The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 7, 1862. NO. 40.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS if the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (14 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No 2, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 13tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, (lately occupied by Messrs. Coles & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & Co., where he will always keep on hand a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Eggs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.

Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, DeLaines, Shirtings,
Domestics, Ticking, &c,

an immense Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest price for Cash or Barter.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. In addition to the above, I intend to sell on the 1st of November, a large and comfortable Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may always be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. The highest price paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Cabbage Potatoes and other Produce. ☞ Call at the Market House.

F. W. AHRENS.

October 16, 1860. 3m

West Green Nurseries.

300,000 Select Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.

ARE the citizens of the Southern States aware that the people in the Northern and Northwestern States are making fruit one of their leading objects, and that in a climate and soil as great extent very unpropitious for fruit culture? Then why should not the citizens of the Southern States make Fruit, dried and green, one of their leading staples? Fruits grown upon our Southern soil are noted for their size, fine flavor, and luscious juice.

The above statements are fully sustained by persons who visit our Northern Fruits, and the great amount of green and dried fruit sent North from the Northern by the Southern States during the last few years. There is the above statement not sufficiently sustained, and is it is so, according to the letter, to make money by raising Fruit, you need forward your orders and can to Westbrook & Mendenhall, for they will furnish you with good thriving stock.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.
Greensboro', Nov. 1860. 33m4t.

DISSOLUTION.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims will be authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

June 22, 1861—tf

The business of the FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP will be conducted as usual by the undersigned, who respects a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

June 22, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

HE would call special attention to his stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Various Frames, Knobs, Rings, Linsey Nails, Dennis, Sattinet, Cloths, Leather, Fringes, Enamelled and Patent Leathers, Varnish Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Lyes and Oil Iron, Putty, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Blacksmith Tools,

SUCH as Bellows, Anvils, hand and sledge Hammers, Vises, Buttresses, Farriers Knives, Screw-plates, Screws, Blacksmith's Pincers and Tongs, Horse Rasps, Files of every kind, cut nails, cut horse nails, Iron, Steel, Brass, Front of all sizes, Bolt of all sizes, and a variety manufacture, cast, plow, slow and spring steel, &c. for sale very cheap at

TAYLOR'S,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have opened the above Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

at short notice and on reasonable terms.

STEAM ENGINES
From 8 to 80 Horse Power.

Horse-Shoeing
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

in their line promptly attended to. Their FOUNDRY is in full operation, and

Cast Regularly twice a Week,
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

They are prepared to furnish all kinds of

CASTINGS IN IRON, BRASS, &c.,
ACCORDING TO ORDER.

SAW AND GRIST MILL GEARING,
GIN WHEELS,
SAW DUST BURNERS,
ANTIFRICTION PLATES AND BALLS
FOR
COTTON PRESSES.

CAST IRON RAILING,

For Garden Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Porticoes, Cemetery Lots, &c. Their

IMPLEMENTS

For carrying on the business in all its branches have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are provided with all the

IMPROVEMENTS

Required to do their work in a

FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents, for Dr. E. O. Ellwood's, for Winter's Patent Maley Saw Mill, which has the advantages, along with many others, of cutting at least twice as much work, and using it better, than any other Mill in use—it can be run by Steam, Water or Horse Power. The Maley may be seen at the shop at any time.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.

October 30, 1860. 52tf

HARDWARE, HARDWARE!

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has added to his extensive stock of

Stoves and Tinware,

a large and complete stock of HARDWARE, comprising in part as follows:

Carpenter's Tools,
Chisels, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, grafting, lemon, hole, compass, web and butcher SAWS.
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels,
Augers, Gouges, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes,
Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS,
Saw setters, Saw gauges, Stocks and dies,
Planes of all kinds, Spoke shaves,
Plumb lines and try Squares, Spirit Levels,
Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Brass Mathematical Compasses,
and in fact everything a mechanic wants, in great variety and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mansion House, Charlotte, N. C.

June 7, 1859. 1tf

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULLINGS & SPRINGS & Co was dissolved by limitation on the 1st January, 1861.

