

Highland Messenger.

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

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 4.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 56.

A. B. FANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the *Law, Treaties, &c.*, of the U. S.

TERMS.
This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the expiration of the 10th Number from the time of subscription. These terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.
No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrearages are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted for One Dollar per square, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made from the regular prices for advertisements by the year.

THE MESSENGER.
ASHEVILLE, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1841.

[FOR THE "MESSENGER."]

The Upper Districts of S. Carolina.

Since the tide of emigration has in some degree subsided, to the South and South-West—that mighty reservoir of our wealth and population for more than a quarter of a century past—the older portion of this great confederacy of independent States is naturally and properly assuming a high degree of interest—our civil polity, our laws, our peculiar domestic institutions, our literary establishments, the development of our natural resources, combined with a spirit of internal improvement, are exciting that lively attention to which their intrinsic merits very properly entitle them. It is only by comparison that South Carolina is denominated an old State, to the migratory habits of her people and the vast extent of the public domain is it to be mainly attributed, presenting, as it has done, and still does, an ample theatre for private enterprise, as well as the greedy grasp of voracious speculation. It would seem to us that what properly exhibits the age of a country is not to be sought for and measured by its exhausted and derelict agriculture, its slovenly mode of tillage, its decayed habitations, a general disposition patiently to pursue the sober walks of regular industry, and a decreasing regard for the great duties connected with religion, morals and education; but rather as indicated by those exponents which are the invariable concomitants of a genuine civilization.

The State of South Carolina, though possessing an extent of surface and a proportion of arable soil capable of sustaining in comfort and independence more than ten times its present population, seems, from the late census, to be rather stationary than progressive. It is not our purpose, in this brief article, to enter into a laboured disquisition on the laws of agriculture, population and commerce, as applicable to the present condition and future prospects of this State, which we apprehend would not be interesting to many of our readers, but rather to perform what we hope may be a more acceptable task, to describe cursorily that portion of the State indicated by the caption of this article.

The village of Greenville is delightfully situated in the 35th parallel of latitude, and nearly on the same line with the villages of Yorkville and Spartanburgh, but decidedly superior to either in the beauty of its location. It is truly said that "distance lends enchantment to the view;" and we are apt to magnify into a superior degree of attractiveness those beautiful, but distant portions of the globe, which the imagination of the poet and the descriptive powers of the traveller have invested with peculiar charms; we doubt, however, whether the traveller from a distant land would find any place in the South richer in those influences termed romantic than that of Greenville.

It stands on a gentle declivity somewhat undulating, commencing we would say, if not by its corporate limits, at least by the principles of natural beauty, at a handsome private residence some half mile eastward of the courthouse, and terminating on Reedy river, a small, but rapid stream, flowing over a solid bed of granite. To the residents of Greenville, and its annual visitors, who escape from the pestilential vapors and stagnant pools of the low country, this stream is invested with an interest not dissimilar to the porling rivulets and inspired fountains of the classic muse. Its waters, like those of Castalia and Helicon, do not literally elevate the poet on the wings of Pegasus to fancy's towering heights, they have, at least, by their influences, given birth to many a charming couplet. It is, in fact, a kind of suburban retreat, along the shady banks of which one may stroll at leisure, not dreading the baneful miasma, fraught with disease, regaling his senses with the variegated hues and the sweet odor

