

# HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

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## Our Last Epitaph.

The following lines were written some years since by the late Col. Harding, while in Washington, and enclosed in a letter to his wife.—They are replete with the most touching eloquence.  
Bury me not, when I am dead,  
Against the city's glare—  
Where thoughtless, careless mortals tread,  
And wealth and misery are wed;  
Oh! bury me not there.  
Bury me not, when I am more,  
High on a mountain bare—  
Where thoughtless mortals tread,  
And wealth and misery are wed;  
Oh! bury me not there.  
Bury me not, when I am at rest,  
Where martial prowess glare—  
For easily show and gorgeous crest  
Can never soothe an angry breast;  
Oh! bury me not there.  
Bury me not, when I shall sleep,  
By ocean's rocky bay,  
Where winds and waves their vigils keep,  
And ocean's restless deep—  
Oh! bury me not there.  
Bury me not, when I am gone,  
In boundless prairie, where  
The buried dead are left alone,  
Marked except by a cold grave stone—  
Oh! bury me not there.  
Bury me not, when I shall die,  
Midst woods and flowers rare;  
Where o'er my grave the winds may sigh,  
And birds may sing, and friends are near;  
Oh! bury me not there.

## Character and Death of Pilate.

The following is from a work entitled, "Gethsemane and Calvary," recently published.  
It is difficult to delineate the character of Pilate. His conduct, throughout the whole trial, is strange and inconsistent. Convinced from the first, of the innocence of the Redeemer, knowing that he only has the power to rescue him from outraged violence, yet instead of exercising his official power, and dismissing the accusers from his tribunal, he plays with them and emboldens to induce them to withdraw their prosecution. In this, he plainly shows himself to be governed by an excessive love of popularity. And yet, other acts of his procuratorship prove him to have been sometimes entirely reckless of the favor of his subjects. In the present case, however, the rank and number of the plaintiffs has had not so much influence as any diverse interest of his own. On the contrary, it is for his present interests to ally the convictions of his own judgment, and even the evidences of his senses, rather than incur the resentment of the influential priests, who can easily make his office unsafe for his life. Yet yielding so cowardly to the unjust demands of a dangerous faction, he violates one of the first laws of his country. "The idle clamor of the populace is not to be regarded, when they call for a guilty man to be acquitted, or any innocent one to be condemned." He must have forgotten one of the maxims of Horace, whose poems he had doubtless often read in his youth:  
"The man in secret virtue bold,  
Who does his sacred purpose hold,  
Unshaken bears the crowd's tumultuous cries,  
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies."  
By this one act of timid compliance to selfish interest, he has secured a name, which will forever cleave to him. Whenever the sacred narrative of the sufferings and death of Jesus is known, in earth or heaven, will it also be known, that he was condemned to the cross by Pontius Pilate. Yet we are in danger of measuring the Roman officer's guilt by the light which we ourselves enjoy. We must remember the estimation the Holy Ghost has recorded. "Whom the princes of this world knew not, had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. Pilate, as well as Herod, might have known the exalted character of the person ignominiously dragged before him, and by him unjustly crucified; and this renders his ignorance inexcusable. The fact that he did not know the dignity of Christ palliates the awful guilt of "crucifying the Lord of Glory." Had he been convinced that Jesus Christ was "the true God and eternal life," to have thus condemned him, had been sacrilege to an inconceivable degree. As it is, he is trampled upon the principles of conscience and right, in an alarming manner. In fine, his constant efforts to direct the impious accusations of the Jews, show in him a strong sense of justice, and a conscience not blunted by hardened guilt. His tampering with the prosecutors shows a willingness to keep on the popular side even at the cost of justice. His final decision shows the selfishness of his heart, and his ruling ambition.

