The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, {EDITOR. "Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty." T. J. HOLTON, {PUBLISHER.

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TERMS:

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Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (15 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.

☞ All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor. And all letters on business for Job Work, &c., must be directed to the Publisher. All letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

☞ Payments can be made to either.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Original Poetry.

[FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.]

One of our brother bachelors is beginning to look about. He rather seems to be casting an eye of sympathy and affection towards the fair sex of our land. We rather thought when we saw him accompanying a fair maid to her father's dwelling that he would like to tune his harp to the following lines:

Come my true love and roam with me,
Amidst the fragant flowers,
Where lovers doth delight to be
To spend their leisure hours.

Oh! can we not enjoy the day
As other one's have done;
Will peace not smile upon our way
And joy great our return.

Will not hymenial's hour come on
Before some future day;
Or shall our pleasure soon be gone
And we like hours sigh away.

Oh what ungrateful hands would seek
To break too silken thread,
Which now shall bind our hearts complete
Till numbered with the dead.

Fair maiden if you doubt my love,
Remember now the past;
For the heart that beats within my breast
Will love thee to the last.

ROCKY RIVER BARD.

Original Tale.

[FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.]

A FOOX-DAY STORY.

BY IAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Cold and piercing dawned the morning of Christmas, while the blowing of horns, the yells and howls of dogs, the whistling of hunters, and the discharge of guns filled the air with a confused din, scarcely equalled by Babel of old. Presently the prancing steeds were led out and many a gallant youth shouldering his unerring rifle, mounted his courser, waved his hat to the line of fair faces, and dashed off into the wild road, eager to start the bounding deer, or bring him to the ground with his steady gun, under a promise however to return, if fortune favored, towards noon, and escort the ladies to the prairie, to witness the exciting scenes of the chase. About two miles distant, near the river, there was an open glade bounded on one side by rising ground and on the other by a thicket of underwood, through which the herd would pass if they were raised lower down the river. By the side of this Clinton was placed. A half hour moved slowly along, and nothing was heard except the ding of the wood-pecker against the hollow tree, or the barking of the squirrel on the lofty boughs.

Presently a cry of dogs was heard far down the stream. Nearer and nearer came the yelling pack, and presently the antlered herd came bounding, snuffing the air.—His gun was leveled, and the foremost fell to the ground. Clinton drew his knife, and soon the beast was weltering in its blood.—On flew the dogs and onward went the cry, and soon another and another rifle reverberated through the groves till all again was silent. Then blew the horn again, and the hunters reassembled, recounted their fortune, and sent for the prey. Part were despatched to Dr Lacy's for the ladies, while the remainder followed after the herd, to drive them to the prairie.

In an hour all the ladies were stationed on a little eminence, at one corner of the plain, while the hunters stood at intervals around. Two long and exciting hours rolled away, and the company were becoming weary, when suddenly there burst into the plain a herd, not of deer, but buffaloes.—The ground shook beneath their feet, and a low sound, as of thunder, trembled in the breeze. In dashed the hunters, and rifle after rifle, with deadly aim, brought down the monsters of the wilderness.

Wild with excitement, Clinton rushed after the throng, galloping close by the station of the girls, whose faces now whitened with fear at the unusual turn of affairs.—Quick as lightning off bounded Mag's palfrey at the sight of his mate, and away lingered the two, as if life and death depended on the issue of that race. Clinton urged his steed on, ignorant of her following, across the prairie, leaning forward, till he should come in gun shot of the beasts. For two miles the race continued, till the edge of the grove was gained. Here the buffaloes separated, and Clinton pursued down the descent, till it plunged into the stream. Without hesitation he dashed boldly in, when suddenly a splash was heard just behind. He looked back. O horror! 'Twas Mag. Under went both horse and rider, but the horse arose riderless. A thousand tortures were pressed in that moment! She rose. One plunge from his horse, and he grasped her by the hair. But the current bore them on, till with one hand he grasped a branch of a tree and thus drew her to land, apparently lifeless. He held her in his arms, and wiped the water from her face, and strove to recall her to animation. The color again returned to her lips, she heaved a sigh, the blood coursed again through her system, and she opened her eyes and gazed into his face and then faintly murmured, "*Bless my dear deliverer.*" In a few minutes she recovered, and the company coming up, their horses were caught and she and Clinton rode slowly across the prairie, towards De Lacy's.

