

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

"ENTERPRISE STRIKETH OUT A NEW PATH TO COMMAND THE SUPPORT OF MEN."—BACON.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 2.

LOUISBURG, NORTH-CAROLINA SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

NO. 30.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.
PUBLISHED BY
W. H. PLEASANT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Miscellaneous.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

The following glimpses at a young lady's heart, taken from a letter to a bosom friend, will amuse, if they do not instruct the reader.

1. You know, all about that affair with my recreant beau. 'Tis quite an embarrassing matter, 'tis true; but you know dear love, I've no secrets from you; and so without any undue affection, I'll tell you a tale you may well be proud on.

2. I had met him quite often at the party and ball had danced with him, talked with him, walked with him, all had heard all those stories where largely he draws on the works of his countryman, Baron Manchasen—had looked at his pictures, and laughed at his "bragade" and thought him a charming and unprincipled rogue.

3. Conceive my surprise, when one fine summer morning without a word or a whisper or warning, the elegant Herman, (for that is his name— from some old Dutch Duchy he says that he came,) in terms which I can't at this moment repeat, his heart and his palette laid down at his feet.

4. O Anny, I trembled and colored up so! I dared not say "yes," and I couldn't say "no." My breath came so fast that I hardly could speak—all the blood rushed at once from my heart to my cheek; while Herman sat by me quite tranquil and cool, and thought me, no doubt, a complete little fool.

5. At last I got out, "it was such a surprise—knew not what to say"—and he looked in my eyes with a kind of a look that I could not resist—and then with such ardor my fingers he kissed! In short my dear Anny, I hardly know how I ended with saying—I would be his true!

6. After that, matters went along smoothly and trim; he made love to me and I listened to him. We often took a ride in the sunshiny weather, and on rainy nights, sat on the sofa together. He used to talk to me sometimes of his mother—also of the Colonel, his wonderful brother.

7. I loved him, dear Anny, I'll own to the truth! It was not his beauty that won me alone; but a something he had in each look and each tone—a mixture of poetry, romance and art, that, taken together, quite "did" for my heart.

8. I was proud of him, too—only, once in a while, when he told his adventures, and people would smile, and tread on each other's toes under the table, even my warm affection was always unable to keep me from telling him that I did wish his tales would not smell so strongly of fish.

9. But then I'd say, "All the world here for something or other—politicians for places and lawyers for pelf, and merchants to get

goods of from the shelf; they're in for it all, though they're "pooh-pooh!" it—and since he enjoys it, he may as well do it."

10. Herman was all devotion, all passion and sighs, he seemed but to live in the light of my eyes. What words of endearment would fall from his lips! how countless the kisses on my finger tips! "Love thinks but of love!" was his frequent pretence. Alas! I found his reckoned dollars and cents!

11. One day he came in from the sports early cool. For one "dearest Anny," any such word from the tongue of the ruffled adored was heard. That evening he called upon Annabel Chase; the next day I learned the whole state of the case.

12. He supposed, it appears, dear papa had the 'rocks,' was rolling in dollars, and swelling with 'stocks,' would 'cut up in good style, and in consequence that his child would come in for a bit of "the fat." When he learned his mistake, it was odd to discover how the rock went at once to the heart of my lover!

13. He came up to see me, and saw me alone, and unfolded affairs with a grace all his own. He would have "preferred" me, he said, for a wife, to any one that he had met in his life; but of for himself, why he hadn't a *livre*, and I must agree that it was *il faut vivre*.

14. Such being the case, he would bid me adieu, and hoped the affair would not render me 'blue.' I thanked him, and told him, I always taught, that the sea held good fish as ever was caught—and perhaps I may yet do as well, my dear Herman, as to be linked for my life to a penniless German.

15. So we parted. I hurried away from the scene, if not very 'blue,' I did feel rather green. I left in the stage coach the very next day, and shed a few tears the first part of the way; but five miles passed over, the road grew so bad, I looked out for the hills and forgot to be sad.

17. When I got in the cars, and was safe in my seat, what person, of all in the world, should I meet? Why whom but Fred Forrest! He has, as you know, been travelling in Europe three years or so, and has grown—oh, so handsome!—by, Herman himself, when Fred was at hand, would be laid on the shelf!

17. Now, I had intended, when no one was by, to let down my veil and indulge in a 'cry'; but talking awhile to that love of a Fred, put such sentimental stuff out of my head. He made his adieu at the Utica station but, oh! we commenced a delicious flirtation!

18. He came out to see me—we rode and we walked, and various topics over and over were talked. The end, dearest Anny, you'll easily guess—he asked me a question and I answered "Yes." Pack up and come on just as soon as you can to 'stand up' with me on the twentieth Jan.

40. A more thorough contrast there never was seen than Herman and Frederick, in person and mein. Fred's eyes are so smiling, so blue and serene, his mouth is so delicate, rosy, and clean. Herman's eye had at times, quite a sinister flash—and I often saw crumbs on his nasty moustache!