The business will be continued under the name and style of FULLINGS & SPRINGS, and they hope, by integrity and strict attention to business, to merit the same patronage heretofore liberally bestowed by their numerous friends and customers.

The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of futurity, or the future compel us to shorten our time of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—none other need ask it.

All persons indebted to the firm of Fullings, Springs & Co., must come forward and make immediate settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be speedily closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Feb 18 1861. 47tf

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

YIELDING to the solicitations of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the

Practice of Medicine,

He may be consulted at his office.

☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.

August 31, 1860. 25tf

Roofing Guttering & Job Work,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.

A Song for New-Year's Eve.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of joy and song
For his familiar sake,
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week-days spent!
How sweet the sabbath day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us some who sleep
Beneath the coldest clay;
What pleasant things in years we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he answers his lost
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY HULIEME.

'Twas very pale and thin, the little face pressed so closely to the window, with the restless dark eyes peering out eagerly at the busy throng on the street.

Twas the first day of the New Year, and "Happy New Year" had rung out merrily on the frosty air, as friend met friend on the broad street below; and the words reached the ear of poor little Annie, who wondered if it really was a happy day to all the people out there, or if she was the only unhappy person on that bright morning. She had been sitting there ever since the sun rose over the city and sent his cheering beams in at the little window; and while watching others she almost forgot herself. 'Twas very cold, and the little fire they had in that old room was nearly out, and a cold shiver ran through her frame whenever she moved, she had eaten no breakfast either, and it is not easy for a child to forget that, but she kept her place near the window, and saw many little girls go by with packages of so many nice things that she never tasted now; and she almost smiled as she saw their bright little faces so radiant with happiness.

Annie sat here a long time, and at last concluded that the bright sunshine must help to make people happy, for it had left her window, and she felt the cold and hunger more sensibly; so rising noiselessly she went down stairs, out at the door, and stood there watching the little folks, who went in and out of the store over the way, where there were so many beautiful candies and fruits displayed in the window. "If I could get only one orange for poor mama, it would be a happy day to me too," she said, but no; poor mama is so sick, and all our money is gone and now, we have no breakfast, and will have no dinner. "Oh! what will we do!" and she burst into tears, and hiding her face in her hands, sank down on the cold pavement and forgetting all the gay scenes around her thought only of her mother and their entire destitution.

"Its five dollars! and I can do what I please with it, Uncle Charles gave it to me; and I guess I'll have a Happy New Year, if precious will make it so."

Annie started as these words fell on her ear, and looking quickly around to see who was near, and had witnessed her sorrow she saw two little boys standing near, and self was again forgotten as she listened to their conversation.

"Well Eddie, what will you do with it?" asked his companion, "you say you have plenty candy and nuts; but you have no fire works yet, come! I am going to Smiths to get some now." "O, yes, I never forget fireworks! and walking on they soon came to where Annie stood. The tears were still on her cheeks, and her eyes were red with weeping, as she turned away and was going in to avoid further observation.

"Happy New Year!" shouted Willie.—"You do look very happy. Who gave you such beautiful shoes and dress?

"Hush Willie! what would your mama say if she heard you talking so to a little girl? said Eddie as he noticed Annie, who frightened at Willie's rudeness, stood trembling like a leaf while the tears again rolled down her cheeks as he pointed to her old shoes and dress. "Hush little girl he'll not hurt you," he continued as he came and stood near her, "tell me what has happened, and may be I can help you.

"O no you can't, nothing is the matter," said the sobbing child.

"What is your name?"

"Annie."

"It's a pretty name too; it's my mama's name, where do you live?"

"Way up there!" pointing to the window she had left.

"Who lives with you?"

"Mama."

"Is it ever dark and lonesome up there?" he asked as he contrasted it with his own beautiful home.

"Sometimes, when mama takes the shirts home."

"Do you stay by yourself?"

"Yes, only mama says God is there to take care of me."

"You are a good little girl any way, now tell me what you want, and I'll get it for you; see here is five dollars, and I may do as I please with it, and I'd a great deal rather buy you something than myself," continued the kind hearted little boy.

"O, no, you must not spend your money for me, your mama would not like it."

"But I will; so just tell me what you want, or come with me and get it yourself."

