

Highland Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The bashful man.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at elbow, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under strings of names which I no more understand than their composition, or they my *gaucheries*. Resolved to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying out to every thing that was offered to me and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by enquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question; my mouth was in flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I can think of it.

"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone enquired; I could hear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain, so quietly abandoning the point, opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly conduced with me in my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence, that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join the conversation without the fear that every word that I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely.—The *Ides of March* was not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *cour-fleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was beautifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to Heaven that the courflor had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and now as I gazed dependently on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as *Veauvius*, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligently enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of the nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which already gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent in its turn, and a great proportion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself; as I raised my person and seeing as I glanced my eye round the table that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief, with its contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced again to be seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temples with rapid strides. Gracious Heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider and blinding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter gilded gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—Monsieur is killing the spider."

"What o' quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished, the spray of the excruciating vegetable had spattered his dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me: and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been setting on the fated pocket and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which bedarbed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolved in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I opened the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sart! bete! sacre!" the *r* in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and mine that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheek, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eye forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a 'fiacre' and arrived safely home, heartily resolving, that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

Temptation.

Mark the character of every associate; look into it with a penetrating eye, and if you see the equilibrium of his mind beginning to fall on the side of immorality and vice, forsake his company instantly, lest you be assimilated into his practices, and be drawn imperceptibly into those paths which you now detest and abhor. Yield but once to the tempter and a thousand chances to one that you are undone. The principles that have been inculcated in childhood, and followed up day by day, and year by year will be forsaken, and the gray hairs of those who have loved and cherished you will be brought in sorrow to the grave. Perhaps you think the language of those who address you is too strong—that their fears are groundless. Can it be! An angel's eloquence could not be too powerful, when such a gem as the immortal mind is at stake. Were you trembling on the verge of a crumbling precipice, you might well say, that strong exertions in your behalf were vain and futile. It is not your body alone that is in jeopardy. It is the unseen principle within: the spark lit up by the Deity himself, which the Atlantic cannot quench, nor the Alps conceal. They consider no exertion too great on their part to save the gem untarnished—as immaculate and bright as when it came from its Creator; that when it bursts away from its frail casing it may wing its way to holier worlds to shine with increasing splendor when the universe is blotted from existence. We appeal to you, young men, and ponder the question well, can you be too careful of entering into temptation? Turn away with disgust from the appearance of evil. Parley not with it. Look from it, and you will be safe; and many tears will be gladdened to see you come forth into active life purified by adherence to the advice of those in whom you should put implicit confidence.

There are thirty-one hundred and twenty-three licensed dram shops in the city of N. York.

[From the W. C. Temp. Advocate.]

An article in the October No of the Advocate, in which we spoke of an Address made to the members of the different churches in North Carolina, by Rev. C. M. F. DEEMS, Agent for the American Bible Society, for this State, and of the quantities of Bibles which had been sent to these western counties and were now lying unattended to, has called out the following letters.

With neither of the Brethren have we the pleasure of an acquaintance. The first, Rev. S. S. BREANT, we have seen once, and perhaps had the honor of personal introduction to him, but that is all. His letter is respectful, and his suggestions as to the true cause of the state of things alluded to by us, may, for aught we can now say, be correct. We have never enquired whether the Bibles belonged to a National, State or County Society—all we know is, that we have repeatedly seen Bibles in different places, for more than four years last past, and when we enquired for the ownership, we were invariably informed that they belonged to the Bible Society, and had been sent there for distribution. We have more than once, offered to buy them, or a part of them, in order to meet the calls made upon us for the word of God, but have, in every case where we could have got them at all, been asked nearly fifty per cent. more than what we have had to give for Bibles in New York and Charleston, and of course did not purchase. We must still believe there has been mismanagement and culpable neglect on the part of some person or persons, but who, we cannot pretend to say. We take pleasure, however, in exempting brother DEEMS, from censure in this matter as the time since his appointment has been too short for him to attend to this with his other important duties; though we are by no means sure that all previous Agents operating in the bounds of this State, have attended to the wants of the west as they should have done. This is the reason why we wished to know how long brother DEEMS had been acting.

