

# Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1850.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

### TERMS.

**THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER,**  
L. D. STARKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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Office opposite Mason's Hotel, and over the store of Mr. Wm. Shannon, corner of Main and Ward streets.

### UNITED STATES HOTEL.

EDENTON, N. C.

THE undersigned, grateful for a liberal public for their patronage, solicits a continuance of the same, for the following reasons: That, he and those around him have been heretofore, and will be for the future, always polite and attentive to visitors. 2d. His Rooms are airy, commodious and well furnished. 3d. His Bar at all times well furnished with all that any of the Northern cities can furnish him.

His STABLES are provided with that rare article, an EXCELLENT HOSTLER, and something still more rare, a plenty of Good Hay, Corn, Fodder and Oats, which together with good, curing, rubbing down and watering, fully complete this department. And though for the present he cannot boast of any great length of buildings, (for he has not room for them), yet he is unflinchingly "throws the gauntlet" to any landlord in the State, as to a comparison with his TABLE, as to the luxuries of the Market, and the cleanliness of his Bar.

JAMES W. HATHAWAY, Proprietor,  
Edenton, N. C. Sept. 10th 1850.

### BOND'S HOTEL

AND STAGE OFFICE,  
EDENTON, N. C.

The undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that this well-known Hotel, has lately undergone a thorough repair, having had eleven new and comfortable Rooms added to it, which, in addition to the former number, makes a desirable and spacious and comfortable HOUSE in this section of the State, and he feels satisfied in saying that it is a better House than the place ever had—having now thirty-two (32) rooms (and a complete and well-furnished Kitchen, and also connected with the establishment a good and comfortable Reading Room.

This Hotel fronts the South with a double Piazza of one hundred and thirty-five feet; and complete and commodious accommodations for all gentlemen who travel and stop at Hotels, is one reason why the subscriber is induced to put this in public print—and another, that they may not be misled by some whom we would not desire to accommodate. Having already had several of our House will speak for itself to all who are with their patronage. Before concluding, however, we would tender our thanks to our friends for the encouragement they have extended to us for nearly seven years. SAM'L T. BOND, Proprietor,  
Aug 27-3m

### MURRAY & CLARK,

MILLWRIGHTS AND MACHINISTS,  
Edenton, N. C.

WE are pleased to observe that a gradual increase of the spirit of domestic patronage is manifesting itself in our community. Among others who are now being benefited, are our Millwrights, who, by their industry and perseverance, are not only supplying the wants of the community, but also of the Southern States. We are also pleased to observe that a gradual increase of the spirit of domestic patronage is manifesting itself in our community. Among others who are now being benefited, are our Millwrights, who, by their industry and perseverance, are not only supplying the wants of the community, but also of the Southern States. We are also pleased to observe that a gradual increase of the spirit of domestic patronage is manifesting itself in our community. Among others who are now being benefited, are our Millwrights, who, by their industry and perseverance, are not only supplying the wants of the community, but also of the Southern States.

### AN HONEST HEART.

Thy hand, my honest toiler,  
There's something in a grasp  
That tells me 'tis no shadow,  
Or useless thing to clasp;  
But the lever of an earnest will,  
Of an honest heart and true,  
That finds in this world labor,  
And finding, dares to do.

Thy lip has learned to whisper  
No thoughts thou canst not feel;  
Upon thy brow was never set  
Hypocrite's false seal;  
There's candor in thy bluntness,  
In thy rugged form of speech,  
Worth more than all the smoothness  
False etiquette can teach.

Then take my hand, my brother,  
And an honest word of cheer,  
To make more strong thy strength'ning  
hope,  
And confidence of fear;  
There's many a golden hour  
Thy sweating brow should wear,  
And yet thy hand will earn them,  
If thy heart does not despair.

### THE CAPTIVE'S DAUGHTER.

A SCOTCH TALE.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive gloom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortune to the cause of his chieftains.

The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length overpowered by numbers he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the Scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailer awaited but the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his love, even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison house—he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child; his head was pressed against the wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and tearless; but her very brightness spoke of sorrow, of sorrow too deep to be wept away; her raven tresses were parted over her brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered: "My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom. "My father! my father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailer as he turned and left them for a few minutes together. "God bless and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I have feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing upon the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father."