20. Then, Herman, you know was unpleasantly small, while Fred is so elegant, slender, and tall. He wears such a diamond and slugs so divinely, and plays the guitar and violin finely? He has a sweet place on the shore of the Bay, and a four-story mansion just out of Broadway.

21. I feel quite content, and my dear foreign beau is welcome to marry for money or show. Poor fellow! I pity him—grubbing away at those rusty old land-capes of his day by day. Here is my parting advice to that part of art. Beg, borrow, or steal, sir, a *conscience* and *heart*.

22. With these small additions to your stock in trade, rest assured, my dear Herman, your fortune is made! Good bye, beloved Anny, till early in Jan—. Come along—well, we'll say by the teeth—if you can, your image will fill my heart's innermost cranny, while life warms the breast of your own attached
ANNIE.

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a woman. "Make said the cow stealer, one day, 'what clock is it?' 'Fair, Pat, I haven't my watch handy, but I think it is about milking time.'

Shun vice.

Is not this beautiful? It is contributed to the Home Journal by Mrs. T. Beveridge of Galveston, Texas.

I saw a youthful mother
Once, on a summer day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play.
It gambolled on the flowerets
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustfully reached forth its hand,
To seize the glittering prize.

And now, its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which, in its baby innocence,
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand unclose,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright, imprisoned rays.

And then the first of many tears
Fell on that cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it hath been with us all;
Who its dark game have played,
We've sought to grasp the *shamaine*
And only found—the shade!

"DICK" AND "SUSY"

Dicky was poor; Susy had a rich mother; Dick loved Susy, and vice versa. Dicky wanted to marry Susy; Susy's mother was "down" on that measure; Dicky was forbid the premises; notes were exchanged through the knot in the high-board fence that enclosed the yard.

One day the old lady went out "calling." Dicky was duly informed of the fact, called on Susy; remained a little too long; old lady was close at hand no chance to escape without detection.

Dicky popped into a closet; old lady saw that Susy looked confused; guessed that Dicky had been about; but supposed, of course, he had rendered good his escape; thought perhaps the young people had agreed to elope together; determined to be too smart for them; accordingly shut Susy up in the same closet where Dicky was concealed; and, giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night; didn't see Dick; next morning went to the closet to let Susy out.

"O Lord," (a scream) couldn't breathe for a minute. Finally—

"Ahem! Dick is that you!"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Ahem! well, Dick."
"Susy, dear, go see about the breakfast."
[Exit Susy.]
"Dicky you must stay and take breakfast."
"Couldn't, ma'am."
Old woman all smiles. "Oh, but you must Dicky!"

Dicky concluded to stay.
Scene second—breakfast table—Old lady seated on the right, with coffee pot in hand.

"Dicky, I've been thinking about you a good deal lately."

"So, I suppose, ma'am—very lately," said Dicky.
"You are in austrious and honest, I believe Dick!"

"I never brag, ma'am," was Dicky's answer.

"Well, now, on the whole Dicky I think you and Susy had better get married."

"An Adonis, not particularly celebrated for his personal attraction, on completing a sum what protracted toet one morning, turned to his servant, and inquired,

"How do I look, Caesar?"
"Plendid, massa—'plendid!' was Ebby's delightful answer.

"Do you think I do, Caesar?" he asked, surveying himself in a glass, and giving Caesar a piece of silver.

"Guy! massa, never see you look so fierce in all my life! You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"A lion! why, what do you know about a lion? You never see one, Caesar!"

"Never see a lion, massa! Guy! I see Massa Pecton's Jim ride one ober to de mill by way."
"Why, you fool! that's a donkey!"
"Can't help dat, massa," said Caesar, "you look jis like him!"
"Be 'cordin' to compliment," was not improvise by the amends."

To charge a man's meebry—borrow twenty dollars of him.

A NOVEL VALENTINE

Perhaps some of our friends have failed thus far to receive a Valentine. For the benefit of such we publish the following, which contain more good sense, than any they might have received through the Post Office. We copy it from the *Buffalo Republic*.

MY DEAR MISS—Emboldened by the license afforded by the day, I have ventured to beg you to be my companion in some of my future taking. But, if you should refuse, your life, it will be but justice to give you some information as to the character of our ride.

The vehicle in which I would go, is called matrimony. We will drive along the road of life. My horse is an old grey steed named Time, and he is a rapid couser. Having ascended the vehicle by steps called love, fashioned by a cunning artificer, Cupid by name, the door will be close upon us by a Clergyman, and he will lock the door and throw away the key. We shall find in the road certain rough places, caused by the stones and roots of selfishness, pride, vanity and temper, which have never been entirely removed from the pathway of life. That we may get over these without injury, the carriage is provided with springs of mutual affection, which assist most wonderfully in softening every joint, and indeed, if we would keep these springs oiled with sympathy of mind, our whole journey will be as pleasant as we desire.

