Highland Messenger.

A Weekly Family Newspaper: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Temperance, Education, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV—NO. 17. ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1843. WHOLE NO. 173.

BY McKEE & ATKIN.

TERMS:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of twelve lines or less, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent extra.

Temperance.

YOUNG MEN.

BY JNO. MILLER M'KEE.

"Woman," says some writer, "is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower." Young men are peculiarly exposed to the evils of intemperance. The foundations of drunkenness are laid, we doubt not, in nine cases out of ten, when the bright freshness of youth blooms upon the cheek. The red wine brightens alluringly in the goblet, and the unsuspecting youth sips the poisonous draught. Hapless young man, he is forming habits that may perchance go down with him to his grave. If he be skeptical as to the result of the course he is persuing, the shadowy illusions of safety come with a soothing unction to his mind, and all doubts are drowned in the sparkling cup; but anon there steals to him the wormwood dregs of bitter regret, and the clouds which obscure the bright sunshine of hope, spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, and create unutterable forebodings of the mysterious future. This is no ideal picture, the world is rife with such scenes, that tell of the afflictions which are summoned up like clouds around the devious pathway of the blasphemous drunkard.

On the coast of Norway there is an immense whirlpool, which the natives call the maelstroom—meaning the naval, or centre of the sea. In the midst of this circular movement of the waters stands a rock, against which the tide in its ebb, dashes with inconceivable velocity, and every thing that comes within the reach of its violence is there swallowed up. No skill or strength of rowing can work an escape when once drawn within its sphere. The storm-beaten mariner at the helm finds the ship go into a current opposite his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow at first, becomes more rapid every moment; it goes round in circles which become more narrow, till at last it is dashed against the rock, and entirely disappears forever. And thus it fares with the thoughtless youth who places himself within the power of intemperance. At first he indulges with cautious timidity, and struggles against the current of vicious inclination. Every time he satiates the cravings of an unnatural appetite, he is carried still farther down the stream of intemperance, the violence of which increases and brings him still nearer the vortex of ruin, till at length, stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, exclaiming "I know I am a ruined man, but I cannot stop," and goes on until he makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

Intemperance bids the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes, and the fondest visions of earth are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity of the revelling god. How many families have been deprived of their brightest ornaments by this one self-inflicted evil, those, too, who bid fair to become useful citizens of society, and bright stars in the galaxy of eminent men? Those whose career in early life gained for them the admiration and esteem of a whole acquaintance, have been crushed beneath the iron wheel of intemperance. Young man, beware of this vice, for its fatal grasp is more powerful than the serpents of Laocoon. Let us whisper in your ear this one saving motto —*touch not, taste not any thing that can intoxicate*, for if you pursue a different course, you take upon yourself a burthen more wearisome than the stone of Sysiphus.

The desolating tide of intemperance has swept over our country for years, burying beneath its dark and turbid waters, millions of our fellow beings. But, happily for mankind, a brighter day has dawned. The ravages of the fell destroyer have been partially stayed. And now an appeal is made to all, and more especially to the young, that might penetrate even hearts of stone, to make an unparalleled, untiring exertion to propagate the glorious temperance reformation. The present generation have it in their power to confer upon the country, and upon the human family, such blessings as will secure for themselves the praise of millions yet unborn. It becomes parents, and teachers, and all who have the management of youth, to ponder deeply the responsibility of their situation, as it respects the interests of this great cruse. It is impossible to say how much is depending upon the direction which is now given, on this subject, to the minds of those who are to assume the important stations now occupied by men that, in the course of nature, must soon quit the stage of action. Should these, for time to come, be in favor of total abstinence, the result will be auspicious, beyond the power of present calculation. The views and prepossessions of early life are not easily lost. Then let it every where be deeply impressed upon the minds of the rising generation, that the wants of the human family in this particular, are pressing and great; and that it is their duty to lend a helping-hand to effect the amelioration of so large a portion of their fellow-men; let them from the commencement of their rational existence, be taught to think much of the condition of the drunkard, to commiserate his wretchedness, and to make frequent sacrifices for his benefit; and withall, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks themselves, and who can tell what revolutions may be affected, in the moral and religious state of mankind, within the course of another century?

