her, and all the strong, the resources that unchain the soul.

In all your intercourse with woman, you have been the gainer. Do you find the southern sky overcast, the fire of Etna uncomfortable? Perhaps home, and her heart, the sky of Heaven, and her truth and constancy unchangeable and incorruptible.

Again, &c.

Christianity, in raising woman to a companionship of right and interest with man, has not taken from her the original attributes of her sweet nature—it has taken the lovely shrub from the sunless gorge of the mountain cliff, where it was pining away in solitude and gloom. It has engrafted it into the lordly oak where it first received its glory and pride, receiving and giving its shelter its shade, and its form, in contrast with the source that nourishes and sustains it.

Again, &c.

Who is the Christian woman? She who bends over the couch of infancy—the cradle of our young and yet unfledged existence, whispering love and prayer into those tender years that thrill with delight as the Eolian harp trembles under the kissing zephyr. She who kindly soothes the sleep of youth—She who bends over the pillow of pain, disarming anguish of half its excruciating strength. She who grasps the cup of death wrung to overflow, dare not long contend with the King of Terrors, and skill retires from the unequal task. Then christian woman shows hath come, and affection struggles with death, and cries to the dull ear of the tomb, *give me back my love!* And while she kisses away the clammy dews of dissolution, she wrestles with the enemy while hope and life remain—nor will she leave the dead—not so, the poor pale remains of the loved one are dear to her still—She strews roses around the bier, and often, in far distant years, in the evening's solemn hour, or beneath the silver moonlight, she recalls the graves by others forgotten and unknown. She comes like a soft spirit, noiseless and fearful, and holy, to call up the luxury of her still unwasted love."

We close our extracts with a part of the concluding picture of the rise and gallery of infancy.

"The stern trumpets ring out their clarion blasts; the christians are led forth to Vespasian's amphitheatre, to be thrown to the wild beasts. Nero is there in all his pomp, high upon the periphery of the vast circle, around which sit the murmuring thousands of Rome, and the august Senate. The trumpets are hushed, stillness reigns throughout the vast multitude—there stand the christians, prepared like their master for the slaughter. Every eye is fixed sternly upon them.

One tall, pale youth, with heavenly countenance, is led forth—no blanch of fear is on his cheek—immortality is in his smiles, triumph on his brow, glory in his eye!

The Numidian lions come not with their thunder growl—he is cast before them—and as they crunch to crush their prey in their horrid teeth, a sweet, a lovely sylph-like form springs forward, and shields him in her arms from the blood shot eyes of the savage beasts.—Appalled by such transcendent loveliness—the lions pause. It is but for a moment. There is a loud and shrieking howl of agony in the ranks of the Senators. One of those venerable men had recognized his own daughter. Another howl, the strange mingled cries of the lions and men. Cruel teeth had crushed the lovely and the good—only through the gentle maiden's body, could the cruel teeth reach the minister's heart. A cry of sorrow and horror rose from eighty thousand spectators. Hell and Nero laughed.

Such is the ministry of woman."

Anecdotes.

One of the B'hoys.—An honest and pious Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercises him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who vas dat vould not sheelp mit Botipher's vife?" "Shoseph." "Dat's a good boy! Vell, vat vas de reason vy he would not sheep mit her." "Don'e know—spose he had another voman mit whome he vas gagged to sheep mit."

Western orators have said a great many smart things, but it was a home sick Irishman who said, "Sir, I was born at a very early period of my life, and I ever live to the day of my death, and the Lord knows whether I will or not my soul shall see Ireland before it leaves America."

F. L. T.—A good story is told of an Odd Fellow who kept a dry good store, and whose clerks being members of the order, wore heart-pins bearing the cabalistic letters F. L. T. A lady who was making purchases there one day, inquired of the proprietor what the three letters meant?

"They mean, madam," said he, "few lies told."

"Aha!" said the lady, highly pleased, "this is just the store I want."

When a woman rigs herself off in fancy style, and puts paint on her cheeks, she acts unwisely to complain that men stare at her. She is presumed that she adorns herself for the express purpose of being looked at.

