

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. III.—NUMBER 5.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 109.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the *Literary Journal*, of the United States.

TERMS:
This paper is published at Two Dollars a year, in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months—Three Dollars at the end of the year. (See prospectus.)
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each continuance. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent extra.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The happy Match.

'Now,' said Harry Hemphill to his young wife, as they went to house-keeping, 'it's my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it.' This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her first, because he loved her, and in the second place because he knew she was sensible, economical and industrious—just the reason which influences a sensible man in his choice now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were indivisible, consequently each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undistracted by other cares—for himself, he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to look for in the bosom of his family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them better by turning her whole attention to them. Her husband's business habits—his temperate and correct life, had all the powers of example, increasing her esteem, and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They married without waiting to get rich—neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health, and a disposition to improve it, they nevertheless had that strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that home should have attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toil and weariness of the day and there he found it. When perplexed and low spirited, he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always a solace in the sunshine of affection, in the domestic circle, that beamed upon, and dispelled every cloud from his brow. However others treated him, there was all kindness, confidence, affection; if others deceived him and hypocrisy, with its shamless face, smiled on him to delude him, there, all was sincerity—that sincerity of the heart which makes amends for suffering, and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a good wife, a good housekeeper, a good domestic economist, as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well-directed industry which thrives and gives strong promises that her care and prudence will have a favorable issue. And Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to business with steady purpose and untiring zeal; he obtained credit by his plain and honest dealing—custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care—friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village; none were ever deceived who trusted to his word. He always drove his business a little beforehand; for, he said, 'things go badly when the cart gets before the horse.' I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character: A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road at the end of the village by a youngster, who was making a great dash in business, and wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and sidled off from him as soon as he could. He rode directly down to Hemphill, and told him he had a few hundred dollars to loan, and wished him to take it; the payments should be easy—just such as would suit. Indeed, replied Harry, you have come to a bad market—I have a little cash myself, and have been looking around these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in his business, all went like clock work at home; the family expenditures were carefully made; not a farthing was wanted, not a scrap was lost—the furniture was neat and useful, rather than ornamental—the table plain, frugal, but wholesome and well spread—little went either to the seamstress or tailor—no extravagance in dress, no costly company keeping, no useless waste of time in ceaseless visiting, and yet the neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill, and loved her; she was kind without dissipation—and while few people lived more comfortable, none lived more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the expectations to which it looks. Even the angry frown of misfortune is almost put at defiance. A vantage ground is soon gained which the storm sel-

dom reaches. And the full reward comes in the proper time to crown the mood of five years thus spent.

The music of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise. And as the coach bore me rapidly past the cool and quiet residence of the villager, I saw the door was open and the breakfast smoking on the table. Mary, in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy amid her household affairs; and a stranger to the place, observed it, and said, 'there is a thriving family, my word for it.' And he spoke well. There are certain signs always perceptible about those who are working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer. On my return to Asheville, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields stretched themselves out on every side far as the eyes could reach—and flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene; the sun was just setting behind the western hills, and while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth. 'There,' said an old friend, 'lives Harry Hemphill—that is his farm—those are his cattle, here is his school house, and those his own, and some orphan children of his adoption, which he educates at his own expense—having made an ample fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity, and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of doing this.'

My heart expanded then—it expands still when I think of them—and I pen their simple history in the hope, that as it is not entirely unimpeachable, some who read it will attempt to imitate it.

EVENING BEFORE WEDDING. "I will tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me," said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this: Demand of your bridegroom as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise also yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement. I tell you never—for what begins in bantering will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Further, promise faithfully never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secret or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you as one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of conjugal peace, how many unions would be happy, which are now miserable."—*Knickerbocker.*

Nothing to do.

