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(From the Grand Gull Whig.)

THE WIDOW'S FOOT.

"Have you ever been in love?
If you have not I have."—Old Song.

Yes, dear reader, and if you have been in love, so have I; and we both know either the swelling, or bliss, or rapture, or "that swelling epilogue of the imperial theme"—the ineffable steeping of the soul in the very honey-dew of happiness. The shades of love are as different, as numerous, and some of them as fleeting, as those of light. We have hinted a few of the tarrying places that adorn the pathway of the little archer. Some enter as for instance, the grove of sentiment, and there forever remain; while others quickly pass through the bosom of bliss, and the enchanted vale of rapture, into the very heaven of entire, perfect, almost bursting happiness. It is not to be inferred that any one of these must of necessity be the portal to the other. As in a rushing inundating tide, one will be seized at the very source of the rapid stream, and forthwith deposited, without chance of egress, in some little eddy, where he will constantly pursue his monotonous round—another will be borne along the length of waters in its violent course; while a third is caught up at the very mouth, and at once precipitated into the limitless ocean; thus, with love, one will never get farther than the sentiment, another plunges at once into the sea of intoxicating bliss. But to my own true tale.

On a bright morning of the loveliest May I ever saw, I was walking forth, wooing the soft breezes of the gentle air, dancing in my very heart to the rich music of the sweet little choristers of the woods; in fine yielding myself up to the thousand fond delights that charm the soul of him who adores that good old dame Nature, when, as on this lovely morn, she seemed to celebrate her natal day.

Emerging from a delicious grove, I came upon a plain as level as greenward could be, and fragrant with the aromatic breath of the wild rose, the honey suckle, and the woodbine. It was a deserted garden. A stranger to the vicinity, I knew but little of its story. Evident tokens of a disposition to reduce to more regular culture this wild little Eden were however manifested. At the end of the flowery way appeared a beautiful cottage, towards which I listlessly strayed. Stopping for a moment to contemplate the sweet, still spot around; as gentle, as calm, as free, as if dedicated to nature by some devoted priest; I heard a sharp shriek, and a stifled cry near me; and was just in time to pull from a rose bush, a bright eyed little seraph, of about three or four years old. She had fallen among the thorns of the rose, and though I could have moralized upon the early mishap of the little maiden, in thus finding piercing thorns where she sought to gather a luxuriant flower, I conceived that I should be better employed in seeking the attendant from whom the little fairy had evidently strayed. When the first shock of fright from her fall, and surprise at being in the arms of a stranger were over, she lisped out that she had walked thither with her mother. Do you believe in presentiments, reader? I do; but no matter, I left the child in pain, and I must find her mother.

Turning the sharp angle of one of the walks, I saw before me the only being who could have been the mother of a child so lovely. Awkwardly enough, I presented the little innocent to her, and relating to her the accident that had happened, drew the fair lady into conversation; and thus formed much that sort of acquaintanceship which one will frequently strike up in a stage coach or steamboat. But as I gazed upon that brilliant face, and drank in the sounds of her magic voice, dear reader, I felt my time had come. There was a twinkling in the pulses of my veins, which told but too truly that the electric beam of love was coursing through the channels of my life. If thou be a wife, thought I, I am undone. That child—she must be married; no, not she may be a widow. And upon that may be, I hung a fragrant of hopes as high, as tall as Olympus.

We parted, and I looked upon that lovely form till it passed beyond my view, with the feelings that fill the breast of a Persian as he gazes on his departing God—the sun.

Returning to the little village in which I had taken up my abode, I was eager in my inquiries after the lady whom I met. Sympathize with me, she was a widow. I know not why it is, but I have felt that if ever I lost my heart, it would be to one of that interesting class of ladies. And my "prophetic soul" had truly predicted. Here I was in love—deeply, devotedly.

Finding an obliging companion, we on the following day soon gained the residence of the fair object of my fondest hopes. Being formally presented to her, we laughingly talked over the encounter of yesterday, and were soon well acquainted. My visits were repeated daily.—She was evidently pleased with them. (You would pardon this if you had seen my bliss,) and each day I was but riv-

ing more tightly the adamant chains that bound me.

At length, in that elfin garden, the scene of our first interview, I told my love—I left the garden dejected, but not disheartened. She had not yielded her consent, but my "friendship was dearly prized, and must not, should not be withdrawn." Hope, the rich old lady, lent me her spectacles, and through these strong magnifiers, I soon saw every obstacle dwindle away, and the path to the fair widow's heart to be opened cheerily before me.

