

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 5.

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THOMAS J. HOLTON,
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Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



ON THE DEATH OF MARY L. BOYD.

A Mother's Lament for her Darling Child.

Thou art not here my darling and gentle one,
And I am lonely in my heart beloved since thou
art gone,
And I long to see thy smiling face,
And to hear thy sweet voice,
That once so often struck my heart,
And made me glad to see thee,
Thou art not here my darling when first the light
of day
Flung o'er her face, and she came forth
cheerily,
I miss the dear and kindly smile that
used to greet me,
And sleep these images dwell still in memory,
My sacred shrine.

I miss thee O, my daughter at twilight's still
hour,
Thy voice no more in ev'ning sweet
sounds forth
Thy eyes are the bright stars,
Which in the late, the
shades are sweet and even,
But O, sweet spirit art thou not
attending them in
Heaven.

I miss my wildly throbbing heart
and gently
thought to be dead,
The spirit of my darling child
when death was
loving me,
I miss thy youthful form
repose in slumber deep
and still,
And trust my Father God
he done thy body
with.

But O, 'tis hard to meet the young,
the gay and
smiling one,
And know the chilly damps
of death are resting
on his brow,
To miss no more thy presence
smile nor hear thy
welcome tone,
My early love my fondly
loved to see, that thou
art gone.

But in there no sweet resting
place from all this
weight of care,
No where for my stricken
heart no secret place
of prayer,
To which my soul all
cheated, may raise its
groans above,
To him the God all merciful,
the Father full of
Love.

Yes I will think of thee,
my child, as resting in
that home,
Where lightening and pain,
and death, may
never enter come,
I'll think of thee as
some bright star that
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To that pure world of light
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Aid when the chastened light
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ly. "No, mother, please heaven, when I do marry, I'll take a man if I can get one—not a dandy, or a second or a third-rate portrait painter. I waited with him because he is a good partner and I was tired of sitting still! but I can assure you my intentions are not serious—you will never have him for a son-in-law."

The widow drew a long breath as if relieved from a heavy weight.

"Well, do be more careful in future, my dear. I think it is about time for you to marry, at any rate, Amelia. Have you never seen any one you could be happy with, among all our gentlemen friends?"

"Why, mother, I am happy enough with you!" replied the girl evading the home question. "Is not our home a pleasant one?"

"Yes, Amelia, but to you it may not be quite so pleasant in future." The widow dropped her eyes, blushed a little, and played nervously with the tassel of her silk-morning dress. "To tell the plain truth, Amy, I am beginning to get weary of this single life. I think no woman who has ever known the gentle care and love of a husband can ever be happy without it. You are now old enough to seek a mate for yourself, and I am free to consult my wishes in the arrangement of my future life. In short, I am about—that is—I have a thought of marrying again."

"You certainly take a most roundabout way of telling the secret," said Amelia, who was more amused than piqued. "But she only looked respectful and sympathetic, and asked—"

"Pray, who is the happy man, dear mother?"

Again the widow colored and grew nervous.

"You are not to understand, my dear, that the matter is by no means settled. I have never given the gentleman to understand that I have thought of him seriously."

"Ah, I know now who I am to call papa!"

"Who, my dear?"

"Mr. Henderson, the gallant knight who has been so attentive to you for three years. Mother, why have you not rewarded his devotion before?"

Mrs. Fitzsimons bit her lip and tossed her head angrily.

"Don't be so foolish, Amelia, you are nothing but a child yet. Is it possible that you could for a moment suppose that I would marry Mr. Henderson?"

"Why not, mother? He is rich, good-tempered and good-looking. I don't know that I should mind taking him myself."

"But he is so old. Positively I saw gray hairs on his temples the other day."

"Only five years older than you, mother," thought the girl; but again she discreetly held her peace, and the widow continued—

"No, my dear, the gentleman to whom I allude is very much younger, very much handsomer, and one that any woman might be proud of."

"I wonder who it can be?" thought Amelia, as her mother smiled in a satisfied kind of a way and walked towards the front window. While she stood there, looking abstractedly out upon the shifting crowd that thronged the sidewalk, her daughter saw her cheek flush and her eye brighten; the next moment the door-bell rang, and the servant announced "Dr. Hazleton."

The new comer was a fine, frank, noble-looking young man, and so the fair widow seemed to think, as she placed her hand in his and looked up in his animated face. Amelia slightly raised her eye-brows with a quizzical look of wonder and amazement, as she watched that cordial greeting, and returned the courteous bow and smile he gave to her.

The young physician seated himself upon the sofa beside Mrs. Fitzsimons, but his eyes often wandered to the easy chair where Amelia was sitting, apparently unconscious of his frequent glances, or the conversation they were keeping up. He rose at last to go, and then, for the first time he raised his eyes to his face. They were full of a laughing light that puzzled him.

