PIONEER.

"...unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—Exodus, Chap. xiv. Verse 15. J. MOWATT, Publisher.

STEARNS CO. MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1857. NO. 1.

...—Two dollars per year, invari-
...in advance
...not paid in advance $3,00

...OB WORK of all kinds neatly and ex-
...ously executed, on reasonable terms

...ATES OF ADVERTISING.

...square, one week,	$ 1,00
...three weeks,	2,00
..., three months,	3,50
..., six months,	6,00
...one year,	10,00
...squares, three weeks,	2,50
...do., three months,	5,50
...do., six months,	8,00
...do., one year,	12,00
...squares, three weeks,	3,50
..., three months,	7,00
...do., six months,	10,00
...do., one year,	15,00
...ter of a column, three months,	12,00
...do. six months,	15,00
...one year,	25,00
...umn, three months,	15,00
...six months,	25,00
...one year,	40,00
..., three months,	25,00
...six months,	40,00
...do. one year,	75,00
...SINESS CARDS, one year,	7,00

...hirteen lines of Nonpareil are counted ...square."

...transient advertisements must be ...for in advance.

...Advertisements must be marked for ...ticular length of time, or they will be ...ued, and charged for, until ordered ...and paid.

...ecial Notices before Marriages, or ...g precedence of regular advertise-...s, double the usual rates.

...splayed advertisements one half more ...the regular rates.

☞ All communications on business ...nected with the paper to be addressed ...e Publisher.

POETRY.

The Pilgrim and the Lady.

"Oh lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which thy beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure as thine own fair neck,
With whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow—and she stoop'd to view
His silks and glittering pearls
As she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turn'd away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—
"Will my gentle lady stay!"

"Oh! lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond-flash of the jewel'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen;
Where her eyes shown clear, and her dark locks waved,
Her clasping pearls between:—
"Bring forth the pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unclasped by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took;—
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not,—
For the *word of God is free!*"

The hoary traveller went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin,
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beauteous hour of youth!

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower:
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God.

[WHITTIER'S SISTER.]

THE COUNTESS' WELL.

BY MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

The death of King Stephen, and the accession of Henry the Second to the throne, elicited that spirit of turbulence and rebellion among the nobles which then rendered the heart of England an arena for perpetual feud, treachery, and revolt.

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Among the Flemish army under the command of Leicester, who aided the rebellion of the princes, was a nobleman of immense wealth. To this *chef* of one of the proudest families in Flanders, De Bigod, with that calculating policy which characterized all his actions, bethrothed his only daughter without studying the nature of her sentiments towards her rude and ill-nurtured wooer. The Countess Constance de Bigod—deprived at an early age of a mother whose existence possessed but the one charm, the affection of a devoted child—had been reared in that magnificent splendor so dear to her father; but the atmosphere of arrogance and opulence tainted not the innate nobility of her nature; and she sprang up in the forest of Framlingham, as fair and as pure as its own wild flowers. Nor, while mixing in the court revelries, which she was obliged at times to attend, did she imbibe a single breath of the polluted air in which the heart and mind of her father floated—as the night-vulture lives in, and exults over, the carrion which rots beneath it. Beloved by her dependants, she yet found in her associates no congeniality of mind or disposition to draw forth the deep loveliness of her nature, until, amidst the gay crowd of knights and gallants that accompanied her father on his triumphant return to Framlingham, she met the young Richard de Vere, the favorite gentleman of Henry the Second. Of noble exterior and gentle manners, there was moreover a nameless something that attracted the countess's attention; and that mutual sympathy which showed itself between congenial souls, in despite of all the reasonings commonplace argument brings against an influence universally acknowledged, though little understood, soon led to a perfect understanding of their feelings for each other. But neither of them were slow to perceive that Richard de Vere's attentions to his child were utterly distasteful to the earl. The truth was not for some time known to them, and the mother of Richard, in early youth, had rejected Earl Hugh for the more worthy, if less powerful, De Vere; and the heart of De Bigod could only throb with hatred towards the son of the woman who had scornfully refused his hand. The consequence was, that when Richard sought an interview with the Earl, and declared his passion for Constance, he was at once, and with the most pointed hauteur, rejected; while his daughter was for the first time told that she was soon to be the bride of the Baron de Clichy.

But the lovers still met—daily, almost hourly, in the regal train of Henry II; and ere long the conspiracies, which were maturing under the auspices of the ungrateful De Bigod against the monarch, occupied so entirely the time and attention of the earl, that he utterly forgot that his daughter was left to the unrestrained society of her lover; while his own restoration to the sovereign's favor was cause sufficient for a temporary suspension of his friendly intercourse with the Baron de Clichy, with whom, nevertheless, a clandestine correspondence was carried on until such time as the open revolt of Henry's unnatural sons sanctioned his own defection. Happily, meanwhile, passed time with the young lovers!—Youth and love step on, hand in hand, through this strange world, forgetting that clouds are gathering over head, while around them creeps the unnoticed mist of coming darkness!—But this cloud comes—the mist thickens—and thus a singular coincidence led to the discovery of De Bigod's treachery, whilst the discoverer was no other than Richard De Vere, the secret lover of his child!

