

Highland Messenger

"Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 26.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1841.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

Expedition up the Euphrates.

Some few of our readers may be aware, that a vessel belonging to a leading firm in this town was sent to sea, under sealed instructions, about eighteen months ago, having on board two iron steamboats and other cargo of a similar unusual description. The destination of the vessel, it now appears, was the Persian Gulf, the steamers having been constructed, by order of the East India Company, to act as a flotilla for ascertaining the navigability of the river Euphrates. The expedition has been highly successful, having traversed the course of the stream 1,100 miles from its mouth, an achievement never before accomplished, and fully establishing the superiority of modern skill and science over the ruder resources of the ancients. We have been favored with the following extracts from a private letter written by Mr. Floyd, the surgeon of the flotilla, to a professional friend, Mr. Samuel Potter, of this town, and brought by the last overland conveyance. They will, we think, be found well worthy of perusal by those who take an interest in scientific operations, and in the remarkable countries to which they relate. The letter is dated Belis, June 6.

"I have travelled over the greater part of Mesopotamia, got licked and plundered. I have traced the expedition of the 10,000 Greeks under Cyrus the younger, and identified many of their cities in their route. I am now near Aleppo with the flotilla, having completed the ascent of the river Euphrates, without doubt, one of the noblest rivers of Asia; here, at the distance of 1,100 miles from its embouchure in the Persian Gulf, it is 400 yards broad and very deep. What a boast for England, upon whose flag the sun never sets, that the British ensign now floats in the breeze in the very centre of the land of the crusades, and of the Courtneys, one of whose castles, 'Jaber,' said to be founded by Alexander the Great, towers majestically over our heads.

"The 31st of May, 1841, was a happy day which crowned our efforts with success and the distant Taurus soon re-echoed the royal salute which we fired in honor of the occasion.

"In a former letter, I think, I gave you a slight description of the Tigris river and surrounding country. The Euphrates differs little from the Tigris up to Hilla, a Turkish-Arab town, built near the site of ancient Babylon, except that its banks are much better cultivated; and in some places the date tree, (*the palmus dactylicifolius*) adds to the picturesque meanderings of the river; while, in others, a mosque, with its lacquered dome, rising from a grove of willows, is a pleasing variety from the monotony of the surrounding desert. Winding its way through the ruins of fallen Babylon, the river passes Perisalon, then the field of Cunaxa, where Cyrus fell, and the 10,000 commenced their ever memorable retreat. Then come Umbar, once the seat of a Christian bishop; the Charnaud, some ruins opposite the Pylor of Xenophon; and then Hit, the Is of Scripture, and famed for its fountains of bitumen and naphtha, which is in such abundance that it spreads itself over the earth. The river now is inclosed with a valley of high rocks, which extends from its source to below Hit. They are composed of gypsum, sandstones, and conglomerates, with mica and felspar. The ancient Anatho, where Julius lost part of his fleet, is the next place of importance; then comes Erxi, the river Chabour of Ezekiel, AlDeir, the Thapsac of Scripture, and the ancient part of Palmyra; and lastly, the ruined castles of Raccaba, Tenobia, Raca, and Jaber, all situated upon isolated rocks, commanding the passes of the river. These fortresses, from their differing entirely from all others of a like nature in this country, and from the Roman arch prevailing, appear to me to have been the frontier posts of that empire against the Parthians. The natives have a tradition that they were built by the English during the crusades, and it is not improbable but they were occupied by the enthusiastic followers of Courtenay while he reigned at Oras.

"Besides the towns which I have enumerated, there are several islands, many of which are well wooded; amongst them I may mention Juba, Haditha, and Aloose, strongly fortified, having each five hundred inhabitants, and beautifully situated in the valleys of the Euphrates, betwixt Hit and Anna.

"This climate is delightful, and produces all the varieties of European fruit, besides many of the tropical ones lower down the river. Here is the only obstacle to the navigation of this river. It consists in the remains of the ancient water wheels used for irrigation. In the short space of 130 miles we found nearly 300 of these wheels, about one-third of which are in operation at the present day. They consist of large parapet walls built into the stream, directing the current of the river to the wheels, which are the most clumsy pieces of mechanism, made of branches of trees, and having slung around them 150 clay vessels to raise the water in. The wheels are 40 feet in diameter, placed at the end of an aqueduct raised upon the well-built Gothic arches. They are the nearest approach to perpetual motion that I have seen, and it is surprising the quantity of water which they raise to the surface. They cause a current six or seven knots with a fall of two or three feet, where they are, so that this part of the river is difficult and somewhat dangerous; but as it is we surmounted all; I should rather say, the genius and skill of Messrs. J. Laird and Macgregor, who furnished the boats and engines, have overcome obstacles which baffled the well disciplined legions of Trojan and Julian when they went to besiege Ctesiphon, and failed to drag their fleet against the stream on account of the current.

