

HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

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THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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How Jacob Dieffendorf killed a Tory after being tomahawked and scalped by the INDIANS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

During the Revolutionary War, a portion of the Indians, espoused the British cause and were the most cruel, inhuman and savage enemies the Americans could meet. They were led on by old, morose, bad men, who thought more of gold than honor, and who fought for the party that paid most. Among these leaders, in the state of New York, was a man named John Doststad, a descendant, as the cognomen indicates, of a German family who were traders. In 1779, the Doststad, with a party of his savage followers proceeded along the interior with the intention of harassing and robbing the whites. In the course of the journey they passed through a place called Ourlagh, where, while seated in an inn, a party of Indians (having left their tomahawks and spears in the inn) came in, and Doststad was informed that a chance of a capture of rebels existed. A small company of loyal farmers had been organized, and were to meet that night at the cottage of one of the parties, for the purpose of striking out a plan by which to conduct themselves thereafter.

That night when these poor patriots were debating in fancied security, the Indians, under Doststad's direction, quietly surrounded the house, and, without any indication of their motive, suddenly set a murderous fire at the windows. Taken by surprise, the assailed wretches were utterly powerless. The valley—the vale of the avenging—the information conveyed to them, that they would be killed, "every one of them,"—and a lively indication of the truth of the promise being made in the groans of several of their number who lay bleeding and dying, might render them faint and easy prey.—The cottage was at once fired, and those who did not perish in the flames, or escape, were taken prisoners. They were carried to the woods and confined by ropes made of the bark of trees. Among these unfortunately was a stout man named Jacob Dieffendorf.

"Ah, ah!" said Doststad, when he discovered his features by the light of a camp fire at which the Indians were roasting their feet and their supper, "we have met again, have we?"

"Yes," replied Jacob, in a careless tone, "waters have changed since you and I were together before. I had you in a peculiar situation then."

"I remember it, Jacob, my dear. You led my legs under the belly of a horse, and led me with ramrods. Never fear, I'll pay that score. Rest comfortable, Jacob, to night you shall have plenty of fire in the morning."

"Devil take me if I care!" was the sole answer.

"A good night's work!" chuckled Doststad repeatedly, as he peered up and down before the fire. And the colloquy ended, although not one of the prisoners methinks slept a wink.

As soon as day dawned Doststad informed the trembling rebels that he was arranged to make "arrangements for their departure." A private conference of the rebel leaders was held among the campfires. A full Indian ended it by briskly stepping out from the body, and seizing the prisoners. Beckoning two others to his assistance, he placed the helpless man against a tree and made him fast to it. There was no time for remonstrance. Before his intention could be discovered, the tall savage sprang back a few paces and raised his tomahawk. It whizzed through the air, and fell, reddened to the handle. A cry—wild and fearful—rang among the doomed patriots; and well might it, for they saw their comrade tomahawked, scalped, and butchered to the death. One by one all were treated in the like bloody barbarous manner.

"Oh, there are nice lies for us to concoct and sell!" cried Doststad, with a hoarse laugh, as they left the bodies in their gore. We will now proceed to Carrietown, where there is other game to be ensnared. "As for you," he continued, spurning the body of Jacob, "you dog, I have had my satisfaction for your treatment to me."

Three hours after this colloquy was over, he who uttered it was fifteen miles away.

The dwellers in the region of Ourlagh had heard of these events, of course, for the victims were bound to many of them by the consanguinity and by marriage. A search was instituted through the woods, and the mangled bodies were discovered. A crowd of pale men, weeping women, and shrieking children surrounded them.

At last an old man, the father of one of the dead, dissolved the mute spell, and suggested that the guilty corpses should be consigned to mother earth, than there.

The pastor of the vicinity was summoned—bary graves were dug, the people feared the return of the murderers—and the bodies were thrown into them just as they (the bodies) were dead. The trees were then blazed to mark the spot, with signs, too, that spoke of the awful circumstances to the initiated, and the mould to be thrown in and smoothed off.

