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BY MCKEE & ATKIN.

## TERMS:

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## Miscellaneous.

### Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

ON THE NOTHINGNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. Text.—Oh how uncertain and how brief is life, And yet how full of sweetness!

My hearers,—The more I reflect upon the matter the more fully am I convinced of the evanescence and the nothingness of life. What is it but a bubble floating down the stream of time? Now it glides over a placid surface—now it dashes to and fro amid the rough breakers—and now it bursts up and disappears in the dark wave of eternity! What is it but a vapor that creeps for a while along earth's checkered vale, and then rises to its native heaven? What is it but an empty dream—an imaginary entity—as void and as vacant as the deserted shell of a soap-bubble? It is anything that's fleeting, brittle or unsubstantial. And what is man? Nothing but a mass of dirt scraped up from the fallow, and destined to dance and skip for a short time, under the influence of life's exhilarating gas, then to be carried back upon death's sable car, and emptied upon the soil from whence it was gathered.

Oh, my dear friends! when we look about us and behold what multitudes are daily entering the dark portal of the tomb—and how even the morticians themselves are hourly casting off the black habiliments of sorrow, and donning the white robes of the grave, we cannot but be impressed with the solemnity of the idea that our turns must all soon come to partake of the same cold supper—which means, as my friend Shakespeare says, not to eat, but to be eaten. The worms of the clod will soon hold a festival in the skull that is now peopled with a thriving generation of ideas; and every heart, now beating with the fullness of hope, must ere long, forever cease to throb. The time casement that encloses the immortal spirit is as brittle as glass; and a gentle rap of disease, if it do not entirely demolish it, may so shatter it that all the medicated puffs in the universe can't hold it together. The gossamer threads that are woven in the web of man's mortal existence are so fine in texture and so feeble in strength that the slightest breeze of physical affliction will sometimes snap them asunder, and leave them dangling in the dusky sepulchre, like so many superannuated cobwebs in the corner of a miser's louver.

My friends, the uncertainty of life is as certain as quarter-day. I have seen new-born babes imbibe the poison of death with the very breath that gave them existence. I have seen infancy creep into the grave, and give back its life into the hands of its Maker, unused and undamaged. I have seen childhood and youth kicked out of the world as though they were committing deprecations in its flowery garden, and had no business to occupy even a niche in the broad empire of animated nature. I have seen manhood fall from the topmost cliff of ambition *ker-splash* into the depths of non-entity, and lie forever buried in the turbid wave of oblivion. I can now see old-age knocking at the door of the tomb, and begging to rest his weary frame within its sacred walls, where no earthly jars can disturb its slumbers. Yes, my friends, old Time, in his moving, takes a sweep from one side of creation to the other, and all that comes within the reach of his scythe must fall to fade and wither. Before it, life's fragrant posies yield up their sweetness like new-mown clover, and the incense is borne to the realms of the Almighty Power which gave it. How unwelcome the thought that life, so full of the highly concentrated compound extract of sweetness, should so frequently cease to burn before the tip end of the tallow is fairly consumed!—that it should so soon, at best, flicker in its socket, and the melted grease of mortality run down upon the cold clay of the grave!

My dear friends! on this occasion, all the lighter feelings that pertain to human nature have deserted the domain of my heart, and have left nothing instead but a vacuum of solemnity. A man is dead! he was nothing more than a man—but it is something to be a man in these degenerate days of hypocrisy, conceit and selfishness. Yes, the man whom we had but lately chosen from a body of seven or eight millions to preside over us, is now no more! His immortal spirit has flown to join companionship with those of his five illustrious predecessors, whose souls, I have reason to believe, are in heaven—whose bodies have returned to dust—whose noble virtues are embalmed with the incense of memory—and whose names are written high upon the obelisk of fame, to be read and remembered by the children of posterity. Yes, my friends, he who but yesterday, as it were, was crowned with the costliest coronet of honor, has now gone to furnish no better food for the worm of the valley than the beggar who dies for the want of a crust. Those eyes that so lately surveyed the thronging multitude, and witnessed the sincere manifestations of a nation's respect, are now fastened together with the adhesive glue of death, to gaze no more upon the world's busy scene.—Those hands, which formerly received the congratulations of thousands, are crumbling to ashes in the mouldering sepulchre; and that generous bosom, once warmed with the fires of patriotism that blazed upon the heart's living altar, is now as cold and inanimate as the marble that covers it. I hear a funeral dirge in every breeze; the sun, to me, is clothed in sackcloth; the eagle perches upon the cypress, and droops its wings in sorrow; the stars that spangled upon liberty's banner are darkened with the emblems of grief; mourners fill the streets; and a wail is heard throughout the land for the loss of one, who, through the all-wise dispensations of Providence, yielded up the trust confided to him by his fellow-countrymen while the blossoms of hope were in their fullest bloom.

