him.

"Thomas," said she, "I am afraid that there is something wrong with Mary. I have noticed Lieutenant Wilson lingering about these quarters where he certainly can have no business at unseasonable hours. And one night in particular, that is the night before last, I found Mary's chamber deserted, she did not come home until after twelve—I heard her going up stairs. She does not know that I know it. But I wish you would see to it before it is too late."

"Well, Jane," replied the Sergeant, "I can do nothing now. I must obey my orders and so I shall have to depend upon you to remonstrate with Mary and bring things right again. I do not believe that Lieutenant Wilson would dare to do any thing dishonorable towards me. If he should, it will be all the worse for him, as he can but know."

"Do not trust to that," said the wife, "he would dare to do *any* thing."

"I cannot help it," rejoined the Sergeant "I am sorry if Mary has so far forgotten herself as to conduct in such a manner, but I have to leave directly and what can I do? I say again, you must do the best you can till I come back again."

"So it seems," said his wife, and she went up stairs to get her husband's stockings.

We cannot tell what it was that impelled the Sergeant to go to the window where his daughter had left her sewing work. Whatever it was, whether curiosity or mere accident, it is certain that he found there something which, if his countenance was any index to his feelings, aroused every evil passion within him.

It was a small note which he found on the floor between his daughters chair and the wall. The Sergeant took it up and read as follows,

Dear Mary,—I have contrived to get your father sent on an expedition this afternoon. Do not be alarmed—It is nothing of consequence and will do no further mischief to him than to keep him out of our way for several days. He will leave this evening. We cannot meet in the old place for I have reason to believe we are watched, but I will manage to see you this evening, nevertheless, if you will leave the *jalousies* open. Yours ever.

D. W.

It was evidently a letter in the hand writing of Lt. Wilson.

The most remarkable quality of the Sergeant, was the promptitude with which he decided. On this occasion his mind was made up directly. Carefully replacing the letter he took his equipments and examined every thing with the most scrupulous nicety. While thus engaged his daughter came in with the tobacco. He took it from her, and the most practiced reader of the human countenance would not have imagined that under the bright smile with which he received it, was concealed an agony more bitter than the bitterness of death.

We are not going to describe Mary Hughes. Let it suffice to say that she was so beautiful, it was a thousand pities that she was not more virtuous. She cast down her eyes before her father and walked to her chair without saying a word. When she sat down, the Sergeant, who was watching her from under his shaggy brows, saw her start and change color. She looked over to him. He pretended to be busier than ever over his accoutrements.

The moment she thought herself unobserved, she held up the letter to the window and he saw with blazing eyes that she then put the accursed missive in her bosom. Rising carefully, as if to hang up his belt, he managed to look out of the window, and his worst suspicions were confirmed. Lieutenant Wilson was walking in front of the house.

Presently his wife came in with the stockings. His baggage was very quickly packed, for he took no more than he could carry in his havre sack, and he stood ready for departure.

"Good bye, wife—good bye, Mary"—and he kissed his daughter for the *last time*. He felt it so, and it was with a soul torn with the keenest anguish that he left the quarter. Instead of going directly to the government house, his intended destination, he stepped into a narrow alley which led to what is called the "Black Town." After travelling along this, for some time, he turned into a still narrower lane which led from it into a sort of Court. Going to the end of this he knocked at a low door at the bottom of a flight of steps. It was opened to him by a very handsome native woman, who smiled joyfully when she saw him.

"Good day to you, Sister," said he, speaking Singhalese, "is the *Modeliar*, (Prince) in the house?"

"Yes," she replied in the same language, and she ran before him lightly up the stairs. Opening a lattice door, she introduced him to the Singhalese Prince.

He was sitting in a large mahogany chair as naked as when he came into the world, save a thin muslin wrapper, and busily engaged in eating mangoes. His way was to select the fruit from a silver dish on which it was placed near his hand, and sucking out the delicious contents, drop the rind and stones into an earthen vessel of Water. When he heard the Sergeant behind him, he suspended operations, and wrapping his muslin *indi-pensible* round him with one hand, reaching out the other to the sergeant in the European fashion, all stained with Mango juice. His situation was somewhat different, to be sure, but it was not difficult to recognize in his noble countenance and haughty bearing the undaunted spirit which two months before had yielded only to the extremity of torture. A scar around his noble forehead showed where the flaming circle had rested. It was indeed the Singhalese prisoner whose life Hughes had spared on the battlefield, now restored to his rank, and a Prince among his people.

"What wants my friend Hughes?" said the young Prince in his own musical tongue.

"Does your highness remember Lieutenant Wilson," said the Sergeant.

