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Office on Main Street, next door to the

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November 9, 1858.

J. B. GODWIN,

DENTAL SURGEON.

Continues the practice of his profession

at his rooms, in the new brick building

erected by James W. Hinton, Esq., one

block east of the High School.

Elizabeth City, Dec. 14, 1858.

CHARLES E. LUTHER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

CATHERINE, N. C.

Will attend all the courts of Gates, Hert-

ford, Chowan, Perquimans and Pasquotank

counties.

Business in either of the above counties pri-

ncipally attended to.

Jan 24

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES E. WRIGHT,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

World respectfully inform my friends that

I am now ready to do any work that they

may call for, such as

PLAIN PAINTING, GRADING, MARBLING,

&c., &c.

Persons wishing to see me can leave their or-

ders at Dr. J. N. Bell's Drug Store, and I will

call and see them.

February 1st, 1859-ly.

NEW SADDLERY AND HARNESS

ESTABLISHMENT IN E. CITY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS WOULD TAKE

pleasure in informing the citizens

of Elizabeth City, and surrounding coun-

ties, that they have opened a REPOSITORY

of all the latest styles of Saddles, Trunks,

Sofas and Mattresses, done at the shortest notice, cheap

and cash and notes with approved security, pay-

able six months from date.

Shop at the Stables of Mr. Charles Bro-

POETRY.

AUTUMN IN SCOTLAND.

A beautiful descriptive passage in the

Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem, 'The Child of

the Island.'

Brown autumn cometh, with her liberal hand,

Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves;

A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,

Shines on thatch'd eorners and low cottage-

ceaves,

And guilds with cheerful light and fading

leaves:

Beautiful, even here, on hill and dale;

More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives

The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,

With hues to which our faint and sober tints

are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock

The red sea coral-berries, leaves and all;

Light swinging from the moist green shining

rock

Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall;

Lifts there the purple cedar, grandly tall,

And its crown'd head and sun-illumined stem;

And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's

parl)

Dends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem

Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,

Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spreads,

Woofing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,

By many a viewless wild flower tichly shed;

Up-springing 'neath glad heart-look back tread

Of eager climbers, light of limb and

limb;

O'er-riding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,

When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,

And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt,

and grim.

Oh, land! I first seen when life lay unknown,

Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,

Which now my traveled heart-looks back upon,

Making each sunny path, each gloomy cave,

With here a memory and there a grave—

Land of romance and beauty; nobleland

Of Bruce and Wallace; land where vainly

brave,

Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,

Ere yet the shiver'd sword fell hopeless from

his hand.

I love you! I remember you! though years

Have fleeted o'er the hills my spirit-king,

Whose wild-uncultured heights the plough for-

ears.

Whose broomy hollows glisten in the dew,

Still shines the calm light with as rich a hue

Along the wooded valleys stretch'd below?

Still gleams my lone lake's unforgotten

blue?

Oh, land! although unseen, how well I know

The glory of your face in this autumn glow!

I know your deep glens, where the eagles cry;

I know the freshness of your mountain breeze,

Your brooklets gurgling downward ceaselessly,

The singing of your birds among the trees,

Mingling 'neath a thousand melodies I

'That is my house,' said a new friend,

pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surround-

ed by a wide verandah, from whose cling-

ing vines sweet odors were flung upon the

soft atmosphere—but from the moment

the words were uttered his sociability de-

parted.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks,

bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary

was dispersed over the grounds with most

a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flow-

ers and foliage. And the man who sat be-

side me, whose smile mounted no higher

than his lips—the dreamy far looking dis-

content in his eye growing every moment

more perceptible—was the owner of this

Eden like home.

We were met on the threshold by a

lovely child of some eleven summers. Her

hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly

lustrous yet mournful in beauty, and on

the young brow I seemed to see a smother-

ing shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet

as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in be-

fore us, and to her was left the duty of en-

tertaining me; while Mr. C. excusing him-

self in the remark, that sickness necessa-

riously called him away, for a half hour or so,

left the room.

'Is your mother very unwell?' I asked

of the little girl, who, with those shadow

filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gen-

tly, but attentively.

