

THE NEW NORTH STATE.

THE FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED—[ANDREW JACKSON.]

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POETRY.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;—
Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;
If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;
Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose,
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose—
And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosy,
The shining row of their golden heads,
Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!
I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even; more straight or wide,
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.
My past is mine, and I take it all,
Its weakness, its folly, if you please,
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my help, not hindrances!
If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand,
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand,
It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.
Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin,
And how temptation is overcome.
Happily learned, who has felt its power with
THE GIPSY QUEEN.

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

"Murder!—Help!—Oh, help!"
How sharp and fearfully distinct was the
cry as it rang out on the midnight air! But
there was no one to hear it, except the two ruf-
fians, who, pressing still closer to their victim,
bore him heavily to the ground.
"He is dead!" said the oldest one, dis-
mounting and placing his hand upon the heart
of the wounded man, who lay upon the ground
without sense or motion.
"We had better make sure of it," said the
other, significantly pointing to the river at a
short distance.
His companion understood him, and with-
out a word on either side, they lifted up the
body and carried it to the river. There was
a heavy splash, followed like something that
sounded like a stifled groan, and the broad
waters rippled quietly over it—the moon, em-
erging from behind a cloud, looked down as
calmly and placidly as if crime and murder
were a thing unknown. The two men then
mounted their horses and rode swiftly away.
"This is a good night's job," said the short-
er and younger of the two.
"I should judge so," returned the other,
dryly, "as it gives you one of the richest earl-
doms in England."

"Ay, and by my knightly faith you shall
find that the Earl of Elrington is not ungrate-
ful. The thousand pieces of gold shall be
yours to-morrow, and if there is anything else
I can do for you, you may command me to the
fullest extent of my power."
"There will be a merry bridal to-morrow."
"Very!" replied the younger one, with a
light, mocking laugh. "Lady Blanche will
wait long at the altar for her lover—and as
for my good cousin Walter, who has been my
rival in love and ambition, I'll warrant he'll
sleep sound enough to-night! But we must
separate here," he added as they emerged
from the forest into the open country. "We
must not be seen together. Adieu. We shall
meet to-morrow at the bridal."

So saying, he turned the head of his horse
into one of the two roads that were before
them, and his companion taking the other they
parted.

In an elegant boudoir, partly reclining upon
a low couch, was a fair young girl of not more
than eighteen summers, apparently in a deep
reverie. Her thoughts were very pleasant, for
there was a half smile around her mouth, and
an expression of thoughtful and subdued ten-
derness in the deep blue eyes and on the
smooth open brow. An elderly woman who
had entered some minutes before, but had hesi-
tated to disturb her, now approached.
"It is nearly ten, Lady Blanche," she said,
addressing her young mistress. "In half an
hour the guests will be here."
"Can it be possible that it is so late as
that?" she replied, starting from her seat.—
"Ah, Mina, Mina, I am so very, so very
happy!"
"Heaven grant that your happiness may
last, my lady!" said Mina, solemnly.
A shadow fell across the young girl's sunny
face.

"I am afraid I am too happy for it to last,"
she said, thoughtfully. "But come, Mina,"
she added, gaily, "your skilful fingers must be
more than usually nimble, or I shall be late,
and at my bridal, too."
It did not take Mina long to loop back those
clustering curls, and to arrange the shining
folds that fell so gracefully around that ex-
quisitely moulded form, yet she had hardly fin-
ished when there came an impatient knock at
the door, and a man entered whose bowed form
and white hair bore the impress of extreme old
age. It was Lord Vernon. He gazed upon
his daughter for a moment with an expression
of mingled pride and pleasure.
"Heaven bless you, my beloved children!"
he murmured fondly. "But come," he added,
"the carriage is waiting, my love, and our
friends are growing impatient."
"Has not Walter come yet, father?"
"No. It is rather strange, but I suppose
something has detained him. He will proba-
bly meet us at the church."