"Nay, forbear!" she exclaimed, "not the last blessing! not the last! My father shall not die!"  
"Be calm, my child!" exclaimed he, would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own, my own. But there is no hope—within three days, and thou and my little ones will be—"  
Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died in his tongue.  
"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; three days, then there is hope; my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the confessor and master of the king?—from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."  
"Nay, my Grizel," returned he, be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is already on his way."  
"Yet my father shall not—shall not die," she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together—"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed, and turning to her father said calmly—"We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously in her face.  
"Ask not now," she replied, "but pray for and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."  
He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.  
On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfarer man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeded down the street, nearly opposite where what was called the Mair-guard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years

before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leather girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equal plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his behavior was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.

Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.  
In a few moments he was on the border of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of wild, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle, covered with thick brush-wood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill heading the storm which now raged in wild fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward until he had proceeded above two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head and the traveler stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger sternly.  
The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily upon his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The robber, who had been watching him, and flinging the mail for a moment, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following day, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which he had carried the death-warrant had been robbed; and before another could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor might be successful.

Grizel now became his almost constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed, since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even the hope, bitter as it was, persisted. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would-be-despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done," groaned the captive.  
"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die."  
Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him; in his right hand he carried a pistol to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a stangling course, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash in his eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms or die!"  
The heart of the king's messenger failed within him; and without venturing to reply, he did as was commanded.  
"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail lest a wrong thing come upon thee."  
The man arose, and proceeded towards Berwick trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to a scaffold, when tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner became again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept and said:  
"It is good—the hand of heaven is in this!"  
"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time, she wept aloud—that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had at length been successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He hurried with his father from the prison to his house—his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—and they were marveling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with a coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his forehead, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."  
Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale—they were his death-warrants.  
"My deliverer," exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the savior of my life! My father—my children thank him for me!"  
The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced him and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired, "Sir John, shall I thank my deliverer?"  
The stranger went up; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak!  
"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child! my savior! my own Grizel!"  
It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection have been hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Alabama, the great-grandmother of Mr. Cootts, the celebrated banker.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.  
I retired, heaven knows, with no intention to sleep, but by the intervention of a luckless accident, it proved the sorest night of my life. Retiring in a sea of abstraction—beguiled by the allurement of promise, and about to enter upon a magnificent occasion for a perfect recovery—bewildered by the contention of pleasant anticipations and imaginary misadventures—when I was awakened by my valet, I walked into the wrong room. Still grogeling with the truth, the depth of error, I went into a lady's bed. What a fatal error for my repose! What a delicate distress! The chamber I had entered, to have and occupy, belonged to an aged spinster—a regular watering-place hunter, who had long since consumed her share of the honey of heaven-born charity, who loved only her lap-dog and a winning-partner at whist; who disliked the young of her own sex, and who had the wildest hatred of mine! In the room of such an example of mortality, what a disaster—what a catastrophe for my eyes and vista! Ah! what prodigious ills from petty causes spring!

I marvel to this day how I came there. I wonder how I overlooked the feminine bijouterie, the toilette, caps, ribbons, combs, curls, artificials, roses, and sprigs of myrtle, or the dressing table, and I answer, I cannot imagine! I have rummaged my imagination for excuses in vain; the only one which aids me is this:—I must have been in a state of somnambulism when I entered the den of that amiable virtuous. I remembered nothing in the morning, but that I had quietly and soberly gone to bed, filled with hope from the cheering conversation of the water doctor. This, and some dreary fragments of the life of easy happiness I languished to attain, lingered on the tablet of memory.

I had gone to bed after the second, or it may be the third watch, and was most uncomfortably disturbed. The upshot of it is this; the room was double-bedded, and in the occupancy of a lady and her maid. I had entered upon and occupied the latter's couch! In the morning she was called lustily, to administer to the mistress the usual dose; no answer being given, she had risen from her bed to awaken this creature, who, it was discovered, had slipped out, after pretending to retire, to join a dancing party in the hotel. Unluckily I had taken her place. For nights I had not closed my eyelids; but this night I slept like a rock, and lapped in that delicious slumber, which refreshes the weary, and prepares the strong man for toil or battle, heeded not the calling and cries of a voice in distress, till my head was gripped between two fair hands and shaken most profoundly.

I called for silver, and my masculine voice startled my astounded witness. It was a moment of recognition, and as surprising to me as it was unsatisfactory to the other. A scream, shrill and loud, saluted my ears as I caught a glimpse of a face, befringed in lace, retreating from mine!

