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# The Old North State.

VOL. 9. "ERROR IS HARMLESS, WHEN TRUTH IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT." No. 23.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849.

For the Old North State.  
AN INVOCATION.  
Awake, ye sleeping Bards, awake!  
Sons of the South, arise!  
Why refuge in oblivion take,  
Beneath these glowing skies?  
Is not the breath of the fragrant flowers,  
The earth bedecked in green,  
The melody in the leaf-clad bowers,  
From warbling throats unceasing;  
The bright effulgence of the sun,  
The grandeur of the shade,  
The stars appearing one by one,  
When day begins to fade;  
And the lovely Moon, with peerless green,  
The spacious vault ascend,  
And o'er the earth's voluptuous face,  
Her softest beams extend;  
Oh! are not these sufficient to make  
Your glorious minstrelsy,  
Or else the maddened instrument break  
In phrenzied ecstasy?  
Where is the Bard who dared to thrust  
Himself amid the strife?  
Why raised a Phœnix from its dust,  
And gave it new-born strife?  
Aye, where is he? Where is the fire  
That lit his midnight lamp?  
Oh, why should politics conspire  
His vestal fire to damp?  
O tell me why is fine gold dim?  
Why beauty to ashes turned?  
And high poetic fame by him  
With contumely spurned?  
Arouse thee up, my worthy Friend,  
And seize the gray goose quill;  
The muse shall to thy call attend,  
Obedient to thy will.  
The graces, nymphs, and sylphlike forms,  
All characters divine,  
Whatever glows, whatever charms,  
These, these are wholly thine.  
Then seize pen, involve the muse,  
And join the glorious throng,  
Who will not die, but wisely choose  
To live for age in song.  
ALANPELT.  
Perquimans County, N. C.  
\* Oh, why is the lustre of fine gold dim? Why  
has beauty become ashes. Phœnix, 1839.

values both in exchange for her one heart. The dear miss is overcome with such magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it to her pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there was never such a pair (of whiskers) before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

There are many other kinds of ill-assorted 'marriages,' and they all result in unhappy 'homes.' What else could be expected?—Young folks get their ideas of the holiest relation in life from the novel. Or when this is not the case, they, in most instances, have no idea at all of it, but are governed in their choice and conduct by their feelings, their passions, or their imagined interests. Thus the marriage union is prostituted throughout the civilized world, and the terrible retribution is seen in myriads of discordant and disordered households. Hence, that which should be the most beautiful of pleasures, is shunned by thousands as a pest-house. Children finding no enjoyment beneath the parental roof, seek for it in places of others of public resort, become corrupted in their manners and morals, and are ruined. To this cause more than almost any other, can be traced the immortality of our youth. Look at this town! See the hundreds of dirty-faced brats which swarm our streets, and insult every passer by with impunity! Have they homes which are homes? No! They have places where they stay 'nights, eat, get scolded and whipped; but as for the purifying influence of home, they are strangers to it.

**CAUGHT AGAIN.**—The Washington Union continues to groan over the "infamous system of proscription," as it calls the system instituted by Jackson, and practised by all his Locofoco successors. A few days ago the Union said,—"Premeditated Proscriptions.—We are informed that the heads of Departments have had a large number of blanks printed to be used for notices to those clerks and other persons in office whom they design to remove. We understand that this is the first time in the history of our Government when printed notices have been required by the urgency of proscription and the number of victims destined for butchery. It shows that the system of proscription is premeditated and will be sweeping if any of our friends will furnish us with a specimen of these modern 'letters de cachet,' so common during the reign of the Bastille in France, we will give it to our readers. When such preparations are made for wide and sweeping political butchery, how can the mendacious minion of this corrupt Administration have the hardihood to assert that removals are made for causes other than political! How much more manly and honorable it would be if they would come out and frankly admit that they want the offices, and therefore they remove their opponents."

On the next day "the Republic," informed the Union, that the circulars which had so aroused its indignation were "prepared in the Treasury Department, by the order of the late Secretary, as long ago as the 24th January. They were printed by his employes, and delivered on the 6th of February. The whole matter then, it seems was begun and completed by the late Administration. The present heads of Departments have had nothing to do with them."—*Observer.*

**A DELICATE LIBEL.**  
A quiet elderly gentleman found himself one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey—kept up, in fact, so lengthened a conversation, that it was exactly two hundred miles long. When nearly at the terminus, the most voluble of the ladies expressed a hope to the gentleman that the incessant colloquy had not disturbed him. "By no means, madam," he said, politely; "I have been married exactly five-and-twenty years."