"I can't go away; mama is sick and if I could only get something for her, I'd be so happy too."

"Well I'll get it, come on Will!" he shouted as he bounded away on his mission of love, his face beaming with joy at the idea of making another happy.

"But Eddie," said Willie, "you don't intend giving her all that, and doing without fireworks do you?"

"Yes" replied he, "Uncle Charlie told me to spend it in the way that would make me happiest; and he says we always feel happier by making others so."

"Well, I have but one dollar, and I can't give that away." The two friends had now reached the corner of B and E streets where they parted, Willie going to Smith's, while Eddie ran in the direction of home as fast as his little feet would carry him.—He related all that had occurred, and soon enlisted the sympathy of his mother in behalf of his little protegee. She was soon ready to join him, and the two returned to B—Street and entered the disappointed abode of the little girl.

Eddie was sent off to order some coal and bring a physician, while Mrs Arden took to her sickness room. A cold shudder ran through her frame as she witnessed the wretched condition; but this was not her first visit in the wretched, and she soon recovered herself sufficiently to enter. On a bed in the far corner the poor woman was lying; her eyes were closed, and she appeared to be sleeping. There was no fire, no chairs in the room, but a trunk, a table and a chair, over which the little girl was sitting, her face buried in her hands, and crying so that she did not perceive her visitor, so till she had taken a survey of the room and advanced to where she was sitting.

"My dear little friend do not weep so," said she, gently lifting her from the floor and pressing her to her bosom. Raising her face she bathed in tears she gave one glance at the face of the lady; then nestled closely in her arms and again gave way to her feelings. "My dear, do not cry any more; tell me what troubles you, and we will comfort you as I would my own if it is anything. Would you like to leave this room and go with me?"

"O, no, no! my poor mama, my poor mama!" she exclaimed pointing toward the bed.

Mrs. Arden's eyes followed the direction of the child's hand, and met those of the woman bent intently upon her. There was a strange fascination in those large, dark eyes, and the expression of the face, wan and pale as it was, seemed familiar to her; and on a nearer approach she heard her own name feebly uttered by the sufferer.

"Can it be, my dear Alice, that I find you here!" she exclaimed as she reached the bed and knelt beside her. "Tell me how it is?"

The woman made an effort to raise her head and speak, but it proved to much for her, and she sank back exhausted.

The wood had now arrived, and Eddie had made a good fire, when Doctor Mason came in. He examined his patient and pronounced her very ill; but said that it was caused by cold and hunger, and after administering some restoratives she revived and appeared much better. A nice meal was soon prepared, and Annie regained her cheerful spirits at seeing her mother so much better. The Doctor said his patient must be removed to more comfortable lodgings, and with good nursing he thought she might recover. Nothing could have pleased Mrs. A—— more, and she soon made arrangements to have her taken to her own house, where she could be her constant attendant.

We will leave them to make their arrangements, and get moved; while we glance at the past history of the two ladies.

Annie Rivers and Alice Grey were early friends and classmates. Their fathers being wealthy planters, and their estates lying near together, the two girls were almost constant companions; until the marriage of Annie, which occurred two years previous to that of her friend, when she went to M—— where her husband a talented young lawyer soon rose to distinction. Alice married a merchant of N—— and her prospects were bright for a long and prosperous life. But her husband engaged in a speculation which brought them to the brink of ruin. His own and his wife's fortune were sacrificed. Mr Durand could not bear the disappointment and mortification which his rashness had occasioned; he survived only a few months and then died leaving his beautiful young wife and little daughter penniless. Mrs. Durand alive to the necessity of doing something for a support, applied for a situation as teacher; at first she was unsuccessful; but at length procured a place as music teacher to several young ladies of wealthy families. The salary was large, and she did very well until her health failed, and she was obliged to stop to recruit her strength; the result was, when she applied again, her place was filled by another teacher, and she was for months without any employment. She finally came to M——, where she again exerted herself to get employment, but was unable to get anything but sewing.—She took this, but the pay was small and she worked so constantly that her health again gave way. She was now obliged to leave the comfortable room she had, and come to the house, where she was found by her friend.