We will now leave the hunters to follow the chaise, and gather the prey, and follow Mr. Howard and Miss Phillips to the home of De Lacy.

'Tis the sunset hour. The chase is over. The company is gone. Ellen is busy at her household duties, and De Lacy is trying to bring his premises into order again. Clinton and Mag are seated on a sofa. Let us listen at a few words of their conversation:

"Mr. Howard, I can never, no never, express the gratitude I feel, nor repay the magnanimity that risked your life to save mine."

"I am already repaid ten thousand times."

"How?"

"By your smiles and unvarying kindness, yet I am selfish. I would ask another boon."

She is silent but her eyes look meekly into his. He continues, taking her hand,—

"Grant me this, and I shall ever be near, not to confer a favor, but to drink a full cup of bliss from those sunlit eyes."

She is silent still, but a brighter carnation dyes her cheek.

"O deny me not, this greatest of blessings, this heaven of raptures. Say, dearest on earth, will you not give it me?"

"My hand I could easily give, but would you accept the hand without the heart?"

"I ask but for the hand, and believe I shall receive both or neither. Is it not so my dearest Mag?"

"It is so!"

"O what rapture! and you will be mine now and forever, to bless me while life shall last!"

And he drew her to his bosom, unresistingly, and impressed upon her burning lips the first wild kiss of accepted love.

CHAPTER IX.

Four months have rolled silently away, laden with joys and sorrows. In this period, how many ardent hopes have been blasted! How many life-long anticipations have been hurled to the ground? How many voices, once musical with joy, have been silenced forever? It is a fine morning in the month of May, the month of flowers, and singing birds, when Nature's soft music warbles in the passing breeze, when fair, lovely, youthful spring arrayed in gaudy dress, steps forth to meet the rising sun, like a lover to the trysting dell, or shady grove.

Before us rises a hill in the old North State, its top is crowned with lofty trees, casting a dark shadow down its steep declivity, while at its base murmurs a gentle rivulet of cold pure water, dancing in the light of morning. By its side rises an aged beach, spreading its branches far and wide, forming an arbour impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and its moss covered roots afford a couch, where the pampered gourm might stretch his useless limbs, and feel no care, or where Diana herself might repose after the fatigue of the chase. In truth it was a lovely place, blessed by Nature and adorned with pleasing scenery. Fronting this hill rose the house of Dr. Buvilliers, with its yard tastefully laid out in squares, and rectangles, filled with shrubbery and flowers, emitting their fragrance in the balmy brazing air. Gilbert Avery and Mary Buvilliers were strolling along the walks of the garden, plucking occasionally some fair flower and forming them into bouquets.—They continued their promenade till they had gained the stream, and aged beech, when Avery gallantly seated her on the mossy couch, then sat down by her side.

"What a beautiful spot, Miss Mary! Nature has decked it with romantic scenery."

"It is quite beautiful."

"Listen how joyously the birds are carrolling their morning lay, and the fishes glance in the light in yon water! Oh, it is a place for holy thought! Quite poetical. Do you write poetry?"

"Seldom. I think I have no poetic fire in me."

"No poetic fire! Why, that noble forehead of yours looks like the temple of the Muses, the home of everything great and good."

"You mistake me, I think; I will not say flatter."

"Permit me to suggest that true wisdom and greatness is always modest and retiring!"

After a pause, he continued,—

"My friend, Frank McLean informs me that our old friend, Clinton Howard is succeeding handsomely in Texas."

"I am rejoiced to hear of his good fortune. By the way, Mr. Avery, I never received an answer to that letter you carried for me to the Post Office."

Here Avery's countenance turned red as he strove to speak. Regaining himself, he murmured,—

"He cannot find time, I suppose, among his new friends, to remember his old ones. Distance, you know, produces forgetfulness."

"I beg leave to dissent. We never know the value of an object till it is withdrawn from us."

