

OUR WEEKLY.

J. O. H. NUTTALL, Editor.

Office on Trade St., over Coit & Suggs' Store

Saturday, Mar. 1, 1873.

WANTED.—We want an honest, energetic, wide-awake man in every town and county in the United States to act as agent for OUR WEEKLY. Money can be made at the business. Send a post stamp for specimen copies of paper, Premium List, and Terms to Agents.

Premium Envelopes.

The following parties have drawn Premium Envelopes since our last issue.

James W. Harriss,
Joseph Crocker,
M. Sigmund,
Daniel Duncan,
Mrs. A. Dove,
Anna H. Emerson,
Henry Artist,
Mrs. Ruben Roberts,
Miss Flora McIntyre,
Hugh McL. McDougald,
Mrs. Howard,
Miss Eliza A. McLean,
Thomas M. M. Lanchlin,
R. W. Thornton,
Wm. I. McDonald,
Joseph Atkins,
M. Faulk,
J. W. Hopkins,
R. Burns,
Henry Lilly,
J. M. Williams,
No. remaining in Box,

Letters Received.

Under this head will be found replies to all letters that we have not time to answer by mail.

E. C. Northcutt, Darlington, S C—Papers sent.

S. J. Miller, Frog Level, S C—Papers sent.

M. Setzer, Newton, N C—Paper changed.

S. B. Chapman, Wood's Roads, Va—Paper sent.

Daniel Duncan, Rocky Point, N C—Thanks. Receipt and premium envelope sent by mail.

H. F. Milling, Winnsboro, S C—Papers sent.

B. W. Keep, Cherryville, N C—Paper sent.

Mrs. A. Dove, Dove's Depot, S C—Thanks. Receipt and premium envelope sent by mail.

Miss Liza E. Robitzsch, Rocky Point, N C—Your paper is regularly mailed. See your Post Master about it. Your premium will be sent at the General Distribution.

E. H. Howlet, Wilmington, N C—Paper sent.

A. H. Emerson, Sulphur Springs, N C—Thanks. Receipt and premium envelope sent by mail.

W. P. Fanlean, Littleton, N C—Paper sent.

L. W. Moore, Marshall, N C—Receipt sent by mail.

W. S. Jones & Bro., Gum Neck, N C—Paper sent.

Isaac Daniel, Nahunta, N C—Thanks. Receipt, premium envelope, and premium clock sent by express.

C. W. Covington, Wadesboro, N C—Paper sent.

E. C. Hackney, Trinity College, N C—Paper sent.

N. I. Hutchinson, Wilmington, Del.—Paper sent.

The March number of "Peter's Musical Monthly" contains the following selection of New Music:

Saviour, thou art ever Near, song and chorus; Pretty Evaline Adair, song and chorus; Geraldine, song and chorus; He Kiss'd me Good-bye at the Gate, song; Hear me say my Little Prayer, song; Just as I am, hymn for Lent; Let the World Chant and Sing, Easter Carol; Put on your Best Array, Easter Carol; Kittie's Polka; Bohemian Girl, (Selections); The Village Festival, Caprice; The Toast, Brindisi.

The Publisher will send you six back numbers of 1872 for \$1, or the last three numbers for 75 cents. Subscription price, \$3 per year. Address: J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

The March *Aldine* opens with a very effective coast scene: "After the Storm," by Tavernier. The black and rugged cliffs are in powerful relief against the moonlight, bursting through the broken clouds and reflected from every rippling wave. But there is one ship which can never go on to that "haven under the hill." Its battered hull tells of a scene when old Ocean was in a far different mood. Probably the most purely artistic cut that has ever appeared in *THE ALDINE* is the study of "White Birches of the Saranac," after Hows. The wonderful fidelity of every detail convinces us that we are gazing upon actual portraits of these venerable monarchs of the forest, drawn by one who knows and loves them well. The engraving, which truthfully renders every varying texture of bark and leaf, is a worthy specimen of the talent of that prince of engravers—the elder Linton. A proof impression of this cut has been on exhibition in New York, where it has won the highest praise from connoisseurs. James D. Smillie gives a spirited sketch of that famous ride "From Ghent to Aix;" and there are also two smaller sketches by Tavernier, which are very beautiful. "The Fox and Grapes," happy style, and is a triumph of pictorial art. Altogether we congratulate the publishers upon their success in the art department of this number. The literature is more excellent than usual. The editorials, are in Mr. Stoddard's best vein. Elizabeth Akers Allen opens the

number with a pathetic poem, entitled, "Music, Art, and Literature are intelligently and critically treated. Altogether the March *Aldine* is the best yet issued. Subscription price \$5.00 including Chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

[Original.]

MY FRIENDS.

BY PERCY ASHTON.

What do I prize above all things: yea, next to life itself? What boon so sweet as the affection of a friend? and what cords so strong as the silken bands of love which unite the hearts of friends to each other?

Tell me not there is only guile and hypocrisy in every brother's heart; tell me not that every eye is closed and every ear is deaf; let me not hear such pernicious doctrine: do not endeavor to instill it in my breast. God grant that though I do find some evil mixed with the good, such unworthy thoughts may never be entertained for a moment.

I have heard much of a "cold, heartless world." Call it cold if you will but not heartless, for in every clime, among every people however degraded, there are still some friends, true to their country and their fellow-creatures. The value of a true friend is greater than can be expressed by feeble language. Would that I could find thoughts worthy to express the power of friendship, or could paint in glowing colors, the tender love and sympathy of a true friend's heart.

I number not many of earth's proud sons, among my friends, but I would not exchange the love and affection of the least one of them, for all the grandeur earth could bestow.

Love, friendship, and sympathy are not to be bartered for gold; the heart turns away sickened by the thought.

It must be confessed, humiliating as it is, that some openly avow, that they would greatly prefer your money to your sympathy. It is just and right that we should bestow both if it lies in our power, but if it does not, one should not be withheld from lack of the other.

But it was of my own dear friends I intended to write. They

are always near in my heart, and they are true friends. And does not every one consider his or her friends true friends? Yes. But a friend in need is a friend indeed, and such mine have proved themselves. I daily thank God for their affection which has abounded to me. I know not why it is thus, for there are others much more worthy, on whom they might bestow what is so freely lavished on me.

It was a bitter trial to give to silent slumbers in the dust those who were nearest and dearest on earth, but had I never been forced to part with them in whom my whole heart's affections were bound up, I had not tasted the sweetness of a friend's love: my heart was full, and cared not to have others share the abode kept sacred for them; now it is open and any worthy object, may invade its precincts.

I am told that I am too young to know much of the world, too young to feel its cares, and understand its artful ways. It is true I am young in years but not in sorrow, and I have felt the cares of life weigh me down to the dust, and have often been snared by the workers of iniquity; but I know that in my bitterest sorrow, the kind and gentle voice of a friend has touched my heart, and caused the pent up floods of grief, which like a storm were raging in my bosom, to break; and in friendship's sweet communings, sorrow has ceased her complaints, and hope and peace have filled the distracted bosom.

It seems that every pulsation of their heart, should be that of gratitude to God and man. I have naught with which to repay them but gratitude, which is truly heart-felt.

If it were in my power to bring down blessings from above; if I could command all their heart's desire, it should be freely given them. I can only ask that He who has promised that a cup of cold water presented in his name shall not lose its reward, will bless them exceedingly and abundantly above all that I can ask or desire for them.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and I ask that He will be their friend, as I trust he is mine.