

# MESSENGER

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BY WILLIAM C. MUNN.

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## A POEM.

When some fond boy, more bold than I,  
Shall twine fresh roses in thy hair,

Tell him, the flowers he laid things by,  
And bemoaned as bright as his o'erthere;

And when, beneath this scarred sky,  
Howe'er the late I used to fill,

One left him that another's sigh,

Is waken'd up in its surface still.

And if perchance thy loved gazelle  
Should fly thy strangel's touch, and hide

Its head within thy bosom's swell,

And nestled there, in trembling pride—

Or tell him there was one whose lip

That d'creed so lovel to kiss,

That it had fondly learned to sip

The dew from thine to water his.

And for the rest—when twilight's hour  
Shall see them wandering on with him,

Or in thine own aerea bower,

Wh se light, Love's own, is all so dim—

Tell him there's not a dower below,

And not a silent star above,

And not a breeze that whispers 'tis,

That has not heard another's love.

## THE WAY TO CURE A BAD HUSBAND.

One farmer Potter, of the parish of Bow, in Devonshire, a man much inclined to sottishness, having occasion to sell a yoke of oxen, drove them to Crediton fair, about six or seven miles distance—and meeting with a good fair, agreeable entertainment, and jovial companions, he was mightily in his element, and did not care to go home, but tarried there some weeks, singing the songs of the drunkard, until at last he was disposed to set out for Bow, and taking his landlord with him, they soon arrived at the former's house, where he expected to meet with a warm reception from his wife; but the good woman had framed a better resolution. Upon the sight of his wife, who came to the door, he accosted her with "Sv. Grace, I am returned;" to which she answered, "I see you be, my dear; you are very welcome." "But," said he, "I have brought another man for you." Quoth she, "He is welcome too for your sake." "But, my love," said he, "I have sold my oxen." "My dear," replied she, "you went to the fair for that purpose." "I've spent the money." "If you have," quoth she, "twas no more than your own." "But further than that," said he, "I have given a score to the amount of forty shillings, and here is my landlord come for it." "It so," said she, "I'll go up stairs and fetch it for him," which she immediately did; and afterwards treating the landlord with a pitcher of cider and a pipe of tobacco, in an amicable manner he took his leave. The farmer being so charmed with the good economy of his wife Grace, told her, with tears in his eyes, he would do so no more; and declared her his darling, and the best of woman; and from thence lived temperate and happy with Dame Grace to the day of his death. But had she storned him in the manner too many women are wont to do on such occasions, there is the greatest probability in the world, he would have pursued his vicious course of life, and brought down poor Dame Grace's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

From the *Saturday News*.

## EGENTRICITY.

Delaware is not only the smallest state in the Union, but I venture to say has the smallest house of worship and congregation. At Cantwell's bridge, a pretty little village on the mud peninsula road, about ten miles this end of Smyrna, is a "Friends' meeting house" built of brick, only about twelve feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appearances outside and in, that usually are found in those of larger dimensions. The congregation consists of one man. He is a respectable farmer, living four or five miles distant, but attends regularly twice every week, and sits out the usual time alone. I understand he is a bachelor; unless he takes himself a wife, he therefore, need not fear any of those unhappy divisions that so frequently disturb the peace of religious societies, and so recently destroyed that to which he belongs. I looked in upon him a few Sabbaths since, but so intent was he upon his devotional meditation, that he did not observe me until the meeting was broken up, and then I found him quite a social, though a solitary being.

How different must be the feelings of devotion in this small tenement, alone—from those excited in one of our fashionable churches, "glittering with polished marble and fine

gold"—surrounded by a thousand "waving plumes" and fair faces, dazzling the eyes; while on the ear, the "Pealing anthem swells with notes of praise."