of the summer blossom, inhaling the healthful breeze and indulging in those excursions of fancy which the deep verdure of the forest and the music of the waterfall is wont to inspire. Here, the busy sons of commercial enterprise, the village maidens, the hard-read student, the laborious mechanic, and the transient visitor may all repair, when the heats and toils of the day have passed, and enjoy nature in her purest and loveliest garb. We cannot dismiss this part of our subject without adverting to a romantic cascade on Reedy river, and quite contiguous to the village; better known, however, under the title of "the Falls." This Fall is not remarkable for its elevation or grandeur, impressing the mind of the beholder with a sense of awe, like the raving cataract or giddy precipice, but more for that agreeable sensation which is produced upon the mind when contemplating scenery of this character, divested of any sense of danger. A walk to the Falls constitutes the fashionable promenade during the warm season. It is reached by an agreeable descent along the side walks of Main street, fronted by several tasteful private dwellings, until you nearly approach the ford of the stream, when you descend along its brink until nearly opposite the Falls, then by a few steps you find yourself safely standing on a large and sloping rock, from which you have a full view of the fall above, precipitated over a rugged edge of rocks, and the agitated bosom of the basin at its base. Its effect is much enhanced by a nocturnal visit; the moonbeams dazzlingly reflected from the playful surface of the water, and the firmament sufficiently illuminated to discover the dim outline of the surrounding forest. This sequestered spot is said to be the favorite haunt of sighing swains and love-sick dandies. We know not why it should be so, unless it is that the obscurity and calmness of the hour, is favorable to the concealment of that soft suffusion of countenance which is apt to be exhibited on such occasions, or that the din of the water requiring an elevation of voice, overcomes those tremulous and faltering tones which the boldest and bravest are but too apt to feel on those interesting emergencies. Certain it is the rocks and the beechen trees bear ample testimony that lovers have been there; and doubtless the village legends, if fairly written out by some voracious chronicler, if they did not record examples of "lover's leaps," might still furnish many an interesting chapter for the columns of those periodicals which treasure up the fruits of genius and fugitive literature of the day.

South Carolina, July, 1841.

[FOR THE "MESSENGER."]

At a meeting of the Temperance Society of Asheville and its vicinity, held on the 19th April, 1841, the President, Dr. J. Dickson, read a paper suggesting various measures for the consideration of the Society; and after some interesting and useful remarks were made upon the suggestions it contained, particularly in reference to the circulation of the *Western Carolina Temp. Advocate*, and treating at elections,—it was, on motion, laid on the table.

N. W. Woodfin, Esq., resigned the office of Secretary. This resignation being accepted, Mr. P. Stradley was duly elected to that place.

The next meeting was appointed to be held at 3 p. m. on Monday, 5th July ensuing, and the President was directed, with the concurrence of other members to be nominated by him, to procure the attend-aid and suitable speakers on that occasion. Mr. Woodfin and Mr. P. Stradley were nominated to perform this duty.

The President was also directed to appoint a suitable person or persons to solicit the necessary amount by voluntary contribution to compensate Mr. Stradley for the sum he had paid toward the printing of the address delivered by Dr. S. H. Dickson in this place, 4th July, 1839. Mr. John Osborn was accordingly appointed.

An invitation was given to persons present who were not yet members to add their names, and upon adjournment, six were added to the list.

Adjourned, to the day and hour above named.
J. DICKSON, Pres.

P. STRADLEY, Sec.

JULY 5th, 1841.

A meeting of the Asheville Temperance Society was held at the Court House, in pursuance of an order passed at the last preceding meeting. The hour had been changed from 3 p. m. to 11 a. m., by the officers, for the convenience of several members and the public at large.

The President having taken the chair, the paper which was before the Society at the last meeting, and which was laid on the table was called up, and the several suggestions made were separately discussed and approved, and it was accordingly

Resolved, That efforts be made to place the *Western Carolina Temperance Advocate* in every family in Buncombe, and to circulate other Temperance publications,

and that collections be made at our meetings to this end, which shall be deposited with the board of managers, and by them appropriated accordingly.

The entire paper was then amended and adopted, as follows:

Communication laid before the Asheville Temperance Society, by the President, Dr. J. Dickson, April 19th, 1841,—called up and adopted, July 5th.

The difficulty of obtaining meetings of the Society has been a source of very great discouragement to the officers and to the friends of Temperance; and the first subject I would suggest for your consideration is this: What is the cause, or what are the causes of this difficulty, and how may it be obviated? so that hereafter we may assemble promptly, punctually, and with a lively interest in the great work we have undertaken; for it is never to be forgotten that in enrolling ourselves as members of a Temperance Society, we have enlisted in the cause of sound principles, good morals, true benevolence, and the real liberties of our country.

