

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1854.

VOL. 4--NO. 32

BY L. D. STARKE.

**TERMS.**  
THE  
**DEMOCRATIC PIONEER,**  
L. D. STARKE, Editor and Proprietor:  
Published every Tuesday, at the  
following rates:  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Single copy, one year, \$2 50  
Six copies, " " 11 00  
Twelve copies, " " 20 00  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
A square of 16 lines or less, first  
insertion, \$1.—every subsequent one,  
50 cents.  
Annual arrangements made on  
advance terms.  
Office corner of Main and Road  
streets.

**POETRY.**  
**He will not woo again.**  
But a word, a careless word,  
And passion spoken;  
With that word the chain that bound  
Two loving hearts was broken.  
Hasty wrath has passed away,  
The bitter words remain;  
The lady weeps and sighs—  
He will not woo again.  
Her love may light her path;  
Other move his heart;  
Changing seasons come and go  
And find them still apart;  
Once bright cheek is paler now;  
She bears a trace of pain;  
Her days are sorrowful, and yet  
He will not woo again.  
To meet as strangers, calm and cold,  
Calmly, coldly, part,  
None may guess that tranquil mien  
Conceals a tortured heart.  
In the world hath lost its light,  
Her all joys are vain;  
Nor memory bring relief—  
He will not woo again.  
That love long tried and warm,  
Should wither in an hour,  
That pride o'er human hearts  
Should wield such fearful power;  
Weep thou not for those who die—  
For them all tears are vain;  
Weep o'er living hearts grown cold,  
No one may love again.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
From Arthur's Home Gazette.  
**GOING FROM APPEARANCES.**  
BY HELEN R. CUTLER.  
My cousin Mary had not mingled much  
with the world, and was not au fait  
with the usages of fashionable society,  
and was completely unaware of the curious medley  
which it is sometimes composed. In  
simplicity, she imagined that all that  
glared was pure gold, and the greater  
glare the more worth. The consequence  
was, that upon her first intro-  
duction to society, her unsophisticated  
features were dazzled by a vast amount  
of gold.  
She went to visit a cousin in a gay lit-  
tled town about a hundred miles distant  
from her father's residence. Her cousin,  
Julia Seaman, was a showy, fashion-  
able girl, fond of gaiety and excite-  
ment, but possessing besides a fund of  
observation and good sense. Soon after  
her arrival, she was invited, with her  
cousin, to a party. All the elite of the  
town, she was told, would be present,  
and she was in a flutter of expecta-  
tion all the day preceding, and felt  
great solicitude about her appearance.  
She went, and was almost bewildered  
by the display of beauty and flash of  
riches—the want of genuineness of  
which she was not skilled to detect—  
and a white, becoming separation from  
her cousin, she sought a seat where she  
could observe at her leisure the crowd  
around her. There were gay young  
men, fresh in their blooming beauty, and  
young beaux, with a background of  
matrons and their dignified lords.  
There was one lady in particular who,  
she often passed near Mary in prom-  
enade, attracted her attention by the  
splendor of her attire and her lofty de-  
coration. She seemed one blaze of jew-  
els, and then Mary could not help no-  
ticing the fine white and red of her com-  
plexion. She noticed that those around  
her treated her with particular deference,  
circled gathered about her, and seemed  
to hang on her words; and Mary observ-  
ing that they laughed with peculiar zest  
at her sallies, the words of which she  
did not catch; and she thought—'She  
is, too, as well as noble and beau-  
tiful, and the wonder with which she  
regarded her increased. She was  
start of the evening, the cynosure of  
eyes; and as Mary sat or glided about  
noticed and unknown, she thought  
pleasure it must be to be so endowed  
nature and fortune—to be so carees-  
singly honored and looked up to. And  
she wished, in her simple heart, that  
she was some way in which she could  
distinguish herself, and tower above her  
peers, and receive their homage. But  
she was useless for her to aspire to any  
of the kind. She had neither beau-  
ty, talent, or wealth, and she sighed as  
she thought she should never possess the  
glance of dazzling eyes of others.—  
She wanted to find Julia, to ask her  
how this lady was, but the volatile girl  
had forgotten her little country cousin,  
and was in a distant part of the room

