

Highland Messenger.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, devoted to Christianity, Political Science Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.....NUMBER 2.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., AUGUST 11, 1843.

WHOLE NUMBER 158.

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

HIGHLAND MESSENGER.
ASHEVILLE:
Friday Morning, August 11, 1843.

NEXT CONGRESS.
The election for Congress in eleven States has been heard from. In these there have been elected seventy-one Democrats and eighteen Whigs. In the last Congress (thirteen States sent forty-nine Democrats and fifty-three Whigs. In the last ten days elections came off in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, and North Carolina; and, taken as a whole, we have no doubt have given the Democrats a large majority in the Congressional representation, so that we should not be at all surprised if nearly two-thirds of the members in the next Congress are Democrats. Be it so—let the people have their way, and then if the evils of which the complain are not cured they must blame themselves.—We have been thinking of going over to the Democrats too, and should proceed to do so immediately, but for two or three little things. First, we cannot abide their doctrine—we believe them at war with every interest of the country—destructive to its prosperity—subversive of its peace, and ruinous to its morals. Secondly, we abominate their practices—they are too full of windings, twistings, turnings, zigzags, and inconsistencies. Thirdly, we do not like their spirit—there is too much grumbling and growling, snapping and snarling—no chained bear with a sore head ever did more. Fourthly, we do not like the materials of which their party is composed—like Jacob's cattle, there are the ringed, streaked and speckled—the odds and ends of all parties—there are too many sorts and too many colors. If we could, however, get round these little difficulties, we would no doubt turn Democrat. Perhaps the editors of the Mecklenburg Jeffersonian or the new editor of the Standard would give us the benefit of their experience as to how Somerset of this kind are turned.

NEW PAPER.—Among several new papers which have lately found their way to our office, we particularly notice one which hails from Philadelphia, and is called "The Magnetiser and Phenologist," edited by Wm. H. Rodgers and Mrs. S. C. Loomis. The editress, it seems, gives lessons in Phenology and examines heads, the editor removes diseases "by the application of Animal Magnetism." Hear him: "The manner of ascertaining the locality and nature of the disease is by a Somnambulism, whose examinations have hitherto proved astonishingly correct." That is, the Doctor takes a negro man, who pretends to go to sleep (or does so in fact,) lays his hand on the sick persons head, while the Doctor feels the pulse, and the sleeping negro proceeds to tell "where the pain feels," whether the patient can be cured, what will do it, &c. &c.
Vive la humbug!

BEAUTIES OF A MONARCHY.—The good people of England were taxed over ten thousand dollars as the expenses of christening the young prince; and Sir Robert Peel declared that the expense of that occasion was much greater, but that the Queen had graciously condescended to pay all but this small sum out of her own private purse!

Good vary.—The Boopsick (Mo.), Times, tells the following of one of the constables in those parts. It is quite rich, and is about what we would expect of some constables we know of, a long way from Missouri:
PRETTY GOOD.—A friend who has just returned from the upper country, informs us that while resting one day at a farmer's house, on the road side, a constable came in and informed the resident he had an execution against him, and wished to levy on his property. Three barrels of corn and a calf were pointed out as being the sum to be levied. The constable, conceiving it to be his duty to lay hands on every thing he executed, proceeded to discharge said taking hold of every ear of corn, saying each time "I execute thee," and lay it aside, after going over the three barrels of corn with the same ceremony, he proceeded to execute the calf. In order to catch it easily, he offered it some corn, but the bait was refused. He took after it—ran and he ran—being a little lame the calf rather outran him—over hill and hollow they went, the grabbing at the calf's tail as he ran. Finally the calf stumbled over a log and fell, he being in too close pursuit to discover the log went over too; and the calf and constable were in a pile together; in the fall he caught the calf by the tail, and as he did so it bled, b-a-h, and the constable ejaculated, "I execute thee." He then retired, much fatigued, saying he had rather execute any thing else than a calf.

