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The Old North State.

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"ERROR IS HARMLESS, WHEN TRUTH IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."

No. 5.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849.

The Postmaster General.

A large number of the citizens of Vermont, then in Washington, called at the residence of the Hon. Jacob Collamer, the new Postmaster General, on Thursday last, at 1 o'clock P. M., to congratulate him on his appointment to a seat in the Cabinet of President Taylor.

We have come here, sir, in this informal manner, to congratulate you personally on your appointment to a seat in President Taylor's Cabinet, and to assure you that the compliment thus paid to our State, not less than to yourself, is highly gratifying to us all.

To which Judge COLLAMER replied as follows: I thank you, gentlemen, for this friendly expression of your regard for me personally, and for the kind manner in which you have received my appointment.

TO IRON SILK. Silk cannot be ironed smoothly so as to press out all the creases, without first sprinkling it with water and rolling it up tightly in a towel—letting it rest for an hour or two.

"Father! father! have you got a levy about you? The great Zoological Avery and Circuit is coming here to-day; they've got some new things father; a Lion Boy Constructor, and an African Giant just from Asia, with forty stripes on his back and nary one alike, all the monkeys on a keen jump; children under ten years of age half price. May'n't I go father?"

Tom Doblin, the author and celebrated punster had a horse which he called "Grumpy," and gave his reasons for christening him, as follows: "When I made up my mind to buy a horse, I said 'I'll buy a grumpy; when I mounted him, I was top o' graphy; when I wish him to stand still and he went, I say you as to graphy; and therefore I think 'Grumpy' is a very proper name."

"Well," said the Mrs. Partington of our diggings to-day to a friend, "aint it a pity that such a nice old creature as General Taylor should take on so to drinking? The papers say he is always drunk first, and with all the honors too. I guess that means he gets very drunk. Dear me," said the old lady as she wiped her spectacles, "aint it awful?"

A counsel for a Tailor, after one or the other party's witnesses had sworn that one of the sleeves of a dress coat was longer than the other was demanded—"Now sir, will you not swear that one of them was not shorter than the other?"

The witness denied that such was the case, and the lawyer gained the cause. Frank Hayman was a bull dog. I recollect when he buried his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral? "Ah sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more for me with pleasure."

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company, by saying his wife "always gives them their own way."—"Poor things," was her prompt reply, "it's all I have to give them."

"I wonder, madam," said a young German merchant to Miss G—, "that smokers in this country are not in good odor."—"Possibly" was the reply, "it is because they are so disagreeably perfumed."

A Mr. Gunn complained to a friend that his attorney, in his bill, had not let him off easy. "That is no wonder," answered his friend, he has charged you too high.

A man arrested for stealing a mirror, framed for an excuse that he had been taking a glass too much. The mirror was the cause of some reflections being cast upon his good name.

It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

It would do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It one must have three scruples to every dram, how many must he have to a regular spree?

Somebody, who writes more truthfully than poetically says—"An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

STOUT BOY.—The Calais, Me., Advertiser, states that there is a lad in that town, who is only 15 years of age, who weighs two hundred and fifty-five pounds, and stands nearly six feet.

her more frequent opportunities of hearing from him. But alas! how soon the nectar may be dashed from our lips; how quickly will happiness turn to bitterness and despair, especially in the innocent and unprotected; as quickly as the dark, lowering, stormy cloud, wafted by the winds of heaven, doth obscure the mighty sun.

It may easily be imagined that the beauty of Enna had raised no few admirers, who, when her husband was near, dared not so much as breathe to themselves their very thoughts; but him they had no longer to fear, and tender looks were giving way to tender speeches; and those who sought merely to gain a sight of her form as she passed by, were now struggling to render her some service, to draw her attention. For a time she was unconscious how far she had attracted the attention of so many; for her mind was superior to evil thought; and want of knowledge of the world led her to esteem all as virtuous as herself in idea and deed. Alas! how much she erred!

The truth, however, was too glaring, and could no longer be concealed; and much anxiety and annoyance did it give her. But they were too puny and insignificant to her to withdraw and seclude her from society; she merely contented herself with casting them to a distance with disgust and stouid pride.