chatting with a bevy of beaux, and Mary  
dared not approach her, so she contented  
herself with looking about and making  
observations. She could not distinguish  
much of what was said, in the confused  
murmur of voices, but she watched with  
eager eyes all that passed near her, and  
busied herself with conjectures as to  
who or what they might be. She had  
observed, a greater part of the evening,  
a quiet-looking lady very plainly dressed,  
sitting in a corner, and, as she saw a  
vacant seat near her, she crossed over  
and took possession of it. As the per-  
sonage who had so attracted her atten-  
tion came into view again, she ventured  
to address the quiet lady to ask if she  
knew who she was. The lady answered  
very pleasantly—  
'I received an introduction to her in  
the beginning of the evening. Her name  
is Hanford, I believe, Mrs. Hanford.'  
'Really, Mary said, I can scarcely  
imagine her a common person. She has  
the air and manner of a lady who has  
been accustomed to persons of nobility.'

'I had no suspicions,' returned the  
lady, 'of her being a duchess or princess  
incog; and she smiled a peculiar smile,  
as she said this, that Mary did not quite  
understand. She seemed so affable, and  
answered all her questions so pleasantly,  
that Mary retained near her a greater  
part of the evening, talking to her in  
quite a patronizing manner, not doubting  
she was glad to have some one to  
talk to, as she learned she was somewhat  
a stranger, like herself.  
On the next day, sitting with her cousin  
in the parlour, and the topic of the  
party coming up for discussion, Mary  
asked—  
'Who was the lady that attracted so  
much attention last evening, and who  
had such a distinguished appearance? I  
thought she must be some person of  
distinction. I am sure she had a high-  
bred air.'

Julia laughed. 'Why that was Mrs.  
Hanford—an ex-milliner who has lately  
come into possession of an immense  
fortune, and who seems now resolved  
to repay the world some of the scorn  
she met from it when in a subordinate  
position.'  
'Is it possible?' Mary exclaimed. 'I  
would never have believed it. I observ-  
ed, though, the air of disdain with which  
she looked down upon those around her;  
I caught her eye once, and she gave me  
a look as though she would annihilate  
me. But there is certainly something  
queerly in her appearance, and it seems  
to sit naturally on her, as one accus-  
tomed to deference.'  
'She is used, I suppose,' said Mary,  
smiling, but in a sarcastic tone, 'to ob-  
servousness from the apprenticeship to  
whom she has had to rule.'  
'What a severe girl you are. But  
she is surely beautiful. What a brilliant  
complexion she has.'

'You amuse me, cousin,' said Julia,  
laughing still more, 'and call to my  
mind some lines I once read, by N. P.  
Willis. I think, I cannot recollect them  
all, but some unsophisticated person  
was struck in a crowd, by the appear-  
ance of a lady, whom he or she thought  
extremely beautiful, and among other  
expressions of admiration elicited by  
the object of attraction, exclaimed—  
'Beautiful tresses. See, Colanthe!'  
how gloriously they float upon a neck  
that rivals alabaster. See the colour  
steal up to the lucid forehead. Who is  
she, Colanthe?' A milliner from Paris;  
who wears a wig, and paints egregi-  
ously!'—and the last is certainly true,  
with regard to the lady of your admira-  
tion.'

'I did not think of that,' said Mary;  
'I have not been accustomed to seeing  
people who were painted. A lady of  
whom I enquired, told me she was Miss  
Hanford, and she was not aware of her  
being anything more; but, as she was  
almost a stranger herself, I thought per-  
haps she might not know all about her.'  
'The lady in a plain brown dress,  
with whom I saw you speaking?'  
'Yes; do you know her?'  
'Very well, by reputation; she is not  
a resident of our town. That was the  
celebrated authoress, Mrs. S.'