MISCELLANEOUS.
[From the Arkansas Gazette.]
A Tale of Travel—Lord Morpeth.
A friend has related to us the following story, which he received from the mouth of one of the parties:
In 1841, a young broad shouldered, big-fisted Kentuckian—a regular bred stock-raiser and drover—went on to Buffalo, N. Y., to purchase of Lewis Allen, who had just returned from England, some of his imported stock. After he had closed his purchases, finding he had a day to spare, he determined to spend it in a visit to the Falls of Niagara. So, after breakfast, he stepped into the passenger-cars, and found the department which he selected occupied by a modest-looking and plainly-dressed gentleman. In a few moments he commenced a conversation upon the subject most interesting to him, to wit, imported stock, and the bargains he had made, and informed his fellow-traveller, in the most decisive manner, what was the best breeds, &c. The stranger, after hearing him out, without dissenting to what he said, spoke upon the subject of English stock generally, the different kind of breeds, the properties of each, the best cross for milk, butter, &c., and displayed, in a modest and unassuming manner, such minute and general information on the subject that it astonished the other, and he asked him if he was not a stock-raiser. He said no, and the Kentuckian asked, as usual, "What might be your name, sir?" "Morpeth," was the reply. "Morpeth," said he, "Morpeth! Now, I have been all over Kentucky, and travelled to Arkansas, but I never heard of the name before. Where did you come from, Mr. Morpeth?" "From York," said he, "New York! A great place—beats Lexington or Louisville, I admit; but did you come from the city or country, Mr. Morpeth?" "From the country," "Well, it is a very great State; always saving and excepting old Kentucky, it is the finest country I ever saw." In a short while they conversed on the subject of farming, and the stranger, without the least parade, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject, and after hearing at length of the superior style of agriculture in Kentucky, and the astonishing productions there, the cords of fine stock, grain, &c., he related the improvements which had recently been made in agriculture by means of chemical experiments, the different kinds of soil, the distinguishing properties of each, rotation of crops, effect of climate upon productions, &c. &c.; at length the Kentuckian cried out, "Why, Mr. Morpeth, you must have followed farming for a livin'!" "No," he said he had not, "but it was a subject to him of great interest." The rest of the journey was filled up with a description of what the Kentuckian had seen on the Mississippi and in Arkansas, to which the stranger listened with apparent interest. At length they reached the Falls, and amidst constant exclamations of astonishment on the part of the Kentuckian, they passed on the Canadian side. Upon reaching there they saw a number of negroes, dressed in regimentals, with muskets in their hands. "Why, what the devil does this mean?" "These are regular soldiers," said the stranger—"Soldiers! negroes for soldiers! Well, did you ever hear the like? Well, when I go back to old Kentucky, and tell them that the British have negroes for soldiers, they never will believe me in the world.—Why, sir, if an Arkansas overseer were to come back with his big whip and give it one crack, I tell you, sir, that a regiment of these black rascals would drop their muskets and beg for quarter. Now, old fellow, you might have heard that we like to have got into war with the British about some boundary or other. I tell you that the first horn that was blown would raise a regiment in old Kentucky that would sweep this land from shore to shore. Nothing could resist them; for I tell you nothing can beat old Kentucky for war or raising fat stock."

After while the bell of the tavern rung for dinner, and they both hastened in the Kentuckian before. When he reached the room he found the table half filled with negroes, and stopped. The stranger without appearing to observe it, took hold of a chair, and pointed to an empty one by his side. "Hello!" was the astonished interjection of the Kentuckian, "you are not going to eat your dinner with negroes, are you? I can't do it, sir. I could never show my face at home again if I were to do so." "Well," said the stranger, "I am rather hungry, I acknowledge; but, as we are fellow-travellers, I will not balk your humor. We will go down to the lower island, pass the suspension-bridge, and dine on the American side." "Now, that is just into my hand, my old fellow; we will do so." When they reached the suspension-bridge the Kentuckian was overwhelmed with astonishment, and swore that they never would believe him at home when he told of it. The stranger was perfectly familiar with such things, and told him who was the original inventor of such bridges, the great improvements that had been made since this one had been put up, the defects in its style, how they could be repaired, improved, &c. Here the Kentuckian burst out into a hearty laugh, and said, "Well, stranger, I have found you out at last; you are a bridge builder by trade," slapping him on the shoulder in great glee. "No, sir," said he, "you are mistaken; but I have been a great deal with persons who were fond of such things, and acquired somewhat of a taste for them." "Well,"