"And why did you not seek me dear Alice?" said Mrs. Arden who had been and attentive listener to the sad history of her friend. "You certainly know that I would assist you."

"Pride, pride, dear Annie I know that you were still surrounded by all that wealth could purchase; the center of a large circle of admiring friends; and I was too proud to seek you in my poverty."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Eddie and Lily Arden came in leading Annie by the hand. Annie had a Beautiful Bible in her hand which she laid on the bed beside her mother. "I have a present from Eddie; purchased with the remaining three dollars, after paying for the wood and other necessaries on that eventful morning.

All were happy and none more so than Eddie, through whose kindness so many others were made so.

Mrs. Durand lingered through the winter; her just as Spring was coming, with the first of green, fern, and the rose in Hope, and Annie was an orphan; but we have been so long already.

* * * * * * * * * *

Fifteen long years with their joys and sorrows have passed by since Annie found a home with her mother's friend. And as those years went by they brought many changes to that quiet family. We cannot follow them through every change; but will note only the most important.—First came the messenger of Death and set his seal on the mother's brow; her mission was fulfilled and she went to keep her reward. Little is no longer a child, the light of her fathers household; but has been transferred to another's home and Hymen's pathway. The father is now a judge, and moves from home, but where there, here is his aim.

But come, gentle reader, to the little village of A——, about twenty miles from the city of M——, near the western end of the little town, stands the church, a neat white edifice, whose tell-spire can be seen far away. On one side of this parsonage house, a low white cottage embowered amid the trees, and almost hidden by the clustering vines and tall shrubbery that surround it. In summer you might almost think, as it the home of a fairy, so beautiful does it appear in its mantle of foliage.—But old winter has come now, and his icy hand has swept away those beautiful surroundings and hung up the drapery of the cottage roof, bring drapped and wreathed of snow, which has risen of smoke through the broken clouds. All without is dreary indeed; but cheer, and whatever what quiet beauty reigns within.

Before the cheerful fire in the library sits a gentleman with a book in his hand, which he might appear to be reading, but for an abstracted air, and the varying expression of his face, which proves that his thoughts are busy in their own world, on some subject unconnected with that before him.—There is a soft light resting in the dark eye, and a happy smile wreaths the lips, as he, at length, closes the book, and gazes musingly the fire. But, listen! a light step is heard in the hall, and presently the door opens, and a lady steps softly in. Advancing to where the gentleman sits, she lays her hand on his head, then kisses the musing forehead, and strokes the luxuriant hair. But her hand is soon taken in that of her husband, as he draws her gently to a seat beside him.

"How cheerful your room is this morning!" said she, "indeed the whole house seems unusually so to me. Perhaps it is the contrast within and without," she continued looking round the room, then passing towards the window. "And do you know my husband, that I have been dreaming another companion this morning she used to say, as her eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to conceal her emotion.

"I will have to forbid your making any more, if they are of so painful a character," replied her husband, "we must have no more tears this morning, or I will think this is not a "Happy New Year to you my love."

"Painful! O, nothing could be more pleasant, you do not think I could be unhappy on the anniversary of the day I first met you, dear Edgar, and that resulted in so much good to me!" O, you cannot know how inexpressibly happy I am. But, I cannot remain so if I sit here all day surrounded by every comfort, while I remember that many, very many are suffering for the necessaries of life. I come to ask your assistance in fitting a basket. I intend sending to poor Mrs Rey and her children, and I want you to go with me to see Mary Green, let us make this as happy a day to her as possible, for the last one I ever shall spend on earth. Come you know our friends will be here shortly, and we have only three hours for shopping, and she glided out of the room followed by her husband.

The basket was fitted and sent off, and then the sleigh was brought out, and the minutes, and six hours soon carried the occupants of the old cottage home. The visit did much to comfort the sufferer's family. Besides the presents and words of comfort from the young people, there was a basket of provisions for Mary, and a present for each of the children and they departed with many blessings from the poor invalid. This visit over, others were made and they returned home just in time to welcome Judge Arden, Lily and her husband, and Uncle Charles to their festive board.

From the Aurora.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

OR,

Why Tom Smith Didn't Get Married.

