IMPERFECT COPY

the outrage in any way, but goes on to comment upon it as follows: "This act, and the excitement manifested when the wagons of the enemy were seen coming into our city to be laden with provisions, make us believe that, in case hostilities recommence, the people will rise en masse for the defence of the capital, and with the same patriotic ardor of which they have given proofs in times past.—And who can vanquish 40,000 or 50,000 valiant men, (*valientes*) armed with knives or daggers, or even with sticks and stones, decided to die defending the rights most dear to them—their independence, their religion, their families and their homes?" However patriotic this language may appear, it certainly sounds neither amicable or pacific, especially when it is known that there is an armistice between the two countries, and that the editor grounds his article upon a palpable and gross violation of it on the part of his own countrymen.

It is said that the *junta de notables* yesterday, which was attended by some of the richest men in the capital, Santa Anna told them plainly that he must have money. They pled exceeding poverty, which was probably what the President expected. In case he succeeds in making peace he will be sure to use as an excuse that money to continue the war was denied him.

There is a strange story afloat, to the effect that the Mexican commissioners have offered to give up Texas to the United States—Texas as far as the Nueces only—and also to allow us the privilege of construcing a cotton factory in California! I knew not how the report got about, but it is certainly quite current.

In the course of the present week we shall know whether the war is to be continued or a peace is to be made—now all is speculation, doubt and uncertainty. If one could place credit in one-tenth part of what is told him in relation to Santa Anna's movements it would seem almost impossible that peace could be made. A man comes in from the city and asserts most positively that he has seen breastworks in process of construction; that large numbers of sand bags are being contracted for and made; that bodies of troops are daily drilled, reviewed and inspected, and that Santa Anna employed himself all day yesterday in inspecting the fortifications and other means of defence of the city. All this, the actions of the inhabitants, the tone of the press, &c., certainly look most belligerent; but then one is told that Santa Anna is compelled to act as he does, in order to work out his ends. If peace is made with the Mexicans it will be a strange one, will stand alone, will have neither precedent nor parallel, and all the credit the Government at Washington will get for its agency in the matter I am fearful will not elevate us much among the nations of the earth.

Yours, &c. C. W. K.

The State of France.

A correspondent of the New York Schoolpost, writing upon affairs in France, and the popular fermentation, says:

"The whole ground on which the government of France is standing is undermined. No one knows whether, or how long, it can remain. It is impossible to change anything in this state of things which has become a condition of existence to the administration, and even those who can clearly see the abyss before them must still approach it. A period of universal distrust has commenced; no one is thought pure, no one guiltless, and all regard for authority has disappeared. Accusations are added to accusations; the charges of Girardin are not disproved, M. Conin Gildaine has not washed himself from the blot of having received 500 shares of the Northern Railroad, and already a new complaint is spoken of against Marshal Soult, and the Minister, Dumon; they are charged with receiving 1500 shares of the Railroad between Lyons and Avignon.—To stop is impossible; the wheels of State are rolling down the mountain, dearer and nearer the precipice where they will be destroyed. And beside this wretched policy at home, whose only aim is to secure 250 among the 430 deputies to vote every thing that is asked of them, stands a foreign policy still more wretched. Guizot threatens Switzerland with an intervention in case she changes her federal constitution, or takes the least step against the united Catholic cantons. He labors in common with Austria to divert the Pope from his plans of reform; he intervenes against the liberal principles in Portugal, carries on the meanest intrigues in Spain, crouches before England, and plays the most miserable part in Europe. And can France—the France of 1789, 1794, 1805, 1809 and 1830—long bear this? Certainly not. Already the trumpets of the people's judgment seat are commencing, *Dies ira, dies illa*, and soon the dead of Freedom will arise to destroy the work of darkness.

The Administration and the War

While our neighbor of the Republican is filling his columns with praises of the ability of the Administration in conducting the war with Mexico, we would respectfully call his attention to the treatment received by the Volunteers now at Buena Vista.