"The Tigris to Mosul, the site of the ancient Nineveh, and the Euphrates to Baulus, I might say to the heart of the Taurus, (for we may go higher,) is now navigable. My British enterprise drive from this field the Austrian and Russian who now occupy it, and may civilization flying on the wings of commerce, carry with it the blessings of the Gospel salvation! Yea here is a fine field for the missionary and the merchant. To the former it opens up the Christians of a thousand hills the Americans, the Chaldeans, the Nestorians, the Maronites, the disciples of St. John, the worshippers of the devil, (who inhabit the Tinjar Hills,) and the Arabs; but the time for the conversion of the latter, I fear, has not yet come. To the merchant it offers a market for the cottons of Manchester, the cutlery of Birmingham, and all sorts of tinkery; in return they might get the splendid wool of Arabia, far superior to any thing I ever saw at home; the Cashmere wool which is brought to Bagdad, gull-nuts, the gum sandarac, myrrh, the balsams from the south, pearls, diamonds, and torques from Persia; all which might be conveyed by steam up the Euphrates to Belis, thence to the Mediterranean, a four day's journey.

"So much for the commercial advantages to be derived from the opening of the Euphrates; let us now look to the political. A communication is kept up with our Indian possessions, independent of that of Egypt, a great advantage in our late broil with that power; India is reached in a much shorter time than that by the Red Sea; the irrision in Persia is brought much nearer; and the means exist of throwing an Indian army either in the heart of Peisun or Syria, in the space of a few weeks—Surely these things taken collectively, reflect credit on the wisdom of those who have designed and supported this expedition throughout, and placed it upon its present prosperous footing."

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A SCHOOL-BOY'S WIT.—The master of a free grammar school was one day endeavoring to instill into the minds of his pupils that two negatives make a positive. On a remarkable fine day, shortly afterwards, the boys were petitioning their master for an afternoon's holiday, to which he, the master, hastily replied, "no. no." They were accordingly repaired to their studies, when one of the boys, a very shrewd lad, reminded him of the fact, that "two negatives make a positive," and therefore claimed a holiday. The master, pleased with the boy's wit, immediately granted the request.

REPARTÉE.—At the late election at Shaftsbury, an Irishman made his appearance, and happening to say something in the crowd to the candidates, one of the tory party exclaimed from the hustings, "Oh Paddy, now go to the devil!" "I am much obliged to yer honor," was Paddy's reply. "sure, ye are the first gentleman that has invited me to yer father's house, since my arrival in England."

HOW IT PUTS MONEY IN THE POCKET.—Says a correspondent: "A certain Butcher in Kennebec, a few days since, told me he had many good customers among the Washingtonians who had never before been able to purchase meat; and that one had just paid him for meat he had for nine years since. He had dunned for it frequently, but now got it without asking.—Exchange Paper."

The Daughter of Gen. Knox.

It is an agreeable recreation of the mind, occasionally to hold converse with those who long since have left this theatre of action, through the medium of their descendants. I enjoyed a few days since an opportunity of this kind. A daughter of the Revolutionary General Knox, lives only ten miles from hence, with her son Lieut. T. of the Navy. She is enjoying a green old age, with her faculties quite unimpaired. She is full of historical reminiscences, and of personal anecdote—and in listening to her conversation, you can without much mental effort, imagine that you are moving among, and listening to, that gallant, high-bred, and patriotic brotherhood, which rendered the close of the last century forever illustrious. The lady to whom I refer, is a true descendant of courtly ancestors. To a clear and cultivated intellect, she unites a gentle courtesy and commanding dignity, which impress you with immediate respect, and convince you that you are in the presence of one whose thoughts and sympathies are all with the past. In her lofty (almost manly) brow, you can detect a nice resemblance of Stewart's portrait of her father, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Her youth was spent in various places—partly in Philadelphia, while her father was Secretary of War, afterwards at West point, Boston, and later at Thompson; Maine, where Gen. Knox erected a superb mansion, after the close of the war. She was in part educated by some of those distinguished French emigrants, who always found an asylum at her father's house. One of them, the Duke de Lincourt, was two years a member of the General's family, during which time he was in a state of utter dependence—the General even furnishing the cloths which he wore. The Duke was, at this time, a young man of fine personal appearance, and of very fair abilities. He would, sometimes, get a fit of the blues, pace to and fro the room, and tap his head with his fist, exclaiming—"Ah! Mon Dieu! I've three Dukedoms to my head, and not one coat to my back." He was in fact, the Duke de Lincourt, de la Rochefoucauld, and of something else, not now remembered.

