

HIGH AND MESSENGER.

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From the *Pacific Magazine*. PASSAGES IN A PHYSICIAN'S LIFE.

Retribution.

"Nil mortis timor," was exchanged, many years ago, for "Nil mortis timor." "Say nothing of the Dead, but God," for "Say nothing of the Dead, but the Truth."

The change is a good one, and the original must have been written by some classical rogue, who was afraid his misdeeds would be talked over when he was gone. The rule supposes, of course, that something is to be said. It is very often the case, however, that nothing—not even the truth—had better be said, either for the sake of friends, or society at large. Let their character be buried with their lives.

With regard to the subject of the following sketch, neither of these considerations operates to prevent my writing the truth. It had no friends—a dissolute, dissipated even in this forbidden world—and his history may do good, at least that part which I write: the history of the last days—the last moments—of a *Usurer!* He was a man of almost fifty years, and lived in a splendid mansion, in the most elevated part of the village—alone. I do not mean by this that no one lived in the house with him; but that he had neither wife nor children, nor kin of any degree. The only companion in the whole large house was the female servant, who had always lived with him, and who had the whole care of the establishment, if it could be called by that name. Who she was, no one knew. She saw no one, and went to no where. The coach man and gardener lived in a separate house.

I do not mean to say that Mr. S.— was himself a solitary or unsocial man. On the contrary he saw a great deal of company at his house; and gave, frequently, large dinner parties, to which all the principal men of the place were invited; and he often visited them in return. He was frequently jested, especially by the ladies, to whom such jokes seem to be very natural, on his being a bachelor, and living alone in such a large house; but he bore their raillery with the most perfect composure. He was considered odd in this respect, and none troubled themselves any further about it.

Mr. S.— was a rich man—very rich. He had become so by his own means; for he had begun life as a poor man. He had made his money by usury—and often by the most grinding and relentless kind, and this was well known in the place, but made no difference there. He might have made it by piracy; so long as he remained unconvinced and unshaken, he would be respected, if he were rich. He followed the same practice still, and seized every opportunity for making money as greedily as when he first began life in poverty. He occupied a seat in church every Sunday, as regularly as the most devout; and in quiet advanced life was received into the communion of the church.

Yet, unpleasant and repulsive as such a character ought to be, to every mind of truly noble and manly feelings, I must still say, that Mr. S.— had many good traits. He was a gentleman, and what is generally called a very clever fellow. I have spent hours in his company, and found him a very entertaining man.

I have felt it necessary to say so much of the general character of Mr. S.— in order to prepare the reader for what follows. God forbid that any of my readers should be his death. I wish I could relate in connection with the death scenes of another character, which took place about the same time. But I must give them separately, and his first.

I was sitting down to dinner, when a messenger arrived, summoning me hastily to the house of Mr. S.—. Of the cause of the summons he knew nothing. He only knew that he was to ask me to come as quickly as possible, and if I were not at home, he was to go after doctor M.—. I did not wait to swallow a morsel, but hastily obeyed the call. I entered the house in less than five minutes from leaving my own door. The single female servant met me at the door, with a strange expression of distress on her face, and with a gesture towards the stairs, and only the words "up there," she disappeared into one of the lower rooms.

Not a little surprised, and perhaps alarmed by this mute demonstration, I ascended the first flight of stairs, in the sleeping room, where I found Mr. S.—. He was sitting in his large easy chair, his feet upon a stool, and his back and head pressed firmly against the back of the chair. A hand grasped each of the arms with such a convulsive grasp as seemed almost to crush the solid wood. Every muscle of his whole body seemed exerted to the utmost tension. His face wore an expression of the most unutterable agony

and wretchedness; while he was struggling for breath as if a hand of iron had been about his chest, resisting every effort to inhale the air. Each effort was attended with that extreme exertion which was almost as distressing to the bystander as to the sufferer himself. He did not breathe—there was only a quick, rapid panting, like what is often seen in a small animal, exhausted by a long chase in very hot weather; each attempt being utterly ineffectual to fill the lungs. His countenance was extremely flushed, the veins distended and prominent; his eyes blood shot, and almost projecting from their sockets.