'You are surely joking, cousin,' said  
Mary; 'with a look of dismay. I had  
no idea of her making any pretensions  
to anybody. She seemed so quiet,  
and sat back there, alone, and no one  
seemed to pay any particular attention  
to her.'  
'Few present, I suppose, were aware  
of her having any claims to superiority.  
It was her choice, doubtless, that they  
should not. She would not choose, I  
think, to be made a lion of. She is visit-  
ing some relatives in town, and has not  
been out before. But are you not  
aware, cousin, that those who feel se-  
cure of real superiority, are often the  
least presuming, while those who are  
conscious that their claims are not  
well founded, who, by some chance of  
fortune, perhaps, have become elevated  
from an obscure position, to a station  
for which they are unfitted, resort to ar-  
rogance and pretension to support their  
unreal dignity; and though they may  
thus awe the vulgar, or deceive the sim-  
ple-minded, the truly enlightened and  
refined easily fathom their shallow pre-  
tensions; their innate vulgarity is sure  
to peep through, despite all the airs they  
put on. I intended to tell you last night  
who this lady was, after I learned, that  
you might be aware that you had seen a  
live authoress, but other things put it  
out of my head.'

'I wish you had done so, cousin; I  
fear she thought me rude, I addressed  
her so unceremoniously. But, to con-  
fess the truth, I thought she would be  
pleased to have some one notice her. I  
thought she seemed diffident and ap-  
pressed by the superiority of those about  
her.'

'Please hand me that book lying by  
your elbow, cousin,' said Julia, 'and I  
will read you a passage in it; that will  
illustrate some of the peculiarities of  
genius; there are many things in human  
nature, cousin, of which your philoso-  
phy has not yet dreamed. Here is the  
passage,' she said, after turning the  
leaves a moment, 'listen, and I will  
read it to you:—  
'No one ever possessed superior intel-  
lectual qualities, without knowing them.  
The allotment of modesty and  
merit is pretty enough, but where merit  
is great, the veil of that modesty you  
admire, never disguises its extent from  
its possessor. It is the proud conscious-  
ness of certain qualities, that it cannot  
reveal to the every-day world, that gives  
to genius, that shy and reserved and  
troubled air, which puzzles and flatters  
you so when you encounter it. Do not  
deceive yourself, vain vaunting; with  
the thought that the embarrassed air of  
your great man, is a sign he does not  
know his superiority to you. That  
which you take for modesty, is but the  
struggle of self-esteem; he knows but  
too oppressively how immeasurably  
greater he is than you, and is only dis-  
concerted, because in the places you en-  
counter him, he finds himself suddenly  
descended to your level. He has not  
conversation—he has not thought—he  
is not intercourse with such as you. It  
is your littleness disconcerts him—not  
his own.'  
'I believe this to be true,' said Julia,  
closing the book. 'Persons possessed  
of true superiority are not, themselves,  
unaware of the fact, though they may  
sometimes appear so. The very diffi-  
dence that seems to belong to them; of-  
ten has its origin in pride. They know  
their own superiority, but feel conscious  
that it is not always apparent to others.  
They know, too, that the crowd cannot  
appreciate them; as persons must pos-  
sess superior merit themselves in order  
to discern it fully in others, and so they  
take refuge in reserve, often because they  
despise the homage of the vulgar.'  
'You have surely, cousin,' said Mary,  
'given me a good many new ideas. I  
think, after this, I shall judge of people's  
merit in a ratio inverse to their preten-  
sion, and pay homage accordingly.'

'You will as often recognize real  
merit by this course, as by the opposite  
one, though not all persons possessed of  
superiority, are averse to display, or dis-  
tinctive of vanity. Poor Goldsmith, whose  
life we were reading, often showed  
proofs to the contrary of this, and some-  
times subjected himself to ridicule there-  
by, but this was usually under circum-  
stances when he particularly wished to  
appear to advantage, and thought his  
claims were not sufficiently recognized.'

From Gleason's Pictorial.  
**THE LITTLE ANGEL.**  
BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.  
'May I go on the common to play?  
I've been a good girl to-day,' warbled  
the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice  
that was sweet as the song of a bird at  
sunlight; and up and down the stairs she  
went, singing her childish ditty, and  
searching eagerly for her mother that  
she might obtain the desired permission.  
'Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good  
mother,' she exclaimed, when at length  
she found herself in the arms of the lov-  
ed one. 'Miss Jane says I've been a  
very good girl, indeed; and she says,  
too, that air and play will do me much  
good. And there's no place in the world  
where I love so well to play as on that  
dear old common of ours. I call it our  
little country, mother, 'cause there aint  
no houses there, nothing but grass and  
trees and water.'

