

THE NEW-YORK MESSENGER.

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

Vol. 10, No. 50.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 519.

JAMES M. EDNEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

The Messenger is published every week, on Wednesdays, at the office of the Proprietor, No. 101 Nassau-st., New York, at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.25 per annum in arrears. Single copies are sold at 10 cents. The postage is paid by the Proprietor. The subscription price is the same for all parts of the Union. The Messenger is published for the Proprietor by J. M. Edney, at No. 101 Nassau-st., New York.

AGENTS.

J. W. TALLEY, Agent for the Messenger, No. 101 Nassau-st., New York.
J. W. TALLEY, Agent for the Messenger, No. 101 Nassau-st., New York.
J. W. TALLEY, Agent for the Messenger, No. 101 Nassau-st., New York.

From the Rev. Mr. Edney, for July.

SOME OF THE FARMER'S OEGY.

BY THE FARMER'S BARD.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks
Of the brook,
That so long and so often has watered
his fields,
The old farmer rests in his long and last
sleep,
While the waters flow, lapsing hilla-
bly down,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

The blue bird sings sweet, on the gay
maple bough,
His whistling and chirping him while he
glazes
the plough;
And the robins above him hop light on
the ground,
For he fed them with crumbs when the
weather was cold,
He has ploughed his last furrow, he
has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

You tree that with fragrance is filling
the air,
So rich with its blossoms so thrifty and
fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well
did he say
It would live when its planter had
mouldered away,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

There's the well that he dug with his
water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy
and old,
No more from its depths by the patch-
work drawn,
For the pitcher is broken—the old man
is gone,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

And the seat where he sat by his own
cottage door,
And in the still summer eves, when his
labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe
in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the
land,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

It was a gloom-giving day when the old
farmer died,
The stout-hearted mourned, the affec-
tionate cried,
And the prayers of the just for his rest
did ascend,
For they all lost a Brother, a Man, and
a friend,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

For upright and honest the old farmer
was,
His God he revered, he respected the
laws,
Though fearless he lived, he has gone
where his worth
will shine, like pure gold, all the
days of his earth,
He has ploughed his last furrow,
He has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor
again.

Eulogies in Congress.

Remarks of Mr. Downes.

Mr. Secretary, I rise as a member of the delegation of the State whose citizen the late President of the United States was, to offer resolutions suitable to the occasion. The immortality of his name has already been made official by the laws of the State, and the wings of lightning and almost as swiftly as thought, the intelligence has been conveyed to remote portions of this great Republic. How sublime as well as melancholy is the scene in which we are now engaged. But a few days there less than a week, many of us sat near the late President of the United States, and gazed upon him in the halls of that august body, which the hands of a grateful people are now raising to the memory of the best and greatest of his predecessors, and Statesman like himself will assemble to pay devotion to the memory of the man first in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen, and to kindle anew in the breasts of all that spirit of Union, Fraternity and Liberty, without which we shall prove ourselves unworthy of our ancestors, and the reproach to his memory. Yes, there sat quiet and placid as the gentle breeze from the Port when that cooled his heated brow, the man whose very pathway to his Log Cabin school-house, in Virginia, the bloody ground was laced by the tomahawks of the savage, and who had passed through four wars, and many of the bloodiest and most glorious battles of his country, unsolicited at the head of the greatest Republic of this or any other country, protected not by bayonets, but by the affections of his countrymen. Yet in a few short days, in the midst of this quiet, this peace, this prosperity and favor, he was called to approach that doom which awaits us all.