"What is the matter?" said I, fancying the house was on fire, by the redness of the cheeks. I heard her mutter—"It is a man's voice—a man!"  
Another scream, and yet another!  
And as I peered forth, she ran towards her bed, like a lapping, plotting very modestly, that I should not spy her feet, which, heaven knows, I was not covetous enough to look at. A violent pull at the bell, roused me to a crisis of apprehensions, and I arose in my sitting.  
"Lie down, sir, you horrid villain," said she, "lie down."  
I obeyed precipitately. When I spoke she screamed: I heard a knocking at

the door, and watched to get up and open it. She saw me move—appeared to be convulsed at the idea of one of my gender rising in her presence, and I silently over delicate, was abashed into inaction when I should have been active.—What a perplexity. What was to be done in such a position? She would not rise to open the door, or permit me—"Stay in bed, sir!" was her cry continually; and when I protruded a leg, she seemed to be fainting.  
She called for Fanny.  
"She is not here," said I.  
"What! are you alone?"  
I felt all over the bed, and protested I was alone. I protested and explained; it was evident I had missed my chamber, and the discovery distracted me. I would rise and go out; she insisted I had nearly killed her already, and if I rose I should be her death! How dreadfully it is to be attacked by a woman, with a free and not particular tongue; to pocket those epithets in a sort of rivalry. The door was burst; to my bed-side came a young woman, with a candle in her hand, and two more followed at her heels. I thought I should have been set on and torn to pieces by this ungentle creature, and to my surprise, her mistress spoke to my good behavior. Fanny, to excuse her delinquency, made it evident she was bolted out, and she had closed the door, rather than disturb her poor, dear, sick mistress, in her sleep. Rather than disturb! The slut! The truth is, true to my habit I had cautiously locked the door, but I believe she had never tried to open it.

Seeing how matters stood, tantalized and almost exasperated, and perceiving what an extraordinary mistake had been committed, I was anxious to discuss my position; I was pronounced a—what do you think? A robber! I gasped my breath! protested—was knocked down with a shower of icy abuse; and trembling and incensed, agonized and ready to give up the ghost, and begging to have leave to explain, in God's name, and finding no excuse would be heard, I resigned myself to my fate, without hope of quarter. With chagrin I heard the mistress congratulated on her escape, for they discovered a plot, in spite of my innocence—a grave design.

I began to persevere with fear, and petitioned heaven for an early deliverance. I would have fled from the scene, discovering I was in the wrong room, but in a robe de chambre, surrounded by girls and their elders, could not stir without treading over the line of decency; and every time I moved, my Tabitha Bramble, who had put on her garments, threatened my eyes with her sharp and threatening glances, and I was obliged to have my eyes closed.

I offered to apologize for her beauty, but she grew furious, and the fiery spot on her face became red-hot with caloric of anger, when I moved in my afflictions. Clytemnestra in the tragedy, Stidons in her dark room, never looked so many unutterable things. Was she an oyster woman? I discarded the austere supposition for its vulgarity. By and by half the inmates of the hotel having arrived, waiters and watchmen, masters and maid, I was pronounced to belong to the premises and respectable! But if escaping the indignity of a charge of felonious intentions, I was still jeered, reproached, and eyed as a curiosity; as if his luckless trespass into another's nest must needs have a design in it, as if I could have helped it; but not only morality is suspicious, and wickedly perverse in judgment. The unforgiving fury, whom I was supposed to have insulted, withdrew from the crowd of titlers, as I crawled out, shrunken, darkling, and huddled in a blanket to my room, attended by the waiters and the master, all looking as if laughing heartily in their sleeves.

A HOME THRUST.  
Professor Rissley, who is now in Italy, says that recently, when he was in Venice, an American captain and an Englishman met at dinner.  
"You are an American, sir?" said the Englishman.  
"I reckon I am," rejoined the American.  
"You have the name of being great warriors."  
"Yes," said the Yankee, "we shoot pretty well."  
"But how is it you are so anxious to make peace with Mexico? This does not appear much like spunk!"  
"You are an Englishman?" interrogated the Yankee.  
"Yes," replied the Englishman.  
"Well," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks have offered to do with Mexico; but, stranger, I'll just tell you one thing—I'll be d—d if I ever offered to make peace with you!"  
This home-thrust at the Englishman set the whole table in an uproar of laughter.

MARRIAGES OF THE BUDDHISTS.—The day and hour of the wedding are fixed by an astrologer or wise man, the bride's horoscope having been previously compared with that of the bridegroom's by the same sage, who declares if the planetary influence will allow them to wed. The astrologer being well paid, and as there are four methods by which configurations and a favorable result may be arrived at, the stars generally prove propitious to the projected union. It sometimes happens that the horoscopes of the intended bride and bridegroom, despite the strenuous endeavors of the astrologers, will not coincide, and then an infant brother or relation of the bridegroom takes his place at the wedding feast, provided his horoscope will agree with that of the lady. Such a marriage is legal, the evasion being regarded as a necessary concession to the will of the planets.