Twenty four hours after this rude burial, Doststad and his fellow butchers, near Carrietown, carousing in a rude cabin, constructed of pine boards like a long hall.

It was mid day. They were two hundred strong and feared no one. The common rye whiskey of the time and place had done its work partially, and, as drunkenness and strength bring their recklessness and defiance to the wicked, these abandoned and cruel creatures were resigned to those influences. In the midst of their revel they were surprised by a terrible report, which scattered the teeming in which they were to the winds, while many of the tenans were seriously wounded.—In the next ensuing minute, a knot of hardy spirits were cutting their way, right and left, among the frightened Indians. Absolutely propped upon the back of a horse, with an individual behind him to keep him steady, was a stout and gigantic man, who fired his pistols, as fast as his trembling hands would permit, among the howling, dancing savages. The man's head actually bore a mountain of bandages, the outside portion of which was white linen, which was matched in color by his complexion. Doststad was endeavoring to rally his party, when his eye rested upon this strange figure. With a shriek like that of a startled crow he began to flee from the scene of strife. The figure urged his horse after him. The chase being over meadows, forced slightly with limbs of saplings, was unequal.—Doststad ran like a drunken man, staggering hither and yonder, and grasping at the air as if he expected to find support there. The mounted figure uttered no sound, but held two immense pistols ready for instantaneous use, while his eye never wandered from the fugitive. The horse had nearly reached the flying tory, when the latter appeared to lose all volition, for he shook as if stricken by convulsions, and fell upon his knees.

"Well, Doststad, we have not had much of a race for it, have we?" said the figure, as he was helped to the ground by his attendant. His voice was weak and piping, and he breathed as if it was a task of extreme difficulty.

"Mercy, Jacob!" exclaimed Doststad, in piteous accents.—"Mercy!"

"Yes—I had it from you, eh?" said Dieffendorf (for he it was,) sneeringly.

"Go back to your grave," continued the tory, his face turning the color of lead with terror.—"Why do you appear upon earth again?"

Jacob laughed as loudly as his precarious condition would allow, as he answered almost at the same time—I was tomahawked, scalped, and buried but I did not die."

The tory looked incredulous, but arose to a standing position.

"No," continued Jacob, marking the air of wonder imprinted upon his enemy's face, in spite of my wounds I revived—was restored to life. Nature, never at a loss in her instincts, taught me to dig my way out of the earth, and I am here. I was not very carefully buried," he remarked, sotto voce, "or there would be no retribution for you to feel at this moment."

"It is impossible," stammered the frightened ruffian.

"Is it? Well, come, down on your knees. It is quite possible that I shall kill you, as you did me, according to your own notion."

The tory began to realize the fact, and made a movement towards producing weapons of offence and defence, but Dieffendorf drew a line upon him, and bade him desist, in a tone that could not be mistaken.

"Now, pray if you can," exclaimed Jacob, cocking his pistol. "Your Indian friend only stunned me. He did not crack my head, but he took off the hair band, so, when I recovered, I summoned the boys, and swore to follow you to the death. Now pray for you die."

"Not if I can help it," suddenly cried Doststad, restored to his usual hardness as he aimed a blow at Jacob. He pitched over upon his face with the effort, and never rose again. Jacob had shot him through the head.

A great number of the Indians were slain, and the party returned to Ourlagh fully satisfied with the vengeance they had accomplished.

Incredible as it may seem, Jacob Dieffendorf entirely regained his health, and lived fifteen years afterward to tell his story. His descendants are now living at Ourlagh, and exhibit indubitable proofs of the truth of all we have related.

REMOVAL.—The Postmaster at Harrisburg, Penn., Mr. James Peacock, has been removed from office, for, it is said, his participation in the Taylor State Convention, recently held in Harrisburg. We have not yet heard of any one being turned out of office for participating in a meeting for the promotion of Administration measures.

Intelligence has been received of the death of Capt. Pender, Quarter Master of the North Carolina regiment in Mexico.—He died at Arispa's Mills, where the regiment is stationed, on the 23d of Sept.