It appears to me that the want of information is the great cause of the indifference manifested by non-attendance at our appointed meetings. To remedy this, we must resort to the active distribution and circulation of documents suited to the wants of the community. You are all aware that this was one of the means used to create the interest first felt in this region, and this we must employ again in order to renew and to extend that interest. I would propose that an effort be made to put the *Western Carolina Temperance Advocate* into every family in Buncombe, and that other cheap and suitable publications be procured and extensively circulated.

The actual condition of the Society is little known to the members or even the officers. I have not found it easy for myself to learn the number of names or character of the members, whether their pledges are supposed to be honorably kept; where, and in what state are the papers of the Society; or how far the cause has been advancing or declining in this county. There seems to be a general impression that it has languished and gone backward. The truth should be known on this point, and I urgently recommend the appointment of a committee to report shortly the history of the work in this region, the state, numbers and prospects of this Society, and the condition of its papers.

Another subject that deserves our regard for the same reasons, in substance, is the history of the Temperance reform at large. From the purport of some late documents that have fallen under my notice, I am of opinion that too little is known or has ever been accurately stated in a regular manner, with reference to the origin and early history of this great work, destined as it is by the blessing of Heaven in an important sense to regenerate our country and the world. It is highly desirable that from the best lights now afforded us an account should be prepared that will bear examination, and transmit just ideas to those who may hereafter seek such information. This matter it might be well also to commit to some of the members in order that the readers of the "Advocate" may be furnished with knowledge so valuable and useful.

There is one other point which I deem of sufficient magnitude to engage the attention and the most strenuous efforts of the Society; I mean the practice of treating (as it is called) at elections. This is a direct source of corruption, and a most unworthy method of courting the lowest kind of popularity. We have too long indirectly countenanced it, while no favor is shown to our cause by those who, for their own elevation merely, resort to such means of gaining votes.

What kind of patriotism is that, which prostrates alike the individual worth and welfare of the private citizen, and the general good of the people, to secure a preference over a competitor for office? It is a direct insult on a free citizen's character to intimate that he is capable of being bribed by a dram—by the privilege of degrading himself below the ordinary level of the brutes. And it is a most lamentable fact that this intimation is made at every election, and still more lamentable that the conduct of many voters acknowledges its truth as it regards themselves. A torrent of iniquity breaks in upon us at this very point, nor is it the least destructive part of the evil that by this degradation of the elective franchise and of the character of electors, our interests and liberties are made valueless and contemptible in the eyes of candidates, of the citizens themselves, and of the world at large. And can any man in this enlightened age and country—any man I mean who is at all qualified to exercise the sacred rights of an American citizen—can any such man be so blind as not to perceive that this revolting practice tends to the total ruin of our free institutions?—Not only does it corrupt and degrade the people, and render them equally unworthy and careless of their privileges, but it may open the way for the worst of men, the most selfish, and reckless, and incompetent of politicians to office and power. In such hands would our liberties and our interests be safe?

Let us then persuade our neighbors and friends to unite in an expression of the public wish that those who aspire to honors among us would no more insult the freemen of America and jeopardize all the interests of the country by this means. I would propose, in conclusion, the following resolutions.

Resolved, That efforts be made to place the *Western Carolina Temperance Advocate* in every family in Buncombe, and to circulate other Temperance publications,

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Close of the Lives of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

BY WEBSTER.

