

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1859.

NUMBER 25.

VOLUME IX.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

B. GODWIN, Editor.

B. GODWIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Single copy, one year, \$2.50; Five copies, one year, \$12.00; Ten copies, one year, \$20.00.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES W. HINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

CHARLES E. LOTHWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES E. WRIGHT, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

J. B. GODWIN, DENTAL SURGEON.

A CAPITAL STORY.

THE SECRET; or, the Fleur de Lys!

It was just about the end of a fine autumn evening, that I found myself mounting the hill which leads to the pretty watering place of Petitesaux. It may be well to bear that name as any other, and so Petitesaux it shall be. Charming, most inviting spot it appeared to be; for that approach was directly under a rich green lawn, which stretched up far above my head; being indeed, the straight side of a high mountain, handsomely furnished with this rich green planting. Out of which becoming back-ground, could be seen peeping out, far a-head, the white buildings which made up the little town known as Petitesaux. 'It will take me,' I said to myself, 'a good twenty minutes before I can unbuckle, and take my ease in my caravanserai. By the way, what case in my pocket-book? And with that I took out a pocket-book which my friend Wilbraham had written down with his own hand the name of what he said was the sweetest, freshest, and coziest inn in the heart of travelling man could require. Watched over by a most bewitching landlady, who was herself a picture to look at. The name of the inn was, the Fleur de Lys, and that of its mistress, Madame de Croquette, both set down carefully in the pocket-book.

'I was here,' said my friend, 'but two days; and heartily sorry was I to quit. It is likely enough that I shall join you there.' On that I put up the pocket-book, and pursued my road under shelter of the green wall. There were little winding walks up its sides, leading to a pavilion or summer house, perched high enough, and which one, fresh and unwearied, might have found entertainment in pursuing. I will sit in that pavilion,' I said to myself, 'some of these fine summer evenings, when I shall have grown to be of the place. 'Twill be very cool and refreshing after the day's work, whatever that shall be. Drinking the springs of Petitesaux, perhaps? At last, here it was. Not more, I suppose, than fifty or fifty-two stories, white, shining houses. Clearly a very grand, spacious, dashing town, some say. When our grand children should be grown up, there will be marble fountains, and steps, a gorgeous redoute, conversation house, and so on; and all with light click of rattle wheels as music. Healthier music, too, from the Grand Orchestra, of thirty performers, under the eminent Herr Egonzell, playing morning, noon, and night, in their elegant open air temple, while the noble visitors dine. All which are to be foreseen in the future. This innocence of aspect, this pastoral effect will have passed off against that time. There will be the hot glare of countless gas lights, lighting up white monumental faces of industry, chivalries, and faded aristocrats. Who knows but this low building, hidden almost with green flowering plants—and which I see in the Fleur de Lys inn, may hereafter sweep clean away, or burst into a dazzling, starting, sumptuous, and exorbitant Hotel of the Four Seasons, or Imperial Crown, or perhaps of England. Who knows?

No one seems to be abroad in the little town. No one needs me. No officious glance of the porter or waiter interest. No numbering of a man with help, as rough Samuel Johnson put it. I entered under the porch and laid my wallet down unassisted. Then sat myself down beside it. Some one was coming down the stairs with a very light step, and singing. A chamber coach much like it, I noticed. I stood up at once and bowed myself, as a soldier on duty. She gave a little start, and uttered, "The most charming little French woman in the world, that might have been cut out and stolen from a picture; with a little lace cap perched on the back of her head, with a neat little jacket of linen, and apron with striped pocket—Madame Croquette beyond a doubt." But that cold blooded Wilbraham to have been so slack in his praise! "I saw it as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

"Oh heavens," said Madam again, with hands both clasped, and a tearful swimming look in her eyes, "how cruelly you must have suffered!" "I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

out through the glass door of the prettiest apartment in the world, you would see there was a gallery overhead, making a canopy, and pleasant shade, with a little wooden chair for you to sit on, and smoke, and look at the fountain and orange-trees. So that he who would have quarrelled with Madame's description of her apartment, as being too beautiful, must have been a hard, sour, practical churl. He might as well have tackled Mr. Sterne's Parisian wig maker for offering the buckle to be submerged in the ocean. The sentimental clergyman thought a spill of water would have been as convenient, or so poetical truly. I know, had he been standing before her as she said to the sentimental clergyman—he would have agreed with her heartily, and taken her hand in his, and kept it there for Heaven only knows how long.

Dinner, Madame had said, would be toward three o'clock, in that long glass corridor, which ran down one side of the court. No more sitting place. Doubtless Petitesaux was more advanced than it had at first appeared to me, and was making fast glorious Four Seasons era. By that dinner time, Madame had also said, I should have opportunity of seeing her company gathered together,—the quality of which I had already guessed; for there was a town of fair size and respectability, not many leagues away, in which town, as of course, abounded gentlemen of working habits, small merchants, smaller advocates, physicians, and the like, who had not wealth enough for distant travel, and were glad to turn Petitesaux into a small pinched bookish watering place. And so all the quality of the respectable towns came to Petitesaux when it could. At dinner, then I saw them all. Strange to say, they were of the quality I had guessed; for there was a little round black man with sharp ferret eyes, who had no need to write advocates after his name of Tourlou. Neither had the long grave man in black, who was called Riquet, any reason to set out his card that he was of the faculty of medicine. He was not speaking as if he were of his profession. No, so, was it with the notary, or scribbler-in-law, Faquinet, and with Monsieur le Cure, whose garb spoke for him. There were half a dozen or so merchants, or trading men, who had not such visible marks of their calling about them; fat, twinkled-eyed fellows, to whom waters must have been of prodigious benefit. But three ladies only, of the company, Madame Tourlou, Madame Faquinet, and Madame Badine; between whom raged fires of jealousy, and undying animosity.

