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POETRY.

LOVE UP AN APPLE TREE.

There was a seat in the apple tree,
A most delightful and cosy nook;
And one afternoon about half-past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book,
Her fair head bare with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showed one dainty boot,
And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, then smiled and said,
"Won't you come up and sit here now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,
Saw and determined to raise a row;
So he crept softly under the tree,
Listening to all they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,
Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him; and she, with a frown,
Said "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,
For her lips smiled though her eyes half cried,
As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his place on the opposite bough.

What could they do? They were captives there,
Held as if by an iron band;
Kitty tossed back her golden hair,
And reflectively leaned her cheek on her hand.
"If," said he, "we for help should call,
They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd best stay here till the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes in sight."

And some one did come. It was Kitty's papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
And saw through the leaves a lighted cigar,
And a masculine arm round a feminine waist.
Kitty looked down and blushed at one,
And looked up and blushed at the other;
Said her father, "These are nice goings on!"
Said she, "It was all the fault of my brother."

What was the end? I'll tell you that,
Some months after, 'mid silks and lace,
And ribbons and riches, some ladies sat,
Who were discussing the time and place
As to when—so ran their debate—
And where a certain wedding should be;
Then that impish brother was heard to state,
"It had better come off in the apple tree."
(Boston Advertiser.)

Only a Farmer's Wife.

MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Two women sat together, at sunset in
The porch door of a white cottage that
stood under its 'old ancestral tree,' and
'among its fields of wheat and corn,' like
a poet's vision of a quiet resting place
for some weary, but surging human
soul.

And one of these two women had eyes
to see, and ears to hear, and a heart to
feel and appreciate it all. She was a
tall and stately lady, apparently some
thirty years of age—not exactly hand-
some, but with a grace of air and man-
ner peculiarly her own. The careful
toilet, the nameless air of elegance and
luxury, the pale cheek, and soft white
hands betrayed the city dame. While
the weary glance in the large dark eyes,
which even the pleasant quiet of that
sunset hour could not quite drive away,
showed that time had not dealt lightly
with her and her heart's idol, but had
thrown them, scattered and ruined at
her feet.

Her companion was some five years
her junior, and many times prettier—a
littled proud-faced, apple-cheek woman,
with dark blue eyes and dark brown
hair, and a round figure that was set off
to the best advantage by the afternoon
dress she wore.

At present the pretty face was almost
spoiled by querulous, discontented ex-
pression. She was contrasting her own
hand, plump and small, but certainly
rather brown, with the slender white
fingers of her city friend, all glittering
with rings.

"Just look at the two!" she exclaimed.
"That comes of making butter and
cheese, and sweeping and dusting and
washing dishes, and making beds all the
time! That man told the truth who
said a woman's work is never done. I
know mine never is. Oh dear, dear I
to think that you, Margaret, should
have married a city merchant, and be as
rich and as high as a princess in a fairy
tale; and here I am planted for life,
plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in
the world to compare with you. I am
sick of being only a farmer's wife!"

Margaret Van Howth looked down at
her grumbling little friend with a sad
smile.

"Jenny, it seems to me, as we sit here
in this quiet place, and look out over all
these pleasant fields that are your own
—it seems to me that you are almost
wicked to talk like that."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Jenny; "but
you would not like it, Margaret. You
would never wish to change places with
me."

"Perhaps not. Would you like to
change with me?"
"And be Mrs. Van Howth, instead of
Mrs. Hiram Parke?"
Jenny hesitated. She dearly loved
her handsome husband.

"Well, I don't mean that I want to
give up Hiram," she said at last. "I
only wish, that he was a city merchant,
instead of a farmer, and as rich as your
husband is; that's all."

"And that is a great deal," said Mrs.
Van Howth coolly. "Jenny if your wish
could be granted, do you know what
your life would be?"

"What yours is, I suppose. What any
lady's is in your position."
"Exactly. But what is that life?"
"Do you know?"

"How should I?"
"It is a weary one, Jenny, with more
genuine hard work in it than all your
making of butter and cheese can bring."

"Oh Margaret!"
"And oh, Jenny! Believe me, dear,
there are no people on earth work harder
than the fashionables who only have
their own amusement to provide for.—
A life of mere amusement is a dog's
life, Jenny, at the best."

"I should like to be convinced of it by
actual experience," said Jenny, doubt-
ingly.

"So I said and thought once. I have
been so convinced, and it is all vanity
and vexation of spirit, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny.

"How? In ten thousands ways. If
you live in the fashionable world, you
must do as the fashionable world does.
You must rise and dress, and shop and
lunch, and dress again and drive, and
dress again, appear at certain balls,
parties, or concerts, exactly as your
friends do, or be voted *bizarre* and out
of the world altogether. You, my poor
Jenny, who are by no means fond of
dress, what would you do at a fashion-
able watering place in the hottest days
of August, with five changes of toilet
between morning and night, and a
French lady's maid to tyrannize over you
all the time into the bargain?"