The historical accounts of him agree with the above features. Philo, the Jew, represents him as a man who "set justice to sale, plundered the people, and executed the innocent," though some deductions from his statements, for national prejudices, may be required. According to Josephus, "he was not naturally disposed to unnecessary bloodshed, but whenever the

peace of the province appeared in danger, stern, decided, decisions of human life on all occasions, by an immense majority of acquiescing himself in the popular favor.  
Whatever the subsequent feelings of Pilate, in view of his part in the death of Christ, he was left to conjecture. That he ever believed in him who died that the believer might be saved, is more than doubtful. His career in Judea did not continue much longer. The procurator had made himself unpopular, by previous oppressions upon the Jews. His compliance at this time with their demands, did not secure him from the evil which he anticipated. He was deposed, four or five years afterwards, for an assault upon the Samaritans, summoned to Rome to defend himself, and was banished by the Emperor, Casus Caligula; to Vienna, in Gaul, where he committed suicide.

Thus closed the earthly scene of the unhappy Pilate. Victims of the meek, bleeding countenance of the Redeemer may have hanged and harassed his soul. He could not have forgotten the most remarkable event of his procuratorship. He must have felt the fulfillment of his wife's dream, in the judgments which fell upon him, for condemning the innocent blood. Some oppressive weight bore upon his spirit, and made his life a load, which he thought he could not endure, and he took the madman's relief, of rushing into sorrows yet more dreadful, from which he can never escape. But his bones have mouldered back to dust, and no man knoweth his resting place.—The nations walk over it, heedless of the hand below, which signed the death warrant of the Son of Man.

## The Country Physician.

A GREAT STORY.  
The life of a physician brings him in contact with many strange events, and that of country practitioners is often made up of as great a variety of incidents as the city could afford.

The following incident the writer of this can vouch for as having occurred as related, and if it did not turn out as told about, at least it came very near being so. The initials only of the party are given.

Dr. G. was the principal physician in the village of S., in Massachusetts. He had been attending an infant child of a young couple, whose residence was a mile from the village, but the child died, and was buried, and the mother was more than usually afflicted at the loss of her first born.

One night, a week or two after the burial of the child, the worthy doctor was riding at a late hour of the night past the village burial ground. The moon was shining brightly, and a cold March wind was whistling through the tops of a couple of tall pines which then ornamented the grave yard. The doctor was musing upon, we know not what, when suddenly his old white horse pricked up his ears and began to snort in a very unusual manner.—The doctor looked around but could discern nothing. The old nag, with instinct more acute, began to shy away from the grave yard fence, as if he had no intention of coming in contact with any spirits which might walk there.

The doctor was not superstitious; he got off his horse and climbed the fence into the grave yard, to try and discover what had frightened his staid and steady animal.

The Doctor was a man, not easily frightened, but it must be confessed that his hair almost stood up, and he etched the end of his riding whip convulsively, as he looked and saw among the tall white tomb stones a figure in white, with long fisher-elled hair, kneeling beside a new made infant's grave. The figure was rocking to and fro, as if in pain or grief, and was so near him that he could see that its white drapery was soaked and thin, and the cold wind tossed the long hair wildly. A moment, and his resolution was formed. Carefully and firmly he approached and spoke, but he received no answer. He laid his hand gently upon the figure; it was evidently flesh and blood. The Doctor felt relieved. A second look told him that it was a female child, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, in a thin night dress. She was asleep. It was the young mother of her infant child. Her mind had been so wrought upon by its death that even when sleeping she was not perfect mistress of her actions. She had risen from her bed and walked more than a mile from her residence to the burial ground, without waking, and as may be supposed, was horribly frightened when she found herself among the tombs. The good doctor quitted her ears, and wrapping her in his ample cloak, and placing her behind himself upon the horse, returned with her to her residence. Her husband had not wakened during her absence, and could scarcely believe the story which the doctor told him.

**The Love of Money.**—A Washington letter, speaking of the arrest of young Jones, the Post office clerk, says:  
He was not tempted to commit crime by any of the usual inducements. He had been left \$10,000 by a relative, which he had properly and judiciously invested in stocks; he had a respectable salary, and was otherwise well to do in the world.—Neither had he any of those vices which generally lead to ruin; it was mere love of money which induced him to rob those who were, perhaps, so much more in want of it than himself, and the amount stolen he immediately, with the same calm and tranquil mind, invested in stocks.