As Lady Blanche passed down through the
group of menials that lined the hall, all anxious
to catch a glimpse of the bride, many a heart
blest her sweet face, and prayed that all the
bright anticipations its smiles and blushes
shadowed forth might be realized.
To Lord Vernon's surprise the Earl of El-
rington was not at the church door when they
arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety,
though he endeavored to allay the apprehen-
sions of his daughter, whose cheeks alternately
flushed and paled at her embarrassing position.
Just as they were about to return Lord Ver-
non noticed a horseman approaching at a fu-
rious pace, whom he recognized as Jason St.
Croix, the young earl's cousin. His clothes
were torn and dusty, and his face pale and hag-
gard, as he hurriedly alighted from his horse,
which was literally covered with foam.

As his eyes fell upon Lady Blanche he hesi-
tated, and casting a significant glance upon
Lord Vernon, beckoned him aside. But this
movement did not escape the observation of
Lady Blanche, whose cheek grew pale with
fear.

"It is from Walter!" she exclaimed, break-
ing from her attendants, and following her
father. "Tell me," she added, wildly, ad-
dressing Jason St. Croix, "is he ill—dead?"
"Be calm, my dear child," said Lord Ver-
non, soothingly, whose countenance betrayed
great agitation; "the young earl is not dead,
only missing. It is to be hoped he will yet be
found."

Lady Blanche made no reply, but fell pale
and gasping into her father's arms, who quick-
ly conveyed her to the carriage.
Many of the bystanders clustered around
Jason St. Croix, anxious to know the cause of
this strange scene. From the narration he
gave they gathered that the earl had disappear-
ed, no one knew whether. That there was no
clue to his fate, excepting his horse, which
came home a few minutes after midnight, with
dark stains upon his breast and sides.

The grief and horror with which Jason St.
Croix narrated these circumstances produced
a very favorable impression upon those who
heard him, for he was next of kin to the late
earl, and upon his death would come into pos-
session of the extensive lands and earldom of
Elrington.

"My child," said Lord Vernon, a few
months after, while in close and earnest con-
ference with his daughter, "I would not urge
you to take this step were I not assured that
it would result in your ultimate happiness."

"I do not doubt it, father," said Lady
Blanche, languidly. "But somehow the very
thought is repulsive to me. I never liked Ja-
son St. Croix, and cannot say that my opinion
of him has changed since his accession to his
new honors. There is to me something treach-
erous and cruel in the very glance of his eye
and the sound of his voice."
"You are prejudiced, my daughter; I see
nothing of this. Indeed, I believe him to be
an honorable man, in every respect worthy of
you. You have no brother," added Lord Ver-
non, solemnly, as his daughter made no reply,
"and will soon have no father, for my race is
nearly run. It grieves me to leave you so un-
protected, and it would take the last sting from
death could I see you the earl's wife."
"Let it be as you say father," replied Lady
Blanche, indifferently. "Since Walter is
dead, I care little what becomes of me."
"The earl has been waiting for some time
to see you, Blanche; may he come in and re-
ceive your consent from your own lips?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head. And in a
few moments the wily man was by her side.
"I have no heart to give you," she said, in
reply to his earnest protestations, lifting her
eyes calmly to his face, "but my hand is yours
whenever you choose to claim it."
"If the most devoted and tender love can
win your heart, it cannot fail to be mine, dear
lady," said St. Croix, softly.

"Nay, my lord," said Lady Blanche, firmly
"it will avail little. All the heart that I have
is buried in Sir Walter's grave. Yet I promise
that all I can give you shall be yours any
day you name."

Jason St. Croix murmured a few words of
thanks, then, raising her hand respectfully to
his lips, turned away, and mounting his horse,
rode rapidly towards Elrington Castle, his
heart full of exultation at his success.

As he was passing through a narrow defile a
form wrapped in a large cloak suddenly cross-
ed his path, startling his horse so that he near-
ly threw him from the saddle. With a mut-
tered imprecation he turned towards the intru-
der.