In reference to the letter of the Agent, we have a few words to say. He seems pained and surprised that we should think of taking exceptions to any course which the American Bible Society should think proper to pursue. True our pretensions are humble, and our sphere of operations quite limited—vertheless, we have the honor to be a member of a christian church in N. Carolina, and as such, upon seeing the address of the Agent to the members of the different churches, in this State, we considered ourselves addressed in common with others; looked upon the address as public property, and felt at liberty to say what our judgment dictated in reference to it. The Agent intimates that we should have written to him, to obtain the information we sought. This, we did not deem ourself at liberty to do, as he was an entire stranger, but his Address, was, after being printed, a public matter. A grievous evil as we considered it existed—this was the first time in more than four years past, that we had heard of an Agent in the State, and we considered it proper for us to make a public expose of the mismanagement which had taken place in these regions; in order that the evil if possible, might be corrected and similar ones in future prevented, and from the tone of the Agent's letter, we are satisfied that so far as he is concerned it will be the case.—As we stated before, we look upon the objects of the American Bible Society as worthy of all commendation and should be supported by all portions of the community; but we do and expect we ever shall object "unhesitatingly" to such a course of business as has been pursued in some of these western counties. We wish, however, the blame to rest where it is deserved and nowhere else.

BROTHER M'ANALLY:—My attention has been called to an Editorial in the Temperance Advocate, concerning C. M. F. DEEMS, and the American Bible Society. In justice to the Agent, and the institution, I will give you and the readers of the Advocate, the information required.

In the first place, I would remark, that it is not Mr. Deems, but brother Deems, formerly of the New Jersey, now of the North Carolina Conference. Secondly, he was appointed General Agent for the State some time during the past summer. Thirdly, he knows nothing about the old "worm eaten" Bibles in the western counties, unless he has acquired such knowledge recently through the Advocate. Fourthly, he has never crossed the Blue Ridge, but designs in regular course visiting that portion of the State. I will here say that in our estimation he is every way worthy of your confidence, and should be stand among you to plead the blessed cause of the Bible, I ask you to greet him with a brothers' welcome.

A word or two respecting the stock of Bibles in your country "mouldy and worm-eaten." There is neglect somewhere, and it should be known who is culpable. I am sure that the fact is unknown at the Bible House in New York. I reckon you will find on examination, that those Books are the property of the North Carolina State Bible Society, and that they were placed with county Societies, or special Agents for distribution, and that these Societies, (many of which probably perished,) are accountable for the neglect and waste complained of. The North Carolina State Bible Society, though auxiliary to the American Bible Society, acts independently, and operates through its own Agents, one of whom is now employed in distribution, &c. in the eastern part of the State. Brother Deems is the Agent of the American Bible Society the design of which, as you know, is not limited to the supply of the destitute of our own country, but extends its action to aid the Missionary in all lands, sending light and life to the ends of the earth. The one great object of this noble society is to give the Bible without note or comment—the unfettered word of God to all people, that they may read in their own tongue, of Christ and Salvation. To effect this, the Agent asks for money wherever he goes; he seldom asks in vain, for the cause recommends itself.

I have written this because I feared that the editorial alluded to, might make an impression on some minds, hostile to the Agent and injurious to the Bible Society. Be assured that neither the American Bible Society nor its present worthy and efficient Agent, is responsible for the state of things of which you so justly complain.

Accept, my dear brother, my best wishes for your health and happiness, and desires for your ministerial success.

SAMUEL S. BRYANT,
N. Carolina Conference.
Greensboro, Dec. 10, 1841.

Raleigh, Dec. 6, 1841.

BROTHER M'ANALLY: Upon arriving in town to night, to attend the anniversary of the State Bible Society, your issue for October was put into my hands. The editorial notice in which your present humble correspondent was alluded to, was as painful as it was surprising. It was painful because it seemed to have been written before you had thought much of the evil which it would do, and which would be difficult to correct. It was surprising because I could not conjecture what was the motive which caused you so to write.

The publication of the article, so far as my humble judgment perceives, can be attended with no possible good; and the information which you ask, might have been obtained by private application to the Agent. The intemperate contained in the words "but we most unhesitatingly object to its (the Society's) manner, in some places, of doing business," may be in the hands of the enemies of God and man, a weapon to do much injury to the cause of truth. It may be possible, that in your neighborhood the auxiliaries of the American Bible Society are not sufficiently engaged in the discharge of their duties; but, for this, the parent institution should not be denounced.

I am grieved to know that you have applied to any Bible Society in vain; and if they are auxiliaries of the American Bible Society, and you will report the circumstances, they will be corrected forthwith.—I am done.