Leaving their friends and homes for the purpose of serving their country and winning a name for themselves, they have been sacrificed to the political views of the Administration. Gen. Taylor was fighting his way to the Presidency rather too rapidly for Mr. Polk's views, and he was therefore arrested in his career, and he, and the gallant men under him, left to a weary life of inactivity, with no better or more glorious employment than looking out for a guerrilla party or guarding against a stampede. What must be the feelings of such men as Hamtramck, Randolph, Early, Robinson, Archer, and others who might be named, under such treatment, may be easily conceived. It is true, perhaps, that their complaints will never utterance—they will patiently [illegible] fully discharge the duty confided [illegible] without a murmur; but they [illegible] feel the galling position in which they are placed.

The friends of the Administration may sing hosannas to its ability and its energy, but as the conductors of a free press, with no favors to ask and no frowns to fear, we feel at liberty to denounce it for its cruel and selfish policy towards General Taylor and the gallant men under him.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Thursday, October 7, 1847.

For President

ZACHARY TAYLOR,

OF LOUISIANA.

FROM MEXICO.

It will be seen by the intelligence which we publish in to-day's paper, that all prospects of peace with Mexico are at an end, the efforts of Mr. Trist all proving in vain. The Armistice is broken, and hostilities recommenced, and God only knows where or when this unfortunate war is to end.—We trust the American people will rally generously, as they have everdone, to the aid of the Government in bringing about peace, through the only mode which appears at all practicable, viz: the bayonet. *Afterwards* it is time enough to bring into judgement those who, through folly and wickedness, have brought the curse on the nation. We repeat, let the people rally to the aid of the Administration, if need be to the subjugation of the whole of Mexico. We have held out the olive branch of peace, they have rejected it.—Let them now be forced to sue for peace on *any* terms.

We return our thanks to the Editors of the Knoxville Register and the Hamburg Journal, for Extras containing late and important intelligence from Mexico.

POETICAL SUPERERRPTION.

The following is the direction on a letter which passed through the Post Office in this town a few days since:

Please to pass this letter round
Until the proper person's found.
By reading this 'tis plain to see
His name is *Hewson*, the flance *Queen*.
Then please to pass it to the county,
To fort Hembree, in Cherokee County.
Though Cherokees they are so many,
'Tis Cherokee, North Carolina.

HON. L. CLINGMAN.—Mr. Clingman, the Representative elect to the next Congress, from this District, is now in Boston, as will be seen by the following notice of him which we copy from the Boston Atlas of the 30th ult:

HON. L. CLINGMAN.—This gentleman, member elect from the Buncombe district North Carolina, arrived in Boston on Sunday, and is staying at the Tremont house. His chief object in visiting Boston at this time, is to be present at the Convention of Geologists, which commences its session to-day. Mr. Clingman is a gentleman of fine talents and a sterling Whig, and as a Representative of "the Old Rip State," we welcome him to Massachusetts.

A. T. Summey, Esq., of this place, has been appointed Agent for the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company. Those having business with him, will be pleased with his prompt and gentlemanly attention.

A new folly thus admirably hit off by a New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier:

"I was amused at a new fashion of wearing the hat which has lately been introduced by the super-elegants, and which I saw in motion last evening.—The peculiarity in it is to reduce the whole head to the state of a stubble field, and he is the most elegant man who comes nearest to having a sconce shaved perfectly smooth. A gent, last evening, wore his hair about a quarter of an inch long, and as his hair was red, the effect was ludicrous enough. The man looked as though his outworks were set thickly over with short, fig bristles. However, if others laughed and admired, and both parties being well pleased, the thing could not have been better."

SCISSONGS.

This is the cool manner in which John Bull talks about annexing territory—we copy from the Liverpool Mail:—"If Russia should take Europe Turkey and Greece, Austria the United States, France Spain, perhaps the sovereign powers will give us Egypt and Portugal, and our old date trees in Tangiers. In the hands of England, Portugal [illegible]. In the hands of prepous, a peaceful [illegible] could be made a prosperous, a peaceful and a happy country; by force, of course, at first by kindness and good government afterwards. These, however, the reader will be pleased to observe, are only speculations."