Every woman has some assailable point. (I had nearly said a blind side, for which idea I ask pardon; never intending to offend any lady in thought, word or deed;) there is some key which will unlock the heart of the most obdurate. This key I certainly had not found. If I praised the waving curls of her gorgeous hair, she shook them back from her noble brow, the dome of lofty thought, and smiled, pleasantly but languidly. If I looked my admiration into those "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue eyes," they sparkled with a softened ray of satisfaction, but soon passed away; if I averred (and 'twas true,) that her complexion was what Sir Joshua Reynolds meant, when he told his pupils to think of a pearl or a peach, she would let some slight sign of gratification escape, and straight was cold again. Whatever I praised 'twould please her, but I had not yet succeeded in bringing to her cheek that long, deep, thrilling glow, which tells you, you have hit upon the true object of woman's highest pride.

Accident, however, soon was commissioned to reveal to me that peculiar chord of vanity, by touching which, I hoped to make the widow's heart vibrate in unison with my own. On a still quiet Sunday, we were proceeding to hear service in a church some few miles distant. I accompanied on horse back, the carriage which conveyed the mistress of my affections. While riding soberly along, the negligence of the driver upset the coach, and to my great distress I saw it fall. It however fell gently, and on looking at it, all that could be seen of the lady was a beautiful little foot, cutting the pigeon-wing, and protruding through the uppermost window, which was open, with the energy and rapidity of a one-legged Vestris. I hastened to the coach, and, with the aid of the stupid driver, raised it from the ground; which movement enabled the lovely occupant to extricate and compose herself. Too much flustered to proceed, we returned home I described the predicament in which she was placed, and as I spoke of the Mable beauty of that twinkling foot, I saw that I had at length discovered that appendage of her personal beauty which was most her pride. Often did I speak of it; and often "did beguile her" of a warm and winning smile. Seated together in that gay garden, on the evening of this memorable day, I fell upon my knees, and cried, "Sultana of my soul—empress of my love—I swear by the kiss I now imprint upon this snow white vesture of your magic foot, never to rise till you reward my love." She arose, she tottered—I caught her to my breast; and the exchange of hearts was fervently sealed.

I just escaped being a rusty rusty old bachelor by a foot.

I pressed for the wedding in ten days; "it is impossible." "My love," said I, "with a foot like yours, you might, like the great Pitt, absolutely tread on impossibilities!" We were married on the tenth day.

And now she sits before me the same bright creation of beauty and of mind, that won my heart's best love. See, she has just taken a fancy to know what I am writing; and mark how like a skilful general, I make a diversion in my favor, by accidentally spilling the contents of the inkstand on the new slip of our eldest boy, who is amusing himself by all the monkey antics of a young gentleman of his years. His anxious mother hurries him off, as I do this hasty story; and if it provoke a laugh from you, dear reader, 'twill almost compensate me for the half-formed frown with which my gentle wife will receive this history of our love.

Reader, the best footing of life is that of the happily married man. I speak from experience; for our blessed union in no wise resembles the sad pairing of hands not hearts, which we sometimes see, and which reminds us of the horrid tortures of the tyrant Mezentius, who was accustomed to unite with strong cords the living and the dead.

From the Nickerbocker for June.

Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Performed in the years 1833 '36, and '37, with a map of the Oregon Territory. By Rev. Samuel Parker, A. M. In one volume, pp. 317. Ithaca, N. Y. Published for the author, New York: A. K. Bartlett, 451 Broadway.

Spread before you, reader, a map of that portion of this continent which stretches westward from a line with the Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, and with the above-named work in your hand, follow its author in all his jour-

neyings, until you reach with that iron-bound coast, where mountain barriers repel the dark rolling waves of the Pacific, which stretches, without an intervening island, for five thousand miles, to the coast of Japan. What a vast extent of country you have traversed! how sublime the works of the Creator through which you have taken your way!

We lack space to follow our author in the detail of his wanderings, and shall not therefore attempt a notice at large of the volume under consideration, but shall endeavor to present, in a general view, some of its more prominent features.