**VALUABLE ADVICE.**—The editor of the Racine Advocate winds up a long article to the ladies, with a word to the 'lords.'—"A word to married men. Remember to be polite to your own wives, for if you are not, others will be."

**NOT BAD.**—The marriage of Col. Bragg of a "little more grape" notoriety, is noticed by the New York Globe as a surfer of the gallant colonel, which the Globe says "served him right! He should have known that this battery could not resist the small arms of woman."

**MY CONSCIENCE.**—A down-east paper speaks of a millionaire who is estimated to be worth two hundred thousand.

**Value of Locofoco Opinions.**  
The flippancy with which the Union descants upon General Taylor's character and capacity might have some effect upon the public mind, if such things were altogether new. The stream of disparagement was poured out upon General Jackson most copiously, but the people regarded it not—the muddy current now let loose upon General Taylor will have about the same influence. Nobody heeds a regular vituperator.

**Ritchie on Jackson.**  
"We cannot consent to lend a hand towards the election of such a man as Andrew Jackson."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"One who, on any great crisis, would convert the whole country into one great camp, and would reduce almost every thing under martial law."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"We can commend Gen. Jackson's modesty in retiring from the Senate and the Bench, where he discovered the superior qualifications of other people. Can we say as much for his modesty, when he is now aspiring to the highest office in this nation?"—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"He (Gen. Jackson) is a distinguished soldier—but is he a statesman? Where are his political speeches? Where are the evidences of that skill and attainments in politics to which a life of study and experience is so essentially necessary."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"Compare him (Gen. Jackson) with Adams and Crawford, and how inferior must he be."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"He (Gen. Jackson) is too rash—too violent in his temper—his measures too much inclined to arbitrary government—to obtain the humble support of the editor of this paper."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"Do Gen. Jackson's friends pretend to say that he is equal to a Washington? When they modestly lay claim to such a pretension, it will be time enough to answer them."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"What kind of a President would this great civilian (Gen. Jackson) make. A gentleman who cannot interpret the plain Law expressions of one law, and yet would be called upon to administer all the laws of the land. One whose ideas are so purely military, that he would transmute a traitor into a spy, or would punish treason not by the civil courts, but a court martial."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"We would deprecate his (General Jackson's) election as a curse upon our country."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

**NATIONAL COURTESY.**—Lord Stanly has been shipping many of his poor tenants to the United States, paying the passage money himself. Uncle Sam sends his compliments to Lord Stanly, and says he had rather Lord Stanly would show his generosity by supporting his own poor.

**WHAT I SAW IN FRANCE.**  
I saw several stormy discussions in the National Assembly, and felt quite proud that our House of Commons, was so far superior to it in gentlemanly demeanor. I saw one representative of the people publicly strike another, and thought to myself, "Well, if our Members do occasionally fight a duel, they never descend to blows!" and I felt still more proud of St. Stephen's.

I saw long poles decked out with faded ribbons, and dead *Immortelles*, which I was told were "Trees of Liberty," but I never should have guessed it. A day or two afterwards I saw some of these long poles cut down, lying in the mud, and somehow I could not help remarking that such was generally the fate in France with everything that was popular.

I saw the representatives and ministers circulated in the farces and vaudevilles, and was rather astonished at the joyous manner in which the audience laughed at every little allusion to their Republic.

I saw several of the houses battered with shot, and still retaining marks of the cannon, and no longer that the French wondered had such little affection for home, when they could scarcely call it their own for two days together. If a Frenchman's home, like an Englishman's, is his castle, then, egad, it should be a fortified one.

I saw one man call on Lamarque, and this one man called himself "an English deputation," and I burst out laughing when I read in his speech something about "unanimity," just as if it were a very difficult thing for one man to be unanimous.

