

Highland Messenger.

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WHOLE NO. 213.

THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

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 Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jones' Fight.

Col. Dick Jones was decidedly the great man of the little village of Summerville. He was Colonel of the Regiment—he had represented his district in Congress—he had been spoken of as a candidate for Governor; he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins county, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population, his dress and taste was law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses; he possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular, extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety; for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting shirt white as snow, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manner and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginia bred and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which, though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the Colonel boarded at the Hotel; his office in the square, fronting the Court-house; he was a manager of all the balls; he was Vice President of the Summerville Jockey Club; he was trustee of the female academy; he gallanted the old ladies in church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies to the dances and parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high headed, proud looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock fight.

It chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best reported men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county, and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table that the next time he went over the mountain to Court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a libel, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town; the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriots of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the Colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young sturdy boys of the village became greatly interested, enquired how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M. D.'s, as often as they were in the Colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions he spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some of the old ladies spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own hearts, and were satisfied that he must be wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Being term of the Courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them, Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and without much emotion or understanding on the subject, the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, as he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on the sides of the street, as he passed out of town.

From that time only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville, and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "If any one come down the road?" "The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the anxiety was unappased, it had, with the day, become intolerable, quite agonizing; business and occupation was at a stand still;

a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country, lest news of the fight might arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bed-time, hoping some one would come from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bethers conjecture.

On the seventh morning the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were enticed about the fight.—Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly a young man who had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, though he saw dust away up the road, and stopped. No sooner was this noticed than there was a general reconnaissance of the road made, and before long 'doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the Colonel's old sorrel riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the Court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist, his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap, that looked much like the country women's plan of covering their butters when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his beard was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair." His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that the negro was only a white well-pummeled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief that he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a bee hive.

The Colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with, "happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern, but Buck Daily arrested him with, "Why, Colonel, I see you have had a scrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little end of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fight of it, though. You know Bill Patterson, he weighs 175 lbs., has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man I assure you.—Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the Court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives with him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *he bill*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight.—By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off and took him in the buff of the one that raised a singing in his head that made him think he was in musquitoe town. Af it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of 'fight' was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted 'I command the peace,' within the Court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, 'I can't prevent you!' 'fair fight!' 'stand back!' and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who, he thought, was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet. It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; every body was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was." (Here he made an effort to enter the tavern.) But several voices called out, "Which whipped?—How did you come out?"

"Why, much as I tell you, we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at wrestle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez, under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my going was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink well, only more so. But, in fact, there was a green choice between us, as you see. I took him having ran into a brush-fence of a cock fight. So we made it round and round, about.—(Here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern.) But many voices demanded, "Who hollered? Which gave up? How did you hurt your hand?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you that as I aimed

a sockdologer at him he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diddapper; and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist, so, being like the fellow who, when it rained mud had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump, and went in for eating. In the scuffle we fell, cross and pile, and while he was chewing my finger my head was between his legs. Finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted doctor Bones' patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall, for some time, have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." (He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.) But vox populi again. "So you tanned him, did you?—How did the fight finish? You were not parted? You fought it out, did you?" The Colonel resumed, "Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francisco and Oney, and Lewis and Blevins; and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up for his foder better than we did.—We had fought round and round, and about and about all over the Court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, every body was getting tired of it, so, at last, I hollered." (Exit Colonel.)

Saratoga Springs.

The Republican of the 23d inst., says, the number of visitants now in town is over 3000, which may be classified as follows: Married, 1000; unmarried, 2000; old bachelors, 400; in pursuit of wives, 875; in pursuit of husbands, 900; Gentlemen, 800; Ladies, 1200; loafers, 500; blacklegs, 540; pickpockets, 26; politicians, 700; pious folks, 1400; infidels, 800; freethinkers, 600; nothingsarians, 200; invalids, 540; in pursuit of pleasure, 1700; wine drinkers, 1000; fops and dandies, 700; flirts, 800; fats, 1000; men of sense, 190; belles, 14; beauties, 7; butterflies, 250. To all these may be added 3000 citizens, including 200 porters, 300 waiters, 250 chambermaids, 60 scullias, 40 scavengers, 80 hostlers, 100 loafers, 400 suckers, 699 negroes, 100 gamblers; besides any quantity of good-for-nothing, do-nothing, know-nothing vagabonds, who only live to be so many pests to the place they inhabit.

"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat!"