### PATRICK'S COLT.

A gentleman, of the Manchester American says, 'who favors us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlement of this place, formerly old Derryfield, relates the following anecdote:—'When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the colt. "Don't come without him," said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment. "Why, Patrick, what is the matter? What is the name of wonder ails you?" "An' isn't it myself, yer honor, that never'll catch the old black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch-my eyes out of my head? An' faith, as true as I'm speaking to you, I had to climb up a tree after the colt." "Climb up after him! Nonsense!—Where is the best?" "An' it's tied to the tree he is to be sure, yer honor." "We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our no small amazement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching, after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied with the bridle to an old tree. Brin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as Patrick's colt."

GERMAN LINDISM.—The Chronotype tells the following funny story, which was current in London some time ago:—Some years since, during the political troubles in Germany, Jenny Lind sang for a few nights in one of its smaller cities, and there, as at every other place where she sings, excited an intense enthusiasm. When the time of her departure arrived she started at a very early hour in the morning, in order to avoid notice and excitement; but the students of an university there discovered her, and rallying in great numbers, followed her carriage out of the city in procession; then, in their enthusiasm, hurried back to the hotel in which she had been staying, rushed in a body into the room where they were told she had slipped, seized the sheets from the bed, and tearing them into small pieces were them about as badges in their button-holes.

A short time after, a quiet, bald bachelor Englishman, who had been staying at the same hotel for some days, was observed to come down to breakfast in a state of great perturbation. He gazed at many, he at length summoned courage to address one who stood near him.  
"Very extraordinary fellows, these German students," said he, "I should say stark mad, every one of them."  
"Mad? Oh, no, mad—mad—a little excited—that's all, but very good, sensible fellows, for all that."  
"Are they? Well, then it must be for some political reason, and I am a marked man. I had better leave the town immediately. Why, while I had just stepped out this morning for a quiet walk after shaving, a body of them burst into my room, tore my sheets in pieces, and now there are two or three hundred of them strutting about town with bits of 'em in their button-holes."

The following is from the 'Gossip' in the September number of the Knickerbocker:  
A correspondent, in a recent letter, tells a good story of a rough sea captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: "Oh, Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling upon Thee often; and if you'll just shift the wind from sou'-east to a little more sou', I won't trouble you again!"

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON.—In 1661 the streets were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns, by every householder or occupier fronting the main road, from nightfall to nine P. M., the hour of retiring to bed. In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign, one Edward Heming obtained the right of lighting the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door, from six on moonless evenings until midnight, between Michaelmas and Ladyday. During the reign of Queen Anne, in 1708, Mr. Michael Goake introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners, instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed, which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from six to eleven o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each new moon, and the third after it reached the full. In a few years a company was formed to light the street from six o'clock until midnight, each householder who paid poor-rates, being required to contribute for this purpose six shillings a year.

MODEST.—"Pray," said Mr. —, to a gentleman who overtook him on the road, "will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?" "With pleasure, sir; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easy," replied the modest applicant; "I shall remain in it."

"Is there anything really the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "I don't know how it is," was the reply, "I eat well, sleep well, and have a good appetite."  
"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something to take away all that."

**JEFFER & ACUTE**  
Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Inter-mittent & Remittent Fevers, & all the various forms of Bilious Diseases  
SPEEDILY & THOROUGHLY CURED  
By Dr. S. J. COOKE'S India Cholagogue  
For sale by L. K. SAUNDERS, Elizabeth City, Oct. 1.

**JESSE H. SIKES,**  
SASH, BLIND & DOOR MANUFACTURER  
Tallot St., Norfolk, Va.

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Carpenter and Builders of North Carolina, adjacent to Elizabeth City, Hertford, Edenton and Plymouth, to his extensive Establishment, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line at the shortest notice, in the most manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. He flatters himself that he can give to the interest of those in want of Sashes, Blinds, Doors, &c., by a saving of 25 per cent, to forward their orders to him; and please to send to his nearest contractors to give entire satisfaction.  
Orders may be left with Mr. Caleb Sikes, of Elizabeth City, and will be immediately forwarded and promptly attended to. Aug 6

DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c., &c., &c.

THIS subscriber desires to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage heretofore received, and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same; at the same time he has the pleasure to state that he has just received from the Northern cities a complete and well selected stock of Dry Goods and Ready Made Clothing, &c., &c., which he is determined to sell as cheap as any house in the city.  
ROBINSON WHITE,  
E. City, Oct. 8, 1850.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!  
The subscriber returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed, and respectfully informs the public that he has now on hand, direct from the Northern cities, a complete stock of Carriages, and is prepared to make anything in his line to order.