"Shall we take a bar up Broadway?" said a Young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of that city.

"Oh, dear me!" said the frightened girl; "I would not do that, *in the street*"

Lynn News.

When the English fleet was bearing down upon the French off Trafalgar, a lady [illegible] Mr. Pitt, [illegible] of Europe [illegible] Mr. Pitt replied, "England expects every man to do his duty." [illegible] the greatest part among the officers.

Some years ago, [illegible] a distinguished [illegible] was asked before the Missouri legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of the single ladies, and not trouble the receiver so much about other men's wives.

From the Richmond Republican.

The Union.

Be Americans! Rouse Staff! Live and Die, as Americans should, in support of the Union!

Although we have referred to this sentiment of Senator King in another article, we cannot exclude it from our minds. It expresses so strongly the language of every true American heart, it is a sentiment so naturally suggested by the late melancholy national bereavement in every American bosom, it is so important a sentiment to our national peace and even our national existence, that our readers must excuse us for making it the text of some further comments.

It seems almost incredible that such an exhortation should ever be needed. An appeal from the Senate House of the United States to be AMERICAN, and to live and die, as Americans should, in support of the Union! Why, what should we be, if not *Americans!* Where shall we go if we leave this *Union?*

It is considered a strange thing when we see a man rich, healthy, and surrounded by friends, who is unhappy and discontented. Stranger still, to behold a nation, young, powerful, rich and free—a nation with such political, religious and social blessings as are no where else enjoyed—repining at its lot, and anxious for its blessings to cease. Suppose this anti-American spirit could prevail and triumph, what would become of our PAST and our FUTURE?—The *Past* would be a dead letter to us, for we could never open a history of the American Revolution without sorrow and shame. We could never think of Washington and Warren, of Rutledge and Hancock, of Jefferson and Hamilton, of Patrick Henry and Franklin, without the feeling of orphans—nay, not of orphans only, but of orphans who had made themselves such by their own parricidal hands—who had squandered the inheritance of their fathers, and written foul dishonor upon their very graves. We could never look upon the records of later days—of our unexampled growth in commerce, manufactures, arts and population; of the last war with England, when Hull, Decatur, Perry, McDonough, Stewart, Chauncey, and others, humbled for the first time the empire of England upon the deep, and when Scott upon the North, and Jackson in the South, broke the spell of British invincibility upon the land; we could never think of the recent glories of Palo Alto and Cerro Gordo, without the feelings of a wretched bankrupt; of one who looks back upon the broad acres and a kingly revenue gone, gone forever, and gone, alas, by his own imbecility and crime! without the remorse of those fallen angels whose discontent in Heaven, hurled them to that deep whence they ever look upward, longingly but hopelessly, to the bright stars where they once held the sceptre of the empire.