A PILL FOR THE DOBBLIST.—An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at a theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge.—The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed that not having been accustomed to shoot, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a bill box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you would not wish to fight me on unequal terms; here are, therefore, two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless; we are, therefore, on equal ground if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

YANKEE INGENUITY.—We see it stated in the Montreal Times, as a fact, that at several points along the boundary which divides a portion of the states of New York and Vermont from Lower Canada, Yankees have in the opened or established stores, which, as we would say of neither side politicians, are right on the fence—or, in other words, they are built one half on the American side and the other half on the Canadian. In the Canadian half they keep and sell such articles as are subject to an American tariff, and vice versa. In the American side they store all the goods upon which the Canadians impose a tax.

BROADWAY.—Major Noah gives the following description of Broadway, as seen in different lights:

Broadway by gaslight.—A panorama of undisguised wickedness.

Broadway by daylight.—Paint, padding, powder, and presumption.

INTERESTING TO THE LADIES.—The conjurers have been casting figures in regard to the aspects and conjunctions of Mars and Venus, and their remarkably ardent and brilliant appearance. The result is, that they predict a lovely, loving, and love-making winter. Make ready, all ye spinners.

UNITED STATES LOANS.—The debt of the United States falls due as follows:

January 1, 1845,	\$5,672,977
July 1, 1853,	7,000,000
January 1, 1863,	8,301,408

Of the amount which falls due January 1, 1845, \$3,443,030 is six per cent, and \$2,229,947 five and a half per cent stock. The \$7,000,000 which falls due July 1, 1853, is five per cent stock, and \$8,301,408 which falls due in 1863 is six per cent stock. The Treasury has a surplus at the present time sufficient to pay off the loan which falls due first.—*Balt. American.*

POLITICAL.

To the Whigs of North Carolina.

The results of the recent Election having been now conclusively ascertained, the CENTRAL COMMITTEE feel it to be their duty to offer to you, and through you, to the Whigs of the Union, their congratulations on the glorious triumph which has been achieved in the Old North State.

We have carried our Governor, by a majority of thirty-four hundred votes, and have secured a majority of two in the Senate, and twenty two in the House of Commons—making a majority, on joint ballot, of twenty-two! The result in the Legislature is the more gratifying, when we recollect that, two years ago, our adversaries had, at the close of the session, a majority of THIRTY! But the mere change, effected in that body, large as it is, will convey but an inadequate notion of the value of our triumph.

The Whig Candidates, every where throughout the State, openly avowed the great measures of the Whig party: A Tariff for Revenue, with incidental protection of American industry—the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands amongst the states—a National Bank—and the one term principle. These have been avowed by every Whig Candidate, as the leading objects of the party, and success has been every where sought in order that these measures may be secured and promoted.

While this open and manly avowal of their principles has marked the exertions of our friends, there has been no period since the formation of the present parties of the country, in which the organization of the Whigs, as a party, has been more imperfect. They have trusted solely to public discussion—to appeals to the reason and patriotism of the people, and have confidently relied upon truth only, as sufficient to sway the minds of our honest and Republican population.

The conduct of our opponents has, in every respect, been the opposite of ours.

The immediate annexation of Texas, is the only affirmative proposition which they have supported. In all else, they have but opposed the doctrines of the Whigs, without offering any substitute. They have been against the Whig Tariff of 1842—but have given no definite idea of such a Tariff as they aim for. They denounced a National Bank, but have not dared to support Mr. Van Buren's Sub-Treasury. They opposed the distribution of the Land fund amongst all the states, but have not avowed their willingness to surrender it to the new states.

During the whole canvass, their organization has been complete; and even neighborhoods have been allotted to the particular charge of individuals, able and willing to supply, by private circulation, what could not be hoped from open discussion. Meantime, the most false and infamous publications have been freely circulated, by virtue of Congressional trunks, with a zeal and industry never surpassed by them, on any former occasion; and support has been sought to a bad cause by a mean attempt to awaken prejudices in one part of the state, against the people of another.

Yet, against such odds, we have effected a triumph which, under any circumstances, would have been glorious. It is true, the majority on the Governor's vote has not reached that of 1842. We all know how the local causes, as between the candidates for the office, has lessened Mr. GRAHAM'S vote in counties which have yet exhibited unbroken Whig strength in the canvass for the Legislature; and which, we have no doubt, will, in the great question of November, rally to the support of CLAY, with an unanimity not exceeded by that which marked the support of the lamented HARRISON.