As I entered the room he perceived me, and fixing his eye upon me with an agonized expression of anxious inquiry, he never removed it whilst I remained. He could not speak; but through his thick, rapid panting, he attempted to utter words which from the motion of his lips, perhaps aided somewhat by my fancy, I translated—
"Doctor, do you think I am dying?"

It was not Mr. S.—, the calm, gentlemanly, money-lender. All the man seemed lost, and sunk in the overwhelming and cowardly fear of death.

Perceiving at a glance, as I approached him, that he had experienced a severe and sudden attack of congestion of the lungs, I attempted, by a few words, to render him more composed; and then took a large quantity of blood from his arm.—He was somewhat relieved by the bleeding, and I left him; after having given directions to the housekeeper for his care till I should call again. Upon attempting to lay him down, he experienced such a degree of suffocation that I left him, and found him, in his easy chair.

The period of his first attack was early in the summer. In the course of six months they followed each other in rapid succession, and it became evident, even to himself, that he could not long survive. But as the weather became colder, his strength increased and his constitution seemed to acquire new vigor, so that it seemed almost probable that he might survive the winter, and perhaps quite recover. But standing as he did, with the finger of the Almighty always pointing at him, he never lost sight for an instant, of the truth that he was a dying man, and he lived from hour to hour in the most abject fear of death. Under such circumstances it seemed wonderful that he continued to live. It was for retribution!

I visited him almost daily, and often attempted to offer him consolation in the hope of his Christian profession. But there was no comfort for him.

I found by his bedside one morning the Rev. Mr. J.—, a good old man, and full of love to all his fellows. He was striving, as I ventured to direct the mind of Mr. S.— to a better train of feelings, and was evidently in profound sorrow at the state in which he found him. His eyes were filled with tears, and his hands clasped in great earnestness, as he urged upon the hard soul of my patient the mild and refreshing promises, and hopes, and peace of the gospel. It was a wonderful contrast.

"I am told, Mr. S.—," said the minister, as I was entering the room, "I am told that you cannot recover, that your disease is of that character that you must sink under it, or that you may suddenly, at any moment, die in the most horrible agony by suffocation. I speak thus plainly because I would impress upon your mind the importance of preparing your heart to stand before your stern and unrelenting Judge. I beseech you drop these vindictive thoughts and..."

The sick man had listened thus far without moving, but now rising to a sitting posture in his bed, and fixing his eyes stercorally on the minister, he said slowly and calmly:—
"Sir, I do not believe in one word you say. I have been a member of the church for years, because it was my interest to be so. Now, unless God will aid me in my profession I renounce my hypocritical profession forever. I shall get well, sir, and I shall devote the remnant of my life to paying the debt of neglect and scorn due to my fellow men."

He sunk back in bed, and the minister, with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, said, "May God be merciful to him!" and rose and left the room.

The angel of mercy had departed; the last appeal had been made, and now what was left!

Mr. S.— is dead. It is Retribution; not the death, but manner of it. Though summoned in great haste at ten o'clock, he was dead before I reached him, dead by the visitation of Heaven. What follows, I learned from one of my students, a young man of great intelligence, who had volunteered to take care of him through the night.

"Indeed," said she, "so had it!—Be so good, sir, if you please, as to call me the moment he awakes. I have a few words of the utmost importance to say to him."

The young woman left the room. The sick man did not wake till nearly seven o'clock, and upon being told that a lady wished to see him, he directed her to be admitted. "There is one then," said he, "who has not forgotten me."

