



# LIVE CHIRAFFEE

"I MUST HAVE LIBERTY, WITHAL, AS LARGE A CHARTER AS THE WIND, TO BLOW ON WHOM I PLEASE."—Shakspeare.

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### The Battle for a Violet!

Ruth and Amy were sisters. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both at the same time happened to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the eldest sister, was first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out: "I saw it first, and it belongs to me."

"No, is not yours it is mine," said Ruth; "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it; so I have got it and you shall not have it."

Amy was quite furious—snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother came to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" asked she.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy. "No, I did not, mother," said Ruth; "it was mine; I saw it first and plucked it."

"But, where is the flower?" asked their mother. It had been torn to pieces! In fighting, to decide who should have it, both lost it.

How could this fight have been prevented and the sweet violet, and the still sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection have been preserved?—Though Ruth had the violet in her hand, she could have said: "Sister, if you think this pretty flower is yours, you have it. I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow!" Would there have been any fight, or any coldness, or unkindness between the sisters? They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet, too.

Love and kindness we must measure  
By this simple rule alone;  
Do we mind another's pleasure,  
Just as if it were our own.

### The Revolutionary Lovers.

A young girl of sixteen, of sterling beauty, had fought with her brother and her betrothed in the ranks of the Lyonnaise cannoniers in the French Revolution.

The whole town admired her intrepidity. Prey cited her as an example to his soldiers. Her modesty equalled her courage. She found her hero in battle. She was then a virgin. Her name was Marie Adrain.

"What is your name?" inquired her judge, struck with her youth, and dazzled by her charms. "Marie," replied the young accused; "the name of the mother of God, for whom I am about to die."

"What is your age?"

"Seventeen; the age of Charlotte Corday."

"It was to defend it?"

"Citizen," said one of the judges, "we admire your courage. What would you do if we granted you life?"

"I would poison you as the executioners of my country," she replied, raising her head.

She mounted in silence, her eyes cast down, the steps of the scaffold, more intimidated at the looks of the crowd than of death. She refused the hand which the executioner offered her to guide her steps, and cried out twice, "Vive le roi!"

On stripping her after death, the executioner found in her bosom a note written with blood; it was a farewell from her betrothed, shot a few days previously at the Creteaux.

"To-morrow, at this hour, I shall be no more," he said to his affianced. I will not die without telling you once more, I love thee. Were my life offered me to say to the contrary, I would refuse it. I have no ink. I have opened a vein to write to you with my blood. I would mingle it with yours for eternity. Adieu, my dear Marie. Weep not, that the angels may think you as handsome as I do in Heaven. I go to await you. Be not long!"

The two lovers were only separated twenty-four hours in death. The people could admire, they knew not how to pardon.

### Meaning of the word "Bigoted."

Old Job Dundee was at one time one of the most popular darkeys in our city. He was a kind of a patriarch among the colored population, and universally liked by the white folks. About the time that he stood at the head of the New street church he was subpoenaed before "Squire (now Judge) Wiseman, to testify to the character of a negro who was charged with petty larceny."

"Well, Job," said the "Squire, 'what do you know, of the character of the defendant?"

"Well, I knows considerable 'bout de colored individual and I neber fin's him guilty of only one 'fence," replied Job with great reverence.

"Well, what is the nature of the offence you allude to?"

"Why, de nigger am bigoted."

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what bigoted an?"

"Why, no," replied the Squire who is much of a wag. "Will you define the term Job?"

"Sartinly, I does. To be bigoted, a colored pesson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."

[Cincinnati Times.

### Predictions for 1852.

According to a new almanac, the year of our Lord, 1852, is to be an eventful one. We extract from the said almanac the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:

Through the whole course of the present year, whenever the moon wanes the night will be dark. On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished the day's work.

It is quite likely than when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.

If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for barbers, and he who wears mustaches will have something to sneeze at.

There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible and other invisible.

Whoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by getting married.

Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without their ma's.

There will be more books published than will find readers, and more bills made than will find payers.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time getting either of them out of her head.

Many people will drink more strong liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.

Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.

The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will attend many contracts in this latitude.

He who steals a match gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and bride in disagreeable relations.

There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust kicked up occasionally by the coach horses.

Many young ladies who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many who anticipate that glorious consummation will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a most wonderful year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it. Politicians will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will make fools of both. The world will go round as usual, and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many a man who engages in business. There will be a great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs and the meeting of Congress.