said the Kentuckian, "I hear the last bell ringing; let us go and get our dinner. We will have a bottle of wine, and I will pay for it myself; for I would rather have lost one of the calves I have purchased of old Buffalo Allen than not have been here today; for I have had lots and gobs of fun!" They sat down to dinner, drank their wine, and the Kentuckian filled up the chasm between the courses with praises of Kentucky and abuse of the Canadians and British. He had always hated them, and he always would hate them; he would just like to have another brush with them to lick them again, and a great deal more in the same strain, to which the stranger listened patiently, and sometimes with a kind of quiet interest. He went on to say that he had heard that the English were in the habit of travelling through the country, and then writing books ridiculing and abusing us. He just wished, by Heaven, that he could catch some of them in old Kentucky. He had heard, as he came along, that there was now a great English Lord-travelling through the country to write a book, and he had his name. "It was Lord—Lord—Lord Morpeth, I believe." "That is my name, sir," said the stranger. "You don't say so! Tavernkeeper, what do I have to pay?"

Mountain Scenery.
There is something in the wildness and sublimity of mountain scenery that tends to remind us rather of eternity than decay.—The perishable works of man are no where to be seen. No city lies in gloomy ruins, to show the outline of faded greatness; no remnant of a sanctuary here stands to show the worship that has passed away. We see no falling records of the glorious deeds of those whose names are hallowed in history's page. We stand upon the mountain and we scarcely know that man exists upon the earth. This is not the land where arts have died, or science been forgot; those rocks never echoed the eloquence of orators, or the songs of poets; these waters never bore the proud ships of the merchant; the soil never yielded to man the fruit of his industry. It is not there that the finger of Time can be recognized. In vain would he set his mark on stones that never fall or disturb the fast bound form of adamantine life. In vain he stretches out his hand to awaken the rushing torrent and the warring waters that blast with an eternity of youth, dash along their head-long course, regardless of the blighting power that withers strength, or lulls to rest the creation and the creature of mortality. Here may we pause and say that Time has lost his power.—Here may we view the faint efforts of Time overthrown in an instant. Changes they are; but the work of an hour has defeated the slow progress of decay. The lightning of the thunder-storm, the blowing tempest, the engulfing flood, the overbearing avalanche, have effaced from the surface of nature the impress of time, and left naught in the change to remind us of age. Surely, there are scenes in life which seem created to awaken in mankind the recollection, that even time can lose its power. When the care, nay, even the sorrows of our petty span, when for a moment he dwells with his heart and soul upon the thoughts of all eternity! Yes, it will sober the gay—it will comfort the grieved.—Edward Everett.

Bees.
Hives should be looked into at this season and all the litter and filth which has accumulated on the platform brushed away.
Bait should be kept constantly on the platform under the bees. They are fond of the article and it is fatal to worms. Catment herbs are agreeable to the bees, and some of them should be planted near the hives.
Houses built to cover the hives are a great nuisance. They afford a shelter to the bee moth and it is not easy to destroy it when we have no ready access to the back of the hive post four feet high. This should be set on a firm post four feet high. This should be so sheltered by some tree that the shade may cover the hive from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. The post must be sawed off square and a board 12 inches must be nailed on to it firmly. This will be the platform of the hive.
Cut notch or doop in the hive for the bees to enter but raise your hives one third of an inch by means of smooth chips of that thickness that the bees may have access on all sides. If you raise the hive higher the bees are forced to go to the corner posts to climb up every time they go in. If you set the hive down closer they cannot enter.
It is well to visit your bees often in summer. If you come daily and behave civilly they will consider you a friend and you may enter the hives with great ease without running any risk of being stung. You must not take a stranger with you. You will often find the moth worm crawling about the platform. He grows to be an inch in length when he can get good living; destroy every one you see, and let there be no crevices for them to hide in or the miller to lay her eggs. Every board should be smooth and sound outside. Millers will be fluttering by the first of June if not sooner. These lay their eggs in or near the hives when they dare to, and these are the parents of the bee moth, the great destroyer of the bee. If you see many millers fly into a blaze which you may kindle near the hives in the evening you may do well. We have heard that a hawk of any kind near the hive will attract the miller and cause her to drown herself in it. This scheme is easily put in practice and we hope our friends will try it.
We have made it our practice to visit our bees every morning and to cant up the hives to examine them. They would not let a stranger do it. We used to weigh some of our hives daily. One of middling size in June gained three pounds per day for seven days in succession.—Farmer.

