NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED

Strother

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By D.H.Strother.

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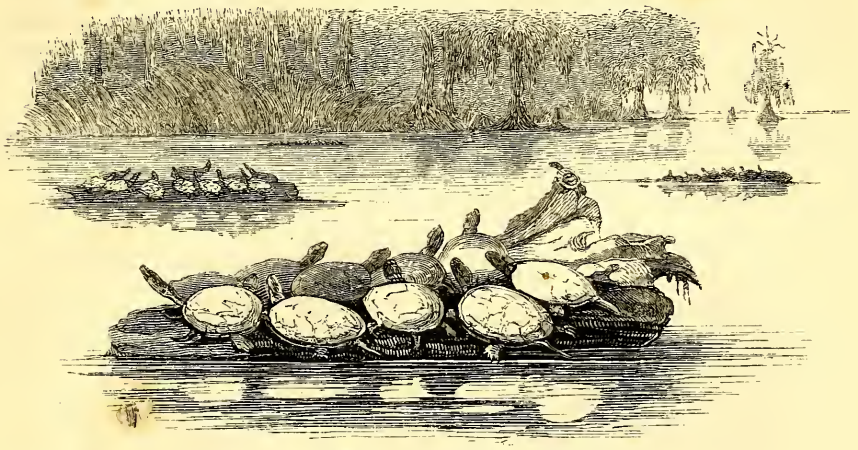


SCENERY ON THE CHOWAN.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

I.—THE FISHERIES.

Yet more: the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolored, through our passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Pope.

On a pleasant morning in the month of April we find our adventurous traveler, Porte Crayon, standing on the promenade deck of the steamer *Stag*, which is just backing out from the Blackwater Station, on the Sea-board and Roanoke Railroad.

On approaching this station, about twenty miles distant from the town of Suffolk, one looks in vain for the promised steamboat that is to convey him to Edenton. His search for the navigable river whose waters are to float the boat is equally fruitless; and not without many misgivings does he see the train go off, leaving him standing agape beside his baggage, in the midst of an apparently interminable cypress swamp.

Anon, a blowing and fizzing draws his attention to the swamp on the left. He starts, supposing it to be the noise of an enormous alligator, but is relieved on perceiving a white column of steam rising from the midst of the forest, and a black smoke-pipe peering above the dense undergrowth. At the same moment, a negro approaches and shoulders his baggage.

"Gwine aboard, Massa?"

The traveler cheerfully follows him down a narrow path, and presently is surprised to find himself aboard of a very promising steamboat. Then, for the first time, looking over her stern, he sees the Blackwater River, a narrow, black ditch, embanked with tangled bushes and cypress-knees, and overarched completely with trees clothed in vines and hanging moss. The stream being barely wide enough to float the boat, she is obliged to *crab* her way along for a considerable distance, her alternate sides butting the cypress-knees, and her wheel-houses raked by the overhanging boughs.

At length the river begins to grow wider, and, taking advantage of a sudden bend, the boat turns round and pursues her course headforemost. One of the passengers openly expressed his satisfaction at this change, for he said it always made him sick to ride backward.

As his fellow-travelers were not numerous, and showed no disposition to be talkative at this stage of the journey, our hero had ample opportunity to sit apart and amuse himself by indulging in such fancies as the scene suggested.

The tortuous stream lay motionless, like a dead serpent, under the dismal shadow of the never-ending forest. When the prow of the advancing boat disturbed its glassy surface, the waves heaved up as if they might have been uncouth, lazy reptiles, hastening to get out of her way, and flinging themselves over the skel-

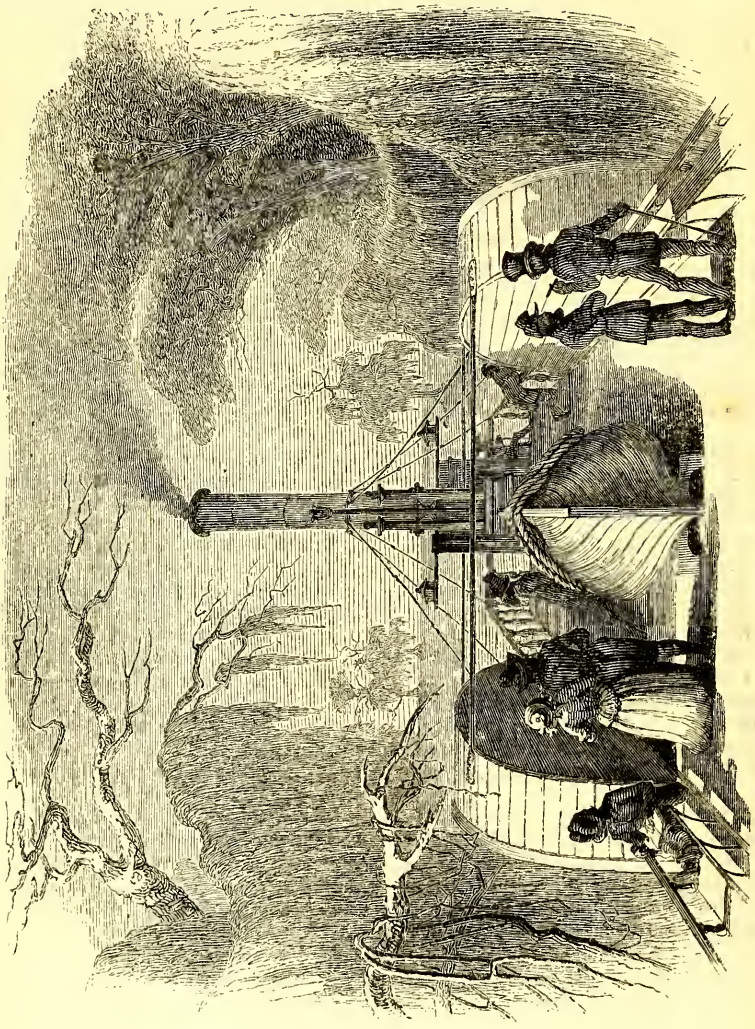
eton-like cypress roots, disappeared, tumbling and wallowing among the reeds. Although the genius of Moore has given immortal pre-eminence to the Great Dismal that surrounds Lake Drummond, all the swamps bordering the southern tide-water present the same characteristics, becoming more striking, and, if possible, more dismal, as the traveler advances southward.

At the confluence of the Blackwater and Nottoway rivers we enter North Carolina. There is a stout rope stretched across the river here, which the passenger with the weak stomach took for the State line. On inquiring of the captain, however, he was informed that it was a rope ferry, of which he was presently satisfied by seeing a flat-boat pulled across.

William Byrd, of Westover, one of the commissioners who located this dividing line in 1727, says, "The borderers laid it to heart if their land was taken in Virginia; they chose much rather to belong to Carolina, where they pay no tribute to God or to Cæsar."

As the day advanced the thoroughfare gradually widened into a broad and noble river, the view became more extended and more animated, but could scarcely be characterized as interesting. However, the announcement that he had entered a new State aroused Porte Crayon from his reveries, and induced him to look about with more alertness. The bordering swamps were still the same, and there was no perceptible change in land or water. Buzzards sailed in lazy majesty athwart the blue sky, and mud-colored terrapins basked luxuriously upon convenient drift logs, motionless as stones, until the waves from the passing boat rolled them over and unceremoniously plumped them into the water. But this paradise seemed as yet untenanted by the human race.

Porte Crayon listlessly whittled his pencil—



STEAMBOATING ON THE BLACKWATER.

WATCHING AND PREYING.

ah, there's a living wight at last! a native Carolinian under his own beaming sun, lying in a canoe watching his fish-trap after the Southern fashion, while the sagacious eagle, with contemptuous audacity, settles down and carries off the prey.

To the inquiring mind there might be something suggestive in this picture. We, however, prefer to let every one draw his own inferences and make his own comments thereon. While our stanch little steamer paddles industriously on her way, we may be permitted to relieve the tedium of the journey by extracting some interesting historical notices of the early settlement of North Carolina.

In April, 1684, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out two ships, under Amidas and Barlow, on a voyage of discovery to the New World. In July the same year they landed on the coast of what is now North Carolina, thanked God, and took possession after the fashion of those days. They made explorations and had some intercourse with the natives, by whom they were received with "Arcadian hospitality." On their return to England they gave such glowing accounts of the new country that the public imagination was fired, and a company of adventurers was easily formed to colonize a land that promised so much.

Hackluyt says, "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven, the most pleasing territory of the world. The continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, but savagely. If Virginia had but horses and kine, no realm in Christendom would be comparable to it." He thus characterizes the natives: "They are a people gentle, loving, faithful, void of guile, cruel, bloody, destroying whole tribes in their domestic feuds; using base stratagems against their enemies, whom they invited to feasts and killed."

Some might be disposed to consider this old writer a wag, but his description was doubtless a correct one, as it seems to be a very good general description of human nature in all countries, and in all ages.

In the preface of a book printed in London, *anno* 1626, entitled "*Purchas his Pilgrimage or Relations of the World,*" the author breaks out into the following: "Leaving New France, let us draw neerer the sunne to New Britaine, whose virgin soyle not yet polluted with Spaniards lust, by our late Virgin Mother was justly called Virginia, whether shall I here begin with elogies or elegies? whether shall I warble sweet carols in praise of thy lovely face thou fairest of virgins which from our other Britaine world hath won thee wooers and sutors, not such as Leander whose loves the Poets have blazed for swimming over the straits betwixt Sestos and Abydus to his louely Hero, but which for thy sake have forsaken their mother earth, encountered the most tempestuous forces of the aire and so often ploughed vp Neptune's Plaines, furrowing the angry ocean, and that to make thee of a ruder virgin, not a wanton minion but an honest and Christian wife."

And so the worthy Pilgrim continues for several pages without a stop; but we would as lief drink a quart of beer without taking breath as undertake to read it all. In the narrative he goes on to say, "In the river of Tamescot they found oysters nine inches long, and were told that on the other side there were twice as great. Moreover, the peple told our men of cannibals neere Sagadahoc with teeth three inches long, but they saw them not."

At this point the annotator was interrupted by a remark from a green-looking passenger, in a blue coat with brass buttons.

"Stranger," quoth he, "you appear to take great diversion in that book you're a-reading."

In reply, Crayon read the last quoted paragraph aloud. The listener opened his eyes, puckered his mouth, and wound up with a long whistle.

"Oh, Chowan! Three inches long? Well, that's what I call a Gatesville story."

"My friend," said Crayon, with severe gravity, "there is frequently as much rashness exhibited in the rejection as in the assertion of a belief. For example, we must all admit that nothing has been created in vain. It is equally susceptible of demonstration that the oyster was created expressly to be swallowed whole. Now we must either be prepared to allow that oysters eighteen inches long (which we have seen) exist contrary to a fixed law of nature—a false note in the universal harmony—or we must believe that there are men big enough to swallow them properly."

"Stranger, I've a suspicion that you're from the North."

"Why so, my friend?"

"Because the people up there are so bookish and larned that they'll believe almost any thing."

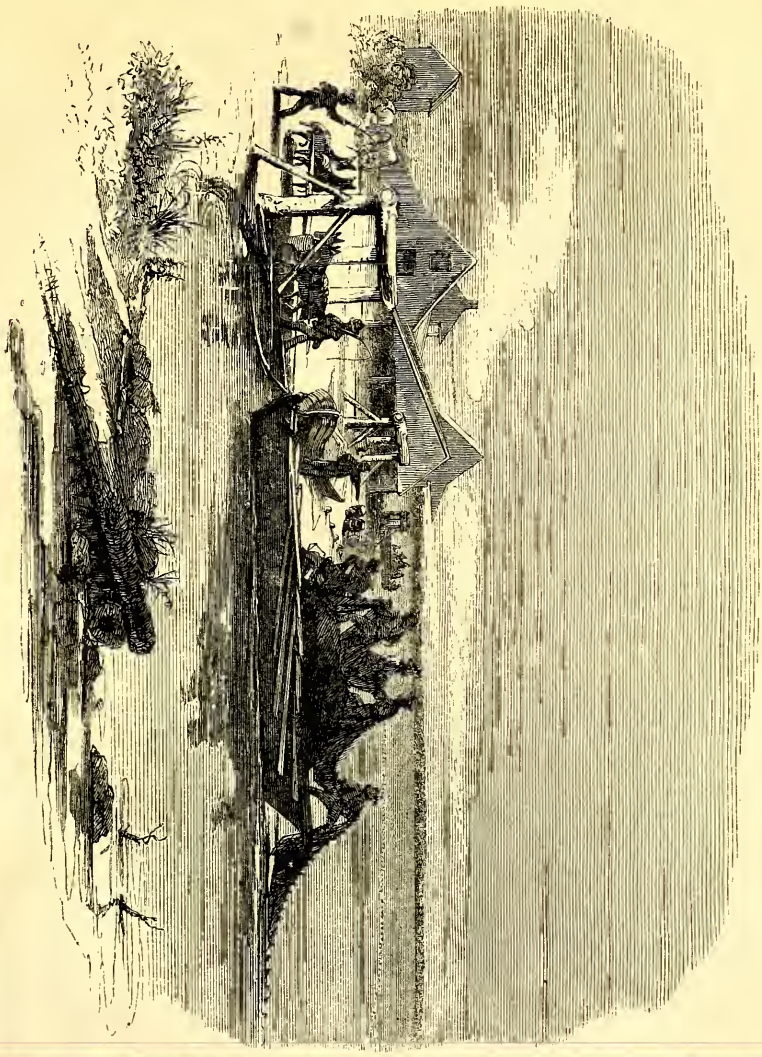
Brass Buttons walked away, and our traveler returned to his notes.

After several abortive attempts to establish a colony on Roanoke Island, the coast of Carolina was abandoned, and it was not until 1653, forty-six years after the settlement of Jamestown, that a colony from Virginia settled permanently on the Roanoke and the south side of Chowan. Ten years afterward, the Governor of Virginia appointed William Drummond to take charge of the young colony, and the Lake of the Dismal Swamp still preserves the name of the first governor of North Carolina. At a later date one of the appointees of the British Crown thus characterizes his subjects: "The people of North Carolina are not to be outwitted nor cajoled. Whenever a governor attempts to effect any thing by these means he will lose his labor and show his ignorance.....They are not industrious, but subtle and crafty—always behaved insolently to their governors; some they have imprisoned, others they have drove out of the country, and at other times set up a governor of their own choice, supported by men under arms."

In fact, their whole colonial history is a narrative of turbulence and high-handed resistance to their British rulers, up to the commencement of the Revolutionary War; and in summing up her history, it appears that upon the soil of North Carolina the first colony of Englishmen was planted; the first child born of English parents in the New World. She may also claim, with propriety, to have shed the first blood, and to have spoken the first word, in the cause of our national independence—at the Battle of Allemance, fought in May, 1771, and through the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, put forth in May, 1775. The fact that so unruly and impracticable a colony should, when left to herself, have become so exemplary and conservative a State, is, in itself, a noble monument to the spirit, patriotism, and wisdom of her people.

The mid-day breeze now curls the broad bosom of the Chowan, and its shores are teeming with life and activity. Numerous bald-eagles sail overhead, while the surface of the water is dotted with boats of every description, from the cypress canoe, paddled by a lonely sallow-faced angler, to the ten-oared barges that carry out the cumbrous seines. White smoke curls up from groups of cottages on shore, where busy crowds, composed of whites, blacks, and mules, wage unceasing war upon the shad and herring. Colerain is at length reached and passed, and now the vessel's prow is turned eastward. Behind her the sun sets in a haze of golden glory. A long, low wooded point is turned at last, and at the head of a handsome bay sits Edenton—

SHORE OF ALBEMARLE SOUND.



THE HERRING FISHERY.

queen-like, one might say, but in a small way, and the view is all the prettier for not being in any way interrupted by those forests of shipping which usually mar the appearance of sea-port towns.

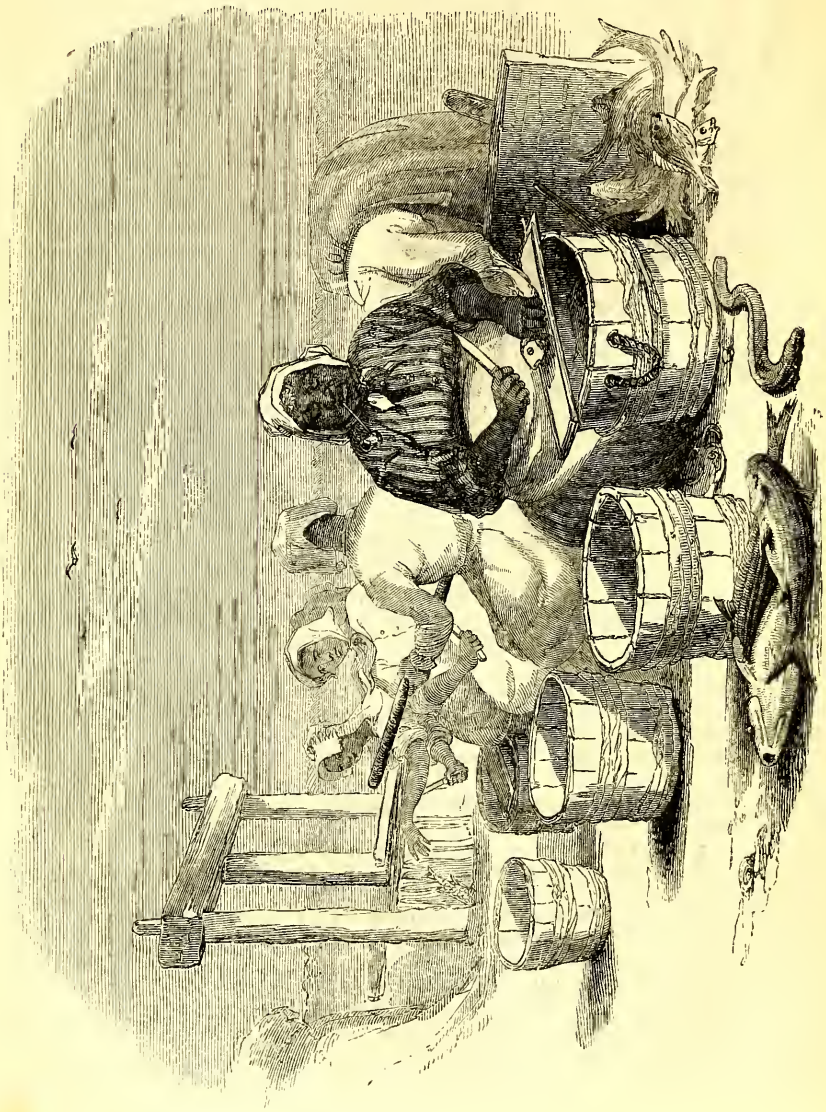
The landing of this steamer is the great event of the day for the Edentonians, and our hero had no difficulty in finding his way to the principal hotel of the place. Here he got a comfortable supper, at which fish of all kinds figured largely. Not so easy was it to secure a bed, for the County Court was in session, and the house was full. Now, in regard to county courts, they are much the same all over the Anglo-Saxon world, and the only notable peculiarity of the county courts in this region is the unheard-of number of buggies and stick-gigs that are collected about the court-house taverns on the occasion.

The glimpse that our traveler had obtained of the fisheries in coming down the Chowan had so excited his imagination on the subject, that he deferred his intended exploration of the town of Edenton next morning, and shouldering his knapsack, started on foot in quest of a fishing-beach, of which he had received information from his landlord.

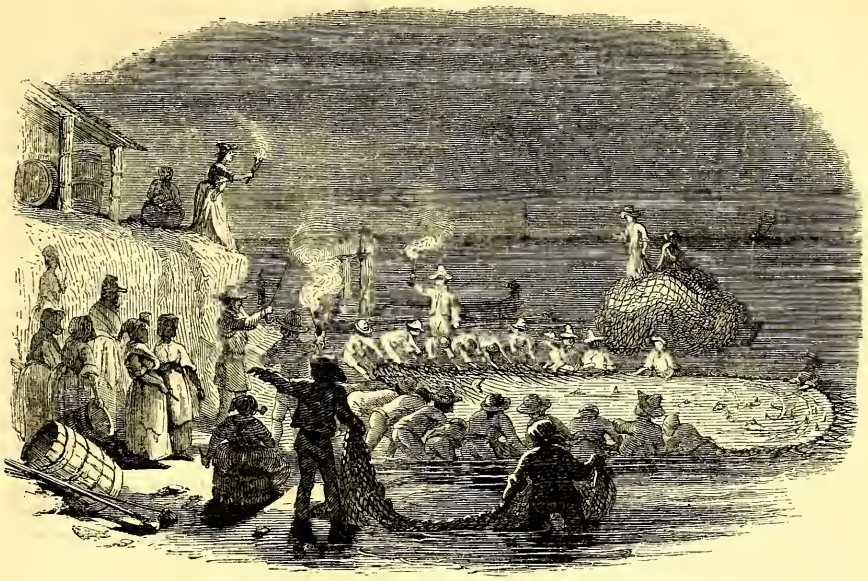
Pursuing the beaten road for some distance, he at length turned into a by-way, which seemed to lead toward the point which had been indicated to him. Like all the by-ways treated of in moral allegories, this soon led our pilgrim into serious difficulties. Too perverse to turn back, and, in truth, being rather attracted by the gloomy grandeur of the swamp forest, he pushed boldly into a wilderness of reeds, tangled green briar, and cypress-knees. After half an hour of plunging and tearing, he was at length brought

up on the shore of the Albemarle Sound. The scene which here presented itself was unique and beautiful, one peculiarly Southern in its features, and more easily pictured than described. In fact, Porte Crayon was decidedly blown, and here was an opportunity of resting for half an hour, without acknowledging his condition even to himself. When he had completed the sketch to his satisfaction, he re-commenced his walk, skirting the Sound for the distance of a mile or more, and, issuing from the swamp, at length gladly found himself on *terra firma*, in full view of the Belvidere Fishery.