And what will be our *Future*, should we cease to be *Americans* and permit this *Union* to be dissolved? Weakness instead of Power, Wars instead of Peace, Poverty instead of Wealth, and, in the end, Monarchy instead of Freedom. We cease to be Americans, proud and glorious name, and who can predict the end? Where will our divisions cease? First, two Republics; then half a dozen, until we have almost as many nations as we now have States, their boundaries dotted by custom houses and forts, and defended by strong armies, and all maintained at an expense which will cripple the resources of each community, and make them sigh in spirit for the golden days of the American Union. Go abroad now over the earth, and as an American you are known and respected. Send your property in the humblest schooner that lies at your docks to the most distant wave, yet that property is safe, because above that humble craft floats the flag of the Stars and Stripes. Go yourself to the most distant region, upon the parched shores of India or amid the icy snows of Russia, and "*I am an American citizen*" shall protect you with an arm as powerful as that with which Rome overshadowed the world. Meet at sea one of your national vessels, and how proud you are of the majestic fabric, with her powerful hull, her grim batteries, her broad-shouldered crew standing like colossal statues at her guns, her lofty and graceful spars; but prouder than all, of that emblazoned banner which unfurls itself to the breeze, gleaming in every fold with the light of an unbroken constellation. Think of this, and think of your *future*: of a Republic greater than any the earth ever saw; supplying food and clothing to all mankind, affording a refuge to the oppressed of all nations, and by its potent influence paving the way to the establishment of free principles throughout the world. This is *America!* this is that Union in which the voice from the Senate House invokes us to live and die. Turn from this picture to a divided country. You are no longer an American! What are you? A New Yorker? A Tennessean? A Carolinian? An Alabamian? A Virginian? A Caballero? A Texian? Where is all similar spell, which now [illegible] Wave manifest upon the sea can scarcely [illegible] your divers flags, and foreign nations will respect them? The property which a Republic composed of a few [illegible] States may [illegible] perpetually insecure, because she will not be able to raise a Navy sufficient to protect her commerce. For the same reason, her citizens abroad will no longer enjoy the honorable safety. Not one of them can say longer, "I am an American," but I believe to this or that Effete State which perhaps not one man in ten thousand, on the other side of the Atlantic ever heard of. You may be insulted in England, robbed in Turkey, imprisoned in Russia, and vainly will you look through your prison-grates, for the beams of deliverance. The Western Stars have all set. Nay a Pascha may hurl contempt upon us at our very seat of government, and our weakness will compel us to endure that contempt without resentment. Our commerce destroyed, our resources exhausted by civil war, our country becomes a warning to the world against its parricidal, what a pitiable spectacle shall we present, even if we are not forced at last to seek security and repose in a monarchy.

Americans, let us avoid this shameful termination. Let us cease to quarrel about miserable abstractions.—Let us respect each others prejudices. The great mass of the Northern people have no desire to interfere with Southern institutions. The great mass of Southern men have no desire to impose their own institutions upon the free States. Both are brave, generous, patriotic and humane. Both are worthy brethren of the same family, and both should now rise in their majesty and put down in their strength the scheming band of demagogues and fanatics. Better that it should fall in open warfare with a foreign foe, than by the serpent tooth of treachery at home. Better that the good ship of state should perish amid the thunders of the battle, with all hands at their posts, and their proud flag unstained by dishonor, than that her stout timbers should be gradually gnawed away by the mousing vermin who prowl between her decks to satisfy their greedy appetites, and who care not whether she sink or swim, so that they supply their own ravenous maws.

"The American who can look forward with calmness to the day of separation must be either more or less than man. He must be the victim of ambition, or corruption—a deluded enthusiast, or a prophet of good, which the most sanguine dare not hope, and the keen-eyed Statesman cannot foresee.—Thenceforward the American Eagle shall drop the olive branches of peace, and grasp only the arrows of war. The hand that writes the declaration of disunion, shall feel the blood curdle in its veins; and the tongue which reads it to the world shall stiffen in the act. The mountains that divide us shall be the mountains of death, and the streams that flow between, like the waters of Egypt, shall turn into blood."

A Warning Voice from the Grave.—As this advice, if ever it see the light, will not do so until I am no more, it may be considered as issuing from the tomb, where truth alone can be respected, and the happiness of man alone consulted. It will be entitled, therefore, to whatever weight can be derived from good intentions, through a period of forty years, who has espoused in his youth, and adhered through his life, to the cause of its liberty; and who has borne a part in most of the transactions which will constitute epochs in its destiny. The advice nearest to my heart, and deepest is, that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as a deadly serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise."

Mrs. Partington Again.—It will be seen by the following, that Mrs Partington is still about.

"Put on your shawl and bonnet, and come right along," said Mrs. Partington, as she rushed breathlessly into her neighbor's. "An *antiquated* gentleman has just *survived* in town with a *feminine priestcraft* right from Egypt. I wouldn't have believed it, if the woman that gave me the *inflammation* hadn't been *notorious* for *veracity*. A live mummy, three thousand years old. She got *balmy* when she was eighteen, and ain't grown old a *particle* since. But only think Mrs. Cranby! they're going to strip her right before the *auditory*.—Shant you faint? Mrs. Peabody says there wont be a single *immortal* feeling *engendered*, as the mummy man knows nothing about genders. Do hurry, for I want to hear the interruption of the hipopottamasses found in the sycosiphrowgrass."

