

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1841.

NUMBER 49.

VOLUME I.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY J. H. CHRISTY.

TERMS.—The "Messenger" is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or Three Dollars at the end of the year. No subscription discontinued, (except at the option of the publisher) until all arrears are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each subsequent insertion. All communications must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shall I Succeed.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

"Hope gets the better of distrust."
"We must part then," said Rosalie—"is it so? Oh! Eugene, I confess I tremble for you. Thrown out under such circumstances at this time of life, to push your way in the world, what trials, what disappointments and sufferings may await you? What chance can there be for the young, poor and friendless, where prosperity laughs at misfortune, power tramples on weakness, and temptation preys upon inexperience?"

"A dreadful picture is that you have drawn on the great world, my dear Rosalie," said Eugene smiling. "Suppose we view it in another light. Let us consider it as one vast and glorious amphitheatre; upon whose arena, genius and industry, exertion and talent, are striving for the rewards which await the meritorious."

"And how many hearts," rejoined Rosalie sadly, "are broken in the conflict! How many are trodden down beneath the feet of the aspirants! If one succeeds, yet how many fail! Besides, others have none. None but one, and she can only aid you by her prayers. Others have wealth—you are poor. Your path is solitary before you. Neither influence nor fortune smiles upon it."

"It is then under the most favorable circumstances that the greatest and most successful characters are formed?" replied Eugene, proudly. "The oak of the mountain, but strikes its roots, and rears its branches amid the winds and storms of its native skies. Look around you, Rosalie. Is it the nursing of wealth, of fortune, which has dandled into manhood on the lap of prosperity, who carries away this world's honors, or wins its mightiest influences? Or, is it not rather the man whose earlier years, like mine, were scarcely cheered by a single proffer of aid, or smile of approbation, and who has drawn from adversity the elements of greatness? You take it for granted that I shall be weak, unsuccessful, unfortunate. I have the confidence to believe I shall be neither."

"You know not the future, my dear Eugene. How many misfortunes may be in store for you! And at the best, how much toil, how many anxieties, how many sorrows, may cluster around your destined path, and must inevitably attend upon the duties and difficulties of the most arduous of professions?"

"Out upon thee, for a bird of ill omen!" said Eugene, laughing. "Do you not know that fortune ever flees the faint heart?—And as to difficulties, the greater the conquest—the greater the glory. You speak of sorrows—they are in a degree the common lot to all."

"But most have friends or other blessings to aid in bearing them."

"But you, if you fail—if your favorite objects elude your grasp—if your vision of ambition flees before you, or vanishes away—if treachery betrays and wounds you; what have you then for consolation?"

"Hope, Rosalie; hope, and your sweet self."

"Nonsense—this is nonsense, Eugene. By your leave, no; and so says that smile, which, pardon me—demands return. There! I've done the deed!—and now suffer me to tell you, Rosalie, that there is nothing which industry will not achieve, when combined with perseverance and directed with an undivided aim, to one great object. Think you that poverty is a sure prelude of failure? Do you recollect what Regardeau, the councillor of Josephine, told her on the eve of her marriage with Napoleon? 'You are about to do a very foolish thing, Madame; you are going to marry a man who has not a second shirt to his back!'"

"But you are not exactly a Bonaparte, I apprehend," said Rosalie, smiling.

"Humph! Well never mind, I like splendid examples."

"Bonaparte was a soldier, and not a lawyer. He was also aided by a concurrence of accidental circumstances," continued Rosalie.

"Well, we will talk of lawyers, then. A wealthy English gentleman once asked Lord Kenyon what he thought of the prospects of his son, in the legal profession. Your son does not want talents, was his reply, but he must first spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's fortune; and then there will be some hopes of his succeeding at the law!—Now luckily my dear, I have not the preliminary of spending—two fortunes to go through, before I may succeed at the law."

once on a time, who took it into his head to be a lawyer?"

"A shoemaker?"

"And why not, he was two-and-twenty years of age when the idea, or fancy first struck him—entirely uneducated, except in a common school—poor, and not only dependent, but having others dependent on him. Was not this folly?"

"What then?"

"Why he took his book and placed it before him thus, and with his last upon his knee and his hammer in his hand, he read and hammered, and hammered and read, from morning till night."

"And what was the result?"

"He did become a lawyer."

"I suspected as much," said Rosalie.

"And a member of Congress," continued Eugene, and Chief Justice of this State; in fine—

"In fine?"

"In fine, Roger Sherman."

"Roger Sherman!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"The same. Shall I speak of Franklin?"

"Oh! no," said Rosalie—"his story is worn out already."

"I could tell you a tale of English lawyers, for variety."

"What is it?"

"All in good time. There dwelt, during the last century, in the town of Berwick upon Tweed, (which, by the way, my Lord Coke says is no part of England)—no, I'm wrong—in Newcastle upon Tyne, a coal merchant, or coal merchant, just as you please, by the name of Scott. Owing to his embarrassed circumstances, he was unable to afford his children the advantage of a university education, and could only send them to a grammar school in their native town, where they accordingly began and completed their classical education. Was not this an auspicious beginning?"

