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BY McKEE & ATKIN.

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## THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE DRAM-SHOP;

OR, THE POWER OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY JNO. MILLER McKEE.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear.—BURNS.  
I will seek him yet again: once more,  
And he may return, and the sweets of affection—  
The bliss of domestic peace, return  
To our miserable abode.—DUNNAN'S WIFE.

It was a very cold night in the dreary month of December. The rain had poured down in torrents from early dawn till late in the afternoon; when the clouds disappeared, and the feeble rays from the sun as he reclined on the horizon's verge, fell upon the already frozen earth, without any perceptible effect. The sun soon disappeared behind the western hills, and the shades of night gradually gathered around. Immediately after dark the weather became so intensely cold, as to prevent the usual bustle in the streets. The rude wind swept in heaving gusts along the deserted streets. Boreas had spread his tireless wings, and sped over the country with the velocity of lightning, and as the hoarse moanings of December's chilly blast fell upon the ear, the rich man piled high the blazing hearth, while the poor crept shivering round their last handful of expiring coals. Such was the evening our story has its date, and on which Mrs. Weldon and her five small children, might have been seen sitting around a very poor fire in an old dilapidated building, destitute of almost every vestige of comfort, situated in the suburbs of the village. The cold wind whistled through the decayed walls, and moaned piteously among the trees without, as though the very elements sympathized with the wretched condition of the inmates. This was the home of a drunkard!

In early life George Weldon was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. After he had served his apprenticeship, he removed to another village some fifty miles distant, and commenced business for himself. By unremitting industry and strict economy, he soon amassed considerable property, and was considered to be in a fair way to become wealthy at no distant day. He became acquainted with Miss Martha Donaldson, an amiable young lady, the only daughter of a widowed mother. A mutual attachment sprang up between them, which ripened into matrimony. Soon after their marriage Mrs. Donaldson died, leaving all her property to Mrs. Weldon, her only child.

Two years from the time they had plighted their vows at the altar rolled away and fortune poured her glittering treasures upon the happy couple. George Weldon had one weak point—he could not resist the entreaties and insinuating flatteries of those whom he believed to be his friends. This fact became known to some of that class who usually loiter about houses where intoxicating liquors are kept, and get what they drink at the expense of others. By dint of persuasion, Weldon was prevailed on by some of his pretended friends, to accompany them to a public house, at which liquor was kept only as "refreshments," under pretence that a gentleman would be there that night who wished to make a trade with him. After they had been there some time a game of cards for amusement was proposed, in which Weldon was induced to participate, and which was renewed, when one of the company called for something to drink. The tempting cup was first placed before Weldon, with a request that he would drink the health of the company. He pushed the shining goblet away and politely begged to be excused, at the same time remarking that he did not drink any kind of intoxicating liquors.

"Come, come, good friend," said the one who called for the liquor, "you must drink the health of the company one time."  
"My dear sir," replied Weldon, "I have drunk none for ten years, and would you now have me become a victim to the seductive poison?"

"There is no danger—none at all—just one drink," said three or four of the company at once.

"But there is danger, and I know it," said Weldon.

The solicitation was renewed by one who had ever pretended to be Weldon's warmest friend. His resolution wavered, and extending his hand he received the cup and swallowed its contents. Again he was requested to drink, and he drank more freely than the first time. Again and again was the potation renewed.—That night George Weldon went home intoxicated for the first time in his life.

How seductive is vice! Once entangled in its meshes, the victim rushes on to his final ruin. So it was with George Weldon. From the night we have just spoken of he was an undone man. He was a drunkard! He visited the dram-shop daily, and at night would return home to his suffering family beastly intoxicated. His fortune took to itself wings and flew away, and in a very short period he was reduced to the most abject poverty. Although he had an amiable wife and five beautiful children, he seemed to be unconscious of the fact, for he made no provision whatever for their support—what little he earned, which grew less every day, was squandered for rum. He soon became a burden to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society; in short, he was one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever measured his length in a gutter. Misery, utter destitution and famine, stared his unhappy family in the face. Thus things moved on, getting worse if possible, for five long years.—This is no exaggerated picture. It is stern reality.