"It is I, Jason St. Croix!" said a deep,
hollow voice.

The cloak was thrown back, and the pale
light of the moon fell upon the tall form of a
woman, clad in a strange, fantastic attire. Her
flashing eyes were black as midnight, as also
was the heavy mass of disordered hair that fell
below her waist, and her complexion dark even
to swarthy. Yet in spite of her weird, un-
earthly aspect, there was something in the gen-
eral contour of her face which showed that she
had once possessed more than common beauty.

"Ardelle!" exclaimed St. Croix, astonished.
"Nay, Jason," said the woman, with a low,
bitter laugh, "not the loving and trustful Ar-
delle Silencia, whom you lured by your vile
arts from her happy home, but the gipsy
queen!"

"I—I thought—"
"You thought me, as you intended me to
be dead!" she said, interrupting him with a
still more bitter laugh. "But, my dear friend,
poison does not always kill, even when admin-
istered by so practiced a hand as yours. I
have many an antidote for such as you gave
me on the night of our last meeting!"

"You are talking at random, woman," said
St. Croix, sternly, recovering in a measure his
self-possession. "What is it that you want of
me—money?"

"Not for worlds would I touch your gold,
Jason St. Croix," exclaimed the gipsy queen,
with a haughty gesture; "red as it is with the
blood of the innocent! No. I came to warn
you, man, that the cup of vengeance is nearly
full, that the sword of justice is ready, even
now, to descend upon your head! Go, and
instead of fulfilling the wicked purpose that is
in your heart, mount your fleetest steed and
escape into some far country, and there by a
life of penitence, strive to retrieve the past."

"Are you mad, woman, to address such lan-
guage to me?" exclaimed St. Croix, angrily.
"Nay, hear me out, Jason," exclaimed the
Gipsy queen, calmly. "To-morrow is to be
your bridal day, is it not—it is to witness your
marriage with the beautiful Rose of Glen Val-
ley, Lady Blanche Vernon?"

"It is," replied her companion, a grim smile
of satisfaction flitting across his face at the re-
collection.

"Woe to the dove when it mates with the
kite! Jason St. Croix, was not the earldom of
Elrington sufficient for thee that thou must
lay thy blood-stained hands upon the betrothed
bride of thy murdered cousin?"

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle.
"Say woman, what mean you?" he gasped.
"Nay, be calm, Jason," said the woman,
mockingly, as she observed his agitation.—
"Let not thy graven heart fail thee now. Dead
men tell no tales! The moon that beheld that
deed of blood, the river that received the body
of thy victim has no tongue to accuse! Yet
is there one whose eyes were upon thee, and
whose vengeance will surely overtake thee!—
Go! I warn thee to flee from the wrath that
is coming!"

Jason St. Croix remained for some seconds
with his eyes fixed intently upon the spot
where the woman disappeared. Cold perspi-
ration started out in large drops upon his face,
and his limbs shook as if he was seized with
an ague fit.

"She is no woman," he muttered to himself
as he spurred his horse onward, "she is a very
fiend! But were she twice the fiend that she

is, she should not stand between me and my
promised bride!"

He reached Elrington castle in safety, and
endeavored to drown all recollection of the
scene through which he had just passed by
large draughts of wine. But it was in vain;
those black eyes seemed to be burning into his
very soul, and the tones of that strange, mys-
terious warning still sounded in his ears.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, after an ineffect-
ual effort to banish it from his mind, "it is a
mere suspicion on her part; she can know
nothing about it. But let her, too, beware;
for, by heaven, if she cross my path again, I
will send her where her babbling tongue will
keep quiet for the future!"

Once more Lord Vernon's castle is all bustle
and activity. The bells ring forth a merry
peal, for it is the bridal day of the sole daugh-
ter of this house, and heiress of all his wealth,
Lady Blanche, the Rose of Glen Valley.