"Go on—go on," said Rosalie.

"Nay, remember these youths were intended for the bar—in England, too—where the friendless and untitled are obliged to contend with ten times the difficulties which oppose them here. What would Rosalie have said, suppose this John or William were a lover of her's, and he were about to leave his home for the metropolis—the great London—to commence the study of his profession in the Inns of Court?"

"No matter; go on."

"Well, John and William occupied the same chambers together, and pursued the same studies. Poor, friendless, and unaided, twelve long tedious years, (these English lawyers, by the by, have to undergo something of a quarantine,) twelve years, they devoted themselves to their solitary pursuits. At the end of that time, the elder was admitted to the bar."

"And how did he succeed?"

"Why! but badly at first. His awkwardness and timidity stood in his way; few expected any thing of him, and some even ridiculed his attempts to succeed. But he found a friend. Friends are not such bad things after all, my dear. His friend aided in bringing him out, and after some years of obscurity, he suddenly burst upon the world, a star of the first magnitude. His business rapidly increased; he became a member of Parliament; then a solicitor general; then attorney general; then Sir John Scott; and then—"

"Then what?"

"Lord Eldon, and Lord Chancellor of England."

(From the Western Carolina Temp. Advocate.)

The Court of Death.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed: Then He openeth the ears of men and sealath their instruction." (Scripture.)

Shall we say we dreamed? Be it so. It was a sweet summer's morning, the sky beautifully clear and bright, and the large dew-drops glittering like pearls in the sun's rays, when we walked abroad with a favorite author in our hand, to indulge in our contemplations on the beauties of nature. Every thing around seemed peculiarly favorable to such exercises—the gentle rippling of the waters—the sweet carolling of the birds, and the still sweeter smell of the many flowers which were willingly yielding their odours to the morning breeze, all induced the most pleasant feelings, and invited us to look up "through nature, to nature's God." Delightful! delightful! thought we, and so entirely were we lost to every thing else, that ere we were aware, we had penetrated the depth of the forest.

The cheerfulness of the morning had now given place to the sultriness of noonday—the sun poured his vertical rays on the already parched earth—the birds had ceased to sing—the leaves hung with death-like stillness upon the trees, and not a sound was to be heard, save when the doe blated to her fawn, or the proud eagle whirling in the air screamed to his distant mate. Fatigued, we laid us down upon a grassy hill beneath the towering and wide spread branches of a sturdy oak and sought repose.

***** The stillness of the day was broken by the distant roar of the coming storm. The most frightful clouds rolled their awful columns through the air, bearing upon their bosom terrific lightning in vivid streams while the deep bellowing thunders hurled from their caverns, and awoke the distant slumbering echoes which sent back their muttering response. Suddenly all was dark as pitchy night—an unseen hand seized us and bore us aloof, we knew not how, we knew not where. ***** We stood in a dismal hall, hung all around with the skulls of the fallen, and on every side lay heaps upon heaps of slain. It was the court of Death! The grim monster had summoned all his ministers to his presence to learn the tidings of their success from their own lips. He was seated upon a pyramid of human bones—in his hand was a corral, made of deadly nightshade, and studded with instruments of slaughter, with which he intended to crown his most indefatigable and successful servant. His agents crowded around him, and a fearfully appalling multitude of fiends they were.—

Among the first, and near the throne, with his hollow eyes—livid cheeks—hoarse cough and faltering voice, stood Consumption, pleading earnestly for the crown! Next came Fever, with his flushed face and parched lips, raging wildly in delirium. There was Plague, with his long boney finger pointing to the villages, cities, provinces and kingdoms which he had destroyed.—

Close by stood Madness, with his giant form and streaming blood-shot eyes, holding in his hand a fearful catalogue of the nations through which he had marched, and the millions he had destroyed. Old Age, with his silvery locks, furrowed face, paralyzed faculties and tottering steps, and War, with his fierce sanguinary aspect were there.

The latter holding a flaming torch and two-edged sword, strode proudly towards the Throne as if conscious of the justness of his claims, and confident that to him would be awarded the palm. Death "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and was just beckoning the head of his favorite when a distant murmuring sound was heard that rapidly grew nearer and louder—all eyes were turned towards the door of the hall which

"On its hinges grating harsh thunder,"

flew open, and with staggering steps into the midst of the court pushed INTERPERENCE! In sooth he was the direst monster fancy ever beheld. In one hand he held a triple thonged scourge, made of the deadly worm of the still. With the other he held a mask to his face, the type of hilarity and mirth; but while speaking it slipped aside and exposed the monster's features in all their horrid deformity. He seemed the prototype of all we know in ill. A scowl of malignant triumph sat upon his brow—awful convulsions shook his giant frame, and in his features was clearly seen the semblance of a fiend who strives to spread destruction through the earth, and blast mankind with the breath of ruin. A host of evils followed in his train; the foremost of which were Sorrow, Repentance, and Despair! His paths were watered with the tears of the widow, and his sweetest music

were the sighs and groans of the fatherless! millions upon millions of immortal beings had been relentlessly dragged at his chariot wheels, and he'd did he smile but to increase their pain. When he made his appearance on the scene the most active agents of Death gave way—abashed at the little they had done compared to him, and all waived in his favor their pretensions to the garland.