It was no less from a sense of loyalty than from a sincere attachment to his sovereign, that Richard felt himself constrained to reveal the perfidy of the father of his mistress to the king; but not before he had imparted his intentions to Constance, who, while she implored mercy for her parent, too keenly felt how unpardonable his conduct was, to endeavor to prevent her lover's intention; but, hurrying from him, she had time to announce to the earl the danger which menaced him, rendering immediate flight necessary. Taking her with him De Bigod fled to Framlingham, and was soon aware that to the young De Vere he owed the discovery of his plot. His hatred was thus redoubled, and, swearing vengeance, he levelled the most desolating curses against Constance, should she continue to encourage the addresses of the detested De Vere.

Many weeks had passed, and, separated from all intelligence of him she loved, while she was hourly persecuted by the disgustful attentions of the Baron de Clichy, the hapless Constance had long ceased

"To breathe the aroma of individual happiness."

And now the castle bells are ringing merrilly, for to-morrow's sun will see the young countess a bride—the bride of the richest noble in Flanders; and, while warlike groups assemble on the battlements and in the court yards of Framlingham, and active preparations for strife—unimpeded by the bridal arrangements carrying on within its walls—are stirring all around the castle, a heavy and breaking heart might be heard sobbing out in desperate grief in a retired nook of those rich park grounds, where now she could alone find temporary retirement. Beside a deep and dark pool of water, whence (as it was said) the river Ore derived its source, under the shadows of embowering willows, sat Constance, pale and colorless as the lilies that clustered at her feet. But not long alone—not long unheard were the sobs that ever and anon broke from her burthened bosom; a sound is in her ears—she listens, half startled, half hopeful; and in a moment the wall, a few paces from her, bears a living load; in the next, Richard de Vere is at her feet!

* * * * *

"The King of England commands you, dearest," he pleaded—"for your own sake—for *mine*—he forgives to the child the parent's crime, provided she obeys his behest; he will receive us as his children; he will be our safeguard, as he is our rightful sovereign."

"Oh Richard," she cried, "what perfidy can exceed that of the child who deserts her parent in the hour of his shame—of his guilt?"

"Then, you reject me," said he mournfully; "you prefer to wed this haughty baron to quitting these magnificent walls for a sovereign's protection—an impoverished lover's affection? You reject me—you reject loyalty for tyrany and high treason."

"No, no," she exclaimed, "but I would fain be the dutiful daughter as well as the faithful subject. No, Richard de Vere, I wed no baron—sooner die by mine own hand."

"And Constance de Bigod can reconcile herself to rush unbidden into the presence of her Heavenly Father, rather than temporarily offend an earthly erring parent."

She bent her head between her hands, and wept bitterly; then flung herself on her knees, and silently, devoutly prayed, with a fervor her lover dared not interrupt. When again she looked up, there was a calm firmness in her face that told her heart had made a conscientious decision.

"Richard," she said, in a low, quiet voice, "I go with you."

"Bless thee, bless thee, dearest; all then will be well. My arrangements are so made, that our flight cannot be impeded. When the bells toll the hour of ten to-night, thou wilt be here."

Voices in the distance, calling on the countess, at this moment startled them. He gazed upon her intently.

"I will be here," she said, "so help me Heaven! Begone, begone!"

He sprang to the wall and disappeared. As the Lady Constance advanced towards her hand-maidens, whom she now beheld approaching, a dark and frowning face for a moment appeared above the bushes of box that skirted the pool, within sight and hearing of the spot where the lovers had so lately communed. The linnet, which plumed its pinions among the leaves, flew away affrighted at the mute eloquence of deadly hatred which gleamed from two red and fiery eyes, as they pursued the retreating countess. No word was spoken; but the inward vengence of the lurking gazer's heart might have been thus syllabled:—"Her father shall not hear of this, his own purposes occupy his time; alone and single-handed shall I avenge my wrongs. At the tenth hour I shall be here."

* * * * *

And the tenth hour had not ceased to toll ere, drenched in the dews of the night, two little trembling feet stand by the willowy pool of the Ore; Constance de Bigod, breathless and pale, is at the appointed spot. She looked to the wall, and as she gazed, anxiously listning for the sound of coming feet, she fancied the box-trees moved in the still air; but at the next moment a step was heard, and from an opposite direction her lover glided lightly towards her.

"This way sweetest," he whispered; "the Reeve's gate is open; beyond it are friends." And his arm had clasped her waist, when, with a leap like that of a jugar, a man sprang upon them from the box-trees, and fiercely attacked De Vere with his drawn sword.

