

# PAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

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## A Story of the Affections.

### Sunshine and Shadow.

"Clara, where is your sister?" asked Mr. Carpenter of his youngest daughter, as he found her sitting alone in his library, deeply absorbed in the last number of a new magazine.

"I think she has gone out to the lodge with Charles," (she added the last two words hesitatingly,) "shall I call her?"

"Yes—stay, I will go myself," said he, recalling her as she was bounding away; and taking his hat he started in the direction indicated.

Mr. Carpenter was wealthy, and was emphatically what the world would call a proud man. His father had left him a handsome property, which he had further increased by a few years of prosperous business; and had then retired to an estate on the bank of the noble Hudson, where he spent his time in embellishing his beautiful retreat, and superintending the education of his two daughters. Their mother had been dead for several years. Ellen, the eldest, was just blooming into womanhood, having passed her eighteenth birthday, while Clara was two years younger.

The lodge to which Mr. Carpenter now directed his steps, was situated on the verge of the bank, facing the river, while the house itself stood farther back in a less bleak position, with only the capitol of its classic columns visible from the water. The walk was gravelled, and bordered with a profusion of gay flowers; but the proud owner paused not to admire their beauty or inhale their fragrance. It was evident that his mind was ill at ease. Clara's manner, and the coupling of his daughter's name with that of the young man whom she had familiarly called "Charles," had disquieted him. It was the first time that such an association had been presented to his thoughts; and now as he hastily recalled many incidents of the past few months, he wondered at his previous blindness, and his curled lip quivered with the intensity of his emotion. He had hired the young man as clerk to assist him in keeping his books, and arranging the details connected with the management of his large property, and as a consequence of his isolated position, had boarded in his family.

As he approached the open arch which divided the lodge in half, he heard the hum of voices, and turning toward the entrance, he saw his daughter sitting on a low seat half covered with flowers, while Charles sat beside her, gazing into her beautiful face, and talking in that low, earnest voice, which, far more than the subject of the conversation, betrayed the interest of his heart. The sound of approaching footsteps attracted the attention of the young people, and they betrayed some embarrassment at his unexpected appearance. He gazed inquiringly into his daughter's face, as if to learn how far she had encouraged the young man's presumption. Her cheek crimsoned beneath his penetrating glance, although she knew not what was passing in his thoughts.

"Charles," said he, somewhat sternly, in spite of his effort to assume his ordinary tone, "you will find two letters on my desk, which I wish you to copy and send down by the next mail."

As the young man hastily withdrew, he turned to his daughter and asked in a kinder tone—"What was the subject upon which Master Charles was discoursing so eloquently?"

"He was explaining to me," said the young maiden, hesitatingly, "the difference between an emotion and a passion."

"And what was the explanation?"

"I do not know as I fully understand it," she replied, attempting to smile away her embarrassment, "but I think he showed an emotion to be a simple agitation of the mind, while passion is an emotion accompanied with a strong desire."

"And what illustration did he give of his theory?"

The blush again deepened upon her cheek, but conscious of the fixed glance upon her face, she answered with as much indifference as she could assume—

"He said that one might admire a beautiful and virtuous woman, and even go so far as to feel a sincere attachment for her, but if this was unaccompanied with a desire to make her his own, it was an emotion, and not a passion."

"And you think his admiration is without desire, and therefore so very innocent?"

She bent her head still lower, and made no reply, save in a single tear which sparkled for a moment upon her cheek, and dropped like a silver pearl upon the paved floor.

"Nay, my child, you do wrong to indulge in these discussions about the passions with one who can never have a right to speak to you of any such feeling in his own heart. I would believe that so far, it has been confined to the abstract definition, and there let it rest. Come, let us return."

Together they sauntered down the walk, the parent endeavoring to bide his disturbed feelings by conversation upon different subjects, while Ellen could hardly prevent her full heart from overflowing in tears. They parted at the entrance, and Mr. Carpenter joined Charles in the library.

"Young man," said he, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and striving to speak without harshness, "I wish you to understand that I employ you to assist in managing my accounts, and not to make fine speeches to my daughters. I desire you to look upon them as above the reach even of your wildest dreams of ambition."