The New York shopkeepers hire fashionably dressed young ladies to call in and walk out of their stores once in ten or fifteen minutes during day, to attract customers by sympathy.

English schoolmaster, who has written grammar, says that a repeating watch [illegible] the feminine gender.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—A few days ago the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial saw a man pull out his watch and very gravely set it by a wooden sign watch, hanging in front of a shop in that city. He then walked off apparently satisfied that he had possessed himself of the correct time.

WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, is, it seems, not firmly established in his temperance principles. He said, in a lecture recently, that he had so little confidence in his own power to resist temptation, and so fearful lest at any time he should again fall, that no sum of money however large, no prospect of worldly advantage, would induce him to pass a night in a room, with no companion but a bottle of brandy.

A lawyer inquired of a rustic his definition of "justice." "It is a work," he replied, "for which lawyers are hired, but which they seldom, if ever, make a good job of."

Poker players, in the steamboats on the Mississippi river, now, instead of saying, "I pass," say, "I Santa Anna."

BEAUTY OF LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION.—"I saw a man what had a hides of spakin' the laws. His p'litic'l pinyons was lib'ral; his nosh'uns fastidious to a sattety, which made him ojus to every body, man an woman."

"You should never let the young men kiss you," said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece.

"I know it, uncle," returned she, penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that, when one has been kissed, there is no undoing it."

The first of our sex was made of ribbon, (ribbons,) as the lady said when her husband reproved her for dressing gay.

SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN.—Burns thus advises us to criticise without being criticised ourselves:

Conceal yourself as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The New York State Temperance Convention assembled at Albany on the 16th, has decided, after much discussion, to forbear to renew the call for legislative action to repress intemperance. It was decided, instead, to advocate for the present the repeal of all license laws, leaving the dealer in ardent spirits responsible at common law from any evil effects from his business.

REGULARLY HOAXED.—A story has been going the rounds of the papers, that a physician in Manchester N. H., had opened the stomach of a patient, and removed several hard substances which had completely obstructed the passage from it.—The patient was represented as doing well, and likely to recover. The medical journals were much interested in the case, and many learned comments made upon it, but it now appears from the Manchester American that the patient was a *hen!*

MANNERS.

Modest, yet not timid or bashful;
Self-possessed, yet not impudent;
Dignified, yet not haughty;
Humble, yet not self-degrading;
Familiar, yet not disrespectful;
Elegant, yet not foppish;
Plain, yet not awkward.

DRESS.

Rich, yet not gaudy;
Neat, yet not finical.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The Rattle Snake catcher of the little steamer Wm. Caldwell, which plies on Lake George, has improved the lithography of his advertisement this season, as will be seen from the following little copy, taken a few days ago:

"*Rattale Snaxes.—In this box air fore snaxes koched on blak mountang won air leven won air six won air fore years olde. ten sents a sile.*

RED CAP DICK.

No trust."

Another [illegible] Gone.

Among the dead [illegible] recent we notice, with extreme regret, the name of Shadrac Wiggins, one of the two, belonging to Capt. De-Saussure's Company, who were killed upon the field of battle. He was a printer by trade, and served his apprenticeship in the South Carolinian office, where he worked at the time of his volunteering. He was a noble and a generous nature; and though he had, like most of us, his faults, they were redeemed by many estimable qualities, which endeared him to those who knew him most intimately.

We learn, with pleasure, that the craft propose paying him a suitable tribute by erecting a monument to his memory.—*South Carolinian.*

We are happy to understand that Major Gen. Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, has so far recovered from the wounds which he received at Monterey, that he proposes immediately to join the army of Mexico.

Thanksgiving.—The Governor of Missouri has, by proclamation, under date of the 14th, recomended the 25th of November next, as a day of thanksgiving.

The DePraslin Murder.