Young men, you have with much propriety been denominated the flower of the country—the hope of the land. On you the instructions of the Bible fall as the rain and distil as the dew; on your path it pours its purest light; to you it extends its sweetest promises; and by every motive of kindnes and entreaty, of invitation and warning, seeks to form you for duty and happiness, for holiness and God.—You may be unaware of the powerful influence you exert upon the destinies of a nation. Be assured that it is unbounded. When Catiline attempted to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by corrupting the young men of the city, and preparing them for deeds of daring crime. In this he acted with keen discernment upon what constitutes the strength and safety of a nation—the morality of its youth. While our young men are preserved from the corrupting influence of intemperance, and come forward with good morals, to act their respective parts in the busy affairs of men, the foundations of social order and happiness are secure; and the beacon which now rises in this mighty republic, as as a pillar of fire, a sign and a wonder to the world, will never grow dim. Your influence, young men, is like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the strength you contribute to produce. Young man, if you drink intoxicating liquors, it matters not how moderately, you are in danger of contracting the habit of intemperance. Unless you adopt the practice of total abstinence, you may fill a drunkard's grave. You have the moulding of your own destiny; it is plastic beneath your hands; the impress of youth will be its shape in age, and as you stamp it now so will it remain forever.

The murder of Tutor Dwight.

The New Haven Fountain, after narrating the circumstances of the murder of Tutor Dwight, of Yale College, by young Fassett, one of the students, remarks:

"It has been said by those who profess to know, and indeed it was hinted by Prof. Fitch, in his discourse at the funeral of Mr. Dwight, that the exciting cause of the riotous conduct, which resulted in this melancholy death of a valuable and beloved officer of the College, was *strong drink, obtained at a grog-shop in the neighborhood.* Here then is another addition to the fearful catalogue of crimes committed under the influence of the accursed poison, alcohol. Two amiable families are clad in mourning —many fond hearts are wrung with anguish—the whole community is caused to shudder and stand horror-stricken at the result of this pernicious habit of drinking the intoxicating draught.

"What must be the reflections of the man who sold the liquor that caused all this misery, we leave for the reader to imagine. If he has the *soul of a man*, can he longer continue to deal out the accursed liquid, which nerves the arm of the rowdy and the assassin to the performance of deeds of riot and blood?"

It is said that the last rum drinker in South Berwick, Me., has signed the total abstinence pledge! What town comes next?

Suicide of an Officer of the United States Navy.

But a few days have elapsed since we had to discharge the mounful duty of commenting upon the murder of a harmless scholar in the quiet halls of his college, by a student, under the influence of *wine.* And we are now required to detail the suicide of a *Lieutenant* in the Navy of the United States, from the same pernicious influence—the maddening effects of the *wine cup!* Lieut. G. C. Wyche, who committed self-slaughter in the Tolbooth of Boston, on Tuesday night, after having recovered from a fit of intoxication, during which he was denied the sympathies of humanity, and repulsed by all as an alien to the form and image of God!

It is upon such occasions as this, when we behold a brave, and noble, and chivalrous man, cut down in his prime by the ruthless power of the *wine fiend*, that we pause with awe and amazement at the infatuation of those who still advocate, encourage and tolerate *intoxication upon wine*, or, what amounts to the same thing, *wine drinking.* Some will vindicate their conduct by saying, "Yes, but we only encourage it to a *temperate degree.*" But who ever heard of *temperate wine drinkers!*—Who ever knew one glass quaffed off to the "Rosy God"—by which men mean the *God of Madness*—but they call out, "Come, another glass!—one more glass only!" Then the bottle is empty, and they call for "another bottle"—*only one more bottle!* Well, that too is drained, and they call for another, and another, and another, till the poor victim reels like a top, raves like a madman, and is spurned like a beast!—Such is the true process of *wine drinking*, and yet we find it has advocates even in the forum, the pulpit, the bench, and the hall of legislation.

The Navy of the United States is boasted of as the school of chivalry. It is the right arm of the nation. It covets an unsullied honor. How can it obtain it while the *wine cup* is flourished by its officers? What an occasion is presented here for *national reform!* What a glorious occasion to display the virtue of the *Roman censor*, by our President, *John Tyler!* How many millions of lips would bless his name, should he now declare himself an *enemy of wine drinking!* The lips of mothers, sisters, orphans, babes, all moist with tears of mingled joy, sorrow, and gratitude, would bless him! What a chance for a virtuous immortality is here presented!

Behold the fruit of *wine drinking*—the Suicide's Grave!—*The Sun.*

Truly Eloquent.