We never have an exalted opinion of a female, when we see her endeavoring to spread abroad the impression that she has nothing to do, and that all her time is at her own disposal. We know somebody must work to support her, and if she is unwilling to engage in house-work, or do her own sewing, we know she is not a suitable person for a wife. It is painful to witness the manner in which many daughters are brought up. They live as if nature designed them for butterflies, to flit away their existence without benefiting either themselves or others—instead of working for their own support and the maintenance of others.—Such females will never make suitable companions for men—and if left without property, must suffer indescribably for their folly to the latest period of existence.

Females should take pride in supporting themselves. It is no disgrace to labor, and those who learn trades or take in work, are more happy, enjoy better health, and are in a fairer way of getting good husbands than the lazy and the fashionable. A man of sense chooses a help-meet for life, and not a toy. A simpleton only will take to his bosom a flirt or a coquette. Let girls remember this, and betake themselves to industrious habits, and they will never regret it to the latest period of existence.—*Portland Tribune.*

WIVES.—I am acquainted with a great many good wives, notable, and so managing that they make a man every thing but happy—and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint, and play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be agreeable, and no time to be useful. Pictures and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners and engaging conversation are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not often try to provide them at home.

Extraordinary adventures.

The editor of an exchange, writing from Le Roy, Genesee county, gives the following account of the adventures of a Russian, now living in that village:

Jacob Guiser was born at St. Petersburg in Russia, in the year 1808. His father was a German, by birth, and held the post of Colonel in the 64th Regiment of Light Dragoons in the Czar's service. His mother was a Russian. When at the age of 14 years and 6 months, he left St. Petersburg with the cartage of Madam Deibitch, and as a military boy proceeded with her to Wirtemberg, where he was entered as a cadet in a military school. Subsequently he received a diploma from the King of Wirtemberg, and returned to St. Petersburg, when he was appointed a Lieutenant in the Russian service, and assigned to the 6th Regiment of Dragoons, and in 1826 marched with a grand division of the Russian army under the command of Field Marshal Deibitch upon Turkey. In August '27, the army arrived before Shoumla, and began operations to force the passage of the Balkan. The Turkish army amounted to 250,000; and the defence at Shoumla consisted of 9 fortifications, the most of which were circumvented by mining. For this purpose a tunnel was excavated, extending three miles under the mountain; and in the construction of which 5000 miners were employed by Deibitch, for several months. The loss of the Russians in the reduction of Shoumla was 50,000 men. Lt. Guiser belonged to the advance party thrown out to attract the attention of the Turks while the attacking party were making the passage of the tunnel; and was wounded. He was then sent to a hospital at a place called Sawfiski, where he remained seventeen weeks, when he obtained permission to go to Moscow in company with an officer who had charge of a baggage train. While at Moscow, the cholera broke out; whereupon he left his post and proceeded to Wirtemberg. To enable him to do this, he made a passport out of two others which he had previously received. This was in 1828.—At Wirtemberg he procured an appointment under the king, but was soon obliged to decamp on account of some irregular conduct. He then went to Holland, and there enlisted as a soldier; was assigned to the marine corps, and promoted to the rank of a sergeant. When the first time he was sent to market to purchase provisions for his company, he made his two fatigues men, who accompanied him, drunk, and deserted; and took passage aboard of a vessel for London. On board of the steamer he exchanged his military dress for one of a civilian, with an Israelite, to whom he gave a small gold watch as boot money. After his arrival in England, he remained in London about three weeks, and then enlisted as a soldier in the 32d regiment, and was sent out to Canada; and in 1831 deserted, and came to Buffalo, having been about eighteen months in the British army. From Buffalo he proceeded to the city of New York, where he learned a trade, got him a wife, and set up in business for himself. In 1835 he was burned out; and having lost all the property he possessed, he left the city and proceeded west; and the spring of 1836 found him at Louisville, in Kentucky;—where he joined a company of volunteers and went to Texas. In Texas he served in what was called the Louisville Cavalry; and at an attack upon a post occupied by the Mexicans on the Colorado, was wounded and incapacitated for further present service. After a few weeks delay he was sent to New Orleans, where he remained in the hospital for some weeks until he recovered, and then begged his way up the river and to Buffalo, from whence he proceeded to Le Roy, where he brought up with pockets to let—but hands to work. Here he found persons who gave him employment; and then sent for his wife, who had remained at New York, and became a citizen of the place; and has since, as I am informed by respectable people of the place, accumulated property worth from \$2,000 to \$3,000. Guiser is now but little more than 33 years of age.