Martha Weldon was the wife of a drunkard! What a spell to memory are the very words—the drunkard's wife! What associations do they call up of harshness and neglect, which many an unfortunate woman has borne with a meekness and pensive cheerfulness characteristic only of the female heart! It is said that the feeblest worm will turn and sting the foot that rudely crushes it in the earth, but not so with woman. Silently she submits, and becomes the uncomplaining recipient of the harshest cruelty from the unkind destroyer of all her early hopes. The man upon whom she lavished the fond affections of her young heart, may doff the nobility of his creation and become the slave of a vicious and debased appetite—he may become a hiss and a by-word, and the associate of the mean and the vile—he may madly plunge into the lowest depths of vice, and treat her with cold indifference, yet she forsakes him not—patiently she bears all, and not a murmur is heard to escape her lips. And when he who won her virgin heart, strays from the path of rectitude, she endeavors by entreaty and persuasion to woo him back again. The drunkard may treat his wife with brutality, yet she clings to him, and by her remonstrance and kindness seems to be a guardian angel, who would at least retard, if she could not wholly arrest him in his downward career to hopeless ruin and infamy—she loved him in early life, and truly she loves him on to the last.

"Oh! can earth afford such a miracle  
Of imperishable constancy?"  
Go with us to that skeleton of a house which looked so tidy before its owner became intemperate. Was misery ever more perfectly personified than in his wife, whom you see sitting by the window? Care has stamped upon her features the lineaments of premature age.

"On her young cheek  
There is a cankering grief, and the pale trace  
Of beauty's rose-bud nipped."

The history of that broken-hearted woman has been told. Every effort to prevent the fury of the impending storm proved ineffectual. Weldon continued a regular visitor of the dram-shop, and often the midnight hour found him grasping the intoxicating bowl and lengthening out the bacchanalian revel. Twelve o'clock—the solemn noon of night, when nature slumbers in the "sweet repose oblivion gives," and all had sought the peaceful couch and sunk into forgetfulness, often found the wife of this besotted drunkard toiling in some menial drudgery, in order to procure the necessities of life for herself and children. What we here sketch is the sad history of thousands. Yet the tender affection of the drunkard's wife, twine closely around the scathed and fallen being to whom her youthful vows were plighted, in all the confidence and devotion of woman's love.

"But grief hath drunk joy's spring,  
And left its fountain dry;  
Each tone is sad—pleasure no more  
Lights her once brilliant eye!"

The wreath that bound her auburn brow,  
With tendrils fresh and green,  
Now droops upon her sunken cheek  
Its blighted, withered shewn."

Mrs. Weldon was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her husband affectionately, and had borne his neglect and drunken railings, the tears of her children, and the gripe of famine, without once repining. She summoned every energy to meet the circumstances which attended her. Never had her exertions to support her family slackened, nor had a harsh word in relation to the course of her drunken husband, ever escaped her lips.

It is said there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and Mrs. Weldon had near reached that point, when, on the night referred to in the commencement of our narrative, she resolved upon one last, desperate effort. Having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps towards the dram-shop her husband was accustomed to frequent. When she reached the place she looked in at the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth, and a glass of liquor in his hand. She went in and found that he was not yet drunk, though he "felt his liquor." Imagination can scarcely conceive the astonishment of the assembled crowd, and the confusion of George Weldon, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted children, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy-toddy, and seated herself by the side of her husband.

"What on earth brought you here, Martha?" enquired Weldon, in a morose tone.

"It is so very lonesome at home," replied the meek wife, "and your business seldom allows you to be there. There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I have resolved to go to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows, and wherever you be, there must I and my children be also."

"But this is not a proper place for a woman," expostulated Weldon.

"Certainly a place where my husband is a constant visitor, cannot be improper for me," said Martha, and she took up a glass of the liquor she had ordered when she came in.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" said Weldon, very much astonished.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Weldon.

"You say that you drink to forget sorrow," she continued, "and if brandy can produce an effect so desirable as that, I am sure no person living has a better excuse for drinking than I have. Besides, I have not ate a mouthful to-day, and need something to revive my strength," and taking up another glass she handed one to each of the children.

"Martha, Martha, you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Weldon.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Weldon.

"Children," she continued, "ought to have the best of examples set by their father, and you drink it, and say it is good for you, and it certainly must be for them. Drink my children, you see how much good it does your father; it will put you to sleep, and you will forget that you are hungry and cold."

"But they must not drink it," said Weldon; "it will injure them," and rising to his feet, he took the liquor from them and set it away.