Such, my friends, is the frailty of life—such the

insignificance of human greatness—and such the vanity of all earthly expectations. Death shows no preference for the humble tiller of the soil over the king on his throne. The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the beautiful, the ugly, the fat and the lean, are all slaughtered indiscriminately, and packed away in that turf-covered house appointed for all living. Man surely is but a shadow and life a dream!

Reflect, my friends, upon what feeble, dying insects you are, that crawl for a day along the sunny path of existence, and then are crushed into the dust to inhabit the earth no more. Oh, think of this, and live while you live, in the daily expectation of dying, so that when you die, you may die in the expectation of living. So mote it be!

### Health—Clothing.

We never fully know what a blessing health is until we are in danger of losing it. Then, for the first time, perhaps, we become conscious of its paramount importance, or learn too late that we have trifled with the laws which control our physical condition. Then horses and lands, and goods and merchandise, shrink into objects of but slight importance compared with the health of their possessor. Suddenly he is told that medical art can do no more for him than recommend a change of climate. In the last stages of his disorder, generally the consequence of his own imprudence, the invalid bids farewell to the domain which he has earned at the cost of his physical powers, and after half a century of toil and "carking care," he departs in the "good ship Emory," for St. Croix, which has conveyed so many, and safely too, only to a foreign grave; or else he tries the bland air of Madeira, and hopes to recruit himself in its perpetual spring. There is, however, a melancholy presentment about his heart which tells him that all will soon be over, and then it is he looks back with anguish at the folly with which he disregarded the warnings of his own experience and the friendly advice of his physician.

Much of the suffering of our race could be avoided by a reasonable attention to the subjects of temperature and clothing. In a climate so variable as ours, we cannot be too careful of ourselves. The air of our country is pure—we have no noxious exhalations from the soil, which bring death to those who are compelled to turn it up. No blasting sirocco sweeps over our plains and destroys life, but we have remarkable differences of temperature, rapid in their succession, and have a most tremendous effect upon the human system. A sudden change will sometimes shiver trees, and the human frame, though adapted to the alteration of the seasons, cannot entirely escape the consequences of these variations.

One of the most easy, and yet most commonly neglected precautions, is suitable clothing. The physician generally confines his directions to that worn next the skin, yet sometimes fashion is so imperious as to the form of the outer garments, that he is compelled to forbid such articles of dress upon delicate parts of the frame, as change their structure or impede their functions. We will only remark in relation to this, that fashion, in requiring wists to be more slender than nature permits, has destroyed the life of many a fine young woman.

Woolen garments are unquestionably the best adapted to our climate. Being poor conductors of heat in themselves, they retain within their folds the warmth of the body, while they equally prevent the cold air from penetrating. Flannel should be worn next the skin, unless it produces debilitating perspiration or an unpleasant irritation. In this case a lighter woolen fabric should be substituted, or Canton flannel, as it is called, made of cotton. Flannel so worn should be frequently changed and washed, and if the latter be not done with too warm water, its shrinking will be prevented. Silk is not proper to be worn next the skin, as it repels the perspiration, does not absorb it, and leaves it to irritate and cool the surface of the body. Cotton has all the good qualities of flannel, though in a less degree. Many persons find it the most pleasant article to wear in this manner. The outer garments should be warm and heavy. The modern fashions in adopting this principle in the sack, have become acceptable. The feet are also to be well guarded. Those persons who are subject to complaints of the head, the stomach or the lungs, cannot be too particular in keeping their feet warm and dry. They should be frequently washed, in not very warm water, and the stockings should be repeatedly changed. These things observed, much better health may be at our command, than the unreflecting would imagine.

Wet garments should never be permitted to remain upon the body for an instant. The neglect to change them has brought many a one to an untimely end.

Those of our readers who belong to that class of citizens who cannot afford all the comforts of their more favored brethren, should nevertheless observe the habit of wearing warm clothing and keeping their feet dry. Never were prices lower than those now asked for wearing apparel. Let the poor man's lice, rheumatism, be kept at a distance, and one of his most troublesome enemies will be overcome.—*True Swa.*

### A Word to Young Men.

There is no surer guarantee of success in this world than self-reliance. Young man, if you fail in one enterprise, commence in another; don't despair because you are poor and unfortunate. Poverty and misfortune draw out the true man, they are the tests of greatness; they decide whether a man is only successful by chance, accident, or by his own exertions. Never say fail, though every thing turns against you. "There is no such a word as fail in the lexicon" of him, who with an honest heart and indomitable will, struggles manfully against the tide of adverse circumstances. Such a one is bound to triumph over every obstacle; he will ride against the surging seas, over the mountain waves; his cheery voice will be heard above the din of the thunder, and his steady eye and flash brighter than the most vivid lightning. A stout heart, young man, and an honest purpose are the only requisites for a successful journey through life. Do not envy your rich neighbor; do not stop to look back on him who rolls by you in the equipage which wealth furnishes and sustains. Resolve to be equal in merit, and in the estimation of your fellow men, with the proudest and greatest you meet, and you will be so.