Forgotten him!—no. Through all the years of girlhood and womanhood—through all the weary months of desolation and sorrow—through all the hot and tear washed footpaths of lonely and uncheered nursing, and rearing and watching, and guarding the young and beautiful girl by her side, in the waste of feeling, and in the midst of the wilderness that always lies up around despaired and forsaken love, she had never forgotten and could never forget him. Who would have believed that the hardened and seared man who now lay sick in that house, and who had never been known to feel sympathy or sorrow for a fellow mortal, and who was now—with the hand of God upon him and pressing him down into the very grave's mouth—planning vengeance upon men because they had no sympathy for him—that man had ever yielded to the power of woman's love. Yet such is woman. In our boyhood she weaves about our hearts the chains that never break. Her love twines itself about all our better feelings, and if, in after life, we cast it off and spurn it for the grosser love of sense, be sure the hour will come when it will work its retribution.

She stood by his bedside—the same she had been sixteen years before—the same in all, but—her love for him. And he looked in her face, and knew her—knew for what she came—and, in one moment, an instant, memory and conscience travelled back through those long, and to her bitter years, and the hardened man covered up his face and groaned aloud, "Mary!"

"Then you know me, George S.—," said she after a moment's pause—"I collect, and keep down any of the tenderness of years ago that might now be revived at the sight of his distress and sickness."

"You know me then. You have not forgotten me. Well I am not changed, if I have suffered, since I was your beautiful Mary." Do you remember, all, George!

"Oh! do—do!" he groaned out, "you need not tell them. I remember..."

"The days when you came to my father's house, a poor young man—poor as the meanest beggar—cared for by none—and how we received you into the family and fed and clothed you, and took you to our hearts, and when you began to forget what you had been, how you looked up and saw I was beautiful—and Aggy—my elder and dear sister Aggy—poor girl—do you remember her? I know you do.—You shall never forget her, nor me. She is dead, George—dead—in the cold grave, where you will soon be, if the earth does not cast you out, or refuse to receive you into its bosom."

"Dead!" cried the sick man, "dead!—How did she die! Tell me all. Yet, no—I cannot hear it."

"But you must hear it. It is for that, with other things, that I came here to-day. I have watched you, George S.—, through all the years of our separation, and waited patiently for this hour, to tell you all you have been to Aggy and to me.—She died by her own hand, George, the very night her child was born—your child, the child of her shame and your treachery. Yes, let it eat into your heart till it cankers there, as it ought, and take it into the grave with you."

"You remember when my father died, after you had been gone from our house more than a year, that with all the confidence of the unsuspecting heart that raised you to what you were, he left our property in charge to you, to preserve it for us.—You know how well you did it. Wretch! you robbed us of our property, and worse, far worse, you robbed my sister of her fair fame, while you made me your dishonored wife!"

"It is false!" exclaimed the wretched wretch, who was beginning to collect himself, and was now determined to deny the whole: "why do you not take the woman away! she will kill me!"

you—now I raised my sister's child, your child, resolved when you should return to forgive all, and still love on. And Aggy, the gentle, forgiving girl, she told me the very day she destroyed herself, that she forgave you, and hoped that we might be happy again."

"But all that is gone by, though I feel like a girl again as I turn back to all these memories—a girl in all save my love for you. The time came when in the very place where we made our first vows, in the church where we were married, in the church fields where we used to ramble and be happy, everywhere where I had ever been with you, I taught my soul to hate and abhor you, and on my sister's grave I yowled, kneeling by her side, to hate you till death. The sight of all these nursed and fed the now-born hate in my soul, but more—oh, immeasurably more!—the sight of the fair young girl that grew up by my side, with her mother's face, but your traitor's blood in her veins. And she—I taught her to despise and curse her father."

The sick man had heard her, thus far, with only an occasional interruption of passion, but now he seemed to feel his weakness and the mastery she had over him, and her words seemed to enter like daggers into his soul.

"Where is she!" he exclaimed: "Send her to me; let me see her. I will do all I can to atone for my wrong, and whilst I live I will use all my wealth in her behalf. Let me see her, and Mary, by all the memories of the past, forgive me, and speak comfort to me. Do not treat me as the whole world treats me. I am deserted by all; come to the ocean's surge."