The N. Y. Express contains a full report of the proceedings of the French Court of Peers in relation to the murder of the Duchess De Praslin, accompanied by a plan of the chateau in which the crime was committed. Some of these proceedings appear to be of quite as extraordinary a character as the murder itself. That the Duke De Praslin was the assassin of his wife, is placed beyond all reasonable doubt by his suicide, by his partial confession, and by a mass of strong circumstantial evidence; but the species of moral torture to which he was subjected after he had taken poison and while in near contemplation of death, is revolting to all our ideas of enlightened jurisprudence. The chancellor interrogated him before the Chamber of Peers, and assuming his guilt, charged him directly with the crime. He told him "it was impossible for him to deny it—that he did not dare deny it;" and notwithstanding the evasions and partial denials of the miserable man, he pertinaciously insisted upon a categorical answer of *yes* or *no* to the question of his guilt.—According to the principles of our criminal law, no one is bound to accuse or condemn himself; and a confession too of any value, must be perfectly free and voluntary. Besides, there was evidence enough, apart from the confession, to satisfy any rational mind of the criminality of the accused; and the application of this sort of *experimentum crucis* to drag out an acknowledgment of guilt from a dying man, was unnecessary in point of fact, as well as dangerous and unsound in principle.

We append the partial confession finally made to the Duke Decazes, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, and by him communicated to the Court of Peers.

THE MURDERERS' CONFESSION.—"On Tuesday morning," said the Duke Decazes, "at the request of the family, and to accomplish what I considered a duty, I waited on the accused in his prison. The Duke de Praslin having complained of excruciating sufferings, I observed to him that he must have anticipated those sufferings, since they were the result of the poison he had taken, and that the physicians, being ignorant of the nature of the poison, had hesitated to prescribe for him, when they were informed that two phials of laudanum nearly empty had been discovered in his desk. The prisoner replied that 'he had not taken laudanum.' In answer to a second question, he said 'he had swallowed arsenic, which the small bottle found in his *robe de chambre* on Friday had contained.' I then asked him how he had procured the poison. He assured me that 'nobody had given it to him,' and that 'he brought it, on the eve of the crime, from Praslin. He moreover protested with warmth against the supposition that he had intended it to poison the Duchess."

"He added, that 'he had swallowed that poison on the day of the crime, at the moment when he perceived, by the measures adopted with regard to him, that he was seriously suspected.' His suicide, in the face of such an accusation, was a confession. Having remarked this to him, he remained silent, but he '*denied with considerable vivacity having confided to any person the project of his crime;* and, as his explanations were interrupted by means caused by pains he experienced. I asked him if the sufferings of his mind were not still more poignant than those of his body, and if they did not inspire him with a desire to alloy them by the expression of the repentance he must feel in his heart; adding, that his family was inclined to believe that he must have committed so barbarous a crime in a paroxysm of furious insanity, which he had no doubt bitterly deplored.

"The unhappy man, raising his eyes and hands towards heaven, then exclaimed in a broken but strong voice, 'Oh, I do deplore it!' I next took occasion to say that, in that supreme moment—in order to satisfy both the justice of God and man, it was desirable that the expression of his repentance should be as public as his crime, and that a full confession should explain, at least, if it were possible, the delirium under which he acted. I offered, if he were disposed to make that confession, to send for the Grand Chancellor, or to write it down and certify it myself. These last words, which he listened to with a lively emotion, seemed to excite a struggle in his breast; and, after a moment of hesitation, he replied, 'I am too fatigued—too suffering, at present. Tell the Chancellor that I request him to come to-morrow.'

"The disturbed state of the mind of the accused was too visible, and his suffering condition too serious, to permit the prolongation of our conversation. The physicians, besides, had just [illegible] that it was urgently necessary to offer to the patient the last consolations of religion. The family having made choice of no clergyman, in the absence of the venerable parish priest of St. Sulpice, the Chancellor entrusted that mission to the parish priest of St. Jaques de Haut Pas. The court is aware that, after the pious ceremony, which appeared to have restored a little strength and calm to the accused, the Chancellor offered once more, but in vain, to receive the declaration he had manifested a willingness to make."

Suicide in Pensacola.

