

## Poetry.



### Upon Art Growing Old, My Mother.

BY LUCY A. M.  
These art growing old, my mother,  
And thy brow is marred with care;  
All furrowed is thine aged cheek,  
Once beauteous and fair.  
The soft brown locks are sadly changed,  
With gentle light it beams,  
Beneath my sun yet,  
With a love that never changes  
Till the sun of life is set.

These art growing old, my mother,  
As I cross the half-down sigh,  
Well I know that years of sorrow  
Have banished thy smiling eye;  
But with gentle light it beams,  
Beneath my sun yet,  
With a love that never changes  
Till the sun of life is set.

These art growing old, my mother,  
Many of our household band  
Have left us, and are gone,  
To the far off "other land";  
The voice in tender accents  
Still is falling on my ear,  
My brightning my pathway,  
With without them were so drear.

These art growing old, my mother,  
And the young, the gayest, best—  
Shadows of the past—have gone—  
Even the last soft smile is past,  
The blessed Sabbath Sabbath  
They to protect thy soul,  
With the storms of sorrow hover,  
Never out me dark and wild!

These art growing old, my mother,  
Since I feel them will not,  
In the regions of the dead,  
Will now lie there, my mother,  
When the last life end is even?  
Let us pray that both together  
God will take us home to Heaven.

## Miscellaneous.

### From the Ladies' National Magazine.

#### Morning Calls in the Country.

BY MARY MARGARET.

"I never mean to make another morning call as long as I live—that is, as long as I live in the country," said Mrs. Jones to her sister, who had come to spend the afternoon with her.

"Why?" said her sister.

"Because the morning is not a suitable time for a country housewife to make calls, especially one who like me is obliged to be housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, tailoress, dress maker and seamstress."

"Nor for one who lives in the city," said her sister, "who is obliged to attend to as many different things as you have mentioned."

"Certainly not; yet we try to imitate a custom convenient and agreeable to those who are at leisure, but inconvenient and pernicious to those situated as I am. By way of illustration I will relate a little of my experience relative to morning calls. You have heard me speak of Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters. They are all of them, both mother and daughters, well-educated, intelligent, and interesting. They are, moreover, without any exception, remarkably handsome; so that while the ear is charmed with listening to their conversation, the eye is pleased by the beauty of their countenances."

"They have friends in this place, with whom Mrs. Evelyn comes to spend a few weeks last summer, accompanied by a married daughter. As soon as practicable, I made arrangements to make them a morning call. I say made arrangements, for there was a great deal to be done besides putting on a suitable dress. By a little exertion I so managed, as to make the call, and a very pleasant one it was too. I found Mrs. Evelyn looking so young that, by a stranger, she might have readily been mistaken for her daughter's sister. She was, as usual, lively and witty, her wit sometimes sparkling but just within the verge of good-natured sarcasm. Her daughter, Mrs. Mansfield, was fair and delicate as a lily, and very graceful. She was expecting her husband, a gentleman I had never seen, when they came in a few days.

"One uncomely fine morning, having heard that Mr. Mansfield had arrived, the thought passed through my mind that my friends might return my call. As household duties, however, pressed upon me this and last, I addressed myself to the performance with what energy I was able, and thought no more of the anticipated call. After I had gone through with the usual routine of washing dishes, sweeping and dusting rooms—had finished doing the dairy work, and had gathered various kinds of vegetables, and prepared them for cooking, I commenced baking bread, cake and pies. All went off admirably, and my last batch was in the oven; and my dinner, which was to be my "boiled dish," was in a good way.

"There were a few minutes to spare, so I went to the meal-room in order to sift flour for a future "bake." The sieve clattered, and the flour flew, and when at last I thought it was time to look into the oven to see how the pies were baking, I remembered in one respect the jolly miller of Mansfield. Quickly pouring the sifted flour into a tight vessel that it might be ready for use, I ran to the kitchen, and was hastening to take a peep into the oven, when happening to cast my eye through an open door, I saw Mrs. Evelyn sitting on the sofa. I fled by the excess in conversation with a gentleman belonging to the family, that other persons were present, probably Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield. I glanced at my disordered garments, and then thought of Mr. Mansfield's black dress coat. The usual dining-hour was near at hand, and knew their call must necessarily be short. There was not a moment to spare, and my first impulse was to seize a clothes brush that lay near, but the hand raised by a single vigorous and energetic rub, showed me that any attempt in the way to make myself in a situation to meet my friends was entirely useless. I only wished that some pithy god of justice, such as mounted Agnes and Paris from the dangers of the battle-field, had been near, and under cover of the meshy cloud that was floating round me, snatched me from the scene.

"The only alternative was to change my dress, and for this purpose I ran up the back stairs, but when I attempted to open the door communicating with my room, I found that it was fastened on the inside. There was only one way left. I must retrace my steps, pass through a back parlor,

and then through the front entry right in the eye of Mr. Mansfield (the door exactly opposite him having been left open) before I could reach the stairs.

"I think that after performing thisfeat, I might be trusted to lead a forlorn hope. Whether he recognized me as the same person after the metamorphosis in my dress had taken place or not, I do not know. I believe I looked tolerably decent, though I afterward found that in my haste my cap was a little awry, and that my collar was not pinned with mathematical exactness.

