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The Old North State.

VOL. 9.

"ERROR IS HARMLESS, WHEN TRUTH IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."

No. 12.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

BRETON TRADITION. The Three Adventurers.

A LEGEND OF THE COUNTRY OF TREBUER.

In those days when the lower Brittany was often honoured by the bodily presence of our blessed Saviour and His Virgin Mother, when hermitages were as common along the wayside as branches of mistletoe and watering-troughs now, there dwelt in the diocese of Leon, two young noblemen, rich as heart could desire, and so beautiful, that even their mother knew no blemish in them. They were called Tonyk and Mylio.

Mylio, the elder, was almost sixteen, and Tonyk just fourteen years of age. They were both under the instruction of the ablest masters, by whose lessons they had so well profited, that, but for their age, they well have received Holy Orders, had such been their vocation.

But in character the brothers were far unlike.

Tonyk was pious, charitable to the poor, and forgiving to those who injured him. Neither would money tarry in his hand, nor resentment in his heart. While Mylio gave but his due to each [would drive a hard bargain, too, and never failed to revenge an offence to the utmost.

Having lost their father whilst yet infants, they had been brought up by their widowed mother, a woman of singular virtues; but, now that they were growing towards manhood, she thought it time to send them to the care of an uncle, who lived at some distance, and from whom they might receive good counsels for their walk in life, besides the expectation of an ample heritage.

No, one day, after bestowing upon each a new cap, a pair of silver buckled shoes, a violet mantle, a well-filled purse, and a horse, she bade them to set out for the house of their father's brother. The two boys began their journey in the highest spirits. They were going to see new countries. Their horses travelled so fast, that in a few days they found themselves in another kingdom; where the trees and even the corn were quite different to their own.

One morning, as they came to a spot where several ways met, they saw a poor woman seated beneath a crucifix, her face buried in her apron. Tonyk drew up his horse to ask her what was the matter. The beggar answered, sobbing, that she had just lost her only son, her all whereon she had to depend, and that she was now cast upon the charity of such whose hearts God might move towards her.

The youth was touched with compassion; Mylio, who waited at a little distance, calling to him, mockingly, "You are not going to believe the first pitiful story you hear by the way-side! It is just this woman's trade to sit here, and beguile travellers of their money!"

"Hush, hush! my brother," answered Tonyk, "in the name of God! You only make her weep the more. Do not you see that she is just of the age and figure of our own dear mother, whom God preserve!"

"Then, stooping down, he gave his purse to the beggar-woman, saying,—"Here, my good dame, I can help you but little; but I will pray that God may be your consolation."

She took the purse, and kissing it, said to Tonyk "Since my young lord has been so beautiful to a poor woman, let him not refuse to accept from her this walnut. It encloses a wasp, whose sting is of diamond."

Tonyk took the walnut with thanks, and proceeded on his way with Mylio. They soon reached the purlieus of a forest, where, after a while, they came upon a little half-naked child, who was seeking somewhat in the hollow of the tree, and singing a strange air, more melancholy than a funeral chant. He often stopped to clasp his little frozen hand, saying in his song—"I am cold! Oh, so cold! and the boys could hear his teeth chatter in his head."

Tonyk's eyes filled with tears at this sight, and he said to his brother,—"Oh, Mylio! only see how the poor child suffers from the piercing wind!"

"Then he must be very chilly," replied Mylio. "I do not find the wind so piercing."

"That may well be, when you have on a plush doublet, a warm cloth coat, and over all, your violet mantle, while he is wrapped round by little but the air of heaven."

"Well, and what then?" observed Mylio; "after all, he is but a peasant boy."

"Alas!" replied Tonyk, "when I think that you might have been born to the same lot, my brother, it goes to my very heart;—and I cannot bear to see him suffer so."

"In Brittany, the ensign of a public house."

So saying, he reined in his horse, and calling the little boy to him, inquired what he was doing there.

"I am trying," said the child, "if I can find any dragon-flies asleep in the hollow of the trees."

"And what can you do with the dragon flies?" asked Mylio.

"As soon I can find enough I shall sell them in the town, and buy myself a garment as warm as sunshine."

"How many have you got already?" asked the young lord.

"Only one," answered the child, holding up a little rusken cage, enclosing the blue fly.

"Well, well, I will take it," said Tonyk, throwing to the boy his violet mantle. "Wrap yourself up in that nice cloak, my poor little fellow, and add nightly to your prayers and Ave for Mylio, and another for our dear mother."