Communications.

FOR THE ASHEVILLE MESSENGER.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

A respectable portion of the citizens of Villa Rica, Ga., assembled at the Methodist Church, on the 20th of July, to pay a lasting tribute of respect to the late President Taylor. The meeting was organized by calling the Rev. N. G. Slaughter to the Chair, and J. M. Howell to act as Secretary. Dr. D. B. Johnson explained the objects of the meeting in some stirring remarks, and introduced the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously passed.

Resolved, That whereas Gen. Taylor, President of the United States, has been removed from this to another state of existence and whereas, it is a dispensation of Divine Providence, given us as a warning of the uncertainty of life; and whereas, it is the second dispensation of Providence, in the removal of the first officer of the Government, in the exercise of this function, and the first during the Session of Congress, and being as we have no doubt, the best for us as it is in the inscrutable ways of Divine goodness. Be it therefore

Resolved, That we mourn the loss of our President, and grieve that the nation generally has to mourn the loss of its first officer. That we regard it particularly at this crisis, when our national affairs are in great perplexity, and when the people were looking to that source for [illegible] settlement of the vexed question [illegible] the day; believing as we do, that Gen. Taylor was possessed of the firmness of Cato, and the honesty of Cincinnatus, we particularly regret his death at this time, and view it as a great calamity to the whole nation.

Resolved, That we view it right and proper to pay a passing tribute of respect to his great military services, viz: His invincible spirit in time of action, his discreet management in time of battle, and his great skill as a tactician.

Resolved, That we viewed him as an ornament to society, an ardent friend of the various Philanthropic societies of the day, and as a well wisher to the christian religion.

Resolved, That we viewed him as a sound politician, a true patriot and firm friend of his country.

Resolved, That we believe, had he lived, that the affairs of this nation would have been safe in his hands; the country had abundant reason to be thankful, and we have remained happy and prosperous; and we hope and trust, that all things will work for the best.

Resolved, That we select some person to deliver a eulogy on the character of G. n. Taylor, at some future day, to be designated by the meeting.

Resolved, That the proceedings be published in the Asheville Messenger, and that all other papers be requested to copy friendly to the same.

The Rev. N. G. Slaughter, was appointed to deliver the eulogy on the 10th inst.

After the foregoing proceedings were accomplished, the meeting adjourned.

N. G. SLAUGHTER, Ch'm.
J. M. Howell, Sec.

FOR THE ASHEVILLE MESSENGER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 12, 3, 11, 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, is a town in North Carolina.
" 2, 1, 8, 9, 10, is a town in Indiana.
" 3, 11, 8, 4, 15, 1, is a town in Wisconsin.
" 8, 5, 1, 15, 13, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, is a town in Indiana.
" 5, 4, 17, 15, 15, 1, is a town in Ill.
" 6, 15, 14, 3, 1, 10, is a county in Michigan.
" 7, 6, 10, 1, is a town in Ohio.
" 8, 6, 16, 7, 9, is a town in N. York.
" 9, 5, 1, 15, 2, 3, 1, 10, is a town in Virginia.
" 10, 1, 6, 15, 17, is one of the U. S.
" 11, 18, 6, 14, is a county in Penn.
" 12, 1, 5, 1, 15, 15, 13, is a city in Georgia.
" 13, 1, 8, 11, 10, is a town in Mass.
" 14, 18, 6, 4, is a Lake in North America.
" 15, 1, 13, 3, 5, 6, 8, 7, 14, is a city in Tennessee.
" 16, 18, 11, 14, 15, 5, 6, 7, 8, 4, is a town in South Carolina.
" 17, 8, 10, 6, 18, 1, is a town in New York.
" 18, 1, 8, 17, 6, 16, 3, is a city in North Carolina.

My whole is the name of a Journal published in North Carolina.

Answer next week. C. T. I.

From the Columbia Telegraph.

