

Highland Messenger.

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

VOL. IV. NUMBER 6.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1843.

WHOLE NUMBER 162.

NOTICES.

This paper is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance—or, 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.

THE LONGEST HOUR OF MY LIFE.

BY J. HOOD.
Like my fellow mortals, I have found time to resemble both the hare and the tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped; at other times as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a Flying Childers; many dark and long ones, when he stopped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a horse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed to stand stock still. Never, oh, never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those month-like minutes, which composed that interminable hour—the longest in my whole life!
"And pray, sir, how and when was that?" For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o'clock, A. M., on the first of May, new style, anno domini, 1822. For the how you shall hear.
At the date just mentioned, my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter-Change.
These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called in to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable; which happened so frequently that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant, I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with glances half so shy and savage as they threw at less familiar visitors. But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal Tiger could not or would not recognize me; but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course, he longed to "take in." Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and quiet in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very importance of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled and devoured by such monsters as the one before me; as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse, as it were, all the man-eating manoeuvres of his species; now creeping stealthily around his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, and crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short angry roar, expressive of the most ferocious malignity.
There seemed to be some antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobslets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.
"Lord! what a dreadful creature!"
Very, ma'am. And yet that carnivorous monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of her species—a delicate little girl of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the tiger very earnestly, for some moments, and what do you think she said?
"Pray what, sir?"
"Oh, Mr. Hood, what a beautiful great pussy!"
On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter-Change, and the usual walk directly into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visitor about the place—like Alexander Selkirk, "I was Lord of the fowl and the brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the door, my eyes mechanically turned to the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a splendid grin accompanied with a most horrid growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was no where to be seen. The cage was empty!
My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. Methought I breathed more freely, from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always hung to me, like a presentiment of injury, sooner or later, from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room convinced me that his departure had left a void never probably to be filled up. Another

royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost at times led me to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamentable must be missed. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill will, the frown, or sneer of an old familiar face; and the brute was, at any rate, a good hater. There was some piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforth lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a gentle reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.
"What!—sorry for a nasty, vicious, wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?" Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with zamisks, broken witches, hobgoblins, wier woyles, incubi, and other notions, that for years he never passed a night without what he called bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for several months, when at last he called upon me, looking so wobegone and out of spirits, as to make me enquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in broken English, informed me of his case.
"O, my good fellow, I am miserable, quite. There is something all wrong in me—something very bad—I have not had sleep more for three weeks."
Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on.
After the first surprise was over my curiosity became excited, and began to speculate on the cause of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of his species? Had he gone to perform the legitimate drama, or taken French leave?
I was looking round for some one to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted by a thunder-bolt.
"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say it was the tiger?"
I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room, he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first—but terror riveted me to the spot. There I stood, my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless and dumb.—Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mightily bound upwards, was fluttering like a sacred bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaws locked, my eyes fixed in their sockets, and from the rush of blood sented looking through a reddish mist, while within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.
This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble; but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexplicable sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass to the floor.
The Tiger in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore paws, and with his glittering eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were, sculling him on.
In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an orange rattle-snake, when about to make the fatal spring.
There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the man-eater within, might keep "him out." In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and slid the bolt. The Tiger, foiled by the suddenness of my unexpected manoeuvre, immediately rose from his crouching position, and after lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course; to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude he

calls call rampart, he gave a tremendous roar which made my blood curdle, and then resting his forepaws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.
"And didn't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws in the cage, sir, and pick you out, sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bars?"
Patience, my dear madam, patience.—Since the creature perhaps, a man and wild beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position; and in these days of dullness and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having furnished so very original and striking a situation, the reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.
It was now my turn to know—and understand how time travels in divers persons. To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minutes and seconds, and possibly last moments, of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another! Oh, those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!
How shall I describe, by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of Death!
Methinks while that horrible face, and those red fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled and fallen—yes, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity.
In the mean time the Tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat him, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on a shin of beef, he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, he knowing perfectly well that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.
Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the farther corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded the tiger, whether to draw my voice, or from sympathy, set up a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly that, convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more superlatively ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth—drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars.—But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheeks puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling most conspicuously of raw flesh!
"The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!"
Yes, madam—or at any rate, like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired at such mere pastime. His tail, the index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some "Tiger's March in his own head." At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semi-circular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a bas-relief as possible.
Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lapell would have been fatal, as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of its sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in thus fishing for me, he then struck the bars, sootism, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe.—There was such a diabolical sagacity in the beast's proceedings that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door, and walked "into me."