It is utterly impossible to convey the remotest notion of the tiger like fierceness which took possession of the *Modeliar's* countenance at this hateful name.—Every feature was convulsed. At length he burst forth—

"Do I forget him? May his soul rest in darkness! Do I not carry with me an excellent remembrancer?" he exclaimed, touching his forehead—"Speak, what of the dog?"

"What if I can put him in the power of your highness?"

"See then," said the Prince—and taking him by the hand, he led him up to what appeared to be the bare wall. Striking the wall with his hand a part of it opened out, and displayed in a recess a pile of golden ingots.—"See then. If thou give me the dog, all these shall be thine own! By the holy feet of Gaudama!" he exclaimed, "I would give thee my life, if thou wouldst but put him into my hands for the space of half an hour!"

"It needs not the gold" said Hughes, after his astonishment at this display of immense wealth had subsided, "It needs not the gold your highness. I will give him to you without, if you will be ready to lay hands on him at the rising of the moon to-night."

"Be thou assured of that" replied the Prince, his whole countenance flashing with excitement—"Where wilt thou be with him?"

"Three furlongs from the north end of the Company's cinnamon garden."

"Be it so then!" said the Prince, and he rose to dismiss the Sergeant

"But your highness," said Hughes, I have one favor to ask—"

"What can my friend ask in vain? What shall I not give to the friend of my people. Ask, and it shall be given."

"I wish," said Hughes, his countenance growing dark as a thunder cloud, "I wish to behold his fate."

"Yea, and so thou shalt!" replied the Prince in a voice of deadly significance.—"Yea with thine own eyes shalt thou see, with the sight of thine eyes shalt thou behold how we deal with the dog, who layeth impure hands upon the descendant of princes!" and without another word Hughes made his exit by the way he came, leaving the *Modeliar* to his own reflections.

It seems that the young man who had been so cruelly used by Wilson, was indeed a native *Modeliar*, headman or Prince, who had joined himself with the insurgents, and who having pointed out the hiding place of the famous robber Wilkasiasha had been confirmed in his sovereignty by the Government as a matter of policy, *they* pretending to give it to him for his *services (!)* although they must have known that he was forced to it, and *he* not daring to complain of the torture he had undergone lest they should investigate the matter and find out how little his good will had to do with the *services* aforesaid. Just as soon as Hughes left him, he called a servant and placing in his hand a talipot leaf inscribed with Singhalese characters dismissed him with a recommendation to use his utmost speed.

Hughes went, when he left the *Modeliar* to the Government house and received his orders. As he marched off his little detachment, he looked up at one of the windows and ground his teeth as he saw Wilson looking out after him. After leaving Colombo a few miles behind, he took one of the most trusty men aside and telling him that he had a government order to execute with speed and secresy, recommending him to pursue the route which he had indicated, and promising to rejoin them in the morning—(for it was now near night,) he turned aside from the high road, and taking a cross cut, went back to the city, running as soon as the soldiers got out of sight, at the top of his speed. Entering one of the smallest streets, he took his way along it until he arrived at the back of his own quarters. Taking off his shoes he crept stealthily into the verandah and climbing one of the pillars like a cat, he laid himself down in the gallery flat on his face, a little way from his daughter's window.

By the time he arrived here it had grown perfectly dark. The verandah, or rather the upper part of it had blinds and he saw with inexpressible anguish, that the blinds opposite his daughter's window were open.—After remaining here upwards of an hour, he began to be very impatient, and getting up, he looked into the window. The room had been fitted up with considerable taste, for the sergeant's daughter was as susceptible of the elegant as beautiful woman usually are. Everything was arranged with scrupulous nicety, and the girl was sitting at a table in the centre, with a small gold watch in her hand, which the Sergeant remembered to have seen in the possession of Wilson.—It went like a dagger to his heart, and overcome by the violence of his feelings he groaned heavily as he leaned against the window. The girl heard it, and in a state of extreme alarm, she snatched up the light to come out into the verandah. While she was going round to get out by the door the Sergeant climbed over the railing and letting himself down, he hung from the edge of the gallery flooring by his fingers—trusting to his immense strength to sustain him. When the girl had searched thro' the verandah, she came to this very place, and held the lamp out over the railing, but so pitchy black was the night that she noticed nothing at all, although she stood directly over her father's head, which was in fact, not three feet below the lamp in her hand. After remaining here for a little while, every second of which seemed an eternity to the sergeant, the noise of the door closing behind her assured him that the coast was clear, and by a prodigious effort of strength he drew himself up into the gallery all covered with sweat and panting with exertion.