BY HARRY JOHNSON.

Of all phrases which fall from the lips of mankind, the one that heads this article is the most astounding and terrible. Now, dear reader, as this phrase is taken from the book of life, and only you and I are here alone, let us get rid of it.

For instance, there was Tom Smith, and he was a young man of good family, and was educated, and had been the associate of gentlemen, and was a man of good sense, and had a good heart, and was a good fellow, and was a good Christian, and was a good Methodist, and was a good Sunday School teacher, and was a good singer, and was a good fellow, and was a good everything, and was a good person in the bargain.

Now, it was generally supposed that Tom was falling in love, and that somebody would be made a happy companion for the declining years, but what he intended to pass somewhere quite needless to say, he did not tell. It was well known that for several years previous to his marriage he had made frequent inroads into the savings bank, and it was even whispered by the sorrowful gossips, that Tom had over three thousand dollars in cash by.

Therefore of course good natured bachelors, Tom kept pondering on. Most people said, and every more thought that Tom Smith was a two horse Dutchman sort. And how the tobacco-juice, and wondered and gossiped, when at the age of twenty-five, Tom left the world, his wife and daughter and nearly sufficient to pay the funeral expenses.

But why was not Tom Smith right? We are proposed to enlighten you. Tom had a wife, who, though beautiful in her person, was not in her language, indifferent in her behavior, yet would "keep up appearances," and was more given to the words, "what will the world say?"

She would, at any expense, a woman more than Tom, and it she was, and though he risk not repented for marrying, yet he had her not one more, concerning [illegible] "Sometimes," said she, "I wish we could be alone, though he put before the most convincing and logical arguments in favor of our proposition, she had some stock and persuasive, that he was only to be silenced, and [illegible] "Tom, Tom, I have my fortune, and what will the world say?" and just from [illegible] by the world in the domestic circle, [illegible] "Oh he would never have been so desirous of the world's approbation."

For instance, when discussing the necessary arrangements for their marriage, Tom suggested that Uncle Jo should be invited to dinner—Maria in the evening, and mothers next day; but the little wife, anxious as "keep up appearances," remarked, "I feel doubtful, for instead of the uncle's cure, [illegible] Mrs. Jones expects to dinner, a party of guests to tea, [illegible] and why should they be [illegible] respectfully?"

The [illegible] the world required them, and accordingly, grave, [illegible] were agreed on.

"Now you know, Tom, it is always customary for fashionable married people, and should we not well with the world, to make a wedding jaunt for a week or two, to some fashionable watering place."

"Happy New Year!" shouted Willie.—"You do look very happy. Who gave you such beautiful shoes and dress?

"Hush Willie! what would your mama say if she heard you talking so to a little girl? said Eddie as he noticed Annie, who frightened at Willie's rudeness, stood trembling like a leaf while the tears again rolled down her cheeks as he pointed to her old shoes and dress. "Hush little girl he'll not hurt you," he continued as he came and stood near her, "tell me what has happened, and may be I can help you.

"O no you can't, nothing is the matter," said the sobbing child.

"What is your name?"

"Annie."

"It's a pretty name too; it's my mama's name, where do you live?"

"Way up there!" pointing to the window she had left.

"Who lives with you?"

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Eddie was sent off to order some coal and bring a physician, while Mrs Arden took to her sickness room. A cold shudder ran through her frame as she witnessed the wretched condition; but this was not her first visit in the wretched, and she soon recovered herself sufficiently to enter. On a bed in the far corner the poor woman was lying; her eyes were closed, and she appeared to be sleeping. There was no fire, no chairs in the room, but a trunk, a table and a chair, over which the little girl was sitting, her face buried in her hands, and crying so that she did not perceive her visitor, so till she had taken a survey of the room and advanced to where she was sitting.

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"Can it be, my dear Alice, that I find you here!" she exclaimed as she reached the bed and knelt beside her. "Tell me how it is?"

The woman made an effort to raise her head and speak, but it proved to much for her, and she sank back exhausted.

