Resolution of Thanks. by Catawba Bridge Co. 1851

W. A. Lewis

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The Happy Pair.

The following graphic picture of domestic happiness in humble life, was written by Townsend Haines, Esq., late Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and now Registar of the U. S. Treasury in Washington.

BOB FLETCHER.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day;
And the song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.

At a neat little cottage in the front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past, with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart
That mingled in youth, the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from the plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was grey,
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,
And have heard from the cottage, with a grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought on the proud who would look down with scorn,
On the neat little cottage, the grove, and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and the tinsels of life,
Were drops, to contentment with Bob and his wife.

A Married Lover's Song.

BY TUDOR HORTON.

O that some gentle music might wake
In me a poet's fancy,
For I would sing a loving song,
Of her I call my "Nancy."
Of her, whose influence benign,
Has filled my world with pleasure,
Of her whose elements accord
With Heaven's exacting measure.

When I beheld the pious care
She bore her aged mother,
In spirit I would often pray
That she might love one other.
O but she seemed an angel when
In unobtrusive duty:—
Entire forgetfulness of self
Transfiguring her beauty.

May each true man find mate like her,
Thank God, they're met not rarely!
Have generous faith in womankind,
And ye shall see them fairly:
They seldom move in Fashion's halls,
Not in earth's garish places,
But like the flowers in desert wastes,
Look out their Heavenward faces.

This gentle one and I so live,
Life-tendrils interwoven—
That one may not depart without
The other chord be cloven.
I bless the day her shadow crossed
The mirror of my fancy,
And date my strength from that sweet hour
I won the hand of "Nancy."

Lucille.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

[CONCLUDED.]

There was a garden behind the house, in which there was a small arbour, where often in the summer evenings Eugene and Lucille had sat together—hours never to return! One day she heard from her own chamber, where she sat mourning, the sound of St. Amand's flute swelling gently from that beloved and consecrated bower. She wept as she heard it, and the memories that the music bore softening and endearing his image, she began to reproach herself that she had yielded so often to the impulse of her wounded feelings—that chilled by *his* coldness, she had left him so often to himself, and had not sufficiently dared to tell him of that affection, which, in her modest self-depreciation, constituted her only pretension to his love. "Perhaps he is alone now," she thought; "the tune too is one which he knew I loved:" and with her heart on her step, she stole from the house and sought the arbour. She had scarce turned from her chamber when the flute ceased; as she neared the arbour, she heard voices—Julie's in grief, St. Amand's in consolation. A dread foreboding seized her, and her feet clung rooted to the earth.

"Yes, marry her—forget me," said Julie; "in a few days you will be another's, and I, I—forgive me Eugene; forgive me that I have disturbed your happiness. I am punished sufficiently—my heart will break, but it will break loving you"—sobs choked Julie's voice.

"O, speak not thus," said St. Amand. "I—I only am to blame; I, false to both, to both ungrateful. O, from the hour that these eyes opened upon you, I drank in a new life; the sun itself to me, was less wonderful than your beauty. But—but—let me forget that hour. What do I not owe to Lucille? I shall be wretched—I shall deserve to be so; for shall I not think, Julie, that I have embittered your life with our ill-fated love? But all that I can give—my hand—my home—my plighted faith—must be hers. Nay, Julie, nay—why that look? could I act otherwise? can I dream otherwise? Whatever the sacrifice, *must* I not render it? Ah, what do I owe to Lucille, were it only for the thought, that but for her I might never have seen thee."

Lucille staid to hear no more; with the same soft step as that which had borne her within hearing of these fatal words, she turned back once more to her desolate chamber.

That evening, as St. Amand was sitting alone in his apartment, he he heard a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Lucille entered. He started in some confusion, and would have taken her hand, but she gently repulsed him. She took a seat opposite to him, and looking down, thus addressed him:—

"My dear Eugene, that is Monsieur St. Amand, I have something on my mind that I think it better to speak at once; and if I do not exactly express what I wish to say, you must not be offended at Lucille; it is not an easy matter to put into words what one feels deeply."