Mr. Parker was sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions; and he appears to have been eminently faithful to his trust, amidst numerous perils and privations, which are recorded, not with vain boasting and exaggeration, but with modesty and brevity. His descriptions, indeed, are all of them graphic, without being minute or tedious. Before reaching the Black Hills he places before us the prairies, rolling in immense seas of verdure, on which millions of tons of grass grow up but to rot on the ground, or feed whole legions of that flame, over which sweep the cool breezes, like the trade winds of the ocean, and into whose green recesses frightened antelope bound away with half-whistling snuff, leaving the fleetest hound hopelessly in the rear. There herd the buffaloes, by thousands together, dotting the landscape, seeming scarce so large as rabbits when surveyed at a distance from some verdant bluff, swelling up in the emerald waste. Sublimar far, and upon a more magnificent scale, are the scenes among the Rocky Mountains. Here are the visible footsteps of God! Yonder, mountain above mountain, peak above peak, ten thousand feet heavenward, to regions of perpetual snow, rise the guardian Titans of that mighty region. Here the traveller treads his winding way through passages so narrow that the towering perpendicular cliffs throw a dim twilight gloom upon his path even at mid-day. Anon he emerges, and lo! a cataract descends a distant mountain, like a belt of snowy foam, girding its giant sides. On one hand, mountains spread out into horizontal plains, some rounded like domes, and others terminating in sharp cones and abrupt eminences, taking the form of pillars, pyramids, and castles; on the other, vast circular embankments, thrown up by volcanic fires, mark out the site of a yawning crater; while far below, perchance, a river dashes away through a narrow, rocky passage, with a deep-toned roar in winding mazes, in mist and darkness. Follow the voyager as he descends the Columbia, subject to winds, rapids and falls, two hundred miles from any whites, and amidst tribes of stranger Indians, all speaking a different language. Here, for miles, stretches a perpendicular basaltic wall, three or four hundred feet in height; there foam the boiling eddies, and rush the varying currents; on one side opens a view of rolling prairies, and through a rocky vista on the other, rise the far-off mountains, mellowed in the beams of the morning sun. Now the traveller passes through a forest of trees, standing in their natural position in the bed of the river, twenty feet below the water's surface. Passing these, he comes to a group of islands lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with mats and split plank. He anchors for awhile at a wharf of natural basalt, but presently proceeds on his way, gliding now in solemn silence, and now interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, gradually growing on the ear, until the breaking water and feathery foam arise to the view. Pausing under a rocky cavern, by the shore, formed of semi-circular masses which have overbrowed the stream for ages, "frowning terrible, impossible to climb," he awaits the morning, listening during the night watches to hear the distant cliffs

— "reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high."

Such are the great features of the missionary's course until the boundary of the "far west" is reached, and he reposes for a time from his long and toilsome journey. Our author gives us many details in relation to the Indians of the Oregon Territory, their habits, manners, &c. Since 1829 seven-eighths of the Indian population, below the Falls of Columbia, we are informed, have been swept away by disease, principally fever-and-ague, increased partly by intemperance, but greatly augmented by their mode of treatment. "In the burning stage of the fever they plunged themselves into the river, and continued in water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed." So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred that the shores of the Columbia were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated, and some entire tribes have disappeared; the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. The great mortality extended not only to the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far north and south—it is said as far as California. The natives have a standing clause in their system

of table etiquette, which we have seen obeyed in civilized society without compulsory enactment; what the guest cannot eat in closing his repast, he must take away with him—a privilege of which the white man liberally avails himself, for the Indian cuisine is not over extensive nor delicious.

Some of the tribes have a famous amusement, called the "buffalo dancing march." Dressed in the skin of the neck and head of this animal, the horns all standing, they imitate his low bellow, and wheel and jump with wonderful fidelity to the original. The natives are exceedingly fond of the "fire-water," and one inveterate drinker, our author tells us, perished, in sundry secret draughts, all the spirits in which our friend and correspondent, Mr. Townsend, had prepared a large assortment of veno-nous reptiles which had been collected beyond the Rocky Mountains. These tribes of Indians are truly "aborigines." One old chief described to Mr. Parker his impressions upon meeting for the first time with white men. Himself and his savage companions thought them a new race. Seeing their faces very pale, they supposed them to be suffering from some unknown cause with cold; and although it was mid-summer, they built a large fire and invited them into their lodge to warm themselves, where they persisted in wrapping them in buffalo robes!

Not the least attractive portion of this very interesting "Journal" is the account of a visit paid by the author to the Sandwich Islands, to which we can only make this brief reference. He sailed from thence for the United States, and arrived safely at New London, Conn., having been absent more than two years, and having journeyed upwards of twenty-eight thousand miles.

Our traveller is of opinion that there are no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio rail-road. And the work will be accomplished! Let the prediction be marked.