In 1820, Mr. Adams acted as elector of President, and Vice-President, and in the same year we saw him, then at the age of eighty-five, a member of the Convention of this Commonwealth, called to revise the Constitution. Forty years before, he had been one of those who formed that Constitution; and he had now the pleasure of witnessing that there was little which the people desired to change. Possessing all his faculties to the end of his long life, with an unabated love of reading and contemplation, in the centre of interesting circles of friendship and affection, he was blessed in his retirement with whatever of repose and facility the condition of man allows. He had, also, other enjoyments. He saw around him that prosperity and general happiness, which had been the object of his cares and labours. No man ever beheld more clearly, and for a longer time, the great and beneficial effects of the services rendered by himself to his country. That liberty, which he so early defended, that independence, of which he was so able an advocate and supporter, he saw, we trust, firmly and securely established. The population of the country thickened around him faster, and extended wider, than his own sanguine predictions had anticipated; and the wealth, respectability and power of the nation sprang up to a magnitude, which it is quite impossible he could have expected to witness in his day. He lived, also, to behold those principles of civil freedom, which had been developed, established, and practically applied, in America, attract attention, command respect, and awaken imitation, in other regions of the globe; and well might, and well did he exclaim, "Where will the consequences of the American Revolution end!"

If any thing yet remain to fill his cup of happiness, let it be added, that he lived to see a great and intelligent people bestow the highest honor in their gift, where he had bestowed his own kindest parental affections, and lodged his fondest hopes.—Thus honored in life, thus happy at death, he saw the Jubilee, and he died; and with the last prayers which trembled on his lips, was the fervent supplication for his country "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

From the time of his final retirement from public life, in 1807, Mr. Jefferson lived as became a wise man. Surrounded by affectionate friends, his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished, with uncommon health, and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life, and to partake in that public prosperity, which he had so much contributed to produce. His kindness and hospitality, the charm of his conversation, the ease of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and especially the full store of revolutionary incidents, which he possessed, and which he knew when and how to dispense, rendered his abode in a high degree attractive to his admiring countrymen, while his public and scientific character drew towards him every intelligent and educated traveller from abroad. Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had the pleasure of knowing, that the respect which they so largely received, was not paid to their official stations. They were not men made great by office, but great men, on whom the country, for its own benefit had conferred office. There was that in them, which office did not give, and which the relinquishment of office did not, and could not, take away. In their retirement, in the midst of their fellow-citizens, themselves private citizens, they enjoyed as high regard and esteem, as when filling the most important places of public trust.

There remained to Mr. Jefferson yet one other work of patriotism and beneficence—the establishment of a University in his native State. To this object he devoted years of incessant and anxious attention, and, by the enlightened liberality of the legislature of Virginia, and the co-operation of other able and zealous friends, he lived to see it accomplished.

Thus useful and thus respected, passed the old age of Thomas Jefferson. But time was on its ever-ceaseless wing, and was now bringing the last hour of this illustrious man. He saw his approach with undisturbed serenity. He counted the moments, as they passed, and beheld that his last sands were falling. That day, too, was at hand, which he helped to make immortal. One wish—one hope,—if it were not presumptuous,—bent in his fainting breast. Could it be so—might it please God—he would desire once more to see the sun, once more to look abroad on the scene around him.—on the great day of liberty. He saw that sun—he enjoyed its sacred light—he thanked God for his mercy, and bowed his aged head in the grave. "Felix, non vixit tantum claritate, sed citam opportunitate moris."

Isn't he a fine child!—"Isn't he a fine child!" said a young mother to a visitor, as she proudly exhibited her first-born.

"The handsomest boy that ever I saw," was of course the instant reply of the old bachelor, to whom the appeal was made.

"Yes; bless his little heart!" exclaimed the better-half author of the little bantering; "and so very forward of his age, don't you think?"

"Very forward," said the echo.

And as the young matron removed the cap from her Bobby's head, the inexperienced bachelor said, in evident amazement, "Bless me—he is forward! I never before saw a person bald-headed so soon!"

Beautiful Extract.