Colouring, and suspecting something of the truth, St. Amand would have broken in upon her here; but she with a gentle impatience, waved him to be silent, and continued:

"You know that when you once loved me, I used to tell you, you would cease to do so, could you see how undeserving I was of your attachment. I did not deceive myself, Eugene; I always felt assured that such would be the case, that your love for me necessarily rested on your affliction—but, for all that, I never at least, had a dream, or a desire, but for your happiness; and God knows, that if again, by walking barefooted, not to Cologne, but to Rome—to the end of the world, I could save you from a much less misfortune than that blindness, I would cheerfully do it; yes, even though I might foretell all the while, that on my return, you would speak to me coldly, think of me lightly, and that the penalty to me would—would be—what it has been."

Here Lucille wiped a few natural tears from her eyes; St. Amand, struck to the heart, covered his face with his hands, without the courage to interrupt her. Lucille continued:—

"That which I foresaw, has come to pass; I am no longer to you what I once was, when you could clothe this poor form and this homely face with a beauty they did not possess; you would wed me still, it is true; but I am proud, Eugene, and I cannot stoop to gratitude, where I once had love. I am not so unjust as to blame you; the change was natural, was inevitable. I should have steeled myself more against it; but I am now resigned; we must part; you love Julie—that too is natural—and she loves you: ah! what also more probable in the course of events? Julia loves you not yet, perhaps, so much as I did, but then she has not known you as I have, and she whose whole life has been triumph, cannot feel the gratitude I felt at fancying myself loved; but this will come; God grant it! Farewell, then, forever, dear Eugene; I leave you when you no longer want me; you are now independent of Lucille; wherever you go, a thousand hereafter can supply my place;—and now, farewell!"

She rose as she said this, to leave the room; but St. Amand, siezing her hand which she in vain endeavored to withdraw from his clasp, poured forth, incoherently, passionately, his reproaches on himself, his eloquent persuasions against her resolution.

"I confess," said he, "that I have been allured for a moment; I confess that Julie's beauty made me less sensible to your stronger, your holier, O! far, far holier title to my love! But forgive me dearest Lucille; already I return to you, to all I once felt for you; make me not curse the blessing of sight, that I owe to you. You must not leave me; never can we two part—try me, only try me, and if ever, hereafter, my heart wander from you, *then* Lucille, leave me to my remorse!"

Even at that moment Lucille did not yield; she felt that his prayer was but the enthusiasm of the hour; she felt that there was a virtue in her pride; that to leave him was a duty to herself. In vain he pleaded; in vain were his embraces, his prayers; in vain he reminded her of her plighted troth, of her aged parents, whose happiness had become wrapped in her union with him. "How, even were it as you wrongly believe, how in honor to them can I desert you, how can I wed another?"

"Trust that, trust all to me," answered Lucille; "your honor shall be my care, none shall blame you, only do not let your marriage with Julie be celebrated here before their eyes; that is all I ask, all they can expect. God bless you! do not fancy I shall be unhappy, for whatever happiness the world gives you, shall I not have contributed to bestow it?—and in that thought I am above compassion."

She glided from his arms, and left him to a solitude even more bitter than that of blindness. That very night Lucille sought her mother—to her she confided all. I pass over the reasons she urged, the arguments she overcame; she conquered rather than convinced, and leaving to Madame le Tisseur the painful task of imparting to her father her unalterable resolution, she quitted Malines the next morning, and with a heart too honest to be utterly without comfort, paid a visit to her aunt which she had so long deferred.