## From the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*.

### SUFFERINGS UPON THE WRECK.

Our readers unquestionably recollect the dreadful shipwreck of the Francis Spaight, from St. John's, (N. Y.) to Limerick. The particulars of their suffering upon the wreck have been detailed by one of the crew, to the Limerick Star—from which we make this abridgement:

The crew, fourteen in number, saved themselves by clinging to the rigging. The wreck was filled with water, and there was not a dry spot to stand upon. The provisions were all washed overboard when the ship struck. They continued sixteen days in this horrid situation, with nothing to eat—sustaining themselves by gathering the rain that descended from the heavens. On the 19th December the captain proposed that lots should be drawn between the four boys, to see who should die, for food for the rest of the crew. The boys all objected—but the muttering of the crew demanded instant steps. Mulville now prepared some sticks of different lengths for the lots. A bandage was tied over O'Brien's eyes, and he knelt down resting his face on Mulville's knees. The latter had the sticks in his hand, and was to hold them up one by one, demanding whose lot it was. O'Brien was to call out a name, and whatever person he named for the shortest stick, was to die. Mulville held up the first stick, and demanded who it was for. The answer was, "for little Johnny Sheehan," and the lot was laid aside. The next stick was held up, and the demand was repeated, "on myself," upon which Mulville said, it was the death lot—that O'Brien had called it for himself. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. The men told him he must prepare for death, and the captain proposed bleeding him in the arm. The cook cut his veins across with a small knife, but could bring no drop of blood; the boy himself attempted to open the vein at the head of the elbow, but, like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. The captain then said—"This is of no use, 'tis better to put him out of pain by bleeding him in the throat."

At this O'Brien, for the first time, looked terrified, and begged that they would give him a little time: he said, he was cold and weak, but if they would let him lie down and sleep for a little, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this there were expressions of dissent from the men, and the captain said, "twas best at once to lay hold on him, and let the cook cut his throat. O'Brien driven to extremity, declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, 'twould be the worse for him; that he'd appear to him another time; that he'd haunt him after death. There was a general hesitation among them; when, a fellow named Harrington seized the boy, and they rushed in upon him; he screamed and struggled violently, addressing himself in particular to Sullivan, a Tarbert man. The poor youth was, however, soon got, and the cook, after considerable hesitation, cut his throat with a case knife, and the tureen was put under the boy's neck to save the blood.

As soon as the horrid act had been perpetrated, the blood was served to the men. They afterwards laid open the body, and separated the limbs; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former were allotted for immediate use and almost every one partook of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night; but the thirst which was before endurable, now became craving, and they slaked it with salt water. Several were raving and talked wildly through the night, and, in the morning, the cook was quite mad. His raving continued during the succeeding night, and in the morning, as his end seemed approaching, the veins of his neck were cut, and the blood drawn from him. This was the second death.

On that night Behane was mad, and the boy Burns on the following morning; they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter eventually bled to death by cutting his throat. Behane died unexpectedly or he would have suffered the same fate. Next morning Mahony distinguished a sail, and raised a shout of joy. A ship was clearly discernible, and hearing her course towards them. Signals were hoisted, and, when she approached they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration. The vessel proved to be the Agonora, an American ship. She put off a boat to their assistance, the survivors of the Spaight were safely got on board the Agonora, where they were treated with the utmost kindness.

GASPAREONNE, the Roman monster, as he was significantly called, at the age of 16 commenced his murders, and was accused of 115 besides rapes, and numerous other crimes.

He confessed 105! He murdered his priest as his *debut*, fled to the mountains, joined a banditti, was elected their chief—triumphed over the police, and carried off 31 innocent girls as captives. Ransoms were paid, varying from 200 to 100 dollars. Returning home from a skirmish with his troops, he noticed a

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wit be an acquisition to Paradise, and mayest, save the bishop's soul in purgatory;—then he instantly stabbed him.

## From the *New York Sun*.

### KIDNAPPING IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

It is too bad to be told, much less to be endured!—On Saturday, 23d instant, about 12 o'clock, Mr. George Jones a respectable free colored man, was arrested at 21 Broadway, by certain police officers, upon the pretext of his having committed assault an battery?—Mr. Jones being conscious that no such charge could be sustained against him, refused to go with the officers. His employers placing high confidence in his integrity, advised him to go and answer to the charge, promising that any assistance should be afforded to satisfy the end of justice. He proceeded with the officers, accompanied with a gentleman who would have stood his bail—he was locked up in Bridewell—his friend was told that when he was wanted he could be sent for? Between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, Mr. Jones was carried before the hon. Richard Riker, recorder of the city of New York. In the absence of his friends, and in the presence of several notorious kidnappers, who preferred and by oath sustained that he was a runaway slave, poor Jones, having no one to utter a word in his behalf, but a boy, in the absence of numerous friends who could have born testimony to his freedom, was by the Recorder pronounced to be a **SLAVE**!