We will not attempt to analyze the feelings of this man, as he lay in the verandah playing the spy upon a girl—his own child—whom he loved with all the intensity of an earnest, energetic nature. They defy analysis. Let it then be enough to say, that although he had the word of her mother that she had left her chamber at an unseemly hour—though he had himself beheld her communicating by signals with an avowed libertine, even hiding his letter in her bosom—although it had gone so far that she was evidently impatient for the coming of her seducer—notwithstanding all this, there were moments when he felt disposed to doubt even the evidence of his senses. What! was she not his *child*, his own dear little Mary whom he had nursed, and kissed and fondled, from her baby-hood upwards? every thought of whose heart he thought he knew, who appeared to love him so dearly? Had she fallen! Was it really *his* daughter? or was it all some infernal delusion—some hideous dream which the morning would dissipate? How he clung to the smallest fragment of a hope that he might be *mistaken!*—How he busied himself in inventing ten thousand ingenious excuses, which never deceived him, no, not for one moment—for her conduct which he had seen! Sometimes his busy fancy would bring her before him in all her beauty and innocence—and then a gush of love would melt him into tears. Sometimes it would paint her in the arms of her seducer, and then the shameful thought would bring the burning blood to his face, while his strong heart would nearly burst within him as he remembered how *irreparable* was the ruin.—Tenderness and wrath, a wild, loving sorrow, an anger, drowned in bitter agonies of tears, or choked by convulsive sobs, would take possession of him by turns—and with all, a continual, never ceasing dull wonder at it—an incredulity that would not be satisfied—that would disbelieve in the evidence of his senses, in reality—in existence of himself—of the world—of every thing—rather than his daughter's truth.

At last he heard the sound of a footstep. Nearer and nearer it came—it stopped under the balcony—somebody was trying to climb up the slender pillars of the verandah, just as he had done, and in a moment a figure bounded into the balcony. The sergeant drew himself up into the smallest possible compass, held his breath, and anxiously strained his eyes to catch but one glimpse of him. The figure stopped at the window and tapped on the glass and the light fell upon the tall figure and haughty countenance of Lieutenant Wilson!

As he went round to the door, (which was on the other side of the verandah) the sergeant crept up to the window. All the blood in his body became as fire, his strength failed him, his knees trembled, his head spun round and round like a top, the light became darkness before his face; for there before his eyes was the daughter of his heart, hanging round the neck of her seducer!

Presently the light was blown out. There were two hours to pass until the rising of the moon—two mortal hours, into which were crowded ages of torment! It was with the very greatest difficulty that he prevented himself from breaking in upon the guilty couple, and strangling them with his own hand. But his promise to the Prince restrained him. And he gloomily smiled as he reflected on his means of vengeance.

At length the moon rose, and the sergeant began to tremble lest the Prince should imagine that he was not coming and get tired of waiting. Sliding down from the verandah he went into the shed where there was a pile of earthen ware for household uses—and threw them with a loud crash. He then ran back opposite to his daughter's window and took his station behind a large flowering shrub.

It had the effect he anticipated. In about two minutes he could hear the verandah door gently shutting and the Lieutenant came stealthily out into the balcony. The moon shone full upon him and the sergeant thought he could discern upon his face the signs of considerable alarm even at that distance. His coat was thrown over his arm, and his cap in his hand, and the sergeant saw with a throb of exquisite anguish, that his daughter in her night dress took it from him and held it until he put it on. He could see that the girl was motioning him away with agitated gestures, and his breath came quick and hard as he saw the Lieutenant give her a last kiss, and let himself down by the pillar of the verandah.

The girl watched him from the window until he passed behind the shrubs where her father was concealed, and then retired. Just as he stepped behind these, the sergeant who was in the deepest shadow, struck him a tremendous blow with his naked fist which nearly broke his skull and knocked him senseless at his feet. Picking him up then, and throwing him across his shoulder as another man might carry a child of five years, he walked away as lightly as if he had no burden, to the street which led up to the Company's garden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PUNISHMENT.

When Wilson recovered his senses he found himself gagged, and bound, and lying in a covered palankeen which was borne forward with astonishing speed. His covering was so close that he could see nothing, and he could not tell whether it was night or morning. He could perceive that his bearers were natural [illegible] and he noticed [illegible] he heard in the Singhalese language [illegible] which he thought he had heard before [illegible] he could not [illegible] where. In this [illegible] was carried at a speed [illegible] most considerably exceed [illegible] and from the length of time [illegible] since he was sensible of any thing [illegible] the frequency with which the bearers were changed under him, he judged that he must have come 40 miles, at least, from C[illegible]—although he was no more able to tell how much farther, than he was to tell where he was going.

At length a loud command to 'stop!' was given in Singhalese, and the palankeen was laid on the ground. The covering was removed and Wilson was violently dragged out by the shoulders.

