

# HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Devoted to Politics, Literature and General Intelligence.  
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From the Louisville Journal.  
The following lines are above all praise—  
They are so happily beautiful.

The spring of life is past,  
With its budding hopes and fears,  
And the autumn time is coming,  
With its weight of weary years—  
Our joys are as fading,  
Our hearts are as doomed with care,  
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness  
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blossoming near us  
In the heart's first burst of spring,  
While many hopes could cheer us,  
Life seemed a glorious thing!  
Like the foam upon a river  
Like the breeze gone rippling o'er,  
The hopes have fled forever  
To come to us no more!

To sad—yet sweet—to listen  
To the soft wind's sighs and wails,  
And think we hear the music  
Of childhood's days so full;  
To gaze out on the even,  
And the boundless fields of air,  
And feel again our boyhood's wish  
To roam, like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness  
That cling around the past—  
And from that fount of feeling  
Did thoughts come thronging fast—  
The forms we loved so dearly  
In the happy days now gone,  
The beautiful and lovely,  
So dear to look upon.

Those bright and golden moments  
Who deemed so fondly for bliss,  
To brighten up the lonely  
For such a world as this.  
Whose soft and sweet-toned swimming  
In a sea of liquid light,  
And whose looks of gold were streaming  
Over from so sunny bright.

Whose smile was like the sunshine  
In the spring time of the year—  
Like the cheerful gleams of April  
They followed every tear!  
They have passed—like hope—away—  
All their bright days have fled—  
Oh—many a heart is mourning  
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer  
They have fallen from the stem—  
Yet—oh—it is a lovely death  
To fade from earth—like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening  
To miss an earth's activity—  
And feel that all the beautiful  
Are passing fast away!  
That the dear ones whom we love,  
Like the tendrils of a vine,  
Grow closely to each living heart,  
Then perish on their stem!

And so we but think of these  
In the soft and gentle spring,  
When the trees are waving o'er us  
And the flowers are blossoming,  
Flocks know that winter's coming  
With his cold and stormy sky—  
And the clouds heavy round us  
Is budding but to die!

The evidence having closed, Mason rose and said, he wished the court and country to bear in mind, that the Duck river pass had been duly respected by the Navy, and subsequently dishonored by the prisoners at Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo.

The Lieut. General deprecated violent comparisons between these two arms of our national defence, and hoped the court would frown down all subjects calculated to make breaches between them.

This brought Marcy to his feet; he wished to know if Bullion had any allusion to him by the word breaches?

The Lieut. General disclaimed any intention to attack the head of the War Department in so sensitive a point; he fully agreed with the hero of Lundy's Lane, that rearward attacks were decidedly uncomfortable. But he would take occasion to say that things were not going on as well as they would, if he had been permitted to sacrifice himself into a Picapico-General. He was for peace, an honorable peace, which meant a large piece, and had the warrior plebeian sacrifice been consummated, he would have such a piece, and not a mere patch of the bottom of—

[Here Marcy rose again, and demanded whether 'patch' had any reference to him?] Bullion explained; he meant a patch at the bottom of the Rio Grande. He hoped he would not be interrupted again; the war department should restrain its impetuosity; there was no occasion for it to burst its breeches. Marcy again jumped up, but Kave claimed the floor, and sought to throw oil upon the waters of discord. He implored the Court not to permit itself to be given and rent to pieces like—

Marcy in extreme ire, demanded an explanation of the word "rent"?

Great confusion ensued. Bullion appealed to the President, who, after whispering with the judge advocate, decided that the war department was fundamentally out of order.

Marcy rose with great wrath and said he had been invited there to condemn the prisoners, not to have his breeches continually thrown in his teeth. He was at the head of the War Department, and a proper respect for that Department, required that he should fight or retire; he hoped the Court would spread upon the journals that he retired, not retreated. Hereupon he left precipitately, having obliged to the door, but as he squinted round to pass out, a small patch was visible on the seat of honor, which Ritchie said was a crescent, selected no doubt as a coat of arms from his ancestors having been crusaders, but "old matter-of-fact" said it looked like a lousy hair-dress.