He made a tour through a considerable portion of the United States—of which he published, after his return to Paris, a voluminous and rather diffuse account. He visited the Falls of Niagara in 1795. His description of what he styles "this terrific sport of nature," is found embodied in guide books which they furnish you at the Falls. Talleyrand was for a long time with Gen. Knox's family. He was always listening, but rather disposed to be silent and retiring. He had a meagre personal enough, and a face of the most unmeaning character—that is to say, it was very flat, and was lighted not up by a single ray of expression. His features, in short, seemed to be covered up under a layer of fat; the skin being of a whitish, sickly hue. His proverbial astuteness and duplicity did not forsake him even in the social circle. He pretended not to know a word of English, and would often say—"J'ai eu deux maîtres, mais je ne puis rien apprendre de votre langue."

Mons. Baumet his private secretary, who had become attached to a female relative of the family, would always tell them not to believe him, that he knew every word they said. The only English words my informant ever heard him speak, were uttered on the occasion of the arrival of Mons. de Vitaine. She said to him one day—"Mons. Talleyrand, do you not think Mons. de Vitaine a charming character?" "He is very tall," was the reply. The question was repeated, with the same answer. His policy seemed to be to acquire all that he could, but to give nothing in return. His constant aim was to throw people of their guard. The present King of France was also a visitor at General Knox's house in Boston. This was soon after he was engaged to Miss Willing, of Philadelphia. His younger brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, and the Count de Boulogne, were with him. Madame de Genlis was charged with the education of these young men. They were in the habit of abusing her in good set terms. They said she was "one very bad woman." Some other interesting details I have, which I postpone.

ANECDOTE.—In a time of much religious excitement, an honest Dutch farmer of the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians was in the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he "ven we ride our weat to Albany, some say dis dè best road, and some say dat is de best; but I tont tink it makes much difference, wchey roer we take for wen we get dare, dechey nefer ask us which way we come; and it is none of deir business, if our weat be good."

BATHOS.—One, now and then, meets with an amusing illustration of this sinking, when you mean to rise. The waxen wings of Icarus, which, instead of making him master of the air, plunged him into the water, was a practical bathos. Of the scribble bathos, an amusing instance is afforded in the recently published tour of a lady. Describing a storm to which she was exposed on board a vessel, she says—"In spite of earnest solicitations to the contrary, I persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to so frightful a hurricane, that it was not without great difficulty I could hold up my parasol."

MAXWELL, in his life of Wellington, relates a touching incident as having occurred during the battle of Talavera. He says:

The fighting had lasted without intermission from five in the morning. The slaughter on both sides had been immense, and the heat became intolerable. By a sort of tacit understanding the struggle ceased on both sides about nine o'clock, each availing themselves of the brief repose which they so much required. The French appeared dispirited; for three hours not a movement was made nor a musket discharged; and it was a question with us whether we should advance, and in our turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where we were, and await the result of the enemy's deliberations. During this cessation of hostilities, an incident of rare occurrence in war produced an interesting display of generous feeling between two brave and noble minded enemies. "A small stream, tributary to the Tagus flowed through a part of the battle ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather, and the weariness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted with each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force than men bent from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard contested field; and to the honor of both it is told that each endeavored to extricate the common sufferers, and so remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point.

SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.—When Ptolemy the Second, king of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgences, and distracted with kindly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his poorer subjects reclining in festal ease on the sandy banks of Nile—"Miserable fate," said the monarch, "that my fate has not allowed me to be one of them!" Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, the preceptor of Socrates, being asked for what purpose he conceived he had come into the world, answered, "To see sun moon, and stars!" The same philosopher, being utterly negligent regarding the politics of his town of Clazomene, was twitted for his indifference on that subject by one of his more zealous fellow citizens, who asked him whether he entertained no concern for his native country? "For my country," replied the sage, "I have always a great concern. My native city, pointing to the heavens, "is perpetually the subject of my thoughts."