While matters stood thus, there came from the army Lord Xavier, bearing important dispatches to Philip, then king of Spain, praying him to raise fresh troops, and transport them with all speed to the south. It was in a time when the King was surrounded by his nobles and a galaxy of beautiful dames, that Lord Xavier had the honor of presenting his despatches, and had full time to view with admiration the amazing beauty that surrounded him. He was a man of no pretensions save a large and muscular frame, a dark, piercing eye, and a pair of lips, on which ever sat a peculiar smile, that bespoke villainy of purpose. A strange foreboding seized on the heart of Enna as she caught his gaze full on her face, and that with no concealed expression of intense admiration; her heart seemed frozen within her, as she saw in him an old neglected lover, whom she had ever feared and despised; she knew not why she dreaded the man more at that moment than she had ever done. The court was at an end, and as the nobles passed under the platform, where the ladies were seated, Lord Xavier, as he passed Lady Enna, bestowed on her a rude, vulgar, but admiring stare, and whispered audibly, "would she were mine!"

She could not mistake his thought, his purpose; she knew well he would resume his old suit. Alas! her trial was at hand. A few hours afterward, he gained admission to her presence to give letters that Count Ludovick had entrusted to him, little suspecting he placed himself so much in the power of a viper. From that moment she knew no peace, each day she was tortured by his vile presence, and his vile persuasion that brought the blush of shame into her cheeks, surmounted only by the glow that conscious pride induced. Strong were his persuasions and forcible, but mildness was succeeded by anger and stern determination, on finding himself rejected, and spurned as a base creature; threats were alike useless; each day brought fresh fortitude and renewed firmness to her, and further removed his chance of success.

But the preparations for the departure of the Lord Xavier were drawing to a conclusion, and he resolved to make his last attempt, and accordingly threw in the full force of soft persuasion and harsh threat; but he was met with scorn, and repelled with disgust. High was his passion—bitter his imprecations; his ardent love, or rather lust, seemed turned to the most implacable hatred, and, longing for revenge, he rushed from her presence, resolved on her destruction.

On the same evening Lord Xavier repaired to his cave, burning with revenge, and anxious to catch something where-with to gratify the will. In this mood he took his seat at a little distance from a party of young nobles, who were full of mirth and conversation, so much so, indeed, that they did not notice the entrance of Xavier, to most of whom he was personally known. Their jokes, however, were laid aside, on the name of Lady Enna being mentioned by one of the cavaliers.

"By my sword!" cried one, "she is the loveliest in the land." "My body should pass through fire and water to obtain but one smile from her lovely lips," cried another; and every gallant then gave vent to his feelings in similar tones of enthusiastic admiration, yet somewhat tempered with respect. But while this was passing at the table, the heart of Xavier beat high, as he fancied he now saw a favorable mode of

revenge within his grasp; twice did he give it up as ungenerous, but the evil spirit was stronger than the good, and conquered; and before his mind could be again changed, he was at the table of his friends, and had stripped sweet Enna of her fair name. Some believed; others looking up to her as a thing too pure to be contaminated, believe him not—still, doubt oppressed them, as the slanderer wore a bold front, on which appeared stamped the image of truth—yet all grieved that it should be thus.

Report soon spread—Enna's name was in the mouth of all—those that were jealous of her could now take exceptions at her actions and multiply their trifling reminiscence. Poor Enna! she was doomed to great suffering. At the same time that the odious aspersions reached her ears, and had roused her indignation to the highest, her scenes were overwhelmed with grief at tidings from the army, that her husband was either killed or taken prisoner; silently, but deeply, she sorrowed, that the only being she loved was carried from her, perhaps forever. Still there was some hope; he might still be a prisoner, and time might restore him to her arms; the afflicted ever catch at hope. Her mind was for a time numbed with the poignancy of grief; but hope afforded some consolation. Who hath she to protect her in case of need? Whom to fly to, to sustain her against malicious wrong? None hath she, save the supporting strength of her own virtue.

"God aid me now in mine extremity," cried she, "for I am sore beset, forlorn, and unprotected! I were better he should die than suspect my honor. Oh, Ludovick, Ludovick! would that thou wert here to avenge thy injured wife but deeds and words, must now be thought of!" and with strength of mind worthy of a politician, her course was quickly shaped.

Early on the morning, when King Philip was holding council with the elite of his warriors, Enna forced herself into his presence, and on bended knees poured forth her grievances and accusation against Lord Xavier, claiming at once protection of the kind, and demanding vengeance. All cried shame on him, but he still persisted in his affirmation. "Shame on ye!" cried Enna, "to drive a woman to this extremity but I challenge ye to the lists! the trial by the sword!"