The two brothers continued their journey, and Tonyk, having now no mantle, was at first sorely tried by the cutting north wind; but, the forest once at an end, the air grew milder, the fog dispersed, and a vein of sunshine kindled in the clouds. And presently they came to a meadow wherein was a fountain, and on its brink a poor old man sitting, in tattered garments; at his back a beggar's wallet.

As soon as he perceived the travellers, he addressed them in suppliant tones. Tonyk approached him.

"What would you, father?" he inquired, lifting his hand to his hat, in respect for the beggar's age.

"Alas! my dear young gentleman," the old man replied, "you see how white my hair is, and my cheeks how wrinkled. By reason of my age, I am become very weak, and my feet can no longer bear my weight. I must certainly die in this place, unless one of you will consent to sell me his horse."

"Sell thee one of our horses, beggar!" cried Mylio, with an air of contempt; "and how wilt thou pay for it?"

"You see this hollow acorn," replied the beggar. "It contains a spider, the web of which is stronger than steel. Let me have one of your beasts, and I will give you in return the acorn with the spider!"

The elder of the two boys burst into a loud laugh.

"Do you only hear that, Tonyk!" cried he turning to his brother. "By my Baptism, there must be two calf's feet in that fellows' shoes!"

But the younger answered gently:—"The poor man can only offer what he has," then dismounting and going up to the old man he added,—"I give you my horse, honest friend, not for that which you offer for it, but in remembrance of Christ, who has declared the poor to be his chosen portion. Take him for your own, and thank God, in whose name I bestow him."

The old man murmured a thousand benedictions, and mounting with Tonyk's aid, went on his way and was soon lost in the distance.

But, at this last almsdeed, Mylio could no longer contain himself, and broke out into a storm of reproaches.

"Fool!" cried he angrily, to Tonyk, "are you not ashamed of the state to which by your folly you have reduced yourself? You thought, no doubt, that when all was gone, you might come in for a share of my money, my horse, and my cloak! But look for nothing of the kind. I hope that this lesson may do you good, and that when you feel the inconvenience of prodigality, you may resolve to be more prudent in future."

"It is indeed, a good lesson, my brother," replied Tonyk, mildly, "and I refuse not to receive. I had never thought of sharing either your horse, your money of your mantle. Go on your way, therefore, without taking any care for me, and may God protect you!"

Mylio made no reply, but trotted on, his young brother followed on foot, and gazing after him, so long as he remained in sight, without any feelings of reproach arising in his heart.

And thus they went on to the entrance of a narrow defile, between two lofty mountains, whose tops were hidden in the clouds. It was called "The Cursed Strait," for a dreadful Ogre dwelt among the heights, and there laid wait for travellers, as a hunter watches for his game.

He was a giant, blind, and without feet, but having so fine and ear for sound, that he could hear the worm working his dark way within the earth. His servants were two eagles, which he had tamed, (for he was a great magician,) and he sent them out to catch his prey, when he heard it coming. Whenever the country people had to traverse the dreaded pass, they carried their shoes in their hands, like the girls of Roscoff when they go to the market at Morlaix, and held their breath, lest the Ogre should hear them. But Mylio, who knew nothing of this, went on at full trot, and the giant was awakened by the sound of horse's feet upon the stony way.

"Ho! my harriers!" cried he, "where are you?"

The white and the red eagle hastened to him.

"Go and fetch me, for my supper, whatever it is that now passes by," cried the Ogre.

Like balls from the mouth of a cannon, they shot down the ravine, and seizing Mylio by his violet mantle, carried him to the Ogre.

At this moment Tonyk came up to the entrance of the defile. He saw his brother borne away by the two birds, and rushed towards him with a loud cry, but the eagles and Mylio almost instantly vanished in the clouds that hung over the highest of the two mountains.

For a few moments the boy stood rooted to the spot with horror, gazing upon the sky and the rocks that were above him like a wall; then, sinking on his knees, with folded hands he cried,—"O God, the Almighty maker of the world, save my brother Mylio!"

"Trouble not God the Father about so small a thing as that," exclaimed three little voices, that suddenly, and for the first time, he heard close by him.

Tonyk was in amazement.

"Who speaks! Where are you?" asked he.

"In the pocket of thy doublet," answered three voices.

The lad searched his pocket, and drew out the walnut, the acorn, and the little cage of rushes, which contained his three insects.