'And bidings from human nests,' said  
the mother, as she lovingly kissed the  
darling. 'Yes, you may go, but mind  
and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell,  
to get home ere the dinner is ready.'  
Merrily then pattered the slippered  
feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—  
and merrily sang the happy voice:  
'I may go on the common to play,  
I guess I'll be good then every day.'

Very demurely did the little girl pace  
the crowded and fashionable thorough-  
fare; but O, how lightly and joyously she  
bounced down the stone steps. And  
once on the gravelled path, with God's  
green grass beside her—his noble trees  
arching above her—his free, glad sun-  
shine quivering on their tops, dancing  
through their interlacing boughs. Here  
mottling the soft turf, and there bathing  
it in a golden tide. Once beside the  
mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing,  
musical fountain,—once out in that 'lit-  
tle country,' and Isabel, happiest of  
happy, flitted through the log walks,  
with a step that seemed almost winged,  
so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her  
voice rang low in childish glee, and a-  
gain in birdlike songs; and her pulses  
beating with quickened life, sent fresh,  
bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave  
an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a  
warm, glad flush to the parting hair,  
and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul.  
Out on the common might be what God  
meant she should be while her years were  
young. A child, a romping, wild, frolic-  
some child; and gather in her buoyant  
sports that strength so needed in the life  
to come; that vigor which shields the  
heart from muffled notes. She rolled  
her hoop; she tossed her velvet ball;  
she 'hipped and hopped to the barber's  
shop; she made friends with the little  
girls who romped beside her, and lent  
them her hoop while she jumped their  
rope; she watched the little boys launch  
their boats, smiled with them when they  
boated a gallant sail, and spoke a comfort-  
ing word when they met with a sudden  
wreck; she played with the babies—  
gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses  
with a bird and a loving word; and  
then, fairly tired out, wandered away  
from the noisy group.

'I won't go home quite yet,' said she.  
'I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me  
a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down  
there, and think awhile. Mother says  
it does little girls good to think, and so  
she tripped away in search of a musing  
spot.  
But suddenly her steps were arrested;  
the light faded from her joyous eye;  
the song died on her lip. There, on the  
green turf beside her, the mid-summer  
sun pouring its torrid rays upon his un-  
turned face, buried in what seemed  
deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime  
of life. Tattered and torn were his gar-  
ments, a battered hat beside him, a broken  
bottle clutched in the right hand, a  
blotted paper in his hand.  
'The poor, sick man,' said the won-  
dering child, 'out here in the hot sun  
asleep. It's too bad. How sorry his  
folks would be if they only knew where  
he was. He must have been going to  
the doctors, for he has a bottle and a pa-  
per, and I guess he was so weak he  
couldn't get there, and fell down.'  
The poor, sick man—how I wish I could  
make him well!

She looked awhile and then hesitatingly  
approached him, and sat down beside  
him. She took out her handkerchief and  
wiped away the great drops that had gath-  
ered on his brow, and then fanned him  
with soft, delicate motion which we give  
to the dying friend. And all the time  
tears were streaming down her cheeks,  
and she was weeping with a hushed voice,  
but sobbing heart over his lonely lot.—  
She was wondering if he had a wife and  
little children—and if they knew how  
sick he was; and wished he would get up  
and tell her where they lived that she  
might bring them there.  
A long while she sat there a patient  
thoughtful watcher. Only once she  
crossed the cooling breeze—it was to  
fold her little hands as she had been  
taught, and breathe over him a prayer.  
That prayer! The angels hushed their  
harps to listen, and 'there was joy in  
heaven.'

