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Poetry.

It is the Province of Poetry to hallow the sphere in which it moves, and breathe around it an odor more exquisite than the rose or the lily.

SOME DAY.

You will miss me, some day, from your circle—
You will call, but my lips will be still:
For the voice that now thrills you will slumber
In the graveyard just over the hill.

You'll remember some day how your finger
Once twined through my glossy brown hair;
Ah! the touch of your soft hand was tender
As music of dreams on the air.

Some day you will sit by the fireside,
And you'll look for my sad, quiet face,
And the life years will rain from your eyelids
Which fell in my boyhood's place.

Then the casket of memory unclasping,
O'er its jewels fond fancy will play—
When the grief-freighted soul bows in anguish,
You'll think of my words—some day.

Thus the acid and wormwood of sorrow
Burns the chalice of life into gall—
For the crushed heart there's no bright to-morrow—
And the green sod will cover us all.

Farewell! Shall my name be forgotten?
Forgive and think kindly of me;
In the beautiful land that is coming,
Some day, I will call, love, for thee.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

Tell me you love me. Let me hear
Those sweet words o'er and o'er again,
They fall upon my listening ear
Like music's most melodious strain.

Your love—that to my darkened life
Gives back once more the roseate glow
Of youth's bright day, with hopes so rife,
The hopes, the dream of long ago.

I dream to-night. My heart grows warm
With its remembrances of you;
On all its aching wounds the balm
Of your words fall like healing dew.

Let sorrow come—let age draw near—
All storms may wildly beat without;
My life can never more be drear—
You love me, and I do not doubt.

Our Story.

[Original.]

The Old Bachelor

BY PERCIE ASHTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

One of the neighbors seeing the horse coming and knowing to whom it belonged, ran out and stopped it and fastened it to a tree.

Sad as the affair seemed to be it yet provoked a smile. Presently, along came the old bachelor with a face as white as a sheet, and utterly exhausted from his fatigue. The family urged him to rest awhile, and as he would have much to say on, he was too weak to lose for an hour or two. He knew that the affair would be circulated all over the country, and he feared additions might be made in the report which would by no means reflect credit on his name.—

What should he do? How would the widow take it? would it be advisable to tell her of it or not? It would not do to have all his matrimonial prospects dispersed so suddenly. Never was head more troubled or heart more grieved. Being in haste to depart and feeling somewhat recruited, after thanking his neighbors for their kindness, he got into his wagon and started again, trusting to Providence to go the rest of the way in safety, which we are happy to say that he succeeded in doing. Arriving home just at sunset, he of course wished to investigate matters a little, so bringing the wagon close to the door he proceeded to remove the various articles. First came the glass ware, or rather what was left of it, four handsome goblets broken and two badly cracked, the china being also nearly demolished; the forks were all safe

but there was not a knife to be found, the stove and its belongings being of iron were better calculated to sustain the shock; other miscellaneous articles were badly damaged, but on the whole he congratulated himself, on finding his loss less than he expected, and on having escaped injury.

Travellers were greatly surprised the next day to discover such quantities of china and bits of glass ware, the straw in which the broken articles had been so carefully wrapped lying strewn all along the road, not to speak of oranges, nuts and other dainties which were to have graced the wedding feast. One of these travellers observed that he found a knife every mile, for six miles out of town the day after the runaway, and he gaily roostered them when he discovered that the unfortunate man was the good old bachelor. The school children enjoyed the affair with all the best of their nature, and picked up some of the eatables and made way with them.

It was now considered an undisputed fact, that the marriage would take place in two weeks, for hadn't the widow been to town and laid in a supply for herself? and didn't she have several new dresses, one of them a pretty light silk and a new hat to match? What would she want of lace and ribbons and all these things if she was not going to be married? And hadn't she had the children all nicely clothed so that they looked sweeter than ever?

It is surprising how many articles are found absolutely necessary when parties are contemplating matrimony. Alas! for the poor man's purse.

It was of course necessary for the old bachelor to make another and more successful trip to town. This time he purchased quite a handsome outfit for himself, and paid for it immediately, thereby

obtaining the everlasting good will of the tailor. He then betook himself to the minister's, requesting his services on the approaching important occasion, extending an invitation to the family to be present. This being finished he left town, and driving along very cautiously, succeeded in reaching home in safety.

He had previously invited one of his nieces to spend a few weeks at his house, and she superintended all his arrangements.— He let but few into his secret and they discovered it mainly through the accident. Well, the eventful day drew on, and without further procrastinating we will look in upon the scene. He is to be married at the bride-elect's residence and afterwards repair to his own home, where a sumptuous repast is awaiting them.

The children are all dressed for the occasion, and the guests are here before us. The bridegroom looks very happy but still bashful; the bride is not at all disconcerted and is looking remarkably well, and the old bachelor wonders within himself how such an adorable being so far removed from himself could ever fancy him.

Just here let it be said that a looking glass was so arranged that it seemed to him that turn as he might, he would still confront his own image: he was not vain and to tell the truth did not wish to see himself; he was naturally nervous, and adding to this the intense excitement consequent on such an occasion we can imagine his feelings better than they can be described. The ceremony was soon over and the guests pressed forward to offer their congratulations to the new-made pair. They then repaired to the bridegroom's house, where they feasted: and so our old bachelor, is an old bachelor no longer.

He is as happy as possible, and has never for a moment regretted