The pride of Lucille's parents, prevented them from reproaching St. Amand. He did not hear, however, their chilled and altered looks—he left their house—and though for several days he would not see Julie, yet her beauty and art gradually assumed their empire over him. They were married at Courtroi, and, to the joy of the vain Julie, departed to the gay metropolis of France. But before their departure, before his marriage, St. Amand endeavored to appease his conscience, by purchasing for Monsieur le Tisseur, a much more lucrative and honorable office than that he now held. Rightly judging that Malines could no longer be a pleasant residence for them, much less for Lucille, the duties of the post were to be fulfilled in another town—and knowing that Monsieur le Tisseur's delicacy would revolt at receiving such a favor from his hands, he kept the nature of his negotiation a close secret, and suffered the honest citizen to believe, that his own merits alone, had entitled him to such an unexpected promotion.

Time went on. This quiet and simple history of humble affections took its date in a stormy epoch of the world—the dawning revolution of France. The family of Lucille had been little more than a year settled in their new residence, when Dumouriez led his army into the Netherlands. But how meanwhile, had that year passed for Lucille! I have said that her spirit was naturally high; that, though so tender she was not weak; her very pilgrimage to Cologne alone, and at the timid age of seventeen, proved that there was a strength in her nature no less than a devotion in her love. The sacrifice she had made brought her own reward. She believed St. Amand was happy, and she would not give way to the selfishness of grief; she still had duties to perform—she could still be a comfort to her parents and cheer their age—she could still be all the world to them—she felt this, and was consoled. Only once during the year, had she heard of Julie—she had been seen by a mutual friend at Paris, gay, brilliant, courted, and admired; of St. Amand she heard nothing.

My tale, dear Gertrude, does not lead me through the harsh scenes of war. I do not tell you of the slaughter and the siege, and the blood that inundated those fair lands, the great battle-field of Europe. The people of the Netherlands in general, were with the cause of Dumouriez, but the town in which le Tisseur dwelt, offered some faint resistance to his arms. Le Tisseur himself, despite his age, girded on his sword; the town was carried, and the fierce and licentious troops of the conqueror, poured, flushed with their easy victory, through its streets. Le Tisseur's house was filled with drunken and rude troopers; Lucille herself trembled in the fierce grasp of one of those dissolute soldiers, more bandit than soldier, whom the subtle Dumouriez had united to his army, and by whose blood he so often saved that of his nobler band; her shrieks her cries were vain, when suddenly the reeking troopers gave way; "the captain! brave captain!" was shouted forth: the insolent soldier felled by a powerful arm, sank senseless at the feet of Lucille; and a glorious form towering above its fellows, even through its glittering garb, even in that dreadful hour remembered at a glance by Lucille, stood at her side—her protector—her guardian!—thus once more she beheld St. Amand.

The house was cleared in an instant—the door barred. Shouts, groans, wild snatches of exulting song, the clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the hurrying footsteps, the deep music, sounded loud and blended terribly without; Lucille heard them not—she was on that breast which never should have deserted her.

Effectually to protect his friends, St. Amand took up his quarters at their house—and for two days he was once more under the same roof with Lucille. He never recurred voluntarily to Julie—he answered Lucille's timid enquiry after her health briefly, and with coldness, but he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a long-pent and ardent spirit, of the new profession he had embraced. Glory seemed now to be his only mistress, and the first bright dreams of the revolution, filled his mind, broke from his tongue, and lighted up those dark eyes which Lucille had redeemed to day.

She saw him depart at the head of his troop; she saw his proud crest glancing in the sun; she saw his steed winding through the narrow street; she saw that his last glance reverted to her, where she stood at the door; and as he waved his adieu, she fancied that there was on his face that look of deep and grateful tenderness which reminded her of the one bright epoch of her life.

She was right; St. Amand had long in bitterness repented of a transient infatuation, had long since discovered the true Florimel from the false, and felt, in Julie, Lucille's wrongs were avenged. But in the hurry and heat of war he plunged that regret,—the keenest of all,—which is embodied in those bitter words, "*too late.*"

Years passed away, and in the resumed tranquility of Lucille's life the brilliant apparition of St. Amand appeared as something dreamt of not seen. The star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon—the romance of his early career had commenced—the campaign of Egypt had been the herald of the brilliant and meteoric successes which flashed from the gloom of the revolution of France.