The WHIG CENTRAL COMMITTEE feel then, fully warranted in sending joyous greetings to their brethren, not only within the state, but throughout our glorious Union. We have met and conquered the enemy—have opposed falsehood with truth—abuse, with manly refutation, or dignified silence—and, with the patriotic cry of CLAY and our country, have overborne and silenced the shout of POLK and TEXAS!

We have reason to rejoice, and we do rejoice at a triumph so great in itself, and so full of confident assurance for the future. But one more conflict remains. We exhort you, brethren of North Carolina, to be diligent in preparing for the fourth of November—to be, every man, at the polls on that day. A victory then, will not be enough. It must be a victory worthy of ourselves, worthy of our principles, worthy of our great leader. No state must be allowed to take the lead of us, on that day. We first nominated CLAY without condition or qualification. Under his banner, inscribed plainly with the patriotic principles which belong to him and our party, we have just secured a great triumph, and we owe it to ourselves and our children, as a great privilege and high duty, that no state shall exceed us in the vote by which we shall declare for CLAY and our Country.

To our brethren in other states the Committee would speak in the language of assurance. Trust not the false statements which will, every where, be put forth by our oppo-

nents, as to the vote of this state in November. Remember that, in North Carolina, was first heard the patriotic shout of Independence, and rely upon it as certain, that she will never forget that high distinction, by preferring POLK and TEXAS, to CLAY and the UNION!

By order, RICH'D. HINES, Ch. man.

James K. Polk.

The Mississippi Southern, very forcibly presents Mr. Polk's opinions and general course by the following questions and answers:

Who is it that is made a great man on his uncle's revolutionary services, and the fact hid that he sprung from an old red coat toy grandfather? James K. Polk!

Who was it that went to Congress the pledged friend of Tennessee's noblest son, Hugh L. White, and afterwards traitorously abandoned him, and slandered and abused him almost to the very verge of the grave? James K. Polk!

When in the midst of a severe winter the half naked poor of Georgetown, D. C., through the Mayor, asked a few cords of wood from Congress to save them from the miserable death of freezing; who was it that stood up, and said he opposed the donation, because it was undignified for members of Congress to come there to collect wood to distribute to the paupers of the District? James K. Polk!

Who was it that made a speech in Congress some years ago, against the occupation of Oregon, and is now warmly in favor of it? James K. Polk!

Who was it that opposed sending representatives to the Panama Congress, because it would be forming entangling alliances, and violating our treaty of neutrality with old Spain and revolted Colonies, and involve us in a war; and now scoffs at our treaty of amity and peace with Mexico, and is for annexing the revolted province of Texas, right or wrong? James K. Polk!

Who was it that opposed the Sub-Treasury, and spent his full strength in favor of "pet banks," as affording the best currency and the most safe depositories for the collection, safe-keeping and disbursement of the public revenue, and afterwards discharged sides? James K. Polk!

Who was the uncompromising friend of Internal Improvements and pressed upon Congress to make a branch of the National road from Memphis to New Orleans, but now thinks it inexpedient and unconstitutional? James K. Polk!

Who was it that voted in 1838 to tax Sugar and Coffee, when we had a surplus revenue of seven millions, and afterwards denounced the Whig Congress for taxing them, when in fact none had been made on them? James K. Polk!

Who was it that suffered himself to be ridiculed by the press, and called the "contemptible tool of a petty tyrant," without resenting it? James K. Polk!

Who was it that got Gen. Jackson's certificate, to prove that he had acted honorably and bravely in not resenting the insult offered by Wise; and being ridiculed and laughed at for using it, denied having done so and got Gen. Jackson to deny having written it, in the Nashville Union, and with all this, had a proven on him by Bailie Peyton, who called up divers citizens of Shelby county, before 10,000 people in Nashville, all testifying that he had read the certificate in Shelbyville? James K. Polk!

Who was it that opposed giving Ex-President Monroe one cent from the public coffers, which he was in indigent circumstances, and the government owed him? James K. Polk!

Who was it that voted against every revolutionary pension bill, and every bill for the relief of the old soldiers of the revolution who had exhausted youth, wealth, and almost life itself in serving their country, which came up while he was a member of Congress? James K. Polk!

Who was it that was presented by the grand jury of Sevier county, Tenn., for mal-practice in office while Governor of Tennessee? James K. Polk!

Who is it that preaches "free trade" and opposition to a protective tariff in the South, and writes letters to the North in favor of "affording incidental protection" to American manufactures? James K. Polk!

Who was it that fifty two members of Congress refused to give the usual vote of compliments for discharging the duties of Speaker, because they believed he had acted with partisan partiality? James K. Polk!