Washingtonianism has given birth to as brilliant specimens of true elequence as heart could desire. Witness the following touching appeal to the young men, made by an aged man at a recent temperance jubilee at Newmarket, N. H.:

"I have come twelve miles to attend this meeting; yet I do not value my time—I feel rewarded by what I see around me. My friends I have seen more of the world than most of you. I have trod the streets of proud London, and the winds of distant Iodia have fanned these furrowed cheeks of mine. My keel has been upon every sea, and my name upon many a tongue. Heaven blessed me with one of the best wives—and my children—oh, why should I speak of them! My home was once a paradise. But I bowed, like a brute, to the killing cup—my eldest son tore himself from his degraded father, and has never returned. My young heart's idol—my beloved and suffering wife—has gone heart broken to the grave. And my lovely daughter, whose image I seem to see in the beautiful around me—once my pride and my hope—pined away in sorrow and mourning because her father was a drunkard, and now sleeps by her mother's side. But I still live to tell the history of my shame, and the ruin of my family. I still live—and stand here before you to offer up my heart's fervent gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that I have been snatched from the brink of the drunkard's grave. And while I live, I shall struggle to restore my wandering brethern again to the bosom of society. This form of mine is wasting and bending under the weight of years. But, my young friends, you are just blooming into life; the places of your fathers and mothers will soon be vacant. See that you come up to fill them with pure hearts and annointed lips! Bind the blessed pledge firmly to your hearts; and be it the Shiboleth of lif's warfare!"

Working for a living.—We find the following excellent article in the 'Offering' edited by the factory girls in Lowell. It breathes the right spirit, and every mother and daughter, father and son should read it:

"From whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon female character to labor, and who was the first to say smeeringly, 'Oh! she works for a living!' Surely, such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil. The time has been when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment. Homor tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the linen of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulyses, after the seige of Troy, employed herself in weaving until her husband returned from Ithica.'

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

ON THE DAYS OF AUTUMN.

O, there's a charm in mild autumnal days!
Though Nature droops and silently decays;
Yet, christian like, she calmly yields her bloom,
And smiles before the universal tomb.—Anon.

My dear friends—When I preach metaphorically, figuratively or parabolically, you mus'nt take me just as I say, but just as I mean. Don't pervert my meaning ever, and get things wrong end about, as an old rum drinker did once, when he wanted to say, over a resolution to drink nothing but wine, "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," and said, "the flesh is willing but the *spirit is weak.*" So pull the cotton out of your ears, and harken unto my words. We all know, my friends, that the silk-worm lays its eggs and dies; and so it is with Nature—she, also, drops her ovaries upon the ground, and crawls into her annual sepulchre. She is now expiring upon her autumnal couch, and her faded wardrobe lies scattered about in every room, closet and corner of the universe. Her summer glories are fading fast away, but she goes smiling down to the grave, and blushes at the approach of the bridegroom, death, as a young and beautiful bride blushes before the hymenial altar, and over the tomb of her past virgin delights. Ere she breathes her last, the pine, the hemlock, the mountain fir and the laurel, shall twine together, and crown her withered brow with an evergreen wreath, which shall flourish through the long gloom of winter, like the bays of faith, which the christian wears, untouched and untouchable by the hoar frosts of time. Not long ago the infant flowers sucked at the breast of spring and quietly snoozed in their mossy cradles, fanned by the balmiest of breezes; then summer comes—dresses them in frocks of deeper green—nurtures them, like a kind mother, beneath her fostering care, and sees them arrive at maturity; but where are they now? They are dying of age and the yellow jaundice—they have lived their appointed time, which is, in common with that of the human tribe, just long enough to progagate their species. Yes, my friends, the rose has cohabited with the rose—the male and female pumkin blossoms have slept together beneath the same leaf—yea, every little flower has accomplished the great aim of its existence, and is now going the way of all vegetables. There is a moral to this, and I want you to reflect upon it, for you are reasoning, if not a reasonable set, and can pick out the few grains of wheat from the chaff of my discourse, just as well as to have me to do it for you; but don't be *too* smart. I detest egotism and vanity, as a cat does a wet floor. I know there are some vain fools in this world, who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot bed of pride a sickly brood of furzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity, with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people—and my antipathies are bound together with iron hoops—they cant be broken. Oh! that July thunder would loan me its lungs in order that I might proclaim to the world how I despise a man whose boiler is so over strained with the steam of self-conceit that his superiors in mind and intellect must give way before the everlasting clangor of his wordy trip-hammer! O! that I had the wizard power to straddle a broom-stick, and ride from Patagonia to the butt-end of Time, to blast the fair prospects of his posterity, and—stop! I'll take that back before you swallow it—it's a little too savage; at any rate, I don't like such a man—enough said. But I find I am running off the track of my text.