The white steed of the prairies.

Mr. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, is giving some account of what he saw and suffered in his late expedition to Santa Fe, which resulted in imprisonment at Mexico. After noticing flocks of small white horses in the prairies, he adds the following:

"Many stories are told of a large white horse that has been seen often in the vicinity of the Cross Timbers and near the Red River. He has never been seen to gallop, but paces even faster than any horse that has been sent out after him can run; and so game and untiring is the 'White Steed of the Prairies, for he is well known to trappers and traders by that name, that he has tired down no less than three race nags sent out expressly to catch him, with a Mexican rider. The latter had nothing but a lasso or lariat with him, a long rope made either of horse-hair or hemp, and which the Mexicans throw with very great dexterity; but although he took a fresh horse after tiring one down, he was never near enough the noble animal to throw a slip-noose over his head, or even to drive him into a canter.—He has been known to pace a mile in less than two minutes and can keep up this rate hour after hour, or until he has tired down whatever may be in chase. Large sums have been offered to catch him, and the attempt has frequently been made; but he still roams his native prairies in freedom, solitary and alone. One of the hunters even

went so far as to tell me that he was too proud to be seen in company with the native race, being a beautiful animal of far better action than those of his race; but this part of the story I could not make convenient to believe at that time.

Crowding the Professions.

One of the ablest periodical writers of Great Britain, speaking of the ambition in that country of adopting professional life of all kinds, and of the "rush," if we may so call it, into the professions of "law, physic and divinity," thus points the mind's eye to the general consequences of some of them: "But thousands have died of broken hearts, in these pursuits, thousands who would have been happy behind the plough or opulent behind the counter; thousands in the desperate struggle of thankless professions look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labor with perpetual envy; and thousands, by a worse fate still, are driven to necessities which degrade the principles of honor within them, accustom them to humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make up, by administering to the vices of society, the livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions."

LUDICROUS CIRCUMSTANCE IN A CHURCH.

Speaking of first impressions at Church to my mind a ludicrous circumstance happened some fifty or sixty years ago, at — Church. The Rector, though a man of profound learning, and a great theologian, was of such eccentric habits as often to create a doubt among the vulgar whether he was at times compos mentis.—Having remarked for several successive Sundays, a gentleman who was no parishioner, invariably using a seat in a pew next to that in which a young widow lady sat, he instantly eyed them; and at one time detected the young gentleman slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it (her hand and arm were delicately fair) and placing in it a small neatly folded note. By and by the lady's prayer book fell—of course accidentally—from the ledge of her pew into the gentleman's; he picked it up, found a leaf turned down, and he hastily scanned a passage, which evidently caused a smile of complacency.

Our minister saw all their proceedings, and continued to watch them for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the benediction waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong distinct voice said "I publish the bans of marriage between M. and N. (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties,) if any of you know just cause," &c. The eyes of the congregation were turned on them; the lady with suffused blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew door with rage and violence; the minister meanwhile proceeding through his duties with the same decorum as if innocent of the agitation he had excited.