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration
filled the church as the bride entered. Her
face was almost as pale as was the costly veil
whose ample folds fell nearly to her feet, and it
bore the impress of deep-seated melancholy.
She looked more like a corpse than a bride,
and the whole proceeding resembled far more a
funeral than a merry bridal. The bridegroom
soon entered, and his haggard countenance in-
dicated that he had passed a sleepless night.

No applause followed his entrance, even
among his own retainers, for he bore no resem-
blance to the late earl, his predecessor, whose
affable and engaging manners had made him a
general favorite. His morose, unsocial dispo-
sition and haughty bearing rendered him both
disliked and feared.

As he took his place by the side of Lady
Blanche, he looked little like a joyful bride-
groom; his manner was abstracted, and his
eye wore an anxious and restless expression,
and several times he gave a sharp, hurried
glance around the church, as if fearing to meet
some unexpected guest. He grew calmer,
however, when the ceremony commenced.

When the priest arose and bade those "who
saw any just cause why this man and woman
should not be joined in the bonds of holy wed-
lock, to declare it now, or ever after hold their
peace," it was considered by those who heard
it as a mere matter of form, and they were
startled by the sound of a deep, hollow voice
in their midst, which said:

"Hold! I forbid the marriage!"

The bridegroom turned towards the place
whence it proceeded. He started and grew
pale, as his glance fell upon the swartny brow
and flashing eyes of the gipsy queen.

Unabashed by his angry glance, or the many
eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed boldly:
"I proclaim Jason St. Croix, falsely called
Earl of Elrington, to be a foresworn lover, a
false knight, a treacherous and cruel kinsman,
and a purer and therefore no fitting mate
for the pure and gentle Lady Blanche Ver-
non."

"It is false! She is mad!" said St. Croix,
hoarsely. Let the ceremony proceed."
"Silence!" commanded the woman; "you
rush on your own destruction. Walter, Earl
of Elrington," she added, impressively turning
towards a man who sat in the back part of the
church, muffled up in a large cloak, "come
forward and prove the truth of my assertion."

At these words the man arose, and throwing
back the cloak, revealed a face, which, though
pale and ghastly, bore a strong resemblance to
the young earl's. Then walking deliberately
up the aisle, he approached the altar and fixed
his eyes sternly on the countenance of the guilty
man.

When Jason St. Croix's eyes fell upon him,
he stood like one transfixed with horror. Then
throwing his arms wildly above his head, as if
to protect himself from his nearer approach, he
fell heavily to the floor, blood gushing from his
mouth and nostrils.

All but one among that horror-stricken
group supposed it to be the spirit of the unfor-
tunate man, who had returned to take ven-
geance on his murderers, and feared to ap-
proach him. But Lady Blanche, rushing for-
ward, threw herself wildly on the bosom of her
lover, obtaining convincing proof as she did so
from the warm kisses that fell upon her cheeks
and lips, that it was no spirit, but her own
dear Walter.

When they lifted Jason St. Croix from the
place where he had fallen they found that life
had departed; he had ruptured a large blood
vessel.

It seems that the wounds given to the young
earl were not, as his assailants supposed, mortal.
His plunge into the river, instead of render-
ing his death certain, restored him to con-
sciousness, and when he arose to the surface,
he made a desperate effort to regain the shore.
In this he would not probably have been
successful, for he was very weak from the loss
of blood, had it not been for the gipsy queen,
who was crossing the river in a boat with some
of her followers. She picked him up, and,
conveying him to her tent, nursed him with
the most devoted and tender care, through the
long and dangerous illness that followed.
The earl became aware, on his recovery, of his
cousin's usurpation of his estates and title, also
of his betrothal to Lady Blanche, but retaining
a grateful sense of his indebtedness to the he-
roic woman to whom he owed his life, who, in
spite of all, still cherished a strong affection
for his treacherous cousin, he allowed her to
warn him, hoping that it would induce him to flee
the country, delaying for that purpose his ap-

pearance until the very last moment.