"There *I* beg leave to make some exceptions. There are some objects that I consider of infinite worth, both present and absent. If your theory were true, in every particular, it were better to have our love's objects always absent."

"By no means. Their presence fills us with pleasure, but by their absence we experience pain, and by this pain we estimate the amount of pleasure we derived from them, and thus their value."

"You reason closely, and you will excuse me if I make a practical application of your argument. There is an object in the world dearer to me than all else beside, in whose presence I am blessed, in whose absence I am miserable. I desire this dear object always with me, to bless and smile upon me, and make me the happiest of mortals. You are that object. Will you not be mine, now and forever?"

"I am sorry to disappoint your expectations, but my heart bids me do it. I cannot be yours."

"Oh! be not cruel! Crush not the heart that lives in your smiles! Spurn not the being that is miserable without you. Do not curse me by not loving me. Say not that you love another. But I will give you time to reflect. How long shall it be?

"I ask no time. My decision is made. I do not love, and to marry without love would be a curse to you and me."

"May I not hope that time might change your mind; that I might still anticipate some future success?"

"Never!"

"I have some news that might change your mind. Know then, that Clinton Howard, your lover, as I once believed, is now engaged, if not married, to a lady of Texas. He has proved unfaithful, if my surmises were true, and you are free to engage to whom you will. This was said in a somewhat disdainful tone, and the cheeks of the gentle Mary were as pale as death. Her lips quivered, and she was near fainting under the load, but true to her nature, she strove to conceal her affections, and soon the blood returned, and she replied with forced calmness,—

"Sir, your news can work no change in me; and you will suffer me to rectify a mistake of yours. Mr. Howard has been a friend to our family for years. The letter that I received from him, according to his promise, was nothing more than a letter of friendship. I answered it as such and you carried it to the post office. But sir, this interview has been too long. Let it terminate."

She arose, and he accompanied her to the house. As he rode away Mary retired to her boudoir, and there, for the first, her tears began to flow. The pent up waters of the soul broke loose, as alone she remembered that her friend, the only being she loved with such ardent affection, loved her not in return. She felt assured that he once loved her, and that she loved him, yet perhaps she had alienated him by her coldness. The thought was too much for her and she sank beneath it. She was ill the remainder of the day, but on the next she arose, though in melancholy mood. A shadow hung over her brow for months but it gave way at length, and she was again the same kind-hearted, sensible, though reserved beauty. She was courted again, and again, but with no better success, till she was set down as a heartless beauty, created to ensnare and trample upon loving hearts.

CHAPTER X.

Turn we now to the far west. The solemn winds of September are breathing in melancholy music, through the branches of the trees. They seem like the sighs of the deported millions of Earth's former tenantry, while a dim, dreamy, hazy atmosphere envelopes the earth, and there is poison in that glimmering air. Disease has spread his toils throughout the land, and many youthful, buoyant hearts now beat unnaturally under the influence of the fever and its pale, shivering, wan concomitants.—Clinton, whose constitution was not yet naturalized, and to whom the heats of the south west were not compensated by the sea-breeze, fell beneath the march of the destroyer, to linger long between the dead and living. First came a long, creeping sensation, a feeling of cold stupor, and then a burning, raging fever, till the brain was surcharged with blood, and he raved with delirium. The kind-loving, carressing Mag, his betrothed, was by his bedside, striving to sooth him, administering the prescribed anodynes, smoothing his pillow, and fanning away the parching heat. She was then an angel of mercy, and in the intervals of pain, his heart flowed out to her in love that cannot be uttered. Anon the fever would arise, and delirum give utterance to his maddened thoughts. "Oh, mother! where are you? Come! why do you not come! I see you! There! there! Oh, let me leap into the Catawba—the Catawba! Let me go! I'll jump into the water! Mary! Mary! You have killed me! I die for you, though you marry another! 'No, let the eagle change his plume!'—The—go away; you are not my sweet Mary—Mary—Mary! Thus he would rave for hours, till nature exhausted, sunk to her accustomed quiet. His thoughts were wandering in his native land. A mother's love and care was wanting to him, though among these friends his every want supplied. Yet a tender mother's place cannot be supplied by the sick bed of the child, though that child be a vagabond, a wanderer for years. Again his former thoughts were renewed by memory, and lived over again the scenes of his troubles. For many days he lingered thus, till nature, almost exhausted, nevertheless, regained her power. The disease had been eradicated, the fever was gone, and he lay there a pale emaciated being, with less strength than an infant. With a constitution naturally strong, he recruited rapidly, and as day after day rolled away, the loving, lovely Mag, now pale with watching anxiety, and still another care, developed in delirum, sat by his side and read to him, from some well-loved volumn, or, hand in hand, gazed into each other eyes, or whiled the hours away in sweet conversation. But the rose was fading from her cheek, and the joyous laugh had subsided into the melancholy smile. Her step, lately as light as the wild roe of the prairie, was slow and studied. As Clinton recovered she declined, and a few days after he arose from his sick bed, she was laid there. A slight fever again recalled the tints of the rose on her transparent cheeks, but when it subsided, the blue veins, like the ministers of disease again flowed languidly on her cheek. It was on the evening of a Sabbath day, when all was hushed and quiet, that Clinton was seated by her, and she requested him to draw near, for she wished to ask him a question. He drew near, and she murmured in soft accents, "*Do you love me?*" Clinton was surprised, but replied—"Certainly I do, better than ought else on earth. But why, dearest, do you ask that question?" "Nothing but a dream," murmured she, "a dream. Last night in a dream, I saw a bright, sunny haired girl, far, far away, and she laughed and danced as you drew near, and you clasped her in your arms, and she blushed and held you by the hand. She was so beautiful, and I thought you loved her, and hated me, and I cried till I awoke; but it was nothing but a dream, and you love me."