From the letter of a correspondent at Pensacola, we learn that quite a gloom has been thrown over that city by the self destruction of a venerable and much respected citizen of the place, Judge Garnier. The following extract from the letter exhibits a calmness and deliberation in the purpose of the deceased, which is perhaps without a parallel:

PENSACOLA, SEPT. 17, 1847.

Our old friend, Judge Garnier, committed suicide last night, (Sept. 16,) by drowning himself. I have always been under the impression that he was about one of the happiest men in this city; but such was not the case. From letters he wrote to several of his friends, and which were dated some time back, it appears he had for some time past been making his arrangements to commit the deed. He assigns as his reason, "poverty"—that he had but $120, which was in Mr. Myer's chest—and that it would take all that to pay his debts and bury him decently.—He wrote a few lines at midnight to Dr. Smith, which he gave to a black boy, and told him to hand it to Dr. Smith early in the morning, which was to inform him where his body might be found. He had every thing arranged. He directed notes to all to whom he was indebted, even to his washer-woman. He laid his clothes in which to be buried, on his bed, and directed where everything might be found. He sewed two large bricks in a towel and tied them to his back, and pinned a towell over his breast and back, and walked down to the end of the wharf with his cloak around him and cap on. When he got to the place, he laid his cloak down, placed his cap on it, and put a brick in his cap, and tying one end of a rope to the end of the wharf, and the other end around his waist, threw himself into the water, where he was found this morning. Last night, at dusk, he walked down on the wharf as was his custom every evening, with Mr. Myer, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ahrens; and was perfectly cool, speaking of the Mexican war, etc., and his letters and the note written at midnight was very neatly executed. He will be buried this morning.

Education.—It is objected of many of our "finishing schools" that their *finishing* is totally irrespective of any *beginning*.—Young ladies revel in the ologies before they can write a decent letter, and learn the polka before they can spell poker.—How many dainty crow-quill notes are daily on Tuesday, and if any occurrence is to be communicated, call it "melancholly news!" But people have very different views of education. The other day, in a steamboat, we heard a lady, who was coaxing a refractory varlet, "If you'll be a good boy, you shall *kill a chicken* when we get home."

A LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Asheville, N. C., on the 1st day of October, 1847, which if not taken out during the quarter, will be sent to the Genl. Post Office as Dead Letters.

Barker Lizy		Kenny H	
Brown John		Lisle Rufus	
Barnett George W.		Luther John P	
Beachboard Matthew		Lunsford Willis	
Black Alfred		Myers Mrs Wm R	
Bank A M		Morris James	
Burgner I C	2	Moore Wm	
Barkley W L		Miller John	
Brooks Col Whitfield		Moody Jesse Esq	
Broyles Miss Martha		McGehee Miles H	
Blackwell John R		Nenny G P	2
Brummet Joseph		Nunnamaker W G B	
Church John R	2	Oldham H	
Carson R C	3	Owens Wm H	
Crayton Henry L		Pendland Mrs Henry	
Campbell Joseph		Price Reece	
Curry J C		Pool M R	
Cessman Philip		Pickensy Miss Maria H	
Coroner of Buncombe		Phillips Martha	
Edney Thomas A		Palmer John	
Edwards Thos R		Pulliam John	
Fry Dan'l L		Richardson Richard C	
Froneburger Caleb		Roberts John	2
Gaither B A		Roberts James E	
Gibbs Miss Anna B	3	Roberts Benjamin	
Gibbs John R		Roble Joseph	2
Hunter Charles		Ratcliff Thomas	
Harris John Esq		Rice J M	
Hart Henry Esq		Sale Miss Mary E	
Hughes Mr		Snelson Thomas	
Hayne Wm. Edward		Sutton James B	
Harris Wm M		Tendle D W	
Ives Rt Rev LL DD		Taw Wm	
Jarrett James M		Thompson Wm	
Jenkins Willis D		Woods L H	
Jarvez Jabez		Wells David	
Johnson Wm. E		Warlick John A	
Johnson Samuel		Warren Wm	
King Joshua		Wallace Miss Susan E	

E. McC. TATE, P. M.

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