## A Hat for Northern Fanatics to Copeck.

**Peter Poole's Return to Slavery.**

Last week we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. W. G. Bennett, of Spartanburg, S. C., who was returning from the North, and had under his protection, Peter Poole, a negro man who voluntarily returned to slavery rather than enjoy freedom in New York. Peter Poole was a blacksmith, who was owned by his friend, the Hon. H. Thompson, Senator from Spartanburg, and having been faithful and carried for his master a large sum of money, he was by his liberality, only nominally a slave, and Col. Thompson paid him large wages.—Under the laws of South Carolina he could not manumit him, and as he might have fallen into the hands of a less liberal master in the event of Col. Thompson's death, he gave Peter permission to depart with proper papers to go wherever he chose. Some time last year he proceeded to Charleston, but could not get a passage in any ship to New York, although he was vouchered for by Mr. Bazaar, who resides in that city and who knew all the circumstances connected with his leaving. Mr. Bazaar wrote to Colonel Thompson, who promptly forwarded him a power of attorney, by which he cleared him at the custom house, and he found easy transit to New York. Peter had several hundred dollars, the fruits of his industry here, which after his arrival in New York, he deposited with Mr. Kealey a broker in Wall Street. He set about procuring work at his trade, which he found difficulty in getting. He was immediately taken by the hand by the Abolitionists, who promised him to buy his wife and child, who remained here. They frequently urged him to proceed to Canada, stating they would send his wife on after him. He waited patiently, listening to their promises, and losing daily by lack of work, low wages, and high board, until patience itself was exhausted. In his own words "They were the best hands at talking I ever heard." Mr. Kealey was his good friend, and at last, yielding to the purchase of his wife, provided the Abolitionists who had volunteered to do so would make up the balance required; and in order to test their sincerity, went round with him to see what they intended to do. They, however, declined and gave as an excuse "that they were against their deed to purchase human flesh." Even charity and the best of principles of humanity could not induce them to depart from their principles, although they had promised this honest negro to redeem his wife from slavery!!!

Peter then decided to return home, and risk the inevitable consequence of being made a slave again. The Abolitionists endeavored to dissuade him from this, as they said "it would be against their cause," and he believes they would not have allowed him to depart, if he had not kept his further intentions secret. This he did, and meeting with Dr. Bennett, desired to return home under his protection. Dr. Bennett informed him of all the consequences, and put him in possession of all the information in his power at the same time warning him that he would become a slave the moment he would return. With this knowledge, he determined to return, and reached here last week on his way to his master. He says "he was a slave thirty-four years, and a freeman one; and decides in favor of slavery in South Carolina."—He also says, "he could not make a support for himself and wife in New York, and could not enjoy life as well there as a freeman, as hereafore." "That he was in a hurry to get home, for fear he would become degraded as the free negroes of the North," who he says, "resort to roguery and drinking when they are out of employment." It is his opinion "that a slave in any situation here, is better off and has cause to be happier, than a free negro in a free State; and says "that not only the free negroes in the vicinity of New York, but thousands of whites are worse off than the slaves of S. Carolina." He worked in the village of L., in which he said, "there lived about two hundred free negroes. Out of this number, there are few who are able to gain a decent support, but are a poverty-stricken and roguish set." Such is the character of most of the free negroes of the North. We have no comments to make. These statements are taken down from the lips of an honest and unprejudiced man, whose testimony we give for the benefit of our slaves at home and the fanatics abroad.

## DEATH OF THE PRINCE ROYAL OF BRAZIL.

Alphonsus, the little imperial Prince of Brazil, died on the 12th of June, of congestion of the brain. The Emperor refused to let the Prince be taken from her for nearly two days, and at last he expired in her arms. The imperial family, residing at the palace, three miles from town, the next morning the body of the little Prince was brought to the city palace. He was laid in the lions room. The funeral came off that night by torch light. It began to move about eight o'clock into the streets, which were guarded by its military. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the scene. The State carriages were richly embroidered with gold, and beautifully decorated. The body was deposited just at midnight—all the men-of-war and the military firing at the infant. It appears that all the first male born of the Braganza family die off. The Emperor is himself

the sixth son. The Emperor was expected to give birth to another Prince or Princess in a few days. Considerable alarm was felt for her on account of the sudden death of Prince Alphonsus.