The wood had now arrived, and Eddie had made a good fire, when Doctor Mason came in. He examined his patient and pronounced her very ill; but said that it was caused by cold and hunger, and after administering some restoratives she revived and appeared much better. A nice meal was soon prepared, and Annie regained her cheerful spirits at seeing her mother so much better. The Doctor said his patient must be removed to more comfortable lodgings, and with good nursing he thought she might recover. Nothing could have pleased Mrs. A—— more, and she soon made arrangements to have her taken to her own house, where she could be her constant attendant.

We will leave them to make their arrangements, and get moved; while we glance at the past history of the two ladies.

Annie Rivers and Alice Grey were early friends and classmates. Their fathers being wealthy planters, and their estates lying near together, the two girls were almost constant companions; until the marriage of Annie, which occurred two years previous to that of her friend, when she went to M—— where her husband a talented young lawyer soon rose to distinction. Alice married a merchant of N—— and her prospects were bright for a long and prosperous life. But her husband engaged in a speculation which brought them to the brink of ruin. His own and his wife's fortune were sacrificed. Mr Durand could not bear the disappointment and mortification which his rashness had occasioned; he survived only a few months and then died leaving his beautiful young wife and little daughter penniless. Mrs. Durand alive to the necessity of doing something for a support, applied for a situation as teacher; at first she was unsuccessful; but at length procured a place as music teacher to several young ladies of wealthy families. The salary was large, and she did very well until her health failed, and she was obliged to stop to recruit her strength; the result was, when she applied again, her place was filled by another teacher, and she was for months without any employment. She finally came to M——, where she again exerted herself to get employment, but was unable to get anything but sewing.—She took this, but the pay was small and she worked so constantly that her health again gave way. She was now obliged to leave the comfortable room she had, and come to the house, where she was found by her friend.

"And why did you not seek me dear Alice?" said Mrs. Arden who had been and attentive listener to the sad history of her friend. "You certainly know that I would assist you."

"Pride, pride, dear Annie I know that you were still surrounded by all that wealth could purchase; the center of a large circle of admiring friends; and I was too proud to seek you in my poverty."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Eddie and Lily Arden came in leading Annie by the hand. Annie had a Beautiful Bible in her hand which she laid on the bed beside her mother. "I have a present from Eddie; purchased with the remaining three dollars, after paying for the wood and other necessaries on that eventful morning.

All were happy and none more so than Eddie, through whose kindness so many others were made so.

Mrs. Durand lingered through the winter; her just as Spring was coming, with the first of green, fern, and the rose in Hope, and Annie was an orphan; but we have been so long already.

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Fifteen long years with their joys and sorrows have passed by since Annie found a home with her mother's friend. And as those years went by they brought many changes to that quiet family. We cannot follow them through every change; but will note only the most important.—First came the messenger of Death and set his seal on the mother's brow; her mission was fulfilled and she went to keep her reward. Little is no longer a child, the light of her fathers household; but has been transferred to another's home and Hymen's pathway. The father is now a judge, and moves from home, but where there, here is his aim.

But come, gentle reader, to the little village of A——, about twenty miles from the city of M——, near the western end of the little town, stands the church, a neat white edifice, whose tell-spire can be seen far away. On one side of this parsonage house, a low white cottage embowered amid the trees, and almost hidden by the clustering vines and tall shrubbery that surround it. In summer you might almost think, as it the home of a fairy, so beautiful does it appear in its mantle of foliage.—But old winter has come now, and his icy hand has swept away those beautiful surroundings and hung up the drapery of the cottage roof, bring drapped and wreathed of snow, which has risen of smoke through the broken clouds. All without is dreary indeed; but cheer, and whatever what quiet beauty reigns within.

Before the cheerful fire in the library sits a gentleman with a book in his hand, which he might appear to be reading, but for an abstracted air, and the varying expression of his face, which proves that his thoughts are busy in their own world, on some subject unconnected with that before him.—There is a soft light resting in the dark eye, and a happy smile wreaths the lips, as he, at length, closes the book, and gazes musingly the fire. But, listen! a light step is heard in the hall, and presently the door opens, and a lady steps softly in. Advancing to where the gentleman sits, she lays her hand on his head, then kisses the musing forehead, and strokes the luxuriant hair. But her hand is soon taken in that of her husband, as he draws her gently to a seat beside him.