Philosophy and Christianity.
A few of the philosophers of Greece and Rome had devoted much of their time and talents, and wasted their energies for the improvement of the morals of society.—And it must be acknowledged that they accomplished some good results. But as their teachings usually favored selfish principles, and constituted merely a system of rules for the gratification of the senses, or required an extravagant self denial and penitence, which rendered man a proud and gloomy being, directed at everything like sympathy and kindness, they consequently exerted no influence upon the great mass of the common people. Their principal teachers studied themselves with disputing among their pupils respecting what ought to be considered fundamental doctrines, and the people were left in ignorance and degradation. What little morality existed among them had no connection with their religion, and hence could not be enforced with that degree of success which might otherwise have attended their teaching.

Such being the state of affairs when Jesus came among them, it was necessary for him to change the whole order of things, and make religion and morality unite, and enforce the one by the force and power of the other, and give it a perspicuity and power which should render it intelligible and impressive to all mankind, without exception.

The religion which Jesus came to establish throughout the world, was a living faith in God, as the Saviour of all mankind. He represented God as the Father of all men, and the whole human family as brethren bound together by common obligations, of the divine care and love in a course of instruction for a better life, and destined in his own appointed time, to an inheritance which is incorruptible and immortal. It was natural therefore, that a teacher of such a system of religion should resolve his system of ethics into love to God and to all mankind.

And it cannot be doubted, by any one that is at all acquainted with Christ's teachings, but he reduced the whole system of morality, by which he intended to reform the world into a grateful love to God, and fraternal love to man.

Volcanic Eruption.
Great excitement and alarm prevails at present among the inhabitants of Walker and Dade counties, Ga. produced by a burning volcano, which is said to have burst out from among the high peaks of the Lookout Mountain, at a place called the "narrows," on Tuesday 19th inst. We understand that many of those who resided on the mountain and in the neighborhood, have abandoned their homes, and have gone into "a far country," have at least placed themselves out of harm's way.

A grave looking gentleman from Walker, called on us one day this week to give us the full particulars, who states that on the day above mentioned, a series of sounds resembling the noise of distant thunder, accompanied with a slight shaking of the earth, were distinctly heard in Walker and Dade, and by many persons in this county. This two or three days afterwards the cause was ascertained to be what we have already stated; and that the report and effects of the eruption in its immediate neighborhood were terrible beyond description. Enormous rocks were thrown from the mountain into the valleys below; and many other strange and powerful things done which we have not time to enumerate or describe.

As large beds of bituminous coal are known to exist in the Lookout Mountain, we should not be surprised to hear a partial configuration of the account given by our Walker county friend—*Mountain Eagle.*

Lawyers.
The following good thing we copy from the New York Sunday Dispatch.

A large number of young gentlemen have recently been admitted to the practice of law in this city. The preliminary examination by the lawyers, who must certify that the candidates are well read in law, is very thorough, as will be seen by questions put to each, and which questions with their answers, we append.

Examinator. Do you smoke, sir?
Candidate. I do, sir.
Ex. Have you a spare cigar?
Can. Yes, sir, (extending a short six.)
Ex. Now, sir, what is the first duty of the lawyer?
Can. To collect fees.
Ex. Right—what's the second?
Can. To increase the number of his clients.
Ex. When does your position toward your client change?
Can. When I am making up a bill of costs.
Ex. Explain.
Can. We then occupy antagonist positions. I assume the character of plaintiff—and he becomes defendant.
Ex. A suit decided how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?
Can. Check by jawl.
Ex. Enough, sir, you promise to be an ornament to the profession and I wish you success, now are you aware of the duty you owe me?
Can. Perfectly.
Ex. Describe that duty.
Can. It is to invite you to drink.
Ex. But suppose I decline?
Can. (scratching his head) There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer that question.
Ex. You are right and the confidence with which you make the assertion, shows

that you have attentively read the law.—We will go and take the drink, and then I will sign your certificate.