In concluding, Mr. Downes submitted the following:

Resolved, That the President of the United States, who has departed this life, be removed from his late residence, the Executive Mansion, to the State of Virginia, to the place where he was born, and that the United States, in the general sorrow which this melancholy event has produced, be desirous of manifesting its sensibility on the occasion; therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Webster, Cass and King, be appointed on the part of the Senate, to meet such Committee as may be appointed by the House of Representatives, to report what measures it may be proper to adopt to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

Mr. Wilmot said:

Mr. Secretary, at a time when the great mass of our fellow citizens enjoy remarkable health and happiness throughout the whole country, it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the two Houses of Congress, and especially this House, with repeated occasions for mourning and lamentation. Since the commencement of the session we have followed two of our members to their last home, and we are now called upon, in conjunction with the other branch of the Legislature, and in full sympathy with the deep tone of affliction which I am sure is felt throughout all the country, to take part in the solemnities of the funeral of the late President of the United States. Truly, sir, it was it said in the communication read to us, that a great man has fallen among us. The late President of the United States, originally a soldier by profession, having gone through a long and splendid career of military service, had, at the late close of the war with Mexico, become so much endeared to the people of the United States, and had inspired them with so high a degree of regard and confidence, that without solicitation or application, without pursuing any devious paths of policy, or turning a hair's breadth to the right or to the left from the path of duty, a great and powerful and generous people saw fit, by popular vote and voice, to confer upon him the highest civil authority in the nation. We cannot forget that in other instances, so in this, the public feeling was won and carried away in a degree, by the heat of military renown. So it has been always, and so it always will be, because high respect for noble feats in arms has been and always will be outpoured from the hearts of the members of a popular government. But it will be a great mistake to suppose that the late President of the United States owed his advancement to the civil trust, or his great acceptability with the people, to military talent, or ability alone. I believe, sir, that associated with the highest admiration of those qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity, and honest and uprightness as a man. I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and mild man in the exercise of authority. And I have observed more than once in this and in other popular Governments, that the prevalent motive with the masses of mankind for conferring power on individuals, is a confidence in

their millions. Their parental protection is regarded as of a firm and safe character. The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves to be under the control and protection of sober counsils—men of impartial minds and a general internal superintendence. I suppose, sir, that no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman Republic, where any man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the State under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, all suspicion of pecuniary or crooked path in politics, or all suspicion of having been obtained by sinister views and purposes, than in the case of the worthy and eminent and distinguished and good man, whose death we now deplore. He has left to the people of his country a legacy in this. He has left them a bright example, which addresses itself with peculiar force to the young and rising generation, for it tells them that there is a path to the highest degree of renown, straight onward without change or deviation. Mr. Secretary, my friend from Louisiana, (Mr. Downs) has detailed shortly the events in the military career of General Taylor. His services through his life were mostly on the frontier, and always a hard service, often in company with the tribes of Indians all along the frontier—for so many thousands of miles.

It has been justly remarked by one of the most eloquent men whose voice was ever heard in these houses, "that it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated, but that it is there that they are formed. The hard service, the stern discipline, the devotion to duty, the great extent of frontier to defend with irregular troops, being called suddenly into contact with the savages, to study the habits of the savage life, and to engage in a war in order to force and overcome their stratagems, all these things tend to make hardy military character. For a very short period, sir, I had a connection with the Executive Department of this country, and all that time various and embarrassing circumstances existed between the United States and the Indians on our borders, and war was actually raging between the United States and the Florida tribes, and I very well remember that those who took counsel together on that occasion, and who were desirous of placing the military command in the safest hands, came to the conclusion that there was no man in the Service more fully entitled to the qualities of military ability and great personal prudence than Zachary Taylor, and he was of course appointed to the command. Unfortunately his career at the head of this government was short.

