

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 13, 1838.

NO. V, OF VOL. XIX.  
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT, 841.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE THREE BRIDES.

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon, in the latter part of November, I was travelling in New-Hampshire on horseback. The road was solitary and rugged, and wound along through gloomy pine forests, over abrupt and stony hills. I stopped at an inn, a two story brick building, standing a little back from the road.

In the morning I rose early and took a look from the window, but the prospect was very uninviting. Afar, in the most distant part of the field, a man was busily engaged in digging a grave. I passed on where the grave digger was pursuing his occupation. He assented my morning salutation civilly enough, but continued intent upon his work. He was a man of about fifty years of age, spare but strong, with gray hair and sunken cheeks, and certain lines about the mouth which argued a propensity to indulge in dry jests, though the sternness of his grey eyes seemed to contradict the tacit assertion.

"An unpleasant morning, sir, to work in the open air," said I.

"He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," replied the grave-digger, still busily plying his spade. "Death stalks abroad, fair and foul days, and we that follow in its footsteps, must prepare for the dead, rain or shine."

"A melancholy occupation."

"A fine one for a moralist. I am sure would find a pleasure in it. Deacon Giles, I saw sure, would willingly be in my place now."

"And why?"

"This grave is for his wife," replied the grave digger, looking up from his occupation with a dry smile that wrinkled his sallow cheeks and distorted his shrunken lips. Perceiving that his merriment was not infectious, he resumed his employment, and that so assiduously, that in a short time he had hollowed the last resting place of Deacon Giles's consort. This done he ascended from the trench with a lightness that surprised me, and walking a few paces from the new grave, sat down upon a tombstone, and beckoned me to approach. I did so.

"Young man," said he, "a sexton and a grave-digger, if he is one who has a zeal for his calling, becomes something of a historian, amassing many a curious tale and strange legend concerning the people with whom he has to do, living and dead; for a man, with a taste for his profession, cannot provide for the last repose of his fellows, without taking an interest in their story, the manner of their death, and the concerns of their relatives who follow their remains so fearfully to their grave."

"Then, replied I, taking a seat beside the sexton, methinks you could relate some interesting tales."

Again the withering smile, that I had before observed, passed over the face of the sexton as he answered.

"I am no story teller, sir, I deal in fact not fiction. Yes, yes, I could chronicle some strange events. But of all things I know, there is nothing stranger to me than the melancholy history of the three brides."

"Three brides?"

"Ay. Do you see three hillocks yonder, side by side? There they sleep and will, till the last trumpet comes, waiting through the heart of those lone hills, with a tone so strange and stirring, that the dead will start from their graves at its first awful note. Then will come the judgment and the retribution. But to my tale." Look there, sir, yonder hill you may observe a little isolated house—a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it.

It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the wind were high now, you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof.

Many years ago, there lived an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belong to it.

The father was a self taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late of nights at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him, and even hated him, as the ignorant ever shun and dread the enlightened. So they all deserted him, and the minister, for the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him; and, by, and by, all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, science, were unfolded to the enthusiastic son of the solitary. He at length died.

I cannot point to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a time as one distracted. He sought to bury his grief in thirst for fame. After his thirst was gratified, he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won—to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father occasioned. He would picture to himself a refined, intellectual and beautiful woman; and as he had chosen for his motto, what has been done may still be done, he did not despair of success. In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide, and Madeline. I can never forget the beauty of these young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive, but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudice, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. When he found an affection

springing up between Mary and the Post, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the recluse bore to the solitary mission the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the home assumed a new appearance within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines crept through the lattices, and the fields smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlour in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to strains of sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected, what cared they! Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise—but death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly sick, and after a few hours' sickness, died, in the arms of her husband.

Days and months passed on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the family and talk of the lost one. At length, to Adelaide, he offered his widowed heart. She came to the lone home, like the dove, bearing the olive branch of peace and consolation. But their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a sad recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happy; the husband again smiled, and with a new Spring, the roses again blossomed in their garden. When the roses withered and the leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too sickened and died, like her sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

Perhaps you will think it strange, that after all, the wretched survivor stoog at the altar again. His third bride was Madeline. I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you, to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I cannot avoid expatiating upon her. She was a proud creature, with a tall commanding form, and raven tresses, that floated, dark and cloud-like, over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that Church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony, the blackest cloud that I ever saw, overspread the heavens like a pall, and at the moment, when the bride pronounced the vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked; but the bride made her response with a firm voice as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He marked a kind of adherence in her expressions as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arriving at his house, she shrank upon the threshold, but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone, she clasped her hand—it was as cold as ice. He looked into her face. "Madeline," said he, "what means this; your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a frantic shriek. "My wedding gown!" exclaimed she; "no—no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my own soul—yes, yes, I am a murderer. She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the drug! Adelaide clasped her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms! I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"She spread her white arms," said the sexton, rising in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attitude he ascribed; "and then" continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor." The countenance of the sexton expressed all the horror that he felt.