SWEPT AWAY BY A TORNADO OF BUT-FALLES.—The Hannibal Gazette says that young Houston, one of the Marion volunteers, was lost on the way from Santa Fe, in a singular manner. We are told that when a hunter, rides in a herd of buffaloes, it is often the case that they become frightened and the whole mass starts with furious speed for the mountains, and there is no way to get out, but to keep the same speed, and work your way gradually from among them, to halt would be certain death, as the mass would pass over and crush you, and hunters are often carried seven and ten miles before they can disentangle themselves from the headlong herd. In this way Mr. Houston disappeared.—When last seen he was flying over the plain endeavoring to make his way out of a crowd of several thousand and has not been heard of since.

Patriotism and Peculiarities of Printers.
No less than four of the five printers employed in the office of the New Orleans Daily National, have served their country on sea and land. The National says:—
"One was an actor in the glorious battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, (where he lost an eye,) Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo; another was with Blanchard at the storming of Monterey's heights, and afterwards served in the army of Scott's victories before reaching Jalisco; another served a year in Mexico for Uncle Sam, but a few fights among the robber bands were all that the fortunes of war gave him; and the fourth was a Midshipman in our own Navy, and a Sailing Master and Lieutenant in that of Texas. One has resided in France, Great Britain, and the German States—another lived some years in Mexico—another has seen the walls of Canton, towering pagodas, and hunted the sea otter on the coast of Oregon—and another has been upon the cloud capped Cordilleras of South America, among the ruins of earthquakes at Caracas, and touched the tasseled banner which Pizarro first marched into Peru with; and among them, the French, German, and Spanish languages are spoken; but the cream of the whole is, they are all Taylor men to a T. Who won't say that the printers "are some." As a body, they are talented but not ingenious, courageous but not cautious, wild, without, of course, being wise, and being very erratic in their dispositions, are always of necessity poor.

SCISSORINGS.
Editors.—An Editor's duty, even in a case comparatively unimportant, are enormous and unthankful; those he praises love him less than their dinner, and those he finds fault with hate him worse than the devil.

Edward Sharp, a Teller of the Massachusetts Bank, has retired from that institution after a faithful service of thirty-one years. During that period eighteen hundred millions of dollars have passed through his hands.

GENEROUS.—The Sons of Temperance of Nashville appropriated \$500 for the relief of the sufferers by the recent explosion in that city. The money had been set apart to defray the expenses of a grand celebration and public dinner; but they preferred, in accordance with that great fundamental principle of their organization which commands them to relieve the distressed, to abandon the dinner and bestow the money upon this more worthy object.

SIX SIX.—The whole number of prisoners at Sing Sing prison is 699.

Five millions sterling will not cover the losses sustained by recent speculations in corn.

Twelve hundred criminals have been hanged in Canton in the last year. Several thousands are in prison. The Chinese are a highly intellectual people.

Kendall, of the Picayune, writing from Mexico speaks in very strong terms against the course of the Administration, in reference to the war; and states in very direct terms, that bribery has been resorted to by the administration, in hopes by that means to conquer a peace.

The razor stop man, holding forth at the Agricultural Fair, was thus addressed by a young man who thought himself remarkably smart: "You're a fool." "One more left of the same sort," said the razor stop man, pointing at the presumptuous individual.

CHINESE DESERTERS.—Soon after the arrival of the Chinese Junk at Newport, ten of her hands who had received advance pay deserted; an officer was immediately despatched in pursuit, and two of them have been recovered. A Baltimore paper, indulging in a stream without point, says that these fellows are fast becoming civilized.

The Sun has now, says Professor Mitchell, a spot on its surface of sufficient dimension for our earth to pass through.

Advises from Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland represent that the potato crop in those regions is almost an entire failure.

