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FEMALE ACADEMY. THE summer session of this Institution will commence on Thursday, the 6th day of March...

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State of North Carolina.

IN EQUITY. Burton Murphy, Thomas Hall and wife Elizabeth, Wm. Garrison and wife Emily, George Ledbetter and wife, Eliza Rebecca, by John Elems guardian of Eliza Rebecca and John Elems.

Wm. Murphy administrator of Wm. Murphy, sen., dec., John Sherrill and wife Margaret, Jason Sherrill and wife Clarissa, Joseph Murphy, Lambert Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Mills Higgins and wife Rebecca, John Hunter and wife Catharine, Nathan Hunter and wife Elvira, Catharine Murphy widow and relict of the said Wm. Murphy, sen., dec., and Thomas Elliott and wife Mary Malinda.

BILL FILED IN VACATION. T appearing from the affidavit of one of the complainants in this case, John Elems, that Joseph Murphy, Thos. Murphy, John Hunter and wife Catharine, Nathan Hunter and wife Elvira, are non residents of this State, and without the jurisdiction of this Court...

Witness, Thos. W. Scott, Clerk and Master of one Court of Equity for Burke county, this 25th February, 1843. T. W. SCOTT, C. M. E.

Dr. Woodfin, RESIDING AT PLEASANT HILL Eight miles from Franklin. Respectfully tenders his services in the various branches of his Profession...

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

NOT GENTLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Good morning, Miss Carter," said the very genteel, refined, and super-exquisite Miss Malvina Bray, as she entered the room of plain Mary Carter, attired for a promenade down Chesnut street.

"Just the liberty I hope all my young friends will take with me, Malvina. But don't, for mercy's sake, Miss Carter me, if you please. My name is Mary, and to my ear, anything tacked on only spoils its sweetness."

"As to that," replied her friend, with more dignity of manner than at first assumed, "Mary is a very good, plain name, but Malvina is more genteel. You have Mary's and Annas and Julias in every Mechanic's family in the city."

"And suppose you have? Why should not mechanics' children have as good names as those of merchants? Particularly as the mechanic's child of this generation usually becomes the merchant of the next, if that argument will weigh any thing in your mind, as it does not, I confess, in mine."

"For the simple reason that they do not belong to the genteel classes. For my part I think there ought to be a much broader line of distinction drawn between the upper and lower grades than there is, Miss Carter. I would have—"

"But you know that we must conform to the usages of the class in which we move. Not to its senseless and affected usages Malvina. To that doctrine I never subscribe."

"You cannot, certainly, call it senseless and affected, to say Miss Bray, instead of Malvina?"

"No, not in certain cases. If a young gentleman, with whom your acquaintance is of but recent date, and with whom your intercourse is, necessarily, reserved and formal, addresses you as Miss Bray, it is all well enough. But for two young friends, of the same sex, to meet, and alone too, and Miss Bray and Miss Carter it, is to me insufferable."

"Then you agree that all gentlemen should speak in that way?"

"No—not in all cases."

"Well, I most certainly do. In three instances I have cut young gentlemen's acquaintance for the unparadise rudeness of calling me Malvina."

"Indeed, I have."

"You and I are very different in that as in many other things, Malvina. All my male acquaintances, for whom I have a particular regard, call me Mary. So soon as one of them puts on the Miss, I have a feeling of distance and reserve. For a gentleman, whom I esteem as being a man of pure principles, and good sense, to call me Mary, I feel to be a compliment."

"But you are an oddity!" was Miss Malvina Bray's response to this. "And to talk about having a particular regard for several young gentlemen—the thing is inconceivable—or, if not inconceivable in thought, most impolitic in action."

"How impolitic, Malvina!"

"But isn't he a splendid man?" "He may be, for all I know. You can judge better of that, as you have an eye for splendid men. I esteem him for his noble mind."

"His family is one of the best in the city." "In what respect?" "It is connected with some of the first families of the old stock of English gentlemen, who emigrated to this country before the revolution."

"Indeed! And does that make him any better?" "How strangely you talk, Mary! Of course it does!"