Weldon now began to realize his situation. He never did see himself so plainly before, and he resolved in his own mind, to pursue a different course for the future. He proposed to his wife that they should go home, which she readily consented to.—When they reached their miserable abode Weldon said to her,

"Martha, this night I have resolved that I will not drink any kind of intoxicating liquors again while I live."

"If you faithfully adhere to this resolution," said Mrs. Weldon, "I shall be the happiest of women."

"If God give me strength to do it, I will," said Weldon.

That night Weldon prayed long and fervently, that he might be enabled to resist all temptation, and strictly adhere to his pledge. As he was returning home the next evening from his work, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him say, "Mother, yonder comes father, and he is sober!" Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, as he thought of the wretched condition of his family—how he had spent their living for that which done him no good at all.—When he went in, he

seated himself by the fire, and called his children around him and said,

"My children, you shall never want again,—your father will not come home drunk any more."

What a lesson is taught in this simple narrative to the ladies! What an amount of good may they accomplish by their benevolent exertions! Here was a man lost to all sense of shame, who had been an abandoned drunkard for years, and who would have unceremoniously poured the thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it of its contents by the exploding voice of Vesuvius, that was reclaimed from his degrading propensity, not by the temperance society or any other society, but by that which is stronger than all pledges—WOMAN'S LOVE. What a theme for the moralist to dwell upon! A man with whom the logical reasonings of the temperate could avail nothing, and around whose path the admonitory warnings of the divine law fell as the rain—unheeded, reclaimed from a moral death by woman's love!

Three years have rolled away since the night Mrs. Weldon visited the dram-shop, and not one drop of intoxicating liquor has passed George Weldon's lips. As soon as he reformed friends, employment, and prosperity returned to him, and he is now in a fair way to retrieve his lost fortune. As for Mrs. Weldon she is "the happiest of the happy," and ever thinks with pride of her FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE DRAM-SHOP.

For the Highland Messenger.

## A Visit to Mount Pisgah.

An excursion from Asheville to the eminence so well known throughout this region by the name of Pisgah had long been projected, and was at length fixed for Wednesday, 11th October. The company consisted of five young ladies, some of whom were now for the first time attempting a long ride on horseback, seven gentlemen, and two lads, with a servant who drove a small wagon containing the necessary baggage. We set out at 9 A. M., and crossing the French Broad at Mr. Smith's Bridge, we passed the Sulphur Spring on our way, forded Hominy Creek and its southern branches, and arrived at Mr. Davis', fifteen miles from Asheville, at 2 P. M., the road being unusually good all the way. The party was under the general direction of Mr. J. W. Patton, whose knowledge of the mountains and of the inhabitants of the whole region qualified him well for the task.

Having engaged Mr. Davis to act as our guide, we went on, expecting him to follow us as soon as he could prepare himself for the business, knowing that he could overtake us by the time we had baited our horses and removed our baggage from the wagon, in readiness for the ascent. But within a short distance from his house we took a wrong road, and did not learn our mistake till we had travelled nearly three miles. Turning back, we soon met our obliging conductor, who had followed our track in order to set us right. By this error we added six tedious miles to our day's ride, and the loss of time made us uncomfortably late in reaching our camping ground.

About two miles from Mr. D.'s we deposited the wagon and a light carriage, in which one of the ladies had gone so far, and taking up, some one article and some another, while the tent furniture was placed on the back of the mule that had drawn the wagon, we commenced the ascent.—The ridge we climbed was steep and rather thickly wooded, for a great part of the way. The footpath, (for it was no more) was winding, rugged, and greatly obstructed by trees, brush, logs, and roots, while the rocks were as far as possible from forming a convenient pavement or safe and easy footing for the horses. Sometimes we moved on the edge of a precipice, and sometimes over a slippery slope, where the horses could scarce keep their feet, or the saddles be kept on their backs. Inexperienced as some of the party were, and little idea as they had had of the difficulties of the ascent, they went on with courage and spirit, and at length began to obtain glimpses of the surrounding country. We were admonished, however, by the declining sun not to spend much time in the enjoyment of these partial views.

About sunset we crossed the summit of Little Pisgah, which, though but a stepping stone to Pisgah proper, is itself a high mountain. To effect this we had climbed steadily four or five miles of the roughest and steepest ground one can go over on horseback. And here, had time permitted, we should have gladly lingered to enjoy the view. We could not help stealing a glance at the distant mountain tops, now tinged with purple and gold by the rays of the departing sun, and the wide spread prospect of ridges and valleys just sinking into the dimness and stillness of twilight, and outed here and there with little clearings from the edges of which the smoke of many evening fires was rising.