"And is that all that made you doubt my love?"

"When you were in delirium, you used to call for Mary dearest Mag, and tell me to be gone, 'I was not Mary,' but that was delirium, and you love me *now! now!* Do you not?"

"Yes, dearest Mag, but you will not blame me for having once loved another, a beautiful Mary in the Old North State. That was before I loved you, but she is married now, I suppose, and I love none but you."

"None but me! Oh! how happy! And I never loved any other but you; but you have seen so many pretty girls in your own State, and I thought I would go with you next summer, and see them all, but we will not go. Next Thursday we were to be married, but we will not; we will never be married except in heart. I will die and leave you, and you will weep over my grave, and the snow and the rain will not rest upon the little mound of earth raised over me. But you will never forget me. But lament not for me; I shall be gone to that better world, where we will die no more. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I have attempted to serve him here, and he will not desert me at last. And you will come to me there, after life is passed. But you must find somebody else to love you as I have done. That fair-haired girl I saw in my dream will love you, I know she will, and I would love her too, if I could see her, but I cannot."

While she was speaking these words, Clinton sat motionless, while the tears streamed from his eyes, as he gazed upon her beautiful face half hidden in raven tresses, and radiant with unearthly light. He could not speak but pressed her hand, and imprinted a kiss upon her marble forehead.

A week rolled away and a cheerful Sabbath morning is again dawning upon the land. Clinton was snatching a few moments sleep, when a waiter aroused him to go and see Miss Margaret—she had sent for him. But we will draw a veil over this last scene of the lovers, this last farewell. The church-bell is ringing to assemble the citizens to the worship of God, as her spirit disunited from its tenement of clay, wings its way to meet in the general assembly of the church of the first-born on high.

A mother's grief cannot be depicted, a father's agony is beyond description, and a lover's heart sustains a shock the world cannot face. Grief is holy, sacred, we will not gaze upon it.

In a quiet grave yard near the village, she sleeps, and the weeping willow mourns at her head, while the ivy creeps over her grave, and the violet drinks in the morning dew.

How true the remark that the beautiful die first. This world is no longer a paradise; and the very disease that is sapping the constitution, sends the blood in a swifter current to dye the cheek, and gives a piercing, angelic lustre to the eye.

CHAPTER XI.