'At length the sick man turned and  
tossed as though his sleep was mostly  
over. 'Poor man,' said his little nurse,  
'poor man, you'll be sore and stiff I'm  
afraid, sleeping so long on the ground  
when it rained only last night. Poor  
man how sorry I am for you.' But now  
her little cheek is laid close to his bla-  
zed face, for his lips murmur and she  
could hear his words. Broken, indistin-  
ct once are they at first but then aud-  
ible and pleading.  
'Just one glass more—one, one, only  
one. I'm dying for it—give, give, one  
more—only one!'  
'He's begging for water,' sobbed she  
as she raised her damp face. 'He's  
dreaming and thinks any water will  
do him. Oh, if I only had some; it's so  
hard to want a drink of water and not  
to have it! Here he eye rested on the  
broken bottle, and a happy thought struck  
her. She carefully unclipped his hand,  
seized the dark glass and hastened to  
the pond. 'It will hold some; it will be  
better than none,' said she, as she dip-  
ped it in and bore away the cooling, life-  
giving draught. She poured a few drops  
on his parched lips, and then laved his  
hot forehead and burning cheeks. That  
water, that dew of human love, dripped  
through his life pores and down to his  
very soul. It broke the stupor that palsied  
his nerves. He opened his heavy  
eyelids, and gazed first vacantly, then  
wonderingly about him.  
'Do you feel any better?' whispered  
the girl, in tones low and sweet as the  
cradle hymn of a mother; 'do you feel  
any better? I'm so sorry for you.'  
'Better, better,' murmured he, 'yes,  
I feel better. But where am I? what  
am I? I lay down in bed, a devil tramp-  
ling upon me, and I wake up in heaven  
an angel watching over me. Aint you  
an angel? aint I in heaven?' And he  
seized her hand convulsively.  
'Don't say such naughty words,' said  
she; 'don't say you scare me. No, I  
aint an angel, nor you aint in heaven.  
You are out here on the common. I  
found you here asleep in the sun and I  
was so sorry for you I sat down and look-  
ed care of you. I am nothing but a little  
girl. Shall I give you some more water?  
and she held the broken bottle to his  
lips.

'Water! water! give, give me some.  
Water from an angel's hand may save  
my soul. And he drank, and then he  
sat up and looked around, and at the lit-  
tle one beside him.  
'Little angel,' said he, 'there is hope  
for me yet; hope for me. Heaven sent  
you to save me. Bless you! bless you,  
little angel!'  
'But I aint an angel,' said she, art-  
lessly. 'I am only a little girl. Feel  
of my hand; you couldn't touch me if I  
was an angel. And see, I aint got no  
wings either.' But he only said, 'little  
angel, and lay his head in her lap and  
wept.  
'Poor man,' said she, as she bathed  
his hot temples and flushed cheeks;  
'poor, sick man, I'm so sorry for you.  
Haint you got any home?' He answer-  
ed not, but only sobbed the louder.  
By-and-by he looked up and said to  
the pitying child, 'little angel, can you  
pray?'  
'Yes, sir, I can. I prayed for you  
while you was asleep.'  
'Pray again—pray aloud—let me hear  
you.' And she knelt beside him, clasped  
her hands and prayed. 'Our Father  
which art in heaven.' When she had  
ceased he laid his head again upon her  
lap and sobbed.  
'Shan't I go and find your folks for  
you, poor man?' asked she. 'It's get-  
ting late, and I must go home soon.'  
'Take me to them, little angel—take  
me to them,' and he seized her hand  
and led her away out of that beautiful  
green spot, and across several streets,  
and down into a dark, gloomy, cellar  
hole.

A pale, haggard looking woman, with  
a little purple babe on her lap, sat on a  
rickety chair the only one in the room,  
close to the little window, stitching as  
fast as her fingers could fly. On a straw  
bed in the corner lay two other little  
ones, tossing in fever-fits, while a boy  
of Isabel's age crouched beside them,  
crying, 'O, I'm so hungry! I'm so hun-  
gry!'  
'Thank God! you've come back at  
last, William,' said the woman, as they  
entered.  
'Thank God! I've been brought back,'  
said the man, with a choked voice.  
'And here is the little angel that brought  
me, saved me. Bless her! Mary; bless  
her!' and he led the half-starved child to  
the knees of the wondering wife.  
'I aint a little angel, said she. 'I'm  
only a little girl, and I saw him sick  
and asleep out in the sun, and I fanned  
him, and brought him water, and took  
care of him. Weren't you worried about  
him, so sick?'  
'Yes; so sick—so sick said the  
man. 'And when they ask you what  
wiled me, tell them I was sin-sick,  
sin-sick. Go home, now, little angel—  
go back to heaven; you've saved me,  
made me well.'  
With fleet steps Isabel ran off and  
reached her home, all out of breath, just  
as her father was descending the steps  
in search of her.  
'O, father! father!' she exclaimed,  
'come into the house, quick, quick; I  
found her in the something.' And she  
hoped her by her worried parents till she  
had told her story.  
'And O, father! O, mother! if you  
could have seen where he lived. A  
poor, sick man down in a cellar; only  
think—a damp cellar for a sick man,  
and nothing but a bed of straw, and two  
little sick children and one boy crying  
for something to eat, and a little baby  
that was half-starved; and such a poor, sick  
looking wife, and only one chair. O,  
the poor folk!