The cows were our quarters for the night were to be found, lies between Little Pisgah and the principal eminence.—Into this we now descended, and soon built a

fire, stripped our horses, and unpacked our baggage by a sparkling fire, whose cold waters were peculiarly refreshing to us who had performed the whole toilsome ascent without finding a single spring or branch on the way. A tent cloth was stretched on poles in front of the fire, and coffee prepared in mountain style by one of the gentlemen expressly appointed to do that duty. This, added to the supply of cold victuals we had brought with us, made a very comfortable supper, and we were favored after our meal with some sweet music on the Accordion, upon which echo, in response, gave us a tuneful welcome to her secluded abode.

By 10 o'clock all was silent in our camp. Our fire blazed away, while some of us snuggled into repose, and others lay admiring the bright moon that shone upon us, too much excited by the novelty of the scene to sleep, or started occasionally at the approaching tread of some loose horse. At 5 A. M. next morning, we were again in motion, by moonlight, in order to reach the summit in time to behold the rising of the sun. The path—where there was a path—was for the most part unobstructed by trees or rocks, but steep and winding. The higher portion of Pisgah presents no vegetation but grass, mosses, and low shrubs, so that the view is open on all sides.

We found the summit of the immense cone or rather hemisphere which forms the higher portion of the mountain, to consist of a peak so small as to afford very little more room than our party of fourteen persons, with seven horses, could occupy, while standing pretty close together. The distance from our camp was estimated to be a mile, and we accomplished the ascent in very good season, and hoisted a white flag, which was discernible with a telescope at the Sulphur Spring, more than 12 miles off. The air, though cool, was not unpleasant, and we took our stations awaiting the magnificent spectacle we had come to witness, and watching the beautiful tints which marked the portion of the sky where the sun was to make his appearance. In a few minutes he rose, slightly veiled by a cloud, which, while it softened the splendor that otherwise would have been overpowering, surrounded his orb with drapery more rich and gorgeous than art or imagination ever painted. With admiration and delight we now beheld the glorious panorama that was displayed to our view.

On the Black Mountains in the east rested a dense vapor that had their utmost height, and farther north we could see but indistinctly the high ranges in the extreme verge of the horizon. The mountains of Tennessee, north-west and west, were at first as dark as night, but as the dawn advanced were lighted up with rosy and purplish hues, and seemed to rise into the sky. On the south we had a very clear view of Tryon and Hogback Mountains in South Carolina. Such was the border of the grand picture we were contemplating.

Immediately beneath us was an immense cluster of mountains, a few of whose tops were bald, but most of them clothed with thick forests; indeed, a hasty observer would at first almost suppose there was nothing visible but mountains and mist, which, spread in silvery sheets over all the valleys of the Swannano, French Broad, and other streams, gave a large portion of the country the appearance of being covered with snow, and completely hid Asheville and other points of interest. Finally, as the day brightened and the vapors rose we could trace the streams and discover the tiny clearings and the diminutive herds of men, detected most easily by the smoke of their early fires. On some of the water courses we could descry the adjoining farms of the denser settlements, and this was particularly the case with Hominy creek, the whole valley of which was extended to our feet.

A gun was fired by our guide to afford us a test of the rarity of the air in this lofty spot. The report was very feebly heard, and seemed to be scarcely noticed by our horses at a few yards distance from Mr. D. But another experiment proved that though the intensity of sound is greatly diminished by the rarity of the atmosphere, its conveyance is not at all impeded. One of the gentlemen called out to the servant left in the camp and an answer was duly returned. This experiment served also to show the time which is occupied in the transmission of sound, for long after some of the party had pronounced that Felix could not have heard the question the answer rose distinctly to our ears.

Having spent as much time as we wished on the summit, we commenced our return to camp, when we had been informed by the servant that breakfast was ready.—Great caution was necessary in going down, especially on horseback; most of us prudently preferred trusting our own feet and hands. The descent, however, was safely accomplished, and much quicker than the ascent. All being refreshed by a hearty breakfast and an hour's rest, the ladies finished their toilet as well as they could, finding amusement in their very privations; and then packing up our baggage, we saddled our horses, broke up our camp, and at the word of command set out on our return. A moderate ride brought us back to the top of Little Pisgah, from which the eastern view was nearly as extensive as from Pisgah itself, and much more interesting, for the mists being dispersed, we could now distinctly see Asheville and other places embraced in the wide prospect before us.