"I called," he said, "to ask you two ladies to take pity on a lonely bachelor and accompany me to the opera to-night. Without the smiles of the ladies I fear this world would be a dreary place, Mrs. Fitzsimons."

"In what school have you been taught to flatter, Dr. Hazleton?" said the lady, with an arch smile.

"My dear madam, I never flatter," he said more seriously. "But you have not answered my question. Will you honor me so far?"

"I shall be very happy to accompany you, I am sure," replied the widow.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear lady. And Miss Amelia," he added, turning to her, "you will not refuse me."

"Hem!" said Mrs. Fitzsimons, looking steadily at her daughter. "My dear, do you think your cold will permit your going out? She is a fragile thing, this daughter of mine, dear Doctor."

"I know she has a less rugged constitution than I could wish," said the young man, looking thoughtfully down into the

pretty face that was half-averted from him. "But I think there will be no danger incurred. She can wrap up warmly, and the close carriage."

"Give yourself no trouble, Doctor," said Amelia, with a sly glance from under her long eyelashes. "I think I can bear the night air, and I shall be happy to make one of the party."

"I will call, then, this evening. Good morning, madam; good morning, Miss Amelia."

He raised a hand of each to his lips, pressed Amelia's slightly as he relinquished it, and left the room. Seeing them still standing near the window as he passed down the steps, he raised his hat, smiled, and was lost among the passers-by.

The young girl sauntered towards the piano, sat down and began to play listlessly with one hand. Her mother stood with one hand resting on the centre table buried in thought, and wheeling round on the velvet stool, Amelia watched her curiously for a moment, and then said—

"Mother are you dreaming of my future, papa? I think you have made an excellent choice."

"What do you know about it, Amelia?"

"Pshaw! have I not eyes? Didn't I see you blush when Dr. Hazleton came in today? Mother, tell me one thing, do you love him?"

"What a question, child! Love went out of fashion long ago. I like the gentleman—he is young, rich and handsome—but I don't love him. I don't love any one but you and myself."

"Frank! But what on earth will you marry without love for?"

"Bless me, child, I don't know yet that I shall marry. But supposing I did—supposing even I married the Doctor, can't you see, you foolish girl, that though I may admire his beauty, and find it more pleasing than old Mr. Henderson's sallow face?"

"Mother, Mr. Henderson is fine looking!"

"Well, I believe you are taking quite a fancy to him yourself. As I was saying, can't you see in spite of all this, that I should marry only for social position and wealth? Love!—pshaw! don't get any such romantic notion in your head, Amelia, in this enlightened age. Attend to your practising now, and then come up in my room."

"Poor John!" thought the young lady like she was left alone. "If you were like some men—which I am glad and proud to say you are not—how easily you might be sacrificed here. But I think if it is all that mamma cares for you, she must be contented to let Mr. Henderson and give you up to me," and with a sunny smile she turned to the new waltz she was learning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INDIGNANT FLY TRAP.—Messrs. Juniper and Gilbert, of this town, have brought out a patent fly trap, which is indeed one of the marvels of the day, and excites a very great amount of astonishment. It is a wire box, at the bottom of which is a revolving cylinder, on which the fly alights to secure the sugar or molasses that he may find there. While thus luxuriating, all unconscious of danger, he finds himself very suddenly in a dark place, and on looking up he sees the light above him, and ascends to it. When there he finds himself engaged in a little room, whose four sides are of wire, through which he can look out, but cannot get out. In short, he is in limbo, and new companions in trouble arrive by each revolution of the wheel, until there is neither room for them to fly or stand, when they are all put over a flame of alcohol and thus disposed of. These traps, having the machinery of a clock, of course cannot be "sold for a song." They they are cheap for their value, so you can keep a house clear of flies.—*New Haven Palladium.*

COURTING.—Courting in the country, says the Syracuse Standard, "is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former place you get rosy lips, sweet cider, Johnny cake, and girls made of nature; and in the latter a collection of starched phrases, formal manners, fine silk jewelry, and girls set up "in hoops." Always take the rural district when you want to get a good style of calico." Some folks who have tried it, think that city courting isn't "bad to take." Taste differ. We presume there is nothing disagreeable about it either in city or country.

A REASONABLE REASON.—Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and he refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why pray?" inquired the minister. "Because, sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

LOCOMOTIVE COVERED WITH GLASS.—The locomotives in Germany are hereafter to be covered with a coating of glass, which will permit the engineers to survey the whole country, and at the same time protect them from the wind and cold.

From the American Campaigner.

THE CHARGE OF ABOLITIONISM AGAINST MR. FILLMORE.

The second objection to Mr. FILLMORE is, that December 13, 1855, he voted against the suspension of the rules to enable Mr. Wise to offer certain resolutions on slavery, the slave trade, and petitions for their abolition.