Fatigue, hunger, and mud were all forgotten in the animated scene which here met his eye. In the foreground was the landward boat moored to the beach, while her swarthy crew were actively engaged in piling up the seine as it was drawn in by the exertions of four lively mules at the windlass hard by. In the centre, upon a bank a little elevated above the water, rose a group of sheds and buildings, alive with active preparation. Beyond these the seaward boat appeared, while upon the surface of the water, inclosing the whole beach in a grand semicircle, swept the dotted cork line of the seine. To complete this scene of bustle and animation on land and water, the air furnished its legions of fierce and eager participants. Numerous white gulls, fish-hawks, and eagles hovered or sailed in rapid circles over the narrowing cordon of the seine, at times uttering screams of hungry im-



HEADING HERRING.



A NIGHT HAUL.

patience, then darting like lightning to the water and bearing away a struggling prize in beak or talons.

It was wonderful to observe the brigand-like audacity with which these birds followed up the nets and snatched their share of the prey, sometimes almost within arm's-length of their human fellow-fishermen and fellow-robbers.

Our hero hastily unslung his knapsack, whipped out his pencil, and, seating himself upon the outer windlass, made a note of this busy and picturesque scene; and having thereby partially gratified his artistic yearnings, he lost no time in introducing himself at head-quarters. Here he was received with that frank hospitality which characterizes the region, and ere long was seated at the dinner-table, where boiled rock, stewed cat-fish, white perch, and broiled shad disputed the claim on his taste and attention. Unable to decide by the eye, he tried them all twice round, swearing with devout sincerity at each dish that it was the most delicious morsel he had ever tasted. About the close of the meal a grizzled woolly head appeared at the door, and its owner, flopping his greasy wide-awake upon the sill, humbly craved audience with the manager.

"Well, what is it, Uncle?"

"A little somethin', master, if you please."

A bottle of very superior whisky, which had been set out in compliment to the stranger, was at hand, and the manager, pouring out half a tumblerful, gave it to the petitioner.

"Sarvant, master—sarvant, gent'men," and as the precious liquor, in obedience to the laws of gravity, went down, Uncle Sam rolled up his eyes with an expression of devout thankfulness that would have become a duck at a puddle.

"There now, you old reprobate, don't you call that good whisky?"

"Please God, masters," replied Uncle, with a low bow and a bland smile, "I often hear you gent'men talk about good whisky and bad whisky, but I never seed any dat wasn't good, 'specially ef ole nigger was dry. Ke! he! he! sarvant, gent'men."

But we must not tarry too long at table. The approaching cries of the mule-drivers at the windlasses warn us that the seine is gathering in, and on sallying forth we perceive that the dotted semicircle of cork line is narrowed to the diameter of fifty paces. Both boats are at hand, their platforms piled high with the enormous masses of netting, like great stacks of clover hay. The windlasses have done their part, and the mules discharged from their labors, as they are led away by their conductors, celebrate the event with cheerful brayings. All hands now leave the boats, and, at a signal from the chief, dash into the water waist deep to man the rope. A train of women, armed with knives and bearing large tubs, is seen hastening down the bank. Within the circuit of the net one may already see a thousand back fins skimming rapidly over the surface of the water. Every eye is lighted with excitement. "Hard cork!" shouts the captain. "Mind your leads thar!" yells the lieutenant. "Hard cork! mind lead! ay, ay, Sir!" roar the fifty black, dripping tritons as they heave the heavy net upon the beach. Behind the cork line where the seine bags the water now is churned to foam by the struggling prey, and the silvery sides of the fish may be seen flashing through the strong meshes. The eager gulls shriek at the sight, and sweep unheeded over the busy fishermen. One more

hurrah, and the haul is landed, a line of wide planks is staked up behind, the net withdrawn, and the wriggling mass is rolled upon the beach—ten or fifteen thousand voiceless wretches, whose fluttering sounds like a strong rushing wind among the leaves.

"To the boats! to the boats!" and away go the men; now the boys and women rush knee-deep into the gasping heap. The shad are picked out, counted, and carried away to the packing-house. The rock are also sorted, and then the half-savage viragoes seat themselves in line, and begin their bloody work upon the herring. With such unmerciful celerity they work, that the unhappy fish has scarcely time to appreciate the new element into which he has been introduced ere he is beheaded, cleaned, and salted away.

If you now raise your eyes to look for the boats, you will see them already far on their way out in the Sound, the voice of their captain mingling with the cries of the disappointed gulls. In the operations of the fisheries there are no delays. Success is in proportion to the promptitude and energy displayed in every department, and from the beginning of the season to the end they are driving day and night without intermission. The powers of endurance are as heavily taxed as in the life of a soldier campaigning in an enemy's country.

After a delicious supper on various dishes of fish, washed down with yeopon tea, our traveler retired to bed, blessing the man that invented sleep.

About midnight he was aroused by the hand of the manager on his shoulder: "If you wish to see a night haul, now is your time, Sir; we will land the seine in fifteen or twenty minutes."

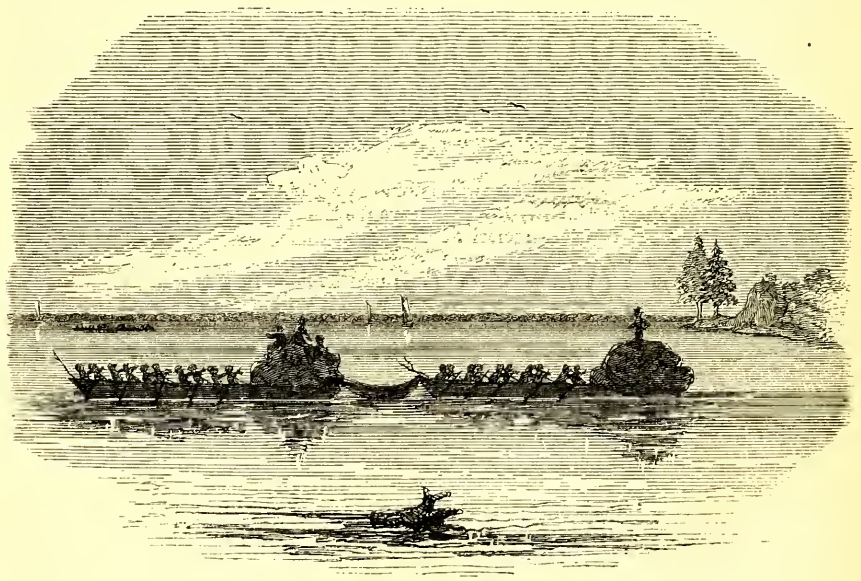
Mr. Crayon sprung to his feet, and hastily donning his vestments, repaired to the beach. Here was a scene similar to that which he had witnessed during the day, except that the picturesque effect was greatly enhanced by the glare of the fires that illuminated the landing. The wild swart figures that hurried to and fro, carrying pine torches, the red light flashing over the troubled waters, the yelling and hallooing suggested the idea that these might be Pluto's fishermen dragging nets from the Styx, or maybe a dance of demons and warlocks on a Walpurgis Night.

But such half-drowsy fancies were contradicted by the dark quiet background, where one could see faint twinkling lights marking the spot where some vessel rode at anchor, and the dim unbroken line of the horizon, from whence sprung, high over all, the vaulted arch of heaven studded with stars. How calmly and solemnly they looked down upon this scene of midnight turmoil!

Oh, beautiful and benignant guardians of the night, should not men sleep when you are watching! Oh, radiant, dewy eyes of heaven, what earth-born loveliness can vie with yours! And yet I do bethink me now of one whose eyes, mayhap less bright, beam with a gentler light, warmer and nearer. Oh, high and mighty princes of the air, when the soul plumes her flight toward your mystic and illimitable realms, how groveling appear all human pursuits and aspirations! How the vaulting spirit sinks, reeling back—

"Take care, master; you well-nigh fell into the shad bar'l."

"Whew!" ejaculated Crayon, "I believe I was asleep. Thank you, Uncle, for the timely



GOING OUT.

REPOSE.

warning;" and so he staggered back to bed, and tumbling down in his clothes, slept oblivious of heaven and earth until he was called to breakfast.

The product of these fisheries constitutes a most important item in the wealth of this region, and during the fishing season (which begins about the middle of March, and lasts until the middle of May) their success is a subject of as general conversation and all-absorbing interest to the inhabitants as is the yearly overflow of the Nile to the Egyptians.

There is scarcely an estate bordering on the Sound furnishing a practicable beach where there is not a fishery established. The number is limited, however, by the fact that these natural advantages are less frequently afforded than one might suppose. The water is often too shallow, bordered by extensive tracts of swamp, or filled with obstacles which prevent the proper dragging of the nets.

To establish a first-class fishery requires from five to ten thousand dollars of outlay, and although enormous profits are sometimes realized, the great and certain expense of carrying on the business, and the uncertainty of its results, bring it to a level with the ordinary industrial pursuits of the country. As adventurous and uncertain means of obtaining wealth are invariably more seductive than those of a character more ordinary and more certain, it has been supposed that the fisheries have exercised an unfavorable influence upon all other branches of industry in their neighborhood; but the numerous, extensive, thoroughly cultivated, and elegantly improved estates in the vicinity of Edenton would not seem to justify this idea.

Now for a more practical account of the fisheries. At the Belvidere, the seine used was twenty-seven hundred yards in length, and twenty-four feet in depth. This enormous length of netting is packed upon platforms laid on the sterns of two heavy ten-oared boats, which are rowed out together to a point opposite the landing beach, about a mile distant. Here the boats separate, moving in opposite directions, and the seine is payed out from the platforms as they row slowly toward their destined points—the seaward boat following a course down the stream and parallel to the beach, the landward boat curving inward toward the shore at the upper end of the fishery; thus heading the shoals of fish as they journey upward to their spawning grounds. The top line of the seine is buoyed with numerous corks, while the bottom, which is attached to the lead line, sinks with its weight. When the seine is all payed out, heavy ropes, made fast to the staves at its ends, are carried in to the great windlasses at either end of the fishing-ground, at this place about eight hundred yards apart. The aggregate length of the seine with these ropes is not less than two miles and a half. During the time they are winding in the rope the oarsmen have a respite from their labors, and are seen enjoying it, lying in groups on the sand, and generally in the sun, like terrapins. Here they may snore until the staff appears, when they are called to their posts to take up and pile the netting as it is drawn in. The process of winding being now continued by lines tied to the lead line of the seine, which, as they successively appear, are attached to consecutive windlasses nearing the centre. The boats follow to receive the net until they arrive at the innermost windlasses of one-mule power, which are not more than sixty or eighty yards apart. Here, as before described, the men handle the rope themselves, land the haul, take up the intervening net, and put out immediately to do it all over again. The whole process takes from five to seven hours, averaging four hauls per day of twenty-four hours.

The shad and herring are the great staples for packing. The miscellaneous fish are sold on the beach, eaten by the fishermen and plantation negroes, or are carted with the offal to manure the adjoining lands.

The refuse fish commonly taken are sturgeon,

rock-cats, trout, perch, mullet, gar, gizzard-shad or ale-wife, hog-choke or flounder, lampreys, and common eels. Other varieties are sometimes taken, and among them the bug-fish, which, from its singularity, merits a particular description. In size and general appearance this fish resembles the herring, although there are external marks by which the practiced eye may easily distinguish them. The head of the bug-fish is more rounded than that of the herring, and its back and sides marked with irregular bars of a dark lead color, but its characteristic peculiarity is only discovered on opening the mouth, in which it carries a sort of parasitical bug. This singular animal belongs to the aquatic crustacea, bearing some resemblance to the shrimp or common crayfish, but not enough to be confounded with either, even by a casual observer. It is nearly colorless, and semi-transparent, like the fish found in subterranean waters which have never been exposed to light. This bug, however, has eyes which are black and prominent, and six legs on a side, each terminating in a single sharp hook, by which it retains its place in the fish's mouth. When drawn from its native element the bug-fish dies very soon, and is usually found with its mouth closed so tight that it requires a knife to force it open. The size of the occupant is proportioned to its domicil, and this fact alone proves conclusively that it is not an accidental or temporary tenant, but a permanent dweller in the fish's mouth. It is often found alive some time after the death of its carrier, and shows signs of life twenty-four hours after its removal from the fish. It makes no attempt at progressive motion either in the water or on land, but simply moves its legs and tail as if it had never been accustomed to a separate existence. The fishermen relate a number of curious stories about the bug-fish and its parasite, but as no opportunity offered to substantiate them by actual experiment, the author forbears to repeat them.

Mr. Crayon has taken the pains thus particularly to describe to us this queer fish, in the belief that naturalists have heretofore overlooked it. If this should prove to be the case, our traveler claims the honor of having added a scrap to ichthyological knowledge, and takes advantage of the privilege usually accorded, by naming the fish the *Harengus Porte Crayonensis*.

A first-class fishery employs from sixty to eighty persons, all negroes except the managers. These are for the most part free negroes, who live about in Chowan and the adjoining counties, and who, as the season approaches, gather in to the finny harvest as to an annual festival.

Although they depend almost entirely upon this employment for a livelihood, it is doubtful whether they could be induced to undergo the tremendous labor it involves, were they not passionately fond of the sport and excitement. If generally inferior in appearance to the sleek, well-fed slaves of the neighboring gentry, there are not wanting some fine-looking specimens among them, both male and female.

For instance, there is Betsy Sweat, herring-header at the Belvidere, who might serve some sentimentalist as the heroine of a romance. In her person lithe and graceful as a black panther, an expressive eye, a mouth indicating refinement and vigorous character uncommon in her race, and whether with keen-edged knife and admirable skill she whipped the heads off the silvery herrings, or with flaming torch in hand she rushed up the bank and stood waving it over the busy beach, she did every thing with an air that

WASHING SHAD.

BETSY SWEAT.

reminded one of the great tragedienne Rachel. What though Betsy was an abominable slattern, smoked a short-stemmed pipe almost incessantly, and would drink numerous consecutive jiggers of raw whisky without winking? The true romancer seizes the great and salient points of character, overlooking trivial defects, or noting them only as eccentricities of genius. It is said that Guido Reni could take a vulgar porter at the street corner, and from him draw a magnificent head; so may the skillful writer, by the power of imagination, make heroes and heroines of big negroes and beggars' brats. The world admires and weeps, but unfortunately the real blackamoor remains unwashed, and the poor child's head uncombed, as before.

We might now take a walk through the extensive cooperage and packing-rooms, but these subjects are too practical and smell rather fishy for the journal of a picturesque and sentimental tourist; we must, therefore, look out for more congenial subjects. Ah! here is something that promises better: a train of Gates County buggies, conducted by natives from the interior, come to buy fish.

The buggy, so called probably in derision, is a cart covered with a white cotton awning, drawn by a bony, barefooted horse with one eye. This is not a Cyclopean monster, as one versed in the classics might imagine, for the eye is not located in the middle of the forehead, but on one side, and the animal, on an average, is rather below the medium size. Nor were we able to ascertain whether Gates County furnished a one-eyed breed of horses, for our visitors from the interior are not communicative, their silence being apparently the result of diffidence. But they are acute observers, and sharp as a mowing-scythe at a bargain.

"That chap with the sorrel head would make a rare sketch."

"Neighbor," said the manager, "if you will sit for your portrait to this gentleman I'll make you a present of that fine string of rock-fish."

The native paused and looked at Crayon, who was busy pointing his pencils.

"I don't see," said he, tartly, "that I am any uglier than the rest of 'em."

"Certainly not, my friend," said Crayon, "you misapprehend my motive entirely. I merely desired your portrait as a remembrance, or rather a specimen—or a—" Here our artist closed up, and the manager snickered outright.

"I'll tell you what, Mister, you needn't think to make a fool of me; if you'll jest take a lookin' glass, and picter off what you see in it, you'll have a very good specimen of a bar."

"But, neighbor, don't go off at half-cock; here's another superb rock I'll add to the bunch."

The indignant countryman hesitated, and weighed the fish in his hand. "Well, you may take me if you can catch me while I'm bobbin' around, but I can't stop for you."

Having spent several days at the Belvidere, a hospitable invitation induced our traveler to move his quarters to the Montpelier Mansion, and his sketching operations to the fishing-ground belonging to that estate. The Montpelier beach is only about a mile distant from the Belvidere, and has the advantage over all others which he visited of being beautifully shaded by a growth of lofty trees.

Henry Hoffler, the master-fisherman at Montpelier, is a model of his class, and a character not to be passed over without a proper notice. In physiognomy and manner he reminds one of a "jimber-jawed" bull-dog—one of those fellows who never let go. With an indomitable perseverance and sturdy honesty invaluable in an ex-

ecutive offieer, he is a shrewd, skillful, and experieneed officer in his vocation.

No one knows better than he how to interpret the signs stenographed on sky and water, or can more certainly foretell, from wind and weather, the probable results of a haul; no one readier than he to face an unpropitious gale, or who can more skillfully bring a seine to land through a roaring surf.

Like all strong charaeters, Hoffler has his instinctive aversions, which have been indulged in until they have aequired, perhaps, an undue prominence. Loungers about the fishery he regards with inexpressible contempt, and endeavors to express it by calling them "Arabs"—a term of opprobrium not very clear in its meaning. His hatred of eels is an exaggerated sentiment, entirely disproportioned to the importance of its unfortunate objects. He carries a cane for the express purpose of killing them, and no sooner are the duties of landing a haul attended to than he gives way to his feelings, and falls to thrashing them, right and left, without merey, swearing against them with the only oath or exelamation he ever makes use of, "My blessed! I wish the seed of 'em was destroyed." Hoffler talks but little, and what he says is to the point; doubly impressive by being delivered in alternate squeaks and grunts—soprano and basso by turns. Round a corner one might mistake him for two men. Like William of Deloraine,

A NATIVE.

"Though rude, and scant of courtesy,"

there is a strong undereurrent of good feeling in the old fisherman's eharacter, and a kindly twinkle in his eye, that fully make amends for the rugged surface.

MY BLESSED!

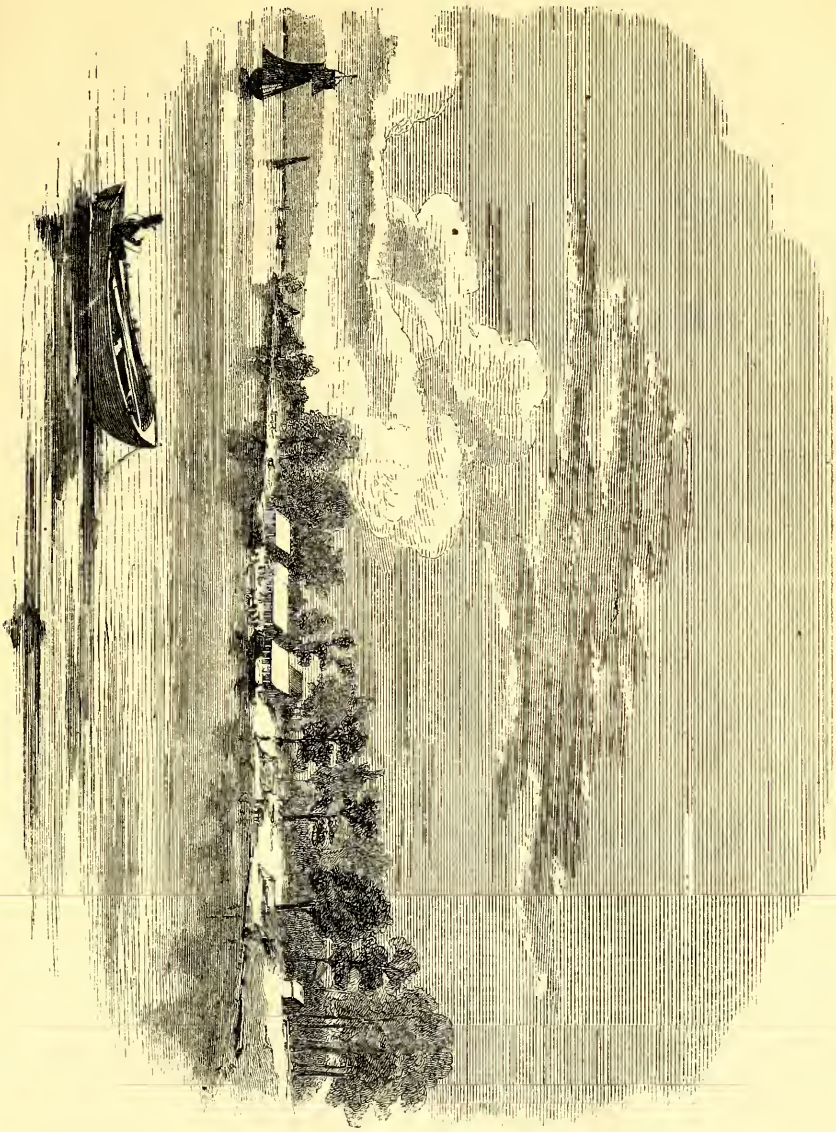
As our hero approached the beach, this redoubtable personage advaneed to meet him, and giving his hand an agonizing grip, thus saluted him:

"Good-mornin'; make yourself at home; look about."