To your three questions I submit the following respectful answers:

1. I have been engaged in this agency for the American Bible Society, since the latter part of June of this year.

2. I have "made inquiry" as far as possible, of the Bibles which are lying mouldering, and have done all that I could to have them "distributed agreeably to the expectations of the Society."

3. I have not "crossed the Blue Ridge in this State, on the business of my agency," simply because I have not had time yet. I commenced my operations with the view of going on to your very town, but on my way found so much to do with other auxiliaries that I did not go farther west than Wilkes county, when I was obliged to return towards Raleigh, for the first time, in order to be present at the session of our Conference. Next summer, if the Lord shall spare my life, and the Society shall retain my services, I hope to be with you, and have your assistance in awakening the people to the importance of putting the Bible into the hands of every family.

The Head of the Church bless you, and cause you to succeed in all your efforts to promote the happiness of our world.

Very affectionately and respectfully, your brother,
CHARLES M. F. DEEMS,
Agent American Bible Society.

Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from *Idleness*. With men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes of baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much from the want of strength as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

Friendship extraordinary.

Damon and Pythias may stand aside;—the declaimers against the reality of friendship may blush and hang down their heads; the admirers of oysters will be gratified to understand that two persons engaged in procuring those luxuries, have outdone one of the crack stories of antiquity, silenced the misanthropic snarlers who seek to deprecate the holiest sentiment that can warm the human heart, and produced a scene for which melo-dramatic genius can scarcely afford a parallel. Thomas Wilson and W. Griffin were discovered about ten o'clock last night, locked in a most fraternal embrace, (in which, for general convenience, a lamp post was included,) in Water street near Spruce. "Hold on to me, my dear friend," said Wilson, "we'll stand or fall together." "United we stand, but divided we fall," responded Griffin, "that's the rule I go by. Tom, ha'nt you got another sixpence?"—"Hold me up, Bill, while I feel in my pockets—I say, ain't friendship glorious!"—"hic!—if we had tother half pint—hic!—I wonder what Solomon meant when he said—hang it, Bill, you're reading on my corns!"—"Tom, I hope you don't think I meant any insinuation—I'll leave to the other gentlemen—you didn't steal my handkercher, I hope—I shouldn't have thought—" "Shut up—you're blue;—it's pity to see—hic!—a young man—hic!—that might be a credit—hic!—them lamps dance around, just like jack o' lanterns!—There now, I'll bet that watchman will think we're all corned;—what a thing it is—hic!—to be found in bad company!"

The watchman had been listening to the greater part of the dialogue of which I have made a faint sketch; he now drew nearer, and seeing how matters stood, proceeded to exercise his duties on the violators of street decorum; offering each of the gentlemen an arm.

"Take me—watchey, and spare my friend," said Wilson, "he's blue, that's all; he don't know no better;—let him off;—hang it—I'll go his security."

"Y a go to grass," exclaimed Griffin, "watch, (if that's your name,) I say, this chap's gross;—put your grapples on me; mizzle along;—I'm your man!—hic!—I'm his governor."

The watchman, more savage than the tyrant of Syracuse, took both of them. On arriving at the watchhouse, the two friends sat in a state of stupefaction for half an hour, when partially recovering their faculties, they found that their joint stock was just sufficient to pay one fine. An amicable dispute then arose as to which should have the benefit of the money; supposing that he who did not pay would have to go to jail. Each wished to see his friend liberated; each insisted on being the only sufferer himself, that the other might escape with impunity. At last the question was decided by "tossing up." Wilson and Griffin are concerned in a small oyster-sloop, of which the latter is captain, and the former combines the duties of mate, cabin-boy, cook, &c. In the Mayor's office they discovered such a devoted earnestness in pleading each other's cause, and in each taking the entire blame on himself, that stern justice itself, was sensibly touched, the friends were leniently dealt with, and left the office, arm in arm, a rare example of disinterested attachment, worthy of all imitation.—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

Scripture axioms respecting money, &c.

1. Giving is the surest way of getting.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

2. God is the sovereign proprietor of money.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine."

3. We are accountable both for our own and that entrusted to us by others.

"What hast thou that thou hast not received?"

4. There is judgment required in the charitable bestowment of it.

"Do good to all, but especially to the household of faith."

5. There are few mischiefs that are not remotely or intimately connected with money.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

6. Money ought not to be made to minister to self-indulgence, while the interests of religion can be promoted by means of it.