The Court then resumed business, and Bullion with a modest blush again advanced. He begged that the court would not consider any time consumed by him as mispent; in fact his was the sacrifice; he was speaking for the weal of mankind, and not as usual, for his \$9 per diem; besides, he was neglecting a treatise on Algiers, particularly adapted to the computation of mileage.

Indeed, both the court and the country had a very inadequate idea of his importance; true, he did not consider them very much to blame, as it was extremely difficult to comprehend them in all his vast magnitude. It would seem that greatness had of late become a family affliction, and it not soon relieved, both he and his son-in-law would have to put the government to the expense of the Marcy quarantines. In conclusion, he would remark, that every body knew his sentiments; they had long been before the country, they were simply to condemn every body generally, but himself and son-in-law, and to violently advocate both these gentlemen.

The venerable father, Ritchie next addressed the court in the following laconic speech: "Nous verrons."

Sausage replied: He thought no good democrat would make use of "farcina" words. It smacked of aristocracy, but he hoped from the proverbial courtesy of the venerable martyr, that "nous verrons" had no allusion to his innocent intolerance in sausages. It was true they were there in treat of war and condemn two old warriors, but he must confess that, amidst swords, epaulettes and pompons, his gentle thoughts still turned on sausages; it was his passion and his weakness; he rejoiced in Democracy, but he gloried in sausages. If the two refractory old bantams were to be punished, he would propose that the sausage ration of Taylor be stopped for thirty days, and Scott stopped from writing proclamations.

Ficky Ficklin said he had great respect for the gentleman who had just addressed the court; he was a top Sawyer, eye, a tip-top Sawyer, and if titles were not anti-democratic, he would like to see him created Duke of Bologna; yet he must admonish his friend that his degrees of punishment did not meet the cases and crimes of the two prisoners, for, while Taylor, the first transgressor, cared but little for sausages, to dry up Scott's ink horns was more than frying live eels. He would therefore propose that they both be sentenced to read his last speech in Congress every morning before breakfast, for thirty days, and to consider him a gentleman for the same length of time.

Ambassador Shannon differed with both the gentlemen. It was not the province of the court to pass sentence of death or sen- tence of impossibility. It would be death to stop Scott's ink, and an impossibility to consider Ficklin a gentleman even for a single moment, far less for thirty days. The most cruel punishment he could think of (and they were Salamanders if they could stand it, and live,) was that they should read Signor Rejon's despatches

## From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

### A Serious Charge against the President.

The habitual readers of this journal know that it is not our wont either to speak disrespectfully of the nation's chief magistrate, or to be very prompt in echoing such accusations, affecting either his personal or his official character, as make their appearance in the columns of contemporaries. Our course has always been—prompted alike by inclination and a sense of what we regard as the duty of a citizen—to seek a favorable explanation for what needed to be explained, or to keep silence altogether. But when charges of a very serious nature are made against any officer of the state—especially against one whose position is to some extent involved by his conduct—with the authority of a known name, and if emitted to respect and credence, it becomes also a duty, though a very painful one, to notice the accusation and proclaim the right of the country to have it met and answered.

A frequent charge against the present chief magistrate is that of insincerity—in speaking and acting in a double sense. It is a charge to which we have sometimes alluded, though cautiously and with moderation, when it seemed to be borne out by facts apparently well authenticated. An instance of the kind may be remembered in connection with the Oregon controversy. Mr. Senator Hungenbush being a party. That more serious, more astounding, and apparently better authenticated, is brought to the knowledge of the public in the following brief correspondence, which we find in the National Intelligencer:

"Chaplains in the Army."—Hon. Paul A. Brown of Philadelphia, lately addressed the following letter to Rev. W. L. McCulla, brother of Hon. J. M. McCulla, late of Lexington, Ky., and now of Washington:

"DEAR SIR: I earnestly but respectfully request you to answer truly, candidly, and fully, the following questions:

"1st. Were you not recently an applicant for the situation of chaplain in the American army now in Mexico?"