Chilon, the sage of Sparta, inquired of Esop what was Jupiter's employment—what was his regular daily business in the skies? "To humble those that are elevated, and elevate those that are humble," said the fabulist.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is one: "The vine bears three grapes; the first is that of pleasure, the second is that of drunkenness, the third is that of sorrow."

THE MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.
FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 24, 1841.

"Turning out."

It once was, and, in many places, still is, a practice in old field schools for the scholars, on the week before Christmas, to "turn out the master." This is looked upon as a rare frolic. On the appointed day the scholars meet at an early hour, often before daylight,—take possession of the house—bar up every door and window—use every precaution to fortify themselves agreeably to their best military skill, and then "lie upon their arms" quietly waiting the approach of the enemy. Soon Dominie makes his appearance, armed with a rod altogether sufficient to answer the purposes of a driver of four yoke of oxen—the clouds of war "hang dark and lowering o'er his brow"—his tramp is martial—his air majestic—and with a voice and look which threatens destruction to his enemies, he demands the surrender of the citadel. Of course he receives a flat denial. He raves and threatens and coaxes by turns, but to no purpose—the besieged are inexorable—he is out, and out they intend to keep him.

Finally he proposes to capitulate, and asks their terms. He is informed that he must treat and give a week's holiday. He refuses to do so much, but proffers a part. While the negotiation is carried on, the door is opened—but then Dominie refuses to go in—the boys come out and surround him—the larger ones, acting as spokesmen, insist on having their claims, and strongly threaten old Mr. Whack-em-well with a thorough ducking in the next creek, if he hold out much longer—which threat they often actually carry into execution, to the great destruction of the old gentleman's comfort—the wetting of his clothes and the soaking of his head—for they put him under neck-and-heels, with the exception of about one inch of the tip of his nose. Most commonly, however, the old man "gives in," grants the holiday, and sends for the treat—which sometimes is nothing more than a basket of apples, a keg of cider, and a few gingercakes—though we are sorry to say that it is oftener a jug of the "real critter."

Now, gentle reader, what do you think?—the boys in our office have been brought up in this very way; and we have learned that they talk seriously of keeping up the old custom, and turning out our worthy selves, as soon as the first side of the paper is worked off, and taking their holiday.—Well, they are great rough fisted fellows, and will be apt to accomplish it if they undertake it. Should they turn us out, we may perhaps treat to some apples, ginger-cakes, or cider, but we will go into French Broad the coldest day this winter before we will give the scamps a drop of whiskey. If they do turn us out, it is their intention to fill up the inside of this week's paper in their own way and with their own matter. Friends! Romans! Countrymen and lovers! what a mass of stuff they will have of it—But it will be none of ours,—they and not we shall be answerable for it.

P. S. We are out, but have prevailed on the little imps of mischief to insert this.

One of the most decidedly high handed and revolutionary measures which has for many years past disgraced our country, was witnessed lately at the Tennessee Legislature. In the Senate of that State, the Loco-focos have a small majority. In the House the Whig majority is sufficient to give that party a small majority on joint ballot: the State at present has no Senators in Congress—all possible means were resorted to by the Loco-foco majority in the Senate to prevent an election, until finally a resolution was passed by both Houses to go to the election of Senators on a certain day.—The day arrived—a portion of the Senate repaired to the Representatives' Hall in order to proceed with the election—twelve Loco-foco members of the Senate refused to leave their seats; and, as the constitution requires the attendance of two thirds of both Houses to elect the Senators, no election was held. The President of the convention of the two Houses, Mr. Senator Turney, decided that the convention could not proceed with the election without the attendance of two thirds of the members of the Senate, but had power to adjourn from day to day and send for absentees until a quorum could be had. Accordingly the convention adjourned from time to time, and continued to send for absentees, who still refused to attend, until they finally adjourned—without day—despairing to get an election.

The reason urged by the twelve obstinate loco-focos for not going into the convention, was that such convention was unconstitutional.

The manner in which the election was proposed to be held, is precisely that which has been pursued from the earliest period in the State's history to the present, by all parties and at all times. If the people of Tennessee submit to such high handed measures they are more blind to their own interest than we are at present willing to believe them. It is a pity and a shame to any people calling themselves freemen, to be so blinded by party spirit; and no principle is more destructive to our country's interest than that which prompts the feelings manifested by these men!

