

Highland Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Virginia's First Settler.

FROM THE ACCOUNT IN "FOWLETTAN," THE NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK DOWNING'S LETTERS."

Capt. John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579. From the first dawn of reason, he discovered a roving and romantic genius, and a propensity to extravagant and daring actions among his school fellows. When about thirteen years of age, he sold his books and satchel, and his puerile trinkets, to raise money, with a view to convey himself privately to sea; but the death of his father put a stop for the present to this attempt, and threw him into the hands of guardians, who endeavored to check the ardour of his genius by confining him to a counting house. Being put apprentice to a merchant at Lynn, at the age of fifteen, he at first conceived hopes that his master would send him to sea in his service; but this hope failing, he quitted his master, and with only ten shillings in his pocket, entered into the train of a young nobleman who was travelling to France.

At Orleans he was discharged from his attendance on Lord Bertie, and had money given to return to England.

With this money he visited Paris, and proceeded to the Low Countries, where he enlisted as a soldier, and learned the rudiments of war, a science peculiarly agreeable to his ardent and active genius. Meeting with a Scotch gentleman abroad, he was permitted to pass into Scotland, with the promise of being strongly recommended to King James. But being baffled in this expectation, he returned to his native town, and finding no company there which suited his taste, he built a cabin in the wood, and betook himself to the study of military history and tactics, diverting himself at intervals with his horse and lance; in which exercise he at length found a companion, an Italian gentleman, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, who drew him from his sylvan retreat to Tattersall.

Having recovered a part of the estate which his father had left him, he put himself into a better condition than before, and set off again on his travels, in the winter of the year 1596, being then only seventeen years of age. His first stage was Flanders, where meeting with a Frenchman who pretended to be heir to a noble family, he with his three attendants, prevailed on Smith to go with them to France. In a dark night they arrived at St. Valory, in Picardy, and by the connivance of the shipmaster, the Frenchmen were carried ashore with the trunk of our young traveller, whilst he was left on board till the return of the boat. In the mean time they had conveyed the baggage out of his reach, and were not to be found. A sailor on board, who knew the villains, generously undertook to conduct him to Mortain, where they lived, and supplied his wants till their arrival at the place. Here he found their friends, from whom he could get no recompense, but the report of his sufferings induced several persons of distinction to invite him to their houses.

Eager to pursue his travels, and not caring to receive favors which he was unable to requite, he left his new friends, and went from port to port in search of a ship of war. In one of these rambles near Dinan, it was his chance to meet one of the villains who had robbed him. Without speaking a word, they both drew; and Smith having wounded and disarmed his antagonist, obliged him to confess his guilt before a number of persons who had assembled on the occasion. Satisfied with his victory, he retired to the seat of an acquaintance, the Earl of Plover, who had been brought up in England; and having received supplies from him, he travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, and from thence crossed over to Marseilles, visiting and observing every thing in his way, which had any reference to military or naval architecture.

At Marseilles, he embarked for Italy, in company with a rabble of pilgrims. The ship was forced by a tempest into the harbor of Toulon, and afterwards obliged by a contrary wind to anchor under the little island of St. Mary, off Nice, in Savoy.—The bigotry of the pilgrims made them ascribe their ill fortune to the presence of a heretic on board. They devoutly cursed Smith and his queen, Elizabeth, and in a fit of pious rage, threw him into the sea. He swam to the island, and the next day was taken on board a ship of St. Malo, which had also put in there for shelter. The master of the ship, who was well known to his noble friend the Earl of Plover, entertained him kindly, and carried him to Alexandria, in Egypt; from thence he coasted the Le-

vant, and on his return had the high satisfaction of an engagement with a Venetian ship, which they took and rifled of her rich cargo.

Smith was set on shore at Antibes, with a box of one thousand chequins, (about two thousand dollars, by the help of which he made the tour of Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and travelled into Suria, to the seat of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. Here he met with an English and Irish Jesuit, who introduced him to Lord Eberspaught, Baron Kisel, and other officers of distinction; and here he found full scope for his genius; for the Emperor being then at war with the Turks, he entered into his army as a volunteer.