HABY.—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

HOUSEWIFE.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

From the Charleston Evening News.
Mr. Wilmot himself.
On the 27th September last, the Hon. D. Wilmot delivered a speech in Wallboro, Pa., in the course of which he defined the Proviso thus:
"What is the 'Proviso'! What is its effect and object! Although plain in its language, and clear in its design, this inquiry becomes necessary, from the covert manner in which it is constantly assailed. The whole southern press and government organs of the north, represent it, as something that affects or interferes with slavery in the States where slavery exists. Even great men, when writing or speaking upon the subject, persist in talking about the ABOLITION of slavery, and the rights of the States; as if the Proviso proposed the one; or in any respect interfered with the other. It does not propose, either to abolish, restrict, or in any manner to interfere with slavery, in any of the States of this Union. Its sole object is, to secure from the unlawful aggressions of slavery that territory which is now free."
Mr. Wilmot complains of the manner in which the Proviso is assailed—he sees the mote but cannot see the beam. What does he mean by the "unlawful aggressions of slavery"? Is there anything "unlawful" in the institution of slavery under the government of the United States! On the contrary, it is not recognized and protected by the Constitution! Is there anything in the fundamental law, by which Pennsylvania and South Carolina are both governed, which says that this domestic institution shall not be introduced into new territory of the Union. To assume that there is anything unlawful in slavery under our government, as it now exists, is not only to beg the question, but to pervert and falsify the law and the fact.

But Mr. Wilmot cannot see that the Proviso in any way interferes with the rights of the States. The Constitution entitles the citizens of each State to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. If the citizen of Pa., may migrate and settle in new territory with his property and institutions, it is in the spirit or according to the letter of this constitutional equality to withhold the same privilege and immunity from a citizen of South Carolina. As there to be two classes of American citizenship with a broad and odious line of distinction between them? If this were matters of sentiment, it would be a gross outrage upon the feelings of the people of the South but it is a matter of principles, of duty and of right. With the institution of domestic slavery, not only the interest, but the very existence of our people is identified. Every blow struck at it is a blow at the vital part of their organization. Property, peace, life—all are bound up in its security from the aggression of others. Well may the people of the South say to Mr. Wilmot in the words of the great poet:
"You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth support my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live!"

The Campaign Opening.
The subjoined letter from the Old Thunderer of Buena Vista is in his happiest style. It will be read by every Whig elector in the country with the most unbounded gratification, while it will reach the heart and judgement of every Democratic elector. His acknowledgment of the sentiments of the Resolutions is most felicitous.

It is evident that the campaign is now opening. In a month more, the whole country will be moving with a rush towards the great goal of its aspirations carrying upon its arms the beloved old soldier to the Presidency. So far as Whig feeling can go, it is ripe to execute its intentions. It is ready to repeat the recent scenes in Bourbon county, in Kentucky, when fourteen hundred, out of the eighteen hundred voters of the county, heard, with admiration, a brilliant argument from that high-souled and eloquent Whig, Garrett Davis, against the expediency of nominating a Presidential candidate, at the present moment, and, immediately, with one loud shout, nominated the glorious Old Hero for President! It longs for the hour when his manifestations can be made known. That hour has come. He is in the field, because the people have placed him there, and he will remain in it, prepared to meet every consequence, as he did at Buena Vista.—*Not Whig.*

Resolutions of the Baltimore Whig Convention July 28, 1847.
Resolved, That the members of this Convention recognize in Major General Zachary Taylor all the high qualifications that are essential to the faithful and proper discharge of the important and responsible duties of the Chief Magistrate of the Union; and in view of his patriotism, his ability, his firmness, and his integrity, recommend him to the suffrages of the people for the next Presidency of the U. States.

Resolved, That this Convention consider Major General Zachary Taylor already in the field as the people's candidate for the Chief Magistracy of this Nation, and as such, entitled to the support of every true Whig in the land.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of the Convention, be forwarded to Gen. Taylor.

Gen. Taylor's Answer.
HEAD QRS. ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp near Monterey, Sept. 22, 1847.
SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the resolutions adopted at

the Whig Convention of the citizens of Baltimore, which were forwarded by you. My views in relation to the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency, are evidently well known to the people of the country, and I therefore avail myself of the occasion only to express my high appreciation of the honor conferred in the terms of the resolutions and the recommendations adopted by the Convention.