The vehicle is furnished with glasses called cheerfulness or content which we may draw up if assailed by storms of adversity. Moreover the whole landscape looks pleasant through the medium of those glasses, such is their magical power. At some points along the way we shall be in doubt which path to take, and shall be met with two individuals Duty and Inclination, who may direct us differently. To assist in such dilemmas, the Ruler of the country through which the road craves, has furnished a Guide Book containing directions such together with many valuable directions about the road, as to keeping the vehicle in good repair, (for the road is a long one.) Moreover if we follow aright the directions of the book, our journey will terminate at the portals of a beautiful region, lovely as Paradise, to which we shall be admitted by a porter whose name is Death. Whereas if we neglect the rules of our Guide, our road will in alibly lead into a region of darkness.

It is in hope that you will assist me in interpreting this Book, that I now invite you to accompany me. I faithfully promise that your safety and happiness shall be my first and constant care, and I hope that my efforts will be successful, as in whatever I do I am always happy. Ever your devoted
VALENTINE.

February 14 1854.

SMALL EATER

When Jones kept the United States hotel at Philadelphia it was a favorite house with us. Jones always had the first green peas and the earliest strawberries.

One day when young pigs first came round Jones, as usual secured the only four there were in market, for his dinner table. A tall lank individual, with a sort of yellowish hazel, sat at our elbow. He looked as though a basin of gruel or barley broth at most, would be as solid fare as his stomach could very contain. A waiter, thinking him to be Dicky, asked him in a commiserating tone, what he would be served with.

"Nothin'," as I knows on," replied the sick man. "I am not quite well to-day; but I'll take a bit of the pork."

One of the pigs was placed by the side of the plate, which disappeared in double quick time, under his successive and determined attacks.

"Will take something more?" asked the waiter.

Casting his eyes up and down the table, with a sharp, piercing look at the three empty dishes.

"I say, landlord," he inquired, have you got any more of the young hogs?"

VERY EXPLICIT

A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman exclaimed:

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake what might be your name?"

"My name is Kaun-Hollenberg-Lef-fengraffenstein-pump"

"Cape Cod!" It's as long as a pumpkin

vine! Well, I haint no time to loose; I'm on a speculation. Tell me the road to Harrisburg.

"To Harrisburg?" V-ll, you see dat roat, pun the hill? pointing the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."
"V-ll, you must not take dat roat. You see dat roat py te coal pank!"

"Yes."
"Vell dat ish not de roat roat, put you must go right py te parn, and ven you see me be in de road, standing his shoo-

git dere keep along till you git dere."
"Vell den you vil turn de tater patch, and de pride over de river up te stream and de hill up, and directly you see my podder Fritz's parn, shingled mit straw, cats te boose mine podder lives. He'll tell you so pletter as I can. And you go on a little pit fuder, and you see two roats—you must take both uv um."

A LARGE THROAT.
The morning Star, published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South, who expended a large fortune—money, land, negroes, everything in a course of intemperance and prodigality.

As he had just paid a last year's grog bill of \$900, one day he was walking in the streets leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him to come over.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look down my throat."

"I don't discover anything sir," said the doctor, after looking very carefully.

"You don't," said he, "why that's strange, will you be kind enough, sir, to give another look?"

Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look, "I don't see anything."

"Not why doctor there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down here."

WEBER says—though the virgins he saw in heaven were beautiful, the wives were incomparably more so, and went on increasing in beauty ever more. Is not here an inducement for the girls to get married?

TOBACCO

"Tommy my son, run to the store and buy me some 'sugar.' Excuse me ma. I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tel him to bring me a plug of tobacco."

A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility. "What," said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?" "No, sir," replied the little miss, I courtesied to the live one!" The hog-man sloped with a pig's foot in his chops.

"How many rods makes a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a "fast" urchin, as he come home one night from the town school.

"Well I don't know how many," was the reply of the young hopeful. "But I guess you'd think one rod made an acre, if you got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar face, this afternoon."

The parent stood aghast.

FINDING THE LINCH-PIN—A countryman was passing along one of the streets of Baltimore with his wagon, a few days since, when one of his wheels came off, and he discovered that a lynch-pin was gone. After searching for it some time he offered the boys who congregated a shilling to find it. They then joined in the search, and in a few minutes one of them brought him what he supposed to be the pin. Having adjusted the wheel he paid the shilling and started off, but had not got more than half a block before a wheel on the other side came off, when he discovered that the young rascal had stolen the pin from one of the other wheels to obtain the reward. He was one of the "Young America" boys.

A batchelor friends of ours, passing up the street yesterday, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when pressing it to his lips, and said: "Oh, that it were the fair lips of the wearer." Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly black wench, looked out of an upper window and said: "Boss, please to frow dat thimble in de entry I jis drap it." Our friend fainted.

Give a man brains and a lion's tail, and he is king. Give a man brains without a tail, and he is a slave. Give a man brains with a lion's tail and he is a fool.

A little boy, while coming down stairs, a few days ago, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question was, how was a puzzle? "What would I do to lose my balance, where would I go to?"

J. is in the habit of going to the office with his tail.