"The conversation, which turned on interesting topics, was well sustained, and enlivened by an occasional flash of wit from Mrs. Evelyn. The time passed rapidly and imperceptibly away, so that the fifteen minutes intended for their call was lengthened to twice that time.

"After their departure I found that the fire had gone out, and that the kettle had, of course, stopped boiling. The pies were also overbaked. These, however, were minor considerations, weighing only as a feather in the balance, compared to my march through the entry directly in the eye of Mr. Mansfield, for though the floor put in motion by the brisk current of air encircled me as a halo, it was neither brilliant enough to blind nor to dazzle.

"If we were going to live in the country," said Charlotte, "the first thing I should do would be to try to get up an anti-morning-call society."

"I have serious thoughts of attempting it myself," said Mrs. Jones. "As we follow the primitive custom of dining at twelve, those who are busiest usually have a few hours of leisure in the afternoon, a part of which might be conveniently devoted to keeping up a friendly intercourse with friends and acquaintances."

**THE LAST ROMANCE.**—Quite a romance in real life, says the Detroit Advertiser, was brought to a happy termination in that city on the 9th inst. Seventeen years ago, a New York law, lovely and sweet sixteen, became enamored of a medical student, and the pair exchanged vows of love and eternal fidelity. Two years later the unfledged Eumenius left for Europe to complete his education, the nuptial vows having been previously tenderly renewed. After a brief and gay sojourn at Paris, the loving student dedicated himself in one of the most renowned colleges in Madrid, and applied himself to sober study. His letters to the fair damsel he loved were frequent, but no food remembrances came in reply.

His epistles were intercepted and never reached the fair one, while her words of love, intended for his delectation, met with the same misfortune. The poor student, thwarted in his love, threw up his studies, and for two long years crouched through Europe, seeking to whet his disappointment in the gaieties and pleasures of the different capitals. In the meantime the young lady, who was equally unhappy, removed to Detroit with her mother. At the end of his two years' pilgrimage, the student returned to America, but the idol of his heart had left the scene of her betrothal, and, almost broken-hearted, he turned his steps to Cuba; but the spirit of unrest pursued him, and Texas and Mexico behind him still a rover, seeking to drown memory by excitement.

A few months since, by one of those singular occurrences which sometimes flash across the pathway of life, he heard that the lady was in Michigan, and quickly he wended his way thither. After a few weeks of diligent search, the anxious lover found his Dulcinea at Ypsilanti, and the meeting which ensued—the twin hearts being separated fifteen years—is described as "affection in the extreme." The tribulations of the now mature lovers were over, and on the 9th instant, they proceeded to Detroit, and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Who says this is a prosaic age?

**SHOCKING TRAGEDY.**—There occurred at Bennettsville on Thursday last, one of the most shocking and heart-rending tragedies that has ever been witnessed in our state. On that day Annanias Graham and John W. Morris visited Bennettsville on business. For a cause which will appear in the judicial investigation, soon to take place, they visited the home of John C. Terrell, the grandson of the elder Graham. Soon after entering the store they were induced to take a drink of whiskey together with Mr. John B. McCollum, also of Marlboro District. In a few minutes after swallowing the liquor, the elder Mr. Graham fell to the floor in convulsions, and while he lay writhing in agony, his son J. W. Graham, was taken in the same room, by Dr. W. D. Wallace, was seized in with the assistance of all the other members of the profession in the village, did all that could be done. But the fatal liquor had been too heavily drugged; they both died in about 30 minutes after taking the liquor. Mr. McCollum who drank less than the others was taken with convulsions—sometimes after the death of the Massas. Graham, and lingered till towards 11 o'clock at night, when he also died.

On Saturday a coroner's inquest was held over the bodies of the three unfortunate victims, the verdict of which was that they came to their death by stranguulation, administered in liquor, by John C. Terrell, the grandson of the elder Graham.

Terrell was arrested and committed to jail to await his trial next week.—Charlotte.

**Louis Napoleon and the Slave Trade.**—A letter from Paris says: "It appears that before he left home, the Prince Napoleon gave orders to his foreign agents on the African coast to mass, for the present, the emigration of free blacks to the French colonies. It appears also, that the committee decided for the continuance of the present system until a better one could be found, and the Prince, going beyond this decision, ordered that the system be discontinued until that better system was found. He has therefore given orders to commence immediately an examination into the question of imposing duties on English East Indian subjects; and if he finds this impracticable, his own system being only suspended, may be resumed again; for the French colonies must have laborers. This is the true state of the case as it stands at present."

**CAPTURE OF A SLAVEN.—500 Negroes on Board.**—Sailor of the Captain—Captain King of the big French ship, from Mayaguez, and Captain King of the Soho, Madras, India. P. R. report that a Spanish bark from the coast of Africa, with 500 Negroes on board, while attempting to effect a landing had gone ashore, down the side of a reef on the east end of the island, and went to pieces, and it was reported that the Captain of the ship had committed suicide. The authorities immediately despatched a government steamer to

her, but she had not returned at the time of the departure of the above vessel.

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