"Thank you," replied Crayon. "I perceive you have just landed your nets, and have had a good haul."

Hoffler made no reply, but looked in his face for a moment, and then ran off to head an eel that was about escaping into the water. Jimmy, the eooper, who had laid down his adze to stare at the new-eomer, now hurried out of the shed.

"Hoffler, I say—easy in time—Hoffler, I've often heard



MONTALBERT DEL. ET LITH.

you talk about Arabs, but that's one of 'em, sure enough."

"My blessed!" said Hoffler, "did you hear him? Whar did he come from? The man don't know a net from a seine."

The seven or eight days that followed passed pleasantly enough at the fishery. There was, indeed, a sufficiency of the exciting and the picturesque to have interested both sportsman and artist for a much longer time. The visitor soon begins to feel a personal interest in the game. The hopes, the fears, the successes and disappointments of the fishery become his own. When the seine is out of sight upon the Sound he may sleep, sketch, or shoot gulls at pleasure; but when the back fins of the prey are seen playing about within the narrowing circle, he must needs throw down gun or pencil, and rush to the landing. When it happens that the seine is torn by the passage of a vessel, and the fish escape, he joins heartily in anathematizing the scoundrelly captain whose inconsiderate keel has wrought the damage, and concurs with facility in the general opinion that but for the break this would have been the greatest haul on record.

There is, too, sufficient variety in the incidents of each day to prevent the interest from flagging. Sometimes it happens that such immense shoals of fish are inclosed that the great seine can not be landed at once, and it becomes

necessary to cast smaller nets within the large one, to bring them ashore in detail. Sometimes they bring in sturgeon or rock-fish so large that there is reason to fear they may break the net in their struggles. Then negroes are sent in armed with spears and long-handed hooks to kill them and bring them to land singly. The most diverting incidents attend this part of the sport. The wary black wades into the water up to his waist, and, watching his opportunity, strikes the hook into the back of a stout sturgeon. The fish darts off, Cuffee holds on, and a struggle commences for life on one side and fame on the other. The fish leaps and flounders, the black pants and pulls. The spectators applaud one party or the other according to their sympathies, rending the air with shouts and laughter. The sturgeon makes a desperate plunge and jerks the pole out of Cuffee's hands—overwhelmed with reproaches, he splashes along in pursuit, and at length recovers his hold, but as he grasps it, loses his balance and disappears under the water. Presently he reappears, still hanging on to the hook. Two or three fellows rush in to his assistance, but the general voice cries, "Stand back! fair play!" By this time the negro's blood is up, and disdaining the advantage of a weapon, he leaps upon the sturgeon's back, unmindful of his rough saddle. The furious and bewildered fish darts away and lands himself and rider upon the sandy shore. Cuffee springs to his feet, and seizing his antagonist as Hercules hugged Antæus, bears him out of reach of his native element and slams him triumphantly upon the ground.

"Aha! got you now, you mizzible long-winded cuss!"

The grinning victor is applauded, and receives an extra dram as his reward.

Without noticing Hoffler's especial enemies, the Arabs, the society on the beach is varied daily by the arrival of legitimate and characteristic visitors. There is the Yankee sea-captain, whose vessel rides in the offing, a shrewd, entertaining fellow, who can tell quaint stories of sea-faring life, and quiz the provincials, who come down with their buggies to get a thousand herring and a few dozen *pcarch* or so.

AUNT ROSE.

MONTPELIER BEACH.

Then there comes old Aunt Rose, with a basket on her arm, to be filled with cat-fish or "some o' dem red hosses," as she styles the suckers. Aunt Rose is communicative enough considering the amount she has to communicate. You drop a dime into her basket and civilly inquire her age.

"Lord bless you, honey, how does I know? I was borned over on toder side of de Sound—white folks over dar knows. Lemme see, when ole miss's mother was married I was den a right smart gal—dat makes me a risin' o' sixty, or seventy, or maybe bout a hundred—any way, white folks over de Sound knows."

When more exciting entertainment was wanting, one could help old Hoffler to kill eels—not in his absurd way by beating them with a bludgeon, but more considerately by sticking a knife through their tails, making a groove in the sand, and laying them in it on their backs, or dropping them alive into a barrel of pickle.

"Mr. Crayon, Mr. Crayon! could you have so far forgotten personal dignity and the common sentiments of humanity? This comes of a man traveling off by himself without the elevating and civilizing companionship of the softer sex."

Porte Crayon looked at us fixedly for some moments.

"I do think," he at length replied, "that if entirely deprived of the society of women, men would in a short time relapse into barbarism; but I also think your sentimentality about the eels extremely ridiculous."

If, at length, the sports on the beach grow stale from custom, the sojourner may find something to interest him in the adjoining country. Bordering on the Sound and around Edenton are many handsome residences and well-improved estates, whose names, Belvidere, Montpelier, Mulberry Hill, etc., in a country almost as level as the surface of the water, exhibit the disposition of the human mind to cherish pleasant illusions in the midst of adverse circumstances.

Here, on an April day, drinking in the perfumed air, the earth around him just bursting into luxuriant bloom, making the simple consciousness of existence a soul-filling delight, the stranger first begins to realize his ideal of Southern life—a life that for the Northern world exists only in books and dreams. But to complete our picture in a more satisfactory manner, let us dwell upon it a little longer—let us live through a day together.

Imagine yourself a guest in one of those hospitable mansions. Shall we begin the day at sunrise? If so, then you must imagine yourself in bed, the sun bidding you good-morning through a screen of honey-suckles or rose bushes; you lie half conscious of existence, recalling a night of moonlight, mocking-birds, and pleasant dreams. Presently, with noiseless step, a servant glides into your room, and you hear the fresh water gushing into your pitcher, suggesting thoughts of Moorish fountains, and then you eateh a glimpse of the retreating shadow carrying off your boots. Again you relapse into

dreams. How long it matters not; but the blissful trance is at length broken by a soft voice—"Breakfast is ready, Sir." The idea of breakfast is a stimulant, and you start up. A fresh-washed, bright-eyed boy of five years old stands beside you, joyful messenger, hopeful scion of a gentle race, practicing the sweet courtesies of social life ere his tongue has lost the lisp of infancy. "Thank you, little master; I'll be there anon."

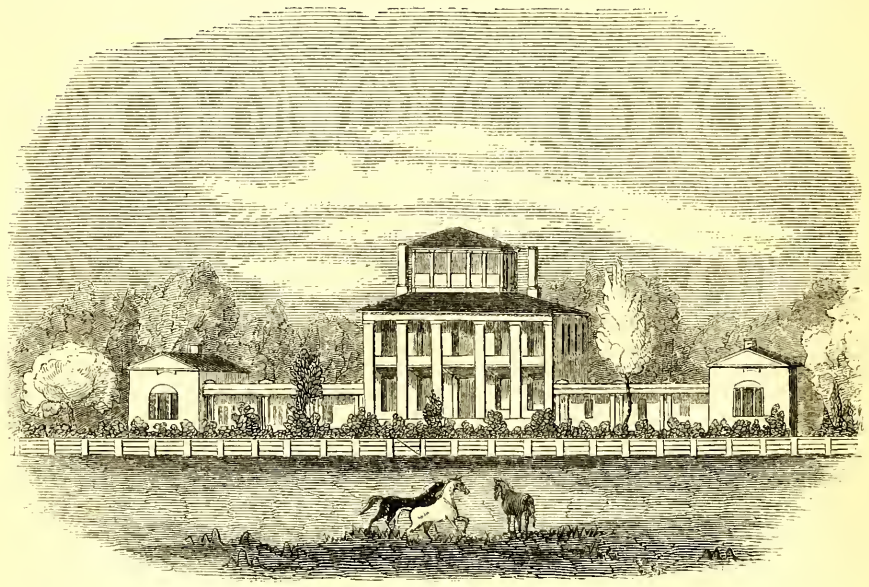
Now you may make your toilet without more circumlocution. After coffee and hot cakes, seasoned with broiled shad, ham and eggs, or any other delicacy of the season that may have been incidentally alluded to on the preceding evening, you are ready to begin the day. A visit to some of the neighboring fisheries is suggested. It promises nothing new, but the trip itself will be agreeable. The visit is considerately determined upon. Then shall we go by land or water? The buggy stands at the gate, and the boat is anchored off the beach. The roads are smooth, and the trotter paws the ground impatiently. The breeze is freshening over the Sound, and the yacht will carry us gallantly.

"Let them put up the trotter. Ned! get the boat ready."

A stout sailor-looking black draws up the craft and rigs the mast in a trice. "Push off, good-by!" and away we dart, like a white gull, into the middle of the Sound. Our vessel moves like a race-horse, tacking in and out, with a spanking breeze on her quarter. Sometimes leaving the fisheries on the northern shore almost out of sight, then bearing down upon them so near that you might hail the foreman to ask, "What luck?"

NED.

So we go down the Sound some eight or ten miles, far enough to have a good run back before the wind. But it would not be neighborly to return without calling in to pay our respects and to inquire after the success of our friends. So we run in to a landing, are warmly welcomed, of course, invited up to the office, where we take some refreshment, also, of course. [N.B. The water in flat countries is considered unwholesome for strangers, and is not highly esteemed by the natives themselves.] Then, in a cheerful, friendly way, we begin to compare our fishing experiences. How many shad and how many herring we've averaged; what they are doing at Benbury's; what hauls Cheshire has made, and how Wood is getting on. A week's visit is sufficient to make one feel himself a full partner in any of the fisheries, and the visitor always



SEAT OF JAMES C. JOHNSON, ESQ.

speaks of our beach and our hauls. Now it is time to go.

"But, gentlemen, you must positively stay to dinner. We can offer you no great temptation; only a fisherman's fare, the best we have, and a hearty welcome."

That might tempt a prince; but we've arranged to dine at home, and so we take leave, and are presently driving before the wind at the rate of two-forty, or thereabout—we can't be very exact, as we have no thermometer. After dinner we may drive to Edenton or not as we feel disposed. For my part I prefer lounging about the shore, taking a siesta, perhaps, under an arbor of wild vines.

Gorgeous in purple and gold the sun sinks beneath the distant horizon. The breeze has lulled, and the calm water reflects the violet-tinted sky like a vast mirror. With a wild and pleasing melody the songs of the distant fishermen break the stillness of the evening, and the eye may now trace the whole circuit of the seine, dotted for a mile or more on the glassy surface of the Sound.

But mark that dead cedar, half clothed in a gauzy robe of vines; how entreatingly it seems to stretch its skeleton arms over something at its foot, like hopeless, half-frantic Niobe, shielding the last of her children. Here, indeed, is a little grass-grown space, respected by the plowman, and two old tombs almost hidden by the overhanging vines. Push these away, and there is still light enough to enable us to read the quaint inscriptions.

HERE LYES INTERRED Ye BODY OF
HENDERSON WALKER, ESQR., PRESIDENT OF
Ye COUNCIL AND COMMANDER IN CHEIF OF
NORTH CAROLINA, DURING WHOSE
ADMINISTRATION Ye PROVINCE INJOYED
THAT TRANQUILITY WHICH IS TO BE WISHED
IT MAY NEVER WANT. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
APRIL Ye 14TH, 1704. AGED 44 YEARS.

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THIS TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF GEORGE LILLINGTON, SON OF MAJOR
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, WHO DECd. IN Ye 15 YEAR OF
HIS AGE, ANNO 1703.

HERE LYES THE BODY OF
ANNE MOSELY,
WIFE OF EDWARD MOSELY, ESQ.,
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF MAJOR
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, ESQ., AND THE
WIDOW OF THE HONble. HENDERSON WALKER,
ESQ., LATE PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S
COUNCIL OF NORTH CAROLINA.
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOVEMBER 18, ANNO DONY. 1732,
AGED 55 YEARS & 5 MONTHS.

The tombs are situated on a point of land, not far from the water, and sufficiently elevated above it to command an extensive prospect in every direction. Altogether, we have seldom seen a more romantic spot for a burial-place.

GOVERNOR WALKER'S TOMB.

The unpretending tablets are still in good preservation, having been treated leniently by time, and bearing no marks from the hand of that wanton desecrator, man. Are our brethren of North Carolina more elevated in moral civilization than their neighbors, or have the voiceless prayers of the old cedar prevailed?

By a singular coincidence we happened here on the 14th of April, the anniversary of the Governor's death. A hundred and fifty-two years had elapsed since he had made his honored exit from the stage of life. Here was suggestion enough for thought, but a man's reflections while sitting on a tomb-stone will scarcely be appreciated by one lounging on a cut-velvet sofa, so we will discreetly pass them over. Nathless we tarried there until the chill moon marked our shadow upon the trunk of the blasted cedar, and the mocking-bird, whose nest was in the old grape-vine, began his evening song.

But in these listless wanderings we must not overlook our central point, the old historic town of Edenton. This place was established in the year 1716, and was originally called Queen Anne's Creek, which name was afterward changed to Edenton, in compliment to Charles Eden, the royal governor of the province, appointed in 1720. The early records of the courts are said to contain matter of great historic interest, but these are now at Raleigh, the capital of the State. Porte Crayon told us privately that he was glad of it, and also intimated that he infinitely preferred fresh shad to musty records. This, from a pretender to scholarship, is an audacious admission; but the good-natured public will, perhaps, excuse him.

We will, however, on our own responsibility, venture to quote two suggestive items from Wheeler's History:

"From an old custom-house book, now in possession of

J. M. Jones, Esq., of Edenton, it appears that in July, 1768, the ship Amelia cleared hence, with an assorted cargo, among which were three bags of cotton."

"By some strange freak of circumstance, many years ago, there was found at Gibraltar a beautiful picture, done in a skillful style, enameled on glass, 'A Meeting of the Ladies of Edenton Destroying the Tea, when Taxed by the English Parliament.' This picture was procured by some of the officers of our navy, and was sent to Edenton, where I saw it, in 1830."

It is to be regretted that Porte Crayon did not get a sight of this painting, that the world might have heard more of it, and that the patriotism of the ladies of Edenton might have been blazoned beside that of the men of Boston, which has figured in so many bad wood-cuts.

The modern Edenton is a pleasant little place, of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, who seem to take the world very philosophically. It contains a number of neat, old-fashioned residences, and several of more recent construction, that would figure handsomely in the environs of New York.

The court-house green, sloping down to the water's edge, and shaded with fine old trees, is one of the chief attractions of the village. The ivy-mantled church, St. Paul's, was built about 1725, and is evidently the pet of the place. The handsomely improved cemetery around it gives ample evidence of the wealth and cultivated taste of the community.

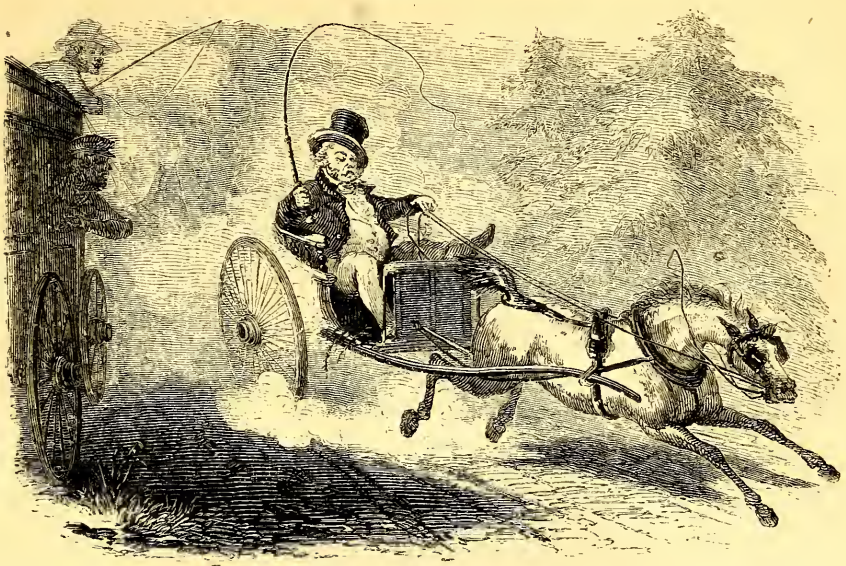
"To speak further," says Mr. Crayon, "of those matters which were especially pleasing to me—the quiet streets and deserted wharves—might be deemed superfluous by those who think a town without commerce is dead and half dishonored. But to one thoroughly disgusted with the haste and hubbub of large cities, there is an air of blest repose, of good-humored languor hanging about these old towns that is positively enchanting." But, like the voyager on the stream of life, we are not permitted long to linger on the green spots where pleasant flowers bloom. We can but cull a boquet in passing, enjoy its evanescent bloom, retain a few dried and colorless impressions in the leaves of a book, and hasten on our way, happy if the interval is short between the fading twilight of regret and the fresh dawn of expectation.

Porte Crayon had his knapsack packed and buckled down, but as the steamer which was to convey him to Plymouth was not expected until late in the afternoon, he determined to take a parting look at the fisheries, to shake honest Hoffler by the hand, and once more bid adieu to his kind and hospitable entertainers.

"Hoffler!" said Jimmy, the cooper, "easy in time: I've found it out. That's none of your Arabs; that's the author of *Harper's Magazine!*"

"Don't tell me, Jimmy; Boss said he was a man of mark—had traveled; but, my blessed, he don't know a net from a seine!"

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, EDENTON.



MAJOR BULBOUS.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

II.—THE PINY WOODS.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this country sways,
And all the widely silent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
THOMSON.

NEARLY the whole of the eastern part of North Carolina is covered with pine forests, extending from the swampy country bordering the sea-board as far back as Raleigh, the capital of the State. This section is sparsely populated, but little improved, and although it furnishes the greater portion of all the resinous matter used in ship-building in the United States, it has hitherto been little known. It is called by the Carolinians "The Piny Woods," and we must prepare to follow our persevering traveler, Porte Crayon, in his wanderings through this primitive and lonely region.

At Plymouth we find him seated on the porch, at Enoch Jones's Hotel, looking as lazy and listless as if he were a citizen of the place. Plymouth, we believe, is the county town of Washington, situated on the opposite side of the Sound from Edenton, a short distance up the Roanoke, and contains a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

It is the successful commercial rival of Edenton, and plumes itself on its business activity, not without reason, for Crayon reports that its wharves were crowded with six or seven sloops; and during the day he staid there, no less than three vessels loaded with lumber hauled up to take in grog and then passed on their way. The shores of the Roanoke in the vicinity are low and swampy, and although the village is not unpleasing to the eye, it contains nothing of sufficient interest to detain the traveler long. How Porte Crayon came to remain here for thirty-six hours, happened in this wise.

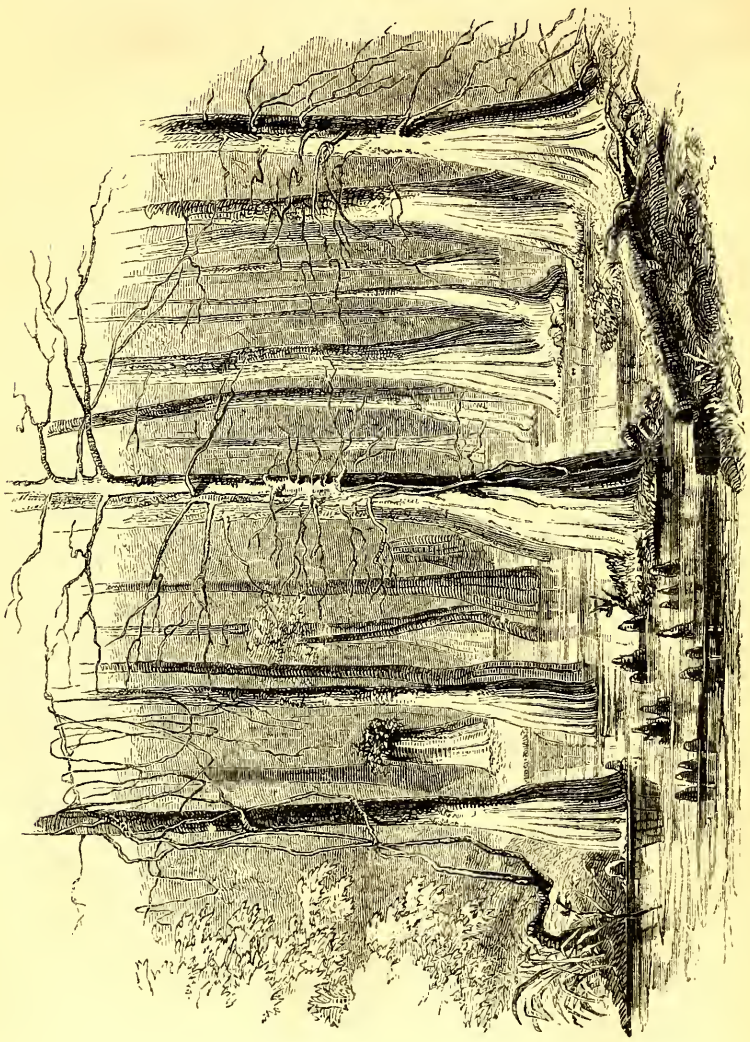
He had been extremely desirous to obtain a passage to Roanoke Island, and having failed to do so on the other side of the Sound, had hopes of being able here to find a vessel outward-bound. Accompanied by his obliging landlord, he visited several taverns and doggeries near the river, and at length found the commander of a lumber sloop, whose vessel was to sail seaward at early dawn next morning. Crayon felicitated himself on this fortunate rencontre, and the captain cheerfully agreed to take a passenger, at the same time dropping a modest hint about rough fare. A Roanoke Islander, who was returning home by the same vessel, also volunteered to attend at the appointed hour with his canoe at the steamboat landing, to take our hero aboard the vessel, which lay out in the stream. This was most satisfactory. The agreement was forthwith sealed with a glass of "something all round," and Crayon returned to his quarters in a state of pleasurable excitement. That night he dreamed of taking a glass of grog with Captains Barlow and Amidas. Then the bronzed and weather-beaten faces of these worthies faded away, and still wandering in dreams, he was in an extensive grove of live-oaks.