A dozen nobles, on hearing this, sprang to their feet with a cry of admiration, and threw their mailed gauntlets, in defiance before Lord Xavier. "Thanks, thanks, my lords!" cried Enna, gathering up the gauntlets, and restoring them each to its owner; "I would not that ye embroil yourselves for me; Heaven defends the innocent, and to Heaven I entrust my cause."

The hour for the fight arrived; all was excitement and bustle, for all knew, and all reversed the Lady Enna—all hoped that a fit champion would be provided, and that her knight might be successful. But time wore, and the king, in the midst of thousands, sat a judge. Many a heart beat quick and quailed with doubt and fear as Lord Xavier appeared before the hustings. He was a man of noble bearing; tall muscular, more fitted to be the champion of honor and truth than of his own villainy. But where was Enna? She was nowhere to be found to name her champion. Twice the trumpet of Lord Xavier sounded his loud defying blast, and yet no champion appeared; but the third was answered; and a knight, clad in bright steel appeared before the crowd, and made his obeisance to the king. He seemed quite a stripling, but wearing his visor down, his face could not be discerned; on his shield were three maiden roses on a pure silver fillet. Lord Xavier cast an eye of pity on him, and exclaimed: "Forbear, rash stripling, thou art no match for me; get thee gone while thou hast thy life!" His exclamation was only answered by defiance, and both took posture for the fight.

'Twas a fearful thing to see the young and punny knight of the three roses opposed to the gaunt frame of Xavier, and all trembled for the lady's cause. But the young knight feared not, and met his antagonist's thundering blows with intrepidity and caution; avoiding them with alacrity when he threw his whole strength into the blow, and catching them on his shield when less heavily dealt; occasionally giving a well directed, though not very ponderous cut, so much so, indeed, that the lookers-on cheered him with shouts of praise. Fiercer and fiercer grew Lord Xavier, and warmth for the fight was succeeded by passion and rage, to be so long foiled by so puny an antagonist; the shouts of a crowd maddened him; and, concentrating his whole strength for the blow, his sword would have cut through helmet and skull of the knight of three roses, had he not nimbly leaped aside. All held their breath in fear and suspense—Lord Xavier missed his aim,

and bit the dust. Louder than ever did the crowd shout; and the pale cheek of fear was exchanged for the smile of joy, as the young knight planted his foot on the fallen man, and placed his sword against his throat. "Confess thy villainy or die!" cried he. "Heaven hath conquered," groaned Lord Xavier; "I do confess that I have slandered foully slandered, the Lady Enna. She is as pure as thy own silver shield, and may God forgive me as I do repent it yet spare my life."

"Take it, poor wretch," cried he, "and see to whom thou owest thy life." The knight removed his helmet, and discovered the lovely face of the fair Enna. A few months afterward, Count Ludovick clasped his beloved wife again to his bosom. He had been a prisoner and was now exchanged love and honor held them united in peace and happiness, but Lord Xavier was an outcast from mankind; the finger of scorn was pointed at him as a base and vile slanderer. He fell in the wars of his country, fighting to retrieve his lost honor.

A YANKEE ATTORNEY ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The following oration was delivered somewhere in Wisconsin, by one of the profession, who would seem to have quite an aversion to capital punishment:

May it please your Lordship and Gentlemen of the Jury—The case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the doin' as "no" from your sweetheart. The scripture saith "Thou shalt not kill;" now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client's having killed a man; but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in "guilty;" the hangman may do his duty; but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers! Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped on his brow to-day; who, freemen, who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the sealsy alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal vertebrae, until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen beware of committing murder! Beware I say, of meddling with the internal prerogative! Beware! I say. Remember the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark and tremble. Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking time piece of times theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you by the stars set in the flying ensign of our emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you by the American Eagle, that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of Time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long tailed coats—If ever you expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the hide of the Rocky Mountain Buffalo—and to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, cut-throat-ed, braided, small ends of humanity, whitened down to indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country!

The prisoner was acquitted.

A RAT! A RAT!