Please make this known in suitable manner to the citizens forming the Convention, and accept the best wishes of—
Very respectfully your most obt. servt.
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.
Col. John Pickoff, Pres't Whig Con. of Balt.

[From the Petersburg Intelligencer.]
Jobs and Contracts.
The people of the United States will be as much surprised and shocked at the fraudulent expenditure of money in the Mexican War as they were at the monstrous villainies which characterized the war against the Seminoles.

To such an administration as we now have at the head of affairs, no time presents a better opportunity for the corrupt reward of favorites than a time of war.—We have already published some facts to show what a precedent case of the people's money is taken by this administration.—In addition, we publish the following, which we take from the New Orleans Nationalist:
Major Eastland—Braços.
This favorite of the Administration, who has frequently been alluded to in our city journals, and much complained of for his abuse of office, has at last raised the ire of those who, living in the vicinity of his theatre of action, know him intimately well. It would appear that Maj. Eastland has been entrusted with one of the most responsible offices in the gift of the general government. That he has authority for expending millions of public money for the charter of steamboats, ships, &c., without being required to issue proposals to call for competition. It is said that he has caused to be surveyed Braços Island, and reported favorably for a railroad to be built by government, the ground at both ends of which is owned by private individuals.

The Ping, from which we gather the above, concludes its article as follows:
"Has examination ever been made of vessels purchased and chartered by Maj. Eastland? Has it ever been asked from whom the vessels were purchased and chartered—the prices paid, and whether said Quartermaster or some intimate friend was not interested in said purchases and charters? Has the relations existing between the Quartermaster's sutler and the Quartermaster at Braços Santiago ever been examined into?"

"We ask, would not such inquiries be proper—or does a military commission free the officer from responsibility to the people? We are satisfied that at the next Congress, if not before, such questions, and others of this character, will be asked."

The speech of John Van Buren, the oldest son of the Ex President, delivered a few days ago at a public meeting in Albany, is one of the most remarkable productions of the day, abounding in eloquence, wit and sarcasm. The New York Herald, indeed, says the mantle of John Randolph has fallen upon him. We regret that other demands upon our columns to day prevent its publication.—Many of the sentiments are exceedingly offensive to Southerners; and this is not the least extraordinary feature of his remarks, nor the least of the imbecilities to mark it before the Southern people. If the Van Burenites are thus bitter against the institution of slavery—the Van Burenites, who have heretofore been regarded as our very dear and especial friends—what have we to expect from their antagonists? Federal patronage may now buy the silence of the latter; as Southern votes bought of the former—but when that patronage shall be distributed by a Northern President, what guarantee can be given of their fidelity to their promises and pledges? Did those Southern citizens, by whose votes Martin Van Buren was elevated to the Presidency, under the assurance that, though a Northern man, he was deeply imbued with Southern principles and feelings dream that he would ever prove treacherous and faithless to his implied if not his express pledges and promises? Yet the clique of which he is the head, is now in the front and foremost rank of our assailants! Can we trust others, whose interest it may be to flatter to "follow in his footsteps," as it is now their interest to assume a seemingly antagonist attitude? We speak as voters wise men, who cannot fail to judge rightly.—*Richmond Whig.*

A medical writer notices that cases of insanity are very rare in persons with bad hair.

A TAX OF OLD BACHELORS.—A bill has passed to a third reading in the New York Legislature to tax old bachelors and widowers seven dollars each, the proceeds to be applied to the "support and common school education of the poor orphan children of the towns in which such bachelors and widowers shall reside."

India rubber is now used for saddles—to which its elasticity, durability, and other qualities peculiarly adapt it.

The Rev. M. Muffin has got into trouble with some of his brethren in Cincinnati, for endeavoring to show that the conquest of Mexico is a part of the design of Providence, for reforming the religion and morals of the country.