Confound the keepers!
Not one of them, upper or under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turn-pikes, or little farms, on the king's peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake!—or helping the London sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day!
Oh! what a pang, sharp as a tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I recollect that date, with all its cheerful scents and sounds so cruelly different from the object before my eyes, the odor in my nostrils, the noise in my ears!
How I wished myself under the haw-thorns, or even on them—how I yearned to be on a village-green, without a Maypole; but why do I speak of such sweet localities?
My own case was getting desperate.—The tiger enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant, fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of barometrical feast on me beforehand.
The effect of this mockmastication on my nerves was indescribably terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy.—Besides from a correspondence of imagination, I actually seemed to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible!
"Horrible, indeed! I wonder you did not faint!"
Madam, I dared not. All my vigilance too, was necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly, as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain, overstrained by such intense excitement would give way, and draw me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.
Still, bolt, and bar, and reason retained its place. But alas! if even the mind remained firm the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe; but a necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and celerity could not long be protracted—the jaws and sinews must relax, and then—
Merciful heaven!—the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the over-taxed muscles were gradually give, give, giving—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The tiger answered it with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door into the next chamber, whence growls, roars and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.
The uproar alarmed the keepers, they rushed in, when, springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; took occasion to place a very respectful distance between myself and the object of my peculiar dread.
Nor did Time, who travels in divers paces, with divers persons, ever go at so extraordinary a rate—for slowness—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the Age which I had passed in the Tiger's Den must have been sixty minutes!
And so ended, courteous reader, the Longest Hour of my Life!

The Felon's Cell.

Whist at the North last summer, we made a visit to the State Prison of a New England State. In one of the cells, occupied by a man who was serving out a long term of years for we forgot what offence, he being at the moment engaged at his labor in the yard, we discovered lettered on the walls, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, with various familiar texts of scripture, and stanzas of Psalms and Hymns. It was an instructive, though sorrowful sight. Here was a man, an outcast from society, disgraced for life, branded with infamy in the heaviness of his solitude, in those lonely hours when it might be supposed he would indulge but in thoughts of hatred of all his kind, turning his mind back upon the innocent days of childhood, and calling up in bright perspective, for present comfort and consolation, the holy lessons doubtlessly taught him at a mother's knee. These, even the rough conflicts of guilt had not effaced. They remained to admonish, to soothe, perchance to reform, and make him in reality a better man in time to come. He had displayed them upon the walls of his cell perhaps that their teachings might be ever visible—that his eye might rest upon them as the shades of evening closed around—and again as the morning light broke dimly in upon his prison house. The gifts which a pious mother casts into the mind of her child, when or by whom are they utterly forgotten? They may lie neglected and dormant for years, of too little worth in the estimation of the possessor to be kept in green remembrance, but "when anguish wrings the brow" or when the dark days of misfortune or of crime have come, then are their voices heard and heeded.—The convict in his dungeon turns to them for comfort and support. A mother's religious lessons recalled to mind by a felon and traced upon the walls of his cell—this is a homage to maternal virtue of the most affecting kind.—*Winnington Chronicle.*

Misfortune and Crime.
The case of Christina Cochran or Gilmour.
—The New York Sun, in alluding to the case of this unhappy woman, who has been surrendered to the British authorities for the alleged murder of her husband in Scotland, has the following interesting sketch of the causes which led to her present dreadful situation. She was placed on board the packet ship Liverpool, on the 17th ult., at New York, by the U. S. Marshal, and there surrendered into the custody of Mr. McKay, the Scottish police officer who came over to demand her. It will be seen that the tale is not without its moral—sad and impressive!
"The history of this unfortunate young woman should operate as a warning to parents, and teach them to beware of unrelenting opposition to an honorable attachment formed by a daughter, or even a son, merely because the object favored by such is not of equal wealth or rank in life with themselves. It were better, far better, to raise one than to prostrate and destroy the other. Mr. Cochran, the father of this young woman, is a wealthy farmer in the shire of Renfrew, near Paisley, in Scotland. She received a passible good education, and we have seen a letter written by her to her parents since her arrival here, couched in sweet and affecting language, and written in a practised pretty hand.—About five years ago it appears, she being still in her teens, she became acquainted with a young man in the neighborhood by the name of Anderson, and a mutual attachment sprang up between them. Although of excellent character, and of good moral conduct, he was in humble life, being a gardener in the employment of a gentleman in his native parish. They made no secret of their attachment, but it was bitterly opposed by her parents, particularly as her father and the father of her future husband had always decided that she and the unfortunate John Gilmour were to be united. The great object of her parents from the time of discovering her attachment to Anderson was to keep them apart, and with this view she was at times confined in the attic of her father's dwelling, and a most rigid system of coercion applied to her with a view to compel an abandonment on her part of the object of her affection, but without effect, although stripes, and at times severe beatings, were resorted to. 'Oh, father,' she exclaimed one day, 'I cannot marry John Gilmour; I have nothing to say against him, but I do not love him; permit me to marry John Anderson, who I know is attached to me and I love him; and I will go on my knees and bless you. He and I can take the farm which is in a short time to be vacant, and my little sister can live with me, and we shall all be happy in each other's society. John Gilmour can find another girl who will love him and make him a good wife; but oh, father, I cannot—cannot—marry him.' The appeal was unheeded, and served but to make her situation worse, and she determined upon escape, to wander she knew not whither. Watching an opportunity she fled, but was soon pursued by her father and all the servants of his household. She took shelter in a thicket, where she remained for some time undiscovered, although her pursuers passed the spot where she lay, till her little favorite dog found out his mistress and came fondling upon her. This led to her detection, and she was taken back to the house and severely beaten. Finally, goaded almost to madness, or to what has been reclaimed in regard to her, 'insanity,' she gave a consent so far as the law required to a union with Gilmour, and after being bedecked in bridal robes, was brought as an ox to the slaughter, or a lamb to the sacrifice, from her place of confinement, and her destiny interwoven for life or death with that of John Gilmour. The parents had given them £1,000, or about \$5,000 each, making \$10,000 in all, and they were settled on the farm at Inchinnan, which became their property. In about five weeks from the marriage the unhappy husband, after a short illness, in which he experienced severe torture, perished. Circumstances came to light which afforded but too much ground for suspicion that he had been murdered, and that his unfortunate wife, but now, it is feared, guilty wife had caused his death. The subsequent events are known; she fled to this country in protection of a young man, and passing as his wife, but occupying distinct berths, and both assuming a fictitious name. Anderson is still living at Renfrewshire, and is said to be of good character. Christina declares that she did not murder her husband. If so, the prayer of all will be that God will permit her to pass in safety through the terrible ordeal which she will be called so soon to encounter.