The sermon preached and the services ended, away to the vestry rush the party at the heels of the pastor. 'Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of the bans?' demanded they both in a breath.—'Authorized me?' said he with a stare, which heightened their confusion. 'Yes, sir, who authorized you?' 'Oh!' said the minister with a sly glance alternately at each, 'if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the bans next Sunday.' 'Sir,' said the lady, 'you have been too officious already; nobody requested you to do any thing; you had better mind your own business!' 'Why, my pretty dear,' said he, patting her on the cheek, 'what I have done has been all in the way of business; and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir,'—turning to the gentleman—'to procure the licence, the ring, and—the fee, and then the whole matter may be settled as soon as to-morrow.' 'Well,' replied the gentleman, addressing the widow, 'with your permission, I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two.' 'Oh! you may both do as you please,' pettishly, yet nothing loathly, replied the lady. It was but a day or two after, the licence was procured, the parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow, for the last time, threw her gloves over the back of the pew; and it was afterwards said that all parties were satisfied with their gains.

NIAGARA FALLS.—A circumstance occurred at Niagara Falls on the 14th, quite extraordinary, and therefore the present topic of conversation. A horse was seen, from an elevation between the Clifton House and the road leading to the burning Springs swimming from Navy Island on the Canada side, towards the opposite shore.—Strange and impossible as it may seem, being a powerful animal it is supposed, he succeeded in reaching Grass Island, more than two-thirds of the way across the Niagara river. This was accomplished by having started high up—so that a diagonal line enabled the bold adventurer to plant his hoofs on that little patch of terra firma—Green Island, a narrow strip of grass that peeps out of the water but a short distance above Goat Island. After feeding awhile, and therefore attracting a still larger number of wonder-stricken spectators, he seemed to survey the mighty exhibition of fury around, and again plunged into the resistless current—either intending to return, or touch upon the American side—(for horses think, ay, and reason too) but the rushing

waters, like an army of hungry tigers, whirled the poor beast hither and thither, and onward too, so that just as he reached the first rapid, nothing but his head could be now and then observed above the angry billows. Before coming to the brink of the magnificent cataract, towards the middle of the descent it was quite certain that life was extinct. Over went the carcass, which was soon discovered by those below at the ferry, where it was towed on shore and examined. It proved to be a very large horse in excellent health, almost milk-white, but every bone in the body was crushed or broken into fragments. At the last advices, the remains were at the whirlpool, running an endless round, the race of magic horses, as though it were intended to impress the mind with a deeper sense of horror whilst gazing into the awful abyss below.—*Cor. Boston Trans.*

Thoughts for youth—Force of habit.

On the coast of Norway there is an immense whirlpool, called by the natives, Maelstrom, which signifies the naval or the centre of the sea. The body of waters which form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst thereof, stands a rock, against which the tide in its ebb, is washed with inconceivable fury; when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

No skill of the mariner nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sea-beaten sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go into a current opposite his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid: it goes round in circles still narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock, and entirely disappears forever.

And thus it fares with the thoughtless and hapless youth, that falls under the power of any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclination. But every relapse carries him down the current, the violence of which increases and brings him still nearer to the rock in the midst of the whirlpool, till at length stupefied and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

Good habits on the other hand are powerful as well as bad ones; therefore, no better advice can we give to youth than the following: "Choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it the most agreeable."

"Honesty the best policy."

A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you."

The farmer replied, that anticipating his Lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him.—The Lord immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were trampled, the wheat was the strongest and most luxuriant.

The farmer went again to his Lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

He instantly recollected the circumstances. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for the loss?"

"Yes, my Lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the dogs and horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising; and I have therefore brought the fifty dollars back again."

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like, this is what ought to be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions respecting his family—how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for one hundred dollars.

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

"If you please, sir, can a thing be lost when you know where it is?" said an Irishman to the captain of a vessel.

"No," said the captain, "what makes you ask such a question?"

"Bekase, sir, I have just dropped your tappot overboard, and its at the bottom of the say by this time."

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied Miss; "you would not recommend loose habits to your parishioners."