'And he would have it that I was a  
little angel—and he told his wife so.  
But I told him I wasn't, and I told her  
so; I was only a little girl. But she  
kissed me over and over again, and said  
I was a little angel. Do I look like an  
angel, mother? Do I look like an  
angel, mother? Do I look like an  
angel, mother? Why, no; I look  
just like what I am, a little girl. What  
made them call me an angel? Do you  
know, father? do you know, mother?'  
But they only clasped her in their arms,  
and said: 'little angel, little angel.'  
In the parlour of Mr. W. there hangs  
an exquisite painting—a little girl is  
kneeling on the turf, her eyes raised to  
heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer.  
Is it a portrait? asked a friend, after  
gazing long and earnestly upon it. For  
none can look without emotion upon that  
pictured face.  
'It is.'  
'May I ask of whom? and he turned  
to his host—but was surprised to see  
the great tears rolling down his cheeks.  
'That is the little angel,' said a bright-  
eyed boy, who stood beside him. 'Fath-  
er always calls it so.'  
'And I call it so rightly,' said the  
father solemnly. 'She was a little an-  
gel—the angel that made me a man  
again. That made your mother a hap-  
py wife, and you a little, purple, sickly  
babe, the bright, glad boy you are.'  
Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel.  
In heaven thou art the little angel still.

**A LOVE-LETTER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.**  
'An antiquarian friend has shown us  
(says the Bizarre) a very broad old let-  
ter on paper and in the cramped chiro-  
graphy of the period of a hundred years  
ago—the body of which letter we here  
copy literally for our readers. Whether  
it is the original letter, or a copy  
from it, or a copy from some published  
work, we are unable to say. But the  
paper and writing before us are certainly  
a century old;—'Tho' I never had the  
Happines to see you, no, not so much  
as in a picture, and consequently can  
no more tell what Complexion you are  
of, than he that lives in the Remotest  
parts of China; yet, Madam, I'm fallen  
passionately in love with you; and this  
affection has taken so deep Root in me,  
that in my Conscience I will die a Mar-  
tyr for you, with as much Alacrity as  
Thousands have done for their Religion,  
tho' they knew as little of the teth for  
which they died, as I do of your Lady-  
ship. This may surprise you, Madam;  
but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall  
inform what it was that not only gave  
birth to my passion, but has so Effect-  
ually Confirmed it. Last week riding  
into the Country about my lawful Affairs,  
it was my fortune to see a most Magnif-  
icent Seat upon the Road: this Excited  
my Curiosity to enquire after the Owner  
of so Beautiful a Place; and being inform-  
ed that very Moment to have a strange  
Inclination for you; but I was further  
informed that two Thousand acres of the  
best land in England belonged to that  
Noble Fabrick together with a fine Park,  
Variety of Fish Ponds and such like  
Conveniences. I fell then up to the  
Ears in love, and submitted to a Power  
which I could not Resist. Thought I  
to myself the Owner of so many agree-  
able things Must needs be the most Char-  
ming Lady in the Universe: what tho'  
she be old her trees are green. What  
tho' she has lost all the Roses in her  
Gardens, She has enough in her gardens.  
With these thoughts I lighted from my  
horse, and on a sudden fell so enamoured  
with your Ladyship that I told my Pas-  
sion to every tree in your park; which  
by the bye are the Tallest, Straightest,  
loveliest, finest shap'd trees I ever Saw;  
and I have since worn out above a Dozen  
Penknives in Engraving your Name upon  
'em. I will appeal to your Ladyship,  
whether any lover ever went upon more  
Solid Motives than myself. Those that  
choose a Mistress wholly for her Beauty,  
will infallibly find their Passion to De-  
cay with that; those that pretend to ad-  
mire a Woman for the qualities of her  
mind, are guilty of a Piece of Pagan su-  
persition, long since worn thread bare  
by Plato and his Disciples; for he that  
loves not a fair Lady for her form as  
well as her Spirit, is only fit, in my o-  
pinion, to make his Court to a Spectre;  
whereas, Madam, you need not question  
the sincerity of my Passion, which is  
built on the same foundation with your  
house, grows with your trees, and will  
daily increase with your Estate. For  
all I know to the Contrary, your Lady-  
ship may be the handsomest woman in  
the world, but whether you are or no,  
signifies not a farthing, while you have  
money Enough to set you off; tho' you  
were ten times more forbidding than the  
Present Red rose Countess of—and ten  
times older than the famous Countess of  
Desmond. I am a soldier by my Profes-  
sion; and as I fought for pay, so with  
Heaven's blessing; I Design to love for  
pay. All your Other suiters would speak  
the same Language to you, were they as  
honest as myself; this I will tell you for  
your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch  
upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon  
Record from the creation of the world  
to this present hour, that ever Chose a  
man for telling her the truth. I am your  
most passionate, etc.'