In less than three hours after his arrest, he was bound in chains, dragged through the streets, like a beast to the shambles! My depressed countrymen, we are all liable; your wives and children are at the mercy of merciless kidnappers. We have no protection in law, because the legislators withhold justice. We must no longer depend on the interposition of minumission or anti-slavery societies, in the hope of peaceable and just protection; where such outrages are committed, peace and justice cannot dwell. While we are subject to thus inhumanly practised upon, no man is safe; we must look to our own safety and protection from kidnappers; remembering that self defence is the first law of nature.

Let a meeting be called—let every man who has sympathy in his heart to feel when bleeding humanity is thus stabbed afresh, attend the meeting; let a remedy be prescribed to protect us from slavery. Whenever necessity requires, let that remedy be applied—Come what will, any thing is better than slavery.

DAVID RUGGLES.

## From the *Illinois Register*.

### A SMALL MISTAKE.

A gentleman of the "Sucker State," not long since, concluded to take unto himself a *rib*; and having succeeded in finding one which he "guessed" would suit him, proceeded forthwith to the clerk's office, for the purpose of procuring the necessary voucher.—The clerk very kindly (for the accustomed fee) issued the precious document, and the joyous bridegroom set off with more than ordinary speed to the residence of his betrothed, for the purpose of consummating his long cherished hopes. Having arrived, he was greeted by his friends, who were collected to witness the transaction; and having whispered a few soft words in the willing ear of his intended, and all matters duly arranged, the happy pair presented themselves at the *Hyemenal* altar, attended by a reverend clergyman, an intimate acquaintance, who, upon the receipt of a paper presented in behalf of the happy man, proceeded with all due gravity, to perform the ceremony. Soon the company was ushered into the upper room, and in the midst of confusion usually attended on such occasions, proceeded to demolish the good things that had been prepared by their kind entertainers. The evening wore away as wedding evenings will do, and — o'clock found all the company, except the *old folks* and the parson, retired to rest. The parson took it into his head to review the proceedings of the evening before his retirement and leisurely drawing from his breeches pocket the authority by which he had transformed a young virgin into a wedded woman, and wiping the dust from his spectacles, placed them upon his proboscis, by which means he was enabled to read—not the license from the clerk—but, oh horrid! a *bond for an hundred bushels of corn!!* Here was a dilemma in fact. It was rather a delicate matter to those most interested; besides, they were doubtless locked in the arms of—morphine, entirely unconscious of their condition—and it would be cruel to disturb them. How the young couple received the important intelligence, we are not advised; but our informant states the mistake was rectified *next morning*, by a duly authenticated license and remarriage, to the no small amusement of the company and mortification of the parson.

### THE FRIGATE INDEPENDENCE.

This fine frigate was taken out of the dry dock at Charleston Navy Yard, and hauled round to a wharf to receive her mast yesterday. The operation of floating her out of the dock was very interesting, and attracted the fixed attention of more than a thousand spectators of both sexes. Governor Evans and friar made captives the day before who now began to treat with him about their *erect* and family, and several gentlemen and ladies were on board, as was also ransom.

Gasparonne declared he would not pardon the bishop unless he denied his *Saviour*. Dawnes, who assumed the immediate direction of the exciting and critical operation, and then instantly stabbed him to the heart! of the *excitement* and critical operation.

Warned by the fate of his fellow captive, the *Muy spectators*, stationed abait in the receiving

surrounding the margin of the dock formed a continuous, yet ever mutable and picturesque border, as seen from the decks of the independence. About half past eleven two small vents were opened in the dock-gates, and suddenly the water leaped in each end, and suddenly gushing against the shores, till the water within the dock was flushed into bulk-heads. As witnessed from the stern ports, the famous conflict of the currents, toiling, surging, and then dying away forward—was an exceedingly exciting spectacle. Gradually the water arose above the inlet, and the mud subsided, and at 12 o'clock the "shores" which had hitherto supported the frigate began to drop one by one from their positions, and glide alongside. She floated in 18 feet water. As soon as the water within and without were equilibrated—20 feet deep—the bridges on the gates were cleared of spectators, the gates thrown open, and the frigate thrown open without perceptible motion.