"How eloquent is silent grief. It speaks to the heart in tones that cannot be mistaken. A feeling of awe and reverence touches every heart, even the most obdurate at the sight of the mourner, who weeps for a lost loved one. Grief sinks into the heart, and though the edge be blunted, yet many, many months, nay, years must roll away, ere the poisoned arrow is extracted from the heart, that once truly loved. A sorrow silent, yet deep, like some narrow but deep river, lung over the countenance of Clinton. He moved mechanically from place to place, being in solitude in the midst of moving mortals. He tendered to the trustees his resignation as Principal of the Academy, and then as if inspired with new resolutions, he commenced setting his things in order, and bringing his business to a close. It was a cool evening, about the first of October, that he wandered out to the little graveyard, and there like a stature he stood over the grave of his betrothed. The yellow leaves of Autumn were beginning to fall around him, emblematic of his fallen hopes, but he heeded them not. The fresh earth had sunk below the level, but he noticed it not. His thoughts were wandering in the past, and she who slept there was in his mind, the cimeure of his thoughts. A tear fell on the grave, and as he murmured, "It was her last request and I shall fulfill it," he moved slowly away.

With the dawn of day, he bade farewell to his village friends, mounted the stage and was rolled swiftly away. The broad prairie lay before him, and herds of deer crossed the road, and the wild buffalo grazed upon the decaying pasture. Soon the hill and the valley took the place of the prairie, and streams ran more swiftly. Presently we behold the steamboat plowing the Red River till the Father of Waters, the Mighty Mississippi rolls on in majesty before our eyes. Let us follow him up that beautiful stream, along the windings of the Ohio, to Pittsburg, thence to Philadelphia and into New Jersey.

CHAPTER XII.

"What a beautiful evening, Frank, you will have! If ever I should marry I should wish such an evening."

"Exactly so; it is not too early nor too late. The snows are all gone and the summer heats are gone—spring balmy spring."

"I suppose Dr. Buvilliers will give you a magnificent entertainment. Will there be many guests there?"

"A goodly number, I suppose; probably a hundred."

"That is a goodly number. By the way, the Doctor has but one daughter and he is vastly rich. He might as well give you a large wedding as not."

"True enough, but it is rather a useless expenditure. I shall be happy enough without the large company; and I could wish Mrs. Frank McLean, that is to be, would be so too, and it is for us the party is made."

"But Frank, how does she look? I have not seen her since villain Avery was tried for forging that letter. You know she was the principal witness."

"Yes—Avery—he was justly expelled. Oh, she looks beautiful, you know, or I would not have fallen in love with her."

"Where is Avery now? That was a dastardly trick of his, to endeavor to injure by a pretended letter to him."

"He is in Mississippi, a very vagabond, a street nuisance. But that is not the only injury he did to Mary. He succeeded better the first time."

"How?"

"Well, she entrusted a letter to him to be put in the Post Office. The letter was to Mr. Howard. He opened the letter, read it and destroyed it, and informed me that she did not intend answering him, that he was engaged to her, and would be shortly married. I wrote this news to Clinton and thus alienated hearts that truly loved."

"'Tis a great pity, but I could almost rejoice at it, if there were any possibility of my succeeding; but I have no hopes."