"The mountaineers of aboriginal America, were the Cherokees, who occupied the upper valley of the Tennessee river, as far west as the Muscle shoals, and the high lands of Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama—the most picturesque and most sublimous region east of the Mississippi. Their homes were enriched by blue hills rising beyond hills, of which the lofty peaks would kindle with the early light, and the overshadowing ridges envelope the valleys like a mass of clouds. There the rocky cliffs, rising in naked grandeur, defy the lightning, and mock the loudest peals of the thunder-storm; there the gentler slopes are covered with magnolias and flowering forest-trees, decorated with roving climbers, and ring with perpetual note of the whip-poor-will; there the wholesome water gushes profusely from the earth in transparent springs; snow white cascades glitter on the hill sides; and the rivers, shallow, but pleasant to the eye, rush through the narrow vales which the abundant strawberry crimsons, and coppices of rhododendron and flaming azalea adorn. At the fall of the leaf, the fruit of the hickory and chestnut is thickly scattered on the ground. The fertile soil teems with luxuriant herbage, on which the roebuck fattens; vivifying breeze is laden with fragrance; and day-break is ever welcomed by the shrill cries of the social night-hawk and the liquid carols of the mocking-bird. Through this lovely region were scattered the little villages of the Cherokees, nearly fifty in number, each consisting of but a few cabins, erected where the bends in the mountain stream offered at once a defence and a strip of alluvial soil for culture. Their towns are always by the side of some creek or river, and they loved their native land; above all, they loved its rivers—the Koo-wee, the Tugelo, the Flint, and the beautiful branches of the Tennessee. Running waters, inviting to the bath, tempting the angler, alluring the wild fowl, were necessary to their paradise. Their language, like that of the Iroquois, abounds in vowels, and is destitute of labials. Its organization has a common character, but etymology has not yet been able to discover conclusive analogies between the roots of words. The 'beloved' people of the Cherokees were a nation by themselves. Who can say for how many centuries, safe in their undiscovered fastnesses, they had decked their warchiefs with the feathers of the eagle's tail, and listened to the counsels of their 'old beloved men'? Who can tell how often the waves of barbarous migrations may have broken harmlessly against their cliffs where nature was the strong ally of the defenders of their land!—Third Volume Bancroft's History of the United States.

The Parisee, the Jew and the Christian.

A Jew entered a Parisee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.

"What?" said he to the priest, do ye worship the fire?"

"Not the fire, answered the priest: 'it is an emblem of the sun, and of the great heat.'

"Do you then worship the sun as your God?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not this luminary also is the work of the Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest, "but the unenlightened man requires a sensible sign in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being who blesses and preserves all things?"

The Israelite thereupon rejoined: "Do your people then distinguished the type from the original? they call the sun their God; and descending from this to baser objects, they kneel before an earthly flame. Ye abuse the outward, but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earth, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light. Thou shalt not make unto thee any image, or any likeness."

"How then do ye designate the Supreme Being?" asked the Parisee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonia; that is, the Lord, who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime," said the Parisee, "but is awful, too."

A Christian then drew nigh and said, "We call him Father."

The Parisee and the Jew looked at each other and said, "there is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart," said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven and said with reverence and love, "Our Father!"—And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another Brothers.

Dr. F. A. Krummacher.

How to cure a Hernia.—A woman, whom her husband used frequently to scold, went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious southsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a vial with colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, so overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her obedience escaped the usual annoyances. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man, anxiously begged to have another of the same virtue. "Daughter," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and my life on it he will not scold you."

Death of Gen. Macomb.—We regret to announce the death of Major General ALEXANDER MACOMB, the General-in-Chief of the United States Army, which occurred at half-past two o'clock yesterday. His funeral will take place on Monday next at 10 o'clock A. M.

General Macomb entered the service as a cornet of dragons in 1799, and was in the military family of Gen. Alexander Hamilton; he commanded at the successful battle of Plattsburgh during the war of 1812; received a gold medal from Congress for his gallantry, and was appointed, by President J. Q. Adams, Commanding General of the Army of the United States, in place of Gen. Brown, immediately after his decease, which took place in February, 1828. Since that period, Gen. Macomb has discharged duties of his office in this city, excepting occasional absences to the frontiers of the Union in obedience to the calls of the service.—Madisonian.