Am Irish "Skirmish."
Mrs. Elinor Donovan, a tidy, good-looking little dame, but whose natural beauty was sadly obscured by a pair of artificial black eyes, appeared in court to prefer a charge of assault against one Misher Patrick Early, whom she described as "nebor an' first cousin by her great-gran' mother's side." There was a cross warrant against Mrs. Donovan's husband at the suit of Mr. Early, and both were disposed of at the same time. Each of the parties was attended by a host of witnesses, and all of them, principals included, exhibited usual unequivocal tokens of an Emerald "skirmish," not one of them being minus a black eye, or some other conspicuous disfigurement of the "human face divine."
"Yer hanner's worships," began Mrs. Donovan, after devoutly blessing herself, and giving the Testament a hearty smack, "Yer hanner, it was on Thuesday the last as was, I was sittin' in me own room, conversin' wid Nelly Nowlan about ould times, an' the like, an' 'saisonin' the discourse wid a drop of comfort, and the pitivates boilin' for me husband's bit av dinner when who should kum in but Mather Patrick here. "An," 's' he, "God save all here," 's' he. "A' ye're wellkim Patrick," 's' I, for I see'd as he'd been havin' a drop, an' I thought it better to be civil. "An' maybe, Nelly," 's' he, "ye'll be ather lindin' me the loan of a shillin' this mornin' 's' he, quite coaxin'. "Errah, thin," 's' I, "d'ye think I carry the four-laved shamrock about me?" 's' I, "that I should have so much money, an' it's only the beginnin' of the week," 's' I. "Begor," 's' he, "I must have it, Nelly," 's' he. "O baderick!" 's' I, spakin' civil all the while, where'd I get it; an' he be the same token, 's' I, "meself 'ud be obliged to ye if ye'd pay me the fippence ye owe me, 's' I, "an' ould debt's bether nor an ould grudge any day," 's' I, when up he jumps an' med no more to do but hot me a cruel poultich betwene me two eyes that sent me sprawlin' on the flure; and then me husband kem in, an' then I screeched "murder" for the bare life or me, an' thin the nebor kem in, an' thin they all began fightin' like mad, an' thin they self-disremembers all the rest of it, yer hanner."

Mrs. Nelly Nowlan then called upon to supply the hiatus occasioned by Mrs. Donovan's want of recollection, and she confirmed her statement as far as it went. "An' when Pat Early," continued Mrs. Nowlan, "when he struck Nelly Donovan an' when her husband kum in an' when the nebor kum in, there was a regular skirmish amongst us all, an—"
The Magistrate—And you took part in it I suppose?
"Troth it's meself as did that same, yer worships," said Mrs. Donovan smiling, an' why shouldn't I?"
"An' didn't you pelt me with the boilin' praties?" asked Mr. Early, "an' thin didn't you whack the pot at me and send me clane over the bannishers? Come now, ye're an yer blessed cuth, Nelly Nowlan!"
"Faith I did," returned Nelly, "an' d'ville a lie I'll tell about it."
"An' didn't you heave the kittle of boilin' wather at Tim Callaghan, an' the three-legged stool that hot him in the mouth an' med him swally all his teeth at once?"
"Musha, my boy O," chuckled Mrs. Nowlan, "I don't deny it, an' I hope they sat easy on his stomach."
"E thin, may the divil drive ye to Limerick for that same!" shouted a voice from the body of the court, the possessor of which voice was instantly ejected.
Mrs. Nowlan went on to say, in her own way, that the fight became general, that pots, kettles, and crockery flew about, and that, eventually, the whole of the belligerents rolled down stairs from the top to the bottom, where they lay kicking, fighting, and biting each other for some minutes, until some more peaceful neighbors came in and separated them.

