

THE WARRENTON NEWS.

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MOORE & COLLINS.

TERMS.

The Warrenton News will be printed on good paper of imperial size, and sent to Subscribers at Two Dollars per annum in advance; Two Dollars if not paid until the close of the year.

Advertisements.

For every Twelve lines, or less, One Dollar for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Orders, &c. will be charged 25 per cent. higher; but a reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Letters of business, must be addressed to the Editors.

The First Time of Asking.

A DILEMMA OF COURTSHIP.

[As a guide in like cases of embarrassment with any of our readers, we condense the subjoined narrative. It may be remembered that even Solomon says he was puzzled in this difficulty.]

"Cousin, you are aware that I have a feeling, that is a youthful bias, or otherwise expressed sensations toward Julia—"

"A what?"—inquired my uncle, and yet he was not deaf; but a man with corns is always trodden upon.

"A definition, uncle, is hard you know; a hint is bad enough, and surely you who have lived *pucella donca* can measure the first advances, without any other guide than your eye."

"Ho! ho! chuckled the soldier, 'is it so, my boy? is it the god of arrows, or rather of quivers, that has shaken your citadel? what of it, my man of brass; why stop short with that silly halt, and put on so complete a black-hole expression of countenance?'"

"Uncle," I replied, 'you are a married man,' (he nodded sagely,) 'I want the benefit of your experience,—how am I to ask her in marriage?'"

[To this important inquiry no answer was returned, except a direction "to fish for himself," and the poor nephew was compelled to make a plan of proceeding unaided. He thus addresses on the topic:]

Either the delicacy or the shame, or the forgetfulness of our predecessors, oh! ye bachelors and spinsters, has led to the concealment of the most suitable talisman for our emancipation from our oneness. The sparrows have frequent perchants, and the tender oyster, that divides its heart with some blest inmate of the mudbank, enters upon its matrimonial engagements with no forms but a squeak, no pauses but of nature, no lengthy preliminaries, but a note of interrogation and one of admiration. But for us, I set aside the cooing and the wooing—it is enough that we have still left—the wing. Is not the whole courtship a system of diplomacy tending to one question, and is it not so framed and conducted—as to lead to the particular form, mode and circumstance of that question? Does not the precipitate lover crown a three day's adoration with a sentence of three words? Will the spouse, affianced for years, hasten matters at last by a continuous, close and well-distended black-hole to so far forget propriety as to give vent to his final interrogative in articulate language; and for your phlegmatic nonchalant would he be more of it one spot more of utterance, than if he were inquiring the state of the barometer, or the health of the minister? Too confident of his nice dependence of the parts on each other, I had to look back on a system of love-making, consistent in no respect, and therefore utterly useless, as affording me a hint of my final measures. Should I be tragic, satirical, the high fantastic, the low disgusting, epic, or lyrical? Should I clip my mustach, like Greenan damsels before a sacrifice, or curl my front locks, and have my coat buttons new covered?—which would abet me most judiciously, a walking stick or the brown umbrella? Would wisdom before dinner be better than valor after it? these were points on which my uncle might have satisfied me if he would. Then, as to the phrases of the occasion.—Here was a *nodus*! "Madam," I should say— and yet not *madam*, for she had not surmounted her teens: Miss Julia, (miss fire!)—I am, perhaps, too presumptuous when I consider, or imagine that my past addresses have been favorably received. She stares and is ignorant of the address: I assure her 'twas meant seriously: She asks "what?" I reply, 'ay great attentions.' She considers them not great; and I have to begin my courtship anew. Not these intelligible words may be quibbled upon. Let me see. We sit together on two chairs not far apart, and I entertain her in my usual droll way about the mathematics and rural economy: anon comes the push. As a joke, I shall sigh very loud, long, and often; she will ask me the reason; I'll tell her, as in jest that I'm love; and her