These elements, with Madame Croquette herself at the head of her own table, were gathered together in the little glass pavilion, at the hour of dinner. I was set next to Madame Croquette, a stranger, and person of distinction. Needless to say Madame's demitoutie was charming. No staring, or taking measures of the stranger and his points; he might have been sitting there as in his accustomed seat, every day this month back. Monsieur le Cure, who sat beside me, and who, I believe, was detour, or vicar-general, or dignity of some sort, in contiguous district, addressed me in his smooth, placid tones, as though he had parted from me at breakfast. "He was good enough to detail to me the origin and progress of the malady that had brought him to the waters, taking in Madame towards the close, who listened with extraordinary interest.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

gravity, such as you. You can devise a poor solitary woman who has no one in the world to turn to." "And here Madame turned those swimming eyes of hers on me with an inexpressible melancholy. There was something very soothing in this confidential relation sprung up so suddenly between us. It was clear that she had exercised a sort of preference in my regard; choosing me out to be the recipient of her little troubles. His must have been a gritty heart that could have been devoid of interest in them. The truth is, those fine Brion's qualities she had spoken of, do make themselves felt.—She felt she could lean with more reliance on the unflinching and false conqueror of her own country's petits maîtres and gallants. For instance, that provincial exquisite net mentioned, sitting at the foot of the table, twirling his moustaches of imperial pattern (they called him Edmond Gali Mathias) would have proved but a sorrow comforter.

She was alone in the world, she had said; but whence came Madame's matronly prefix? This troubled me somewhat; but I put in, delicately as I could, certain leading interrogatories bearing on Madame's social status; filing what lawyers call a bill of discovery. She was a widow, she said; had been these two years. No mortal had ever breathed who was more deserving of general regard than defunct Croquette. He was the best of men, best of husbands, had Providence only so willed it. He sowed repose himself sweetly (deceitment) in a shady corner of Monsieur le Cure's graveyard, with the most charming headstone in the world over him. The faced handkerchief now wiped off a little tear at the corner of one of the little eyes, and the subject was changed.

"I can only say," (it was the lawyer's lady who was now speaking in a harsh tone, that seemed to come through a comb.) "I can only say that when I and Monsieur Tourlou were residing in Paris—which we are accustomed to do for at least three weeks in each year—such a thing was undreamt of. In fact, Madame, the wife of the district procurer, who is our very intimate friend, has told me so much." Here she looked round on the company and snorted. Madame whispered me: "En garde! See—they cross swords! Listen, and you will be diverted!" The husbands were indifferent, and were not out of that mood yet. But the notary's wife was not slack. She seemed to bristle over with little points.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

leaned against a tree. She was charming even to those little grey boots—even to the little collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little top household of hers and the pastoral inn. Why, I con- sidered, reflectively, a man might do worse, far worse, than unstrap his wallet for good, and send his days here, shepherd like. Sit at the head of his own table of d'hot, and entertain his strangers. Queer destiny! Yes, a man, wind buffeted and travel-sore, might cheerfully accept it, especially, if there were one so charming to sweeten the toils of direction. Ah, well a day! When little grey boots and narrow collars in their way into a man's head, it is all up with him. As to showing fight, it is out of the question.

The Brion's sterling aplomb and sound sense spoken of so handsomely by Madame, continued to make itself felt in other quarters. Its appreciation was further strengthened after a few days' stay. Out on the farm before breakfast one day, Madame Faquinet untold to me the whole story of her grievances at the hands of that ex-crescent Tourlou, getting quite fiery and excited as she proceeded.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

that reached me. Presently came the Cure to me with mysterious manner: "Monsieur will attend, of course?" "At what ceremony?" I asked. "Madame's little fête," he said. "I have heard nothing of it—received no invitation!" "What a deplorable mistake! It is terrible, and should have been thought of," said the good man, all in a flutter. "Bah! Monsieur le Cure, Tourlou put in, who was standing just by, 'there is no need needed. Madame will be overjoyed to see every one, as a matter of course.'" "I would be more an eagle," said the Cure still troubled. "Wait; I will settle it in the twinkling of an eye."

"I beg," I said, stopping him with dignity. "I beg that you will not take any step in the matter. I should not be able to attend in any case." But he had gone, and was speaking to Madame at the end of the room. Well, I might look in for a short time or so—a bare quarter of an hour—without damage to that dignity. One should conform to the customs of the country.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

which completely restored the old harmony. I said: "By the way, I have received letters—business letters—this morning, which I fear will hurry my departure. I must think of getting out to-morrow, or the day after. There was no such pressing need of dispatch, but I thought I would see how the little string of color creeping over her cheek?" "Mon Dieu! and must you 'really go?' she said at length. "What a misfortune!" "I must, indeed," I said, "and believe me, with infinite regret—the happy hours I have passed in this little retreat shall never be forgotten by me; neither can I forget—"

"O, I am so desolated at this piece of news," she interrupted. "I had counted on your staying with us longer. Do not go yet." I looked at her with a strange feeling of interest. What could she mean? "Do you really wish me to remain?" I said, taking her hand.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

"I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings as I have purchased some of Madame's seductive wares." "Madames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak boisterously. Here the victor looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.