Several other witnesses were examined on behalf of the complainant, who as usual, swore stoutly for their own party.
Mr. Early, in his defence, declared that it was the Donovans that commenced the skirmish, and that he had been "blissed" ther'd an' scalded, and kilt entirely by the boilin' hot pitivates, and that he was the

harmless, civilest, and quietest crathure on the face of this blessed irth; and called several witnesses, who, however, in their zeal proved too much, and therefore added to, rather than diminished the force of the complainant's testimony.
The Magistrate endeavored to extract from the witness some idea of the real origin of the affair, when one of them said he believed there was an ould grudge betwene the Donovans an' the Earlys, an' whenever they kem foremost each other there was sure to be a fight.
The case against Mrs. Donovan's husband was then heard.
The Magistrate—Well, Mr. Early, it is proved that you committed a brutal and unprovoked assault on Mrs. Donovan. The wonder to me is that you people don't kill one another in these fights. I fine you 20s for the assault.
"Yerrah, yer hanner," exclaimed Mr. Early, is it me to pay twenty shillings? Ye might as well ask the Hill av Howth to dance a hornpipe!"
The Magistrate—Then you go to prison for a month.
"Troth, it's meself," said Mr. Donovan smiling and bobbing his head; "it's meself that's greatly obliged to yer hanner for seein' justice done betwene us."
The Magistrate—And you, Mr. Donovan, must find good bail to keep the peace for two months, or remain in prison for that time.
"More power an' long life to yer worships," shouted one of the Early party.—"Be did, that's a sign of justice, any how! Dan's own self couldn't have done better!"
For once, the Magistrate's decision appeared to give satisfaction to both sides!!

THE COMPOST HEAP.—Begin with the arrival of the first favorable weather to gather materials for compost. Don't let a particle of matter capable of being converted into food for plants slip through your fingers. Manure is the farmers capital—the wand, by the favorable instrumentality of whose mystic and occult operations, he diversifieth the surface of the earth with the smiling beauties of vegetation, and causeth the waste places thereof to bloom, and the desert to blossom as the rose. "Give me a sufficiency of manure," said an elderly farmer to us, recently, "and I can work out a living in any country, and from any soil." The merchant must have capital—the mechanic must have instruction, materials and tools, and the farmer, whose heritage is the broad fields and fertile valleys of his "mother earth," must have MANURE. It therefore behooves every one to be attentive to this grand point, and to gather up the means of enriching and rendering fruitful the soil, the products of which sustain his life.
No one who has not made the experiment will be able easily to appreciate the importance of attending, practically and habitually, to the rules thus hastily laid down. Let every one, therefore, be sedulous in his efforts, and our word for it, he will have no occasion to deprecate the results.—Maine Cultivator.

CERIOUS RESULT.—A friend has shown us some scions, which he has just received from a gentleman on Grand Isle, Vermont, which produces apples partly sweet and partly sour. This singular production was brought about in this manner: A bud was taken from an apple tree producing sour fruit, another from one producing sweet; the two buds were neatly cut into halves, and a half of each kind joined together, forming a bud which was inserted in the stock as usual.
We have often heard of this method of producing two distinct varieties of fruit in the same apple, but we have doubted it, and though our information appears to come now from a very respectable source, though such a thing may be possible. It is easily tested, and we hope the point will be settled. Our friend thinks to test it by getting the two kinds of fruit from the scions sent him; but whatever fruit they may produce will prove nothing, unless there is proof of their origin. We have seen of natural fruit sweet and sour fruit in the same apple. We advise him to be thorough in his experiment and begin with the bud.—Boston Cultivator.