Highly Important.

Vote on the Compromise.

Washington, July 30th—Two very important votes were taken to-day in the Senate.

Mr. Bradbury's amendment, refering the Texas boundary question to Commissioners, was carried, by a vote of twenty-nine to twenty-eight—Mr. Shields in the affirmative, and Mr. Winthrop in the negative.

A motion was then made to lay the Compromise on the table, which failed, by a vote of twenty-five to thirty-two.

A Hard Question.—Mr. Clay, in his late speech, in which he furnished so conclusive an indication of a bad cause by losing his temper, asks the following question:

"What response, Mr. President, can you make to that wife of your choice and those children with whom you have been blessed by God?"

A hard question truly if addressed to the President of the Senate, who is we believe a bachelor.—*Col. Telegraph.*

Mr Clay is not quite so ignorant, and the Telegraph only exhibits his own, by the above statement. Mr. Clay was making a most powerful, and eloquent appeal not to the President, but to Mr. Mason, of Va.

BLANK MUSIC

For sale at this Office.

Asheville Messenger.

Wednesday, August 7, 1850.

Election Returns.

BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

PRECINCTS.	Governor. Chas. Manly.	Governor. D. S. Reid.	Senate. N. W. Woodfin.	House of Commons. M. Erwin.	House of Commons. James Sharp.	House of Commons. John A. Foster.	House of Commons. Wiley Jones.	House of Commons. R. Fridley.	House of Commons. Wm. Pickens.	For Sheriff. P. Roberts.	For Sheriff. Peter Freeman.	For Sheriff. J. Shipman.	For Sheriff. Wm. A. Erwin.
Asheville,	187	69	74	103	98	121	51	7	4	150	58	26	12
Swannanoa,	119	11	47	91	15	81	38	19	4	79	45	5	2
Fair View,	101	3	21	38	5	99	65	21	8	40	35	11	2
Limestone,	137	14	31	89	27	36	71	13	16	35	46	57	6
Bent Creek,	33	24	8	20	30	8	26	6	2	27	8	17	1
Hominy,	161	70	59	35	101	48	128	11	6	112	21	7	8
Turkey Creek,	48	110	27	94	120	19	13	36	10	76	63	2	15
Sandy Mush,	57	12	20	34	15	42	27	5	2	29	44	1	1
Spring Creek,	31	5	23	10	0	28	3	7	0	3	31	0	1
Warm Springs,	25	94	10	32	25	30	00	20	1	39	12	4	0
Pine Creek,	36	4	13	10	7	31	2	8	3	18	19	2	0
Hays' Run,	71	59	38	80	42	37	00	83	14	75	44	2	5
Palmer's Ford,	25	65	18	20	62	30	09	10	35	68	11	7	1
Ivy,	32	101	32	10	117	75	7	25	16	112	8	4	4
Reim's Creek,	42	68	28	42	70	22	11	20	35	95	8	3	0
Total,	1035	649	449	821	743	685	442	288	157	948	453	148	52

Scattering in Senate, 103 Scattering in Commons, 4 For Sheriff 10

HENDERSON COUNTY.

Precincts.	Governor. C. Manly.	Governor. D. S. Reid.	Senate. N. W. Woodfin.	House of Commons. Furman.	House of Commons. Hamilton.	House of Commons. Foster.	Sheriff. Taylor.	Sheriff. Cantrell.
Hendersonville,	209	160	87	213	116	32	246	117
Clear Creek,	114	37	24	74	35	39	81	68
Green River,	17	12	16	16	11	4	23	8
Wolf Pit,	45	26	20	1	11	61	54	21
Mills' River,	57	11	32	61	8	7	74	7
Little River,	60	7	43	20	45	1	51	16
Davidson's River,	64	4	32	17	45	2	53	13
Cathey's Creek	88	9	42	19	55	19	74	24
Total,	664	272	296	421	316	158	653	274

Scattering 60

Iredell County.—The vote in Iredell is, Manly 1010, Reid 279, a gain of 54 for Reid since last election. Members elected: G. F. Davidson, Senate; J. M. Bogle & M. Campbell and Dr. G. G. McCoy, Commons, all Whigs.