My dear friends! there is a charm in the mild days of autumn that tranquilizes my old soul and mellows the heart down to the substance of a fall pippin! These days are fast gathering around us. Soon the glorious Indian summer will come, with breathless silence, to set the house of nature in order, for she shall die and not live. Then, angels of mildness shall wave their blue handkerchiefs from the lower balconies of heaven, while the versicolored mountains, like dying dolphins, are mingling their crimson, yellow, and purple with the russet of rocks. Then the partridge shall drum for joy upon his favorite log—the rabbit skip and dance upon the faded carpet of the grove—the little squirrel shell his nuts in contentment upon the hickory bough, and every creature rejoice that Providence deigns to favor it with a few glorious days of grace to prepare them for the long gloom of winter. Oh! the mildest day of autumn seems to coax heaven itself down to implant a rapturous kiss on the blushing cheek of earth, and send a thrill of ecstacy through the heart of the universe! My friends—Pomona has brought aprons full of her choicest apples and emptied them upon the old woman's fruit tables at the corners of the streets; the more crabby ones she grinds up to make hard cider for the whigs; the sickle of Ceres has been put to the golden grain; bottle-nosed Bacchus sits loafing by the way side, feasting on grapes and wine, and nature's table is loaded down with the rarest of luxuries. To-morrow the festival will be over; the leaves, stems and scattered fragments will be strewn over the fields in the wildest confusion—but they wont lie there long. No, Boreas, with his zephyr broom, will sweep them all into the corners of the fences, and keep on sweeping till the white napkin of winter is spread for the season.

My friends—when you see the verdure of the trees all fading, just think how soon your cabbage heads will wilt and decay beneath the autumnal frosts of age. Look at my flaxen capsule and calculate accordingly. When you see the leaves falling to the ground, one after another, dead as a door latch, think, I beseech you, upon the frailty of human life, and live as though you expected death to knock at the door of your miserable hovels every moment. When you behold the peace, the loveliness the glory with which autumn expires, just say to yourselves: Thus is the last hour of the good man encircled with hope, while the golden rays of happiness shine through the windows of eternity, and a sweet voice whispers in his soul's ear, that the morning of immortality has dawned, and breafast is ready. So mote it be.

From Graham's Magazine.

Cottage Piety.

BY JEREMIAH SHORT.

"Early had they learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die."
Wordsworth.

There is no piety like that in our cottages. Go through the land from one end to the other—enter, if you will, at every door you pass—seek out the dying in the lordly hall, and the lowly dwelling—and you will find that the humble tenants of the humblest roof, are often the most acceptable in the eyes of their Maker, and that, in the words of Holy Writ, 'not many wise, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.' And there is a philosophy in this. The rich have wherewithal to enjoy themselves in this life, and what care they for the world to come? but the poor find no peace from toil on earth, and gladly hail the message which bids them to a better and happier world, 'where the weary are at rest.' Then, too, the Sabbath of the cottager! They who live in cities, or dwell in stately palaces in the country, have no idea of the soothing calm of this day, to the poor man. All through the weary week, in summer or in winter, amid cold, and rain, and heat, he is compelled to toil for the scanty pittance which barely keeps his wife and little ones alive—and when the Sabbath morning comes, and he sees all so tidy about him, while the sun smiles pleasantly through the casement, and there is an eloquent stillness on all without, a feeling of freedom and of untold peace, comes stealing over his soul, such as those who have never shared his toils cannot imagine. If he has a heart, it is melted into gratitude. If he is a godly man—and do not those very things purify his heart insensibly?—he will call his little ones around him, and together, they will lift up their thanksgivings for the blessings of another week. Oh! how often—in some old country house, far, far away from the crimes and the cares of the town—have we listened to the morning hymn, sweetly rising on the air, and seeming to go up to heaven all the sweeter for the songs of birds and the murmur of the stream, with which it mingled. Yes! we love

"The sound of hymns
On some bright Sabbath morning, on the mood
Where all is still save praise: and where hard by
The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun:
The fresh green grass, the sun and sunny brook,
All look as if they knew the day, the hour,
And felt with man the meed of joy and thanks."

Yonder is a cottage, down in the glen. If you will come and stand with us beside the casement you can just see the white walls of that humble home smiling through the embowering foliage. There live a daughter and her parents, and if you would see piety, go into that cottage. Shall I tell you how their Sunday is spent? It will be a lesson to you all.

When breakfast is over, the little family, attired in their best, set forth to church, the daughter walking betwixt her aged parents, and kindly supporting their steps, while every thing around them soothes their hearts for the duties of the day. It is a September morning, and all nature is filled with harmony. Not a leaf that rustles on the air, nor a brook that babbles by, nor a bird that whistles in the wood, nor the voice of a child singing from the overflowing gladness of its heart, but is sweeter to their ear, and more soothing to their souls than the music of a Garcia. And when they reach the old church how every one will make room for them! And so, after service, will they return home.