For my part, in all that I have seen of him, I have found much to respect, and nothing to condemn. The circumstances under which he conducted the Government for the few months he was at the head of it, had been such as perhaps not to give to him a very favorable, certainly not a long opportunity of developing his principles and his policy, and to carry them out. I believe he has left on the mind of the country, a strong impression—first, of his absolute honesty and integrity of character and his good sense; and lastly of his mildness, kindness and friendliness of his temper toward all his countrymen. But he is gone! He is ours no more, except in the love of his example. Sir, I heard with infinite delight the sentiments expressed by my honorable friend from Louisiana, (Mr. Downs) who has just resumed his seat, when he earnestly prayed that this event might be used to soften the animosities, to allay party contentions, and restore fellowship and good feeling among the various sections of the Union. Mr. Secretary, great as is our loss to-day, if these sentiments shall have been secured to us, even by the death of Zachary Taylor, they have not been purchased at too high a price, and if his spirit, from the regions to which it has ascended, could see these results—could see that he had entwined a soldier's laurel around a martyr's crown, he would say exultingly, "happy am I that by my death I have done more for that country, which I have loved and served than I did or could do by all the devotion and all the efforts that I could make in her behalf during the short span of my earthly existence." Mr. Secretary, great as this calamity is to me, and to those who were without hope. We have seen one eminent man and another eminent man, and at least a man in the most eminent station fall away from the midst of us. But I doubt not there is a power above us, exercising oversight that paternal care that has marked our progress for so many years. I have confidence still that the place of the departed will be supplied, that the kind, benevolent favor of Almighty God will still be with us, and that we shall be borne along, and upward and onward on the wings of sustaining Providence. May God grant that in the time that is before us there may not be wanting to us wise men, as good men for our councils as he whose decease we now propose to celebrate.

Mr. Frazer said, I must ask the Sen-

ate to pardon me for venturing to add to what has been said, the expression of the profound regret with which the Senate and the country have learned the sad event which has been announced to-day. A life of public services, hardship, danger and glory has been suddenly closed. That Providence which protected the late President amid the perils of his long, faithful and splendid military career, and which permitted him to reach the harvest of admiration and affection which had grown up for him in the hearts of his countrymen has removed him from us before the measure of his usefulness was fully that life which was always devoted to the service of his country, was yielded up while he was in the discharge of the highest civil trust not sought by him, but impressed upon him by the people. The performance of these trusts he had brought the pledges of an unstained life, of a pure and fervent patriotism, of stern integrity, of a kind and benignant temper, of unyielding firmness, and of unmitigated devotion to the welfare of the country which he had served so well, and which so lately bestowed its confidence upon him. Few men had better fortune than he, none better deserved it. The virtues of his simple and modest, but heroic character, have so endeared him to his fellow-citizens that I am sure I may venture to say that even in the midst of the political strife which he ever sought to moderate and soften, there is not one whose heart will not throbb with emotion when he learns the death of Zachary Taylor.

Mr. Conrad, rose to offer a resolution. Before doing so he felt it his duty to his own feelings, as a Representative of the State of which the illustrious deceased was a bright ornament, and in accordance with the wishes of the Members of this House, to offer a few brief remarks, appropriate to the occasion. Seldom has occurred a more striking illustration of the uncertainty of human greatness, than that which was furnished by the event which they were called upon to mourn. A few days ago, President Taylor was in the enjoyment of his usual robust health. On the 4th of this month he attended the ceremonies which took place in commemoration of the Anniversary of our National Independence. The exposure which he incurred on that occasion, the ceremonies having taken place in the open air, tended to bring on a disease which last night terminated his existence. In the course of his remarks, he said that there was no part of the life of President Taylor which posterity will be called on to condemn, morality, or humanity to deplore. On his illustrious character, there are no dark spots on the contrary, the details of the picture are as correct and beautiful as the great outlines are grand and imposing. His modesty was unfeigned, combined with unflinching earnestness of purpose—he had a stern sense of justice softened by a spirit of universal benevolence, unflinching sincerity which knew no disguise, a truthfulness and frankness of character incapable of deceit or dissimulation. These were the prominent characteristics of President Taylor—these were traits which endeared him to all—these made him an upright man, a venerable citizen, an affectionate husband, a fond father, a devoted friend, a kind and indulgent master—these qualities made his martial courage shine more conspicuous, as the brilliancy of the diamond is enhanced by the gems of more serene ray in which it is encased. The excitement of politics had no charms for him—he was a man always opposed to political controversy. The splendor of the Presidential mansion had no temptation for the man who was marked for his simplicity. He did not hesitate to discharge his high duties. At no period of our national history was the executive chair surrounded by so many difficulties. Under these circumstances, need we be surprised that a man of stouter heart than Taylor might hesitate before he embarked on the tempestuous sea. The vessel of State was tossing to and fro, and all eyes were turned upon the pilot, who has been suddenly swept away from the helm. Let us survey the dangers which surround us and be prepared to meet them like men—let us imitate the example of the illustrious deceased, who knew no danger—let us not despair of the safety of the Republic—let us determine that it shall and must be preserved, and it shall and will be preserved, and be assured the cloud which hangs over us will be dispersed and the States once more appear in their wonted brilliancy. He offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States, the House sharing in the general sorrow which the melancholy event has produced, is desirous of manifesting its sensibility on the occasion. Therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of three members be appointed on the part of this House, to meet such committee appointed on the part of the Senate, to consider and report what