This conversation occurred, between two young men as one of them was preparing for his approaching marriage, that evening with Miss Fannie Wells. Frank McLean was the intended bridegroom, a medium sized gentleman with black hair, and black eyes. He was a man of education, but had chosen no profession, intending to bend his energies to agricultural pursuits. His companion Dr. Sutherland was a young physician of a good standing in society as a practitioner, and well beloved as a gentleman. About two years previous to this time the parents of Fannie Wells had died, and Dr. Buvilliers had taken her to his home as a companion to his daughter. We will pass over the wedding scene, by describing it as a grand display of beauty, wit, and pleasure, in which all were highly entertained, and none dissatisfied with the part they had played in the drama of the night. Though five years had passed away since the reader was first introduced to Mary Buvilliers, yet she was the same lovely being with a shade more of thought upon her brow, perhaps, yet ever ready to assist those in distress, in anxiety or trouble of any kind. On the following Sabbath the bridal party attended the church, under the care of the Rev. A ———, a Presbyterian clergyman of talent and pious zeal. As they approached the church they found the congregation already assembled, and the services commenced. But it was not the low, slow, solemn words of the venerable Pastor but a rich full-toned musical voice, beseeching the throne of grace will jealous fervor. A strange, dim recollection of that voice came over the minds of the party; but no, it could not be. The prayer ceased and the party entered, with eyes turned to the pulpit to see the strange minister, but he was seated in the pulpit, thus concealed from their view. Imagination was on the wings, and conjecture was about deciding the question, as a tall, manly form arose and glanced his eyes over the church. Why does the blood rise tumultuously to the face of the handsome minister, as his eyes rest on one portion of the church? Why does the book tremble in his hands, and his voice quiver as he reads over the musical lines of the sacred poet? Oh, why does the face of one fair lady assume an ashey paleness, when her eyes met those of the young minister? It was the Rev. C. Howard, late of Princeton, New Jersey, and the lady was Mary Buvilliers. But his self-possession was regained, as he opened the sacred volume, and read the words of his text. With a few words of introduction, he launched boldly into his subject, and a strain of eloquence, rarely equaled, flowed from his lips, as he held forth to his hearers, their awful responsibility, the deceitfulness of the human heart, and the love and mercy of God. But why recount the eloquence of pulpit oratory when the theme is sublime, the language sublime, and the scriptural illustrations and comparisons, the very essence of sublimity. Who can be less than sublime, when touching upon themes that have been sung by Isaiah's Sacred Muse, or chanted to the harp of the "Sweet Singer of Israel," or uttered in the burning eloquence of the Son of God, or couched in inspired tones pronounced amid the rolling of the "Seven Thunders," and "noise, as if of many waters" on the awful "Isle of Patmos?"

All eyes were fixed upon him in wrapt attention, till the sermon was concluded and he descended from the sacred desk, once more to grasp in friendship the hands of many youthful companions. All were eager to speak if but one word to the long absent but now returned wanderer.

It seems that he had returned unexpectedly on the previous evening, having, according to the last wish of his loved Mag, spent three years at Princeton Theological Seminary, and one year in the western part of Pennsylvania, as a supply. During a great part of his time, it was unknown in what part of the world he was. We cannot describe the meeting of a mother with a long absent son, nor the overpowerings of a father's heart, as he welcomed him to his natal fireside.

CHAPTER XIII.

During the next week, Mr. Howard, according to engagement, called at the house of Dr. Buvilliers.

How natural the scenery, the prospect around! Even the old oaks looked like familiar friends, as their young leaves glanced in the sun-light, and waved in the breeze.

The Doctor and Lady had gone for a few hours, to visit a neighboring family in sickness, but Mary was there and she welcomed him with a cordiality that to her was more than commonly open and unreserved. The two were seated in the parlor, and Clinton, as we shall persist in calling him, was recounting his wanderings.

During a short silence he took up a book of poetry from the table, and commenced turning the leaves, remarking as he did so,—

"Miss Mary, I perceive from your book that you are still an admirer of poetry, and—(turning a few more leaves)—of flowers also, if I may judge from this faded one, pressed in your favorite book."

Mary's cheeks are suffused with crimson as she replied: I love both very much, but that flower is a relic of the past. You have doubtless seen it before.

It cannot possibly be five years old, and yet I could not have seen it otherwise. Is this the noted dahlia, plucked the morning of my departure for the West.

It is the same. You see I am a faithful depository of presents; I had thought that flower destroyed, and even myself forgotten by you.

You do me injustice, though, perhaps, through ignorance of facts. I perceive the accusation is wrong, but how through ignorance? You received no answer to your kind letter, though I wrote one. It was destroyed before reaching the post office, by means which you will pardon me for not revealing.

Then you are still and ever were my friend. How happy I am to learn that I have not forfeited your friendship and esteem!

Advancing footsteps were now heard, and Dr. Buvilliers and lady entered, rejoiced to meet their old friend. The hours of that day passed away, and the next also ere, Clinton left that loved spot. And in the heart of Clinton the old fire of love was rekindling to burn with yet a brighter flame. Before two weeks had gone by Clinton was the accepted lover of Mary. Her reserve now was gone, and her face beamed angelic love as she gazed upon him, and she listened with tears as he recounted the pain he felt at her coldness, at her engagement to Avery, and as in melting tones, he told of his other love and her untimely fate, the beautiful girl exclaimed: "Why did she not live to bless you," while Clinton almost choked with emotion, replied, as he drew her to his side, "That sunny-haired girl of the dream, will love me till death."