"I delight in dreams," quoth Crayon. "In dreams only can the soul realize its full capacity for feeling. When cold, tyrannical reason sleeps, fancy may revel unchidden and unchecked, like a joyous child when a captious, repressing step-mother is away. What though the dreamer's hunger is never satisfied, and his thirst never quenched—what though his bliss is fleeting as the gilding of a morning cloud—tell

me, ye that know, wherein our waking life is better?

"But to return to my dream: straying through this grove of live-oaks for some distance, I at length came upon an open space where stood an Indian encampment. All seemed to be filled with life, yet all was silence. As I passed along in the midst, apparently unnoticed, I saw groups of grim-painted warriors leaning on their bows and war-clubs; others reclined in front of their lodges, smoking; while others were employed in sharpening their spears and feathering their bone-pointed arrows. Copper-colored children rolled and tumbled over the grass, and leather-faced squaws were variously occupied in all the domestic drudgeries of the camp.

"I paused at length before a lodge whose superior size and decorations proclaimed the dwelling of a chieftain. As I gazed in dreamy wonder the grass-woven screen which served as a door was pushed aside, and a maiden of exquisite beauty came forth. As she stood for a time in thoughtful silence, I had opportunity to consider the matchless beauty of her face, and the faultless symmetry of her form, which, if it could not be improved, was but little marred by the barbaric splendor of her costume. Her tunic was of woven bark tissue, white as paper and light as silk, curiously and beautifully wrought with many-colored shells. Her dainty feet were half hidden in embroidered moccasins, her wrists and ankles clasped by bands of shining gold. A richly-ornamented sash bound her delicate waist, and a necklace of gold and white coral hung about her neck. Though her attire was that of an Indian princess, her skin was of dazzling whiteness, and her dimpled cheek



CYPRESS SWAMP.

flushed with the freshest rose. Her round, wondering eyes were of a tender blue, and the plumy circlet on her head rested on a luxuriant mass of flaxen hair, that fell in wild ringlets over her graceful shoulders, and downward until it became entangled with the shell-wrought fringe of her girdle.

"At the appearance of this bright vision there was a general movement in the camp, and the warriors approached her with looks of mingled love and reverence. More than one young brave, of tall and goodly person, gallantly betrophied with eagles' feathers and bears' claws, advanced tremblingly as if to proffer service, but a gentle wave of her white hand sent them crestfallen and disappointed back.

"Then a more aged man approached, who, by his dress, might have been a priest or prophet. He was profusely decked with golden ornaments; a broad gold ring hung in his nose, and in the wide slits in his enormous ears were twined two living green snakes, whose loathsome beauty seemed fitly to decorate the hideous head that bore them. As he advanced with more audacity than the rest, the maiden's childlike face changed its expression of thoughtful dignity to one of disgust, and half of terror. Yet, as if unused to fear, she stamped her little foot like an angered fawn, and waved him off with quick and imperious gesture. Sullen and vengeful was the scowl that darkened his face as he retired; but neither respect for the great brave, nor awe of the mighty necromancer, could repress the gleam of satisfaction that lighted the faces of the younger warriors at this discomfiture.

VIRGINIA DARE.

"The beautiful princess went her way alone, by a path which led to the forest shade. Unseen and unregarded as a spirit in the land of the living, I followed her springing footsteps—half wondering, half worshiping. When she had gone a long way from the camp, and reached a secluded spot in the forest, she paused and stood in an attitude of anxious expectation. Her suspense was of short duration, for presently an arrow, bound with flowers, fell at her feet. She started, a flush of pleasure overspread her face, and ere she could stoop to take up the messenger of joy, a princely youth came bounding through the woodland and knelt at her feet. With a look full of idolatrous love, he bowed himself; but she raised him up, and ere long her flaxen tresses were nestled lovingly upon that manly breast.

"Then a thought flashed upon me like a gleam of sunshine in a shady dell. 'It is, it is! it must be she! she did not perish with the rest! She was saved—saved, sweet, exotic flower! to bloom so gloriously in the far wilderness amidst these savage weeds of humanity—to reign a queen over these rude beasts—to be worshiped, perhaps idolized! Ah me! with such a divinity it would not be very hard to turn idolator. Could I but speak now, to claim kindred with her—first-born of English blood upon this mighty continent—Virginia Dare—to hear, mayhap, from her sweet lips, something of the fate of that lost colony; something to fill that mournfulest blank in the pages of history.'

"Too late; for suddenly a yell broke on my ear,

> 'As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
> Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.'

A hundred shadowy forms came rushing through the forest, and foremost of all the ring-nosed prophet, with snaky eyes bent on the youthful lovers. 'Accursed juggler!' I cried, 'this is your villainy. But your blasting eyes shall never see their capture!' With superhuman energy I leaped upon him, and as we fell he uttered a frantic scream—which woke me.

"I found myself standing in the middle of my room at Enoch Jones's, and became aware that an obstreperous shanghai in a tree hard by was crowing for day. If I could but have spoken to her," continued Crayon, "I should

have been content to die, and have been a happier man for the rest of my life."

Hurrying on his clothes, and slinging his knapsack, our hero hastened to the place of rendezvous on the banks of the river. He arrived a little before the appointed hour, and finding no one to meet him, shouted, called, and signaled in vain, until the time was past. He then visited the half dozen tenantless sloops lying at the wharves, thinking it possible that the *Empire* might have changed her position during the night; and, finally, wearied with the fruitless search, he lay down upon a bale of cotton and slept. About sunrise the wharf-master came down, and informed him that the faithless skipper had weighed anchor about midnight, and by this time was probably far out on the Sound. Sloth and philosophy are said to be near akin, but it required the assistance of both to enable Crayon to keep cool on the reception of this intelligence. To his honor be it said, that he succeeded in his efforts. He only shrugged his shoulders, and mildly expressed a hope that the sloop with her commander might sink to the bottom of the sea, and then, feeling amiable as Uncle Toby, returned to the hotel.

The attempt to get off by this line having proved a failure, Crayon ascertained that the stage-coach for Washington started early on the following morning. Here was a chance, but what was he to do in the mean time. The loungers on the tavern porch spent the morning in discussing the merits of a dispute between Williamston, a little place up the Roanoke, and the proprietors of the steamboat line. The Williamstonians desired the extension of the line to their city. The boats thought it wouldn't pay; hence the controversy. As there was not much in the subject, it died out about the heat of the day, and then followed a dead calm. This was disturbed at intervals by a dog-fight; a negro brat tumbling down the steps; and, finally, about twelve o'clock, by a drunken fellow who called for "licker." The request was negatived. Boosey obstreperously insisted. The landlord stood firm, and there was great hope of a row. But just at the crisis of the dispute, Boosey basely yielded and retired—so completely does drunkenness undermine a man's high moral nature.

After dinner, Crayon repaired to the wharf and sat upon the cotton bales again, from whence he watched two boys fishing. They caught nothing, and our hero sunk to sleep.

Toward evening the tavern porch got more lively. Some one had set a negro boy to trying the speed of a trotter up and down the level street, and this entertainment collected all the available idlers and horse-fanciers in the vicinity.

"That hoss," said the stage-driver, addressing himself to Mr. Crayon, "that hoss reminds me of a hoss that old Major Bulbous used to drive in that old stick gig of his'n. I see him once," continued the narrator, "atwixt G—— and E——, where I druv a coach for a while, a-coming up through the Piny Woods, in sich a pickle as I never see a man before or sence. At fust I thought it was one of these steam-engines tearing along the road by itself, but as he come alongside I see it was the Major in his gig. His skin was pretty full, he was driving like thunder, and his gig all afire. 'Halloo, Major,' says I, 'stop!' But he only cussed me black and blue. Then one of the passengers cried out, 'Halloo, old fellow, whar did you come from?' 'From hell,' says he, giving his hoss the whip. 'Well, I should have thought so

TAR-KILN.

from appearanees,' said the passenger. By this time the Major was out of sight, leaving a streak of smoke behind him, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. No doubt the gig eaught fire from a eigar, for he was mueh in the habit of smoking as he traveled."

"And what beeame of him?"

"Why, they say, in passing through the swamp near his house, the wheel struck a eypress-knee and flung him out into the water. The horse run home with the gig in a blaze, and made straight for the barn-yard. By good luck the gate was shut, or he might have set the whole premises on fire. They say the Major didn't get drunk for well-nigh a month arterward."

From Plymouth to Washington the road is generally good, aud the coaches make very fair speed. Nevertheless, the leisurely habits of the people during the necessary stoppages for watering and changing teams, give ample time to note the peculiarities of the country. Its features are monotonous in the extreme, varied only by alternate swamp and piny woods; the former bordering the water-courses, the latter eovering the sandy ridges between.

These forests are of the long-leafed pine, the *Pinus palustris* of the Southern States. From them is gathered one of the great staples of North Carolina—the turpentine. And although this produet and its derivatives are, in our eountry, almost in as common use as bread and meat, very little is known of the manner of proeuring them. We will therefore endeavor to deseribe it accurately, relying upon such sketches and observations as Crayon was enabled to make during his tour.

SCRAPING TURPENTINE.

These trees at maturity are seventy or eighty feet high, and their trunks eighteen or twenty inches in diameter near the base. They grow close together, very straight, and without branches to two-thirds of their height. Overhead, their interlocking crowns form a continuous shady canopy; while beneath, the ground is covered with a thick, yellow matting of pine-straw, clean, dry, level, and unbroken by undergrowth. The privilege of tapping the trees is generally farmed out by the landowner, at a stated price per thousand, say from twenty to thirty dollars. Under this privilege the laborer commences his operations. During the winter he chops deep notches in the base of the tree, a few inches from the ground, and slanting inward. Above, to the height of two or three feet, the surface is scarified by chipping off the bark and outer wood. From this surfaee the resinous sap begins to flow about the middle of March, at first very slowly, but more rapidly during the heat of summer, and slowly again as winter approaches. The liquid turpentine runs into the notches, or boxes, as they are technically called, each holding from a quart to half a gallon. This, as it gathers, is dipped out with a wooden spoon, barreled, and carried to market, where it commands the highest price. That which oozes out and hardens upon the scarified surfaee of the tree is scraped down with an iron instrument into a sort of hod, and is sold at an inferior price. Every year the process of scarifying is carried two or three feet higher up the trunk, until it reaches the height of twelve or fifteen feet—as high as a man can conveniently reach with his long-handled cutter. When this ceases to yield, the same process is commenced on the opposite side of the trunk. An average yield is about twenty-five barrels of turpentine from a thousand trees, and it is estimated that one man will dip ten thousand boxes.

The produce is carried to market on a sort of dray or cart which holds but two barrels, consequently the barrels are always seen setting about in the woods in couples. The trees at length die under these repeated operations. They are then felled, split into small sticks, and burned for tar. The dead trees are preferred for this purpose, because when life ceases the resinous matter concentrates in the interior layers of the wood. In building a tar-kiln a small circular mound of earth is first raised, declining from the circumferenee to the centre, where a cavity is formed, communicating by a conduit with a shallow ditch surrounding the

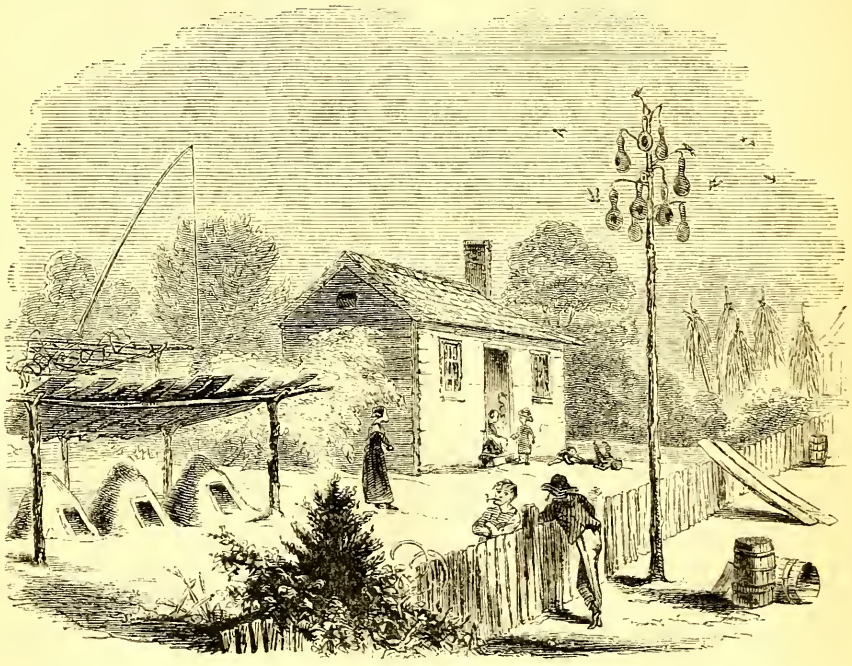
mound. Upon this foundation the split sticks are stacked to the height of ten or twelve feet.

The stack is then covered with earth as in making charcoal, and the fire applied through an opening in the top. As this continues to burn with a smouldering heat, the wood is charred, and the tar flows into the cavity in the centre, and thence by the conduit into the ditch, or into vessels sunk to receive it.

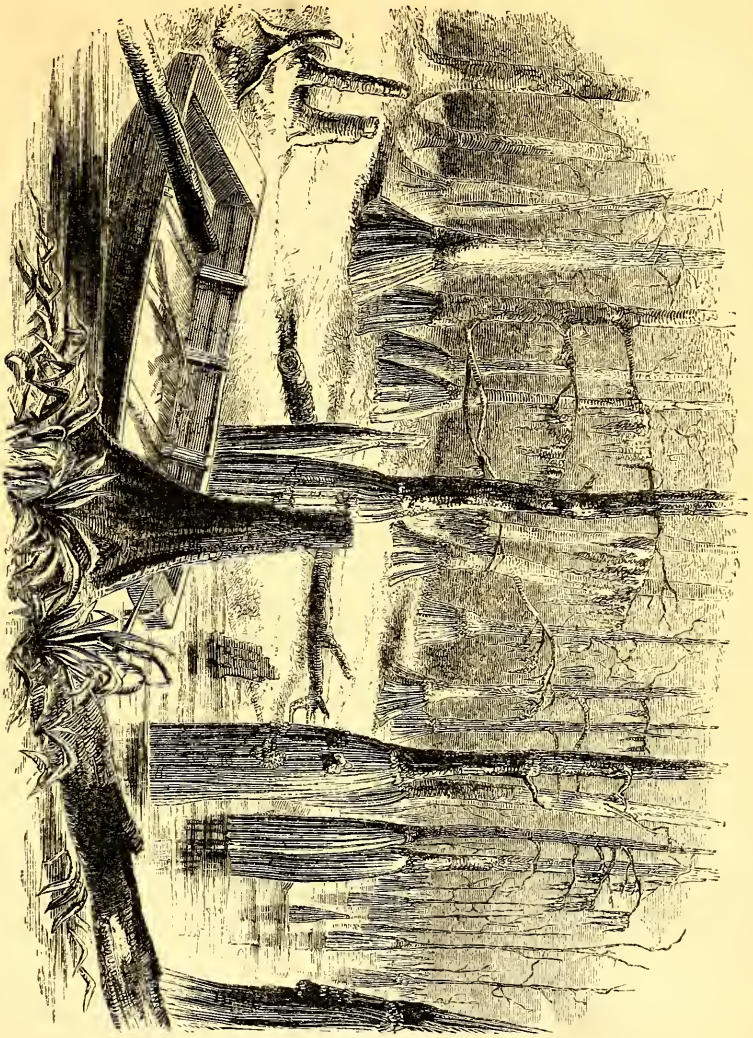
In a country endowed by nature with such unlimited plantations, yielding their valuable products for so small an amount of labor, one might expect to see some signs of wealth and prosperity; yet here all appearances seem to indicate the reverse. Human habitations are few and far between; and when found, are but little better in appearance than the huts of our Western borderers. An accurate observer, however, may see about the dwellings in the Piny Woods many little peculiarities indicative of an older civilization. They almost always have fruit trees about them, and a trellis supporting an extensive scuppernong grape-vine. There are besides four characteristic indispensables to every cottage: a well-sweep with a cypress-knee bucket, in shape and size like a slouched hat; a group of slim fodder-stacks, made of corn-blades tied to high stakes; three sweet potato hills, carefully protected, and a tall pole hung with empty gourds to entertain the martins. This unfailing care to provide for the comfort of these social chattering little sojourners impresses the stranger favorably in regard to the inhabitants of this region, and if circumstances should throw him upon their simple hospitality he will not be disappointed.

After traveling some twelve miles by the coach Crayon resolved to see more of the country than could conveniently be viewed from his seat beside the driver; consequently he shouldered his knapsack and thenceforth pursued his journey on foot. Turning from the main road into the first by-path that presented itself, he was soon wandering *ad libitum* among the turpentine-trees. It is impossible to resist the feeling of loneliness that creeps over one on entering these silent forests, or to repress a sentiment of superstitious dread as you glance through the sombre many-columned aisles, stretching away on every side in interminable perspective. Where the trees have been recently blazed, the square-cut markings, white on the black trunks, strikingly resemble marble grave-stones, and the traveler may imagine himself in a vast cemetery. In the older workings, if he should pass near the hour of twilight, he may see misty white, horned ghosts, starting and staring from every tree—silence and monotony, like two evil spirits following every where, suggesting uncouth and dreary fancies.

Our hero at length came to an old milldam, grown up with cypresses, presenting altogether so unique a picture that he tarried to sketch it. His drawing was nearly completed when he remarked the slanting rays of the sun upon the trees, and not without some feeling of uneasiness he hastily put up his work and resumed his journey. He had not walked more than a quarter of a mile, however, before he had the pleasure of seeing a clump of gourds towering over the trees.



PINY WOODS COTTAGE.



OLD MILDAM.

The house which our hero approached had a lonely, dilapidated look, and even the gourds on the martin pole appeared to be tenantless.

His doubt as to whether the place was inhabited was soon resolved by the appearance of a small man, who rushed from the front door pursued by a tall virago with a broomstick in her hand. The high-toned clatter of the woman's tongue and the rapid thwacks of the stick, with which she belabored him over the head and shoulders, completely drowned the man's voice in any prayers or remonstrances he might have attempted. His principal defense, therefore, was confined to dodging, at which he seemed well practiced.

Porte Crayon, being naturally of a chivalrous temper, was on the point of rushing forward to espouse the cause of the weaker party, but in consideration of the general impropriety of mingling in domestic feuds, and the particular manner in which the woman handled the broomstick, he restrained the generous impulse, and withdrawing himself from sight behind a tree, remained a quiet spectator of the scene. As the couple made the circuit of the inclosure in front of the house he was also enabled to understand the cause of the difficulty.

It seemed that the man having got through the proceeds of the last sale of turpentine, instead of gathering more, as he was ordered, had robbed two of madam's sitting hens and sold the eggs, the proceeds whereof he had invested in whisky. This last charge was denied at first, and only admitted when a second tour of the yard was nearly completed. The broomstick was then discontinued, and the Amazon retired into the house, whence issued at intervals a smothered blast from her yet unsatisfied tongue.