### FLAKES OF GOLD.

Affection or love is what constitutes the life of every person for whatever the affection is, such is the whole man.

Charity is the affection of good, and faith the affection of truth.

True charity consists in the performance of every duty of life, from the love of justice with judgment.

Extravagance throws his old boots away, but sweet Economy carries them in her bosom—having first exchanged them for a bunch of flowers.

Time may bear on us like a rough trotting horse, and our journey may have its dark nights, quagmires, and its jack-o'-lanterns; but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road, and an easier gait.

The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive, is as the web of the gossamer, compared with the pledge of the man of honor.—The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but his pledged word never.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious, profane, or vulgar thought may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust that no after efforts can efface.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for yours consideration and delicacy of behavior.

### This is a World as is a World.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

This is a world as is a world,  
In which we live and thrive,  
When they who have no conscience left,  
Are always kept alive;  
Where new humbugs are daily put  
Upon the public stage;  
And are with gusto swallowed down  
In this enlightened age.

No matter how absurd the scheme  
Which may before us start,  
Some 'honest souls' are always found  
To bear an active part,  
And if we cry 'humbug' to them,  
They raise their leering eyes,  
And say, 'O la, good gracious me,  
How wonderful, how wise.'

This is a world as is a world,  
And Barnum knows it too;  
For we by him have been humbugged,  
In cases not a few;  
His Mermaid and his Woolly Horse,  
Attracted quite a crowd;  
And praises of his young Tom Thomb  
Were heard both deep and loud.

This is a world as is a world,  
Where we can all commune  
With spirits from the other sphere,  
In almost any time;  
Those 'Rappers,' dear good natured folks,  
Their secrets will unfold,  
Provided you will move them with  
A piece of solid gold.

This world of ours is indeed,  
Progressing very fast;  
Each day but proves what fools they were  
Who lived within the past,  
They had no BARNUM to give them  
The wonders of the age—  
To bring the 'nurse of Washington'  
Upon the public stage.

This is a world as is a world,  
Where money makes the man—  
Where honesty, combined with want,  
Must thrive the best it can—  
Where all will swallow eagerly  
A golden coated pill;  
Supporting quacks who charge the same  
To cure, or ease—to kill.

### Frankness.

There are some persons who are never willing to acknowledge that they have done wrong.—Whenever they are blamed for anything, they will be sure to have some excuse or palliation to offer, or they will contrive to turn the attention to the share which somebody else had in the wrong.—James Benson was just such a boy. "Why, what a looking place you have made of this room, children!" his mother said, as she entered the parlor one day.

"Why, William took down every one of those books," vociferated James. "I didn't touch one of them; and Emily tore up that paper into little bits, and threw it upon the floor. I couldn't help it; I told her not to do so."

"Well, I should like now to have you gather up those quill tops and put them out of the way," interrupted his mother; "you know I have always cautioned you against letting your pen cuttings fall upon the carpet."

"Well, William has been cutting too. They are more than half his," replied James, instead of stopping at once to pick them up.

Now such a disposition as James showed here, is far from being the right one. James had a hand in putting things into disorder and his own blame was that he had any concern in it. It was nothing to him what his brothers and sisters had been doing. He ought to acknowledge his own fault and obeyed his mother's direction immediately, instead of stopping to find excuses, or to tell what the others had done.

It is very mean and ill natured to wish to bring others into difficulties, or expose their faults, when it will answer no good purpose. It is very absurd, too, for any person to suppose that he is any the less to blame himself, in any case, because somebody else has also been to blame. Suppose that man who was brought to trial in a court of justice for the crime of stealing, should say in self-defence, 'why to be sure I have been guilty of stealing; but then such a person stole too. He stole just as much as I did.' This would be foolish enough; and yet nothing is more common than for boys and girls, when they are reproved for any misconduct, to begin to tell what some of their brothers, or sisters, or companions, have done as bad.—Rev. Jacob Abbott.

□ Punch gives the following recipe to brew a good domestic quarrel:

Get a plenty of hot water, which you can always have by running into debt. Into the hot water throw your grievance, and keep stirring it for several hours with any small trifle that turns up. When it begins to boil, pour in all the household annoyances you can rake together, and flavor it with the bitterest truths, of which you should always keep a stock at home, ready cut and dried. Let it stand all night, and, if you should come down to breakfast very late the next morning, you will find that there has been a great rise in the meantime, in your quarrel. The next thing is, to commence cooling down, which is best done by drawing off rapidly into opposite corners. If you want your quarrel to be brewed very strong, and to last the household a long time, you had better get your mother-in-law to come and live a month with you.