**HOW TO ENJOY A KISS.**—The editor of  
the Wilmington (Del.) Herald, who ap-  
pears to know all about the matter, thus  
discusses about kissing; Of course you  
must be taller than the lady you intend  
to kiss. Take her right hand in yours,  
and draw her gently towards you. Pass  
your left arm over her right shoulder,  
diagonally down across her back under  
her left arm, and press her to your bos-  
om. At the same time she will throw  
her head back, and you have nothing to  
do but lean a little forward and press  
your lips to hers, and the thing is done.  
Don't make a noise over it, as if you  
were firing percussion caps, or trying  
the water-cocks of a steam-engine, nor  
pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk  
upon an innocent dove, but gently fold  
the damsel in your arms, without derra-  
ging the economy of her tippet or ruffle,  
and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth  
revel in the sweet blissfulness of your  
situation, without smacking your lips on  
it as you would over a roast duck.

**IT FOLLOWED HIM.**—When the A-  
merican flag was unfurled from its staff  
in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard  
inveighing with lugubrious earnestness  
against the pertinacity with which the  
flag had pursued his fortunes. 'I was  
de Spanish consul in de Louisiana, and  
soon dat flag was raise and I go to Pen-  
sacola, but soon dat flag was raise over  
me dare. I live den in de Texas, but  
dat flag he follow me dare. Says I, I  
go where dat flag never come; I come  
to Tampico, but here is dat flag again—  
I believe if I go to the devil dat same  
flag will follow me dare.'

**WHEN DOES A MAN ROB HIS WIFE?**—  
When he looks her dress.  
The above conundrum which I found  
with its solution, was sent to me from  
St. Paul, Minnesota. It naturally, by  
the laws of simple suggestion, prompts  
to the inquiry, when does a woman rob  
her husband? From the scriptural case  
of Sampson, although that departs some-  
what from the conditions of the question,  
I infer it is when she picks his locks.

**REVEREND RASCAL.**—The Richmond  
Dispatch contains a long and interesting  
account of the conduct and character of  
Rev. James Cowper, calling himself a  
Methodist preacher, who had almost  
succeeded in getting charge of the Clay  
Street Chapel in that city. C. is an  
Englishman, who is strongly suspected  
of having poisoned his first wife, and is  
known to have made divers attempts to  
secure the affections of young females,  
and even of married ladies, to accom-  
plish their ruin. These attempts, which  
were made in the North, were some-  
times but too successful, and he com-  
pleted his career of infamy, by engaging  
the affections of a young lady, named  
Miss Martha Fletcher, in South Gtoton,  
Mass., whom, under a false name, he  
married and with whom he came to  
Richmond; on a call, as he said, from the  
Clay Street Chapel. The unhappy pa-  
rents of the girl, learning his character,  
determined to expose him and save their  
daughter, and the uncle of the latter fol-  
lowed the rascal to Richmond with  
abundant proof of his infamy. Miss F.  
has gone home with her uncle.

**IN A LATE ABOLITION SPEECH,** Miss Lucy  
Stone said: 'But I know so well there is  
cotton in the ears of men, let us look for  
hope in the bosom of women.'  
Won't you find cotton there too, Miss  
Lucy?