He communicated to Eberspaught a method of conversing at a distance by signals made with torches, which being alternately shown and hidden a certain number of times, designated every letter of the alphabet.

He had soon after an opportunity of making the experiment. Eberspaught, being besieged by the Turks in the strong town of Olimpach, was cut off from all intelligence and hope of succor from his friends. Smith proposed his mode of communication to Baron Kisel, who approved it, and allowed him to put it in practice. He was conveyed by a guard to a hill with a view of town, and sufficiently remote from the Turkish camp. At the display of the signal, Eberspaught knew and answered it; and Smith conveyed to him this intelligence—Thursday night I will charge on the east; at the alarm rally thou." The answer was, "I will."

Just before the attack, by Smith's advice, a great number of false fires were made in another quarter, which divided the attention of the enemy, and gave advantage to the assailants; who being assisted by a sally from the town, killed many of the Turks, drove others into the river, and threw succors into the place, which obliged the enemy next day to raise the siege. This well-conducted exploit secured to our young adventurer the command of a company, consisting of two hundred and fifty horsemen in the regiment of Count Meldrich, a nobleman of Transylvania.

The regiment in which he served, being engaged in several hazardous enterprises, Smith was foremost in all dangers, and distinguished himself by his ingenuity and by his valor; and when Meldrich left the imperial army and passed into the service of his native prince, Smith followed him.

At the siege of Regal, the Ottomans derided the slow approaches of the Transylvanian army, and sent a challenge purporting that the Lord Turbisha, to divert the ladies, would fight any single captain of the Christian troops.

The honor of accepting the challenge being determined by lot, fell on Capt. Smith, who meeting his antagonist on horseback, within view of the ladies on the battlements, at the sound of music began the encounter, and in a short time killed him, and bore away his head in triumph to his general, the Lord Myez.

The death of the Chief so irritated his friend Cruzal, that he sent a particular challenge to the conqueror, who, meeting him with the same ceremonies, after a smart combat, took off his head also.

Smith then in his turn sent a message into the town, informing the ladies, that if they wished for more diversion, they should be welcome to his head, in case their third champion could take it.

The challenge was accepted by Bonamalgro, who unhorsed Smith, and was near gaining the victory; but remounting in a critical moment he gave the Turk a stroke with his falchion, which brought him to the ground, and his head was added to the number.

For these singular exploits he was honored with a military procession, consisting of six thousand men, three led horses, and the Turks' heads on the points of their lances. With the ceremony Smith was conducted to the pavilion of his general, who, after embracing him, presented him with a horse richly furnished, a scymetar and belt worth three hundred ducats, and a commission to be major in his regiment.

The Prince of Transylvania, after the capture of the place, made him a present of his picture set in gold, and a pension of three hundred ducats per annum; and more over granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield.

The patent was admitted and received in the college of heralds in England, by Sir Henry Segar, garter king at arms. Smith was always proud of this distinguished honor, and these arms are accordingly blazoned in the frontispiece to his history, with this motto, "Vincere est vivere."

After this, the Transylvanian army was defeated by a body of Turks and Tartars near Rotentio, and many brave men were slain, among whom were nine English and Scotch officers, who, after the fashion of that day, had entered into the service, from a religious zeal to drive the Turks out of Christendom.

Smith was wounded in this battle, and lay among the dead. His habit discovered him to the victors as a person of consequence; they used him well till his wounds were healed, and then sold him to the Bascha Bogul, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople, accompanied with a message, as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

The present proved more acceptable to the lady than her lord intended. She could

not only inform her of his country and quality, but conversed with her in so pleasing a manner as to gain her affections.—The connection proved so tender, that to secure him for herself, and to prevent this being ill used, she sent him to her brother, the bashaw of Nalbratz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars, on the borders of the sea of Azoph. Her pretence was that he should there learn the manners and language, as well as the religion of the Tartars.