These are fictitious ranks of wealth, in the community. Value the one as you do the other, and you will covet neither. But there is real rank, and real wealth, and real honor, for the possession of which it is good to struggle—the rank which doing well merits and obtains, the wealth of honest industry, the honor which all men prize, that flowing from a pure and aimless life, that which the world will readily award, because it cannot withhold.

When we see a young man, spiritless and inactive, because he has met with reverse, giving himself up to a willing slave to unrequiring melancholy, instead of making another, and still another effort, to regain himself, we pity him; for there is, for him, nothing in this world, nothing worth living for. Can we suppose that strangers will go out of their road to pick him from the ditch in which he has fallen, and in which he lies apparently lifeless?—This is not human nature. Life seeks to sustain life, but it infuses none of its essence into the decayed and lifeless trunk. He who would walk must make the attempt himself, ere he can expect others to aid him.

Let the young man rely on himself, and he relies on a friend who will never desert him. Count not on foreign aid. Each man has his own business to accomplish, and he cannot neglect it to look after the business of others.—*M. N. Noah.*

### The Sabbath.

God, whose sun shines equally upon the just and the unjust, never could consider it a crime for the pent-up artisan to leave his close and narrow dwelling on the Sabbath, and wander with his children and the partner of his toils amid the green hedges and verdant fields. We know that the blue sky, the perfumed flowers, the fresh air, the music of the birds, the bee, and the dancing rill must elevate the mind, must bear it upward, must decoy it from the small, low, creeping things of life to those which lead from time into eternity. We always pray that the Sabbath sun may shine bright and warm, so that our laborers, our servants, those who toil in comparative darkness all the week, may be reminded that God made the Sabbath for them, and that our way-sides, fields, and woods, may be filled by an outpouring of cheerful and happy people. It is not Sabbath-breaking to enjoy the sun, the light, and the air of heaven.

MAN'S DESTINY.—Man is higher than his dwelling place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his fathers fall back on earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, as pure as a tone ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below. So the inhabitant of the polar regions looks into the long night, in which there is no sunrise, but at midnight he sees a light, like the first rays of morn, gleaming on the highest mountain-tops, and he thinks of the long summer in which it never sets.

A STRIKE.—"I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our imp the other day, in a terrible pucker.

"Well, what shall we call you?"

"Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all."

"FIFTY YEARS SINCE."—The New York Mirror contains an essay on the manners and customs fifty years since, which is full of admonition to the present generation. Fifty years make a great change, not only in the condition of an individual, but in the habits and principles of society.

We make an extract for the benefit of our readers, male and female. The writer says:—"When Washington was President, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mother made doughnuts and cakes between Christmas and New Year's; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts, besides they don't know how, so they even send to Madam Pompadour, or some other French. In those days, New York was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splendid misery; there was no gray headed spinners, (unless they were ugly indeed), for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin house-keeping for twenty, and washing his clothes and in cooking his victuals, the wife saved more money than it took to support her. Now I have known a minister get five hundred dollars for bowing a couple, then wine, cake and settee, five hundred more—wedding clothes and jewels a thousand—six or seven hundred in driving to the springs or some deserted mountain, then a house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand—and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for ten dollars per month—a chamber maid, a laundress, and seamstress at seven dollars each, and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed maids are playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting the candle at both ends it soon burns out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of blessedness; hence you find more deaths than marriages."

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.—Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuit, the time they spend in games of chance, and in lounging in bed, and in idle company, might rise to eminence. You have all read the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the offices of sheriff of New England and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write, after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter in Boston. William Gifford the great editor of the Quarterly was an apprentice to a shoe-maker, and had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrote out his problems on smooth rags throughout the wide field of creation; and other stars from the young men of this country might be added to the list of worthies that is guiding our country with bright mellow light.—*Rev. Mr. Murray.*

## Political.

### Extract from the Speech of Mr. Evans, IN REPLY TO MR. MCDUFFIE.

The Senator had proceeded to illustrate the views that he had taken by the proposition of the creation of three separate Confederacies on the ruins of the Constitution and the Union, which should be of homogeneous material. He supposed that it was introduced by way of an illustration of his views, and not with the purpose of accomplishing it, or from any want of attachment to the Union; but it seemed to him that it would be taken as a recommendation by men of more zeal than the Senator himself, though he does not want that, and of less discretion, of which he has much. Many might be taken captive by the gorgeous picture drawn by him of the prosperity that would remain for the South, when freed from the shackles imposed by the Union, and of the happiness and power to which it was destined.