Lincoln, Catawba and Gaston—give Reid 1992, Manly 690, Hoke 1194, Shuford 158; Stowe, Reinhardt, Sherrill and Rankin are elected, in the Commons, and Lowe, Sheriff.

Rowan.—Manly's majority will be about 190; Lillington Senator, Caldwell, and Ford, Commoners, all whigs; a gain for Manly of about 60.

BURKE AND McDOWELL.

Manly 1343; Reid 346; Walton, Whig 967; Avery, Democrat 911; Whitson, Whig 811.

The Democrats here have gained a Commoner, but a strong Internal Improvement man.

Manly has gained in Guilford 121, Richmond 61, Macon 100 and Caldwell 100.

Reid has gained in Rutherford 1283, Lincoln 257, Cleveland 200; making Reid's whole gain, as far as heard from 2109. Manly's gain 782, add this to his majority in 1848, and Reid is 463 *ahead*.

Yancy.—Fleming is elected in the Commons, Baker Sheriff, and Reid's majority is about 300.

The Election. We have given to-day all the returns we have received, and they are about as good as we expected from Whigs, (they are not entitled to the name,) who swap and barter their votes and principles away for *Democratic destruction*, just as they would an old *jack knife or broken-legged horse*. All such Whigs ought to make a clean sweep by first, (as they did in Rutherford,) giving their principles away and then themselves to *boot*.

The Legislature.—So far, the Whigs have gained two and lost two.

Cherokee Indians.—We call attention to advertisement in to days paper, about the Cherokee Indians. The agent, Mr. Jno. C. Mullay, will be at Valley River about the 12th inst., and at Murphy by the 15th.

Serious Accident.—Major Clarke, of Raleigh, while in the funeral procession in that city, was dangerously hurt by his horse rearing and falling on him.

Mr. Winthrop has been appointed to fill Mr Webster's place in the Senate, and Ewing, has taken the place of Mr. Corwin. Hon. D. P. King died a few days since, making another vacancy to to fill. Mr. Pearce, of Maryland has positively declined his appointment to the Cabinet, not intending to let a Democrat take his seat. *A glorious Whig!*

THE UNION.

Reader, and especially "hot bloods," we commend to you the first extract in to-days paper, from the very best paper on our exchange list, and to the following two, the first from Mr. Grimkie of Charleston, and the second from James Madison, two pure, wise and eminent men. Take heed before the yawning precipice swallows you and our Republic, and forever hides us from the sight of the surrounding nations of the earth, leaving our existence as written upon the pages of history alone, in letters of blood—"*In that day there existed what was called a Republican Government, but sectional prejudice and party spirit divided it, and it fell as all its predecessors, a wreck to the rashness and ambition of a few political aspirants.*"

May the following lines of Addison be winged with the speed of lightning, and the force of omnipotence, to crush the wretch who shall be first, or instrumental in raising a Southern or Northern Confederacy at the expense of the *Union*.

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to crush the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

We pray if there ever be such an one, that it may fall with the force of a lost planet, thrown from its orbit upon his treacherous head.

"The Compromise." We are rejoiced to see that there are 32 in favor and only 25 against this great measure, may their number never grow less.

Warm Weather. This has been one of the warmest seasons ever known in Buncombe, for two months the thermometer has been from 75 to 90, and sometimes higher.

CLAY AND WEBSTER.

These two great Statesmen, Americans, Patriots and true friends of their county, their *whole* country, have again spoken for the last time on the great question dividing the North and the South, the Compromise now before the Senate. Their speeches we shall publish and we want all to read them and ponder them well, they are pictures that may set in blood, if disregarded; pictures that will shine in the world's history whether the American Union is maintained or not. They stand in bold relief contending for the Constitution, the Country and Truth; contending against error, prejudice and misguided ambition; against

"The war of *opinion*, where few can be found,
On the mountain of *principle* guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes
Who are prowling around them and aiming their blows."