The little man, with a dejected countenance, seated himself upon a lame wood-horse, appearing upon the whole, however, as if he was rather pleased that it was all over. Just then a solitary martin perched himself upon the pole, and after some consideration entered one of the gourds. A moment after there was a furious chattering that might have been heard a hundred yards off, and the gourd began to swing to and fro. At length two birds, with a cloud of dried twigs and feathers, tumbled out of the opening and fell fluttering to the ground. So fierce was the combat that they had nearly fallen a prey to a hungry-looking gray cat that was watching near. At this the little man began to laugh, when the woman reappeared at the door, and, in a loud voice, ordered him to go to his work. Without looking up he rose, and entering a log building hard by that looked like a turkey pen, he commenced pegging away merrily at a pair of shoes.

From motives of delicacy Porte Crayon did not wish to remain longer a witness to these family differences, and as soon as he could do so unperceived, made his escape. But where was he to go? That was a serious question. What he had just seen was rather calculated to mar the prospect of a night's repose. But Crayon was an old stager. "A calm," said he, "generally succeeds a storm; I will return to the old milldam, finish my drawing, and then come back to claim their hospitality. In the course of half an hour the clouds will have rolled away." Carrying out the resolve, he returned to the gate a second time just as the sun was setting. No sooner had the proprietor laid eyes on him than he threw down his lap-stone and hurried to meet him, with a countenance beaming with delight.

Scarcely allowing the traveler time to tell his needs, he overwhelmed him with proffers of hospitality. Pleased with the free cordiality of this welcome, our hero still entertained some unhappy forebodings, which the next moment sufficiently justified. The heroine of the broomstick, armed this time with a large wooden spoon, and wearing an awful scowl on her countenance, came forward.

"No man can't stay here to-night," said she, in a voice that rang like the shriek of a Pythoness. "You nasty, good-for-nothing, sneaking creeter, have you the drotted impudence to ask a stranger to stay in your house when your own family is starving? You hain't had a mouthful of meat for a week. Let the man go to Squire Smith's, where he can get something to eat."

Crayon hesitated, and then humbly taking off his cap, inquired how far it was to Squire Smith's.

"It don't make any difference how far it is, you can't stay here."

"For God's sake, stranger, don't go," whispered the cobbler. "It's good five mile, and you'll git lost in the swamp sure as you're born."

Crayon winked at the cobbler.

"Madam," said he, respectfully, "if I am to go on, will you have the goodness to give me a drink of water?"

"Water's plenty, at least sich as it is," said she, pointing to the bucket in which floated a gourd. Crayon crossed the threshold, helped himself to a drink, and then took his seat on a three-legged stool. The matron cast a furious look at him, and with three consecutive kicks sent as many dogs howling out of the cabin.

Our hero rose—"Madam, I am a stranger in this country, and don't know the paths. It is now nearly dark, and I expect to lose myself in the swamp; but rather than put a lady to any inconvenience, I will even run that risk. I bid you good-evening."

Here he offered his hand, which was rather reluctantly accepted, and, on withdrawing it, managed to leave half a dollar sticking to the lady's palm. The cobbler, who had stood aloof during this scene, now ventured to put in a propitiatory word.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the gentleman must go, I might go with him as far as the Squire's."

"Go mend them shoes, you mean, sneaking brute. Didn't you promise 'em for to-morrow morning — you sorry onreliable pretense of a man? If the gentleman can't go without you to show him the way he had better stay, that's all; and if he can make up his mind to put up with our poor entertainment, I reckon it's rather late for him to go, anyhow."

During this speech Crayon unslung his knapsack, hung it on the bed-post, and made himself generally at home. Several cotton-headed urchins had now gathered in, and stood staring at the newcomer with all their eyes. Attracted to the door by the sound of

JUSTICE.

horses' hoofs, our hero next saw a strapping girl, about sixteen, astride of a gray pony without saddle or bridle, driving up a couple of cows. A profusion of coal-black hair hung in elf locks about her neck and face, and her great black eyes danced like a rabbit's. In fact, she was pretty—a softened image of her mother without the broomstick.

"Sal! Sal! you abominable hussy, git off that hoss. Don't you see the strange gentleman?"

Sal's countenance fell; she bounced from her seat, stuck her finger in her mouth, and, by a circuitous path, gained the back part of the house.

Presently Crayon observed the cobbler very earnestly making signs to him from his workshop; he accordingly entered, and took a seat opposite him on a roll of sole leather.

SAL.

"I am mighty glad, Sir, you've made up your mind to pass the night with us. It goes agin me to see a stranger turn from my door; but Lord bless you, Sir, you know women—they will talk." Here the speaker gave Mr. Crayon a facetious and significant wink. "P'r'aps there's no meat, but I'm goin' to town to-morrow to lay in a supply. The fact is, I'm 'mazin' fond of talkin' when I meet a friendly, sociable gentleman. I should judge you've been round some; 'pears you know a thing or two. So do I. I've been in pretty nigh every State in this Union. I traveled round when I was a jour'; then I served in the army a while. I was with the volunteers in Mexico. I was in all them battles, and entered the city of Mexico with General Taylor."

"Scott, you mean," suggested Crayon.

"Scott it was. Sence Taylor was 'lected President I got 'em mixed. And so, afterward, I fou't at Buena Vista under Scott or Taylor, one or t'other, but I disremember which. I never was any great scollard, but I've smelt powder in my time."

"I don't doubt it," said Crayon, dryly.

Just then there was a blast from the house—a demand if he "was finishing them shoes," preluded by the ordinary string of epithets. Whack! whack! whack! went the hammer, spasmodically.

"Never mind—pretty nigh done!" he cried. Then repeating his facetious wink, he continued, in a lower tone, "You know women, Sir. Pshaw! I never mind 'em; they will talk, and to stop 'em is onpossible. But I do like to talk myself with a sociable, friendly man, when I get a chance. But when I was with the army—we was then before Rackinsack la Palma—the Colonel says to me, says he, 'Squibs, I've got great reliance on you, and there's a certain thing I want to have done—' But maybe, stranger, this here's gittin' dry. Wait a minute."

Having reconnoitred the house, he slyly took out a pint bottle which had been deftly hidden in the leg of an old boot, and, drawing the corn-cob stopper, handed the liquor to his guest. He merely wet his mustaches, and returned it.

"Here's luck!" said the cobbler, as he threw his head back, half closed his eyes, and stuck the bottle neck into his mouth. With a spasmodic jerk he suddenly withdrew it; his eyes stared horribly, the whisky gurgled in his throat and trickled from the corners of his mouth. The hand of the Amazon reached in and took the bottle. Crayon expected to hear it crash against the house, but he only heard a string of some ten or fifteen disrespectful adjectives, followed by the noun "*Hog*." The presence of the stranger probably prevented any overt breach of the peace and dignity of the household. As soon as she was gone, Squibs made a ghastly effort at a wink.

"Hang the woman, she's got it! Mister, you should have kept a better look-out, and give me warnin'. Not that I mind her—pshaw! I don't care that; but she has a prejudice against licker, as if what little I drink would hurt a man. But we don't care. They must have their say, or they'll bust."

"Dad, come to supper," said a cotton-headed boy.

The supper of corn bread, sweet potatoes, and yeopou tea was enlivened by a continuous stream of animadversion upon the character and conduct of the master of the house, setting forth his nastiness, meanness, good-for-nothingness, and other similar qualities, in the clearest light. His wife, who had been deceived into marriage under the impression that he was an industrious, thriving person, had been cruelly awakened from her dream of

felicity to find herself an abused, starved, and barefooted mother of five barefooted children. He would neither mend shoes for the neighbors nor for his own family. He would scrape a couple of barrels of turpentine now and then, carry them to town, waste half the proceeds before he got back home with his scanty supply of meat and groceries. As long as these lasted he would never lift a hand to any thing.

The only defense made by Squibs was confined to a few miserable winks at his guest. He at length ventured to remark that turpentine was very low now—scarcely worth scraping.

"Low!" said she, with flashing eyes. "Low! What's the price of eggs?"

After the bursting of this shell there was comparative quiet. The ample chimney blazed with pine-knots. Pallets were laid in a dark corner for Sal and the children; another was placed in front of the fire for the stranger, to which, minus his coat and boots, he speedily retired. The elders sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking their pipes. The pine-knots threw a cheerful light over the room, and a cricket ventured from beneath the hearth-stone, and tuned his tiny pipe for a song.

Squibs at length took up one of the traveler's boots, and studying it with the air of a connoisseur, remarked, "This here is a city-made boot."

The matron gave a contemptuous recognition of the remark; and then glancing at the article in question, observed, "Them boots is too long for the gentleman" (pointing with her pipe to a wrinkle in the leather); "his big toe only comes to thar."

"No," said the cobbler, "you're mistaken, mammy. His toe comes to this pint."

"No sich thing," replied she, positively; "for it's plain to see whar the eend of his toe humps up the leather."

Strong in the consciousness of truth and professional knowledge, the cobbler sustained his point. "Why, dad burn me, woman, have I made shoes for twenty years not to know where a man's foot comes to in his boot?"

The matron seized an iron-shod poker, and sent forty thousand sparks roaring up the chimney. "And a mighty deal of good it has done your family, hasn't it? But come, I'll leave it to the gentleman himself if I ain't right."

Thus appealed to, Crayon rose on his elbow, feigned to examine the boot, and unhesitatingly decided in favor of the lady.

"There, now—didn't I know it! A pretty shoemaker you are, to be sure!—an ignorant, lazy vermin!"

Squibs winked, and heaved a deep sigh. "I used to think once that I knowed something about a boot," he faintly persisted.

"And you've at last found out you know nothing," said she.

"The last tag is pizen," rejoined he, winking.

Her concluding snarl was lost as they retired to the bed in the far corner. The cricket began to sing again; and Sleep spread his peaceful mantle over the troubled world.

Crayon arose next morning refreshed and strengthened. As he took leave of the family his host proposed to accompany him for a short distance to put him in the right road to Washington. When they were about to separate, the traveler thanked him for his kind entertainment, and delicately offered pecuniary remuneration. This the little shoemaker nobly declined.

"Sir," said he, "I'm always proud to see a gentleman at my house, and always give him the best I've got; and I do love a good talk."

"But, my friend," said Crayon, offering a dollar, "I must insist that you take something."

"Stranger, it makes me feel bad to have money forced on me this way." Crayon dropped his hand. "But," continued his host, "if you should force a trifle on me for the women thar, I couldn't be so uncivil as to refuse."

The dollar was transferred. Squibs eyed the coin with satisfaction, and then cast a foreboding glance toward the house. "Sir," said he, "couldn't you change this gold dollar into two halves for me?"

The request was complied with, and they parted; our traveler taking the road to Washington.

Washington, the county town of Beaufort, is situated on the head of the Pamlico Sound, at the mouth of the Tar River. It is a flourishing place of four thousand inhabitants, and drives a smart trade in the staples of the State—turpentine, cotton, and lumber. It has several extensive establishments for sawing and planing lumber, and for converting the brute turpentine into its various derivatives. An exterior view of the town presents nothing but a few steeples, peering out from a thick grove of trees, and the street views only continuous archways of verdure. In fact, its modest white wooden houses are completely buried in trees; and when the weather is hot the effect is highly pleasing. The only sketchable object here is a private residence, at the end of the main street, with beautifully-improved grounds; and at the principal hotel, the only item deserving particular commendation was John, the head servant. Pope says,

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

By this rule, John should have both fame and honor.

Next morning early, our traveler embarked in the steamer *Governor Morehead*, a small boat, of rather queer build, which navigates the Tar River to Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. There were but seven or eight passengers on board. The morning was delightful, and Captain Quinn gave Crayon a breakfast that seems to have won his heart completely. In fact, he never alludes to it without complimenting the Captain in the warmest terms.

RESIDENCE OF J. GRIST, ESQ.

The Tar River, as far as they traveled, presented the dark-colored water, and low, swampy shores common to all the streams in the lower country. But few traces of improvement or population were visible in passing, and the evidences of trade were confined to a few flats loaded with lumber and cotton, and propelled with poles. The river is narrow, crooked, shoaly, and only navigable for flat-bottomed boats.

At Greenville our traveler again took to the road, on foot. In its general features this country resembles that over which Crayon had passed. There are the same interminable pine forests, boxed and scarified by the turpentine-gatherers, with the barrels standing about in couples among the trees, and frequent tar-kilns in process of erection, or smoking and smouldering toward completion.

As you approach the line of railroad, running from Weldon to Wilmington, across this portion of the State, signs of life and improvement begin to be manifest. The groups of fodder-stacks about the barns are larger, the old dwellings are in better repair, there are many new ones of a more modern and more pleasing style of architecture, and one more frequently meets the native going to or from market, on his two-barreled cart, drawn by the long-tailed, shoeless horse.

Having arrived at a village about four o'clock in the afternoon, our hero determined to tarry for the night. As he lounged upon the tavern porch his curiosity was excited by seeing a crowd of shabby-looking white men and negroes collected in an open space behind the stable. He presently joined them, and soon perceived there was a cock-fight on the tapis. Two of the negroes, who carried meal-bags, had just liberated a pair of cocks therefrom, which they placed in the hands of the two gentlemen who were to play a principal part in the affair. Number One of the parties was remarkable for his bad clothes and an indomitable shock of carroty hair. His appearance was rather improved by taking off his coat, which he did preparatory to handling his fowl. This was a large spangle —a noisy, robustious fellow, whom it took two to hold while the trimming was going on.

His proposed antagonist, a keen-looking black, on the contrary, sat perfectly quiet upon the hand of a sallow, long-nosed covey with sleek black hair, and rather flashily dressed in a green coat with brass buttons. As there is an absurd prejudice existing at the present day against this elegant sport, it is more than probable that many are ignorant of the manner of conducting it. We may be pardoned, therefore, for entering somewhat into detail in describing the preliminaries. The cocks are generally matched by weight. This being ascertained, the pitter takes him in hand, and with a pair of shears trims all the superfluous feathers from his neck, tail, and back, thereby rendering him lighter and more active, but effectually destroying his beauty. The spurs are sawed off near the leg, and upon the stumps a pair of sharp-pointed steel gaffs, about three inches long, are carefully tied. To dispose these artificial spurs so as more surely to strike the adversary and to prevent self-inflicted wounds, is one of the delicacies of the art only to be acquired by long practice and profound study. It was delightful to see the air of professional gravity with which these worthies went through the business of trimming and heeling, and the respectful ad-

miration elicited by their skill from the assistant by-standers, including negroes.

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, Green-coat called upon the spectators to set their bets. This was accordingly done, the amounts ranging from a dime to a quarter, although several desperate characters went as high as a dollar.

The pitters entered a circle formed of plank staked up, the spectators ranged themselves around outside. The cocks were held up together, to see if they were ready for the combat; they answered, "Ready!" by pecking fiercely at each other's eyes. The seconds then retired to opposite limits of the circle, and set their principals upon the ground. These strutted about for a moment; eying each other askance, and then, flapping their wings, poured forth clarion notes of mutual defiance. This was the signal for the onset; they advanced, squared themselves, and incontinently pitched into each other. For a moment they struck rapidly, hitting and dodging like practiced boxers; but becoming entangled, they presently tumbled over together, the black above. "Hung!" exclaimed Woodpecker; "handle 'em." "Stand back!" shouted Green-coat, "he's in the feathers." "You're in my wing," persisted Woodpecker, attempting to seize the combatants. He was resolutely grappled by Green-coat; while the black, taking advantage of the delay, was endeavoring to pick the spangle's eyes out. The excitement at this moment was so intense that a hatless lackey, who had a quarter on the spangle, broke into the ring. He was jerked out in a trice, and order restored. The combatants were separated, and it was discovered that no damage had been done; but blood was rising, and before pitting a second time, Woodpecker nodded fiercely across the ring to his opponent, and said, in a voice

THE PINY WOODS.

COCK-FIGHTING.

husky with suppressed passion, "I'll go ye another dollar!"

"Done!"

There was no preliminary strutting this time. As soon as they touched the ground the eager duelists rushed to the combat. After some smart rapping without apparent result, the cocks seemed to be getting a little blown. The spangle got his head under the black's wing, and they both stood panting for some minutes in this position. The spangle appeared to be seriously revolving something in his mind, and it was perceived that blood was dripping from his neck. At the third round the result of the spangle's cogitations transpired. Instead of meeting the black's advance, he took to his heels. The black pursued him to the barrier, giving him a rap behind which helped him over, and away he went, pursued by half a dozen boys and negroes, with mingled shouts of derision and merriment. "Kill him!" "Cut his head off!" "Dunghill!" "Used up!" were the expressions which followed the ignominious bird. The victor behaved much like a gentleman. Leaping upon the barrier, he saw his recreant adversary in full flight. Disdaining to pursue—for the truly brave is never truculent—he hopped back into the pit, proclaimed his victory, as it

was his bounden duty to do, and then quietly suffered himself to be taken and disarmed.

The losers were either vituperative or calmly philosophie under their misfortunes, reasoning curiously upon causes and effects. The winners were loud and unconfined in their joy.

Woodpecker stood for several minutes lost in thought, then stepping up to his successful opponent, he drew out two ragged one-dollar bills on the Bank of Cape Fear and forked them over. Making an effort to swallow the lump in his throat, he said,

"Adam, I've been deceived. That spangle winned his fight last year at Gaston, when Jones fit Faulcon — Virginia agin North Carolina—a thousand on the odd. True, he wasn't cut nary time, and so I gin two dollars for him arterward, and kep him on a walk ever sence; but I'll break every darned egg, and kill every chicken of the breed, I will!"

Jack the horse-boy won a quarter from that old dogmatical despot, Uncle Jonas, the chief waiter at the tavern. Jack screamed and turned somersets on the straw. So elated was he that he forgot his condition, and as Woodpecker passed, Jack hazarded a joke.

"I say, Massa, dat rooster of yourn run like first dip."

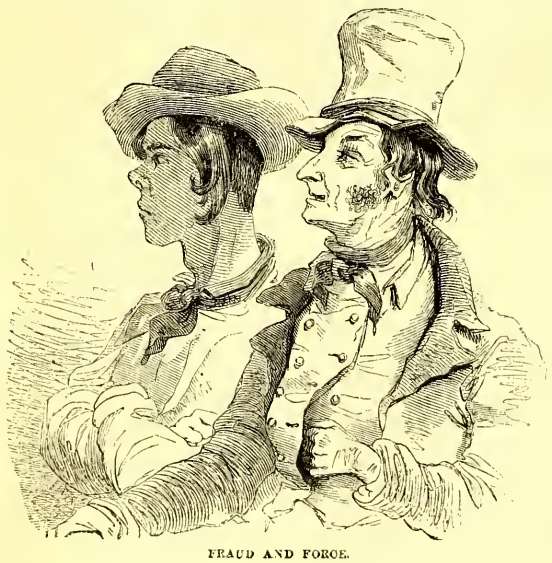
The defeated rolled his eyes vengefully upon the grinning ebony. "Look'ee here, boy, I've ben deceived in that 'are chicken. I've lost my fight. But I'm not a-goin to be made game of for all that, especially by a nigger."

TRIMMING.

Jack hastily took himself elsewhere.

We ventured, in a civil and somewhat covert manner, to rebuke Crayon for having assisted at so cruel and disreputable an amusement.

"I do not see," he replied. "why it is considered more cruel than angling or partridge-shooting; and the people one meets at such places are, in all respects, the same as those who, under our admirable system, play the most prominent part in the government of the country. For example, would it not be difficult to tell whether the originals of this sketch were the heroes of a cock-pit or an election day?"



FRAUD AND FORCE.

Crayon arrived at Goldsborough about midnight, and shortly after took the Central Railroad for Raleigh, about fifty miles distant. He went to sleep when the train started, and when he awoke, about sunrise, was just entering the elegant capital of North Carolina. A comfortable 'bus transferred him from the dépôt to Guion's Hotel, where, with a little warm water and an alkali, he proceeded to wash his

hands of tar, pitch, and turpentine. We will now leave him to repose for a short time in the famous City of Oaks.

SOAP.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

III.—GUILFORD.

"List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music."
SHAKSPEARE.