A MAJESTIC FLOWER. In a late number of the Petersburg Statesman, we find a description of a flower tree which is found in the interior of Ceylon, and may be considered as a wonderful curiosity, exceeding in beauty and grandeur all other plants in the vegetable kingdom. The body of the tree is sixty feet high and straight as a ship's mast, without limb or leaf, but supporting at the top an immense tuft of leaves, each of which is ten or twelve feet long.—The stalks of these leaves clasp the body of the tree and incline outward, the long leaves bending over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreens is of itself very grand, but when the tree is about fifty years old, there rises from its centre a cone several feet in height, which gradually enlarges, until at length it bursts with a loud explosion, and a vast brilliant golden-colored flower, twelve feet in diameter, appears over the elevated tuft of leaves as a gorgeous diadem on the head of this queen of the forest. The tree never blooms but once, and does not long survive this grand display of magnificence.

AN EXPERIMENT.—I once knew a boy who was employed by his father to remove all the loose, small stones which, from the peculiar nature of the ground, had accumulated in the road before the house. He

into the pasture across the way. He soon got tired of picking them up one by one, and sat down on the bank to try to devise some better means of accomplishing his work; he at length conceived and adopted the following plan. He set in the pasture a narrow board for a target, or, as the boys would call it, a mark; and then collecting all the boys in the neighborhood, he proposed to them an amusement, which boys are always ready for—firing at a mark. I need not say that the stores of ammunition in the street were soon exhausted, the boys working for their leader when they supposed they were only finding amusement for themselves. Here now is experimenting on the mind; the production of useful effort with rapidity and ease, by the intervention of proper instrumentality; the conversion, by means of a little knowledge of human nature, of what would otherwise have been dull and fatiguing labor, into a more amusing sport, giving pleasure to twenty instead of tedious labor to one.—*Abbott's Teacher.*

The following "word of exhortation," which we clip from the conclusion of a homily on "Hard Times," in the Springfield Republican, is in our judgment excellent:

"We have a word for debtors who are pushed to the wall. Let them not be discouraged—let them not be overcome by despondency. Hope, like truth, lies at the bottom of the deepest well. On the ashes of a new burnt dwelling may be laid the foundation of a new building. After the night comes the morning. If a man stumble, and fall not, he is helped on his journey. Keep a clear conscience. Be honest in spite of temptation. Keep up your spirits, not by pouring spirits down, but by doing all that within you lieth for yourselves and yours, leaving the result to the hand that moves the world. Above all, meet your creditors with your shirt-sleeves rolled up, not for fighting, but for hard work.—Mind all these hints, and you'll be the happier now, and the better off hereafter.

"A whole chapter for creditors:—Do AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY."

Hints to keep away hard times.
Rise early in the morning, and be diligent during the day in attending to your own business, and not worry yourself by your neighbor's concerns.
Give encouragement to home industry, and in all cases give the preference to American manufactures over foreign.
Instead of following the fashions of Europeans, let us cultivate a spirit of independence, and decide for ourselves how our coats, hats and boots shall be made.
Keep out of the streets, unless business calls us to transact that which we cannot do in our stores, shops or dwellings.
By all means keep away from drinking and gambling houses.
When we buy an article of clothing, study commendable economy, at the same time get a good article, and when made, take particular care of it and wear it out, regardless of any change of fashion. Fashion is a great tyrant, and men are fools to be slaves to it.
Stay at home at night, improve ourselves by reading, writing, or instructive conversation, and retire to our beds at an early hour.
Be kind to our relations, obliging to our friends, and charitable to all.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

SEVEN YEARS AT CHURCH.—The 7 resides in Western county, State of New York, an aged man, a member of the respectable society of Friends, who has rode from Sleepy Hollow up to Chipqua Meeting, a distance of seven miles—or fourteen miles going and coming—twice a week, for the space of fifty years. In doing this, he has ridden a distance of seventy two thousand and four hundred miles—or almost three times the circumference of the earth.—Allowing him five hours each meeting, he spent, in his go-to-meeting expeditions, seven years and forty-five days.

A woman's heart is like a fiddle—it requires a bean to play upon it.