The Senator was not the first who had permitted his imagination to dwell on the consequences that would follow a dissolution of the Union.—Others had attempted, at different times and in various parts of the country, to exercise their imagination by speculating on the condition of the country in case the Union should be broken up; but every one else had looked upon it as full of disaster and woe, and the Senator was the first who had been able to discover in it, not a scene of ruin and disaster, but of unbounded prosperity. The Senator had held up in glowing colors the advantages which it would bring to one of the portions of the Confederacy. He had described in very glowing language the happiness that would be enjoyed by a commonwealth with such homogeneous interests. He seems to have solved the perplexing question of the existence of the lost island that floated in the imaginations of the ancients. That happy region he had at last discovered. The considerations that had influenced others brought no apprehensions to him. Perpetual peace was to reign in the new Confederacy. But all this (said Mr. E.) is speculation. It is the fruit of a warm imagination. The character of human nature, the lessons of history, give no countenance to it. The history of small confederacies showed that they were beset by dangers of the most fearful kind.

He proposed to examine the subject a little, and see whether all the benefits anticipated by the Senator would be experienced from this scheme of a confederacy of homogeneous interests. The Southern confederacy was to be quiet at home, and enjoy perpetual peace abroad. There was to be no envy, no rivalry, no jealousy, springing from human passions, and its commerce was never to be interrupted, nor its peace disturbed. They were to have a commerce with England, and sell to her all their products. Their exports would amount to one hundred millions, and their imports, including twenty millions in profits, to one hundred and twenty millions. All these imports were to be consumed at home, or sold to the Western confederacy; for without the Western confederacy the enormous surplus of the Southern confederacy would be a burden. They must rely on the West for supplies. Why not take her at once into the confederacy with the South? That would not do, because it would destroy the homogeneity of their interests, and, after some years, the same questions would spring up between the South and the West as agitate us now. The South was to export cotton and rice, and import one hundred millions, besides the profits. Where were the profits to come from? From commerce. The profits were derived from the importation of the goods into the country, and belonged to those who had the trade and the navigation in their hands.—Where else could they go? The New England ships could not be employed in the trade, for that would destroy the homogeneity of the scheme, and the profits would enable New England to import and consume foreign articles. The trade and the profits on it must go, therefore, to foreign nations. The commerce would be carried on with England, and the profits would go to her.

The one hundred and twenty millions of foreign imports were to be consumed. The whole population of the Southern confederacy would be only about five or six millions. The population of the whole country is about seventeen or eighteen millions, and we find an importation of a hundred or a hundred and twenty millions adequate for the consumption of all. Could a population of six millions consume a hundred millions of imported articles? It was what no nation ever did before, and never would do, except in fancy. What were the imports made up of? One half of them were fancy articles. The mild climate of the South, and the habits of a large portion of her people, rendered many of these fancy articles unnecessary to them. He did not mean to say that the South would not, or did not now, consume as large a portion of the luxuries imported, or a larger portion, than any other part of the country; but many of her people are of a class that never use them at all. A large amount, too, of the imports consist of silks, linens, glass, &c., of which a portion of the population were not consumers.—The Senator supposed that the Southern confederacy would consume this vast amount of imports.—It was utterly impossible. Look at it for a moment. It was a large part of the whole amount of the manufactures of Great Britain. The population of Great Britain was twenty-six millions—more than four times the amount of the population of the supposed Southern confederacy—and the amount of consumption proposed vastly exceeded the consumption of Great Britain herself, in proportion to her population, though there was there, mingled with some poverty, so much wealth and extravagance. It was a greater amount of consumption than any nation was equal to, in proportion to relative population.

What portion, then, of these imports are to go to the West? The honorable Senator indicated to the West the prospect of free trade and low duties and low prices. What will the West buy these imports with? She must pay for them.—What will the South take of the West? She wants nothing but the live stock of the West, for she raises her own grain. She cannot take Kentucky bagging, for that would destroy the whole theory of homogeneous interests, and revive a home manufacture. All the cotton bagging must come from

Glasgow and Dundee, lest the West should become a manufacturing nation. The South will take none of the Western hemp and wool, of which she will be so great a producer. She will take nothing from her but live stock.

