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WHOLE NO. 174.

BY MCKEE & ATKIN.

TERMS:

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

TEMPERANCE.

A True Sketch.

BY J. C. PARCELS.

All lov'd him, and many wept his downfall; As a summer flower he bloom'd awhile, And perished.

I knew a youth—a noble, generous youth—from out whose heart there flowed a living font of pure and holy feelings,

He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms; a being fair, and delicate, and pure, beloved the harvest of her heart's young love, and earth became a heaven.

The car of time rolled on, and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly bliss. The serpent of inebriation entered into the Eden of his heart.

The tears of the wretched—the agony of the afflicted, found no response within his bosom.

Pause, gentle reader. Go to yon lowly burial place, and ask of the rank grass that spreads from its polluted soil,

Go to yon lowly burial place, and ask of the rank grass that spreads from its polluted soil, who rests beneath its lonely surface, and the sighing winds will answer—"The mouldering remains of a drunkard."

Interesting Reflections.

One of the greatest consolations afforded to my mind by the success of the temperance cause, is the reflection that any child will not be a drunkard.

The temperance reform does indeed lift the veil of future years, and discover to the parents of the present generation their children, and their children's children, freed from all the woes and the curses of intemperance,

No drunkard's child shall cry for food, or blush for the deep degradation of a drunk-en father; the prolific parent of disease, and poverty, and crime, and premature death shall be driven from the abodes of men, and this earth, which has so long been a field of blood, shall assume the peace and beauty of Eden.

The Origin of Brandy.

A writer in the Augusta Washingtonian, treating on this subject, says—"The use of brandy is now very common, and many that now use it as a common beverage, are ignorant of the history of its origin, or the uses to which it was first applied.

The art of distillation, as far as we know any thing of the invention, is believed to have been discovered by the Arabians. As far back as 1571, Raymond Lully speaks of the production of brandy and alcohol, as if they were familiar to his contemporaries.

Time has passed since this "Eau de vie" was first discovered, and France alone exported as late as 1828, near millions and a half of it!

ALCOHOL AND CRIME ON THE WANE.—At the "Great National Banquet" which lately took place in Dublin, Lord Morpeth, after giving particulars of the return of outrages reported in the constabulary office, by which it appears that since 1836 they have diminished one-third, remarked that of the heaviest offences, such as homicide, outrage upon the person, assaults with attempt to murder, aggravated assaults, cutting and maiming, there were,

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number. 1837: 12,006; 1838: 11,058; 1839: 1,077; 1840: 173.

Facts like these require no comments—the mere abstinence from one article of beverage has done more in two or three years to diminish crime, than would ever be accomplished by all the powers of legislation, the activity of police, and the horrors of military force.

A TEMPERANCE BILL.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says, "A short time since, I received a five dollar bill on the Falmouth Bank, having the following endorsement on the back of it:

Cursed in this world and that to come Is he who passes me for rum.

The bill was issued 23 years ago, and has doubtless filled many a throat with "critter." Perhaps my own has been fired by it, but it will be so no more.

Miscellaneous.

From the Guardian.

On the Value of the Bible, as a Book of Facts.

BY THE HON. EDWARD DILLON.

It is to the Bible, alone, we must look for the true origin, early history, and final destiny of man. The most enlightened nations of antiquity were wholly ignorant on these subjects.

"There was a time when man was not, And caos reigned supreme below;" still in attempting to account for the various phenomena by which they were surrounded, the deductions of reason were supplanted by the widest vagaries of the imagination, and the grossest fables commanded a credence which the best authenticated testimony could not have secured.

"Religious nations sure, and blessed abodes, Where every garden was o'errun with gods."

The polished Greeks and Romans, who were so superior in all the arts that adorn human nature, and in all virtues that constitute the elements of national strength and greatness, reckoned amongst their gods, not only beasts and useless things, but they deified the worst of men and the vilest passions of human nature.