"And the bridegroom," asked I, "the husband of the destroyer, and the victim, what has become of him?"

"He stands before you!" was the thrilling answer.

### DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE AUTHORS OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

Almost every one who has rendered a great service to mankind, by striking out inventions, whose objects are misconceived or imperfectly understood by the world, has had to complain of the neglect or coldness of his own generation. Even his best friends are apt to suspect his motives and undervalue his labors. The real recompense, in such circumstances, as in all others, is the consciousness of doing one's duty. Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat in North America, which, in a few years, has produced such an astonishing change in that vast country, by connecting together its most distant States, sustained the mortification of not being comprehended by his countrymen. He was, therefore, treated as an idle projector, whose schemes would be useless to the world and ruinous to himself. At a discourse, delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Boston, in 1829, by Judge Story, the feelings of Fulton, upon his first public experiment, are thus related:

"I myself have heard the illustrious inventor of the steamboat relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public, either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking load,  
All shun, nase aid you, and few understand.'

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often lingered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule.—The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless re-

petition of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so, it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we deserted the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

### From the Western Messenger, for June, 1838. INTERESTING INCIDENT IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

About the year 1781 or '85 Mr. Andrew Rowan embarked in a large at the Fall of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands,) with a party to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for from having always been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but one single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore. Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and unable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages.

The nearest settlement of the whites Vincennes, (now in Indiana,) distant probably about 100 miles, shaping his course as near as he could calculate for this he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it he knew not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he lain down, as he thought to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded towards the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approach, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and the Indians on the frontiers in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire.—Mr. R. turned the butt of his rifle, and the Indian, with a French politeness, turned the butt of his also.—They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning of him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes—the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles. Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that, and added, wrapping his own blanket

around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace would have so befriended an Indian?

From the Southern Literary Journal.  
PELAYO.

Extract from "Pelajo," a new work by the Author of Yemassee:

"There is after all, only a certain quantity of power in the world, and the loss of it from one spot simply announces its transfer to another. Our lamentations for the decayed town or the ruined empire, grateful enough to the spirit of poetry, are not even called for in reality. These events usually result from some leading necessity, which, deplorable enough at the time, the foresight of a benevolent Providence designs for some lasting and general benefit. Our regrets are most usually precipitate; our sorrows, in halt the number of cases, in advance of their occasion, and imagination, in this way, too frequently usurps the province of experience.—Change is the subject of lament for ever with the men who are themselves stationary—the men who receive, but never transmit, opinions. Innovation, sometimes ruinous, is always of good import, since it indicates mental activity—the lack of which is the worst feature in the history of men and nations. Even revolutions, the horrors of which are lamentable, are injurious to places rather than to people. The great bulk of mankind grow wiser upon them, and the discovery of a new abiding place like the discovery of a new truth, must always afford an added empire to thought, and a wider realm to the wing of liberty."

Manners in Missouri.—A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of this State, was last year proscribed by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at 10 o'clock on the day of Assembly, he could not be sworn and would lose his seat.—He immediately mounted, with hunting frock, rifle and bow-knife, and started till he got to the door of the Senate House, where he hitched his flag. A crowd were in the chamber in the lower House on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out, "Strangers, where the man that swears me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk who was at the moment igniting a real Principle, and he was sworn without inquiry. When the Teller came to count noses he found that there was no Senator too many present; the mistake was soon discovered, and the gentleman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool (who) with your corn bread!" he roared. "You can't funk this child no how you can fix it—I am elected to this here Legislature, and I'll go against all banks and eternal improvements, and if their's any of your oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll fight upon you like aigger on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on just as soon as you like, for though I'm from the back country I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove." After this admirable harangue, he put his bow-knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle with, "Come here old Sake, stand by me!" at the same time presented it to the chairman, who had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't think that ar lower room was the groggerly, may I be shot."

The Force of Circumstances.—But all was of no use. It is a most egregious error, and one which too many fall into, to suppose that what one man can do, every other man can do likewise,—that what one man hates, another must hate,—and what one man loves, all should love. The mischief is, we forget that every man is differently organized—in other words, there are no two organizations exactly alike in the whole of animated nature; consequently it follows as a matter of course that no two can love and hate alike; hence the vulgar but true phrase—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison."—a saying which is but little understood, although assented to, and often quoted, by the many. My father says to me one day, "Here, Tom, here is money, go buy thee a horse and cart, and try thy fortune in that calling; I see a good many do well at that occupation, and why mayn't thee?" Well, to it I goes, tooth and nail, for I was determined to try every thing.—Well, down I goes to the wharf with my nag fully equipped, amidst a whole posse of the carmen tribe. But here my confidence forsook me, and I found, that where I made half a dollar a day, my companions took two or three; and that unless I could undertake to cheat, and lie, and cozen, and bully for a livelihood, my new calling would be a mere dead letter. 'T was evident my genius was not suited to the task, so I gave it up in despair, convinced the more, if conviction were wanting, that we are really and truly the children of the circumstances which surround us, in strict combination with our individual organizations.—Book I intend to Write.