The Yankee Blade tells a story of a green-horn, who was absorbed during the closet scene in Hamlet where the Prince upbraids his mother. A rat, taking advantage of the stillness, approached the peanuts, &c. which lay at his feet in the pit. The countryman finally found the varmint nibbling his shoelatchet, and prepared for action. At this moment the cry of Polonius behind the arras, aroused the made prince, who rushed up the stage crying out, "a rat! a rat! dead for a deuce!"—Just as the countryman brought down with crushing force, his cowhide boot upon the offending rats head, and leaping to his feet, he cried with wild delight: "This way mister this way! Here he is here he is!" at the same instant holding up his mangled victim to the view of the whole theatre.

"Hard times! and we must make the most of what little we have," as the grocer said when he watered the vinegar.

WOMAN. Actors in the play of life, Seem a sister, mother, or wife; They can play the kindest parts Round the scenery of hearts, Yielding pleasure ne'er forgot In the palace or the cot. All can tell a mother's care; With a sister none compare; And a wife seems dearer still When the cup of gladness fill, Till the dream of life is told Like a fairy tale of old. May we in a brighter sphere Meet a wife and sister dear! When the dream of life is past, May we meet on high at last, And in realms of joy above, May we find a mother's love?

TRIFLES. Think naught a trifles, though it small appear— Scalds make the mountain, moments make the year, And trifles life. Your care to trifles give, Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

WOMAN'S REVENGE. A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

NONE excelled and few equalled, on the coast of Spain, the beauty of Lady Enna; nor ever did truer knight couch lance in the defence of the walls of the old Castle, and in honor of its peers than her manly husband, Ludovick. They seemed formed to command that homage which honor, love, and virtue ever do; on her fair face one might perceive the kind, beneficent heart that throbb'd within her breast, and in his bold and towering front might be distinguished the manly, upright virtue, that characterized his actions. He was a warrior of noble frame and distinguished prowess, invincible alike in the gay tourney, or more deadly battle; a scourge alike to the wicked and to the enemies of his country; the low born quailed beneath his eye, while the noble fell beneath his arm—the minstrels loved to sing his praise; and many fair ladies sighed in envy of the lovely Enna, when they heard in their bowers the goodly praises the minstrel bestowed on that puissant knight. But vain might be their sighs, for his heart was devoted to his wedded wife, and nought could change his love.

Their bridal feast had now gone by a twelve-month, and the pompous and final rejoicings of the first five months had subsided into the touching joys and more endearing companionship of the bower—where they loved to hold that sweet converse, which minds elevated by the soft emotion of deep rooted love, alone can feel. On a summer's eve, when the deepening shades told Enna she might expect the return of her husband from the gay and busy court, he with a heavy step and a heavier heart for the first time since their alliance, entered that love-fraught bower.

"In the name of all that is dear," cried Enna, casting her arms around his steel-cased neck, "tell me, my Ludovick, what has caused this change in thee? what has crossed thee, love?"

"All news I love I for thee, dear Enna," answered he, "no longer shall I listen to thy pretty tales of love; no longer kiss thy love inviting lips! No, I must to arms; my country calls me to battle for its rights!"

"Oh, short-lived joy!" cried Enna, "are we to part?" "Again to meet, when on my head fresh honors shall be poured! I go to scourge the Turk, with thousands of brave warriors of Spain, my partners in the strife. Thy husband shall return with the bright trophies of captured banners, and the loud shout of thousands in his train—his name upheld to honor—and spoken with reverence by all Spanish men—and thou shalt esteem me, dear more worthy of thy love."

"I must not mourn then," cried Enna; "but while thou art away, days will seem years; and my only joy will be some kind messenger to tell me of thy glory, and dreams of thy return."

Ere a month had elapsed, the sun gleamed on the armor of Count Ludovick, as he issued from the castle with his band of warriors, to join the body of his country's troops, who were already fighting with the Turks, where we shall leave him, heaving his way among the enemy, creating pools of blood and heaps of tawny slain, and follow the fortunes of our fair heroine.

For nearly twelve months did she keep herself aloof from the world, closeted in retirement; whole days, would she love to sit and to contemplate with fervent look and fervent hope some gift of her absent husband; or pore with eagerness over the book he loved to read when together in the bower. But constant tidings of his health and safety, his prowess, his success in arms, gave her a confidence which gradually wore off a portion of her anxiety; and repeated invitations to court, to visit those friends who had been companions of her husband, at last summoned her from seclusion.—And how delighted was she to find that her change enabled her to converse of her husband and gave