"Horrors!" ejaculated Jenny.
"Balls you must go to in spite of
fatigue, parties you must give in spite
of the heat, calls that you must make
on people whom you detest!—Oh, Jen-
ny, I should far rather be at home with
the butter and the cheese if I wore
you!"

Jenny was silent. Here was a side
of the bright picture which she had
never seen or dreamed of before.

"You love your husband, Jenny!"
said her friend, after a time.

"Love him! Why isn't he my hus-
band!" was her native reply.

Mrs. Van Howth laughed.

"Some women 'in society' might think
that a reason why you should not love
him!" she said dryly. "And he loves
you also!"

"I should die to-morrow, if I thought
he did not!"

"Tut, child! People leave this world
when God wills it, not before. I dare
say you would survive his infidelity.
Many women before you have lived
through such things."

"Don't talk of it, Margaret! I could
not bear it? Why his love is all the
world to me! How could I bear to lose
it?"

"Then don't wish him to be a city
merchant, my dear. I dare say there
are a great many good men in the city—
men who lose their wives, but, on the
other hand, there are so many tempta-
tions, especially 'in society,' that I
sometimes wonder that so many remain
true to themselves and their duty."

She spoke absent, and her eyes had
a far-away glance, as if they dwelt on
other things.

Jenny ventured a question.
"Margaret, is yours a happy marriage?
Do you love your husband? and does
he love you?"

Mrs. Van Howth started, and turned
crimson.

"Jenny, I would have loved him—I
would have been a good wife to him:
but he never loved me. He brought
me to place at the head of his house,
because he thought me ladylike and in-
teresting; that was all. He told me
so once, thought not so plainly. And
since then we have each taken our own
way, independent of each other. I sel-
dom see him at our house in town. I
have my carriage, my diamonds, my
opera box. In the season I go to Sara-
toga or Newport while he favors Long
Branch with his presence. We are per-
fectly polite to each other; we never
quarrel; and I suppose, if I were to die
to-morrow, he would be the most in-
consolable of widowers—for a week!
Jenny, you will not wish to change
places with me again. Your husband
might change as mine has done, exposed
to the same temptations. Thank heaven
that you have him as he is, a good, true
man who loves you, and never mind the
butter and cheese, Jenny, so long as

your own happiness and his are made up
without them."

She rose from her seat as she spoke
and strolled down the garden path alone.
Jenny did not follow her. She sat on
the step lost in thought. The riddle of
her friends life was at last made clear
to her. She had often wondered why
Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth
and luxury, should seem so sad and ill
at ease. She wondered no longer now.

To be the wife of a man who has no
love for you! What 'lower deep' can
there be for a proud and sensitive wo-
man than this?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes
to meet her handsome, stalwart hus-
band, as he came from the field.

"Well, little women?" he cried, and
then she got the rough embrace and
hearty kiss for which she had been
looking.

Yes, Margaret was right! The but-
ter and cheese were of very little conse-
quence, while love like this made her
tasks easy to endure!

And the rosy-checked little woman
bent fondly down over her 'Hiram,' as
he flung himself on the porch seat, and
fanned him, talked to him, brought him
cool lemonade, and made him thorow-
ly happy and at rest.

Poor Margaret! Happy Jenny! Nev-
er again would she wish to be anything
more than only a farmer's wife!

Jumping into Matrimony.

Marriage is unquestionably as decid-
ed a turning point in human destiny as
can be. It is, however, a turning-point
which, least of all, should be felt to be
mere blind chance. Yet mere blind
chance often rules the result. Every-
body now recalls how Lord Byron
staked on a toss whether he should
make his offer to Miss Milbanke or not.

Mr. Grant asserts that there is an Eng-
lish Duke now-living, who wrote the fol-
lowing letter to a young lady, with whom
he had agreed to inspect some
carriages in Long Acre: "It will not
be necessary to meet me to-morrow to
go to Long Acre to look for a carriage.—
From a remark made by the Duke (his
father) to-day, I fancy I am going to be
married." Not only had the Marquis
left his father to choose a bride for him
and to make the other necessary matrimo-
nial arrangements, but when the Duke
that the future Marchioness had been fix-
ed on, he seemed to view the whole affair
as if it had been one which did not con-
cern him in the least. We have a simi-
lar anecdote of the late Duke of South-
erland: "On the morning of the day of
his marriage, a friend of his found him
leaning carelessly over the railing at
the edge of the water in St. James's Park,
and throwing crumbs of bread to the
ducks. His friend, surprised to see him
at such a place, and so engaged, within
two hours of the appointed time for his
marriage to one of the first women in
England—one in whose veins the blood
of the Howards flowed—exclaimed,
"What you here to-day! I thought
you were going to be married this morn-
ing?" "Yes," was his answer, given
with the most perfect nonchalance, and
throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks,
without moving from the railing on
which he was leaning—"Yes, I believe
I am." I should hope that sensible men
do not often leave the choice of a wife
to be determined in this indeterminate
way.—*London Society.*