"Will you, then, save my Mylio?" said he.

"We will, we will, we will," they replied in their various tones.

"And how can you save him, poor little things that you are?" continued Tonyk.

"Open our prisons, and thou shalt see."

They boy did as they desired; and immediately the spider crept to a tree, against which she began a web, as strong and as shining as steel. Then mounting on the dragon-fly, which raised her gradually in the air, she still wore on her net work, the several threads of which were so arranged that the whole looked like a ladder gradually unwinding itself from a roller. This wonderful path Tonyk followed until he reached the summit of the mountain. Then the wasp mounted in the air before him, and he came with her to the giant's house.

It was a grotto, hollowed in the cliff, and lofty as a cathedral nave. The blind and footless Ogre sat in the midst of it. He seemed in high glee, for he was rocking himself to and fro, like a poplar swaying with the wind, and singing the following words:

"Oh! a Leonard is a dainty rare! On bacon fed, and suet fat rare! The Treguire folks taste sweetly too, Of pancakes fried, and milk that's new; But banish Vannes and Quimper be, They eat too much black corn for me!"

And while he sung, he made ready the slices of bacon for roasting Mylio, who lay on the ground, his legs and arms tucked behind him, like a fowl trussed for the spit. The two eagles were at a little distance, by his fire place; one acting as turnpit, while the other made up the fire, the noise which the giant made by singing, and the attention he paid to his rashers, prevented him from hearing the approach of Tonyk, and his three little servants, but the red eagle perceived him, and darting forwards would have seized him in its claws, had not the wasp, at that moment, pierced its eyes with her diamond sting.

The white eagle hurrying to its fellow's aid shared the same fate. Then the wasp flew upon the Ogre, who was now turning about on hearing the cries uttered by his servants; and began to sting him without mercy or intermission. The giant roared like a bull in August. In vain he whirled his huge arms like the sails of a windmill; having no eyes he could not catch the creature, and for want of feet, it was equally impossible for him to escape from it. At length, he threw himself with his face upon the earth; to shield himself from his fiery dart, but the spider creeping up; spun over him a net that held him hopelessly fast.

In vain he called upon the eagles for help. Savage with pain, and no longer fearing him, now they found him cowering, their only impulse was to revenge upon him their long and cruel slavery. Fiercely flapping their wings, they flew upon their former master, and tore him in fury as he lay beneath the web of steel. With each stroke of their beaks they carried off a strip of flesh, nor did they

abate their rage till they had laid bare his bones. Then they covered down upon the mangled carcass; and, as the flesh of a magician, to say nothing of an Ogre, is a meat impossible of digestion they never rose again.

Meanwhile Tonyk had unbound his brother, and, after embracing him with tears of joy, led him out of the Ogre's cave to the edge of the precipice. The dragon-fly and wasp soon made their appearance harnessed to the little rusken cage, now transformed into a coach. They invited the two brothers to take their places within it, while the spider sat herself behind like a magnificent lacquey; and the equipage with the speed of wind.

In this way Tonyk and Mylio travelled without fatigue, over meadows, woods, mountains and villages, (for in the air the roads are always well kept,) until they arrived before their uncle's castle.

There the carriage came to the ground, and rolled onwards to the draw-bridge, where the brothers found both their horses in waiting for them. At the saddle bow of Tonyk hung his purse and his mantle; but the purse had grown much larger and heavier, and the mantle was all powdered with diamonds.

Astonished, the youth turned towards the coach, to ask what this might mean; but behold, the coach had disappeared, and instead of the wasp the dragon-fly and the spider, there stood three angels all-glorious with light!

Awe-struck and adoring, the brothers sank upon their knees.

Then the most dazzling of the angles drew near to Tonyk, and said:—"Fear not, thou righteous one! for the woman, the child, and the old man, whom thou has succored, were none other than our blessed Lady, Jesus Christ, her Son, and the Holy Saint Joseph. They sent us to guard thee on thy way from harm, and now that our mission is accomplished we return to Paradise. Only remember all that has befallen thee, for it is an example."

At these words the angels spread their wings, and soared away, like three white doves, chanting the Hosannah! as it is sung in the churches.

THEY MADE A MISTAKE.