**VARIETY.**  
The greatest man is he who  
chooses the right with invincible resolu-  
tion.  
Certain books are written not to  
instruct you; but to let you know that the  
author knew something.  
At Salem, recently, some twenty  
full believers in the speedy end of all  
things were baptized.  
The Lady who was in the habit of  
standing on her dignity came very near  
tumbling off the other day.  
Many persons will make striking  
remarks, though they are by no means  
productive. Hence they say the strongest  
things.  
The effect of good music is not  
caused by its novelty. On the contrary,  
it strikes us more the more familiar we  
are with it.  
Shakespeare's dramas want care  
now and then; they are more than they  
ought to be. This shows the great poet.  
Superstition is the poetry of prac-  
tical life; hence a poet is none the worse  
for being superstitious.  
I will listen to any one's convic-  
tions; but pray keep your doubts to your-  
self. I have plenty of my own.  
The decline of literature indicates  
the decline of the nation. The two keep  
pace in their downward tendency.  
Why should an editor look upon  
it as ominous when a correspondent signs  
himself 'Nemo'? Because there is an o-  
men in the very letters.  
All clever thoughts have been  
thought before. You must try to think  
them again.  
The sentimentality of the English  
is humorous and tender; that of the  
French is popular and jachrymotic, and  
maddening; German sentimentality is  
active and realistic.  
Literature is fragmentary, and yet  
it deals in endless repetitions, showing  
how cabined, cribbed, and confined  
the human mind really is.  
Give children a sound moral and life-  
rary education—useful learning for  
sails and integrity for ballast; set them  
afloat upon the sea of life, and their voyage  
will be prosperous in the best sense of the  
word.  
A petition has been presented to  
the Pennsylvania Senate asking  
the creation of a new county, to be  
called 'Young America,' or 'Fillibuster.'

**THREE THINGS MODERN YOUNG  
MEN CULTIVATE.**—The acquaintance of a young  
lady with a plenty of money—a shirt col-  
lar as high as a garden wall, and a moun-  
tache.  
A ministers wife, being asked the  
place of her nativity, replied, 'I am so  
unfortunate as to have no native place;  
I was the daughter of a clergyman.'

**THE MILLERITES, in New England,**  
have renewed their zeal, of late, and con-  
fidently predict the end of the world  
this year. They do not name the pre-  
cise day.  
A celebrated novel writer, has married a  
rich old woman, since his return home  
from this country, and has written songs  
and sayings of Samuel Lover, to be re-  
cited in public.  
A correspondent says: 'My name  
is Summerset; I'm a miserable bachelor.  
I cannot marry for how can I hope to  
prevail on any young lady possessed of  
the slightest notion of decency to turn a  
summerset?'

**THE WOMAN who neglects her hus-  
band's dilapidated shirts, to attend sewing  
circles, and make flannel shirts and  
moral pocket handkerchiefs for the  
heathen, is kinder, made up in bad  
style. The sooner she starts for the  
South Sea Islands the better for Mr.  
Brown.**  
A man's genius is always, in the  
beginning of life, as much unknown to  
himself as to others—and it is only after  
frequent trials, attended with success,  
that he dares to think himself equal to  
the undertakings in which those who  
have succeeded, have fixed the admira-  
tion of mankind.

**IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES** on  
Wednesday, A. O. P. Nicholson, of the  
Washington Union, was elected printer to  
the House, in place of General Arm-  
strong, deceased, to serve for the remain-  
der of the present Congress. The vote  
stood 122 for Nicholson, which was 20  
more than a majority.

**MISS GARY** has just published a  
book of poems, among which is the fol-  
lowing parody on Longfellow:  
'Tell me not in idle jingle,  
Marriage is an empty dream,  
For the girl is dead that's single,  
And things are not what they seem.  
Married life is real, earnest,  
Single blessedness a fib;  
Taken from man, to man returned,  
Has been spoken of the rib.

**A WENTY TERTY LADY.**—About a  
week ago the wife of a gentleman living  
in the eastern part of the city, present-  
ed him with a baby which is regarded as  
a 'perfect little wonder.' It is a boy,  
still living, apparently in good health,  
and when born just weighed one pound.  
His first bed was made on a common  
sized dinner plate.  
The parents are very proud of the lit-  
tle fellow, and have had his daguer-  
type taken. Half the women in town  
have been to see him, and the other half  
are getting ready to go.—Dayton (Ohio)  
Gazette had various articles about

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