By the terms in which she wrote to her brother, he suspected her design, and resolved to disappoint her. Within an hour after Smith's arrival, he was stripped, his head and beard were shaven, an iron collar was put about his neck, he was clothed with a coat of hair cloth, and driven to labour among the Christian slaves.

He had no hope of redemption, but from the love of his mistress, who was at a great distance, and not likely to be informed of his misfortunes. The hopeless condition of his fellow-slaves could not alleviate his despondency.

In the depth of his distress an opportunity presented itself for an escape, which to a person of his restless and adventurous spirit would have been an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing at a grange in a large field, about a league from the house of his tyrant; who in his daily visits treated him with abusive language, accompanied with blows and kicks.

This was more than Smith could bear; therefore, watching an opportunity, when no other person was present, he levelled a stroke to him with his threshing instrument, which despatched him.

Then hiding his body in the straw, and shutting the door, he filled a bag with grain, mounted the bashaw's horse, and betaking himself to the desert, wandered for two or three days ignorant of the way, and so fortunate as not to meet with a single person, who might give information of his flight.

At length he came to a post, erected in a cross road, by the marks of which he found the way to Muscovy, and in sixteen days he arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don; where was a Russian garrison, the commander of which, understanding that he was a Christian, received him courteously, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters to the other governors in that region.

How to tell bad news.
SCENE—Mr. G.'s room, at Oxford. Enter his father's Steward.

Mr. G. Ha, Jervas! how are you, my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor: the magic's dead.

Mr. G. Poor mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Steward. A very odd death, sir.

Mr. G. Did he faith a greedy dog? why what did he get that he liked so well?

Steward. Horse flesh, sir: he died of eating horse flesh.

Mr. G. How came he to get so much horse flesh?

Steward. All your father's horses, sir?

Mr. G. What are they dead too?

Steward. Aye, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. G. And why were they over-worked?

Steward. To carry water, sir.

Mr. G. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

Steward. Sure, sir, to put out the fire?

Mr. G. Fire! what fire?

Steward. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

Mr. G. My father's house burned down! and how came it to be set on fire?

In short, for romantic adventure, "hair-breadth escapes," the sublimity of courage, high and honorable feeling, and true worth of character, the history of the world may be challenged to produce a parallel to Capt. JOHN SMITH, the founder of Virginia.

Sorrows of Old Bachelors.

We never could, for the life of us, perceive why old maids should manifest such a mortal antipathy to old bachelors. There is no reason in their wrath. 'Tis spiteful, cruel and unbecoming; for the tramping on a reed already broken. It is like flogging a cripple with his own crutches, because he is lame. Few men are bachelors of their own free will. Go to the veriest misanthrope among them, and ask of him his history, and he will tell you of the unforgettably hours of his early affections; and his eye will light up again with its wonted energy, and as he relates the story of his love for one who had proved faithless, or whose affections were repressed by the rude hand of arbitrary authority, or who had gone down to the churchyard—a beautiful bud plucked from the tree of Being, to open and expand in a brighter and holier sunshine, where no worm could gnaw at her bosom, and no lightning descend upon it.

Talk but to us of the sorrows of old maids! They are light as air in comparison to those of bachelors—the pangs of the small rain in the overwhelming of the deluge. Old maids can commune together and mingle in the charities and kindly offices, and sympathies of existence. It is not so with the bachelor. He has no home—he has no happy fireside—no child to ask his blessing—no beautiful creature of smiles gentle tones to welcome his coming, and melt away the sternness of care with the warm kiss of affection—no patient watcher at the couch of sickness, stealing with a hushed and gentle step around him, like the visitation of a spirit. True—his sorrows are somewhat of a negative character. But what is it save positive agony, for him to gaze, all his life long, upon the Paradise of Matrimony, like a half-starved school boy upon the garden whose enclosure he cannot scale?

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Mr. G. My father's house burned down! and how came it to be set on fire?