The Persians relate of one of their Kings, that, being one day on a hunting party, with a hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him; he let the hawk fly, and started it with great eagerness; till, at length, the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase; the King, thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from a rock. He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was replenished, and he was lift-

ing it up to his mouth, the hawk shook his pinion and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to a crevice in the rock.—When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clasped his wings and threw it down the second time. The king, enraged, flung the bird with such force against the ground, that it expired. At this moment the table-decker came up. The king having still a great mind to taste the water that trickled down the rock but being so impatient to wait till it was again collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the rock and fill the cup at the fountain head. The table-decker, on reaching the top of the rock, found an immense serpent lying dead, and his poisonous foam mixing with the water that fell over. He descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his own flagon. As the king lifted the cups to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes; he related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, and reproached himself deeply for the fatal consequences of his anger and precipitancy. During the remainder of his life, say the Persians in their figurative style, the arrows of regret continually rankled in his breast.

Who are the learned?—We have often thought that distraction of pursuit was the rock upon which most minds had split in early life. Let the youth fix his mind upon a laudible profession, and there is scarcely a case in a multitude of common powers of intellect, in which he could not go up to distinction and eminence. That man is learned who can concentrate his learning upon the pursuit of his life, if he cannot thus draw in the remembrance of his knowledge, what is his knowledge good for? He may read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—conversant in the Oriental tongues, and be perfectly familiar with all the philosophy of antiquity; and yet be incapable of constructing a house, sailing a ship, delivering a sermon, pleading a law suit, or cultivating a farm. That man is learned who can bring his knowledge down to a practical utility; and it has ever struck us as of the utmost importance, that the youth of our country should be first impressed with the idea that his only learning which he understands correctly the details of his own profession. To be learned it is not necessary to know every thing, but the man who knows all that can be learned upon any laudable pursuit of life, is a learned man, notwithstanding he may be ignorant of the details of all others.—Some men—and that it strikes us, is the great error of the day in which we live—are learned in every thing in general, and are profoundly ignorant in particular of all pursuits, professions, or trades, or useful employments.—Saturday Courier.

### AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

#### TURNIPS.

Now is the season of the year when farmers ought to begin to prepare their ground for Turnips.—Some farmers always clear up a peice of new land for a "turnip patch," and sow them in broadcast: This is not a bad method when you have the land, and where care is taken to break up the soil thoroughly and mix it well.

Some farmers sow the seed and then break them in. This is a bad plan. If there should be several rains and a good deal of cloudy weather for 8 or 10 days after the seed are sown, so as to give the young plants a chance to take root; this plan will do; but if a dry spell of weather succeed, the seed will vegetate and scorch out, that is, the hot sun will kill the young plant, it having no deep root to sustain it.—Very often when the tender plant is in this way scorched out, the blame is put on the fly, where it is properly chargeable to the shallow planting.—The proper and only safe way to put in turnip seed is to do it either with an iron tooth harrow, or with a light shovel plough. They will not come up as soon when covered in this way; but when they do come up the hot sun will not kill them for the want of root. Broadcast is the most usual way to sow turnips in the Southern States, but in the old countries this vegetable is generally sown in drills, or in rows about 14 inches apart. When they come up and the leaf gets to the size of a dollar, they are thinned out to one every 6 inches. This is the most productive way to raise turnips.

If the farmer intends to plant or sow his turnips in old ground, it ought to be well manured and well ploughed and harrowed until the ground is made very fine, and a top dressing of manure and ashes should be applied, so as to give a quick growth to the turnips at the start, which will effectually prevent the ravages of the fly. Turnips sown in old ground are not so palatable for the table as those raised in fresh land, but they grow very large and for stock are the same.

Whether turnips are sown broadcast or in drills they ought to be thinned out at the proper time.

AN OLD FARMER.

#### HOW TO GET NEW VARIETIES OF POTATOES.

When the vines are done growing and are turning brown, the seed is ripe—then take the balls and string them with a large needle and strong thread, hang them up in a dry place, where they will gradually dry and mature, without danger of injury from frost. In the month of April soak the balls for several hours in water, then squeeze them to separate the seed from the pulp; when washed and dried they are fit for sowing in rows, in a bed well prepared in the garden—they will sprout in a fortnight—they must be attended to like other vegetables—when about two inches high they may be thinned and transplanted into rows,