In two months there was another marriage party at Dr. Buvilliers' and the long misrepresented Mary, proved that day that she had a heart, by giving it with her hand, to the only man whom she ever loved.

Reader, my task is done, when I tell you that the aged and venerable pastor who united them in holy marriage, weighed down with years, advised his church to associate with him the Rev. Clinton Howard. That he has now gone to his reward in heaven, while the young minister with his beautiful bride often ramble through the garden, and listen to the woodland songsters, chanting glad symphony in the bough of that aged beach.

DEATH OF HON BENJ. THOMPSON.

With deep regret we announce the death of the Hon Benjamin Thompson, member of Congress from the Fourth District of the State of Massachusetts. He died at his residence in Charleston, on Friday afternoon, after a short illness. He was a man of strict integrity, unswerving fidelity, and, with unassuming manners, he brought to the discharge of his public duties a fund of practical knowledge which made him a most useful and valuable legislator. He was highly respected and esteemed in the private walks of life, by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom his loss will be sorely felt. This is the *third* death which has occurred in the Massachusetts Congressional delegation within a few weeks.

COUNTERFEITS.

We published on Thursday a paragraph from the Asheville Messenger, mentioning the existence in that part of the State of numerous counterfeit notes on the Bank of Fayetteville. Subsequent information satisfies us that the Messenger is mistaken in the Bank. It is evidently the Bank of Wadesboro' whose notes are counterfeited, and not the Bank of Fayetteville, on which we believe there is no counterfeit in existence.

Gen. Jackson once said to a candidate for office—"They will charge you with stealing, but never mind that." After the election the same man waited upon Old Hickory again.

"Well," said he, "did they not charge you with stealing?"

"Yes, General, and they proved it, too; but the democracy of my district don't believe in Whig evidence, and I was elected in spite of it."

We find this in the Wilmington Journal. Isn't it complimentary to the parties spoken of—Gen. Jackson, the candidate, and the democracy? The candidate was a thief, Gen. Jackson knew it, but told him never to mind that. The whigs *proved* that he was a thief, but the Locos elected him in spite of that, (or perhaps in consequence of it.) We suppose that the Journal publishes this as a lesson to its friends. No matter what the Whigs *prove*, go for your men, even though they be thieves, abolitionists, or what not.

A SUSPECTED FORGERY.

The Wilmington Journal says that Gen. Scott, in "one of his letters to recruiting officers, written during the war in 1847," said,—

"*You are instructed* NOT TO ENLIST FOREIGNERS, *for the Battallion of St. Patrick has taught us that* FOREIGNERS CANNOT BE TRUSTED."

Now we have no doubt that this is a forgery (not of the Journal, we suppose, but copied from some other paper.) It is not at all probable that Gen. Scott wrote anything of the kind, or that he wrote at all to recruiting officers. We presume it is not his business to write to such officers, but that they receive instructions from some other officer.

Will the Journal favor us with the date of the letter, and tell us where it may be found? We wish to see for ourselves.

REPUBLICAN WHIG TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.
GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,
OF NEW JERSEY.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM,
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Republican Whig Electoral Ticket.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE,
HENRY W. MILLER, OF WAKE.

1st.	District,	GEO. W. BAXTER,
2d.	do.	NATHANIEL BOYDEN,
3d.	do.	RALPH GORRELL,
4th.	do.	JNO. W. CAMERON,
5th.	do.	HENRY K. NASH,
6th.	do.	M. W. RANSOM,
7th.	do.	JNO. WINSLOW,
8th.	do.	F. B. SATTERTHWAITE,
9th.	do.	DAVID A. BARNES.

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ARREST OF A COUNTERFEITER.—The Police of Philadelphia has broken up a counterfeiter's den, and captured a large amount of spurious paper and coin, with the plates, presses, &c., for making more. Among the notes found were $18 on the Bank of Cape Fear, with a steel on which they were made.