Steward. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

BE A TRUE MAN.—It is no easy matter to be a true man. The true man is true to himself; true to his country; true to his fellow-man; true to his God. And yet how many might approach nearer to the standard of a true man, if they were disposed to make trial? And how few even aim to be true. Truthness of thought, spirit, conduct, in character and life—these alone can make a man really and truly great. Who yet, search the whole catalogue of human greatness, has come up to the full stature of a perfect man? Not one. Because none have succeeded, should none try? Because the aim is a high one, and the height difficult of attainment, should no one attempt the ascent—no one make advances? In proportion to the difficulty of the task, will be the glory of the accomplishment of the work, to him who attains. I can't, never accomplished any thing of importance; I can, has abridged the ocean, and brought the lightnings from the clouds. By this magic word, Art and Science have advanced; Agriculture and Manufactures and Commerce flourished, and Civilization spread its elevating influence among the bowels of men.

Every man, then, should strive to be a true man; true to duty; true to conscience; true to principle; true to truth. If he would approximate toward this elevated standard, he should commence the work immediately, without delay. He must be true in small things—nothing, rightly considered, is small, if he will but be faithful over a few things, he may become lord over many things: step by step will he rise, and each succeeding step will be more easy and rapid till at length he will have reached a sublime intellectual and moral elevation, which time cannot lessen nor eternity destroy.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Can she spin?

This question was asked by James I. when a young girl was presented to him, and the person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

Many of the young ladies of the present day can boast of their skill in the fine arts and polite accomplishments, in music, painting, dancing, but can she spin? or what is more appropriate to the times and modern improvements in labor-saving machinery, it may be asked, can they perform the domestic duties of a wife? do they understand the management of household affairs? Are they capable of superintending in a judicious, prudent, and economical manner, the concerns of a family?

A young lady may be learned in the ancient and modern languages, may have made extraordinary proficiency in every branch of literature; this is all very well; and very creditable, and to a certain class of the community, who are not obliged, as was St. Paul, "to labor with their own hands," it is all that is absolutely requisite, but to a much larger portion of the community, it is of far greater consequence to know whether she can spin?

It is of more importance to a young mechanic, or a merchant, or one of any other class of people who depend upon their own industry and exertions, if he marries a wife, to have one who knows how to spin or perform other domestic duties, than one whose knowledge does not extend beyond a proficiency in literature and the fine arts.

It has often been said that the times are strangely altered; and certain it is that the people are. It was once thought honorable to be constantly employed in some useful avocation; now-a-days it is thought more honorable to be idle. People complain of the high prices of the necessities of life, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated accurately throughout the community, allowing the drones half price for their services, which they might perform, and which others are paid for, it might be a safe calculation to estimate it equal to all that is expended for provision and marketing in the United States. So it is not a little inconsistent to hear parents complain about the price of provision, they bring up their daughters to walk the streets and spend.

Let the fair daughters of our country imitate the industrious matrons of the past. The companions of those who fought in the Revolution were inured to hardships, and accustomed to necessary toil, and thus did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, and plenty smiled around the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic affairs, and was not afraid to put her hands to moderate work, or to "lay hold of the distaff," for fear of destroying their elasticity, and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought by the young men of those days as a fit companion for life, but in modern times to learn the mysteries of the household would make our fair ones faint away; and to labor content not into the code of modern gentility.

Industry and frugality will lead to cheerfulness and contentment and a contented wife tends greatly to soften the asperities and smooth the rough paths in a man's journey through life. It has been truly said, a pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow in the sky, when the husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder-cloud charged with electric fluid.

Water-spouts.