The most dangerous, and not the least

laborious part of our journey now followed—the long and steep descent of Little Pisgah. To keep the saddle and rider on the back of a horse on such a slope, and that so much obstructed, is by no means easy, and hence some of thought it best to walk down. The labor, though considerable, was at length completed, and we had only to replace our baggage in the wagon, refresh ourselves and our horses at our guide's, and then return to Asheville. We reached here in safety by sunset of the second day.

No accident worth mentioning had occurred to mar our enjoyment, notwithstanding our many hair-breadth escapes and some little mishaps that served even to add to our amusement. Much social pleasure and rich instruction was afforded by this delightful excursion.

The whole distance from Asheville to the top of Pisgah we found to be twenty-two or three miles. We saw no wild animals and of course obtained no game, though when on the summit we saw hawks on their flight. We discovered no new minerals and recognised no new plants—it was not indeed the most favorable time of year to examine the latter, nor was there a scientific botanist in the party. It is cause for wonder that more of the abundant leisure enjoyed by many residents or visitors of these regions is not spent in similar excursions, which would amply repay them for their toil and trouble. The advantages to be thus derived are manifold: a new impulse is given to life, new elasticity to the spirits, and new vigor to the mind; the social affections are exercised, and new views obtained of the works and attributes of the Creator. The grand and the beautiful are exhibited in rich variety, and insensible indeed must be the soul that is not often lost in admiration and awe, and often kindled into rapture and praise while He who poured out the rivers and built the mountains, and spread out the firmament presents Himself in the scenes of nature and invites him to join in the anthem of the universe—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!  
"Almighty! thine this universal frame."  
"Unspensable!—thine how wondrous thou!"

## Young Men.

Young men! God in his Providence has given you your birth and education in a great and growing Republic; in a land won and defended by the hardy virtues of a noble and self-denying ancestry, committed to your charge, and to be made the fount of true Freedom, religious, political and moral. It is yours to make this the first of heads, in literature and science, religion and philosophy, art and industry. It is yours to instruct and inspire your countrymen in the great work of achieving true and enduring national glory and prosperity. It is for this that you have had advantages of education, means of enlarging and cultivating your minds, which have been denied to many of your brethren. Be faithful, I entreat, you have had advantages of education, means of enlarging and cultivating your minds, which have been denied to many of your brethren. Be faithful, I entreat you in the name of God and of humanity, be faithful to your mission—acquit your duty like men. Feel that you are under a vow, consecrated from your cradles to be prophets and priests of your race.

Remember, young men, that it is not for your advantage, your own pleasure, that you are educated, are to live. Beware how you are to imitate this false notion. Your profession as scholars has fallen into disrepute, and colleges and universities are regarded among us with no friendly eye, for it has been felt, that young men are educated, not that they may the better serve the people, but the more easily, and in a more respectable way, get their living out of the people. Redeem the sacred character of the scholar, I beseech you, from this reproach, by devoting yourselves, heart and soul, to the progress of your race; to the moral, intellectual, and social elevation of men, especially of the poorer and more numerous classes. In so doing you will magnify your profession as scholars, fulfill your mission, do honor to your country, and receive the approbation of your God.—*Brownson's Address.*

CURIOUS FACTS.—Two curious philosophical facts are stated on the authority of the foreman of the Ropewalk in the Navy Yard at Charleston. One is, that if you heat tar, such as they use for their cables, 100 degrees above boiling heat you may dip your hands in it with the greatest impunity, and they are in the constant habit of doing so. The other is, that the leather straps coming from the engine and working the machinery are highly charged with electricity. By standing upon a non-conducting body, and holding the fingers over the straps pretty close, you become charged with the electric fluid, and can give out sparks as from the electrifying machine.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—The following record of events in the life of the Emperor is to be inscribed on the sacle of his tomb at the Invalides:

Born on the 15th of August, 1769; captain of a squadron of artillery at the siege of Toulon in 1793, at the age of 24; commander of artillery, in Italy, in 1794, at 25; general in chief of the army in Italy, in 1796, at 27; general in chief of the expedition of Egypt, in 1798, at 29; first consul, in 1799, 31; emperor for life after the battle of Marengo in 1800, at 32; emperor of the French, in 1804, at 35; abdicated the throne after the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, at 46; died in exile at St. Helena, May 5, 1821 at 52.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is trouble, some, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.—Anon.