measures may be deemed proper to adopt in order to show the respect and affection of Congress for the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

Resolved, That the resolution be communicated to the Senate.

Mr. Wilmot of Mass. responded to the voice of Louisiana. He spoke in the highest terms of the deceased. There were those of us, he said, who gazed upon him as no other man to maintain the Constitution, on which clouds and darkness now rest. But he has been borne away from our sight in the worst of our perils. It might be literally said he conquered every enemy save the enemy which he was forced to surrender to.

Mr. Barlow of Ill. was loud in his praises of President Taylor, concluding by saying that his death was as happy as his life was glorious. None but the ashes of the brave smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Mr. Barry, as the Representative of the native State of President Taylor, said however much Virginia and her Representatives might have differed with the illustrious dead, there was no State more sorrowful for his death than the one which gave him birth. In the midst of the storm while the tempest was howling about us, the Chief Commander has been swept from the deck, and the Second been called to the helm. In this crisis the Ship of State is to be saved from the breakers around it; and he hoped it was not out of place on this occasion to invoke the patriotism of the Nation. We ought to show to mankind hereafter, when the deluge has swept from Christendom the vestiges of Liberty that this has been looked on as the Mount Ararat on which the Ark of the last hopes of mankind can rest in safety. Shall we now kindle in its bosom the infernal fires which shall convert into a dread volcano, to vomit forth its terrible lava, casting desolation and blight around and make it an object of terror to mankind, to be avoided rather than sought? He alluded to the scene of to-day, a change of administration, calm and solemn without any foreboding of war. In this was a new manifestation of the beauties of our political system. Messrs. HULLARD of Ala. JOHN A. KING of N. Y. McLANE of Md. and MARSHALL of Ky. also delivered brief speeches characterized by eloquence.

On motion of Mr. Warren, the blank in Mr. Conrad's resolution was ordered to be filled with thirteen members, and the Speaker appointed the following gentlemen: Messrs. Conrad, McDowell, Withrop, Bissell, Duer, Orr, Breck, Strong, Kinton, Cabell Kerr, Stanly and Withersfield.

The House about 2 o'clock adjourned till to-morrow.

Biography.

Passing Away.

The New York obituary record of Saturday week contains the names of two of the oldest and most widely known residents of that city. When in their prime the names and persons of Mathew L. Davis and Jacob Hays were familiar to more people of all classes and ages than those of many more popular men.

Mathew L. Davis was a very king time one of the most active and influential politicians of New York. He devoted his time, his money and his leisure—and at one time he was a man of large means and much leisure—to the direction of party affairs. He had accordingly a much wider influence than his ostensible position explained, and was consulted and courted by the ambitious men of the city and State. He made thereby a universal acquaintance with the leading men of every part of the State, especially of the old Republican party, with which he was associated until 1824-25, when he attached himself to the Administration of Mr. Adams, and continued ever afterwards, to follow with unhesitating zeal the fortunes of Mr. Clay. Mr. Davis was, unless Mr. Sargent, the "Oliver Old-school" of the U.S. Gazette, of Philadelphia, disputes the priority with him, the original of the class of letter writers from Washington which is now so numerous. He wrote for the New York Courier and Enquirer, under the title of "The Spy in Washington," and as he had a remarkably clear and vivacious style, was careful in the quality of his facts, and was evidently in the confidence of a powerful interest at Washington, his letters were read with eagerness, and treated with a consideration which does not belong to Washington correspondents in these days of profuse and heedless writing. In his later days he became poor, and depended upon his personal income by his pen for support. He lost his importance gradually, and fell out of the public view. He was a long time the American correspondent of the London Times, under the title of "The Geneva Traveller." Of late years he has been in extremely feeble health, and finally died from natural decay, at about eighty-four years of age. In his manly life he was a man of remark-

