# Mahland Ressencer. "Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

# VOLUME IL-NUMBER 10.

# ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1841.

## FUBLISHED EVERY FEIDAY MORNING, BY J. IN. OHIBISTY & CO.,

Publishers of the Laws, Treaties, &c., of the U.S.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Promise. AN IMPRESSIVE TALE. How often didst thou pledge and vow ? Thou wouldst for aye be mine; And my fond heart itself so true, It ne'er mistrusted thine.-Burns

Just seventeen years ago, Eliza Murray was in the prime of young and maidenly of gaiety with a dimple on her cheek, and very moon of matrimony. playfulness in her manner, which infused an eye at such times was turned upon her with delight, and many a memory frequently called up to mind the smile that played upon her countenance when directed towards her. She was at such times in her proper sphere, for the whole cast of her character beamed forth ; it spoke in the playful throw of a well turned arm ; in the graceful movement of a sylph like form ; and in the merry step of a pretty foot .--Yet, with a natural volatility, she possessed a poble and generous heart. In her intercourse with society, it was her intention to pursue a correct and honorable course-but she knew not herself.

The winning grace of beauty, the smile of gaiety, and the power of fashion, never failed to draw admirers around the form of of this ; she felt the full force of her attrac. tions; she could read them in the pleasure which her smile gave in the many eyes which rested with delight upon her ; and in web of conquest which she wore by the flashing out that joy and merriment so blended with early youth.

Dancing alone, then, in the hey-day of over us.

Among the many suitors which appear. ed before her, Henry English was all that the maiden could desire. He saw Eliza

D. R. M'ANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS. [ tial affairs of life. Such was the hasty idea ] I formed as I witnessed the wedding cere. monies. But Eliza Murray then wore the same gay and smiling countenance, and the ment ; "too many like me !" same laughing lip spoke of present happi-ness, when she bid the wedding party wel.

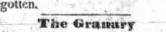
come, as she used to wear when she could claim protection of Henry English. I waited on English, and his bride a age. 1 had seen Helen Gray often before

wandered away over the meadows to her the cultivated garden of art, as gentle as shake of the hand and bade farewell to Eliza I felt the full force of rebuke, and propt-the lily of the meadow that bends its head Green and her husband with an earnest Iy paying arrearages at the increased pice cessary warmth ; and chairs and tables had to the summer zephyr; and yet at times as but secret wish, that he who was to be the would love. I have seen her in the midst as hope and fancy could make the first sil-

Twelve years passed away, when curithe sweet little village of Middleton. As I made. One neat and elegant mansion had safe to Jonathan Homespun. risen on a spot singularly beautiful, to which the hands of industry and art had given their aid-that spot was the residence of

Henry English. Different, very different had been the course of another couple, Eliza Murray, poor girl, wove for herself a cruel destiny. The duty she was called upon to perform was of no ordinary cast-a dissipated husband to win back to her, and happiness, if a woman. Eilza Murray knew the truth possible. Little ones to watch over and provide for with a mother's anxiety. It was too much-she sunk beneath the weight of it, and left two orphan children. Henry English's, sitting on the green. To those young ladies who peruse this

crude and simple tale, I have but a word her conquests, she had still felt at times the to say in matters of courtship :-let promiinfluence which passion is ever exerting ses, however trifling, be adhered to with the strictest faith. A confidence placed by be forgotten.



ancholy tone-"pardon me, for oppression refuse to be comforted."