"I have never spoken a word to either of them," replied the young man, proudly, "but what their father, or all the world might have heard."

"Well, let it continue so," said Mr. C., turning to leave the room, "and let me warn you that an emotion is a spark, which needs but little fanning to flame into a ruling passion."

Charles Gordon stood transfixed, as one who had received a new revelation. The warning at first sounded strangely to his ears, but he was now awakened as from a dream, and he was obliged to confess that it came not a moment too soon. He had hitherto persuaded himself that his affection for Ellen Carpenter was but a tribute of admiration—a sort of involuntary homage, which every one who knew her must pay to her beauty and goodness; but now that he was forbidden to manifest it, he began to perceive in it a strength and vigor which left him no doubt of its real character. He sat down to write, but could not concentrate his mind upon his employment. He felt, now that his self-deception was over, that he could not honestly remain under the same roof with the object of his regard. He would not pursue her with his love, when he could urge no claim to her hand; and he felt that he had not sufficient strength to assume an air of indifference. The only course left for him, was to escape from the temptation. And yet, whither should he go? The great world beyond, generally so bright in the eyes of inexperienced youth, appeared to him like a desert without one inviting avenue or resting place.

To leave the roof where his heart had first learned to love, and without a hope of ever having a right to return again to it for solace, was like going forth into the night, with no promise of a morning to break upon its gloom.

Still he must go; he had no right to come between the parent and the child. Penniless, and without the prospect of advancing his fortunes, he could lay no claim to the hand of the heiress. Even could he succeed in winning her, he felt that it would be the extreme of selfishness to ask her to unite her fortune with his, when the sacrifice would all be on one side. As the shades of even-

ing came on, he excused himself from joining the family, and retired to his room. Until near midnight he paced to and fro with restless steps, undecided, and struggling with his own heart. At last his judgment gained the victory, and he sat down to his little table and wrote to his employer, announcing his decision. He reminded him of his position in the family, isolated from other society, and permitted unrestrained intimacy with his daughters; and asked him how it was possible, in such a situation that admiration for the fair Ellen should not have ripened into love. And yet, he solemnly declared that he had never spoken to her of his attachment; nay, that he had not known the true character of his own feelings, until they had been detected by the occurrences of that day. Now that his heart was laid bare to himself, he could not wear a mask; to stay longer in the family, would place him in an unnatural position, crushing all manliness and independence, or else lead him to betray a father's confidence. He was not hypocrite enough for the first, nor sufficiently hardened for the last. He had therefore resolved to go, while the door of escape was still open. He begged Mr. Carpenter to explain his sudden departure to his family in such a way that his character should not suffer in their eyes. Having finished his letter, he threw himself upon his bed, but not to sleep. Thoughts of the inevitable sorrow he was to suffer in the future, kept his temples throbbing and his eyes unclosed. Soon as the first gray of the dawn shone in at the window, he arose, and hastily packing his few things in a trunk, he added a paragraph to what he had written, requesting that they might be sent to the address given, and leaving the letter in the library, he silently quitted the mansion which had been his home for so many happy months, and stood once more upon the green lawn. He turned his eyes toward the lattice which enclosed the chamber where the dear one lay sleeping, and lingered for a moment, as if expecting a waving adieu. But he knew it was in vain, and steeling his heart to the agony of a final separation, he bent his steps to the nearest landing, and took the first steampoint for New York. As he landed upon the pier in this great city, with no welcoming face in the crowd to greet him, he felt a sense of loneliness such as he had never known before. But life was stirring around him, and he aroused himself to take his place amid the busy throng.