"2d. Had you not a personal interview with his Excellency, James K. Polk on that subject?"

"3d. Did the President tell you that when he appointed two Catholic priests, chaplains he knew he had no right to make any such appointment, as there was no such office within his gift; but that he had appointed them chaplains nominally, that they might become spies?"

To these questions Mr. McCulla returned the following laconic answers at the conclusion of a long letter, reflecting severely on the Catholic church, which says nothing to do with the particular point under consideration, for which reason it is omitted:

"My answer to your first question is, I was; to the second, I had; to the third, he did."

Respectfully yours,  
W. L. McCULLA."

The Rev. Mr. McCulla bears a name not unknown to the citizens generally, or how heard for the first time. His position in society commands belief in what he distinctly and deliberately alleges. But on the other hand his charge against the President is so extraordinary that it seems almost incredible. What possible motive the President could have to make such a confession, even supposing the act or purpose confessed to be real, it is almost impossible to conceive. To do the act was bad enough to proclaim it appears to be the very height of madness, or at least of a folly which would almost qualify the perpetrator for a lunatic asylum. There surely must be an enormous mistake somewhere in the relation. And we insist that no official reserve or etiquette can be pleaded as a reason for not promptly clearing that mistake away. No man, with such an accusation hovering over him, is fit to hold the position of chief magistrate of this great nation.

A Norwegian Newspaper is to be established in the town of Norway, Racine county, Wisconsin. The Milwaukee Sentinel, in making the announcement says:

The Norwegian settlements in the West are already numerous and growing rapidly. There are now in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, twenty such settlements, and sixteen of them within the limits of this territory. They embrace a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand; frugal, industrious, honest, law-loving and law-abiding citizens. The principal settlement is on the Koskonong prairie, where there are nearly a thousand Norwegian families.

The French Government has ordered that scientific men in all the departments shall examine microscopically, every fortnight, the growing potatoes in the several districts, with a view to discover if the plant be again tainted, and the cause, if such a calamity again arise.

The London Peace Society have addressed a communication to President Polk, and another to Santa Anna, entreating them to bring to an immediate close the present war. Also to the Prime Minister of England, the King of France, the Emperor of Russia, soliciting their friendly influence for the same result.

Mrs. Hannah Moore says, "A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them."

## Speech of H. W. Miller, Esq.

Delivered in the great Public Meeting held in the city of Raleigh, on the 3d July, 1847, at which Major General ZACHARY TAYLOR was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Chairman—The Committee have instructed me to report a series of Resolutions for the adoption of this meeting—Before reading them, however, I beg leave to submit a few remarks. We have met to testify our gratitude and honor to that great and brave man, Zachary Taylor, who has borne aloft so nobly the flag of our country in the war which we are now waging with a foreign nation, and who has been emphatically the great leader of our gallant forces in many of the brilliant victories which have been achieved by our arms. But we have met more particularly to inquire into the propriety of declaring our preference of him for the high office of President of the United States—the highest office within the gift of the Republic. It may be useless before this enlightened assembly, to recount any of the distinguished deeds by which he has made his name as familiar, almost, as that of Washington throughout the wide extent of our country. Though known before the commencement of this war, as the brave, discreet, and patriotic leader, of only a small force, yet, since that time, his ability, his genius as a military captain, his inflexible firmness and integrity, his perfection in all these virtues which adorn and enoble the human character, have burst forth with a brilliancy which has not only astonished our own people, but electrified the loftiest intellects of Europe, and wrung even from the reluctant lips of royal greatness and grandeur, the highest encomiums upon himself, and the most flattering commendations upon the military prowess of our country.