short time previous to my leaving the vill. ment ; I have a large list of the same kind proposing to her, as soon as possible, some of patrons scattered here and there over plan of decent sepulture. thousands of miles. If they would pay my The rooms indicated poverty, but not marriage, but never did she appear so interesting as when after wishing me success the trifles they severally owe me, I shoul squallidness. There was a sad deficiency tis, followed in death-like silence by indomwhen far away, in the character of Mrs. be directly freed from embarrassment, and in the means of comfort, but what there English, she took her husband's arm and go on my way rejoicing. But they reaso were, bore evidence of being the remainder as you reasoned; and, among you, I an of a sufficiency. Entire neatness distinbeauty, as fair as the rose that blossoms in cottage residence. I also gave a friendly brought to the door of poverty and ruin. / guished every thing, but even the clothes

wild and reckless as the playful school-boy protector of one so fair as Eliza Murray, in advance, I shortly bid adieu to the for- when the sickness of the child had preventthat sports on the edge of the rocky preci. might be all that a husband could be. I left thy and wronged farmer, resolving u do ed her from work. pice. She was just such a thing as youth two happy young couples then-as happy every thing in my power to repair theinjury which had been accrued from my elin- which should insure decent burial to the quency.

O ye patrons of Jonathan Homepun! rested my attention. I went to the bcd. its influence on those around her. Many osity and inclination led me back again to wherever ye are, or whoever ye are; ye A small dog was lying at a little distance who have received and eaten wheat from from the dead child, and gazing intently inwound my way down the road into the vill. his Granary, without making payment! Ye to his unchanging face. The affectionate age, the recollection of other days came are guilty of a grievous sin of commission. animal had reached forward to lick the up before me ; I thought of those I had left Therefore repent. Pay the farmer what cheek of the boy, but coldness prevented a reveling in the joys of "life's loveliest peri- you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring repetition; and he contented himself with mand of their General, though trembling od." I rode leisurely along marking the you the sack of grain every week and Un, constant watching and an occasional low alterations that time and enterprise had cle Sam's teamsters will carry, the money moan.

#### The bereaved Widow. BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

He was an only son, and his mother was a widow.'

We turned into a narrow street, and shielded ourselves from the piercing northwester that had been for some minutes blowing, showing us that our cloaks were not wholly weather proof. It was certainly a comparative pleasure after such a searching blast, to stand in the lee of the houses; and as soon as the blood began to circulate a little, we considered what should be our next step in the errand which we English stepped forward and became their had undertaken to perform, when our atparent. I saw them both, on my visit to tention was arrested by sounds of wailing from the house near which we were stand-

ing; and as the evidences of sudden grief continued, we felt emboldened, if not called on by our mission, to knock at the door .--We repeated this several times, but as there was no answer, we determined to enter .--lovers then, and not betrayed, will never Raising the latch with some force in order

stepped into a small parlor; there was no affinity. She turned and moved slowly

will make even a wise man mad. You With due respect for the sacredness of have had a quart of wheat weekly for two her recent grief, we let the mourner away instant all was oproar and confusion within years-and I have not had a cent of pay. from the sight of her child, with a view of the astonished fortification. Not a moment and punctually paid. Better would it have

named in the prospectus, and also a car gone to provide for herself and little one.

While we were arranging the measures child, a slight noise from the bed-room ar-

"Poor Rolla," said the mother, who had followed me to the bed side, "poor Rolla, he feels but does not understand his loss. He and I were the constant and only companions of dear little Henry, and now we are hs only mourners.'

The next afternoon a plain carriage took away ittle Henry in his coffin-and his afflictedmother. At the gate of the grave yard, my friend and I met the carriage. The sixton took the coffin and proceeded. My frend placed the widow's arm beneath his own and helped her onward, and I followed then-but not alone-poor Rolla joined the little procession, and completed its

numbers. The selemn service was performed by my friend to the scanty congregation, disturbel only by the deep sobs of the mo-

At ength the sexton prepared to fill in heartrending grief took leave of the lost to arrest attention, we opened the door and human being with whom she could claim phantly over the battlements.

"Yes, a very large list, was the reply, "but too many of them are like you!" "Me!" I quickly rejoined in amaze-ment; "too many like me!" "Pardon me, "said my friend, in a mel-ancholy tone—"pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You "With due respect for the sacredness of

was to be lost.

"Advance! Advance!" shouted Wayne itable troops.