"Defend thyself, or die!" cried the Baron de Clichy; and ere Richard had time to release his sword from the scabbard, he felt himself wounded in the shoulder. Constance screamed not, but with a woman's instinct, disembarrassing her lover from the burthen of her arm, she left him at freedom for defence, and in silent anguish watched the conflict. It was brief, for the foot of De Vere, coming in contact with a root, he slipped and fell. Constance then rushed towards him, while the baron, in his eagerness to possess himself of her person, forgetting to follow up his victory by the *coup de grace*, seized the wretched lady, and dragged her violently from the prostrate and apparently breathless body of his rival.

"Unhand me, hateful dastard!" she exclaimed, speaking for the first time, and struggling to release herself.

A hideous laugh burst from the lips of De Clichy. "My pretty bride is stronger than I thought her; but it will be a pleasant task for me to tame her in our Flemish Castle."

As she still continued to struggle, unconsciously approaching the very borders of the Ore pool, the long scarf that was folded round her form was partially torn from it, and in its intricacies the right arm of the baron became entangled. The night was not dark, but in the excitement of the moment the peril beside them was unobserved. He thrust forth his arm to throw off the scarf, while with his left hand he more fiercely embraced the waist of the countess. A feeling of loathing and horror imparted to her a strength scarcely human; and, rending away the end of the scarf which encircled her neck she concentrated all her energies in one effort, and pushing her oppressor violently from her, beheld him the next moment struggling in the deep black abyss of water before her, while she stood trembling on the brink of the pool in stupified wonder and terror!

A gurgling noise—the sounds of extinguishing existence—was heard; and as she gazed down into the waters, everything, even her wounded lover was forgotten; while the glaring eyeballs of the drowning wretch were rivetted upon her face for a moment, and then the dense mass of water covered all.

When she again looked up, Richard de Vere was standing beside her, and then she fainted away. But her tradition is told. Stunned for a moment by a protruding stone, De Vere recovered to find himself alone with his beloved; while below them, in the pool of the Ore struggled the suffocating baron. Richard's wound was slight; his endeavors to restore Constance to animation soon succeeded, and she was conveyed in safety to the court of Henry, soon to be united to the brave and loyal favorite of that monarch.

At Framlingham, next morning, all was confusion—the bride and bridegroom had disappeared! After long search, the body of Baron de Clichy was discovered among the weeds at the mouth of the pool, with the scarf of the countess still wound round his arm. After-days brought De Bigod tidings of the safety of his daughter, and her union with De Vere; but the current gossip about Framlingham was not slow in ascribing the death of De Clichy to the beautiful Constance, whose imaginary prowess in thus divesting herself of a hated wooer, won her only admiration, while from that period the dark pool of the Ore received the name of THE COUNTESS' WELL."

A WHITE SLAVE GIRL.—We saw yesterday a girl named Margaret O'Brien who stated that until within the last six months she had been a slave in New Orleans, but that her master had finally liberated her, and sent her to a free State to live. The girl was almost white, scarce a tincture of African blood could be discovered; hair straight and glossy, and features regular; in fact her complexion was much lighter than many of those who surrounded her in court, and who would have been indignant enough to have been suspected of African descent in the remotest degree.—Born and bred amongst negroes, who were alone her only associates in slavery, on reaching this city she naturally sought acquaintance amongst the same class. Unfortunately she contracted marriage with a brutal negro about two months ago, who treated her like anything but a wife, or, as she said in court, much worse than when a slave. She therefore come into court yesterday morning, and made complaint in order to secure, if possible a separation. But as the Judge had no authority of course, to dispose of her husband, except temporarily, for the assault and battery, he was sent over for ten days. The girl was prompt, intelligent, and would have passed for a white woman in any community.—*Cin. Gaz.*

HOW TO TAKE OUT THE SCENT.—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, was a young foppish-looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn faced old gentleman, after passing the dandy a number of times with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and said to the dandy:

"Stranger, I know what will take that scent out of them clothes of yourn; now you—

"What do you mean, sir?" said the dandy, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad, now—pitch around and fight because a man wants to do you a kindness," cooly rejoined the stranger; "but I tell you I do know what'll take out the smell—phew—you must bury your clothes a day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk and he—

At that instant there went up a roar of laughter, and the dandy very sensibly cleared out, leaving the strangers to enjoy the joke.

STARVED TO DEATH.—Among the deaths in the city of Providence, R. I., last week, was that of a female in the 6th ward, about 40 years of age, whose physician's certificate states that the cause of her death was "want of nourishment."—What a record for a city where the friends of *foreign* missions were so sumptuously entertained a few weeks ago!

The Dutch Government has determined upon the emancipation of the slaves in its West Indian colonies, paying a full equivalent to the owners of slaves for the property that is to be taken from them, and providing that the emancipation shall contribute to the formation of a fund destined eventually to reimburse the State the expenses of their liberation.

☞ Bishop Taylor says "it is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he who can perceive it hath it not."

We must have a diet of company as well as of books.