One of the rarest and most astonishing phenomena of the sea, is a water-spout. I have known a good many old sailors who had never seen one; and those who have seen them, vary very materially in their accounts of them. It was my good fortune, while on a passage to New Orleans, to witness a more remarkable display of these ocean wonders than I have ever heard or read of. We were lying becalmed between the island of Cuba and the Grand Cuman, when I heard the captain call all hands; and I ran upon deck to ascertain the cause. "Look yonder!" said the captain; and turning my head in the direction of his arm, I saw a monstrous column of water, hissing, whirling, and foaming, and ascending perpendicular from the sea until its head was lost in the clouds. I was struck aguish at the sight; but I soon recovered my presence of mind, and to enjoy a more and better view, I climbed up to the mast head. But I had scarcely reached the top-mast cross-trees, when the captain called out to me to look ahead, and turning my eyes in that direction, I saw another enormous pillar of water, but nearer to our ship than the one aforesaid; and immediately three more were formed, two on the larboard and one on the starboard side. They were formed almost simultaneously, and the sight was terrible beyond conception. The clouds looked like the roof of a monstrous cavern, supported by enormous pillars of crystal. The rising of water as it ascended into the clouds, bore a strong resemblance to the narrow part of the Falls of Niagara.—Their duration did not much exceed six or seven minutes; and before I had time to note any of their peculiarities, they gradually melted away like a cloud of mist, and I rubbed my eyes, almost doubting whether I had been cheated by a spectral illusion. It was a terrific sight, and our danger was extreme; for had one of these columns of water come in contact with our ship, she would have been rent to pieces like a scroll of paper. It was a grand marine hall in which we were enclosed, and if the sun could have shown upon it, the effect would have been terribly beautiful. But I was entirely satisfied; and when the clouds were swept away, and a light breeze once more bore us along over the bright blue waves, I returned thanks more devoutly for the grand display that I had witnessed, than for the perils I had escaped.

Sailors have the credit of being superstitious; and the cause, by the unthinking, is attributed to their ignorance; but, I think, with great injustice. Nature presents itself to them in such strange and awe-inspiring aspects, that it should not be a matter of ecstatic wonder if they regard her with soberer feelings than do those who mingle but little with her. I remember a very remarkable instance of the awakening of deep and serious thoughts in the mind of a sailor, by the sight of an object at sea, which on land might have produced no effect. I was making a passage in one of our Havre packets, and one Sunday afternoon I sat upon the deck reading by the gradually failing light of the setting sun. A sailor passed near me, stopped, and asked me to read to him. It was the Bible that I held in my hand; and I opened it, and read to him the ninth chapter of Genesis. "And now, Jack," said I, "when you see a rainbow again, bear in mind that God remembers you then, though he may forget you at all other times. He hath set his bow in the cloud, to remind you of his watchfulness." "Thank you, sir," said Jack, "I will bear it in mind."

The next morning I happened to come upon deck just after the sun had risen. It was calm and cloudy; and presently a glorious rainbow spanned the whole heavens, and was distinctly reflected in the bosom of the ocean. As I stood gazing upon the bright vision, I heard somebody exclaim, "I see it! I see it!"—and turning round, I perceived the sailor to whom I had read the chapter from the Bible, standing by my side, absolutely pale and trembling. From the most profane man in the ship, he became the most quiet and dutiful. From a degraded position in society, he soon rose to a station of honor and usefulness. After our arrival in port, I lost sight of him for a year or two, and probably should have forgotten him altogether, had he not surprised me one morning by a call. He was now Mr. H—; and in his new character I could hardly recognize the once reckless and abandoned Jack Tar I had known on the ocean. He attributed the entire change that had taken place in his feelings, to that glorious bow of promise, which first awoke in his mind a feeling of reverence for his Maker.—Knickerbocker, for April.

HABITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.—Huet was so studious that his wife was obliged to drag him from his books to his dinner. (Thunus studied seventeen hours a day for seventy years; that he might lose no time, some one read to him, while dressing or at meals.) Cicero says of himself, that he occupied his literature and philosophy, at home and abroad, in the city, and in country, walking or riding. Pliny in a letter mentions that even in bear-hunting he employed the intervals of the chase in reading; but this was contrary to the rule of doing one thing at a time. When Sir William Jones was young, having a singular thirst for knowledge, he often asked questions of his mother, her answer was, "Read my son, and you will find out."—He followed her advice. Gibbon says, in his life of himself, "I would not exchange my love of study for all the wealth of the Indies." Wesley mentions an author, that was also a printer, who printed a large book directly from his head, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The same writer mentions another author who wrote the whole of a large book, with only one quill. Erasmus composed in his chaise, while on a journey to Italy. Sheridan sometimes wrote his plays on the paper that came round his tobacco.