" To arms !" came borne along the night breeze from the fort-" to arms! to arms!" and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent and steady march, a fire, such only as a desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort .--The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of the artillery, the crashing of the grape shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of shells, and the streams of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe .---Yet amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the comin overy limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march amid that fiery tempest,

fire from the fort coased not, yet still they dashed along, charged at the point of the bayonet, over abattis and bulwark, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death-like silence broken.

A sound rang out from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it passed down their line, was caught up by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rang out as they dashed on to the attack.

The contest was short but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes, the gallant continentals, headed by WAYNE, pressed on, and driving all before them,

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"Yes, a very large list," was the reply ; without reproaching my Maker, but I can-"but too many of them are like you!" | without reproaching my Maker, but I can-that moment of suspense. Already had the truth is confined to the bowl. His reply to

The forfeit of his folly has been early been for him, better for all who have known him, that the grave worm-should long ago as he pressed rapidly on towards the abat- have rioted upon his flesh and bones. For passions brings more of agony than would be endured were his former instinct with life and consciousness beneath the sod even until decay had annihilated all outline and trace of humanity.

> The poor mother in a distant land, who mourns over her lost son; the almost broken hearted sister, who can never forget the companion and playmate of her childhood, while she remains this side of the tomb, might search in vain for a familiar lineament in the face of this wreck of fair humanity. There is but little in the appearance of that hatless, coatless, dirty vaga-bond that gives an indication of better days. Would those who have loved and cherished him in his past-alas ! forever past ! years of beauty and pride, recognize the light of his glazed and sunken eyes, ever and anon dashing with the uncarthly brilliancy of temporary insunity? Is there anything of the free and hearty laugh of childhood in that maudlin leer, or bitter derision the mere mockery of a fiend ! Oh, no! over such an object of horror, the mother would pray for power to remember that she had strangled her child at its birth, spreading the pall of obliviou o'er all recollections of its march under her own guidance, from infancy to the full developement of its facultics in manhood. God grant that she may go down to the grave-as she surely will, for her Father in Heaven is merciful-in utter ignorance of the final scenes in the ife of the monster she once called her son.

His race is nearly run. Between the labors of the bottle, the climate, and the season, the cold earth has already been hollowed out for his final resting place. Reason even now totters. The last act in the dramet the column of their little army, with ma of his existence will be that of thouthe earth-the anguished mother bent over an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of sands in whose foot steps he has trod. By the litle resting place of her boy, and with the enemy's works. In another moment and by, upon his bed he will be stretched, the starry flag of America waved trium. the most fearful of all beings-more and more loathsome as he approaches his end-The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be a drunken maniac. In his visions of horror there will be a lesson terrible to contemplate -most awful and revolting in reality.-Long after sense and perception have fled, when the laugh and jeer of the demon alone give evidence that life remains, it will be found that the ruling passion is still triumphant. Yea, even with the last faint throb of his heart, and upon the last sigh that passes over his lips, will be heard a supplication for more of the liquid fire in which he has burnt all that distinguished him from the brute. He goes to another world, realing into the presenceof angels; with a half uttered prayer still hovering upon his lips, for deeper and darker and more final perdition.

Murray, gay, beautiful, and attractive. possessing, with all her volatility, gentleness in her manner, a sweetness of temper, a buoyancy of fancy, and ease in conversation, which he admired. He offered himself among the list of suitors for her hand. With the true spirit of an honorable courtship, he unfolded to her his circumstances, an intimate knowledge, willing that ne. dollars at the end of six months ; or two dolquaintance should blossom to friendship, and ripen into love' She with the ardent of the year. color which female fancy gives to man, when he stands before her in the beauty of ment, for the transportation of wheat to eva lover, sketched to himself the character of a suiter-dwelt upon the candid manner in which he had unfolded his purposes, threw her rainbow over the future, pleaded herself, his, and his alone; and promised tronize him, that he will exert himself to him a separation from all society but his supply an article of the best quality. N. B.