"Perhaps so. Though my dull apprehension of things prevents me from perceiving its bearing upon his worth as a man. You don't suppose, do you, that the fact of my relationship with Admiral R—, of the British Navy adds any thing to my value?"

"But you are not related to Admiral R—, surely." "I very surely am, if our old family Bible, which has come down through two or three generations, is to be depended on— That informs me that he is my mother's brother, and of consequence, my Uncle."

"Why, Mary! You never told me that before!" exclaimed the astonished Miss Bray, in whose mind, an incipient resolution to cut her ungentle friend, was instantly destroyed.

"I never think of it, except to love him for his kind letters to my mother, and the affectionate interest he ever takes in her."

"Well, really! I never could have believed that you were connected with Admiral R—. What kind of a man is he? Have you ever seen him?"

"O yes, when a child, often. And he is a very plain, unpretending man, with no more notions of gentility, as you estimate that quality, than I have."

"And so you don't think young Talbot a splendid looking man?" Malvina resumed, after her surprise at Mary's high family connexion had measurably subsided.

"He may be," was the quiet reply. "He is in love with me."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mary, at this abrupt, and unexpected declaration. "Has he told you so?"

"O dear, no! not yet. But I look for a declaration soon."

"How then do you know that he loves you?"

"Easily enough. I have had so many young gentlemen in love with me, that I can tell now in a minute."

"That's a young woman who occasionally acts in our family in the capacity of a seamstress. She is a most excellent person."

"Mary! I am surprised at you!" ejaculated her companion, with something of anger and mortification in her face.

"For what reason?" was Mary's simple question.

"Why, for speaking to that girl here in the public street! Suppose anybody had seen us?"

"Well, suppose they had! What then?"

"People would have thought that we were acquaintances of hers."

"They would have thought right, as far as I am concerned; for I am proud to number myself among the acquaintances of a young girl like her, who, having once moved in a wealthy and fashionable circle, is not now, under changed circumstances, ashamed to labor diligently with her own hands, in order to live honestly and independently, and make lighter the burdens pressing upon a father and mother now far advanced in years."

"But it was not necessary to remember that you were passing her house. You could easily have been looking at something on the other side of the street."

"I did not choose to do that," Mary said firmly and decidedly. "I always make it a point to speak to Ellen Granger whenever I pass her house, and she happens to be near the window."

"And to stop and speak to her if you meet her in the street?"

"Certainly I do. What harm is there in doing so, I wonder?"

"There is no particular harm—but it is not considered genteel to speak to that kind of people in the street."

"Aint it, indeed! I was not aware of that before. But I can't help it. I'll speak to Ellen Granger wherever I meet her, and whenever I meet her, and to any body else I please."

"You will find yourself pused out of good society if you do. But come!—don't stop there gaping into that window. People will take us to be country girls."

The two young ladies had, by this time, entered Chesnut street, and Mary had paused to look at something in a shop window that attracted her eye.

"After they had gone on for about a square. 'Why so?' asked Mary, very innocently. 'Didn't you see how he turned and looked at me?'"

"No I did not," Mary said gravely. "Well, he did then. He turned round six times while we were in sight. He is dead in love with me, that's certain! So come, and let us walk back again."

"For what reason, Malvina? We are only at seventh street."

"To meet him again."

"How do you know you will meet him?"

"Why, well enough. He'll go up two or three squares, and then turn and come down again. I have sometimes, met the same gentleman three or four times in one morning, by just walking up and down Chesnut street."

"I do not wish to return just now," Mary said, firmly.

"But I do."

"Good by, then," Mary rejoined, good humoredly.

"And good by to you," was the smiling reply.

Both were pleased at a chance to part, and both proceeded, at once, and with lighter steps, on their separate ways, one up Chesnut street, and the other down.

It was about an hour after, that Mary returned, having made a visit to a friend during the time. Unchecked and untrammelled by Malvina, she proceeded up Chesnut street, stopping, for a moment or two at a time, to look at prints or any thing else that attracted her eye.