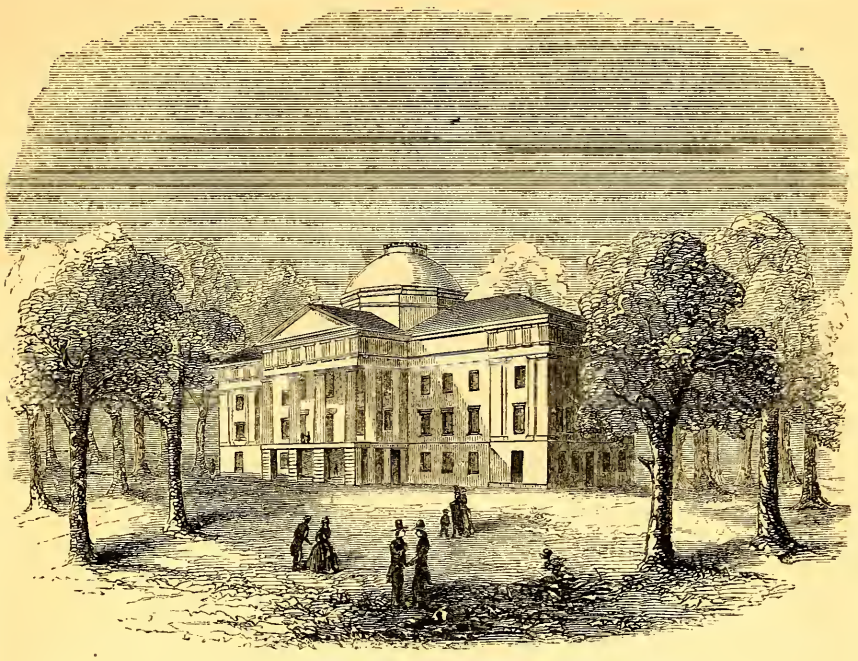
"THE capitol of North Carolina bears the appropriate and beautiful name of Raleigh, in honor of the accomplished and chivalrous 'Sir Walter, the man of wit and the sword,' under whose auspices the first colonies were planted on our shores. The town is comparatively of recent date, its site having been established by a convention met at Hillsborough in 1788. In 1810, it contained only six hundred and seventy inhabitants, but its permanent population at present is estimated at between two and three thousand. On a commanding but gently sloping eminence, the young city sits embowered, in a grove of stately oaks, like a rustic beauty, whose ornaments are awkwardly worn and unskillfully put on. Incongruous, incomplete, but nathless fair and pleasing. Thus appear her broad tree planted, unpaved avenues. The superb and costly capitol with its forms of Grecian elegance, rising amidst a grove of forest oaks, in an inclosure grown up with weeds and traversed by narrow ungraveled paths, and its stately entrances encumbered with huge wood piles.

"Around this central point the town is built upon several streets densely shaded with double rows of trees. The private residences for the most part resemble country houses, each standing isolated in the midst of its ornamented grounds, profuse in shade-trees, shrubbery, and flowers, reminding one more of a thickly settled neighborhood than a town. The avenue leading from the capitol to the Governor's house is more compactly built, and is the theatre of all the commercial life the place affords.

"On an eminence near the town, imposing from its extent and position, stands the State Asylum for the Insane. A building worthy the taste and public spirit of any State.

"By the burning of the old capitol in 1831 Raleigh lost the statue of Washington by Canova, a gem of art of which the Carolinians were justly proud. The hero was represented in a sitting posture, costumed as a Roman general, holding tablets in one hand and a style in the other, as if about to write; we believe the intention of the sculptor was, to represent him as Washington the statesman and lawgiver, while his recent military character was indicated by the sheathed sword beside him. The conception was beautiful, the work skillfully and elegantly wrought, but there was nothing in it especially to touch the American heart or understanding. The soft Italian, whose genius was inspired by dreams of the Greek ideal commingling with shapes of modern elegance, who pined even in brilliant Paris for the balmy air and sunshine of his native land, beneath whose magic chisel the frigid marble warmed and melted into forms of voluptuous beauty, had neither the soul to conceive nor the hand to carve the iron man of '76."

HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.



STATE CAPITOL, RALEIGH.

As Porte Crayon warmed with his subject he rose from his chair and paced about our writing-table like a chained bear. "That task," continued he, "yet remains to be accomplished; there is no statue of Washington existing, there never has been one."

"You forget that which adorns the square in front of our Federal Capitol," I mildly suggested.

"Get out! it is scarcely worth criticism—a pitiful heathen divinity set up to be scoffed at by the children of the image-breakers—a half naked Olympian shivering in a climate where nudity is not, and never can be, respectable."

"But there is the statue in Richmond."

Crayon paused for a moment as if to cool off.

"Houdon," said he, "made an effort in the proper direction, and the unaffected approbation which his work has elicited proves it. That it has been greatly overpraised, is not chargeable to a want of taste in our people, but simply to the fact that they have no means of comparison. It is the best we have, and is estimated accordingly. But although the costume and design of the statue are good, there is nothing in that affected pose to remind one of the most striking characteristic of Washington's person,

> 'The lofty port, the distant mien,
> That seemed to shun the sight, yet awed if seen.'

"A French writer says: '*Malgré l'opiniâtreté des hommes à louer l'antique aux depens du moderne, il faut avouer qu'en tout genre les premiers essais sont toujours grossiers.*' The truth and common sense of this assertion is applicable, in a greater or less degree, to every subject to which human effort has been directed. If it seems not to have been sustained by the progress of the fine arts at all times, the exception may be fairly referred to the fact, that the genius of certain peoples and periods, instead of being devoted to the legitimate task of developing into beauty and grandeur the ideas of its own times, perversely turns for inspiration to antiquity, rejecting the healthful freshness of the present to feed morbidly on the decay of the past; wasting its native vigor in feebly imitating, instead of aspiring to the nobler task of creating. Why may not the ridicule that in literature is attached to the faded imitations of the ancient poets—the Venuses, Cupids, nymphs, and shepherdesses—be as fairly turned against the wearisome and incongruous reproductions in marble of gods, heroes, and senators, with modern names, and modern heads on their shoulders?"

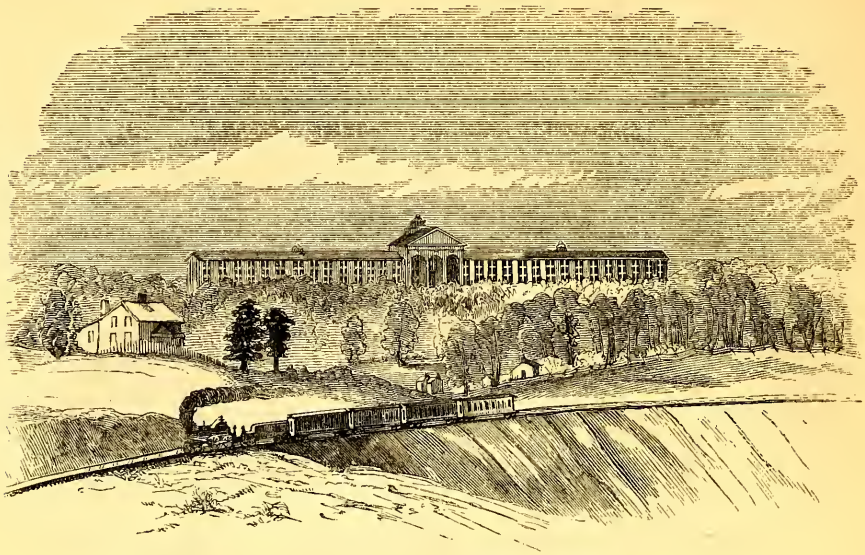
"Bravo! Porte Crayon turned lecturer! You bid fair to rival Ruskin in the crusade against the Greeks and Romans. You and he are harder on them than were the Goths and Vandals."

"But, my dear P——, permit me to explain. You have misunderstood the drift of my remarks—"

"Encore, Sir Critic. You administer the chibouk like a very Fahladeen."

"Now pray be quiet, and I'll tell yon an anecdote appropriate to the subject:

"A provincial society of literati, somewhere in France, wished to compliment Voltaire, and



NORTH CAROLINA ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

voted that his statue should decorate their hall. A young artist of great merit, a native of the province, was commissioned to execute the work. The sage, who was never averse to flattery in any shape, complacently sat for the bust, and an excellent likeness was modeled. The artist was now at a loss how to complete his work. The antique *furore* was then at its height in France, and Hogarth's caricature of a nobleman personating Jupiter, with a big wig, ruffled shirt, and a thunder-bolt in his hand, scarcely surpassed in absurdity many of the serious productions of that ridiculous era. The artist was an honest fellow, and was at his wits' end in endeavoring to reconcile common sense and the spirit of the times. Embroidered cuffs, shirt ruffles, and knee breeches, would not do in marble at all. The wardrobe of antiquity was ransacked, but nothing found to fit Voltaire. Fortunately the severely classic taste could dispense with all costume, even the fig-leaf, so our artist modeled his figure after the Antinous.

THE ARTIST.

"But to see that lean, leering face, that preposterous curled wig and scraggy neck, set upon a round, graceful, fully-developed figure, was inadmissible; the incongruity was too glaring. The head, which had been pronounced a perfect likeness, could not be changed, so he went to work again, and, with much labor, reduced the figure to the meagre standard of the face. The completed statue resembled Voltaire, no doubt, but it also looked like a chimpanzee, or the starved saint done in stone in the Museum at Florence, or the wax-work figure of Calvin Edson at Barnum's—a sculptured horror, a marble joke. The society was outraged. The statue, instead of being inaugurated, was kicked into a cel-

THE SKETCH.

lar; while the unhappy victim of classic taste lost his labor and reputation together, nor is it likely that posterity will ever repair the injustice."

Having passed several days very pleasantly looking at the outside of things in Raleigh, our traveler continued his journey westward, by the North Carolina Railroad. This road traverses the best portion of the State. The face of the country is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale. The sombre vesture of the pine woods is changed for the rich and varied leafing of the upland forest, while evidences of agricultural improvement are manifest on every side. Then, as we pass along, we hear the old familiar names of Revolutionary memory; names that make the heart leap in recalling the wild, romantic details of the Southern war, all the more thrilling that they have escaped the varnish of spiritless limners, and are not heard in the common babblings of fame. But still, in the humble cot and squirely mansion, the memory of these brave deeds and glorious names is fondly cherished.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

"Come hither, Curly-pate; what paper was that you showed your mother just now that delighted her so, and got your pocket filled with ginger-cakes?"

"That, Sir, is a picture of Colonel Washington chasing Tarleton. Mother says I am a great genius."

"Why, Beverly, be quiet. I said no such thing."

"Indeed, madam, this drawing is an astonishing production. The attitudes of his horses are decidedly classic, and seem to have been studied from the Elgin marbles. The boy will doubtless be a great painter some day."

THE PARTISAN LEADER.

"No, I won't. I'll be a soldier, and lead a regiment of horse like Colonel Lee."

"Get away, then; take your tin sword, and make war upon the mullin stalks."

Still rolling westward we pass Hillsborough, the county town of Orange, then the Haw River. At length we approach Greensborough, the county town of Guilford. Here we must tarry to visit the battle-field, which is but a few miles distant.

The town of Greensborough contains about two thousand inhabitants, and is a place of some trade. Except two or three private residences and two seminaries, its buildings, public and private, are poor; and, in short, there is nothing about its exterior either to prepossess or interest the passing traveler. Its two seminaries for the education of young ladies are said to be in a flourishing condition. In North Carolina there are a number of institutions, colleges, etc., for the education of ladies, all in high repute and well attended. Indeed nowhere does this important subject seem to have received more consideration than in this State.

On arriving at Greensborough our traveler ascertained that the site of Martinsville, the old Guilford Court House of Revolutionary times, was five miles distant. As it was too late in

the day to set ont for a visit, he passed the afternoon in sauntering about the village, and the evening in poring over "Lee's Memoirs." At an early hour next morning he mounted a horse and trotted off toward Martinsville.

While our hero is making his way throngh muddy lanes toward this interesting locality, we will compile, from the best authorities, a sketch of one of the most important battles that was fought during the war of the Revolution.

The retreat of Greene across the Dan left North Carolina virtually in the hands of the British. Having been unable to bring his adversary to battle, Cornwallis retired to Hillsborough, from whence he issued proclamations to every quarter, calculated to induce the Tory population to rise and join the royal standard. This was what Greene most feared; and the possibility that these efforts might prove successful, kept him uneasy amidst the safety and abundance of his camp in Halifax. Scarcely did he allow the troops time for repose after their arduous retreat, before he detached a light corps, under Pickens and Lee, across the Dan, to hang on the skirts of the enemy, and, if possible, to repress any attempt on the part of the loyalists to embody. The terrible fate of Pyle and his followers seemed effectually to have accomplished this result; yet, so anxious was the American commander on the subject, that he would not wait for his expected reinforcements and munitions, but recrossed the Dan, with the main army, on the 23d of February.

This movement was followed by a series of skillful manœuvres which lasted for ten days; the British Commander endeavoring to force, and the American to avoid, a general action. Greene, as usual, was successful; while Cornwallis, foiled and tired of this unavailing pursuit, retired to a position on Deep River for the purpose of giving repose to his wearied troops.

In the mean time the loyalist population, warned by the slaughter of Pyle's command,

NATHANIEL GREENE

LORD CORNWALLIS.

and awed by the unconquered attitude of the American forces, preferred to remain quiescent until victory had declared for one side or the other. The expected reinforcements having at length arrived, Greene determined to give his enemy the long-sought-for opportunity of battle. He advanced and, on the 14th of March, took his position at Guilford Court House, within twelve miles of the enemy. His prompt and confident adversary accepted the challenge without hesitation. Early on the morning of the fifteenth he was in motion.

Tidings of his approach having been conveyed to the American commander at four o'clock in the morning, he ordered his van to arms and to breakfast with all soldierly haste, while Colonel Lee, with his cavalry, was sent forward to reconnoitre. Having advanced two or three miles, this officer met his scouts retiring before the troops of Tarleton. Believing that the main body of the British army was at hand, Lee ordered his column to retire by troops, taking distance for open evolution. The rear troop went off at full gallop, followed by the centre. The front troop, to gain the open order required, necessarily kept their horses at a walk. The enemy, mistaking the object of this movement, and supposing it the prelude to flight, made a dash at this troop, hoping thereby to hasten their pace. Finding that their advance was unnoticed, they fired their pistols, shouted, and pushed upon them a second time nntil their leading sections had nearly closed with the Americans. Astonished that their noise and bravadoes had in no way accelerated the pace of the legionary horse, they drew up, not knowing what to make of the sullen impassiveness of their enemy. At this moment Lee ordered the charge. The troop wheeled suddenly, and their pent up fury burst upon the foe like a thunderbolt. The columns met in a lane, and the En-

COLONEL HENRY LEE.

glish were literally ridden down and trampled under foot by the powerful horses of the legionary troopers. About thirty were killed, and the rest fled with all speed upon the main body. The bodies of the overthrown men and horses so encumbered the lane that direct pursuit was impeded, and having attempted in vain to overtake and cut off the flying corps by a circuitous route, Lee continued his retreat, and took the position assigned him on the left of the American army.

Greene's force was posted on a wooded hill, drawn up in three lines, the two first composed of militia, and the third of his Continentals, consisting of four regiments from Virginia and Maryland.

Colonel William Washington's cavalry, with some sharp-shooters, protected the right flank, while Lee's legion, with the Virginia riflemen, covered the left. Two pieces of artillery were placed in the rear line with the Continentals, while two six-pounders were so posted as to command the road by which the enemy was expected to advance. All told, the American force numbered four thousand five hundred men; of these about seventeen hundred were Continentals, the rest militia. Their position was chosen with ability, the woodland affording every advantage to the militia and riflemen, who were accustomed to that kind of fighting. They had too, a superior and effective cavalry, and in artillery were equal to the enemy. To counterbalance these advantages, however, it must be considered that militia, whatever may be their numerical superiority, have generally been found valueless and unreliable when opposed to regular troops; that a large portion even of the Continentals, were new levies, and that the whole army was comparatively ill-equipped and scantily provided with ammunition.

The British force consisted—horse, foot, and artillery—of about two thousand men. But these were all veteran troops, completely armed and equipped, inured to war and accustomed to victory.

Cornwallis made his disposition for the attack with an audacity which nothing but an entire confidence in his troops and his previous successes could have justified. From a letter, it appears that he supposed his adversary to be about seven thousand strong; and this supposed force, strongly posted, as he was aware, he hastens eagerly to attack with but two thousand men, as if he had been beforehand assured of victory.

No sooner had the British column deployed and commenced marching to the attack than the militia forming the left of the front line were seized with a panic, and fled, before a man of them had been either killed or wounded. Many of them did not even discharge their guns, but left them loaded, sticking between the rails of the fence behind which they were posted. In vain did their officers attempt to rally this terror-stricken herd; in vain did Lee threaten to fall upon them with his dragoons, and cut them to pieces. The panic was complete and final. The gap thus ignominiously left was immediately seized by the enemy, giving him a powerful advantage at the commencement of the onset, and throwing the flanking legion out of combination with the rest of the army. But this auspicious beginning did not give to the enemy the speedy triumph it seemed to promise. The Virginia militia fought

COLONEL WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

with extraordinary courage and obstinacy, and did every thing that raw troops could do against the highly-disciplined and indomitable valor of their adversaries.

The first and second lines were at length driven in, and the enemy became engaged with the third line, composed of Continental troops.

At this period of the battle Greene had every hope of obtaining a complete victory, and but for a disaster similar to that which occurred in the commencement of the battle, this hope would, doubtless, have been realized.

The enemy under Licutenant-Colonel Webster had received a check from the first regiment of Marylanders under Gunby. The second regiment, however, when assailed by a battalion of the English Guards, led by Colonel Stuart, broke and fled, leaving two pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. The attempt of the Guards to pursue the flying regiment was checked by the First Marylanders, and at this point Washington fell upon them with his cavalry. This charge of horse was seconded by Colonel Howard with the bayonet. The Guards were ridden down and cut to pieces. Colonel Stuart fell by the sword of Captain Smith of the Marylanders.

When Cornwallis saw the remnant of this battalion flying before the advancing corps, he directed the fire of his artillery upon the mingled mass of pursuers and pursued. Brigadier O'Hara remonstrated, exclaiming that the fire would destroy the Guards. Cornwallis replied, "It is a necessary evil which we must endure, to arrest impending destruction."

Cornwallis went in person to direct these measures to stop the advance of the Americans, and in so doing exposed himself to imminent peril, as the following anecdote from Marshall's Life of Washington will show:

"After passing through the Guards into the open ground, Washington, who always led the van, perceived an officer surrounded by several persons, appearing to be aids-de-camp. Believing this to be Lord Cornwallis, he rushed

COLONEL JOHN E HOWARD.

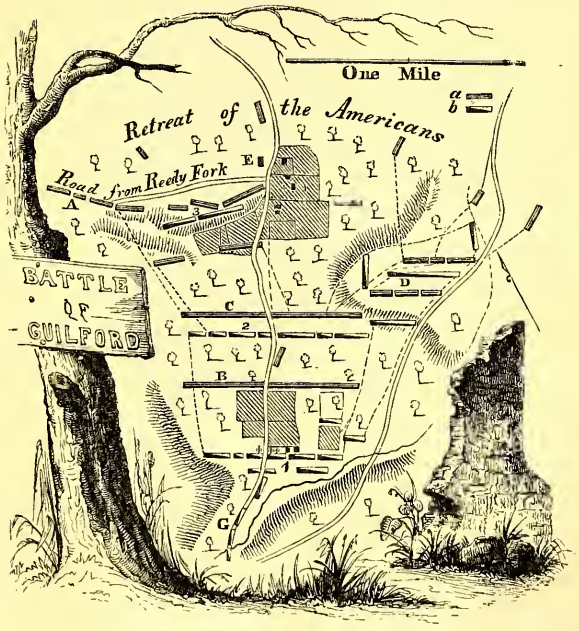
THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

on with the hope of making him prisoner, when he was arrested by an accident. His cap fell from his head, and as he leaped to the ground to recover it, the officer leading his column was shot through the body and rendered incapable of managing his horse. The animal wheeled round with his rider and galloped off the field. He was followed by all the cavalry, who supposed the movement had been directed."

Howard, with the infantry, believing himself to be out of support retired to his former position. Lee's legion in the mean time had fought its way back to the left of the main body of Continentals, and it is probable, if Greene had been informed of this, and aware of the condi-

BATTLE-GROUND AT GUILFORD.*

tion of his enemy, he would have persevered and won the battle. As it was, the greater part of the militia had left the field, he had found it impossible to rally the second Marylanders, and supposing Lee's command to have been either destroyed or cut off from the army, he determined not to risk the annihilation of his force but to draw off while he could. A Virginia regiment which had not yet tasted battle was ordered to the rear to cover the retreat, which was effected deliberately and without disturbance, as the enemy were in no condition to pursue.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF GUILFORD.

The American loss in this battle, in killed, wounded, and missing, was about four hundred men; that of the enemy was little less than six hundred, nearly one-third of the force engaged. The victory belonged to the British, but Fox said truly in the House of Commons, "Another such victory would destroy the British army."

A few days after saw the victorious Cornwallis in full retreat on Wilmington and the beaten Greene in hot pursuit, seeking battle and unable to obtain it. With his victory the British commander lost every thing for which he had so skillfully and arduously contended. Although defeated, the sagacious American regained his ascendency in North Carolina, and struck terror into the hearts of the loyalists over the whole South.

Such was the battle of Guilford, and such its results.

Porte Crayon at length ar-

* The view of the Battle-ground of Guilford is copied from Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution." "This view," says Mr. Lossing, "is from the eminence southwest of the old Guilford Court-House. The log-house, partially clap-boarded, seen on the right, was uninhabited. In the distance, near the centre, is seen Martinsville, and between it and the foreground is the rolling vale, its undulations furrowed by many gulleys. In an open field, on the left of the road, seen in the hollow toward the left of the picture, was the fiercest part of the battle, where Washington charged upon the Guards. Upon the ridge extending to the right, through the centre of the picture, the second line (Virginians) was posted. The snow was falling very fast when I made this sketch. Our point of view, at the old log-house, is the extreme westerly view of the field of controversy."

rived at Martinsville, and the results of his visit we will give in his own words.

