

# ASHEVILLE MESSENGER.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, RELIGION, EDUCATION, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC NEWS, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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WHOLE NO. 517.

**JAMES M. EDNEY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS.

The Messenger will be published 50 times a year, on Wednesdays, at \$2 in advance, \$2 50 after six months, or \$3 00 at the end of the year.  
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Advertisements inserted at \$1 for 16 lines, and 25 cents for each continuation.  
To Clubs of 5, the Messenger will be furnished for \$3 75 for 6 for \$10, 10 for \$16 25, or 16 for \$24 if paid in advance.  
Job Work of every kind neatly executed at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.  
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.  
\*No subscription received for less than 6 months.  
\*All communications must be post paid.  
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## HENRY CLAY.

He stands erect, the form of Freedom's friend—  
The standard-bearer of the purified  
From every venial stain  
Ere in that marble shrine  
Unburied from the grasp of place,  
Alone, yet of the living  
Whose sacred names are still alive  
The pleasures that tempt man's eye,  
And in release from action  
The love and home and manly life  
Husband, father, and friend  
In cloister of thought and tone,  
The world and here—  
The great, the good, and the great,  
Whose triumphs live in legend with  
blood.  
The landmarks of his age;  
And standing there, he carried  
But rise majestic over all  
The craning neck whose throat would  
pour  
Their raven eyes where eagle soar.  
He bore the tempest and the shock  
Like ocean's surge unshaken rock,  
And back the billows flung  
That raged around his stately form  
When bravely beaating strife and  
storm,  
He rose with fearless tongue  
And standing forth, with soul elate,  
For truth, for freedom, and the state,  
Was heard to hail each struggling land  
Or silence faction's throned band.  
Friend of his race, his name is borne  
Where'er a banner of Freedom's word,  
Or rules a patriot hand.  
It floats on the Atlantic breeze,  
And o'er the forest's wild song,  
To far Pacific strand,  
And where the Aedes pierce the skies,  
As up the gorge the eagle flies,  
And flaps his wings from peak to peak,  
It echoes in his mountain shade.  
The Sullite, when Bozart's fell,  
And Byron bade this world farewell,  
"Thou art his grave," he said,  
But, rallying to prolong the fight,  
Felt in his soul a new world  
To hang the name of Clay;  
And, with a glad and grateful heart,  
Confessed the champion's evergreen,  
Whose voice arose over his and waves  
For Greece, the bleeding and the brave.  
He stands erect, with soaring view,  
In all his patriot's prophetic  
Like Gabriel, with his trumpet to God,  
Without a stain, without a fear—  
While hosts celestial shining near.  
Approve the way he trod,  
And as the flaming banner's place  
Is borne with heaven's serene face,  
His soul enjoys the life that brought  
The sweets of transfiguring thought.  
Erect and just, and firm and fast,  
He stands a pillar of the past,  
Not Cato-like to bleed,  
Or, when deflection would appal,  
As Cicero to fly and fall,  
And cease for Rome to plead;  
But with a soul above despair,  
Upbaken by the gloom or glare  
Of fortune's hour, or fate's decree,  
To live, a Solon of the free.

To glory and renown:  
And flashing thought's electric spark,  
Through ages rightly ruled or dars,  
Shall glow remotely down.  
The farthest stretch of human law,  
Retrieved from every slanderous flaw.  
The statesman's guide, the traitor's awe,  
As that of one whose heart and mind  
Served, with his country's cause, man-  
kind.

## On Waltzing.

What! the girl I adore, by another  
embraced!  
What! the balm of her lips another  
man taste!  
What! the touch of her hand by another  
man's knee!  
What! pant and reel on another than  
me!  
Sir, she's yours! From the grape you  
have pressed the soft blue.  
From the rose you have shaken the  
tremulous dew!  
When you have touched you may taste  
Pretty waltzer adieu!

## Interesting Particulars OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

From Washington.  
The capital is crowded in general  
with people who are anxious to  
know the particulars of the illness  
and death of the late General Taylor.  
The following are the particulars  
of the illness and death of the  
late General Taylor, as given by  
the physicians who attended him.