Thus far all was right. But in youth we are the beings of fancy ; and more espe. of the Granary, Hopewell." cially the children of volatility live in the delight of the moment-the gay, giddy scene of the theatre on which we move .-This was too much the character of Eliza Murray. A card for a ball was handed her and was pleased to find every thing in nice by one who had always professed himself order. He informed me that he had conan admirer, and she forgot in the moment tracted a large debt in the purchase of the of its reception her promise to Henry .----But when alone, her situation was viewed bandry, but that he had no doubt of his abilin its proper light. The card had been ta. ity to discharge every obligation in a few ken-go she most-and yet she knew it years. He also stated that he had already was wrong ; but he will forgive me thought received many hundred subscribers, and she, and moving at the moment before a that in four or five weeks he would commirror, she smiled with satisfaction; then mence the delivery of the wheat according putting on an arch look, danced merrily to his proposals, away with the exclamation, "He cannot withstand that," But her beauty possess. friend was so confident of his success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperi-

ed not the power she imagined. He visited her the evening after the ball, ly, and asked her plainly if she thought thousand quart sacks. she had acted correctly. Instead of freely acknowledging her error, she dwelt with I received my quart of wheat, and conapparent delight upon the gay scene of the cluded from its excellent quality and prompt ball ; told of the merry company present, of delivery that every thing was prosperous the politeness of her partner, and in the end | with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So endeavored to ridicule the idea of his being I gave myself no concern about my indebtoffended. It was enough-they parted.

Years rolled on-they mingled together in the merry scene-surrounded by the social fireside-but the delight which affection for each other had thrown over the silvery moments they had spent together, had general notice to delinquents-but I never ceased. Cold formality and distant polite. ness had assumed its place. I saw both, friends, however, at length married.

Henry English had chosen one who had no other recommendation but mind and person. Wealth did not throw her wreath Granary. He greeted 'me cordially-but of splendor and power around her brow. But sweet and simple, innocent in person idently worn with toil and anxiety; and in and mind, rich in the variety of youth, gave the conversation of the evening, he entered to her charms a more alluring influence into particulars. than all the splendor that wealth brings in its train. Unaided they commenced the most night for two years ; and I am more world-industry, their reliance, economy her helpmeet.

The gallant who had been the partner of conscious of inability to meet their demands, Eliza Murray to the ball, became in time and can perceive no result but bankruptcy her husband. He-was one calculated to and ruin." planen smill the gaiety of youthful society. "But have you not a large list of sub-

A Tale which every person will read. BY REV. C. A. THOMAS.

"Whose readeth, let him understand." 44 Jonathan Homespun having purchased deepest grief. She started at our appear. an extensive farm, and provided every ance, but with a courtesy natural to her thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, sex, pointed to a chair near a stove. proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, at the low price of by stating that her exclamations of distress his prospects, and his future hopes ; desired one dollar and fifty cents in advance ; two had seemed to give a warrant for our baldness, as we were in the discharge of a duty lars and fifty cents if not paid till the close to a class in which she seemed to be included

The scheme appeared plausible ; and my

Every week for the space of two years,

so extensively patronized as he is, the small

"Here I have been laboring day and al-

in debt now than when I began, My

creditors are pressing for payment; I am

There was no answer : it was evident The facilities afforded by the governthat all feeling was merged in one overwhelming grief, and the sobs which shook ery section of the Union and adjacent prothe frame of the afflicted one were rather vinces, are such as must prove satisfactory evidences of its concealment than attempt to every subscriber ; and the proprietor of at its expression.

the Granary assures all those who may pa-"Are your sufferings," said my companion, respectfully approaching the female, 'of a kind which we can mitigate? Our -Agents will be allowed a generous per means, whatever they are, shall be cheercentage. Address (post paid) Proprietor fully devoted to that purpose."