answer shall be, 'my eye, and if it were not for my eye, I might be a better mode most certainly exist. Goddess of the crescent eye, and passion of a nose, may thy swain dream of in terminal bliss—may he lead thee to the hymeneal altar! Very good, this, if she happen to give the right answer, but to a question perfectly unanswerable, there is equal chance of a right and a wrong one, and this uncertainty will never do. 'Innuendo are great in their way; but opportunity is so much, and talent so little in this case,—at least the talent that I mean,—displayed in the premeditated stock of innuendo, for I can't think that any man thinks of extemporizing on these fatal occasions; at any rate he has no right to trifles so. But now suppose I bring into the field some poetry scraps about "comical loves," and "loves," "infant brood," and "bond,"—"marriage state" and "late,"—on that savours of predestination, and a woman does not like to be forced to any thing,—well then, once more; marriage state, and not too late; good! with other well known popular sentiments, might not they avail?—and after all; why not write the covering letter, and by the next morning, as the simplest, easiest, most inexpressed and even contemptible young man out of a court of justice? Better to be dismissed by a look, and know that your writing-master had no share in your rejection. Courage, "mon ami";—let us be wise as serpents!]

Such were my reflections during many hours of the night preceding the most critical occurrence of my life. A thousand forms of lovelornness crowded upon my brain; the whole vocabulary of Venus, with the different dialects of Cithæra and Paphos, was diligently explored and prest into service. I dreamt in bits, and my visions were of amorous polyphiblas huddled pell-mell on a May day; I had a night-mare of interjection, and I awoke in the midst of spectral and passionate symphonies. My toilet, and other preliminary duties, were despatched as neatly as might be expected. It was odd that I felt so queer; no positive danger was to be apprehended,—I had only to encounter a woman. But my necktie sat very uneasily, and I had to wriggle and turn and nod and nod and nod as we most disastrous circumstances of our gallies. Well! is it time?—No use delaying if it must be done; give me both stick and umbrella, Mary;—hang the dinner! order what you please. Stay!—is my coat clean behind?—Just brush off the stuff, there's a good girl and now for the best stick—no, the other, that will do—good-bye.—Bring goes my own door; would that the time were come to hear that delicious thump once again!

I thought Julia more beautiful than ever; and as we ate and ate each other, without a human creature to witness, or any sound but some distant humming from the street to intrude upon us, it seemed that the long intervals of our absence were more sweet than even the words which fill like "the music of the waters," from her own dear lips. At any rate, I could find neither inspiration nor the wish for it, and my tactfulness was the natural luxury in which my mind indulged; fed with a thousand rich thoughts and happy contemplations. But my life might have been passed as either by one furible hard-fort, and the occasion for it had now arrived.

It occurs to me, as God knows it often does—when the thought, the feeling the persuasion comes to molest or rather to delight my solitude, of the necessity of those exertions which some people think not so disagreeable as others, there is not that in this which could enliven the bitterness of other reflections, or the painfulness, or I may say difficulty of—"

"What do you say, Mr. Sims?"—interrupted my divinity.

"I said that some are capable of things that others are not—"

"No doubt that is true," said she, laughingly; but there is no need to look so solemn about it so very well believed a fact; you have said nothing hazardous."

"Have I not?" cried I, somewhat disappointed, for I hoped I had already put the question.—Well, then, to go yet a little further, I must say that the bliss of some men does not depend upon themselves, but upon upon—"

"Upon what—their deeds?"

"No, Miss Julia;—upon their talents."

"What then—their looks?"

"Now, how can you?"

"Or their sticks and umbrellas, like yourself. You have done nothing to-day but knock these two distinguished visitors up and down here and there, to the great detriment of my peace, and your own amusement, I suppose."