War confessed that at least a moiety of his triumphs over the human race was owing to the fact that Intemperance had clouded the reason of mortals, and bid them run madly on to destruction. Consumption Fever and Plague, owned themselves indebted to him for the most of their victims, and Old Age bitterly complained that by his insidious and fatal arts he was robbed of a great portion of his lawful prey. Death gave a loud shout of applause which was answered and re-echoed loud and long by all the infernal host. The honors were conferred upon this faithful agent, and the king ordered his heralds forthwith to proclaim that henceforth INTERPERENCE should be respected and obeyed as the Prime Minister of Death.

Thames Tunnel.

The tunnel has now been carried across the Thames from bank to bank, as appears by the following Foreign Extract:—

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—The great difficulties which have impeded the completion of this extraordinary undertaking, may with truth be said now to have been entirely overcome. The work has been wholly completed, under the river, and the shield at the carrier of the structure—is now below the company's wharf on the Middlesex side. The operations at Wapping for completing the shaft by which foot passengers will descend are in full activity. Thirty feet of this shaft have already been completed, it is favorable for the gradual and safe descent of this enormous and ingenious mass of brick work. The engineer, Dr. Brunel, has in some respects varied the scale upon which the shaft is constructed, as compared with that which was sunk some years ago at Rotherhithe, by constructing it larger at the bottom, than it will be at its summit. Immediately the shaft has been sunk to its required depth, the shield will be advanced from its present position, and after having traversed thirty-three feet six inches, the communication throughout the entire length of the tunnel will then be thrown open. The run of water from land springs into the tunnel at present is from 400 to 500 gallons per minute. When, however, the communication has been thrown open between the whole line, this influx will cease. The engine, with less than half its power throws off the water arising from land springs; and the visitors' archway up to the shield is perfectly dry. It is expected that the ceremony of opening the tunnel will take place about the end of the summer. It need hardly be observed that the engineer, Mr. Brunel, who has devoted his attention for fourteen years, looks forward to the accomplishment of the tunnel with the greatest interest. We hear that Her Majesty, fully alive to the great skill and talent of the engineer, is about to confer the honor of knighthood upon him. The acting engineer, Mr. Page, and indeed the whole body of workmen, most of whom have been employed from the commencement, on this apparently dangerous, but now secure work, are also most anxious for its entire completion. The shield presents a very novel appearance as now lighted-up, viz that of a Gothic window. Several foreigners of distinction have already visited the works."

(From the Farmer's Museum, 1810.)

Truths about Farming.

If one half the zeal, energy and expense which have been exhibited for electioneering purposes were bestowed upon agriculture—if the people were half as anxious to improve and beautify their fields, and half as angry with their thistles, thorns and bad fences, as they are with their political opponents, we should have more productive fields, less complaint of poverty, more ability for charity, and abundantly more good feeling. From Maine to Georgia, the son ploughs as his father did before him, and the great mass of farmers as stationary in theory as they are in practice, nine in ten believe at this moment that book farming is the mere, useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing of practical agriculture. The real benefactor of mankind is he who causes two blades of wheat to grow where one grew before; his fields are his morn and evening theme, and to fertilize and improve his farm is his prime temporal object. All natural agrarianization of power and wealth may be traced to agriculture as its ultimate source—commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring.

We consider agriculture as every way subsidiary not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals and ultimately even to religion. We regard the farmer, stripped to his employment and cultivating his lands as belonging to the first order of noblemen; we wish him bountiful harvests, and invoke upon him the blessings of God in all his undertakings; may peace be within his walls.

(From the Farmer's Museum, 1810.)

"Those who are pleased with the hanging bulls of Liberia, will find some food for fun in the subsequent 'Advertisement,' and not less for its being in a kind of German attire."

MINE ADVERTISEMENT.

Run dry, or adored, or adored, mine large plack Horse, about fourteen or fifteen hands and six inches high—has been got your plack legs, two point, and two more, and his plack all over his body, but has been got some vice spots on his neck, ven de skin was rub off, but I greased him, and now do vice spots all plack again—he trots, an lantern, an paces, an sometimes he walks—and ven he walks, all his legs and feet goes on, ven after another—he has two years on his head both alike, put ven ish plack dan today—he has two eyes, ven is put out, and today ish pon de side of his head, and ven you go on today side he vent see you—ven he eats a good deal, an a pig pally—said as a long dail vat hangs down behind, but I cut it short today, and now ish not so long, but it was—his ish shod all round, but his plack shoes covered off, and now he ish only got shoes before, he holds up his head, and looks gay, and ven he ish been frighten, he jumps about like anything in de world—he ish ride on a saddle, or a chair, or a kart, or vil go by himself vitout nobody but a pug on his back vid a pof on it—he ish not very old, and his head ven he walks or runs goes before, and his dail stays behind, only ven he turns round, gets mat, and den his dail sometimes comes first. Whoever vil bring him plack shall pay five dollars reward, and if he brings plack de self get stole em, he shall pay poider twenty tollars, and a no questions.