JOHN DOES,  
E. City, August 6, 1850.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS.  
NEW STOCK JUST RECEIVED.  
In returning his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore and continued to be extended to him, the subscriber with pleasure solicits the attention of his customers and the public generally to his newly completed stock of

CHIROTTES, DOUBLE & SINGLE ROCKAWAYS, BAROUCHES, BUGGIES and SULKIES.  
His stock of HARNESS also is complete, new, and of the most recent and approved patterns, yet without reflection upon the elegance and excellence of his assortment of Saddles, Bridles, Martingals, &c., &c., all of any of which, and in short every article pertaining to his line of business, he is prepared to dispose of upon terms unsurpassed in the price or accommodation, by any manufacturer south of the Potomac. He invites a call, assuring the customer that the article he wishes is already, or will be at the shortest notice, manufactured to give satisfaction.

ROBERT WATKINS,  
E. City, August 6, 1850.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.  
WILLIAM G. COOK  
Has just received Gold Levers, of M. J. Tobias & Co., Cooper, Johnson, Robinson, Sargent and other makers; GOLD ANCHOR LEVYERS; Gold and Enamelled Dial-Gold Duplex, Leverage and Vertical Watches; Silver Levers and Leagues; Silver and Gold Watches; New England Clocks and Time Pieces; Ladies' Gold Chains; Gold Guard, Vest and Fob Chains; Scals and Keys; Lockets, Bracelet Chains; Gold Ear Rings and Pins in sets; Topaz and other Stones Bracelets, and all Gold do.; Emerald, Sapphire, Garnet Pearl, Mosaic, Cameo, Enamelled and Gold Breast Pins, do., do. do. Finger Rings; Gold Studs; Sleeve Buttons, &c. Also silver tea and table Spoons, and Spoons made to order, together with a general assortment of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, at low prices.

SPECTACLES.  
Gold, Silver, Steel, and German Silver Spectacles with Periodical Glasses, a new and superior article. Also a large assortment of Periodical Glasses, to suit all eyes, kept constantly on hand, also every description of Spectacle Glasses.  
Elizabeth City, August 6, 1850.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.  
The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the stock of Dr. Lewis Watson, and taken the stand occupied by him, he is now prepared to fill all orders in his line in the most manner, with neatness, punctuality and dispatch. Having spent many years of his life in a Drug Store, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may call upon him. His stock will be found now to comprise most of the articles usually met with in a well regulated Drug Establishment, consisting of Spices, Oils, Drugs, Perfumery, &c., &c.

DANIEL RICHARDSON, Clerk,  
Nov. 5—11

TO THE CITIZENS OF ELIZABETH CITY AND ADJACENT COUNTIES.  
THE HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.  
MOST respectfully renews his acknowledgments of the kind and liberal patronage which they have been pleased to favor him since his debut in the Old North State, and, therefore, induced to make Elizabeth City his home and permanent place of residence, he thus announces himself prepared with force and means to execute, with facility, both  
Paint and Ornamental Painting, in a manner which he flatters himself will do justice to those who have politely favored him reference. Altho' generally with a job on hand in town, he is prepared and ever ready to answer the call of his country friends, and if not conveniently found by any one who may wish his services, and by all orders left at either of the drug stores, or by Mr. L. K. Saunders or Mr. John De-ford, will meet his most prompt attention.

Rev. E. M. Foster, Gilbert Elliott, Esq., Mr. J. M. Wheelbar, Mr. W. Griffin, Mr. Wm. Charles, Mr. George W. Charles, Mr. James W. Hinton, Gen. J. C. B. Ehringhaus.  
WM. A. BASSETT,  
Elizabeth City, Aug. 6, 1850.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, PASQUOTANK COUNTY, FALL TERM, 1850.  
ORDERED by the Court that a special Superior Court be held for this County, on the second Monday in December next, for the trial of the Clerk making publication thereof, &c.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.  
The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the stock of Dr. Lewis Watson, and taken the stand occupied by him, he is now prepared to fill all orders in his line in the most manner, with neatness, punctuality and dispatch. Having spent many years of his life in a Drug Store, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may call upon him. His stock will be found now to comprise most of the articles usually met with in a well regulated Drug Establishment, consisting of Spices, Oils, Drugs, Perfumery, &c., &c.

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L. K. SAUNDERS,  
E. City, Aug. 6, 1850.