And in the afternoon, they will gather around the little table, beneath the open casement, through which floated gently the hum of bees and the fragrance of flowers, and there they will listen to the word of God, as their daughter reads aloud. There is such a quiet, a soft dreamy quiet around, that it soothes them insensibly to a holy calm. The very clock seems to tick less audibly; the cat is purring in the lowest tone; the bird, from its cage, looks silently down; the sunbeams fall hushed on the clean bright floor; and the rose leaves by the window, that now and then float to the ground, strike with a low faint sound on the earth, like the footfall of a fairy at moonlight.

Every word of that sacred volume the listeners drink eagerly, for they are 'athirst for the waters of life!' Aye, they drink it in the more eagerly because read by her, whose voice to them is softer than that of a cherub.

'And such is Cottage Piety. The proud may sneer at it—the rich may regard it as a fiction—the dweller in town may look on it as an enthusiast's picture; but the great God who made us all and who notes every dead, beholds thousands of such scenes, every Sabbath of the year.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

Importance of selecting a proper Occupation.

But few parents are aware of the immense importance of selecting for their sons, occupations, for which they are especially qualified by their physical constitutions or mental organizations—a circumstance which is seldom taken into consideration.

A person, who, while attending to the duties of his profession or occupation, whether literary, scientific or manual, can gratify the predominant faculties of the mind, will *always be successful.* His *business* will be an important source of his *happiness*, and of course will not be neglected. It is not only imprudence, but *cruelty*, in a parent, who, urged by pride, ignorance or caprice, condemns his favorite son to a calling, for which he can never be qualified by his mental organization. A fearful tale might be told of misery, want, intemperance, vice and *insanity*, which have had their origin in these sad mistakes. It is well known that the wily Jesuits, who possessed an extraordinary power of penetrating the motives of human actions, were remarkable for their success in educating youth. And one great source of the astonishing influence, which that religious order once exercised over a large portion of the civilized and uncivilized world, has been ascribed by writers, who flourished many years ago, to their sagacity in adapting the particular business or agency of the different members of their order, to the peculiar qualifications, with which they were endowed by Nature. Almost every individual is qualified to excel in *some* employment—and if all our children were destined to pursue those occupations for which they are especially fitted by their mental organization, and which would sometimes place the son of the humblest artisan in the pulpit, or on the bench, and sometimes doom the descendant of the capitalist to labor with his *hands*, it is evident that a tremendous addition would be made to the moral power of this republic.

We once knew a worthy farmer, who had three active, lively boys, in whom in all probability he might have taken much pleasure, and been proud of their respectability and usefulness, if it had not been for his strong feelings in favor of the "three great professions," as he called them, and he determined that they should be professional men. They were all sent to college at an expense which nearly beggared their kind but mistaken parents, who literally worked night and day to secure to their sons an education. The eldest accordingly, in due time became a clergyman. He was a man of a huge ungainly form, and would have made a capital farmer. The second, whose inclinations were in favor of a trade, for which his talents were peculiarly fitted, was placed with an eminent lawyer in a neighboring town, to qualify him for expounding the statutes of the Commonwealth, and plead for rich clients in the courts of justice. And the third, who was very eager to go to sea, and would doubtless have distinguished himself as a brave, prudent and skilful mariner, was compelled, in accordance with his father's wishes, to become a physician.

The foundations of their fortunes and their fame were thus secured by their parents. But the result did not altogether meet their expectations. The eldest, after being qualified for the ministry, remained for years without a parish, when he received a call from a country society, and vegetates on a pittance, which is by many believed to be a full compensation for his services in the cause of religion. The second is a pitiful pettifogger, a stirrer-up of dissensions in the where he resides, and a wordy caucus orator—but is despised by the worthy and intelligent men, as a bad citizen, whose influence is seldom exerted in the cause of good. The third tried hard to get practice as a physician, but found it up hill work. He *settled* in two or three different places—and finally has become an itinerant dispenser of *humbugs* to a credulous community!

We have seen another anecdote in point, which will serve further to illustrate our views. An old minister in Scotland, was appointed by his Presbytery to communicate their decision to a young man who had applied to be licensed to preach. His employment had been the manufacture of *besoms*, [brooms,] and having been converted, in the ardor of his first love, he thought he must be a preacher. The Presbytery examined him, and being decided in such cases, they declined his application; and the candidate being called in to hear the result, an old clergyman said to him with great deliberation, "My young friend, the Lord requires every man to glorify him in some particular calling, some in one, and some in another, according to the talents he hath committed unto them: and the Presbytery are of opinion that the Lord desires that you should glorify him in making besoms."

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.