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY IN
CHEMISTRY.—Mr. Theophile Ladislas
Zehweck of ski, one of the cleverest pup-
ils of Baron Liebig, has just made an
astounding discovery in chemistry, viz:
the silicious and aluminous ethers. It
is but necessary to pour into a cham-
pagne glass a certain quantity of these
two ethers to produce almost instanta-
neously the most magnificent stones;
combined with very pure oxide of iron
the aluminous ether produces ruby;
with sulphate of copper, the sapphire;
with salts of manganese, the amethyst;
with salts of nickel, the emerald; with
salts of chrome, the silicious ether pro-
duces the different colorations of the to-
paz. These ethers evaporate with a
penetrative perfume, which several per-
sons have declared to be very agreeable.

The salts crystallize very regularly as
soon as the liquid part has gone. The
corindons obtained through this means
are not quite as perfect as the natural
ones; but if the operation is carefully
done the brilliancy is admirable. The
silica and clays are principles easily
found in the different parts of the globe;
and the preparation of the new ethers,
though delicate costs very little. This
discovery will bring forth a revolution
not only in the jewelry, but in most of
our industrial arts.

Taking the Black Veil.

The solemn ceremony of the last pro-
fession and taking the black veil by two
choir novices was witnessed in the Ur-
seline Convent, in East Morrisania, Sun-
day morning, by the relatives and
friends of the youthful candidates. The
names of those who have thus separated
themselves for life from the outer world
and its pomps and vanities are Miss
Harriet Leonard, now Sister Mary Ser-
apine Josephine, of the Fire Wounds,
and Miss Fannie Hart, now Sister Mary
Baptistree Josephine, of the Holy Fam-
ily.

The hour appointed for the ceremony
was half past nine, but before that time
the friends had begun to assemble, and
the gathering was large. The ceremony
was begun by the entrance of the pro-
cession at the hour appointed. The pup-
ils of the school, in dark dresses of
brown or blue, and veiled with white
lace, came first; next, the novices, dress-
ed in the black habits of the order, with
white veils over their hoods and capes,
and carrying a crucifix in the right hand,
and a burning taper in the left; then
the professed Sisters of the community,
leaving the young candidates, robed and
veiled in black; and lastly, the Mother
Superior. The candidates for profes-
sion then seated themselves in front of
the altar.

The waxen candles which they had
borne in their hands were placed on a
narrow table in front of them, covered
with crimson velvet. The candles ar-
ranged in triple groups, on the altar,
glowing against the white and glided
tracery of the screen and tabernacle, the
white figures of a large number of pupils
and thirty or forty black-robed nuns and
novices the motionless figures of the can-
didates in the aisle, and the convention-
al dress of the congregation, made a
most striking and beautiful tableau.

The procession had scarcely been
waxed when the acolytes and clergymen
appeared. They entered in full eccle-
siastical dress to the sound of music
from the gallery, and the mass began
with the "Veni Creator Spiritus," sung
by female voices. The parts were well
sustained and some of the solos were
rendered with exquisite and touching
sweetness. During the high mass, which
was said by the Rev. Father Hackspiel,
of the order of Jesuits, the candidates
received communion.

Immediately after the mass the nov-
ices, after kneeling in front of the altar
in silent prayer, made the demand to be
admitted to the Sisterhood in this form:
"The officiant, the Rt. Rev. Melcher
Greenly, of Wisconsin, asked:

"What do you ask, my child?"
"To which each in turn replied:
"I demand the mercy of God, the
Society of the religious of St. Ursula,
and to take the vows of poverty, chast-
ity, and obedience, in accordance to the
rules of St. Augustine and its Constitu-
tion."

"Have you entire knowledge of what
you intend to promise?"
"Yes, Rev. Father; and with the
grace of God I hope to perform it faith-
fully."

They were then formally received,
and a sermon was delivered on the per-
fect liberty of the religious life, and upon
the slavery which the customs of the
world entailed upon females, particu-
larly in prescribing their dress, manners,
and mode of life, conforming them to
false standards of morality and aesthetics.

This was contrasted with the true free-
dom of those who had chosen as the can-
didates had to conform only to the will
of God and the rule of a master whose
yoke was easy and whose burden was
light.