'entry

" Unless you can bring back to my arms Such was the prospectus issued by my a husband who has been dead for months, friend Homespun. Feeling a lively interand restore to my bosom an only child. est in his welfare, I visited his farm, alstretched out on yonder bed, you cannot though it was a long journey from my home, minister to my sufferings."

We knew too well the feelings of a mother to attempt formal consolations in the freshness of her bereavement, and so we mingled a tear with the childless widow, premises, stock, and implements of husconscious that sympathy would do more than advice.

The door of the little room was open, and the light from a window fell upon a bed. the river, and after a silent march of some The suffering widow trembled as she turned her face in that direction.

We followed her.

The little one lay upon the bed in the ciated the face, nor pain disturbed the featy. I entered my name as a subscriber, tures. It was the beauty of quiet. Silence but the blue vein lay across his temple and

adown his cheek as if the current of life had only paused in its career, not chilled. edness to him-"for," said I, "to a farmer pittance of two years' arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket." It is true, there which they hung, and served to shade the was occasionally printed on the sacks a suspected that this was intended for his broke out afresh. We felt that something hope of 150 men, with unloaded pieces

The notice, however, became more frequent; and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the I saw there had been trouble. He was ev-

this treasure." " Who else, O who else could have given

"And the Lord hath taken away," added

A shivering of the mother's frame indiwas taken away.

Lord," continued my friend.

" The noise of opening the door away. Rolla paused, as if in doubt whether to follow the living, or to lie down and had called from an adjoining room a female, rest with the beloved dead. The widow whose countenance was marked by the emembered her faithful companion, and turned back and called to him to follow. Rolla looked wistfully at the grave for a time, and then obeyed. Heart broken, the We apologized for our unbidden entrance widow with her sympathizing dog returned to that desolated home once made cheerful by the presence of her husband and her hild

> From the Blotter of P. Pickle, Jr, Accountant. A Romance of the Revolution. The night had already settled down loomtly and forbidding on the evening of the 15th of July, 1789, when the advancing column of a little army, whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole shadowy prospect disclosed to them along the bank of the river opened to the view. Far away lay Verplanck's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark, gloomy and frowning, rose un the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three s des by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable on the river, and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose this little army was on its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, and halting at the command of their officer, formed into

columns for the attack. Beginning again newness of death. Sickness had not ema- their march, they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill. "Hist !" said the low voice of the Gen-

talked over the forfeiture of her word cool. and when I left him he was preparing many and rest had set their seal upon his lips; eral, from the front, "we are nigh enough now-Halt !"

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the edge of The thin silky lock of hair that lay upon the morass. It was a moment of suspense the forehead of the dead child trembled in and peril. Every man felt that in a few the agitation of the air as we approached, minutes the fate of their hazardous enterbut settled still again upon the brow, to prise would be determined, and that they whose glossy whiteness marble is a por would be either cold in death, or the Amercomparison. The long eye-lashes were in ican flag waving in triumph over the dark beautiful relief to the delicate skin over promontory ahead, now searcely discerna. ble through the thick gloom of midnight. eye-ball, where alone death seemed to have Yet not a lip quivered, nor a check blanchset his seat. As we gazed upon the beau, ed in that crisis. About twenty paces in tiful object before us, the grief of the mother front the column, had halted the forlorn

and bayonets fixed, while farther on a simto cut through the abattis. Each man had

described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell after resistance ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commarding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet in the river that Stony Point was won.

#### [From the New Orleans Picayune.] A Drunkard's Fate.

We were passing the front entrance of one of our principal hotels a few days since at an hour when the summer sun was not far from its meridian height. A little noise inside attracted our attention, and we immediately stopped-few men pass by any thing which gives indication of an affray. In a moment we distinguished the cause, for one of the servants, a strong muscular fellow, bore out in his grasp, as though ance of a living being. Planting this obect upon its feet, at the entrance, with its foot to the rear, and brutally sent his burconsummated, that no one had time to intorfere.