She was engaged in glancing cursorily at a very rich engraving, when some one paused by her side, and called her, in a pleasant voice, by the familiar name of "Mary."

"She did not start, as if guilty of indecorum, in having paused a moment at a print seller's window, but turned, with a free, innocent smile, to respond to the greeting of a friend she highly esteemed—Mr. Talbot.

"Looking at that beautiful engraving, I see," he remarked.

puts me out of patience, some times, by her utter disregard of all the little observances of good society, would pause before every window in spite of all I could say. She really mortified me dreadfully."

"Miss Carter is, I believe, disposed to set up her own standard of action, in most cases."

"A great deal too much so. If her family was not known to be genteel, I should, really, suspect that there was common blood in some branch of it. Certainly, Mary makes herself very common on many occasions."

"Indeed! How does she do that, Miss Bray?"

"Her gazing into the windows along Chesnut street as an instance. Another occurred on the last day we were out together. In passing through a certain street, we went by two or three rather mean looking houses, when what does she do, but bow and smile to a girl sitting by one of the windows. I was really shocked. Suppose any one of our acquaintance had been near at the time and seen it. I wouldn't have had that happened for the world."

"But who was the girl she spoke to?"

"Her mother's occasional seamstress. And that is not all. She will stop in the street to talk to her if they happen to meet."

"There is certainly no crime in that, Miss Bray."

"No crime! No, of course there is no crime. But think how ungentle it is, Mr. Talbot."

"Kindness and good feeling exercised towards all, constitute true gentility, Miss Bray. And if by that standard we judge Mary Carter, she will be found in no way deficient. Her mother's seamstress, I now remember to have heard her say, is Ellen Granger, daughter of old Mr. Granger, who failed in business a few years ago.—Was it Ellen to whom Mary spoke on the occasion you allude to?"

"Yes, I believe so. Though I didn't see her."

"Then, Miss Bray, she spoke to as true a lady as ever breathed the breath of life; I admire her for her true womanly feeling of independence in regard to all false notions of gentility, in countenancing and acting towards Ellen Granger with kindness and true consideration. I now further remember that she herself told me, that she calls in to see Ellen almost every week, to advise with and encourage her.—Admirable girl! How truly do I honor her!"

So surprised, and, indeed, confounded was Miss Malvina Bray at such a declaration of opinion from Mr. Talbot, that she was unable to utter a word in reply, for some moments, and when she did attempt to speak, she had no idea that she could venture to put into the form of words.— Unexpectedly she found the ungentle Mary Carter occupying the position of a formidable rival, and one too, who was likely to carry off the palm; for where she had freely ventured to condemn her actions, Talbot had warmly approved them.

During the remainder of the evening, she was compelled to endure the pain and mortification of seeing this rival made the marked and special object of Mr. Talbot's attentions, while to her it seemed that he did not extend ordinary civilities. A few months only passed before this mortification reached its climax. Then, Mary Carter, the ungentle Mary Carter became Mrs. Talbot. But there awaited her still a keener rebuke and severer mortification. By her winning smiles, and smiling advances, she had entangled another young man of genteel family, so she thought, in meshes of love.

Through the kind attentions of Mrs. Talbot, Ellen Granger, though still poor, and still obliged to toil, daily with her needle, had been partially restored to the circle from which poverty had banished her. No company was ever invited at the house of Mrs. Talbot where she was not present; and the fact of her being there, and coming in contact with many, who could perceive and appreciate the intrinsic worth of a fine mind, caused her to be invited in other quarters. Her presence in company, always shocked the sensitive gentility of Malvina Bray, and she never could be induced to treat Ellen with even common politeness. Judge then, of her chagrin, when this unexceptionable young gentleman, whom she had fondly imagined completely caught, became evidently enamored of Ellen Granger, and in a few months, led her to the altar of Hymen!

Ten years had passed, and how do matters stand now? A certain young lady— young by courtesy—may still be seen taking her daily promenade down Chesnut street, coquetting the young men with the smiling vanito of a pretty miss just turned of seventeen. Her name is Malvina Bray, and Malvina Bray it will doubtless remain to the end of the chapter.