The sermon having been concluded
and benediction pronounced, the assem-
blage retired while the *Te Deum* was
sung by the choir.

TO MUCH CORN TO THE ACRE.—At a
late meeting of the St. Louis Farmer's
Club, a communication was read, in
which the party claimed that 265 bush-
els corn had been raised on an acre land
in Indiana. A member said he felt as-
tonished at this, and added:—"If it had
been Kansas it would have been less
surprising. Things are very large in
that country. He had seen a picture of
farm life in Kansas where were four or
five men on a long lever raising a sweet
potato out of the ground, and other men
were up on steps ladder cutting off the
ears of corn with hatchets." He supposed
it was in that country, when they
wish to make a cistern, they plant a beet
seed, and in the fall they pull out the
beet with a stump machine, and the cis-
tern is ready for use. In such a coun-
try, two hundred and sixty-five bushels
to the acre would not be surprising.—
American Farmer of New York.

Tragedy in Ashe County.

The following "fish story" comes from
the Knoxville *Whig*:

It seems that the wife of James Daven-
port became jealous, old as she
proves to have been, of a young girl
named Kate Jackson, represented as be-
ing very lovable.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

Frequent quarrels and contentions be-
tween Mrs. Davenport and Miss Kate
had occurred, however, notwithstanding.

On the day of the fatal collision, it
appears that Miss Kate Jackson, in com-
pany with her married sister, Mrs. De-
Armand, passed the residence of the
Davenport family. As soon as the sisters
were discovered on the road, the
Davenports, six in number, comprising
the mother, three daughters, two of them
grown, and two sons, the eldest about
eighteen years old, rallied in force, and
set out in vigorous pursuit of the de-
fenceless sisters. The trial was contin-
ued until the sisters had nearly reached
the Tennessee line. Here, the Daven-
port brothers, by a military movement,
strategically flanked them, and pre-
sented a front armed with sticks and
stones. This caused Kate and her sister
first to halt, and then attempt to re-
trace their steps. But on attempting
to retreat, they were confronted by
Mrs. Davenport and the three daugh-
ters similarly armed, who demanded
Mrs. DeArmand to get out of the way,
as they intended to kill her. Instead
of obeying this military order, Mrs.
DeArmand made preparations to defend her
sister. Young Davenport, the elder son,
seeing this opposition to his order, at
once let go a stone at her, which took
effect on her head, breaking her skull,
and prostrating her lifeless on the
ground.

The heroic Kate was thus, at the on-
set of the engagement, left to defend
herself. She rallied and maintained her
line by indiscriminately hurled upon the
attacking party such flinty missiles as
came opportune to her. One of these
shots took immediate effect upon the el-
der Davenport boy, slitting one side of
his face open and placing him *hors de
combat*. Turning her attention, then,
to the maternal head of the Davenport
family, she directed a stone against her
head that inflicted a severe wound and
laid her sprawling on the field. This
accomplished the heroic girl slowly fell
back to a position where she could sup-
ply herself with necessary ammunition.
This point obtained, and being still be-
sieged, she again discharged a shot, and
another of the Davenport boys wilted.

Then the Davenport girls rallied and
made a desperate charge upon her with
clubs and stones, inflicting serious
wounds, but not succeeding in getting
her down. Just at this crisis, Kate,
hard pressed as she was, and having no
time to stoop to gather rocks to defend
herself, extricated from her pocket—she
had a pocket—a small penknife, measur-
ing about six inches in the blade, and
commenced an indiscriminate and very
wild and general cutting and slashing at
the combined Davenport girls surround-
ing her.

The result of this fearful phrenzy on
the part of Kate was seriously detrimen-
tal to the well being of the Daven-
port females. Two of them received
serious slashes from the insignificant
weapon she wielded, one of them dropp-
ing on the field from loss of blood let
flowing from the knife, and the other
so seriously disabled as to be a fit sub-
ject for hospital practice.

This unexpected result contributed
materially to the immediate withdrawal
of the remaining Davenport besieging
party, who quietly removed their dis-
abled from the field, leaving the heroic
Kate master of the situation.

The casualties sustained in this en-
gagement only amount to the death of
Mrs. DeArmand, with the probability
that the elder Miss Davenport will also
die, and the crippling for life of four
others of the Davenport family.

It is a paradox in political economy
that a general raising of cotton at the
South will cause a general lowering of
cotton at the North.

What is the difference between a don-
key and the only empire in South Amer-
ica? The one brays well; the other
Brazil.

An English enthusiast is soliciting
funds for an exploration of Mount Ara-
at, with a view of recovering relics of
the Ark.

A witty fellow, in speaking of a man
of indisputable stupidity, said: "To be-
come a perfect brute, he wants only in-
stinct."

Envy

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