"It was," said he, "with a feeling of indescribable interest, mingled with something of awe, that I reined up my horse in the midst of a group of ruined chimneys and decayed wooden houses, all, save one, silent and deserted. There was no human being in sight of whom to make inquiry, but I knew instinctively that I was upon the field of Guilford. The face of the country answered so well to the descriptions which I had read, and there had been apparently so little change since the day of the battle, that there was no difficulty in recognizing the localities. Unmarred by monuments, uncontaminated by improvements, the view of the silent, lonely fields and woods brought the old times back, so fresh, so real, so near. Come, wizard fancy, with thy spell of gramarye! fling me a picture of the fight!

"The hills are again crowned with armed battalions. The rolling of drums, the startling bugle call, the voice of command, break the silence of the budding forest. There, swarming in the thicket, near the edge of the wood and behind the protecting fences, are the unskillful militia, valiant in pot houses but unreliable in the field, hearkening, with fainting hearts, to the mingled threats and encouragement of their leaders, ready to fire and run away at the first burst of battle.

"Manœuvring on either flank are the snorting squadrons of Washington and Lee, whose flashing sabres have already tasted blood. In the distance are seen the serried lines of the grim Continentals, men of reliable mettle, who can hear the battle going on around them and bide their time; who, unmoved and scornful, see the panic-stricken herds of friends fly past them, and then rush gallantly to meet the bayonets of their enemies.

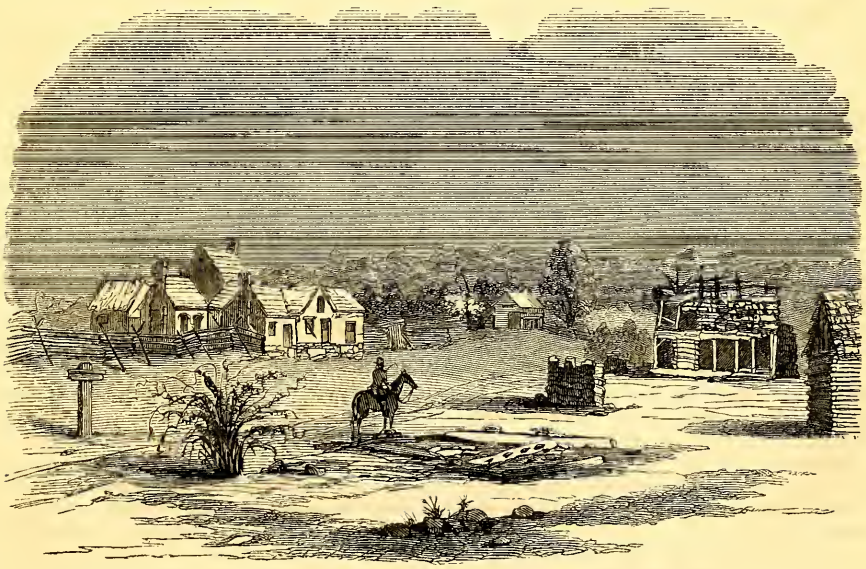
"The cannon are posted; the ready artillerist holds the lighted match. Alternately anxious and hopeful, the American commander reviews his order of battle. It is all wisely considered and complete. For the result, 'Trust in God, and fire low!'

"The hour of impending battle is always terrible. To the commoner mind the question of life or death is presented with awful distinctness, while the nobler soul is torn with more complicated emotions: 'Shall victory or defeat be ours? honor or disgrace? a liberated country or a despot's bloody sword?'

"Hark! the rolling of the English drums! Like an electric shock it shakes the thousands that stand expectant upon the embattled hill! Now the coward's cheek blanches, as with impotent and trembling haste he fumbles his musket lock. Now the warm blood rushes to the brow of the brave, and with fiercer eagerness he grasps his sword hilt. The head of the advancing column is already in sight. The sun's rays glance upon their burnished arms:

> "'And more. Behold how fair arrayed
> They file from out the hawthorn shade,
> And sweep so gallant by!
> St. George might waken from the dead
> To see fair England's banners fly.'

"As the column deploys in the open ground, white wreaths of smoke rise from the wood, and the thunder of cannon proclaims that the battle is begun. Then, as the audacious Briton, in long scarlet lines, advances steadily to the attack, the crash of small arms is heard along the American line. Soon the tree-tops are hidden with the rolling smoke, and the volleying musketry of the English, mingling with the contin-



GUILFORD COURT-HOUSE.

FINDING THE GUN-LOCK.

uous roar of the American fire, swells the terrible anthem of battle.

"The American lines are broken, and the tide of war rolls on until the intrepid assailants meet, in the Continental line, foes more worthy of their steel:

> "'The war which for a space did fail,
> Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale.'

"Then, then Virginia, it was a joy, that even defeat and disaster can not blight, to see that haughty battalion of Guards flying in wild disorder from the wood, while thy fiery horsemen, with hoof and sabre, trampled them in the dust!

"I rose in my stirrups, and gave a shout that made old Guilford's echoes ring again, and alarmed a plowman on a hill half a mile off.

"So bidding adieu to fancy, I set off to see the plowman, wishing to make some more particular inquiries about the localities. I found him intelligent and disposed to be communicative. He indicated the different points where the hardest fighting had been, showed an old tree which had been struck by a cannon-shot, and said that in plowing, even at this day, he frequently turned up bullets, bayonets, and portions of arms and accoutrements that had withstood the tooth of time.

"'One day,' said he, 'as I was plowing near my house thar, my little daughter found in the furrow a complete musket-lock, much rusted and standing at full cock. That,' continued the countryman, 'set me to thinking more than any thing I have yet seen. It looked more like fighting. The man that cocked that gun was killed perhaps before he had time to pull the trigger.

"'Many a time, Sir, when I am idle, I take that lock in my hand and look at it, until I feel curious like, as though the battle that was fought so many years ago was somehow brought nearer to us.'

"This quaint talisman that wrought so powerfully on the imagination of the unlettered plowman, might even set more learned men to thinking.

"Taking a friendly leave of the countryman, I returned to Greensborough in time to dine and meet the cars for Salisbury.

"While I was waiting for the train, a raw-looking chap, about three feet across the shoulders, squared himself in front of me, and treated himself to a long, deliberate, and apparently very satisfactory stare. Notwithstanding the lofty themes which had occupied my thoughts during the morning, I permitted my indignation to betray me into an unjustifiable act, for I revenged myself behind his back."

REVENGE.

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NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

IV.—THE GOLD REGION.

"Earth, yield me roots;
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison. What have we here?
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Gold Region of North Carolina lies west of the Yadkin, and the most important mines are found between that river and the Catawba, in the counties of Rowan, Cabarras, and Mecklenburg.

The following account, furnished by Colonel Barnhardt, is given in Wheeler's History of the State:

"*A Sketch of the Discovery and History of the Reed Gold Mine, in Cabarras County, North Carolina, being the first Gold Mine discovered in the United States.*"

"The first piece of gold found at this mine was in the year 1799, by Conrad Reed, a boy of about twelve years old, a son of John Reed, the proprietor. The discovery was made in an accidental manner. The boy above named, in company with a sister and younger brother, went to a small stream, called Meadow Creek, on Sabbath day, while their parents were at church, for the purpose of shooting fish with bow and arrow; and while engaged along the bank of the creek, Conrad saw a yellow substance shining in the water. He went in and picked it up, and found it to be some kind of metal, and carried it home. Mr. Reed examined it, but as gold was unknown in this part of the country at that time, he did not know what kind of metal it was. The piece was about the size of a small smoothing-iron.

"Mr. Reed carried the piece of metal to Concord, and showed it to William Atkinson, a silversmith; but he, not thinking of gold, was unable to say what kind of metal it was.

"Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years on his house floor, to lay against the door to keep it from shutting. In the year 1802 he went to market to Fayetteville, and carried the piece of metal with him, and on showing it to a jeweler, the jeweler immediately told him it was gold, and requested Mr. Reed to leave the metal with him, and said he would flux it. Mr. Reed left it, and returned in a short time, and on his return the jeweler showed him a large bar of gold, six or eight inches long. The jeweler then asked Mr. Reed what he would take for the bar. Mr. Reed, not knowing the value of gold, thought he would ask a big price; and so he asked three dollars and fifty cents. The jeweler paid him his price.

"After returning home, Mr. Reed examined and found gold in the surface along the creek. He then associated Frederick Kisor, James Love, and Martin Phifer with himself, and in the year 1803 they found a piece of gold in the branch that weighed twenty-eight (28) pounds. Numerous pieces were found at this mine weighing from sixteen pounds down to the smallest particles.

"The whole surface along the creek for nearly a mile was very rich in gold.

"The veins of this mine were discovered in the year 1831. They yielded a large quantity of gold. The veins are flint and quartz.

"I do certify that the foregoing is a true statement of the discovery and history of this mine, as given by John Reed and his son Conrad Reed, now both dead.

"GEORGE BARNHARDT.

"*January*, 1848."

At the present day the surface gold is very scarce, and the precious ore is found principally in veins of quartz, bedded in the hardest black slate.

FINDING GOLD.

The mines are located in what has been from very early times an opulent and well-peopled district, the theatre of many important political and military events before and during our struggle for national independence.

What effect the discovery of gold may have had upon the general prosperity of the region we do not know; but having heard divers and conflicting opinions on the subject, we have dis-

creetly concluded to indulge in no speculations thereon. We will, therefore, resume our narrative of the observations and adventures of our heroic traveler, Porte Crayon.

At Salisbury, the seat of justice of Rowan County, he found comfortable quarters at the Rowan House. The first object which attracted his attention here was a spry, crockery-colored lad, clothed in red linsey, and tipped off with an extraordinary crop of red wool. This youth has an uncommon talent for handing hot cakes, and, according to his own account, is a cross of the Indian and Red Fox.

THE RED FOX.

Salisbury contains about three thousand inhabitants, and is a well-built, flourishing town. Among other notable objects it contains the office where General Jackson studied law, and the houses which, in earlier times, were respectively the head-quarters of Greene and Cornwallis, as pursued and pursuing they passed through on the famous retreat across the Dan. In connection with this event, an interesting anecdote is related of Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, one of the strong-minded women of that day, at whose house Greene was entertained the evening of the first of February, 1781.

As he arrived, after a hard day's ride through the rain, he said despondingly to Surgeon Reed that he was fatigued, hungry, and penniless.

It was not long before the distinguished soldier was seated at a well-spread table, near a roaring fire, when his hostess entered, the blush of modesty mantling her cheek, the fervor of patriotism burning in her eye. "General," said she, "I overheard what you said to Doctor Reed; take these, for you will want them, and I can do without them." So saying, she drew two small bags of specie, the savings of years, from beneath her apron, and placed them beside his plate.

In the lives of those high-mettled dames of the olden time, the daughters, wives, and mothers of *men*, the earnest inquirer might find much to elucidate that befogged question of the present day, "What are the rights of women?"

Even our modern statesmen and patriots might with benefit peruse the proceedings and resolutions of a simple, earnest people, who expected to stand up to what they *Resolved*, and did not understand legislating for Buncombe, that world-famous county not having been then established.

In the proceedings of the Committee of Safety for Rowan County in 1774, we find the following expressive clause: "*Resolved*, That the cause of the town of Boston is the common cause of the American Colonies."

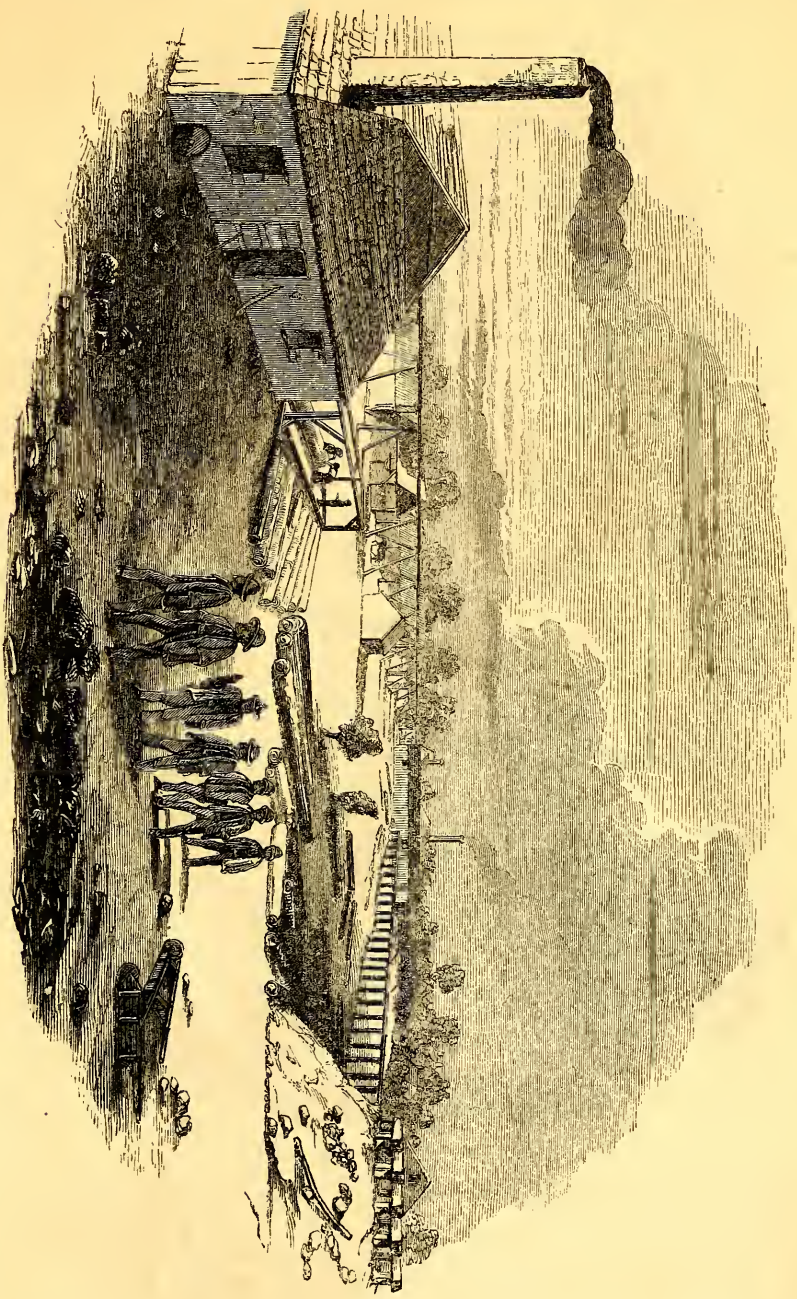
From Salisbury Mr. Crayon took the coach for Gold Hill, twenty miles distant. He was accompanied on this journey by a young gentleman from Massachusetts, who, led by a common curiosity, was desirous of visiting the most famous of the North Carolina gold mines. Their road passed through a pleasantly diversified country, budding and blooming under the soft influences of spring. Here and there they remarked heaps of red earth, broken rocks, decaying windlasses, and roofless sheds, designating the spots where men had wasted time and money in searching for "earth's most operant poison."

As the terrapin in the fable won the race by steady perseverance, so the vehicle that conveyed Porte Crayon and his friend at length reached Gold Hill. This famous village contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, the population being altogether made up of persons interested in and depending on the mines. There is certainly nothing in the appearance of the place or its inhabitants to remind one of its auriferous origin, but, on the contrary, a deal of dirt and shabbiness. Our philosophic tourist, however, is rarely satisfied with a superficial view of things if he can find opportunity to dive deeper in search of truth. If this retiring goddess is so partial to the bottom of a well, possibly she may lie in the bottom of a mine.

"But, Mr. Crayon, how can you say with propriety that truth lies any where?"

"Avoynt thee, Punster! P——, you have been reading Shakspeare."

LITTLE BRITONS.



VIEW OF THE GOLD HILL WORKS.

Having presented their credentials to the superintendent of the works, the travelers were politely received, and in due time arrangements were made to enable them to visit the subterranean streets of Gold Hill. The foreman of the working gangs was sent for and our friends placed under his charge, with instructions to show them every thing. Matthew Moyle was a Cornish man, a handsome, manly specimen of a Briton. With bluff courtesy he addressed our adventurers:

"You wish to see every thing right, gentlemen?"

"We do."

"Then meet me at the store at eight o'clock this evening, and all things shall be in readiness."

MAT MOYLE AND NICKY TREVETHAN.

Eight o'clock soon arrived, and all parties were met at the place of rendezvous. Moyle and his assistant, Bill Jenkins, looked brave in their mining costume. This consisted of a coat with short sleeves and tail, and overalls of white duck. A round-topped wide-brimmed hat of indurated felt, protected the head like a helmet. In lieu of crest or plume each wore a lighted candle in front, stuck upon the hat with a wad of clay. Crayon and his companion donned similar suits borrowed for their use, and thus accoutred the party proceeded immediately to the mouth of the ladder shaft. This was a square opening lined with heavy timber, and partly occupied by an enormous pump used to clear the mines of water and worked by steam. The black throat of the shaft was first illuminated by Moyle, who commenced descending a narrow ladder that was nearly perpendicular. Porte Crayon followed next, and then Boston. The ladders were about twenty inches wide, with one side set against the timber lining of the shaft, so that the climber had to manage his elbows to keep from throwing the weight of the body on the other side. Every twenty feet or thereabout the ladders terminated on the platforms of the same width, and barely long enough to enable one to turn about to set foot on the next

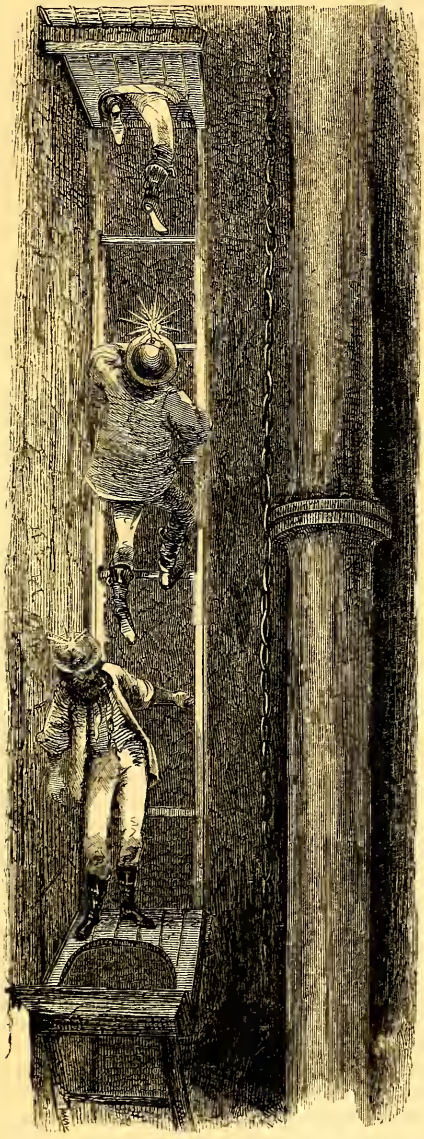
ladder. In addition, the rounds and platforms were slippery with mud and water. As they reached the bottom of the third or fourth ladder Crayon made a misstep which threw him slightly off his balance, when he felt the iron grasp of the foreman on his arm:

"Steady, man, steady!"

"Thank you, Sir. But, my friend, how much of this road have we to travel?"

"Four hundred and twenty-five feet, Sir, to the bottom of the shaft."

"And those faint blue specks that I see below, so deep deep down that they look like stars reflected in the bosom of a calm lake, what are they?"



DESCENDING THE LADDER-SHAFT.

"Lights in the miners' hats, who are working below, Sir."

Porte Crayon felt a numbness seize upon his limbs.

"And are we, then, crawling like flies down the sides of this open shaft, with no foothold but these narrow slippery ladders, and nothing between us and the bottom but four hundred feet of unsubstantial darkness?"

"This is the road we miners travel daily," replied the foreman; "you, gentlemen, wished to see all we had to show, and so I chose this route. There is a safer and an easier way if you prefer it."

Crayon looked in the Yankee's face, but there was no flinching there.

"Not at all," replied he; "I was only asking questions to satisfy my curiosity. Lead on until you reach China; we'll follow."

Nevertheless after that did our hero remove his slippery buckskin gloves and grip the muddy rounds with naked hands for better security; and daintily enough he trod those narrow platforms as if he were walking on eggs, and when ever and anon some cheery jest broke out, who knows but it was uttered to scare off an awful consciousness that, returning again and again, would creep numbingly over the senses during the intervals of silence?

But we can not say properly that they ever moved in silence, for the dull sounds that accompanied their downward progress were even worse. The voices of the workmen rose from the depths like inarticulate hollow moanings, and the measured strokes of the mighty pump thumped like the awful pulsations of some earth-born giant.

Heated and reeling with fatigue, they at length halted at the two hundred and seventy foot gallery. Here they reposed for a few minutes, and then leaving the shaft walked some distance into the horizontal opening. At the end they found a couple of negroes boring in the rock with iron sledge and auger. Having satisfied their curiosity here, they returned to the shaft and descended until they reached the three hundred and thirty foot gallery. Here appeared a wild-looking group of miners, twenty or more in number, who had crowded on a narrow gallery of plank that went round the shaft until it seemed ready to break with their weight. A number of negroes were huddled in the entrance of an opposite gallery, and among them our friends preferred to bestow themselves for better security.