We all know, sir, that our people have been often charged by foreign writers, with vanity and boastfulness—with indulging unnecessarily in lofty and fulsome eulogies upon the men and principles of our own Government. But however this may be, there never yet has risen in our country a truly great man—a man of real worth and genius, who has not been able, commensurate with the increase of his fame, to command respect even from the bitterest foes of our free institutions. Who now even amongst such advocates of modularity as those who once pronounced him a rebel and a traitor for his efforts in that great struggle which resulted in the establishment of our National Independence, dare assert, that Washington deserved not every title of the nation—every expression of the veneration, bestowed on him by his countrymen? Who now throughout the civilized world, presumes to declare, that too much respect is entertained for the memory of the illustrious FRANKLIN? Ay, sir, the fame too of that great living Orator and Statesman of the west, is not confined within the limits of our Union, but the inhabitants of every clime where patriotism, eloquence and liberty are admired, have learned to repeat with feelings of veneration the immortal name of HENRY CLAY.

But to return to our subject. I allude to his unexampled mercifulness, and charity to a vanquished and fallen foe. To see the stern warrior who had, in obedience to the call of his country, faced with steady eye and iron nerve the "serried ranks in thick array," of his enemies, when that enemy had surrendered or fallen, casting aside the habitments of War, and keeping vigil over their dying, binding up the wounds of their helpless, and paying the last and honors of a generous soldier to their dead; the history of the World may be searched in vain to furnish any thing that surpasses it in moral sublimity! Sir, Alexander was cruel; Charles the XII was obstinate and revengeful; Bonaparte, harsh and vindictive. Had they possessed the moral virtues of Zachary Taylor, how much more bright would be the pages of history, which record their deeds! They will live in that history only as conquerors or usurpers, his fame will go down to the latest posterity, not only as a great and good man and transcendent military chieftain, but (I trust) as the virtuous and patriotic Chief Magistrate of a great and free nation!

And although after the news of the signal battles of the 8th and 9th of May spread through our country, and elicited the enthusiastic plaudits of our own people, many of the inhabitants of the old world may have affected to look with contempt upon these achievements, when compared with many of the boasted victories of a Marlborough—a Frederick—a Wellington, or Napoleon, yet when the heights of Montevideo had been stormed and carried—when the almost impregnable battlements of that strong hold of Mexican power, had yielded to the bravery and skill of the American commander, the whole of Europe gazed in wonder and astonishment! So great and brilliant indeed was this victory considered, that one of the most illustrious of European Generals declared in reference to Zachary Taylor: "He is a great—a very great General!" I refer, sir, to the expression of Marshal Soult, one of the last remaining of those "thunderbolts of war," with which Napoleon was enabled to strike terror into the Monarchs of Europe, and cast around France a blaze of military glory which for a time dazzled the whole civilized world! Sir, sir, was the compliment which the victories of Gen. Taylor then called forth from the mighty conqueror of Wellington in the bloody battles of the Pyrenees! What must have been his feelings—what the astonishment of all Europe, when the news of the last great achievement of Taylor burst upon them!—And who can estimate the importance of that great victory!—who does not admit the skill and courage there displayed! Considering the disadvantages under which our forces labored, the great disparity of numbers, who but old "Rough and Ready," could have dared even hope for success? He had been unjustly deprived of nearly all his regulars, most of those left him were undisciplined, inexperienced volunteers, who perhaps had never witnessed the terror or heard the thunders of the battle field! Santa Anna with twenty thousand well disciplined soldiers, hungry for plunder, eager for revenge, was marching rapidly to attack him. A breathless—almost suffocating anxiety pervaded our whole country. Many and deep were the expressions of apprehension, and even despair, which burst irresistibly from the whole people, lest that gallant little army should be overwhelmed and destroyed, for disgraced it could never be in the hands of as glorious old commander! They could have fallen back upon Monterey and at that