## The Bitter Bit.

Some days ago a story went the rounds touching a man, who, having presented himself in his shirt sleeves at the American Museum, New York, received the loan of a pair from Mr. Barnum, and after viewing the curiosities, slipped with the garment, thus obtaining a sight of the elephant and a splendid swallow-tail for twenty five cts. This occurred in an affair that occurred in 1840, at the old Columbus, when she lay at Chinatown Navy Yard. One day, a long, green Vermont straggled on board the frigate, and examined every thing on deck with curious eyes. The officer of the watch, from the bearing and neatness of his uniform, attracted the Yankee's notice.

"Got a pretty good place here—hey?" he inquired.  
The officer assented.  
"What wages do you get?"  
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, sir."  
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars—All ten years' worth, shall I?"  
"Fact, sir."  
"Well, I wonder I couldn't get something to do here, and get a pretty good middie-shiping."  
"Well, white middie-shiping is scarce for a green hand."  
"Twenty dollars a month, only."  
"Only forty dollars? Jerusalem! I was paid to hire out for ten. But I can't I be made a middie-shipman out? Say quick!"  
"Down below, sir, in the steerage. As soon as I'm relieved I'll see to it."  
Down went the quizzed and the quizzed. A bevy of young middie-shipmen required as prompting to possess a piece of mischievous spiritous warrant was soon made out, and the green horn equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant chapeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. Thus furnished, he was directed to present himself to Commodore S. in the cabin and report ready for duty. He was told that the Commodore might be pretty gruff; it was a way he had; but not to mind it. The steerage being full, the new middie-shipman was to demand quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain stateroom. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—he had no right to say either. Thus "posted up," the victim presented himself to the Commodore with—  
"Old laws, how are you?"  
S. stared. He had come across a rare one. "Take a seat, sir."  
"I kin help myself, old fellow; I generally do," was the reply of the Vermont, as he flung himself into one seat and crossed his legs upon another.

"You are one of the new middie-shipmen, isuppose?" remarked the Commodore, who from the first, suspected something.  
"I ain't nothing else."  
"Shall I trouble you for your warrant?"  
"Catch hold, old boy."  
The Commodore looked at the warrant and then at the visitor.  
"Who gave you this?"  
"The fellows down stairs; and I'm ready for duty."  
"That's enough. Now you can go."  
"Not as you knows on, Squire. The cellar's chuck full—and I ain't a grain out of this in a hurry—I'll tell you now—Oh! you needn't rare up, y'd fellow. I see what's the matter—you're a little cracked up here!" and the brilliant visitor touched his forehead with his fore finger. "I'm going into this chamber to a right good snooze—boots and all, by gony!"

As he was proceeding to execute this menace, the Commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the scuppers, he remarked, mildly—"You see that man with a mackerel—now you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship and yard, never to show your face here again, I'll order him to shoot you!" The Yankee broke—and in a moment his blue coat-tail was seen floating in the rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.

In a minute afterwards, half a dozen terrified middie-shipmen rushed out deck, and asked for liberty to go on shore.  
"Young gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I grant an liberty to day."  
Six faces fell a floor, and six young livers returned to their mess rooms as if an anchor was mired at an wharves's federal. They never saw or heard anything of the Yankee afterward, nor the mackerel either.

## Tax on Bonds.

The Emperor of Russia, after having lent a hundred millions to the bank of England, fifty millions to Prussia, fifteen millions to France, and other large sums to the large bankers of Europe, is replenishing his treasury by a war upon the heads of the Jews. A recent imperial ukase has been transmitted to the rabbis of all the synagogues in his dominions, commanding an immediate removal of the heads of his Jewish subjects—non-conformity to the order entailing a certain heavy penalty. As the Emperor's Minister of Finance very well understood, the Jew loves his beard better than the small end of his purse. The fiscal registrars, with their book of taxes, and the regimental barbers with their soap and razors, make the rounds together, and no Israelite can hope to escape a choice between them—