If we are not mistaken, though we have not seen it suggested in any Tennessee paper, their true purpose is to keep the State unrepresented in Congress during the present session, and thereby do what they can to prevent the whig portion of Congress adopting such measures as may seem most like to relieve the country from its present financial embarrassment. If they could elect Loco-focos all would be well.

Iowa Tramp.—It is said that a bed of tin over twenty miles square, has lately been discovered in Iowa. If this be correct, it must prove a most valuable discovery, and cut off a very considerable item of expense for foreign importation.

A New State.

The Tennessee papers are discussing the subject of having a new State by dividing the State of Tennessee at the Cumberland mountain, and taking a part of western Virginia, western Carolina &c. A resolution on the subject has been introduced into their Legislature. It is started up as an entirely new project, but we recollect distinctly, that it was much talked of some fifteen or twenty years since, and being at that time a citizen of Tennessee, we felt considerable interest in the matter.

THE YANKEES FOREVER.—It is said that the merchandize depot at the terminus of the western Rail Road in Boston, is the largest building with one single exception in the whole world under one roof, without partition walls. It covers one acre and a quarter of ground. The largest building in the world is in Russia.

"If you wish to subscribe for the best political paper in New York, take the *Tribune*."—*Knoxville Post*.

Exactly—and if you wish to subscribe for the best political paper in East Tennessee, take the *Post*.

Destructive Fire!!

The large stable belonging to J. E. PATTON, Esq., at the Warm Springs, was entirely consumed by fire on the 10th inst. Four or five head of horses, eight or ten head of cattle, together with a very large amount of grain, were consumed. Total loss estimated, we understand, at \$4,500.

"Any thing for a breeze."—*Knox Post*.

If you had been in these parts on last Friday, friend we guess you would have had "breeze" enough. It blew from the North-west, for about twenty-four hours with a violence hitherto unknown in this country, blowing down trees, fences, chimnies &c. And then the snow, oh! the like you rarely see in Tennessee or any where else.

Good.—The Michigan Conference of the Methodist E. Church has resolved that instrumental music in their churches is "unnecessary and productive of evil," and that they would "use their influence to prevent its introduction into their places of public worship."

Good sense that.

We are authorized and requested to announce Col. J. M. KIMZEY, of Henderson county, a candidate for Brigadier General, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. BRITTON, of the 19th Brigade of North Carolina Militia.

[For the Messenger.]

The annual exhibition of the Macon County Agricultural Society was held at Franklin, on the 6th of November last.

From the state of the funds of the Society, it was deemed inexpedient to award premiums this year, for the best specimens of our agricultural productions; owing to which the exhibition was not so interesting nor so numerously attended as we had anticipated.

The committee appointed to examine the live stock and pass upon their relative claims to superiority, reported that—
The best last spring's colt, a brown filly (Marble) owned by Dr. Woodfin.
The 24, a colt (Brimmer) owned by Lowry Addington.
The 3d, a colt (Brimmer) owned by Dr. Woodfin.
The best yearling, a Marble colt owned by Zachariah Peck.
The 2d, a yearling Brimmer colt, owned by S. Bryson.
The best two year old, an Aladan colt, owned by Jacob Siler.
The 21, a filly (Brimmer) owned by D. W. Siler.
The best calf, a Durham, owned by John Siler.
The 2d, common stock, owned by Lowry Addington.

The following resolutions were adopted: 1st. That we will make greater efforts to enlist the attention and patronage of our citizens generally in support of the objects contemplated in the formation of the society. 2d. That the next meeting of the society be at the Court House in Franklin, on the 25th of January next, (being the Tuesday of Court,) and that Jacob Siler and H. G. Woodfin be requested to address the meeting on the subject of agriculture.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the office of the "Highland Messenger," requesting their publication. On motion the society adjourned.
D. W. SILER, Pres't.
H. G. WOODFIN, Sec.

Second round of Quarterly Meetings for Asheville District, 1842.

Waynesville circuit, March 5 & 6	Jonathan's creek
Echota mission, " 9 & 10	Love's M. H.
Franklin circuit, " 12 & 13	Abner M. H.
Greenville & Pickens " 15 & 16	Wesley chapel
Hendersonville " 19 & 20	Little River M. H.
Asheville " 22 & 23	Sulphur Springs
Burnsville " 26 & 27	Burnsville
E. F. SEVIER, P. E.	