I saw in one shop, placed side by side, busts of Louis Napoleon, the Duke of Bordeaux, and the Count of Paris, closely elbowing one another, which struck me as rather curious; but not half as much so as the general absence of every memento of Louis Philippe. Not a portrait of him anywhere, excepting a rare one, every now and then, on a five-franc piece; his very name seems to have left the French language. He might well without fear of contradiction, publish now a *le Chateaubriand*, his "Memoires D'Outre-tombe."

I saw the conscription going on in one of the country villages, and witnessed a mother weeping over a *gamin* that had drawn an unlucky number, whilst the young scamp was grinning.

I saw in Boulogne far more English than French.

I saw a Frenchman not admitted on the railway at one of the intermediate stations, because he had left his passport behind him.

I saw several newspapers seized, and afterwards heard that the editors had been severely fined, which I thought was rather a free manner of enforcing the Liberty of the Press; but then it must be confessed that the Press in France in return, takes liberties enough without the smallest warrant.

was a great family holiday.—Good nature greeted everywhere, and I, for myself, could never have believed that the French were one-half such fine, generous, jolly fellows, as, to my great delight and enjoyment, I found them. If it is for this discovery alone, I shall never regret the £5 I have spent in my excursion to Paris *Vivent les Français!—London Punch.*

**WEIGHIN' THE GALS.**  
Sum boddy sez it aint a fair question to ax a gal her age. The old maids, I reckon, sez that. Now I think it's fully as unfair to ax a gal her weight, as it is to ax her age, 'case it's a tuff question, it is; and when you hears about weighin' 'Sal Greeny, you will say so too.

You know cusen Jeff; he's a rale staver 'mongst the gals, he is, and he don't kare a straw what he sez to any on 'em, he don't.

Cusen Jeff, he cum over to our house one Sunday, and he sez to me, "Pete, les go to see 'Squire Greeny's gals." "A greed" sez I. And so out we struck. I felt awful bold when I first started, but sum how the nearer we got to Squire Greeny's, the worse skeared I was. And I wished we had never started; but it was too late now, so in we went. 'Squire Greeny's got two gals, Sal and Betsy, as nice gals as you ever seed, they is. They all seemed mighty perlit; and me and cusen Jeff, thought we was gettin' on first rate, we did. 'Sal look'd dreaddful nice, I tell you. I'de ax'in' the world if I could only a found something to say to her; but I stud'y'd over ever thing I ever heard or thought of in my whole life, but not the first darn'd word could I think of wuth sayin'.

Cusen Jeff was all the time talkin' like all natur' to Betsy. After a while Sal she proposed we should all go and weigh. So out we all went, 'Squire Greeny cum along to weigh us. When Sal's turn cum 'Squire Greeny, look'd sorter stonish'd. "Why Sal," sez he, "you weigh a hundred and fifty." "Law Par," sez Sal. "Aint it Jeff?" sez the Squire. "Yes sir," sez Jeff. And sure enuff Sal weighed a hundred and fifty; the hevyest critter in the whole gang on us.

Well we all went back to the house, and arter a while, sez 'Squire Geeny, sez he, "Old 'oman, Sal weiga a hundred and fifty."

No, she don't," sez the old oman. "Yes, but I tell you she duz," sez the 'Squire. "Don't she Jeff?"

"Yes sir-ee, she duz," sez Jeff. "I don't believe it," sez the old lady. "Well we'll weigh Sal ag'in, and show you," sez the 'Squire. "Oh! no, don't," sez Sal. "Why not Sal?" "Oh! case it's Sunday ses Sal.

"But I will, though," sez the 'Squire. So Sal was strung up ag'in, and the 'Squire he balenc'd the still yards to the last kickup place; and he commenced lookin' over his specks and countin' his fingers—"Jeff," sez he, how much is that?" Jeff, he looked over the 'Squire's shoulder. "One hundred and thirty-seven." "Yes," sez the 'Squire, "a hundred and thirty-seven."

"Thar now," sez the old lady, "I told you Sal didn't weigh a hundred and fifty."