This great chain of communication will be made with links of iron. The treasures of the earth in that wide region are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadow-seas, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystallized lakes of valuable salts—these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living who will make a trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise, valleys will be raised, and the unwearied freestone will spout his hot, white breath, where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since turned to stone, will be bared to the day by the laborers of the "Atlantic and Pacific Rail-Road Company;" rocks which stand now as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of "villainous saltpetre;" and where the prairies stretch away, "like the round ocean, girdled with the sky," with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-enamelled turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long, hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific sea-board. The very realms of chaos and old night will be invaded; while in the place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill, while "from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the great Spirit."

From the Standard.

STATE AFFAIRS—No. 11.

MR. LORING: Though I have not been guilty at any time of submitting views on our State Affairs, formed without reflection, still, I am sometimes obliged to write them out hastily. Hence, there will be found in their composition many opportunities for criticism. I discover that there are several of these defects in my last essay; but I do not stop to correct them. One thing, however, in that essay, requires explanation. It might be inferred, from some expressions in it, that I designed to discourage any and all Conventions on the subject of Internal Improvement. I did not mean to be so understood. Let the spirit of improvement be kept alive, in any and every way which suits to promote it. What I wished to do, was to guard against any impression that the plans already formed had failed of success, in a manner to require their abandonment; to prevent any movement which might have a tendency to open the way for abandoning the scheme already adopted in its principal features. Neither do I wish to be understood as taking the ground that the system already begun may not be wisely extended; but the extension ought not to be so great as to excite the fears of the people; nor should that extension be of a

kind which changes the basis of our present operations. This, in a few words, is what I had intended to publish in my last essay. I volunteer the explanation, because there is an obscurity in some of my expressions; and I fear that even good men are occasionally afflicted by jealousies on these topics. It is impossible that all should agree precisely in their views of state affairs and state policy. It is also impracticable to convey one's opinions of a system, in one essay; but I take the present opportunity to declare, and I hope to prove in the sequel, that I have no hostility to any of the improvements going on in North Carolina. Though my judgment may lead me to prefer some others, it does not follow that I wish to see any of them fail; nay, I would have the state to prevent it, where a plan of doing it can be devised consistent with her general policy; and it shall be my effort to submit a plan by which it may be done. As a citizen of the state, I wish to see North Carolina take the best course. I have no false pride about this or that scheme. I intend to submit my unbiased opinions, and shall feel ready to perform the rest of my duty, by a cheerful acquiescence in those of others, who take pains to suggest better ones. The patriotic inquiry should ever be, "What is best?"

In my last essay, it was shown that a great deal would be effected by the successful operation of the Rail Road from Wilmington to the Roanoke. Much has been accomplished already, towards the execution of that work. The cost (so far) has fallen within the estimates submitted by the Engineer, and it is due to that gentleman to add, that no such work, of equal magnitude, was ever any where before accomplished, at a price below the estimates.

The main feature in the system of improvements, adopted by the Assembly of 1836, was, that this road, terminating at our chief seaport town, should form the basis or foundation, to and from which all the other improvements of our state should go. By adhering to that, we shall soon bring our own trade to a home-market; export our produce from a home-port; and, consequently, import a considerable portion of the supplies from other lands, which our own people consume. We shall receive back from the trade of adjoining states, some portion of the tribute which we have been paying to them for fifty years past; and some substitute for that part of our trade, which, by necessity, they will continue to enjoy.

The advocates of a home market do not wish to oblige any planter to trade there; but they would put it in his power to buy and sell in a market of North Carolina; or to ship to any foreign market, out of a North Carolina port. We do not say to him, you shall trade at home; but only that you may do it. We would not prevent him from selling elsewhere; but we would not force him away from a home-market. In a word, we wish to open to him a market at home, instead of shutting him out from it; instead of forcing him to go to Virginia, or to South Carolina. They who impute to us different views, either misunderstand or misrepresent those which we really entertain. To illustrate this matter: A Roanoke planter descends the river with his tobacco; no one deems it right that he should be forced to carry it to Wilmington, for sale or for exportation; undeniably, he must be allowed to go where he can get the best price. But do any think it right for North Carolina, by her system of the expenditure of her money, to force him to Portsmouth or Petersburg? Do any North Carolinians desire that he shall be cut off, by North Carolina legislation, from our ports? Surely not. The road to our own port not being in existence, will, however, force the planter to Virginia, by other channels; that road being in operation, opens to him the competition of both markets, and puts it in his power to sell at home, if the price is as good. This is the true position of home-trade advocates, and I wonder that there should be any amongst us opposed to it.

Again: This road once being in operation, and connected with the interior, the planter who reaches it may go to Wilmington and sell at a home market; or if he chooses to ship his produce abroad, he may do it from a home-port, at Wilmington, to any part of the world; and should the price at Wilmington be lower than it is at Petersburg, or Portsmouth, or Norfolk, he may, by this same road, go to Portsmouth or Norfolk. Thus competition is kept up; and the interest of the Commonwealth, and her character also, are preserved.