### Love at first Sight.

Some three months ago the steamer Lafayette was on her passage from Louisville to the Crescent City. The boat was crowded with ladies and gentlemen from every part of the country; some on pleasure excursions, others on business. Every part of the boat was filled with passengers and especially the ladies' cabin—every state-room and berth being occupied. A merrier party never rode the Father of Waters.

Nothing out of the usual routine occurred during the first two or three days. Every evening, as is usual on boats bound for the Sunny South, card playing and tripping the light fantastic toe, were of course on the programme.

About 6 o'clock, on the evening of the fourth day a signal light was waving to and fro, on a distant shore. The boat soon rounded to, and an individual enveloped in a cloak, stepped on board.—Our passenger proved to be a maiden lady of some thirty summers.

Where shall we stow her? was now the inquiry. The ladies' berths being all taken, the clerk was obliged to give her a state-room in the gentlemen's cabin, near the ladies' saloon, which was occupied by a tall lank countryman, on his way south with a cargo of notions. He being on the hurricane deck at the time, was not aware that he would have to give up his quarters to a female, the officer of the boat, by some oversight, failed to apprise him of this new feature.

The dancing having ceased, and the smaller hours' being at hand, all new retired to their state-rooms, with the rest our unexpecting maiden friend. She turned into the lower berth of the room, while our friend the countryman, was fast asleep in the upper, doubtless dreaming of the dimes he expected to pick up on his speculation.

Next morning the bell announced breakfast; our maiden friend prepared to rise—when lo! and behold! a pair of thick boots and a great lot of unmentionables greeted her eyes.

At that moment our country friend also opened his peepers. A lot of women apparel was the first thing that met his horrified vision. The truth flashed across his mind—he had got into the wrong box, perhaps; but that could not be, as his duds were where he had placed them several days previous. Both were fairly caught! Who shall make the first move?

After much hesitation, our friend in the upper berth ventured to look below. A pair of eyes stared him in the face! After playing a regular game of 'bo-peep,' for some time, our country friend, with all the gallantry of a gentleman, suggested the propriety of just covering her eyes for a moment until he slipped on his in-expressibles. She did so, and he vamped like smoke. His first business was to find the clerk who had placed him in such a ridiculous fix. Apologies were made, and a hearty laugh enjoyed at his expense. He agreed to treat all hands if the passengers would keep cool.

Every one noticed that Jonathan paid his female friend great attention during the whole trip.

On the arrival of the boat at New Orleans, the parties were seen wending their way along one of the principal streets, inquiring for a magistrate's office—and if there ever was a case of true love at first sight, this must have been one.

### Anecdote of Rembrandt.

Rembrandt married an ignorant peasant who had served him as a cook, thinking this a more economical alliance than one with a person of refined mind and habits. He and his wife usually dined on brown bread, salt herrings, and small-beer.—He occasionally took portraits at a high price and in this way became acquainted with the Burgomaster Six, a man of enlarged mind and unblemished character, who yet continued faithfully attached to the avaricious painter. His friendship was sometimes put to a severe test by such occurrences as the following.

Rembrandt remarked one day that the price of his engravings had fallen.

"You are insatiable," said the burgomaster.

"Perhaps so. I cannot help thirsting for gold."

"You are a miser."

"True, and I shall be one all my life."

"'Tis really a pity" remarked his friend, "that you will not be able after death to act as your own treasurer, for whenever that event occurs, all your works will rise to treble their present value."

A bright idea struck Rembrandt. He returned home, went to bed, desired his wife and his son Titus to scatter straw before the door, and give out first that he was dangerously ill, and then dead; while the simulated fever was to be of so dreadful infectious nature that the sick of the neighbors was to be admitted near the sick room. These instructions were followed to the letter; and the disconsolate widow proclaimed that, in order to procure money for her husband's interment, she must sell all his works, any property that he left not being available on so short a notice.

The unworthy trick succeeded. The sale including every trivial scrap of painting or engraving, realized an enormous sum, and Rembrandt was in ecstasy. The honest burgomaster, however, was nearly frightened into a fit of apoplexy at seeing the man whose death he had sincerely mourned standing alive and well at the door of his studio. Meinbr Six obliged him to promise that he would in future abstain from such abominable deceptions.