"Yes, I have come to you, but not to be as we have been. That could never be, if you had yet numbered years of life before you. There is between us the boundless gulf of deep and implacable hate and contempt. You are rich—very rich, in money coined from my heart, and sister Aggy's, and oh, of how many others.—You will get gold—never make us happy. Let it be only right, since it cannot be restored, and it is that upon which the world places honor, that your child should have the benefit of it. And it is for that, too I have come to you in your dying-hour. Do not ask it for her, because when you are dead it will be mine, and I will give it to her. She is my child now, and as beautiful and loving, and gentle as her mother."

"What wonder that you are deserted—that you are left here to die alone! The traitor must suffer the traitor's doom. I am with you again; not to smooth your pillow, but to add thorns in your remorse; to bring to your mind, when it is too late to repent, the memory of all your wrongs and forbid you to think of heaven!"

It was now that the man was unmanned. The words of his long deserted wife harrowed up his soul. Memory travelled over all the past, and gathered up stores of anguish. Conscience was now wide awake. Revenge was crushed—every thought of revenge. The fear of death was swallowed up in the agony of his mind. Then filled a flood of confessions of foul crimes, and cruel wrong, enough to wring the heart of any but his deserted wife. She sat unmoved and heard all. She looked steadily in his eye and saw his utter despair, and spoke no word of hope. He begged her to forgive him, but she answered not.

My young student, who had been present throughout the whole scene, and had forborne to interfere, on account of his conviction of the truth of the lady's claims, now interposed and besought her to receive the man should die at once. But her deed was not yet completed. She stepped to the door and called "Aggy."

Whether it was the memory of the past, renewed with greater poignancy by the mention of that name, or whether the sound of a heavy light step on the stairs in answer to the call, gave him the idea that his wife had deceived him as to the death of her sister, it is impossible to tell. The truth he never knew himself. He raised himself in bed and looked eagerly towards the door. He saw the very face of her he had wronged and destroyed, just as she had been in her girlhood, thirty-two years before. He stretched out his hands eagerly and beseechingly to her, and his lips parted, as if to speak, but instead of his voice, there issued from his mouth a sudden and copious torrent of blood and he fell back in bed—a corpse.

When I reached the house, at 10 o'clock, no one was there but the young man. He related to me the above scene, and said that the young lady seemed to be greatly affected by the result. But the older one, stepping to the bedside and laying her hand on the forehead of the corpse, looked upward and said, "Thus has attended her blood and our shame, and taking the other by the hand, left the room and the house."

I directed the proper person to be summoned, and having left the lady in their charge, to be prepared for burial, I went home with a deep sense of the justice of Heaven.

The funeral took place on the second day following. A few persons assembled at the house, more from the habit of attending such scenes, than from any feeling of friendship for the departed. As the little procession moved from the house, preceded by the minister and the sexton, an open carriage, drawn by two beautiful horses, and containing two females, took its position in the place of the chief mourners. They were the wife of the dead and his daughter. The latter was closely veiled, and exhibited signs of deep sorrow. But the former sat stately and erect, and her dark eye flashed proud

ly, while her elegant attire and her beautiful plumes spoke plainly the mockery that brought her here. They reached the grave, and as the few followers gathered about it, and the sexton was preparing to deposit the coffin in its surprise occurred. Suddenly the sides of the excavation fell in, and filled nearly to its mouth.

"Ha, ha ha!" scornful and wildly laughed the long-widowed wife, "I told him the earth would refuse him a place in its bosom. Come, Aggy let us go."

She led the young lady, unresisting, from the church yard, and entering the carriage drove at once to the house of the deceased. She then sent for Mr. B.—, the most eminent lawyer in the place, and put into his hands the proofs of her being the lawful wife of George S.—. They were incontrovertible, and no will being found, she became heir to his property. But this was not all. In a few days she settled upon the young lady the greater portion of the wealth of her late husband, which was enormous.