The man thus unceremoniously introduced to the receptacle of all things filthy. was miserably, but not helplessly drunk. The vite liquid in which he had been partial. ly bathed, seemed to bring him a little nearer to his senses, for he scrambled forth quickly, staggered to one of the chairs upon the banquette, and took possession of it. from which, wet and dripping, he had just rescued himself, still more nauseous and disgusting was the volume of language which issued from his tips; the very dog before him-a mean, thieving cur at that -dropped his tail between his legs, and passed on our way, silent and sad.

. . . . . .

It was even so. In that bloated brute, we recognised all that remained of an early and accomplished friend. He came to N llar group of shadowy forms could be seen. Orleans a few years ago, a full grown, real as he took the mother's hand from the cold, through the obscurity, accoutred with axes man in heart and intellect. The capacities of a soul, fashioned in the Creator's own a piece of white paper in his hat, to distin. image, were his, in their full proportions. guish him from the foe in the approaching In his fresh and open countenance, in the

GOING TO .- Yes, there are some men, and farmers too, that are always going to, but never do it. In the circle of my acquaintance, I know of a farmer, that has not a single edge tool on his premises, except axes twere but a mass of inanimate matter, and scythes, and yet has been going to get something which still retained the appear. a set of carpenter's tools, for more than ten years. Another, and a large farmer too, that does not own a roller, but for five face to the street, the servant applied his years past has borrowed one of his neighbor four or five days in a year-probably den into the ditch. The act was cowardly | to satisfy himself as regards its utility as a and unjustifiable; but it was so quickly farming implement. Another has not, but is always going to get a cart rope and a set of pulley blocks. Another is going to get him a set of dry measures ; though he sells more than a hundred bushels of grain and fruit annually. Another-and this man has always been going to burn dry wood after this year but he never has done it. And singular as it may appear, one man that has been going to build him a better hogpen than the one in which he now Nauscous and disgusting as was the stream keeps his swine, and has been going to for fifteen years. And there are many farmers that have been going to have better fences, better gates, better crops, and better stock, until I think they are now either really going to do it, or they are sadly deficient of that energy and decision of chartrotted briskly away from so pestilential an acter that should characterize every Ameriatmosphere. Our blood froze as we listen. can farmer. And finally I know of one ed to the foul profanity of the forsaken man, who is almost deficient of every artiwretch, his horrible invocations of the ven. cle, and farming implement above named. geance of God upon the person who had and if I was going to tell you the reason, I thrust him forth into the open air. We should say, this man has been going to stop drinking ardent spirits for a long time. But judging from the looks of his farm and from his own most wretched persoal appearance, I shall say that this man with rapid strides, was fast going to the d-

A Boox .- A book is a thing formerly out aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is at present divided into two classes-those who forget to read, such an one," said the woman, gazing melee. The pause, however, which af. quiet depths of his clear and transparent and those who read to forget. Book-maforded this prospect was momentary. The black eye, and in his maply form, could be king, which used to be a science; is now a General had already reconnoitered the ap. recognized the attributes of a being formed manufacture, with which, as in every thing preaches to the still silent promontory; and for the enjoyment of all that is bright and else, the market is so completely overstock. waving his sword on high, he gave the or. true in existence. - In his present condition ed, that our literary operatives, if they der. In another instant the dark massive his whole course and history is told with a wish to avoid starving, must cat one anocolumn was moving steadily to the attack. distinctness and eloquence which we shall ther. They have, for some time, been em-It was a thrilling moment, during which the devoted band had crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet, the enemy had not dis. general them. Brow the hearts of the all. institutions and constants and contract of the animal kingdom. They have, for some time, been em-ployed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they must have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

should be said. "The Lord gave," said my companion, tiny fingers of the boy-".the Lord gave

downward upon the bed.

my friend. cated that she was sensible her comfort

" Let us, then, bless the name of the " O not now-not vet-I cannot do it