You are aware, dear Gertrude, how many in the French, as well as the English troops returned home from Egypt, blinded with the opthalmia of that arid soil. Some of the young men in Lucille's town, who had joined Napoleon's army, came back, darkened by that dreadful affliction, and Lucille's alms, and Lucille's aid, and Lucille's sweet voice, were ever at hand for those poor sufferers, whose common misfortune touched so thrilling a cord in her heart.

Her father was now dead, and she had only her mother to cheer amid the ills of age. As one evening they sat at work together, Madame le Tisseur said, after a pause—

"I wish dear Lucille thou couldst be persuaded to marry Justine; he loves thee well, and now that thou art yet young, and hast many years before thee, thou shouldst remember that when I die, thou wilt be alone."

"Ah, cease dearest mother, I never can marry now, and as for love—once taught in the bitter school in which I have learned the knowledge of myself,—I cannot be deceived again."

"My Lucille, you do not know yourself; never was woman loved, if Justine does not love you; and never did lover feel with more real warmth how worthily he loved."

And this was true; and not of Justine alone, for Lucille's modest virtues, her kindly temper, and a certain undulating and feminine grace, which accompanied all her movements, had secured her as many conquests as if she had been beautiful. She had rejected all offers of marriage with a shudder; without even the throb of flattered vanity. One memory, sadder, was also dearer to her than all things; and something sacred in its recollections made her deem it a crime to think of effacing the past by a new affection.

"I believe," continued Madame le Tisseur, angrily, "that thou still thinkest fondly of him, from whom only in the world, thou couldst have experienced ingratitude."

"Nay, mother," said Lucille, with a blush, and a slight sigh; "Eugene is married to another."

While thus conversing, they heard a timid and gentle knock at the door—the latch was lifted.

"This," said the rough voice of a commissaire of the town—"this, monsieur, is the house of *Madame le Tisseur*, and,—*voila Mademoiselle!*"

A tall figure with a shade over his eyes, and wrapped in a long military cloak, stood in the room.

A thrill shot across Lucille's heart.—He stretched out his arms; "Lucille," said that melancholy voice which had made the music of her first youth—"where art thou Lucille; alas! she does not recognize St. Amand."

Thus was it, indeed. By a singular fatality, the burning suns and the sharp dust of the plains of Egypt, had smitten the young soldier in the flush of his career, with a second—and this time, with an irremediable—blindness! He had returned to France to find his hearth lonely—Julie was no more—a sudden fever had cut her off in the midst of youth; and he had sought his way to Lucille's house, to see if one hope yet remained to him in this world.

And when, days afterward, humbly, he resurged a former suit, did Lucille shut her heart to its prayer! Did her pride remember its wound—did she revert to his desertion—did she say to the whisper of her yearning love—"*thou hast been before forsaken!*" That voice and those darkened eyes pleaded to her with a pathos not to be resisted. "I am once more necessary to him," was all her thought; "if I reject him who will tend him?"

In that thought was the motive of her conduct; in that thought gushed back upon her soul, all the springs of checked, but unconquered, unconquerable love! In that thought she stood beside him at the altar, and pledged, with a yet holier devotion than she might have felt of yore, the vow of her imperishable truth.

And Lucille found in the future, a reward which the common world could never comprehend. With his blindness, returned all the feelings she had first awakened in St. Amand's solitary heart—again he yearned for her step—again he missed even a moment's absence from his side—again her voice chased the shadow from his brow—and in her presence was a sense of shelter and of sunshine. He no longer sighed for the blessing he had lost—he reconciled himself to fate, and entered into that serenity of mood, which mostly characterizes the blind. Perhaps, after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its seclusion, and as the cloister which repels the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror, when experience has wearied us of the glare and travail of the day. It was something too, as they advanced in life, to feel the chains that bound him to Lucille strengthening daily, and to cherish in his overflowing heart the sweetness of increasing gratitude—it was something that he could not see years wrinkle that open brow, or dim the tenderness of that touching smile—it was something that to him she was beyond the reach of time, and preserved to the verge of a grave (which received them both within a few days of each other,) in all the bloom of her unwithering affection—in all the freshness of a heart that never could grow old!