place defied the power of Mexico. But no, no, the resolution had been formed—the decree had gone forth—upon the field of Buena Vista the American flag was to be planted, and there it was to stand until victory perched upon it; or the blood of the bravest had drenched it. And nobly—bravely was this daring resolve performed! Stubborn and deadly was that conflict!—For more than sixteen hours the battle raged. Regiment after regiment of the enemy, charged with a degree of fury, almost appalling, and in succession were repulsed after the most desperate conflicts. At times, the tortures of the day were against us, and the storm's hearts appeared ready to pronounce that all was lost! But not so, sir, with that glorious old commander!—There he stood—"calm and unruffled as a summer's sea"—firm and immovable as if the hills around would be riven, or wrenched from their base, by the thunder of Artillery and the shock of the conflict; ere he would be driven from that field! He went not there to be beaten or to surrender! Cool and collected—not a nerve unstrung, casting his eyes with composure over the raging storm as if it were but the mock fight of a gala day, he sent forth his orders, to some the firm command, to some the voice of cheering, to others the stern rebuke, but to one and all the inviolable injunction, "never to surrender!"—The enemy were repulsed—the American army, slept upon the battle field, and the "Napoleon of the West," who but a few days before was surrounded by his hosts, flushed with pride and confident of victory, like his great prototype in his retreat from Moscow, found nothing left him but defeat and disgrace, a shattered, disbanded and starving army!

Had not General Taylor resolved upon making a stand where he did, what would have been the inevitable consequences!—The whole valley of the Rio Grande would have fallen into the hands of Santa Anna. Every military station between the Gulf and Monterey would have been captured and the Mexican Army which was then on the eve of starvation would have been fattened on the provisions of ours.—The depressed and broken spirit of the whole Mexican nation would have been revived and resuscitated! Sir, if any thing had been required to confirm the fame which Gen. Taylor had already acquired, this victory was amply sufficient. No wonder some of the English Journals, on receiving the news of it, declared, "That considering his means General Taylor had accomplished as much as Bonaparte or Wellington."

But, sir, there is another light in which we should not fail to view the character of this distinguished man. His simple dignity of manners, his unaffected modesty—his ready subservience to authority—his open candor—his warm patriotism—his unceasing kindness and attention to his soldiers and all who come under his authority, these shine as a bright halo of virtues around his victories, and add to their splendor. But there is another characteristic which no one can contemplate without the strongest emotion of affection and pride. I allude to his unexampled mercifulness, and charity to a vanquished and fallen foe. To see the stern warrior who had, in obedience to the call of his country, faced with steady eye and iron nerve the "serried ranks in thick array," of his enemies, when that enemy had surrendered or fallen, casting aside the habitments of War, and keeping vigil over their dying, binding up the wounds of their helpless, and paying the last and honors of a generous soldier to their dead; the history of the World may be searched in vain to furnish any thing that surpasses it in moral sublimity! Sir, Alexander was cruel; Charles the XII was obstinate and revengeful; Bonaparte, harsh and vindictive. Had they possessed the moral virtues of Zachary Taylor, how much more bright would be the pages of history, which record their deeds! They will live in that history only as conquerors or usurpers, his fame will go down to the latest posterity, not only as a great and good man and transcendent military chieftain, but (I trust) as the virtuous and patriotic Chief Magistrate of a great and free nation!

And who should he not be nominated for that high office! What reasons can be urged against it? There are those who affect to doubt his capacity to perform the duties of a high civil office. They have a most ecclesiastical admiration for his military genius, but fear he is a "mere soldier!"—They are ready to admit

"The man is noble, and his fame folds in this orb of the earth."  
Still, he hasn't studied politics, read quite enough of newspaper slang, had the honor of being a member of Congress, rubbed his back against the walls of the "White House" at Washington, committed the Constitutions of all the States to memory, read all President's Messages through, from the first to Mr. Polk's last! And there is the "Federalist" too, which he hasn't read through more than once or twice, and as to "Montesquien's spirit of Laws," "Locke on Government," and "Grotius" and "Puffendorf" why, what does he know about these? Such pedantic objections come only from those who think no one is suited for the Presidency, unless he has first been made a politician by trade. Sir, are any so stupid as to suppose that such a mind as that of Gen. Taylor, has been inactive, been sleeping for the last thirty years? Think they that it has not studied, and profoundly, the principles of that Government for which he has so often periled his life, his all? Think they that it has been inattentive to passing events? Look at his despatches, which have