MODERATE SPIRIT DRINKING.—The following instructive anecdote appears in the Isle of Man "Temperance Guardian," in a letter from Mr. Towle.
When stationed in the Bath circuit, I was introduced into the company of an aged man, whom I understood to have been intimate with Mr. Wesley, and once a useful local preacher. We entered into conversation about Mr. Wesley's times, when, among other things he observed: "On one occasion, when Mr. Wesley dined with me, after dinner, I prepared a little brandy and water. On perceiving this, with an air of surprise he cried—
"What, my brother, what's that? do you drink spirits?"
"It is brandy," said I; "my digestion is so bad, I am obliged to take a little after dinner."
"How much do you take?" said he, "let me see."
"Only about a table spoonful."
"Truly," said he, "that is not much; but one spoonful will soon lose its effect, and then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass, and that in like manner, by habituating yourself to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses, and so on, till, in the end, perhaps you will become a drunkard. O, my brother, take care what you do."
Happy had it been for that man if he had taken the timely warning of his good friend Wesley. But, alas! he trifled with his little drops, until he actually did become a drunkard, ruined his reputation, and at the very time I had the interview with him he was a poor, old, miserable backslider, apparently within a few years of his grave.

CLAY IN LANCASTER.—The Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner contains a call for a County Clay meeting, to be held at the Court House in that city on the 29th ult. It is signed with ten columns of names, each column containing about two hundred, so that there are near two thousand signers to the call. Well done.

APPOINTMENTS TO OFFICE.
The subjoined sentence from Sir Edward Coke defines a rule for regulating appointments to office, more remarkable in these days for the breach than for the observance:
"By the laws of England," says Sir Edward Coke, "it is provided that no officer or minister of the king shall be ordained or made, for any gift or brokerage, favor or affection. Nor that any other, privately or openly, to be in any manner of office, shall be put in the same office or in any other, but that all such officers shall be made of the best and most lawful men and sufficient:—A law worthy to be written in letters of gold, but more worthy to be put in due execution."
The administration of Washington illustrates the noble principle here laid down in a manner worthy of a free, self-governing people. How things are managed in the present time the country knows well enough.
The theory of republican government, justly remarks the Baltimore American, is that the best and ablest men will be placed to control affairs. The term election—choosing from—implies this. Whatever of ability and wisdom there is in a nation, that should be made available for the highest uses—which are those of Government. And there is no more certain test of the capacity of a people than is to be found in the character and quality of the men who are elevated to official stations among them. When offices are claimed and won as the rewards of party services; when appointments are made with a view to promote the ends of party leaders—to make political capital, as the phrase is; when worth and ability are passed over for the sake of rewarding the zeal or silencing the clamours of mercenary partisans, what remains for the intelligent, the virtuous, the highminded, but to withdraw from the selfish struggles of political life, and preserve their own self-respect within themselves? To seize upon the wages of governing—the emoluments of office—this, when it becomes a general principle, is sure to entail, first, bad government, and then no government, which is the fore-runner of revolution.

With regard to the ambition which seeks after place and station, a writer of the present day draws a clear distinction between great and little men. "Great men," he says, "are not ambitious in that sense: he is the small man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, proudly anxious about every body, as it were begging to force every body, as it were begging every body for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among

the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man! A poor morbid purring empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, no genuine man who had health and real substance in him, of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way."
Incapacity for true government has ever been and will continue to be the cause of changes in modes and systems of government. Whenever a principle is elevated to supremacy and embodied in institutions, it is so elevated not for the personal aggrandizement of those who are made its official representative, but for important uses to the general body politic—for good government in fact. When this great truth is forgotten the vitality of the system is gone; the whole thing becomes a fiction. An inferior principle, mean and selfish, usurps supremacy and clothes itself with the robes of the rightful sovereign. But the imposture must be discovered before long—and then a change.

Several other witnesses were examined on behalf of the complainant, who as usual, swore stoutly for their own party.
Mr. Early, in his defence, declared that it was the Donovans that commenced the skirmish, and that he had been "blissed" ther'd an' scalded, and kilt entirely by the boilin' hot pitivates, and that he was the