## Gen'l Taylor's Character as a Man.

At a barbecue given to the Kentucky Volunteers at Jeffersontown, on the 10th inst, Col. Humphrey Marshall delivered a speech, in the course of which he spoke in the following terms of the character of Old Rough and Ready. It may be remarked that those qualities which are conspicuous in the character of General Taylor, such as the simplicity, sincerity, manliness and honesty, are the very attributes that endear him to the masses. Nothing recommends a man more speedily to the affections of the people than the presence of those homely, and old fashioned virtues which prove the sterling metal of his nature:

"My service in Mexico frequently brought me near to Gen. Taylor, and I was industrious in my examination of the actual character of the man whose opportunity was presented. I have no motive to deceive you, and you must take the impressions I received for what they are worth. If I desired to express in the fewest words what manner of man Gen. Taylor is, I should say, that, in his manners and his appearance, he is one of the common people of this country. He might be transferred from his seat at Monterey to this assembly, and he would not be remarked among this crowd of respectable old farmers as a man of all distinguished from those around him. Perfectly temperate in his habits, perfectly plain in his dress, entirely unassuming in his manners, he appears to be an old gentleman to the death, whose thoughts are turned upon his personal appearance, and who has no point about him, to attract particular attention. In his intercourse with men, he is free, frank and manly. He never allows the airs of pomp or grandeur about him to be seen. Any one may approach him as nearly as can be desired, and the doors closely his character is examined the greater freedom, it discloses.

1. He is an honest man. I do not mean that merely that he does not cheat or swindle, but that he is a man that never deceives, and who accuses all his friends for the same. He never attempts to be what he is not. He never, he speaks you hear what he has to say, and whether right or wrong, you feel assurance that he has expressed his real opinion. His dealings with men have been of a most varied character, and I have never heard his honest name stained by the breath of the slightest reproach.

2. He is a man of rare good judgment. By no means possessed of that brilliancy of genius which attracts by its flashes, yet, like the quartz, exposes even when you gaze upon it, by no means possessing that combination of talent which penetrates instantly the abstrusest subject, and measures its length and breadth as if by intuition. Gen. Taylor yet has that order of intellect which more slowly but quite as surely measures all that it engages, and examines all the combinations of which the subject is susceptible. When he examines his conclusions you feel confident that he well understands the ground upon which he stands himself, and you rest assured that the conclusion is the deduction of a clear and sound sense faithfully applied to the matter in hand. It is this order of mind which has enabled him unlike many other officers of the army, to attend to the wants of his family, by so using the means of his disposal as to surround himself in his old age with a handsome private fortune, and to be blessed with an almost perfect organization. I would to-day prefer his advice in any matter of private interest, would know his opinion as to the value of an estate, would rather follow his suggestions in a scheme where property or capital was to be embarked, would manage more confidently his counsel, where the management of an army was involved, or the true honor of my country was at stake, than that of any other man I have ever known. I regard his judgment as being so far above every thing, from a private trade up to a grade in human life above the field of battle.

3. He is a firm man and possessed of great energy of character. It were a waste of time to dwell upon these traits of his character, for his military career has afforded such abundant examples of his possession of these qualities as to render them familiar to every citizen who has ever read or heard of the man. In his story they are daily exhibited, and stand conspicuously displayed in every order which emanates from his pen.

4. He is a benevolent man. This quality has been uniformly displayed in his treatment of the prisoners who have been placed in his power by the vicissitudes of war. No man who had seen him after leaving the Buena Vista as he ordered the wounded from the battle field, and heard him as he examined his own men that the wounded were to be treated with mercy, could doubt that he was alive to all the kind, impulses of our nature. The in-creased of youth he chides with paternal kindness, yet with the decision which forbids their repetition, and the young men of his army feel that it is a pleasure to gather around him, because there they are as welcome as though they visited the hearthstone of their own home, and they are always as freely invited to partake of what he has to offer as if they were under the roof of a father. His conduct in sparing the deserters who were captured

of Buena Vista, exhibited at the same time in a manner his benevolence and his judgment. "Don't shoot these," said he: "the worst punishment I will inflict is to return them to the Mexican army." When Napoleon laid in one of his batteries, "I inscribe it on their flag 'The flag of the army of Italy,' he used an expression which was deemed so remarkable that history preserved it for the admiration of future ages, yet it was not more forcible as an illustration of his power to touch as an illustration of his power to touch the man in which he would make an example for the benefit of the army.