How was his absence felt by the gentle Ellen? At first she hardly believed in the reality of the separation. It seemed as if he must come again. She almost involuntarily turned to look for him as she passed the haunts where they had been accustomed to saunter together. But as the truth of the conviction forced itself upon her mind, she felt daily more and more desolate. It seemed to her as if the brightness was fading from the world like the dying gleam of an exhausted taper. She had more strength of character, than a casual observer would suspect from a glance at her smooth round neck, and the pensive arch of her brow.—There was a more than common power of endurance in that form which seemed so fragile; and when she opened her full dark eye, there was a depth of soul revealed in its earnest brightness, which changed the whole expression of her face, and betrayed a struggle which had no other outward symbol. She made no complaint, not even to herself. She did not ask why the hours, formerly so swift-winged, now dragged away so heavily. There was no visible passion in her sorrow; it showed itself more by an indescribable calmness, as if all motives to enjoyment, or even to life itself, were taken away. Her cheek lost little of its fullness; she showed no signs of bodily illness, and yet it was evident that a chill was upon her heart. As the clouding breath upon the polished mirror veils the reflected image beneath, so did

this shadow upon her spirit dim the light of her life.

Her father felt the change, but hoped that it would prove but an April cloud, soon to pass away. And when as months elapsed, and the shadow only darkened, he sought in vain to dissipate it. She would acknowledge no ailment and there was no point on which to hang a further question. There was no duty neglected, no sighing, and no tears.—But there was a want of earnestness in all her intercourse with the world, as if it were all unreal and fading from her grasp.

The year passed round; the white-robed winter had given place to the many-hued spring, and the buds were again bursting into flowers; but to Ellen, light and joy came not back with the glad sunshine and balmy air of May. Her hopes had faded like the roses in autumn, but no returning summer renewed their bloom.—The father's proud spirit began to soften. He would have resisted any violation of his authority even to the sacrifice of the life dearest to him; but this speechless sorrow was to him eloquent with a rebuke which he could not resent. He determined, at last, to probe the heart of his daughter, and ascertain beyond a doubt the cause of her malady.

"Ellen," said he, as she was passing the door of his library, with her hat and a light shawl in her hand, as if for a walk in the park; "I shall stop your truant rambles one of these days, and make a clerk of you. It is just a year to-day since Charles left, and I must acknowledge, as my rents become due, I miss him sadly."

He spoke half-playfully, but watched her countenance keenly.—She listened with more of interest than she had shown for months, and replied in a low, sweet tone—

"Father, why did he leave us?"

"Did I not tell you that he went away to better his fortune?"

"But why did he leave so suddenly? You never gave us a reason for that."

"Ellen, my child," he replied tenderly, taking a paper from his drawer, "here is his own explanation; perhaps it is best for both that you should read it."

She took the letter in her trembling hand, and hastened from the house. She half suspected its contents, and as she could not read it beneath her father's watching eye, she sought out her favorite seat in the lodge, and opened the sheet.—She had before been persuaded of Charles's love for her, and she now fully realized the nobleness of the heart which had been sacrificed to her father's pride. She wept not—her eyes were unused to such refreshing moisture; but, oh! how her heart yearned to comfort the sufferer whose life, like her own, had been so sadly clouded.

Her father, as she left the library, bowed his head upon his desk, and bitterly reviewed the course he had formerly pursued. What profit, he asked himself, could he expect to gain by further opposition to his daughter's happiness, unless he was fully prepared to sacrifice it on the altar of his pride? Ellen must be married some day, and what did he desire in a son-in-law? Was it money? Had he not seen that happiness did not increase with gold? Where should he find another spirit alike noble and self-sacrificing? He could not doubt but that the young man still felt the same attachment he had first avowed. Nay, in this he was not left to conjecture. On his last visit to the city, only a few days before, he had seen Charles, now a book-keeper in a large mercantile establishment, who had more than intimated to him that his heart was unchanged, although he would not even ask for a word of sympathy or hope. As these thoughts passed through his mind, his heart melted.

Why should he, without reason, measure another's happiness by his own will? He yearned to carry comfort to his daughter, but he feared to follow her too closely, lest she should shrink from the sight of one whose pride had caused her so much pain.—

At last he bethought himself of his other daughter, and called her to him.

"Clara," said he tenderly, "I would fain do something to comfort your sister. You will find her in the garden, weeping over the absence of one who loves her; and tell her the way is open for his return, if she thinks she can lure him back!"