From this time all was changed with her. Satisfied with the retribution of Heaven, and afterwards apparently deeply repenting her own revenge, she erected a plain but costly stone at the head of her husband's grave, and caused the remains of her sister to be interred by his side.—With her now full-grown and beautiful niece, the care of her first lonely days, and the pride of her maturer years, she is living in contentment and usefulness, devoting the ill-acquired riches of her husband to purposes of benevolence and charity.

Remarkable Meteors.

On the 14th of July, about 4 o'clock in the morning, the inhabitants on several points of Northern Bohemia observed a fire ball, that suddenly appeared in the north eastern part of the heavens, dragging after it a long flame, and shooting out great rapidly towards the east, leaving behind a long bright stripe which remained in the heavens for nearly half an hour, first in a vertical and then in a horizontal direction. At Braunau a black cloud showed itself suddenly in the almost cloudless horizon, which becoming gradually more light, suddenly exploded, with a crash not unlike that of a cannon, in halves; and after a second violent crash, it came with a revolving motion, when a dark solid kernel was observed. Soon after, the information came that two meteor stones had fallen in the neighborhood; one damaged a brick house so much as to split into pieces a large beam, the second fell down half a league from it, in Haaptmannsdorf, where it buried itself about a half a fathom deep in the ground of a field. The latter weighed 42 lbs. 3 oz., and consists of solid iron. It is worthy of remark, that meteors are not of rare occurrence in Bohemia; one fell down at Elbogen weighing 19 lbs.; at Liebschutz and Ploschowitz, 33 meteor stones; at Strucow, a stone rain, with pieces varying from half to 20 lbs. at Lissa, Zobrac, &c.—Letter from Prague.

Barrel Making.

Barrel making forms no inconsiderable item of the mechanical business of Oswego and vicinity. Probably from 600,000 to 800,000 barrels will be required to supply the Oswego Mills this year; and this amount of money that will be paid out for this article alone will not, probably, fall much short of \$250,000. The number of workmen employed is, of course, very large. Mr. Thomas Wentworth has the largest establishment of the kind. His business is so perfectly by labor saving machines, that we apprehend the old way of making barrels will not very successfully compete with him. In one shop his staves are cut and dressed by machinery, propelled by a steam engine. The staves are cut from the block, at the rate of 8000 a day. The steaming process is done by the steam from the engine. After the staves are cut they are sawed by two buzz saws, all of one length, and then dressed and jointed in a very expeditious manner on a large wheel, into which knives are inserted. The staves are then fit for use.—Six men will cut and dress 8000 in a day. In another shop the barrels are put together. The establishment turns out from one thousand to fifteen hundred barrels weekly, and gives employment to about thirty-five workmen.—Oswego Times.

Important Development of Crime.

A man named Reuben Maddox was recently tried at Eaton, Preble county, Ohio, on a charge of arson. In the course of the trial the following disclosures were made by a witness who turned State's evidence:—"There is a mammoth company of pick-pockets, thieves, robbers, and even murderers, by the name of the 'Royal Band,' or 'Boston Sons,' that have their headquarters at Pittsburg, Pa. At Lawrenceville, Pa., they have another resort, for the convenience of the 'Sons,' and one at Columbus, a small branch, yet organized under a regular captain, who enjoys the social contempt of 'Captain Kidd.' This gang had laid their plans for burning the houses and other property of the citizens, and of robbing, and even murdering, some business men in the town."—Georgia Constitutionalist.

Tom Thumb Surpassed.—In an old paper, (the London Literary Gazette,) for the year 1824, we find an account of a dwarf even more Lilliputian than Tom Thumb. Her name was Cruchani, a Sicilian by birth, and at ten years of age she was only nineteen inches in height, and weighed but five pounds! She was exhibited in London in May 1824.

Wonders of Chemistry.—Aqua fortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linnæus and sugar, and spirits of wine, are as much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the essence of almost all combustion on burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than any thing in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium are found of the same materials.