A Yankee Girl at the South.

The New York Spirit of the Times published a letter from our friend, Miss POMPHRET. As the correspondence is acknowledged to be from a lot of "mis-sent" letters, we have no doubt that one was calculated for us; we therefore transfer it to our columns:

MOUNT MORIAH, N. C.,
Jan. 20th, 1851.

To ZIMRI POMPHRET, near Canaan, Ct.

Dear Zimri—You know I was forwarded with letters from our old school-mistress to her friends in the old North State, and father found an acquaintance going within thirty miles of the very place I was directed to, who promised to take good care of me, and put me in the way of reaching my destination safely, with all my baggage.

It is pretty rough travelling in North Carolina at this season of the year, altho' they say the roads are sometimes very good. But you should see what they call a *rail*-road—made by stretching *fence rails* across the muddy places! The real railroad to Raleigh—which is a very handsome town, has more broken iron laying in the middle of the road than on the rail track, so when it snows a little, and they can't see the track, they have to give up till there comes a thaw.

I found the people very kind to me, and ever ready to do everything they could do for my comfort. At first it made me uneasy to see so many black people about, and to have them waiting on me, but the slaves are so cheerful and fat, and laugh and go in and out so pleasant, that I am getting quite used to them.

About the middle of the afternoon of the last day's ride, as we were jolting along a big road in a two-horse stage, we stopped to change the mail at a farmer's house, who had a black-smith shop. A deaf old lady came up to me very kindly, as I was sitting by the fire, and she asked me if I wouldn't take a sweetened dram. I was very much surprised, and told her I belonged to the temperance society. She said, "there were a good many of their folks belonged, too, but they all liked good peach brandy and honey, when the weather was cold, and may be I had better take a little." I excused myself very gravely, but, Zimri—the Postmaster, the stage passengers, and the stage driver, all drank the mixture, and I never saw better behaved people at home. The mistress came again to offer me some she had mixed for herself, and when I again refused, she drank it off very quietly, and then poured some more brandy upon the honey that was left in the tumbler, and called a great white-toothed black hostler to her, and gave him the glass. He took off his hat, drank down the liquor at one gulp, scraped his foot on the floor, and went laughing to the door, saying, "That dram most takes the frost out of my fingers, missis!" The old lady quietly remarked that "the black ones did not care for the honey as much as the liquor," and that "such weather was mighty hard on them."

Just as we were going to start, after changing horses for the last time, a grey-haired, ruddy-complexioned, cheerful old gentleman came in, stamping the snow from his feet. Everybody saluted him by the name of "Doctor," and seemed glad to see him. I heard him joking with the hostler as he came in, and he had a laugh with the landlady, as he crossed the bar-room. He proved to be an old acquaintance of the gentleman in whose charge I was, and as soon as he heard where I was going to keep school, he said it was out of my way to go any farther in the stage; that he was going to the Mount in a day, and would drive me up, and that he would take me home to tell them the news, and learn me to eat corn bread.

So, before I had time to say anything about it, my trunks were directed to be forwarded in the proper direction by another line of stages. The Doctor told me to "leave *what duds* would last me a week." I saw the stage drive away, and after a hearty pull at the brandy and honey, my new friend, the Doctor, handed me into a handsome chaise, and his little active pony was pulling us at a rapid rate through the snow, which reminded me of home among the hills of Connecticut.

After an hour's drive, through woods and gearings, we came to a large brick house, standing in a fine grove of old forest trees, with an old fashioned looking porch, reaching up to the second story. A dog barked and ran to the gate, and after him half a dozen children of different ages, principally girls.