5. He is a man of business habits. I never knew a man more speedily to give up a day to pleasure. I have never visited his quarters without seeing evidences of the industry with which he toiled. If his talented adjutant was surrounded with papers, so was the General. And though he would smile a visitor kindly and bid him with familiar grace to smoke himself until he was at leisure, he never would interrupt the duties which his station called him to perform. When these were closed for the day, he seemed to enjoy to a remarkable degree, the vivacity of young officers, and to be glad to mingle in their society. As a conversationalist, I do not think Gen. Taylor possesses great power. He uses few words and expresses himself with energy and force, but not fluently. His language is select. I would say, however, from the knowledge of the man, that he is entirely capable of graduating anything in the shape of an order of battle which has ever appeared over his signature, and in saying so much, I understand myself as asserting that he is master of his mother tongue, and can write about as effectively and happily as he can fight. Such, then, is the picture of the man—out of the general—who won my esteem. I do not, in the least, intend to say that I have indulged on this occasion because I desired to describe to you with the exactness of truth, those qualities which, combined in Gen. Taylor, made him appear to me as a first rate model of a true American character. Others will dwell upon the civility he has so often displayed and his greatness so conspicuously illustrated upon the field of battle. I formed my ideas of the man when he was true from duty, and had no motive to appear in any other light than such as was thrown upon him by nature, education and principle.

6. He laughs at Locksmiths.—An anecdote took place in Worcester, on Tuesday morning, which, according to the Telegraph, shew that town into a perfect Jerusalem. "The still hour of midnight was selected for the robbery, by the whole party, who were to start in company, but a perplexing delay occurred in consequence of the precaution of the father of one of the recreant maidens, who, on the previous day, had received an intimation of what was going on. In order, therefore, to frustrate the plan, so far as his daughter was implicated, he fastened the door and sat up all night, when he realized, leaving a brother of the thief to continue the watch, he fell asleep. After enjoying a comfortable snooze, he woke, and on examination found the door fastened. The bird had flown! This was about half past one o'clock yesterday morning. The alarm was at once given, and the father started in hot pursuit. He rushed up in front of the 'Squire's', but he was too late. His honor had already tied the three silver knobs, and the happy party had been gone about fifteen minutes!"

DEPLORABLE.—The superintendent of public schools in Kentucky, stated, in a speech at Bowling Green, in that State, that in 180 counties, not far distant from that place, it was ascertained by an examination in the clerk's office, that more than one half of the males who had married in those counties within the year 1843, and had executed their marriage bonds, had made their mark, instead of signing their names; and that also one half of their accusers in those bonds were unable to write.

Presbyterian Churches.—According to the minutes of the General Assembly, for the year 1847, the Presbyterian Church in the United States embraces 1715 ordained ministers, 231 licensed preachers, 243 candidates for the ministry, 2876 churches, and 179,433 members in full communion. During the year ending May, 1847, the sum of \$310,105 was collected for domestic missions, education, &c.

The officers and soldiers of Gen. Scott's army complain much of being annoyed by vermin.—Charlotte Mercury.  
When Gen. Scott feels the Washington Union, he says and feels that the vermin in question are not the only or the worst of Jackbiters.—Lex Journal.

Tom Thumb has turned satirist. Hear what the N. Y. Tribune says of the General:  
He had attended visiting Saratoga, but the trustees of that village passed a special ordinance imposing \$25 per day license on the General's exhibition. As this received, first time that a license had been given to LIAM, in Saratoga, the little general, v. 335—th. ter to the trustees, stating satisfied from their country fancy Neck could produce much success, and still with, he should therefore, in competition with MANKIN & PULLIAN, so much the more success.