Our friends P and S— one evening met at the house of an acquaintance with some young ladies, for whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends thinking it a favorable time to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves as they supposed by the lady's side but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft hand of the charmer, and when after a while they ventured to give a tender pressure, each, was entraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined that the moments flew rapidly, in the silent interchange of mutual affection. But the wondering at the unusual silence of the gentleman one of them noiselessly slipped out and suddenly returned with a light; there sat our friends P. & S. most lovingly squeezing each other's hand—and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstasy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen sloped, and P. was afterwards heard to say that he thought all the while S.—'s hand felt hard.—Gloucester News.

We take the following extracts from the Fayetteville Carolinian, which shows that there is yet some of the precious metal in our old State, and that California is not the only place to go for Gold. Gold and something to eat is better than all gold, if it is more plenty.

GOLD HILL.—We have been furnished with some interesting particulars about the mine at Gold Hill, in Rowan County. It is said to have been discovered 18 or 20 years ago, but that no gold of large amount was obtained until within the last five years; since which it is calculated that \$360,000 per annum is obtained.

Three engines are in operation, which cost \$25,000; and two others are being erected. Eight different mining Companies are working the mines at Gold Hill, and a large amount of capital is invested, estimated at \$300,000. There are some 700 inhabitants in the village; and the houses are wood; some neat white frames, and many merely log cabins.

There are three stores, one tavern, six smith shops, a saddler, shoemaker, five physicians, a lawyer. There is no resident clergyman, nor any church immediately in the village.

A NOVEL CLAIM.

Mr. C. Glen Peebles, it appears, (says the Baltimore Clipper,) has been removed from a clerkship in the War Department. It seems that the chief clerk intimated to him the propriety of resigning. He forthwith addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, in which he sets forth the novel and extravagant claim, that he is entitled to his office for life. He says:

"I claim, legally to hold a life-estate in my appointment, it being a permanent one; or for so long as the office exists—removable only for good cause."

And he even goes so far in his pretensions as to insist, that "if there should be no material to employ him upon, then he could not, rightfully, be removed." An office for life, good pay, and nothing to do—faith an office of that kind would not go begging, even if we had to take it ourselves.

On receipt of this letter, the Secretary of War replied in the following laconic note:—"Replying to your letter of this date, I have to state, that your services as a clerk are no longer required in this Department."

Your obedient servant, G. W. CRAWFORD, Sec'y of War."

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.—When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring habits, not given to pride, to vanity, or to flattery, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before. When you see a man of frugal, industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of wealth, that man will make a good and affectionate husband. When you see a man using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit and influence, by his own merits, marry him—he is worth having, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty and want.—When you see a young man whose manners are of the most boisterous and disgusting kind, with brass enough to carry him any where, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself, don't marry him, girls—he will not make a good husband. When you see a young man, depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his father, and other relations, don't marry him—for he will make a poor husband. When you see a young man one-half of his time adorning his person or riding through the streets in gigs, who leaves his debts unpaid; never marry him—for he will, in every respect make a bad husband.—When you see a young man who is never engaged in any affairs or quarrels by day, or follows by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him conceal his name, who does not keep low company, gamble or break the Sabbath, or use profane language, but whose face is regularly seen at church, where he ought to be, he certainly will make a good husband.—Never make money an object of marriage; if you do, depend upon it, as a balance for the good, you will get a bad husband. When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters, who is not ashamed to be seen in the street with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, and who attends to all her wants with filial love; who can get him no matter what his circumstances in life are; he is really worth having, and will certainly make a very good husband. Lastly: always examine into the character, conduct and motives; and when you find these good in a young man, then you may be sure he will make a good husband.

CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS. The Hacienda, or estate, of the Mexican Iral, embraces probably the largest landed possessions in the world. It lies on the northern part of the State of Guanajuato, and embraces part of the State of Zacatecas, and amounts to about 60,000 square miles.—This is larger than the whole of Tennessee. This Nabob also owns 3,000,000 head of live stock. See Goodrich's Geography of the world.—Nashville Whig.

A man, named David Warble, said to be from New York, visited the White House on Tuesday, and created no little alarm among the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the East room, by parading through the mansion with a pistol in his hand. He did no harm, however, and quietly left the mansion. The next morning he was entering it with a revolver in his hand but was arrested.

A BLESSING.

May the blessings of God await thee, And the sun of glory shine round thy bed; and may the gate of plenty, honor and happiness ever be open to thee; may no sorrows distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams: And when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the angel of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction.

† Readers who have travelled in Scotland will recognize the trait.