It was sometime before he could see at all, changing suddenly as he did from thick darkness to light. When at length he became a little more accustomed to the glare, he perceived that he was in the recess of a forest and in the hands of twelve gigantic Singhalese who were naked, with the exception of a cloth around the middle. There was another palankeen beside the one in which he had been confined. There was one thing which he saw with some surprise, and that was a large earthern vessel. What this could mean, in fact what it *all* could mean was entirely beyond his comprehension.

But his astonishment was not of long duration. The Singhalese who had crowded round the other palankeen, suddenly opened to the right and left with tokens of the deepest veneration, making way for a young man who was very simply dressed. He bore no mark of authority except a small golden rod curiously twisted into the shape of a serpent—but there was no necessity for any. Command was stamped upon his princely forehead,—authority breathed from every gesture.—He approached the spot where Wilson lay bound, and watched his changing colour with a savage satisfaction.

'So, dog, and son of a dog! Dost thou know me then? Art *thou* the man that dared to lay thy hands upon princes? Behold! even now thy hour approaches! Never again, Oh man of blood! shall thy hands shed the blood of the innocent, or thy soul delight in cruelty! Thou cans't not speak', he added, as Wilson made a convulsive effort, 'thou hast been judged, and justly,—the prince does no injustice' he continued, with dignity, 'as thou hast done to others, even so shall it be done unto thee!'

So saying, he made a sign to his followers, two of whom immediately approached and proceeded to take off Wilson's clothes. When they had partly accomplished this, being obliged to take off some of the ropes also, it gave Wilson an opportunity of using his right arm, which he did with great skill, striking the Singhalese down to the right and left like nine-pins. But he did not go far before he felt a giant grasp upon his shoulder, a grasp against which even the strength of despair availed no more than an infant's. He turned half round and his face grew ashy pale as he met the lurid eyes of Hughes! Convinced that resistance was entirely useless, he submitted to his fate.

They then finished stripping him. And when he was entirely naked they covered him thickly from head to foot with a coarse oily sugar called Jaggary, in the Singhalese dialect, which they took out of the earthern vessel. They then bound his hands and feet with the ropes.

At this stage of the process Wilson made the most tremendous efforts to speak. If ever human eyes implored for mercy they were his. But the wooden gag prevented any thing more than an inarticulate roar, and the inflexible aspect of the *Modeliar* made his heart die within him. He even looked toward Hughes, but the glance he met *there* was one which forbid him to hope.

'Now!' said the *Modeliar*, his countenance assuming an expression of unutterable vengeance, 'now shalt thou, who didst excel in cruelty, be visited with the extremity of torment. Behold! Oh man of blood! behold oh heart of iron! the vengeance which divine justice hath prepared for the cruel! Seest thou those hillocks?' he demanded, pointing to 5 or 6 low white risings in the ground which Wilson had not noticed.—'In these dwell the legions of the devouring ant, which destroyeth the dwellings of men, which pierceth through the thick plank, which stingeth like an adder, which consumeth like a devouring fire! Covered with the sweets which will attract them, thou shalt be nailed to yonder tree, and in every fibre of thy accursed frame, and he spat upon the ground, 'shalt thou feel the tooth of these devouring myriads! Away with him!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'away with him! he cumbereth the ground!'

Dreadful to witness were the *mute* struggles of the unfortunate man as he heard this hideous sentence. He sprang convulsively from the ground—he made superhuman efforts to free himself from the ropes—but all in vain. Half pushed, half carried, he reached the foot of the fatal tree. The ropes were thrown over the branches. The men strained on them and up he rose, struggling all the while with the strength of desperation.—At length they lashed him down against the tree, and drove some heavy spike nails through his arms and legs. Some sprinkled a portion of the sugar from the foot of the tree, to the nests of the white ants, and finally they left him to his fate.

Hughes got into one palankeen and the Prince into the other. The twelve bearers, six to each, took them up and held them where they could see the victim. Already the ants had perceived the sugar, already the voracious insects were pouring in countless millions toward the tree. They climbed the roots in myriads upon myriads—they pushed one another out of the way—they fastened upon the feet of the unfortunate man—they swarmed up his legs—they covered his body! They were now sure; and at the command of the Prince, the bearers went on with the palankeens—they bore them away—and left him to his solitary and most agonising death!

G. S.

From the North Carolina Farmer.

LITTLE THINGS.

Mr. Editor: In travelling through N. C., I am frequently amused at such expressions as—"Mr. A. is one of our greatest farmers, he owns 1000 acres of good farm land, and runs 20 plows." Now go around Mr. A's [illegible] and say instantly

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