**His Last Illness, &c.**  
The General was seized with an  
illness on the 10th of July, at  
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lets, who came to warn him, that unless he took some necessary steps to protect the South, they would vote a resolution of censure on his conduct in the Sulphur business. I repeat merely what I know to be true. On the 5th, Messrs. Stephens and Toombs waited upon me as a committee appointed by an ultra caucus, to repropose upon the same subject; and according to the facts developed the interview concluded with a threat similar to the above. It was not until after his illness of the 10th, and the conference of the 5th, that the mind of the President seemed so completely oppressed, and when called forth by remarks just given. From the time he formed his mental suffering was equal to his physical.

The condition of the patient before his death, is a subject which has been discussed in the columns of the Messenger. The family of the President, with Col. Bliss and other relatives of the deceased, occupied a room in the White House, where they remained, overpowered with grief and refusing even the public use of necessary repose. The General was seized with an illness on the 10th of July, at Washington, D. C. The illness was of a peculiar nature, and was attended by a great deal of fever and delirium.

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"I know it," was the response then, after musing a moment, he asked for his family. They were sent for, and soon entered. The interview was indescribably affecting—Mrs. Taylor prostrating herself at the bedside, and her children clinging around her with sobs and groans expressive of their agony. The pain, which had afflicted the patient to the side of his chest, ceased, and attended by other symptoms of ease, it was thought he might endure till morning. But he himself knew better, and so declared in a quite audible voice. He was asked whether he was comfortable. "Very," he replied, "but the storm in passing, has swept away the tranquility." Finally, he adverted to the subject of his previous brooding, the Sulphur question—and observed "I am anxious to die—expect the summons—I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully—regretting that I am sorry I am about to leave my friends." These were his last audible words. He essayed to speak to his wife a few moments before his demise, but his voice failed him. Dr. Weatherspoon administered a stimulant, but it was powerless in reviving the functions. The soul of the hero fled.

The lightning may flash, and the thunder may rumble, but it does not hurt me, for I am not here. He sleeps for ever, but his spirit is free from all pain. He sleeps for ever, but his spirit is free from all pain. He sleeps for ever, but his spirit is free from all pain.

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turn thanked them for their courtesy, and in a brief epistle, deplored the event that had just taken place. He further invited them to a council this morning, for the purpose of executing such measures, as under the circumstances appeared advisable. These proceedings terminated the night.

## Signs of Mourning To-Day.

At sunrise this morning the national colors, shrouded in black, were disclosed at half mast. All the public offices were closed and arrayed in the same sable colors, even to the national monument. The Executive mansion was literally covered with black, and the badge worn on the housings of the horses attached to the Secretaries carriages. Business of all kinds was suspended, and a stream of living objects kept pouring into the President's grounds, and besieging the edifice until as late as 11 o'clock. From the War and Navy and State Departments, orders were transmitted to stations abroad, communicating the awful tidings and directing appropriate honors in consequence. The Executive mansion was open until 2 P. M., during which time the public availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the remains. They were contained in one of Fisk and Raymond's metallic coffins, and exposed on a bier in the East Room. The body is greatly emaciated, but the lineaments of the face are preserved tolerably perfect. It is proposed to embalm the remains; but the consent of Mrs. Taylor has not yet been obtained. It is presumed, however, that she will raise no objection—the General himself having never said or expressed aught against the practice. Perhaps the death of Washington did not inspire more real sorrow and regret than that of President Taylor. Every face wears a mournful shade, and none are so poor in clarity as to deny him the tribute of a sigh. The churches commenced ringing their bells last night, and have kept up the solemn concert ever since. Groups beset the corners of the streets, and a solemn silence but what contains a countenance of grief. The Mayor of the city has ordered appropriate honors, and it may be said, "we live with the willow and cry wailing around us."

## The Body—President's Family, &c.

The body of the President will remain in vault here until next week, when it will be conveyed to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. If no vote is obtained upon the compromise bill until that period, it will be postponed until after the Committee's return—some time in August. Mrs. Taylor and family will vacate the White House immediately. They will reside with Senator Davis of Mississippi for a few weeks or go with Col. Taylor to Baltimore. Mr. Fillmore's family will not come on until after the bathing season—so reported—for he contemplates spending the warm months at the sea side himself.

## Illness of Mrs. Taylor.

I have now as fully as possible, given all the immediate particulars of the day, and would extend were I not pressed for I understand, since penning the foregoing, that Mrs. Taylor has been seized with illness, and that she is irreconcilably for the loss of her husband. The sympathies of the city are with her, and as an earnest of this affectionate regard, a committee of ladies have presented themselves at the White House to console with the unfortunates. May they succeed in soothing the bereaved.