"How cheerful your room is this morning!" said she, "indeed the whole house seems unusually so to me. Perhaps it is the contrast within and without," she continued looking round the room, then passing towards the window. "And do you know my husband, that I have been dreaming another companion this morning she used to say, as her eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to conceal her emotion.

"I will have to forbid your making any more, if they are of so painful a character," replied her husband, "we must have no more tears this morning, or I will think this is not a "Happy New Year to you my love."

"Painful! O, nothing could be more pleasant, you do not think I could be unhappy on the anniversary of the day I first met you, dear Edgar, and that resulted in so much good to me!" O, you cannot know how inexpressibly happy I am. But, I cannot remain so if I sit here all day surrounded by every comfort, while I remember that many, very many are suffering for the necessaries of life. I come to ask your assistance in filling a basket. I intend sending to poor Mrs Rey and her children, and I want you to go with me to see Mary Green, let us make this as happy a day to her as possible, for the last one I ever shall spend on earth. Come you know our friends will be here shortly, and we have only three hours for shopping, and she glided out of the room followed by her husband.

The basket was filled and sent off, and then the sleigh was brought out, and the minutes, and six hours soon carried the occupants of the old cottage home. The visit did much to comfort the sufferer's family. Besides the presents and words of comfort from the young people, there was a basket of provisions for Mary, and a present for each of the children and they departed with many blessings from the poor invalid. This visit over, others were made and they returned home just in time to welcome Judge Arden, Lily and her husband, and Uncle Charles to their festive board.

From the Aurora.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

OR,

Why Tom Smith Didn't Get Married.

BY HARRY JOHNSON.

Of all phrases which fall from the lips of mankind, the one that heads this article is the most astounding and terrible. Now, dear reader, as this phrase is taken from the book of life, and only you and I are here alone, let us get rid of it.

For instance, there was Tom Smith, and he was a young man of good family, and was educated, and had been the associate of gentlemen, and was a man of good sense, and had a good heart, and was a good fellow, and was a good Christian, and was a good Methodist, and was a good Sunday School teacher, and was a good singer, and was a good fellow, and was a good everything, and was a good person in the bargain.

Now, it was generally supposed that Tom was falling in love, and that somebody would be made a happy companion for the declining years, but what he intended to pass somewhere quite needless to say, he did not tell. It was well known that for several years previous to his marriage he had made frequent inroads into the savings bank, and it was even whispered by the sorrowful gossips, that Tom had over three thousand dollars in cash by.

Therefore of course good natured bachelors, Tom kept pondering on. Most people said, and every more thought that Tom Smith was a two horse Dutchman sort. And how the tobacco-juice, and wondered and gossiped, when at the age of twenty-five, Tom left the world, his wife and daughter and nearly sufficient to pay the funeral expenses.

But why was not Tom Smith right? We are proposed to enlighten you. Tom had a wife, who, though beautiful in her person, was not in her language, indifferent in her behavior, yet would "keep up appearances," and was more given to the words, "what will the world say?"

She would, at any expense, a woman more than Tom, and if she was, and though he risk not repented for marrying, yet he had her not one more, concerning [illegible] "Sometimes," said she, "I wish we could be alone, though he put before the most convincing and logical arguments in favor of our proposition, she had some stock and persuasive, that he was only to be silenced, and [illegible] "Tom, Tom, I have my fortune, and what will the world say?" and just from [illegible] by the world in the domestic circle, [illegible] "Oh he would never have been so desirous of the world's approbation."

For instance, when discussing the necessary arrangements for their marriage, Tom suggested that Uncle Jo should be invited to dinner—Maria in the evening, and mothers next day; but the little wife, anxious as "keep up appearances," remarked, "I feel doubtful, for instead of the uncle's cure, [illegible] Mrs. Jones expects to dinner, a party of guests to tea, [illegible] and why should they be [illegible] respectfully?"

The [illegible] the world required them, and accordingly, grave, [illegible] were agreed on.

"Now you know, Tom, it is always customary for fashionable married people, and should we not well with the world, to make a wedding jaunt for a week or two, to some fashionable watering place."