Physical Education—Give Children Scope.
Woodward, the able Superintendent of the Worcester Lunatic Hospital, in his last report urges with strong arguments, the importance of a proper physical education—a subject which is too much neglected!
"There is undoubtedly an intimate connexion between education and insanity, especially between early training and that condition of the brain which is manifested in precocious mental development.
One of the great defects, both of nursery and school education, is the neglect of proper training of the bodily powers during childhood and youth.
Nature provides an excess of the principle of life, that all young animals may not only grow, but be active and frolicsome, so that the locomotive system may be healthy, strong, and well developed. Noise is also as useful as it is natural to children, because the lungs and other organs of respiration, cannot be rendered strong and vigorous without exercise any more than the muscles. An opposite system of management, now too prevalent, leaves the child effeminate and slender. But this is not the worst of the evil. If the child is deprived of exercise and kept at his studies too early or too long, the excess of the vital principle, which is produced for the purpose of giving activity and energy to the digestive and locomotive system, is expended upon the brain and nervous system, and they become too susceptible, or diseased. This course, if pursued, leads directly to precocity of intellect, or to a train of nervous diseases, such as epilepsy, chorea, spinal distortion, &c., which often mar the brightest intellect, or bring on insanity.
Next to neglect of the proper training of the locomotive system in producing physical imbecility and disease, is a pernicious system of dietetics, pampering the appetite with improper food, condiments and confectionery, inducing dyspepsy, the more inveterate because produced before the natural tone and vigor had been given to the stomach, when its susceptibility is greatest, and its power of endurance least. Then come the restraints of dress, which prevent the healthy and natural development of vital organs, before growth is completed, and impede the natural function of organs well formed, whose office is essential to life. All bandages upon the body are pernicious, even tight shoes will often produce headache, and tight cravats bring on apoplexy. Bandages on the chest are particularly injurious, as they impede respiration, one of the most important vital processes in the human system.
The chemical principle, of which respiration frees the blood at every round of its circulation, is a poison to the brain, that destroys life in drowning, strangulation, the inhalation of irrespirable gases of wells and caves, and from the fumes of burning charcoal in close rooms. Any impediment to the regular and constant inhalation of vital air impedes the expulsion of this principle, and it eventually goes to the brain, diminishing its energies, disturbing its functions, and tending directly to produce disease.
Such are briefly the foundations of innumerable evils laid in early life by ignorance or neglect of the natural laws of man. An inheritance accompanied with wealth and every thing to pamper and satiate, often fails to afford the happiness and substantial enjoyment which poverty secures with its daily toil, and the homely subsistence which stern necessity compels.
The evil, well understood, leads to the remedies which education must apply to counteract it. Firm and healthy bodies, brains, lungs, stomach, and moving powers must be first secured. Care must be taken that none of them be overtaxed.—The precocious and feeble must be taken from their books and put to active exercise; the robust and vigorous must be taken from cruel exercise and sports, and put to study and more placid employments, lest with vigor they become unfeeling and pugnacious.
Some of the mental faculties may need restraint, and others encouragement; active passions and propensities must be repressed, and all be kept under the guidance of the intellectual and moral powers.—Firmness and cheerfulness under trial and suffering should be daily cultivated, that the evils which cross our paths may be born when they cannot be avoided. In this way the ills of life may be endured without repining, the course of many diseases dried up at the fountain, and the cause of insanity be diminished both in number and severity."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—The Rochester Democrat gives a forcible illustration of this sentiment in the case of a lad who was "proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for his sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing \$30. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was fortunate in that it presented a doubt about using any of the money. His mother confirmed the good resolution—the packet book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the \$50 to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service; and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward.—To the mind, if not to the pocket."

POOR BUT RESPECTABLE.—Noticing the sudden death of a citizen of Franklin county, the editor of the State Journal says that he was "poor but respectable." Very singular, indeed, for a poor but respectable! How would it answer for the Journal to say, in noticing the death of a rich man, "rich but respectable! Alas for the cant of this aristocratic world.—"poor but respectable." "Rich and respectable."