'Yes, sir; mamma has been sick a long

time,' replied she, dropping her eyes, while

her lips trembled.

'Did you come from America?' she asked

timidly, after a long silence.

'Yes, my dear. Do you know anything

of that country? I returned, growing more

and more pleased with her expressive face.

'Only that mamma came from there, and

I think,' she added, hesitatingly, 'that I

did it. But Mr. C. will never let me talk a

word about it.'

'Are you not then the little daughter of

Mr. C.?' I asked somewhat astonished.

'I am my mother's daughter,' answered

the child, with a grave dignity in one so

young—and a minute after she rose and

quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting

through the long shady walk opposite my

window, and knew that the child brooded

over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were

filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself, that

painful thought took possession of me as I

sat there? It seemed as if I were journa-

ling in an enchanted spot, and that some

horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful

table of letter-work, were several costly

gift books. I took them up carefully, for

I have a reverence for books—and turning

to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy

of Shakespeare, read—

'To Mary Frances F., from her de-

voted husband—Henry E. F.—'

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran

from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed par-

alyzed. The truth had burst upon me with

such suddenness that the blood rushed with

a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known him

intimately for years. He was a friend

towards whom all my sympathies had been

drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as

makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted

him. She had taken with her his only

child. She had desolated a household; and

forgetting honor, shame, everything that

pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from

the country with the man whose arts had

won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof that

now seemed accursed? How meet the

destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had re-

velled in such a conquest?

I could only think of the evil they had

done—not what they might suffer through

the tortures of remorse. It was sometime

before the seducer came into the room

where I still sat with the child, determined

to meet him once more before I left the

house.

'O! how guilty I how heart-stricken his

appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead

—looked out from his eyes—spoke when

he was silent.

'Will you come to dinner?' he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his

hospitality; the hospitality of one of those

fiends in human shape, whose steps take

hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why de-

lay to declare it? Why not at once, in

burning words, upbraid him for his villany

and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed

house?—The man noticed my hesitation.

He could not, of course, interpret its cause.

As he repeated his request, the look of dis-

tress upon his face excited a feeling of pity,

which, for the moment, slightly disarmed

my resentment, and under the influence of

this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed

into the dining room.

'I am sorry little Nelly's mamma—'

(I was glad he did not use the sacred name of

wife)—'is not able to sit down with us,'

he said. 'It is many months since we have

had her presence at our meals. She is

now suffering from the effects of slow fever,

induced by the climate,' he added, gravely,

as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate.

Obedient servants brought, on the most

costly servers, delicacies such as I had never

seen before.

But the skeleton sat at the feast!

I could not talk, save in monosyllables.

AN INGENIOUS BUT DISLOYAL SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

Appropos to the recent grant of the ap-

plication for a renewal of a patent of an

easy chair, invented by a citizen of South

Carolina, the New Orleans Delta gives the

following story, as quite correct, winter

before last:

Judge Evans, the late Senator from

South Carolina, was a very earnest, sincere

and venerable old gentleman, who under

an exceedingly gentle, mild and clerical

exterior, concealed some very decided

points of character, among which was an

intense State pride and a strong basis in

favor of the institutions, and even the

weaknesses and defects of his old State.

To him, South Carolina was the best of

everything admirable, great and good.

Her errors and defects were, to him, vir-

tures and endowments. And, though it

was not in the nature of the good old man

to hate anybody or anything, he cherished

decided and very South Carolinian re-

sentiments to the institutions, ideas and

customs of New England. For any South

Carolinian to possess any of the qualities,

the accomplishments or tastes of the people

of that section, was in the view of the old

Senator, a serious breach of faith and duty

to his honored and beloved old Palmetto

State.

Now, it happened that Judge Evans

was applied to by a young South Carolin-

ian, who had invented some ingenious

mechanical contrivance which he desired to

have patented. The young applicant in-

troduced himself as the son of an old friend

and fellow-prisoner of the Judge, and

begged his favor and aid in obtaining his

letters patent.

The venerable Senator, raising his spec-

tacles, and fixing his eyes in wonder and

amazement at the ingenious young Carolin-

ian, in his mild but emphatic tone, inter-