### THE BABY STORY.

The New Orleans Picayune, while speaking of the great number of street beggars, (who carry with them young babies in order to enlist the sympathies of the public,) now infesting that city, tells the following good story:

The last 'tale' that hangs to this infantile class of paupers, is as follows. Its truth is vouched for. The incident took place in Camp street, only a few days ago. A tall, muscular, rough-looking man, dressed in the loose, free-and-easy style that characterizes the majority of our Western visitors, was striding up the street at a rapid pace, apparently absorbed in deep thought, or bent on arriving at some particular spot in the very shortest time possible. His progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance, directly in his path, of a pale, meagre-looking woman, dressed in the 'misery' style and bearing in her arms a bundle of rags, at one end of which flourished a baby cap. "Please, sir," said a winning voice, "my husband's dead, and I want some money to bury him, and I've got six children at home, this one just born, and to feed 'em or—Please, sir!"

The tall man looked at the 'misery' woman for a moment or two in silence—gazing steadily into her face from under his shaggy eyebrows, that hung down over a pair of big gray eyes, and apparently engaged in a course of reflections on the effects of poverty and beggary. "Please, sir," began the winning voice—but the man put his fingers to his lips to enjoin silence; stepped forward and placed a hand on the bundle of rags, and gently turning down the end of an old, worn-out shawl, disclosed to view the round, fat, rosy face of a handsome and healthy baby. The little fellow opened his black eyes, that sparkled in the sunlight, threw up his chubby arms, and began to laugh in that peculiar way that only babies understand.—The rough features and sunburnt complexion of the man assumed a milder expression than what appeared to be habitual to them; he deliberately raised the baby in his hands, held it out at arm's length, and took a good, steady look at it; as one would do with a puppy or wild turkey offered for sale. The man's gravity, and his tall, stout form prevented any one of the numerous bystanders, who, by this time, had gathered round, from exhibiting any signs of merriment at his rather singular conduct.

At length he said to the woman, in sharp, quick, gruff tones—seating the baby at the same time on his left arm, "Husband dead, and can't bury him, eh?" "Y-a-a-s, sir," said 'misery,' in its usual thin, whining, quivering voice. "Six children, and can't feed 'em, eh?" "Y-a-a-s, sir." "Baby just born, eh?" "Four months old, sir—just four." "Handsome baby, eh," holding the infant out again at arm's length, and looking it in the face. "Y-a-a-s sir!" "Can't feed it, either, eh?" "N-o-o-o, sir!" "Can't feed it. Very good. Hum! Ah? Handsome baby! Healthy, too? How much will you take for it?" "Please, sir!" "No, no!—none of your 'please, sir!' I want this baby to take home to my old woman. She never had one, and we want one right bad. How much will you take for it?" "Please, sir!" "Confound your 'please, sir!' How much? I'll pay you cash. Give you a dollar and a quarter. Won't take a dollar and a quarter? No? For a dollar and a quarter?—Cash down? Won't do it, eh? Oh, very well! Plenty more in the market. Get 'em cheap!—Won't give but a dollar and a quarter, no how!—Doosed handsome baby, but can't go over a dollar and a quarter!" And hastily placing the infant in the arms of its light-be mother, after this rapidly delivered stride, the tall man started off at a half-trot, swinging his arms at a fearful rate, and looking as grave and unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Poor 'misery' fell back on her usual seat on the sidewalk, bewildered and stupefied, whilst the spectators of this singular scene laughed—not a little.

A HEAD TOO LONG.—The partizans of Louis Napoleon say, with a chuckle, since his last act of treason, that he has shown the world 'he is not the fool some folks took him for,'—and declare that he is in fact 'a long headed fellow.' No doubt of it his head is too long—it should be cut off.—Burlington Sentinel.

### SABBATH LETTER WRITING.

"Strange," said a postmaster, not long since, on a Monday morning, as he emptied a huge mass of letters from his box, 'that people will not attend church on the Sabbath instead of staying at home to write letters.' The ordinary number of packages made up on other days was stated to be about forty; on Mondays they sometimes amounted to one hundred and twenty-five, and usually are double the number of those on other days of the week. How many of these letters are consistent with the command to 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy?'