Here was a blow!—done nothing else! I fancied the citadel was undermined and nearly carried; I thought to have performed wonders; my self-possession was nearly gone; I dogged for my sentences, and be-

lieved that does not, sooner or later, I repeat upon him with its full quota of consequences. A philosopher has said, that the top of a man's foot upon the earth will make the universe. The remark is more likely to be true than false. We can believe it more easily than we can disbelieve it. A single word, a look, or a smaller or a man's life, forgotten by him in the very centre. Alas! Turnham had never heard of the existence of the law to which we have alluded. But that was of little consequence. He would not have credited it, if he had heard it stated. The law which he laid down for his government, was his own gratification in all possible ways upon the rights of others as to the power of retaliation. At the age of twenty-one, he started in life with a determination to succeed in the world. He saw that wealth was the means of self-gratification to almost any extent, he resolved upon its attainment. He had been for two years engaged in the study of law; but the law he perceived to be too slow a means of attaining the object of his wishes, and he turned to the more rapid means of self-gratification, which he found in the pursuit of literary ability, and had indulged an early passion for literary pursuits in writing for the columns of a weekly newspaper. This made him, to some extent, acquainted with individuals connected with the press. Conversing one day, with the owner of a popular periodical, the latter enumerated many instances of persons who had become wealthy in the publishing business. Turnham caught at this, and pondered it in his mind. He had a few thousand dollars, with which, after mature deliberation, he determined to purchase a half interest in a newly started weekly newspaper, the projector of which found himself in difficulties, and compelled to take a partner.

Upon this new pursuit in life, Turnham engaged with great spirit. There was a newspaper in the city of the same class. It had been in existence for some years, and was firmly established. Before coming into the business himself, Mr. Turnham had been a regular subscriber for this paper, and often for its columns. He had always been a admirer of its editor, and was now in his eyes, and he never took it up without a deprecating remark.

"What a astonish," he said, to his partner in the business, one day, "that a paper like ours should have such a circulation! It is comparable with ours."

To his partner readily assented.

Turnham commenced reading the number of the paper upon which he had just contracted.

"I don't like to see that in our paper," the partner answered.

"It's enough to kill any concern," he said, "that no parent, who sees it and reflects upon it, will allow another number of the paper to come into his house. Very certain I, that I would order a discontinuance."

"So would I," returned the agreeing partner.

"It could be a capital move for us just to make this matter up, and remark upon the severity upon it."

"And get a storm about our ears for our part."

"There is nothing that I would like better. It would be the very thing for us. We circulate six or seven thousand, and they read it all. The controversy would make us known to all their readers, and known as the advocates of religion and morality. We should have the public on our side. Without doubt, in three months their circulation would diminish at least five thousand, perhaps more, and our increase that number. It is a tide in our affairs, depend upon it, that we should take at the flood. If you do not positively object, I will fire a Paixhan gun upon them next week, and prepare my batteries for a regular fight."

"Just as you like," returned the pliant partner.

"There is no doubt of its doing us good."

"None in the world. This false step of our new paper is a—"

had been in the establishment for months, that he had not been fairly dealt with, and he also saw that unless the subscription list of the paper could be greatly increased, ruin was inevitable. He struggled bravely to overcome the difficulties of his situation; but he struggled in vain. The subscription increased but slowly, and the paper was published at a loss for day he bound up it until it appeared for want of means to carry it on.

But the young man, deeply as he felt the wrong he had sustained at the hands of Turnham, never uttered a word on the subject to any individual, although his manner towards him became reserved, and their intimacy in one paragraph, more conspicuous than all

the other. He set him down as a dishonest man, and determined to mark him as such. After retiring from editorial life, Wheeler, who had been admitted to the bar, entered upon the practice of his profession, determined to rest there all his hopes of future success.

In the mean time, Turnham had opened an exchange office, and commenced operating among a class of men quite as shrewd and far more experienced than himself. His success during the first year or two, was by no means equal to his expectations. But after that, he understood the operation of things better, and knew how to take advantage of the almost hourly fluctuations created in the money market by the eager spirit of speculation.

At the age of twenty-five, Turnham began paying his addresses to a young lady, who was known as an heiress. Her parents were dead; but she lived with an aunt; for whom she had the most tender regard, and in whose judgement she reposed great confidence. It happened that Wheeler made the acquaintance of this aunt shortly after Turnham commenced visiting the city, and he also happened to be acquainted with the young man, the aunt was led to ask Wheeler if he knew him.

"Yes, and to my sorrow," was the unhappy answer.