The old gentleman hallooed and laughed as we drove in, and told them who I was, and where I was going, before I got out; so that by the time they had shaken hands all around with me, I began to think I was among some friends I had seen before.—My things were put away, I was seated before a brisk wood fire, and everybody was talking, laughing, answering or asking questions: and explanations were made from time, so that I was made to know all, and feel at home.

By candle-light we sat down to an excellent and substantial supper, and the negroes who waited on us, seemed as much pleased to see me and hear me talk, as the young girls were. I told them about our sleighing frolics and quilting matches, and they talked to me about barbecues, picnics, balls, and singing schools—the old doctor now and then joining in heartily.—His wife, a quiet, nice little lady, did not say much, but seemed to enjoy the fun and was very attentive to me, and asked about "my folks," and when we got seated together near the fire, after supper, she told me all about the family I was going to teach for, and said I would find myself pleasantly situated among them.

I spent three days very agreeably before the Doctor's business allowed him to drive me to Mount Moriah, and in all that time I did not seem at all in the way of anybody, but took a part as naturally in all that was going forward as if I had lived all my days on the plantation.

The old gentleman showed me his colts, his pigs, his sheep, and his cattle. He was very kind to the little negroes, who toddled after him to be patted on the head, or to talk to him, and all about him seemed fat, cheerful and contented. I heard him several times reprove his servants for neglects, but he did it kindly, and they listened respectfully. I never had any idea of slavery before—that is certain! They don't *push* their servants near as much as they do in New England, and I was surprised to hear how independent the negroes talked to their master and mistress about work that they were set to, as if they all had the same interest in it. They lived on a mill road, and a great many boys passed by the house, on mules or horses, and with ox-carts with corn and wheat, whistling and shouting and singing, as if they had nothing else to do.

Well, very early one cloudy morning, after breakfasting by candle light, the Doctor and I started for school. It was quite warm at first, but after a while the wind rose, and we were glad to put on our cloaks, the road rising to a higher country, as we advanced, and we could see some distant mountains. The Doctor said he was "on hand at breakfast," after he had drank a cup of coffee, and I saw one of his daughters send an open flat basket to be put under the seat of the chaise, and I heard a servant told "not to forget a bundle of oats for the pony."

The country was thinly settled, but we met a great many large wagons with five or six horses, hauling bales of cotton to market, in South Carolina. The Doctor spoke to everybody he met, white and black, without exception, as he passed them, and sometimes, when he thought the pony wanted breathing, he pulled up, and talked awhile to any stranger he met on the road. A great many of the white men belonging to the wagons were on foot, while fat, sleek-faced sturdy looking negroes sat in saddles, and drove the horses. They answered very cheerfully all the questions put to them about the roads, the crops, the markets, and the health of the country; and the negroes seemed as quick as their masters when any jokes were going on. Some of the people we met, offered drink to the Doctor, but he said it was too early for him.

When we got over half way—about noon—the Doctor said he thought we had better rest a while, and take a "check," as he began to feel hungry, and thought the pony would like a bite, too; so he drove into the woods, by the side of the big road, where a very large pine tree had been cut down by the wagoners, to camp by, and it would just answer our purpose. He first unreined the pony, and placed a large bundle of unthreshed oats before him. He then pulled out a basket, containing broiled partridges, ham, beef, corn-bread, biscuit, mince-pies, and *pumpkin puddings*; only think! He then uncovered a clean tumbler, a small bottle of water, (for we had to travel a ridge road all the way, without any water for a horse,) and lastly there was a bottle of brandy pumch, which he very politely offered to me the first thing. I told him I drank nothing but water; so he said "there would be the more for him." He ate very moderately, and drank his bottle very slowly, and enjoyed the meal very much, especially the pudding; which he said "was put up for me," although he relished it too. He told me I had better walk on to warm my feet, and offered to stop at some house for that purpose; but I found that a brisk walk answered, and the doctor waited a little while, until the pony had finished his oats.

In the evening, we arrived at a fine, large farm house, with ample piazzas, and in excellent condition, neatly painted, and fenced in, and surrounded by a beautiful grove of young forest trees, and an ample