able activity, both mind and body, of great powers of conversation, abundant anecdotes of public men and public affairs, and telling them with point and animation. In fact he had some resemblance to the prints of the French orator, M. Thiers, and the rapidity of his utterance, and his habit of shifting his glasses, when excited, gave him the nick-name by which he was known in party circles as "the old boy in specs."

The other octogenarian, who died on the same day, was Jacob Hays—Old Hays—who was the head constable of New York when it was little more than a village, and has held the post for half a century. Once his name was a by-word, every where, with which to throw terror into rogues, or to express sleepless vigilance in hunting out rogues. To set "Old Hays" after an offender was equivalent to consigning him at once to threaten to send for "Old Hays" was a sure way of frightening young sinners, or to still noisy children. His stern face, swarthy complexion, deep black eyes, and sturdy, compact frame, were known to every man, woman and child in New York, as New York was a few years. Age grew upon him, as the city expanded around him, and finally he sank into obscurity, younger men and newer systems displacing the old man, yet not having altogether superseded him. He retained to the last the titular appointment of high constable, of which the duties were merely nominal, opening the common council and marching in procession with his staff of office. We saw him a year or two since, walking feebly along, supported on either side by his family, and yet there was a fire in his eye and a quick penetration in his glance which reminded us of the time when the sight of him at a distance would scatter a mob, and clear the streets of all who could not give a good account of themselves. The veteran must have often paused to ponder, amidst the half million of people of New York, to few of whom he was now an object of curiosity, upon the changes that have grown up since his single staff kept the whole city in order, and he could walk the streets, separating out with his eye every stranger from among the citizens, and marking down the suspicious for further scrutiny. The very place on which he died, though now far below the centre of population of the city, was even in his mature years, the boy's play ground, out of town, and he had doubtless hunted out fugitive rascals in the swamps and thickets, where now broad streets extend for miles, covered with rows of heavy buildings, and thronged with a dense and accumulating population.

Such veterans as Davis and Hays are of the few remaining links that connect the New York of this day with the New York of the past, as it was in the recollection of most of those who left it young, are only roused to a perception of the reality of its vast expansion and the insensible lapse of their own years by an occasional event which wakes up the memory. The young men have become old and changed; the old men die off one by one, hardly noticed in the throng which has crowded in to usurp their places; the old places are no longer recognizable; even the natural landmarks which seemed to have a perpetuity like the rock-ribbed hills have been displaced; and within a space of time, not longer than that between boyhood and middle-aged in a lifetime, all things that were appear to be obliterated or made new. They are not what they were, and the sojourner in other places, who goes back to recall the scenes and the men of a quarter of a century ago, finds himself among strangers, in strange places, almost an antiquarian, searching for the relics of some former age. A few more deaths of such men as Davis and Hays will take the last of the generation which knew New York in its birth, and served as guardians of a thousand precious traditions, which are passing away.—N. O. Picquart.

Ladies Department.

Woman.

BY THE REV. J. N. MAPLETT.

Woman occupies a distinguished place in the world's history. She is the theme of poets and the historian, the philosopher and statesman of every age and of every country. The wisest and the best of men have done homage at her shrine, and through her instrumentality millions have been conducted to the pinnacles of earthly glory, or to the ignominy of a dungeon or a scaffold. Kingdoms have been lost and won by the witchery of her charms, and half the battles of the earth have been the work either of her smiles or her frowns. At the same time, the rare virtues she exhibits, and the glorious presents she inculcates, have given her a power over the world that is irresistible, creating in the youthful heart, sentiments and principles that have laid the foundations of most of those moral empires that transcend the models of the ages. While her naturally unsophisticated feelings and the deep and warm affections of her heart, remain undisturbed, she spreads a paradise all around