A Queer Chap.—Near a village, called Seguin, away down west, there lives a queer old fellow who has a strange habit of using the longest words, and invariably misapplying them, for instance, he wished to sell some lots—"Look here, gentlemen, if you wish to make fortunes here's the location for a magnanimous city, we're at the foot of navigation. Next year I'll put a lawyer's firm, apothecary's doings, and a blacksmith's institution, and afterwards a regular academy, where all the folks from the circumference countries will send in their boys and girls of both sexes to be educated into a college education. Then I'll instruct meeting houses, and the stores and taverns will spring up in course. Come in, gentlemen 'let's liquor'."

Delicious Apple Pudding.—Very convenient, as it may be made several hours before it is baked, or when a nice addition is wanted unexpectedly. Prepare and chop fine, half a dozen or more, according to the size, of the best cooking apples—grease a pudding dish, cover the bottom and sides half an inch thick with grated bread, and very small lumps of butter, then put a layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg, and repeat the layer, which must be of bread and butter—pour over the whole a tawny of cold water. Put into the oven as soon as the dinner is served, and bake it for twenty-five or thirty minutes. It must be baked the day before it is wanted: when it must be heated thoroughly in a shallow dish and sprinkled with powdered sugar. It requires no sauce.

A Woman who Spoke without a Tongue.

This woman was a native of Mucary, in the territory of Elvas in Portugal.—The case was attested by Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, then chaplain to the English at Lisbon, in a letter dated from that city, September 5, 1707, and laid before the Royal Society in London. The following is an extract from the letter: The Condo d'Ericeira, a nobleman of letters, and curious in natural knowledge, brought from the frontiers of this country a woman without a tongue, who yet speaks very well: she is seventeen years of age, but in stature exceeds not one of seven or eight. I was with her at the count's house, and made her pronounce every letter of the alphabet, which she can do distinctly.—She has not the least bit of a tongue, nor any thing like it; but the teeth on both sides of her under jaw, turn very much inward, and almost meet. She finds the greatest want of a tongue in eating; for, as others, when they eat, move their meat about with their tongue, she is forced to use her fingers. She pretends to distinguish taste very well, but I believe she does it imperfectly. Her voice, though very distinct, is a little hoarse, and like that of old people who have lost their teeth.

The Lethaon.

The editor of the Cincinnati "Herald," not long since, whilst under the influence of the Lethaon, had a tough extracted. He thus describes his feelings!

"We have taken it; we have had a dental extraction under its influence, and this was the way of it. We took our seat on a large chair, and took into our mouth a large tube, which conveyed the gas. We commenced inspiring and coughing at the same time. As our inspirations grew more regular, our coughing ceased, and we began to lose our consciousness. Then we began to hear a noise of a thousand mill wheels. Then we seemed to be riding upon a rail road, along which myriads cars were thundering, and we were going faster into a black void, in which were loud noises, as of an earthquake. Then we no longer were of this world; and were framing what figure of speech we should use in describing that jarring, thundering noise, when we ceased away, and found all quiet. We were upon an island. Summer breathes over the blue waters; odors, as of Eden, made the air faint with their luxury. Musical fountains plashed in marble basins—birds sang in cool groves. Away down a vista, overarched with climbing roses, a white marble palace appeared its walls.—We were lying faint and languid, but joyful, gazing down this vista. Over us bent an old man, who gazed inquiringly into our face. Just then a bevy of maidens came capering along in graceful sport towards us. We, laughed at their gleeful and, in revenge, attempted to bind us with roses. We put up our hands to save ourselves from such a calamity, and awoke, with our hands firmly clasping the arm of the operator, who had just extracted the tooth. The first thing we recognized, was a picture smiling upon us from the wall, which was that of the old man of our vision.

"After the tooth was out, of course came the lassitude connected upon the reaction of our excitement."

Be ready to hear, careful to converse, and slow to advise. When you cannot find peace within yourself, you will seek it in vain elsewhere.