Indeed, without the aid of revelation, human philosophy would have exerted itself in vain in endeavoring to account for the beginning of the existence of a class of beings so curiously, so fearfully, and so wonderfully made as is the human race.

Man was not, however, left unaided and unheeded to drink to the full the bitter cup of misery which his guilt had provided for him. Vengeance was denounced, but not in its full terror. Our first parents were driven from the bowers of paradise.

The Dying Hour.

If the experience of the dying hour could be faithfully written, the thoughts that then fill the brain, like the last inhabitants of a crumbling temple, and the feelings that then occupy the chilled heart, be revealed to the eye of sense, what a view would be displayed.

The hour of death! In this brief space the past is reviewed. However treacherous memory may have been on a thousand occasions, she now acquits herself with fidelity. Omits she now to unroll the record which her hands had so often clasped!

cord which her hands had so often clasped? Is she like the trumpet that bloweth an "uncertain sound?" Life's history, the tongue now repeats—scenes, forgotten scenes are recalled, and buried events are brought up before the eye.

The dying hour! It is then that time and we are parted. Though he may have led us over a diversified way, we then forsake him; he continues to travel on in his own course, but we are ushered into a new condition. Care ceases to distress.

Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest for the philanthropist and the believer, than one which we copy below.

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross.

- 1. Jesus is a seducer. 2. He is seditious. 3. He is an enemy of the law. 4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.

In the year seventeen of the emperor Tiberius Cesar, and the 25th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Aana and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Pratory, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—

Order the first century Quillus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbid to any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus. The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are, viz.—1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; 2. Joannas Rorable; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet, a citizen.

On one side was the representation of a palm leaf, on the other, a picture of the temple, with the words underneath, "Holy Jerusalem," in the Hebrew tongue. Relics like these, properly authenticated, have about them an inexpressible sacredness and moment.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

A stanza from Metastasio will serve as a text for my present discourse: In tears the heart expressed with grief Gives language to its woes: In tears its fulness finds relief. When rapture's tide o'erflows! Who then unclouded bliss could seek On this terrestrial sphere, Where e'en delight can only speak, Like sorrow, in a tear!

My hearers—when a person weeps he naturally feels inclined to cover his face with his hands, or to retire to weep unnoticed or unseen; but instead of being ashamed of his tears, he ought to feel proud of them—for it isn't every one whose bosom is sufficiently saturated with the pure and ever-to-be-prized juice of feeling to give forth a single drop of the liquid with the tightness of squeezing.

My hearers—some mortals have feelings that seem to be born of heaven, while others appear to have only those that are generated of earth; but if there be a human tear, refined, clarified, and clear from sordid passion's dross, it is that which a pious father lets fall upon a dutiful daughter's head.

My dear friends—the tears that wet the cheeks of childhood are as abundant as showers in April. They stand, like dew-drops upon the rose, to be brushed away by the next summer breeze; but those that flow from sorrowful, care-stricken age, gush from deeper fountains, and are a hand-kerchief of happiness perhaps to be found to wipe them away.

Though hideous and deformed by iniquity, if you only behold yourself in the looking-glass of repentance, you will be equally as amazed as a monkey at a mirror. Tears are tell-tales of the heart. When it is overladen with grief, through them its woes are witnessed; and when it overflows with the tide of rapture, the pearly dew will start unbidden, and wet the windows of the soul in spite of every human exertion.

Moderate drinker—reflect! If you are not satisfied that you are in danger, look upon the poor inebriate as he staggers through the streets—he was once young and strong like you—but moderate drinking has made him what he is! If you do not pause in your mad career, but a few years may roll around ere you may be as degraded as that man whom you now despise.

At Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Park, England, there is a celebrated vine, which is forty years old. It is supposed to be the largest in the world. It now contains 2,350 bunches of grapes, each averaging one pound weight. Its length is 139 feet, width 10, and it extends over a space of 2,260 feet.