## Communications.

**HAYWOOD.**  
BROTHER EDNEY—It has become somewhat late to report public exhibitions, that it seems almost unnecessary to say anything concerning our celebration of the Fourth, but it was attended with so much interest, that I cannot forbear saying something.  
It is very manifest that the cause of independence, the spirit of Freedom, has not died away in old Haywood, for her Sons and her Daughters were raised under the star spangled banner, and they celebrated the memorable 4th with unusual interest. The Fourth of July—the 74th anniversary of our Independence, is certainly an era in the history of Haywood, that has brought about something uncommon, and that has even superseded anything of the kind that I ever have witnessed any place. Asheville not even excepted. It is not my intention to heap fulsome adulation upon the exercises of the day, but to give such an account of them as I think they merit—one that the audience en masse, would subscribe to. The exercises of the day were almost entirely under the direction of the Sons of Temperance.  
In view of the celebration, our citizens hoisted a Liberty Pole and Flag, and the young ladies handsomely decorated the Court House with flowers, &c., which added much to its appearance. After suitable preparations, we marched in procession at half past 1 o'clock, P. M., to the Court House

where we were welcomed with "Hail Columbia" upon the Piano, by Misses Harriet Johnston and Miss Sarah Love, who favored us with fine music during the remainder of the exercises. The pieces were well arranged, and varied to suit the several subjects. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was very entertaining, and no doubt added much to the interest of the occasion; and although instrumental music was objected to by some, it met with the warm approval of the audience. It was a voluntary act on the part of the ladies to give us music, for which we return them our warmest thanks. Knowing that you are a true lover of music, I am satisfied that this music will meet your approbation.

After opening in the usual manner, the Declaration of Independence was read by bro. Wm. Welch, which was warmly saluted by the Ladies with the song of Hail Columbia. Bro. J. M. Lyle then delivered an oration suitable to the day, which was calculated to excite deep interest in the cause of Liberty. To do him justice, and to say as little about it as I can, I must acknowledge that it was replete with interest, and was truly a good one. After a short respite, Miss Harriet Johnston arose, and in behalf of the young ladies, presented our Division with a handsome Bible, "a copy of Divine Writ," as so beautifully expressed in the short but highly appropriate address which she made on presenting it. In presenting it she evinced that timidity and unassuming disposition which are so common to the female character, but the sentiments of her address, and the gift which she had the kindness to present, spoke in stronger terms than the eloquence of many who have grown old upon the stage. As was subsequently remarked, "Men will flatter but the Bible will not." She concluded by asking us to "receive it in the spirit in which it was tendered," and handed it to our Chaplain, who received it in behalf of the Division, and responded in warm and eloquent terms to the young ladies, who had so generously bestowed a gift of such intrinsic value. Trusting that it may in future prove a lamp to our path and a guide to our feet, we wish them all the good and happiness that our feeble pen is capable of portraying. Seeing that the Ladies generally take such an active part in advancing the cause of Temperance, surely the more considerate and reflecting of the stern sex will hold back their support no longer, but march up with one heart and hand, and rally around the Temperance Banner.

Bro. A. G. Worley addressed the audience on the subject of Temperance, with much zeal and persuasiveness—it is needless to say that he advocated the cause with candor and ability. He was followed by the Rev. John Haynes, who made a short plain, but good address on the Bible cause.

Our Marshal conducted well the exercises of the day, and every thing passed off quite agreeably. When the benediction was pronounced, we returned to our Division Room, and after transacting some business adjourned.

It is due to the audience to say, that they behaved with becoming respect and decorum throughout the whole of the services, which were tolerably long; and although the house was quite warm and badly ventilated, it was crowded until the last.

I have given you a short but rather imperfect account of our celebration, and wishing to avoid everything like exaggeration. Trusting that the cause of Temperance may be rapidly advanced in this and in every part of our country.  
Yours in L. P. & F.,  
A DISINTERESTED SOX.  
Our Officers for the present quarter are—J. B. Fitzgerald, W. P. W. A. Wilson, W. A. R. A. Edmonston, R. S. R. Francis, A. R. S. A. Grahl, F. S. Wm. Welch, T. R. M. Henry, C. J. A. Pickens, A. C. S. W. Garton, L. S. W. Grhal, O. S. Joseph Keener, D. G. W. P.