Nothing could exceed the ease, regularity, and simplicity of the manœuvres by which this result was effected. Every thing was in time and place. Notwithstanding the large number of persons present—some of whom collected on the steps descending into the dock, and were within in imprudent proximity to the frigate—not the slightest accident or incident occurred to mar the gratification derived from the spectacle.

Boston Morning Post.

## EUROPE.

The packet ship Charles Carroll, Capt. Lee arrived on Sunday last from Brazoria, we have received some little information from Texas, although of no great importance. Greater concord prevails throughout the community, for some time past a little divided in their political views. The operations of the army, though not of an active character, yet are highly favorable to its continuance, until the successful termination of the existing difficulties of the country.

Ministers, after having fully deliberated, have determined to adjourn the Review which was to take place on the 23d July.—The reasons are asked, is it all men of sense and probity will not perceive them. But it is desired, we will give the explanation necessary, observing however that reserve, which is proper.

The packet ship Sully, Capt. Forges, arrived on Tuesday last from Havre. We have received by her Paris and Havre papers to the 25th July, containing intelligence two days later from the French metropolis than had before reached us.

The *Journal du Paris*, the organ of the government, contains the following on this subject which evidently comes from an official source:

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"Many reports, some of them contradictory, are in circulation on the subject of the arrests that have been made. The following facts are derived from a source deserving of credit, and are we believe true.

"About ten days ago, the police was informed that a man, whose name we have not heard, intended to assassinate the King. The man was immediately arrested. He did not hesitate to avow his criminal design, and even entered into the greatest details as to the means he intended to employ to carry his design into execution. His intention was to take a place in the ranks of the National Guards, throw himself on the King and stab him.

"On being asked whether he had any accomplices, his reply was, "I have but one and I have no objection to name him, because I know that he will be highly gratified by sharing my fate, whatever that may be. And he then gave the name of his accomplice, and the spot where he could be found. The police immediately went there and found a man who offered no resistance, and who avowed that his intention was to kill the king by stabbing him.

"These circumstances appear so extraordinary, that it is difficult to believe them. They have however been related to us by persons who we have every reason to believe, well informed.

"It is also said that a young man residing generally at Rouen, arrived at Paris about the 15th of this month. Some days ago he called on his uncle to request him to lend him his uniform of the National Guard. On receiving a refusal, he persisted with so much earnestness in his request that he at last excited the suspicions of the uncle, who knew that he entertained the most extravagant republican opinions. On severely questioning him, the young man at last confessed that he was a member of a society who had determined on killing the king and that it had fallen to his lot to strike the blow. Not being able to persuade him to renounce his criminal project the uncle determined to inform the police of it, who immediately arrested the young fanatic. He has been interrogated and till now has persevered in a total denial of the charge."

"Judicial proceedings are, it is said, already instituted against these individuals."

"In our country," exclaimed an Italian, "in our country, sir, we have the ever lasting Vesuvius!"

"Have you, indeed?" replied a son of America, "and in our country we have the Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes."

Madame Pontalba, a wealthy lady of New Orleans, but who is now residing in France, is in contemplation to build an edifice in New Orleans in resemblance of the *Palais Royal* of Paris, and with that view has applied for permission from the municipality of the city to occupy the side walk for the colonnade. The contemplated building will be erected on some lots belonging to that lady on the public square. She proposes to build the *Palais Royal* in enormous edifice of Paris, with galleries, open space &c. We shall, of course, be glad to see our sister city adorned by such a structure as we dare say Madame Pontalba may raise, but there is no private fortune in New Orleans, even if the proprietor do live in France, that can construct a building to compare in extent and magnificence with the *Palais Royal*.

From the *New Orleans Bee* of 29th Aug.

## TEXAS.

### Attempt to Kidnap Santa Anna.

The schooner Julius Caesar, just arrived from Velasco, Texas, reports that the American schooner *Fusilier*, *Hughes*, hence and loaded with provisions, wines, &c., and cleared for Texas, under pretence of trading; that their real purpose was to smuggle Santa Anna on board, but before all their plans had matured they were discovered in the act of going for him. The Texian Government have seized the schooner and imprisoned all concerned.