The miners were congregated here, awaiting the explosion of a number of blasts in the main gallery. The expectancy was not of long duration, for presently our friends felt and heard a stunning crash as if they had been fired out of a Paixhan gun, then came another and another in quick succession. They were soon enveloped in an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke, and as the explosions continued Boston remarked, that in a few minutes he should imagine himself in the trenches at Sebastopol.

BORING.

When the blasting was over the men returned to their places, and Moyle, having requested his visitors to remain where they were, went to give some directions to the workmen. During his absence, Boston, with the characteristic sharpness of his people, commenced prying about him.

"What the deuce," quoth he, "is in these bags on which we are sitting?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Crayon, in a listless tone.

"But the bags are full," persisted the Yankee; "and I guess there must be something in them."

"Salt, perhaps."

"I guess they have no particular use for salt down here."

"Gold dust, maybe," and Crayon yawned.

"I've a mind to see, just to satisfy my curiosity," said Boston, opening his penknife.

He quietly slit one of the canvas bags, and taking out a handful of coarse black grains handed them over to Crayon.

Our hero opened his eyes, and then put a pinch of the substance into his month. He sprang up suddenly as if he had been shot at.

"Mind your light! Gunpowder, by Heaven! come, let us leave."

"Wait a minute," said Boston, "until I return the powder and close the bag securely."

And having done this with great *sang froid*, he followed Crayon's suggestion.

When the foreman returned, our friends descended to the bottom of the mine without further stoppages. Here they found a number of men at work, with pick and auger, knocking out the glittering ore. The quartz veins are here seen sparkling on every side with golden sheen. At least so it appears; but the guide dispelled the delusion by informing them that this shining substance was only a sulphuret of copper, the gold in the ore being seldom discernible by the naked eye, except in specimens of extraordinary richness. Several of these specimens he found and kindly presented to the visitors.

Having, at length, satisfied their curiosity, and beginning to feel chilled by their long sojourn in these dripping abodes, our friends intimated to their guide that they were disposed to revisit the earth's surface.

The question then arose whether they should reascend the ladders, or go up in the ore bucket. The ladders were more fatiguing, the bucket more dangerous, and several miners counseled against attempting that mode. Moyle, however, encouraged them with the assurance that they did not lose many men that way. Crayon settled the question by the following observation:

"Sometimes it is prudent to be rash. I'm tired; and, paying due respect to the calves of my legs, I have concluded to try the bucket."

The bucket is a strong copper vessel about the size of a whisky barrel, used to carry the ore to the surface. It is drawn up through the shaft on a strong windlass worked by horse-power. The operation is double—an empty bucket descending as the loaded one ascends. One of the risks from ascending in this way is in passing this bucket. Crayon stuck his legs into the brazen chariot, and held the rope above. Moyle stood gallantly upon the brim, balancing himself lightly with one arm akimbo. The signal-cord was jerked, and up they went.

Slowly and steadily they rose. Crayon talked and laughed, occasionally trusting himself with a glance downward, hugging the rope closer as he looked. Moyle steered clear of the descending bucket, and in a short time our hero found himself at the mouth of the shaft. With much care and a little assistance he was safely landed, and the foreman again descended to bring up the Yankee.

As Moyle went down, Crayon, with due precaution, looked down into the shaft to watch the proceeding. He saw the star in the miner's helmet gradually diminish until it became a faint blue speck scarcely visible. Then other tiny stars flitted around, and faint, confused sounds rose from the awful depth. At the signal the attendant at the windlass reversed the wheel, and the bucket, with the men, began to ascend.

While Crayon watched the lights, now growing gradually on his sight, he was startled by a stunning, crashing sound that rose from the shaft. The first concussion might have been mistaken for blasting, but the noise continued with increasing violence. The signal-chains rattled violently, and the windlass was immediately stopped. Loud calls were heard from the shaft, but it was impossible to distinguish what was said amidst the confused roar.

"Stop the pump!" said Crayon to the negro. "I believe the machinery below has given way."

The negro pulled a signal-rope connected with the engine-house, and presently the long crank that worked the pump was stopped; at the same time the frightful sounds in the shaft ceased. The adventurers in the bucket then resumed their upward journey. When they arrived at the mouth of the shaft Moyle nimbly skipped upon the platform. Boston, who was in the bucket, was preparing to land with more precaution; but the horse, probably excited by the late confusion, disregarding the order to halt, kept on his round. The bucket was drawn up ten or twelve feet above the landing, and its brim rested on the windlass. Boston, to save his hands from being crushed, was obliged to loose his hold on the rope, and throw his arms over the turning beam. One moment more, one step further, and the bucket, with its occupant, would have been whirled over and precipitated into the yawning abyss from which they had just risen. Moyle looked aghast—the negro attendant yelled an oath of mighty power and sprang toward the horse. The movement would have been unavailing, for the horse was on the further side of his beat; but it appears he understood Mumbo Jumbo, and, at the talismanic word, the brute stood still. Cuffee seized his head and backed him until the bucket descended to the level of the platform, and the Yankee was rescued from his perilous position, altogether less flurried and excited than any of the witnesses.

ASCENDING BUCKET-SHAFT.

Crayon then ascertained that his surmise in regard to the hubbub in the shaft was correct. At a point about a hundred and fifty feet from the bottom some of the pump machinery was accidentally diverted from its legitimate business of lifting water, and got to working among the planks and timbers that lined the shaft, crushing through every thing, and sending a shower of boards and splinters below. The fracas was appalling, and, but for the prompt stoppage of the machinery, serious damage and loss of life might have been the result.

As they were about to leave Porte Crayon approached the negro.

"Uncle," said he, speaking with evident embarrassment, "you have been at some trouble on our account—got us safely out of the shaft. I wish to thank you, and to offer you some remuneration in the shape of a present. If, indeed, you, who are continually up to your knees in gold, would condescend to look upon a pitiful piece of silver."

"Silber, Massa?" ejaculated Cuffee, opening his eyes.

"Yes, I take the liberty," continued Crayon, "of offering you a trifle," and, with a sheepish air, he dropped half a dollar into the extended palm.

"In a place where you habitually tread gold under your feet, I am really ashamed to offer you baser metal."

"Silber, Massa!" said Cuffee, grinning from ear to ear, "why I ain't seed sich a sight sence last Christmas;" and he louted so low that his ragged hat swept the ground.

As the strangers retired the voice was heard still muttering:

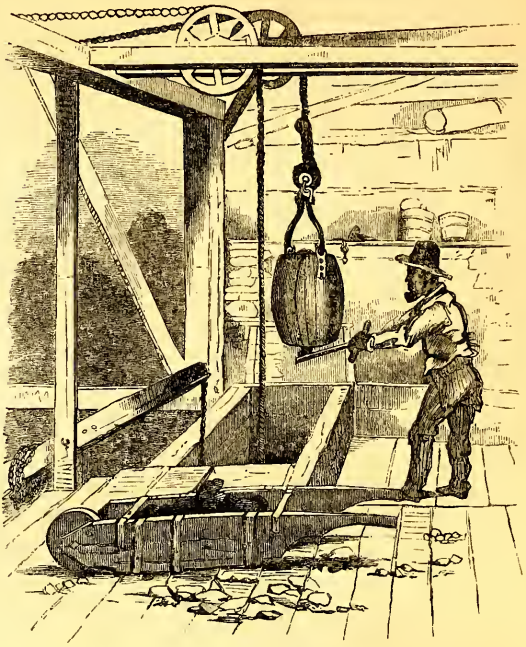
"Think nothin' of silber, eh! I like dat—dat's money. Dese yaller stones ain't no use to us. Silber! ke, he—dem's gemplums sure enough."

Before they parted Crayon formally returned his thanks to the foreman, and delicately hinted at remuneration. The offer met a polite but decided refusal from the manly Englishman.

Altogether the visit to the mine occupied about four hours, and the travelers were suffi-

ciently fatigued to appreciate their beds that night.

On the following morning they visited the works accompanied by the superintendent, who explained to them in a satisfactory manner the whole process of getting gold. In the first place, the ore taken from the mine is broken with hammers to the size of turnpike stone. It is then subjected to a process of grinding in water, passing through the crushing, dragging, and stirring mills, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder, or, in its wet condition, to a light gray mud, which is washed down, and collects in a large vat below the mills. From this it is carried in wheel-barrows to the cradles. The cradles are eighteen or twenty feet long, formed from the trunks of trees split in twain and scooped out like canoes. They are laid upon parallel timbers with a slight inclination, and fastened together, so that a dozen or more may be moved with the same power. They are closed at the upper end, open at the lower, and at intervals on the inside are cut with shallow grooves to hold the liquid quicksilver. The golden mud is distributed in the upper end of these cradles, a small stream of water turned upon it, and the whole vigorously and continually rocked by machinery. The ground ore is thus carried down by the water, the particles of gold taken up by the quicksilver, and the dross washed out at the lower end, where a blanket is ordinarily kept to prevent the accidental loss of the quicksilver. After each day's performance the quicksilver is taken out, squeezed in a clean blanket or bag, and forms a solid lump called the amalgam. This amalgam is baked in a retort, the quicksilver sublimates and runs off into another vessel, while the pure gold remains in the retort.



AT MOUTH OF BUCKET SHAFT.

SARAH JACKSON.

Although this is the most approved mode yet known of separating the gold from the ore, it is so imperfect that, after the great works have washed the dust three or four times over, private enterprise pays for the privilege of washing the refuse, and several persons make a good living at the business.

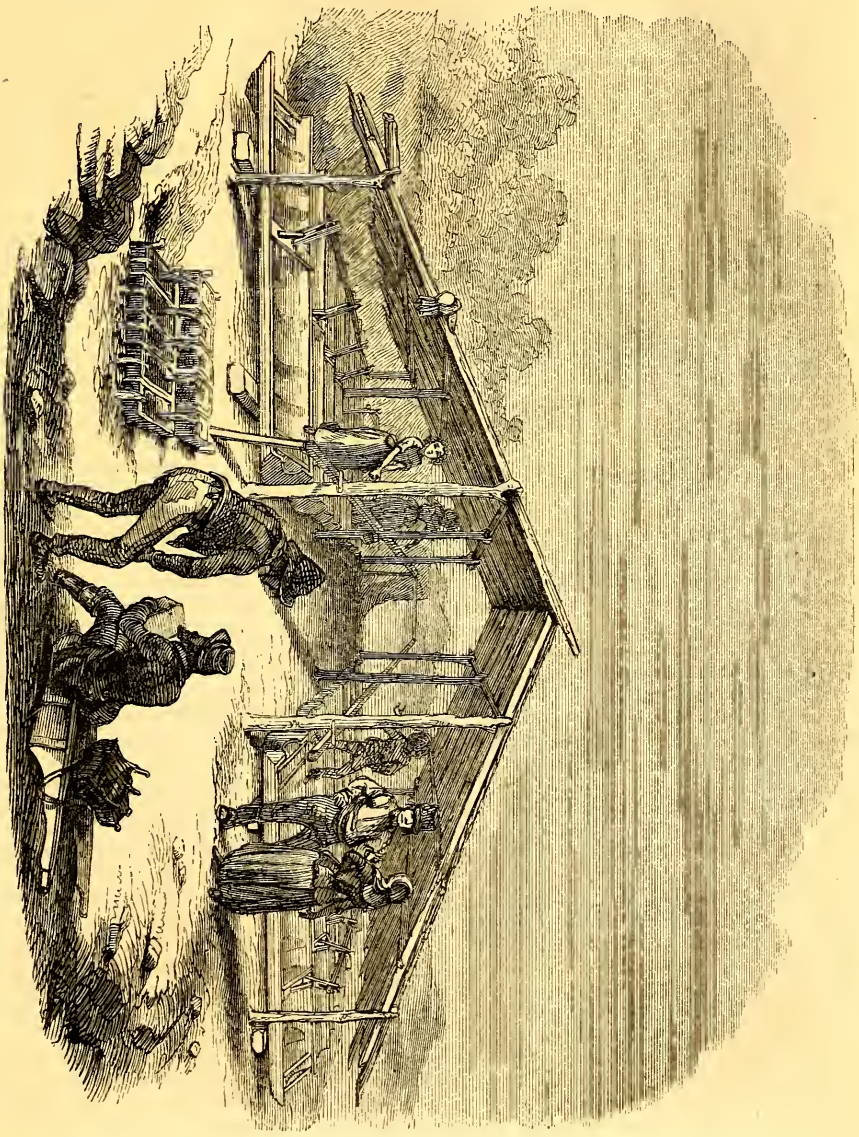
These private establishments are less complicated and far more picturesque in appearance than the great ones. The only machines necessary there are the cradles and the motive power, half a dozen lively little girls from twelve to

fifteen years of age. This power, if not so reliable and steady, is far more graceful and entertaining than steam machinery. Although the fastidious might find fault with their apparel, yet the graceful activity of these barefooted lasses as they skip and dance over their rolling stage, with elf-locks waving free, cheeks rosy with exercise, and eyes bright with fun, is far more pleasing to the eye of taste than the strained, extravagant, and unnatural posturings of your Ellslers and Taglionis that we make such a fuss about, excelling them as the wild rose of nature does the bewired and painted artificial, or—ah!—as the—Crayon suggests—as freckles and dirt excel rouge and tinsel.

As our artist was amusing himself sketching one of these establishments, he observed the children at a neighboring shed apparently in consultation. Presently the tallest one among them approached him, and after hovering around for some time, at length leaned over and addressed him in a whisper:

"I say, man, when you've done here, please come up our way and give us a touch."

Gold Hill, we were informed, belongs to a Northern company. The works are on a more extensive scale than at any other point in North Carolina. They give employment to about three hundred persons, and seem to be in a highly prosperous condition. The working



ROCKING CRADLES.

BILL JENKINS.

of the mines is chiefly under the direction of Englishmen from the mining districts of Cornwall, and negroes are found to be among the most efficient laborers. All the machinery of the different establishments is worked by steam power except the windlasses for raising the ore, where blind horses are used in preference.

Having stuffed his knapsack with specimens of ore, and enriched his portfolio with several portraits of the miners, Porte Crayon with his companion took the stage and returned to Salisbury.

"I pray, come crush a cup of wine, rest you merry." What's this? An invitation to a May-day picnic. The earth has already put on her summer livery, wearing it daintily and fresh like a bran-new gown. The southern breeze blows balmily, all perfumed like a sweet damsel just come from her toilet. The birds sing like fifers, and the meads, bepranked with flowers, vie in beauty with our fashionable hotel carpets. Woods, breezes, birds, and flowers—all nature joins in the invitation.

At an early hour on the third of May a numerous and brilliant company took the cars at the Salisbury dépôt in answer to the foregoing invitation. There was broadcloth and beauty in proper proportions, and a profusion of flowers, wit, and merriment. The disembarkation at Holtsburg developed still further the intentions and resources of the party. Numerous mysterious hampers were transferred from the baggage-car to the platform of the station-house, and a brace of Cuffees, bearing instruments of music, made themselves a part of the company.

This couple reminded one of Don Quixote and his Squire done in ebony. Alfred, the fiddler, was a lathy, long-armed, knock-kneed black, with a countenance that vied in ruefulness with that of the Knight of La Mancha; while Simon, the tambour-major, was a short, wiry, jolly-faced fellow, who thumped his sheepskin with a will. Of these, however, more anon.

The idea of "dancing on the green" is eminently poetical, but quite absurd in practice; the managers of the picnic had therefore wisely determined to take advantage of the springy floor of the Holtsburg station-house. This was pleasantly situated near the silvery Yadkin, in the midst of a beautiful woodland, and a more fitting locality could not have been selected. They were at first somewhat disconcerted at finding the station-house entirely occupied with bales of hay; but this untoward circumstance was so turned to account by the ingenuity and energy of the gentlemen that it was afterward esteemed a lucky hit. The bales were rolled out on the platforms, arranged around the room, and piled up at one end, where they served admirably for tables, seats, couches, galleries, and added greatly to comfort and the appearance of the scene.

The early part of the day passed most agreeably in rural walks, music, dancing, cards, and conversation. Then the mid-day feast was spread and eaten, of course. Every body pronounced every thing delightful, every body was pleased, and every body was quite right. The bright Champagne foamed in o'erflowing bumpers. The corks flew about like shot in a sharp skirmish. Much store of wit and mirth, which, like the music in the bugle of Munchausen's postillion, had remained congealed by the frost

of ceremony, now broke forth spontaneously, under the melting influences of wine. The fiddler struck up a merrier tune, and even Alfred's rueful visage seemed to catch a gleam of jollity. The tambourine boomed and jangled with redoubled power as the excited Simon rapped the sounding sheepskin consecutively with knuckles kneepan, pate, and elbow. Alfred's legs and arms worked like the cranks of a grasshopper engine, going at thirty miles an hour. The spirit of the dancers kept pace with the music until the approach of evening warned them to get ready for the train which would bear them back to Salisbury. Things were packed up, and the necks of several bottles of Champagne, discovered among the stuff, were broken off to pass away the time while they waited for the train."

"What a delightful day we've had! How charmingly every thing has passed off! not an incident to mar the enjoyment!"

Just then Alfred appeared on the platform, his trembling knees knocked together, his bosom heaved like a blacksmith's bellows, his face was ashy pale, and his eyes rolled upward with a mingled expression of terror and despair. For some moments he was dumb; but his attitude and accessories told his story—a grief too big for words. In one hand he held an empty bag, and in the other his tuneful friend and companion, the fiddle. But in what a case! splintered, smashed, mammocked, bridge and sounding-post gone, the tail-piece swinging by the idle strings.

Simon looked on aghast.

"Somebody done sot on her!" he exclaimed.

Alfred at length spoke: "Da! dat fiddle is done ruinged!" and again relapsed into dumbness, while two big tears gathered in his eyes. The hearts of the spectators were touched, and they crowded round the unhappy negro.

"Why, Alfred," cried one, "it can be mended."

"Never, massa, she'll never sound agin.'"

"Pass round your hat, Alfred."

That was a woman's voice. God bless the ladies! May their kind hearts never know sorrow!

The hat circulated, and substantial sympathy showered in it so freely that there was presently enough to buy two fiddles. A glow of happiness overspread the minstrel's face, and as he acknowledged and pocketed the contents of the hat, he glanced again at his mutilated instrument.

"I specks I kin mend her up yit."

Now Simon was an interested spectator of these proceedings, and when he saw the turn things had taken he grew thoughtful and began to scratch his head. Anon he disappeared, and after a short time returned with tears in his eyes, uttering groans and lamentations.

"Well, Simon, what has befallen you?"

"Oh, master," replied Simon, with a tragedy countenance, "I wouldn't a had dis to happen for five dollars; jis look at dis tambourine—busted clean through."

PICNIC.

"DAT FIDDLE DONE RUINGED."

"How did this occur, Simon?" said the gentleman, examining the broken instrument.

"Why, master, I don't know exactly how it come; but I specks somebody put dere foot in it."

"I would not be surprised," returned the examiner, "if some one had put his foot in it. Now, Simon, you perceive the frame of the tambourine is perfectly sound, and the cracked sheepskin can be easily replaced. Your estimate of five dollars damages is excessive. In my judgment, a judicious expenditure of ten cents will put every thing *in statu quo ante bellum*. Here is a dime, Simon."

During this discourse the tambour-major looked very sheepish and restive, but habitual deference for the opinions of the dominant race induced him to accept the award without demurrer, only observing, as he joined in the general laugh,

"I mought as well not a-broke it."

Meanwhile one of the company had got hold of the broken tambourine-head, declaring that the events of the day deserved to be written on parchment.

A call was made upon the company for poetical contributions, which was answered by a shower of couplets. A committee appointed to collect and arrange the proceeds reported the following:

VERSES WRITTEN BY A PICNIC PARTY ON THE HEAD OF A BROKEN TAMBOURINE WITH A CORKSCREW.

"Of all the year, the time most dear
Is buxom, blooming, merry May;
In woodland bowers we gather flowers
From morning fair to evening gray.

"Time we beguile with beauty's smile,
And sweetly while the hours away,
Champagne sipping, lightly tripping,
Like lambs skipping in their play.

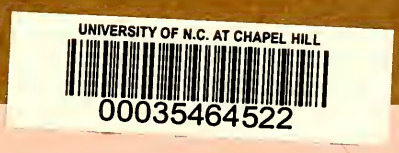
"Music sounding, mirth abounding,
Old care drowning in the foam
Of sparkling bumper—fill a thumper
And we'll drink to friends at home.

"Pray mind your work and pop the cork,
Just take a fork if corkscrews fail:
'Think'st thou, because thou'rt virtuous,
There shall be no more cakes and ale?'

"To ladies eyes 'neath southern skies,
To those we prize on earth most dear,
Another brimming goblet fill—
But, hark! the warning whistle near.

"Drink quick—'tis time to close our rhyme—
To Holtsburg's halls a farewell—hic;
To Yadkin's bowers and fragrant flowers—
Quick—*transit gloria mundi*—sick."

FINIS.



Form No. A-368, Rev. 8/95