"Why do you say that?" asked the lady. "I was his friend, and confided in his honor, and he deceived me," replied Wheeler.

Nothing more particular was alleged against Turnham; but this was enough. The lady took pains to ascertain that Wheeler's story was true, and she believed what he said.

When Turnham called next time, upon the young heiress, with the intention of making known his sentiments, he was told by her aunt that she did not wish to receive his visits, and so all his present hope of obtaining a fortune by marriage were scattered to the winds. But he never dreamed that this was merely a reaction upon his conduct. Nothing could have been farther from his mind.

In entering into the exchange business, Turnham had not contemplated a partnership with a friend, as he stated to Wheeler. He had only said so in order to make up a round number of ten thousand dollars he had raised, or less success, for ten years; during which time he had married a lady, older than himself by many years, who was reputed to be worth fifty thousand dollars. The fortune turned out to be only five thousand dollars; and this the wise lady had taken good care to have so secured that he could not touch it. At the end of ten years, by a sudden change in the stock market, and the explosion of two or three fancy stock concerns, Turnham lost thirty thousand dollars, more than all he had made. The extent of this loss he concealed, and anon after began to look around him for a partner with a capital. It was not long before he found a young man whose father was a wealthy merchant, and inclined to furnish him with twenty thousand dollars, if he would make a good connection with any well established exchange broker.

This was just the thing for Turnham; and he so represented his business, and gave such good references as to standing and capacity, that he succeeded in his purpose.

He was directed to prepare therefrom articles of agreement. Before these were signed, the father, who was a prudent man, submitted them to a lawyer, who happened to be Mr. Wheeler, now in a good practice, and standing at the bar as a man of talents and great probity.

"Mr. Turnham did you say it was?" remarked the lawyer, with an expression of surprise, when the business was stated to him and before he had looked at the papers.

"Yes, sir," returned the merchant; who was struck by the peculiar tone and manner of Wheeler. "Do you know anything against him?"

"I should hardly like to see a friend of mine engaged with him in business."

"Why?"

"Because, to speak freely, as I deem it my duty to do in the present instance, I do not think him an honest man."

"Not an honest man? You astonish me, Mr. Wheeler. What evidence have you of this?"

"I will plainly state to you the fact upon which my conclusion is based, and leave you to make up your mind upon the subject. I have no wish to injure Mr. Turnham, but I feel it my duty to warn the innocent when I see them about to run into danger."

Wheeler then gave the merchant a plain and history of his newspaper, and concluded by stating the circumstance as it occurred; you must make up your own mind in regard to it."

On the day when the merchant waited upon his lawyer with the articles of agreement between Turnham and the son, the broker found himself exceedingly hard pressed. A number of heavy drafts for

him became served, and their intimacy in one paragraph, more conspicuous than all

the other. He set him down as a dishonest man, and determined to mark him as such. After retiring from editorial life, Wheeler, who had been admitted to the bar, entered upon the practice of his profession, determined to rest there all his hopes of future success.

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From God's Lady's Book.

ACTION AND REACTION.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There is a law governing in the affairs of life, with its award of good or evil, according to the tenor of every one's obedience or disregard thereto. Ignorance of this law exempts no one from punishment; and yet at least four-fifths of the human race appear to be utterly unconscious of its existence. The law is that of action and reaction, which may thus be stated, in order to make it clearly comprehensible.

Every act of a man's life, whether good or evil, has a reaction of consequence. Whatever we do, affects others or ourselves in some way; for there cannot be such a thing as an act with out an effect proportionate to the action.

This, upon a little reflection, will appear self-evident.

The importance of a law in consequence of the happiness or misery here and hereafter depends upon it. In great things, as to the law we have stated, for example of its unerring visitation are of daily occurrence. How sad and various are the punishments that they receive for evil actions. But in things, as they are called, where no violation of laws or statutes of public opinion take place, and where no reaction is apparent, we imagine that none will ever come; that what they have done is lost as in a void immense. But this is a fatal error. There is not an act of a man's life, little or great,

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