There was another bridal day appointed, at
which there were happy and smiling faces; up-
on which day Lady Blanche, the beautiful
Rose of Glen Valley, gave her hand to Walter,
Earl of Elrington; she had long since given
him her heart, and he was well worthy of both.

Both the earl and countess tried to induce
the gipsy queen to settle down in the neat,
pleasant cottage the earl had given her. But
they could not prevail upon her to give up her
roving life, to which she was strongly attach-
ed. She made it a rule, however, to visit the
Elrington manors as often as once a year, and
the earl gave strict injunctions to all of his ten-
ants that neither she nor her followers should
be molested at these times.

THE SIN OF BORROWING TROUBLE.

Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong,
because it puts one into a despondency that ill
fits him for duty. I planted two rose-bushes
in my garden; the one thrived beautifully,
the other perished. I found the dead one on
the shady side of the house. Our dispositions,
like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy
of repulse is the cause of many secular and re-
ligious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has up-
turned many a fine business; and sent the man
dodging among the note slavers. Fear of
slander and abuse has often invited all the
long beaked vultures of back biting. Many of
the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you
courageously meet them. How poorly pre-
pared for religious duty is a man who sits down
under the gloom of expected misfortune! If
he prays, he says:—"I do not think I shall be
answered." If he gives, he says:—"I expect
they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers
told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in
the darkest hour of the history of the Free
Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the
land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to
his children, "Come, let us go out and play
ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the
play was that the children could not keep up
with their father. The McChesnes and the
Summerfields of the Church who did the most
good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the
horrors! They distil poison; they dig graves;
and if they could climb so high, they would
draw the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and
wailing.—*De Witt Tallmage.*

France presents, at present, the curious
spectacle of a country ruled by what one of its
leading journals calls "the force of circum-
stances." The country has drifted into a re-
public in virtue of this, and Legitimists, Or-
leanists and Bonapartists are alike powerless
for harm because of the same restraining force.
M. Thiers yields to the same power in sending
an Ambassador to represent the French Re-
public at the Court of Victor Emmanuel, and
under the very nose of his irate friend, the
Pope. So, in other matters of commercial
policy and administrative progress, M. Thiers
can neither be the protectionist and central-
ist which he is by conviction, because the
same controlling "circumstances" decree oth-
erwise. France, in fact, only needs a few
years of sober reflection to be able to perceive
the jewel that resides on the harsh forehead of
adversity. The "force of circumstances" will
then be recognized in the directing power of a
well-balanced and intelligent public opinion.—
N. Y. Times.

The panic among the Ku Klux of South
Carolina and their friends continues. Recent
reports show that the system of terrorism which
has prevailed in many parts of the South is
breaking up; leaders have either fled or been
taken into custody, and the rank and file are
melted away. Dispatches from one of the
counties in which the privileges of the writ
habeas corpus have been suspended reveal a
strange state of things. Men who have been
prominent citizens, and have not been threat-
ened with arrest, have taken the alarm when
they found that the machinery of their "Klux"
was in possession of the United States authori-
ties, and have incontinently left the country.
This relic of barbarism has existed too long,
and though the friends of the organization in
the North are bemoaning its fate, it must be
destroyed. Neither tears nor speeches will
save the Ku Klux now.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A "NEW INSTRUMENT."

The following extract from an old play bill
still in existence, is interesting as being the
first notice we have of a public performance on
the piano forte:

"FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS BRICKLER,
16th of May, 1767.

"At the end of the first act Miss Brickler
will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accom-
panied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument
called the piano-forte."

A fellow, in an oblivious state, took up his
lodging in the street. He awoke next morn-
ing, and straightening himself up, looked on
the ground on which he had made his couch,
and said, "Well, if I had a pick-axe I would
make up my bed."

Some single days, over 100,000 bushels of
oysters have been taken from the Chesapeake
Bay, which is the greatest oyster bed in the
world, and is said to be inexhaustible.