**IN AN AWFUL BAD FIX.**

Col. Nolan, editor of the Batesville (Ark.) Eagle, tells the following good story of a man being in a very warm and tight place:

The late Col. Allen Oakley was stopping for the night at a public house. The weather was warm, and Oakley, when he retired to bed, divested himself of all his clothes but his shirt. About midnight a terrible fuss was raised in the yard—a catamount had been rustled up, and the dogs were fighting it. After having it around and around for some time they got to the door, which, flying open, in popped the catamount. You may guess there was getting out of their way! Poor Oakley saw no chance to make the door, and sought safety by climbing up the logs to what should have been the loft; but alas! it was deficient of every thing but a cross pole. This he straddled, with the expectation of hearing, if not witnessing, the fight going on below. But, like the gallant hero of Cerro Gordo, he soon had painful evidence that a man can be attacked behind as well as before. He had waked up a wasp's nest something more than a half bushel in size, and they were putting it to him in style. One hand was necessary to hold on with, and the other slapped some. To come down was to incur the danger of a mad cat's teeth, and to hold on was not a bed of roses! Yet Oakley did hold on—and so did the wasps. Poor fellow! it was not an easy matter for him to ride the next day.

**THE IRISH NEGRO.**

It is but little known in the U. States, that in the island of St. Thomas the Irish language is a good deal spoken, even amongst the Blacks. A passenger-vessel having arrived at New-York, at a time when the weather was excessively hot, happened to moor next to a schooner from that island; and one day, when a sturdy Hibernian was landing with his family, he was not a little surprised to hear his native Gaelic spoken fluently by some men standing on the wharf, whose complexions were none of the fairest, and whose heads were rather more hamigerous than he had been accustomed to see in the Emerald Isle.—"Arrah," says Paddy, to the man next him, "how long are you in the country, friend?" (supposing him to be from the land of potatoes like himself.)—"Only three days," replied the negro; "we reached this port Monday last."—"Holy virgin!" exclaimed the affrighted emigrant, looking pitifully at his wife and children.—"Only three days in the country, Judy, and turned as black as my hat! Oh! that we were safe in ould Ireland again!"

**Governor McDowell's Great Speech.**—A Philadelphia correspondent of the Republic says: "A friend has just shown me a copy of an oration delivered twelve years ago, before the Societies of the College at Princeton, N. J.; by Governor McDowell, which upon examination, I find to be the same speech, almost verbatim et literatim, which Gov. McDowell delivered in Congress last winter. It is an able speech, but the repetition of it evidences a barrenness of ideas which I did not expect to see in so distinguished a personage."

**AN INFALLIBLE RECIPTE.**

John Bruce, Highland piper to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, prescribed, as a remedy for cramp, with which his master was often afflicted, twelve stones taken from twelve south-running streams, on which Sir Walter was to sleep, and be of course restored. Sir Walter told him that the recipe was infallible, but to make it entirely successful, the stones must be wrapped in a garment belonging to a widow who had never wished to marry again. This was hopeless; and the piper abandoned his efforts to complete the charm.

**CON.—Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.**

**A PUZZLE.**—What word is there of five letters that, by taking away two leaves only one? Ans. Stone.

**BRIGHT GIRL.**—In the district school at Sandwich, last winter, the master informed a little girl that Sunday was the first day of the week, and inquired of her—"What day is Monday?" "It's washin' day, sir," she answered.

**A GOOD 'UN.**—By "Jeems," of the Post.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom! Give it up? Because he's a regular sap-head—His waist is remarkably slender; His growth is exceedingly rapid, And his top is uncommonly tender!

**TRUTH AS WELL AS POETRY.**—There is much point at this moment in the following epigram:

At a rubber of whist an Englishman gravo Said he couldn't distinguish a king from a knave, His eyes were so dim and benighted. A Yankee observed, that he needn't complain, For the like had been often attempted in vain, By eyes that were very clear sighted.

**QUERER EPITAPH.**—The following is from a burial ground in Providence, R. I.

Her soul grew so fast within,  
It burst the outward shell of sin,  
And so was hatched a cherubim

**FEAR OF CHOLERA.**—Fear is unquestionably one of the most powerful predisposing causes of cholera. And to those who, on the very first sign of the approach of the disease toward their own immediate quarter of the town, hasten at once to the country, we would say, in the words of a Spanish poet:

Since no place there is  
Death's keen eye eene aled,  
Hence 'tis an easy thing to see  
That one who from I is dart would flee  
Is by his flight itself revealed

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