Who was it that disfranchised the state of Mississippi by his single vote, sent home her legally elected representatives, and deprived the state of a representation in the National Councils? James K. Polk!

Who is it that has been twice beaten in his own state for Governor, by an unpretending politician? James K. Polk!

Of whom did Robert J. Walker and many other Locofocos say, that he was unfit for the Vice Presidency, because James C. Jones had beaten him? James K. Polk!

Who is it that was never thought of for the Presidency before the Baltimore Convention? James K. Polk!

Who is it that is placed on the Locofoco ticket for President, against the man of men,

the genius of geniuses, the orator of orators, the grand intellectual ornament to the human family—Henry Clay, the farmer of Ashland, the thrice preserver of the Union, the friend of Greece and South America in their struggles for liberty, the friend of mankind, and the beson promise to our country? Who is it? The reply comes feebly up.—James K. Polk.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

Mr. Clay's Private Character.

Many there are, doubtless, who have believed the falsehoods set forth upon the wings of the wind to every part of the country against Mr. Clay, by the Locofocos; but we are sure that when they shall have read the letters which we publish below from so eminent a divine and so good a Christian as Dr. Bascom, of the Methodist Church, and President of Transylvania University, they will spare and despise those who have thus endeavored to poison their minds.

From the Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser.

REV. DR. BASCOM.

President of the Transylvania University.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—You will, I trust, pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, when I state, that my object is to ascertain from you some testimony concerning the private character of Hon. Henry Clay. I do this at the solicitation of many conscientious, upright men, who appear to have been led to regard Mr. Clay as any thing but an honest and upright citizen—a Sabbath breaker—gambler—profane swearer, &c. I would respectfully ask if these things be so. It is not my wish to draw from you a letter for publication, and no public use will be made of your answer, my object being to ascertain how far these representations which are constantly repeated by the Democratic papers of the north are warranted by truth.

Your answer to the interrogatories will much oblige,

Yours, very respectfully,

J. G. GOBLE,

Corres. Sec'y Clay Club.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY,

Lexington, Ky., July 24th, 1844.

My Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 13th inst., I owe it to truth, virtue, and the claims of society, without any reference to the political status of the day, to say, I have been in intimate and confidential intercourse with the Hon. Henry Clay, both in public and private life, for more than twenty years, and know the charges enumerated in your letter, against the private character of Mr. Clay, to be utterly and basely false.—Mr. Clay, as is known to the whole nation; offers no claim to Christian piety, in the parlance of our churches, but in view of the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, no charge can be brought against him; without violating the obligations of truth and sound justice. To each interrogative charge, therefore, contained in your letter, and reaching me in the shape of a question, I return for answer, that I regard one and all of them as shamefully unjust, because not true, in whole or in part.

Very respectfully, your obt. serv't.

H. B. BASCOM.

Dr. J. G. Gobble.

After this, full, explicit, and unequivocal testimony of one of the most distinguished divines of our country, we trust no reader will feel that there can be any further necessity of pursuing the reckless slanders of Mr. Clay. It is due to Dr. Bascom, perhaps, that his reply to the letter asking permission to publish the above should be added, and here it is:

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY,

Lexington, Ky., August 4th, 1844.

My Dear Sir:—In your letter of the 6th of July, you called upon me for information respecting the "private character" of my neighbor, Mr. Clay, assuring me that "many conscientious, upright men" in your section had been induced by the representations of his enemies, to regard Mr. Clay as "any thing but an honest and upright citizen—a Sabbath breaker—profane—gambler, &c." Your letter added, at the same time, that "no public use" would be made of my reply, should one be received from me. Thus appealed to, I expressed to you freely, in relation to the private character of Mr. Clay, what I regarded as due to him, to myself, and the community in which we live. I need scarcely add, that called upon, under similar circumstances, I should most cheerfully attest the good character of any of my neighbors, without reference to political relations or distinctions, nor do I believe any of them would hesitate calling on me, to this effect, should it be found necessary.

In a second letter just received from you, you ask permission to use my first at discretion, and as no injustice can be done to any one, by allowing you to do so, although my letter was written as private, I know of no good reason why I should withhold the permission you ask, and I therefore accord it.

Very respectfully,

H. B. BASCOM.

Dr. J. G. Gobble.

A TOUCHSTONE.—We ask the whole country, Democrat and Whig, if it is not significant, if it is not even decisive of the principles of the two parties, that the Democrats are for Polk, and that we are for H. CLAY.