Clara bounded away to carry the glad message, and found her sister in the lodge, still gazing sadly upon the lines which her lover had written a year before on that night of bitter agony. In Clara's lovely face sympathy and joy struggled together—sympathy for a sister's grief; joy for the glad tidings which were to fall like sunshine upon that shadowed heart.

It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. Our hearts instinctively shrink from trial, and sorrow is too often regarded as a punishment instead of a necessary process in our education. But it is mistaken kindness which would strew life's pathway with roses, or crown it with perpetual sunshine. Uninterrupted prosperity is, of all conditions, the least healthful for the soul. It hardens the heart, and dries up the fountain of human sympathy. But with the shadow, comes the sweet dew that mellows the soil which selfishness has rendered so sterile, until the waste places of the heart are not only fruitful, but garnished with flowers, from henceforth watered by a perennial fountain. The ore needs the refiner's fire, before the true metal will attain its purity. When affliction or trouble comes, the stricken heart too often spends its strength in searching for the errors and follies which have brought it into severe condemnation. It would oftentimes be wiser, instead of bewailing the past, to look into the future and see for what increased nobleness of purpose, the life has been thus sanctified. Guilt deserves punishment, but it is the design of the discipline under which we suffer, to turn our trials into the occasion of our increased usefulness and final glory.

This has been exemplified in the history before us. Mr. Carpenter has seen his besetting sin in a light so odious, that the proud heart which had not bowed for years, has become as humble as a child's, and is just learning its first lesson in wisdom. Ellen and Charles now united in happy companionship, would never have thrown aside the frivolities of fashionable existence, and addressed themselves so earnestly to life's noblest duties, but for the conviction of what is shadow and what is substance which they gained in their hour of sorrow. Trials are blessings in disguise; if we recognize them not, they will only scourge us; but if we acknowledge their heavenly mission, they will leave in our hearts an eternal sunshine.

### Sub soil Plowing.

A striking instance of the value of sub-soil plowing, as a means of counteracting the effects of prolonged drought, has come under our notice in this county. Dr. CHEATMAN, Superintendent of the Tennessee Asylum for the insane, and who is an excellent farmer as well as an excellent physician, sub-soiled a portion of his corn ground on the farm attached to the Asylum, and the result is a good average crop of corn, despite of the drought—the best, the neighbors say, they have ever seen on the place. The soil has been long cultivated, and is much worn, yet the ears are large, heavy, and well filled. So much for deep plowing—and its advantages are nearly as great in excessively wet as in excessively dry seasons.

### AN OLD PROVERB FALSIFIED.

On the 15th inst., Mr. Benjamin Bird, a bachelor aged 70 years, was married at the Roman Catholic Church on Fifth st., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Julia Chaff, a buxom widow of 30. So the old Bird was caught at last by Chaff.

### A Southern Lady.

The fair editress of the Yazoo (Mississippi) Whig, Mrs. Prewett, herself a northern-born lady, nobly expresses the feelings and vindicates the character of the South during her travels this summer through the North. She writes to her own paper:

"My first contact with an abolitionist occurred on the cars between Rochester and Syracuse. At one of the stations two great saucy-looking negro men came into the ladies' car and began looking about for a seat. No one made place for them; but those who had left their places walked back to them and stood guard over them. The colored gentlemen were not at all put out, but kept walking up and down, looking for seats.—My little boy said no 'nigger' should sit by him. Some of the passengers laughed, but others looked awfully offended. A white woman that was sitting before me, and was almost as ugly as Aunt Harriet Stowe, turned fiercely on the boy, and said: 'If the gentlemen are colored they are as good as you or me.' 'Madam,' said I, 'they are no doubt as good as you, and better, but they are not as good as my child, and shall not sit by him.' If one could be annihilated by a look of contempt, I should not be writing this. When the cars stopped at the next station, my interesting neighbor got up to leave, but, determined not to lose the opportunity of dropping a word in season to the poor benighted southerner, came up to me and said: 'You will find when you come to die that it matters not what is the color of the face so that the heart is white.' 'Madam,' I replied, 'if old mother intended the face to be an index of the heart, she made a great mistake in not giving you a black one.' Just then the cars started, and she had to run, leaving me victor."