But the West were to find, through the Southern ports—how they were to get there he did not know—an opportunity to export their commodities. But that, again, would break up the scheme, because, if the West went to exporting, they would also commence importing, and supply themselves with all their foreign articles of consumption, instead of buying from the South. If the West have their own exports, they will also have their own imports. Where would be the glorious prosperity of the South and all the magnificent results that were promised by the homogeneous confederacy? Were the countless millions who were to people the West to content themselves with a trifling trade with the South, and selling them a little live stock? What else could they do? If they began manufacturing it would break up the theory. By manufacturing the West would become sellers instead of buyers. The West was, beyond doubt, destined to be a great manufacturing country, for it was the most profitable mode in which they could apply their labor. It would be a vast wool-growing country, and the only mode in which the wool could be used was to manufacture it. It could not be sold, because wool was cheaply produced, and in large quantities, in various portions of the world. The great danger now was, that wool would be imported so cheap as to break down the home production of it. The West must manufacture her wool, and she will have no occasion to buy wools from abroad, but will rather seek a market for her manufactures at home. There was danger, then, of collisions between the Southern confederacy and the West!

But was there not also danger of collisions in the Southern confederacy itself? Would their interests be homogeneous in every respect? Her great staples were cotton and rice. But Virginia made but very little cotton—none for exportation. The population of Virginia was a million and a half, a fourth part of the whole Southern confederacy. But the only staple that she produces is tobacco. The amount that she would furnish towards the exports of a hundred millions would be three and a half millions in tobacco. Her share of the consumable imports will therefore be very small. How was she to get her portion of the hundred and twenty millions of imports? What could Virginia raise that the other States would take? In a very short time the question would grow up between Virginia and the other States as to the rate of the duties on imports. She will say, you do not buy of us, and you must do something that will equalize the benefits of this system.—Questions of taxation and of the regulation of commerce would arise between them. Virginia would insist upon a duty to give protection to her products, or upon some other mode of obtaining a portion of the benefits of the system of Government. Virginia had great facilities for manufacturing. She had coal, iron, and navigable rivers. She would be one now, in his opinion, without waiting for a separation from the Union. Virginia, when she became a manufacturing State, would say to the Southern members of the confederacy, you must protect our manufactures, and we will then buy your cotton. In the end, the same difficulty that is now complained of will arise, and there must be another separation. The same difficulty will occur in regard to South Carolina herself, for she must abandon the competition with other southern states in the growing of cotton. South Carolina, with a greater population than Alabama or Mississippi, produces much less cotton. With a population of six hundred thousand, she produces but six millions of dollars worth of cotton and rice; Mississippi, with a population of three hundred and seventy-five thousand, produces cotton to the amount of fifteen millions and a half of dollars. According to this, Mississippi would be able to consume imported articles in the proportion of fifteen to six, in comparison with the consumption of South Carolina. South Carolina would be badly off in this case. What had she that she could furnish for the consumption of Alabama and Mississippi? Nothing. She had nothing that these states wanted; not an article. But South Carolina must raise something that Tennessee and Alabama would take. She must go to manufacturing. She will say, we have materials, and a population that can be easily instructed in manufacturing, and we can make articles for you, if you will give us your market; we can supply you and obtain from you such foreign articles as we want. This result would be inevitable; and this would put an end to the homogeneous interests of the southern confederacy. Could any way be pointed out by which the small producers could become large consumers? Collisions would necessarily arise between the more southern and the more northern portions of the confederacy.

What would be the condition of the West? If she were to find a market for her flour, it would be more valuable than cotton, as an article of export. But if she exported, she would also import, and that would destroy the system. The Senator said that the southern confederacy would have a revenue of twelve millions. But how is the Western nation to get along for revenue? They have no way to get it but by taxing the imports again, after they have been taxed by the south. Where is the west? Per me, go to the Oregon. What revenue do they get? They will say to the south, you are taking the result of our industry and we will tax yours.—Then comes a scheme of countervailing restrictions and duties, and border warfare will soon be added. What would be the effect of a war on the South?—There could be no war with England, because she would be the only consumer of the south. But should it arise, she would be obliged to call in the aid of the north, which, however deplorable, was not improbable, the aid of Great Britain must be relied upon. The British bayonets must defend the soil of the south, and British fleets must protect her commerce. Would not their relations with Great Britain lead to political intimacies? What had become of all that was said of the grasping ambition of England, and of what had been said of the "genius of universal emancipation?"

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The south would find, after all, that the great security of her institutions was in the Union and