"We to them that live in coiled houses, while the Lord's house is not built."

7. The poorest man may give something acceptable.

"The poor widow had given all she had."

8. Persons of real worth are sometimes destitute of money.

"Then John answered, silver and gold have I none."

9. True enjoyment is not to be found in wealth.

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver."

10. Every man should punctually discharge his pecuniary debts.

"Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."

ANOTHER MAMMOTH DISCOVERED.—An animal has been dug up in 'Big Bone Lick,' we are informed by the Louisville Messenger, which measures sixty feet in length, in height twenty feet, and is twelve feet broad at the hips! It is called the "Kentuckian," and it is said that the owners of the "Missonarian" have concluded to give up their small skeleton as a bad job.

Whimsical instances of Monomania.

The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his rational soul was annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will. A patient in the "Retreat," at York, thought he had no soul, heart or lungs.

A soldier wounded on the field of Austerlitz, was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. "You ask how Pere Lambert is; he is dead—killed at Austerlitz; that which you now see is a mere machine made in his own likeness."

Dr. Mead tells us of an Oxford student who ordered the passing bell to be rung for him, and went himself to the belfry to instruct the ringers. He returned to his bed only to die.

A Bourbon Prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat—until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes long since departed.

There was a tradesman who thought himself a seven shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me."

Bishop Warburton tells of a man who thought himself a goose pie.

Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had swallowed the devil.

In Davis there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been gunned down when Napoleon was Emperor, their heads were all restored, but in the scramble he had got the wrong one.

A newspaper editor fancied he was a paragraph—and he lay in bed debating whether he should rise altogether, or sentence by sentence.

We find the following facts relative to the succession of the throne of England in a late London paper:

It appears from a curious article in the last Quarterly Review, that but for the act of succession, the crown of these realms must have been worn at present by the Hereditary Prince of Modena—and that failing that Prince and his immediate branch, the right would have passed next to Louis Philippe, King of the French. The same article shows that supposing the descendants of the Electress of Hanover to be extinguished—who, however, as the reviewer says, are *fero innumerabiles*—and the other descendants of Charles I. and James I. to remain excluded by reason of their Romanism—the heirship general of the houses of Plantagenet and Tudor would vest in the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos; and that of the house of Stuart in the Duke of Hamilton; the former being descended from the second daughter of King Henry VII.; the latter from a daughter of King James III. of Scotland. The male blood of all the three old royal families is extinct.

THE MECHANIC.—The following beautiful thoughts are from a play entitled "The Carpenter of Rouen":

"The mechanic, sir, is one of God's noblemen. What have the mechanics not done! Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures and made the rigging billows their highway, on which they ride as on a tamed steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products to contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their play-thing, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are the flood-gates of knowledge, and the kings and queens are decorated with their handiworks. He who made the universe was a great mechanic."

A NEW MODE OF RAISING THE WIND.—It is related by the gossiping correspondent of the Courier des Eates Unis that a clever man, adroit, dispositive, and unbelieving, was making a living in Paris by being converted. The process was to go to some ecclesiastical propagandist, ardent in the cause, and feigning to be a Protestant (which he is not) our adventurer professes a desire to be enlightened as to the truth of the Roman Catholic doctrines. Forthwith he is received and argued with; but having prepared himself, he makes a good battle, and yields only at the last extremity, having taken care in the course of the polemical discussion to let it be understood that he has a large family, and little or no means of support. The triumphant priest tells of his success to some of his pious flock and of the poverty of the neophyte. Collections are made, and in abjuring Protestantism our convert puts some hundred francs in his pocket. "He has already," says the correspondent, "been converted twelve times in Paris, and is soon about making a business tour in the province."

MORE BURR DISCLOSURES.—Mr. F. L. Claiborne, formerly a member of Congress from Miss., and now editor of the Natchez Free Trader, has been publishing some reminiscences of the treasons of Aaron Burr, and promises more, which "will establish without a doubt that Burr had for his coadjutors some of the most distinguished men in the nation." He obtains these reminiscences from documentary evidence formerly kept sacred by Burr, and which had for years lain dormant and unknown in the archives of his family.—*Phil. Enquirer.*

In a store, in the suburbs of Boston, in which formerly \$18,000 worth of liquor were sold, for the last half year the sales amount to \$500. Temperance, the cause.