### The Jesuits.

All Jesuits are Catholics but all Catholics are not Jesuits. A Jesuit is one who, while he professes the doctrines of the church, takes upon himself certain obligations created by a religious order within the church, which is permitted to exist in it unconstitutionally. There are many orders recognised in Romanism, but the statutes of these orders are binding only on those who seek fellowship with them. The rules of the order of St. Benedict are quite distinct from those of the society of Jesus; and the members of these brotherhoods profess the same faith with the general layman. Apart from the general profession of faith, they take upon themselves certain vows and observances not required of laymen. Nearly all the orders are clerical or holy; and we may, therefore, say that there is about the same distinction between the Jesuits and Roman Catholics, that there is between the lay and clerical grades of the Protestant Church.—Sunday Dispatch.

**ODD FELLOWS DIFFICULTY.**—An exchange says a difficulty has arisen between the Grand Lodge of the State of New York and a subordinate lodge named "Polar Star." The latter lodge was expelled; the Order and their regalia seized, whereupon a search warrant was obtained, and the missing articles found and forcibly recovered. The case is causing no little excitement among the Odd Fellows of New York.

**GREEN GAUZELINGS.**—A contemporary, noticing the fact that the dandies of Paris have begun the fashion of tying green gauze veils to their hats, to protect their delicate complexions from the darkening power of the sun's rays, says:—They only want the feathers to make them real green gauzings.

Many Millerites, mostly females, in Maine, have become insane lately, on account of the extensive burning of the forests, which they look upon as an indication of the end of all things.

## Choice Poetry.

### I Have a Gift to Offer Thee.

I have a gift to offer thee—  
If prized by thee, 'twill live;  
Old take it, let it cherish be,  
'Tis all I have to give.

'Twill turn to thee when clouds come on  
To dim thy happy day;  
For thy sweet smile, and thine glow,  
Will drive those clouds away.

However dark its fate may be,  
No storms its truth can shake;  
Then take this little gift from me,  
And prize it for my sake.

It is no jewel, rich and rare,  
No fancy work of art;  
But purer far than diamonds are,  
For, lady, 'tis my heart.

A veil perhaps may here remain,  
Within this breast of mine;  
Yet take the heart, 'twill leave no pain,  
If but replaced with thine.

### Proud Lady! never, never, Wed.

Proud lady! never, never, wed  
With one that has not gold;  
For cold as is the yellow dross,  
Thy heart is yet more cold.

Though lovers' arms before thee kneel,  
And for thy favor sue;  
Though hearts are on thy altar laid,  
All noble, and all true:—

Even though thy hand may yet be asked  
By nature's noblest son;  
Yet, if they have not riches—wealth,  
Reject them every one.

For what is love?—will it not die  
As die the flowers of earth?  
And are not riches better far  
Than intellectual worth?

Does not the world forever bow  
In homage to its shrine?  
And, lady, surely thou wouldst wish  
Such homage to be thine.

Oh, then remember, never wed  
For aught excepting gold;  
For love will sometimes turn to hate,  
And warmest hearts grow cold.

### Farewell! Farewell! Forget the Past

Farewell! Farewell! forget the past—  
Its soothing dreams are o'er;  
The chain of love that held us fast  
Can hold our hearts no more.

I'll seek in silence to forget  
What you in pleasure may;  
Then haste, and gather roses yet—  
Away! away! away!

Farewell! farewell! that dream is ill  
That paid you while it stays;  
For you have hearts are throbbing still,  
And lips are sweet with praise.

The words of lovers in your ears,  
Like music's tones will play;  
Oh! haste where beams pleasure cheers—  
Away! away! away!

**WANTED—A NIGGER.**—The following advertisement lately appeared in the Journal de Haere:—  
**MATRIMONIAL.**—A widow thirty years of age, being possessed of a fortune of 60,000 francs, wishes to marry a negro, between forty and forty-five years of age, who has received a good education. For further particulars address M. Des, Rue d'Euclat No. 87.