One thing is worthy of special notice: The charter of the Wilmington road has been so framed, that when the profits from passengers is large, produce can be carried for rates lower than by any other road. Thus the planter will be benefited and our home-market fostered; the private interest of the producer is here consulted, and the general benefit of the state promoted, at the same time. It may happen (and I believe it will ere long) that produce will be conveyed to Wilmington, on this road, for a mere nominal price. The effect is obvious. The state will save, by keeping at home, the cost of

transportation in other states; the commissions to merchants in other states, for selling; the commissions to importers in other states, for articles purchased for our domestic consumption; and other more general advantages, which it would be out of place for me to notice at this time, will accrue to the state, as a state, and to her citizen individually.

These remarks apply, with additional force, if we look forward to the completion of the next link in our system of improvements; to wit: A Rail Road from Fayetteville to the Yadkin River, to the western part of the state.

The Assembly of 1836 authorized the subscription of two-fifths of the stock to construct this work, provided individuals should first subscribe the other three fifths. Many have lost sight of this part of the system, and others have deeply regretted what they call its "failure," because individuals have not subscribed three fifths of the stock, within the time prescribed by the act of 1836. Allow me to suggest that this is but an indolent mode of treating this great subject. It is not patriotic, nor wise, to surrender a well considered plan of public good, because it may not be executed at the first effort to accomplish it. Great ends are seldom attained without resolute perseverance. They whom we may designate as "impetuous patriots," do not often succeed in promoting the good of the republic, so well as the thinking, persevering statesmen. What, in reality, is the guaranty of ultimate success with the latter; the former will not infrequently treat as an over-throw of all hope. One is always planning; the other is for doing; one is for stopping short, just when the other will muster all his strength to go ahead.

Now, I do not think any one will consider me an enemy to internal improvement; and yet, for one, I cannot now regret that the subscriptions of individuals were not made to the Yadkin and Fayetteville Road. Yes, I rejoice at it. At the same our Assembly authorized the work, all believed that the money in our treasury would be abundantly sufficient to meet the state subscribers in it, and also in the other roads; no one then foresaw the great pressure in the money market, which subsequently occurred; and he would have been laughed at as a fool, in 1836, who should have predicted that the surplus funds of the United States would not have been all deposited with the states, in 1837. The month of May, 1837, however, found the people pressed for money; the banks, all over the Union, suspending business and stopping payment; and soon afterwards, the 4th quarter of the surplus money to be deposited with the states, was unpaid; and the law, requiring its payment, was suspended by Congress, at their session in October of the same year.

It does not belong to my subject to inquire into the causes, or to suggest a cure for these things. The facts are stated, because they are necessary to prove, that if the requisite stock had been subscribed to the Yadkin and Fayetteville Road, the hopes of the friends of improvement would have been seriously disappointed; perhaps blasted.

For, let it be remembered, that the subscriptions for the state to these rail roads, was payable out of the surplus money, and no other; that the state scrip of 400,000 dollars, being paid off to the first instance, and the bank stocks next paid for, (as the act of 1836 required,) then, by the 4th quarter of the surplus being suspended, the residue of the surplus money, in our treasury, was not sufficient to pay the two-fifths in both the Wilmington and Raleigh rail road, and also the two-fifths in the Yadkin and Fayetteville rail road. The inevitable consequence must have been (had both roads been started) that by a division of our resources, and by an effort to do too much, we should have accomplished nothing. Both these works would now be laboring under a pressure, ruinous to their success and dangerous to the cause of internal improvement in the state. Our policy, our prudent policy of avoiding a state debt, has now been carried out; the funds already in hand have been concentrated at a point; and the enterprise upon which the money was embarked must succeed. The Assembly of 1838 will find a great and important work accomplished; and its operation steady, economical, and free of embarrassment. Had both been undertaken at the same time, and the public money divided between them, the Assembly would probably have found both of them now crippled, by the want of funds, and dependently imploring help; the friends of internal improvements in the state would be discouraged, and its enemies elated; and the clamors of the discontented would ring in our ears the unwelcome cry—"You have promised much and done nothing."

Now, however, we proudly exhibit the unimpeded progress of this good work, and argue from that progress its speedy completion; and may confidently demand of the representatives of the people to persevere, and go on unto the end.

The success of the Wilmington and Roanoke rail road will answer the double purpose of increasing our means, and also confirming the belief that internal im-