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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.

[Original.]

THE DYING BOY.

A widowed mother's only son Lay on the bed of death, And eagerly she listened To every fleeting breath.

"Weep not, dear Mother," said her child, "This hope to me is given, That though my sufferings are severe, I soon shall rest in Heaven.

"I hear my Saviour's loving voice, It gently whispers, 'Come,' How much it doth my heart rejoice, To think I'm going home.

"I'm going where my Saviour reigns, My tears He'll wipe away, And there so free from sin's dark stains I'll live through endless day."

The Mother bowed her head and wept, She kissed her darling son, And when he slept the sleep of death, Murmured, "Thy will be done."

Oh! who can tell the anguish Of that mother's broken heart, When from the one she loved the best, She was thus forced to part.

But she had comfort from above, 'Twas there she looked for rest, And Jesus pitying the one he loved, Took her gently to His breast.

ALICE.

SPRING GROVE, N. C.

A good story is told of Judge Rice. About the commencement of the war he made a speech in North Alabama in which he said the Southern soldiers could whip the Yankees with pop guns.— Since the war he chanced to make another speech at the same place. A big double jointed fellow was present who heard and remembered the former speech, and being in an admirable frame of mind, to go for Sam. Rolling up his sleeves and putting fist in the palm of his hand, he pounded the fearful question:

"Sam Rice, didn't you make a speech here in 1861?"

"I did."

"And didn't you say we could whip the Yankees with pop guns?"

"Certainly, I did; but the rascals would not fight us that way."

Our Story.

[Original.]

The Poor Artist.

BY SHIRLEY WILMOT MOORE, Author of "Helen Clermont," "The Gipsy's Revenge," "Rena Robertson," "Daisy; or, The Wages of Sin is Death," "The Reclaimed," "Woman's Work," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

One evening Dora went on her usual walk, accompanied only by her faithful dog, Carlo. With thoughts wholly engrossed by the young stranger-artist, she wandered on until she found herself near a rustic seat, placed beneath a huge oak by the hands of Ernest Woodville, one day when he had been out sketching. Dora was not aware who had constructed the seat, neither had she ever seen it before in any of her ramblings, but feeling a little wearied by her walk she advanced to it and dropped herself wearily down, perfectly unconscious that the owner of the seat was, at the very moment of her appearance beneath the tree, only a few rods distant from her. Yet it was even so. Enticed by the beauties of the evening, Ernest Woodville had strolled out, thinking that ere he returned to his lodgings he would call on Dora, and, if he could feel the hour propitious to his hopes, he determined inwardly to confess his passion, and learn if she were willing to unite her fate with his.

Some "spirit in his bet" induced him to go to his favorite woodland retreat, and so it chanced that just as he was nearing the spot he saw the object of his thoughts and love saunter leisurely up and take possession of the seat of which he considered himself sole proprietor.

Smiling softly to himself he

drew quietly near, feasting his eyes meanwhile on the charms of his fair lady-love, who, unconscious of the scrutiny of mortal eyes, half reclined on the rude seat; and certainly, if she had been posing for effect, she could not have appeared more entrancingly lovely. An attractive and becomingly-made dress of buff linen set off, to an exquisite advantage, her half oriental style of beauty. The coquetish little straw hat, she had worn, was now thrown carelessly at her feet, together with the dainty kid gloves, in which, while walking, she had encased her hands.

Ernest stood apart for a short while, luxuriating in the spell of her marvelous beauty, then slowly advanced toward her; yet so earnest and absorbing were the cogitations of Dora that not until he said "good evening" was she aware of his presence.

Starting up she cordially extended her hand, while a flush of pleasure over-spread her features. In reply to Ernest's expressions of joy at meeting with her so unexpectedly, she responded with unfigned heartiness:

"I, too, am glad to meet with you, Mr. Woodville, though of late you have grown to be quite a stranger with us. Why is it we never see you now at Glenwood?"

Ernest had not intended to be quite so precipitate in his proposal, but he would have been more than human if he could have looked into the warm, welcoming eyes, felt the pressure of the soft white hand, and yet conceal the love he felt.

"I have not visited Glenwood of late, so much as I once did. I have no other excuse to offer, only that I could not trust myself, Dora."

It was the first time he had ever addressed her by her christian name, and now his voice took on a peculiar sweetness, as he lingered lovingly on it. Dora's face flushed crimson, but as he seemed waiting for a reply, she stammer-

ed confusedly:

"And why, Mr. Woodville, could you possibly be afraid to trust yourself to visit us?"

She did not resent his calling her by her christian name; a point gained, which the artist followed up by saying, in low, intensely-passionate tones:

"Because I am a poor artist, Dora; you are an heiress."

"What difference does all this make?" whispered the girl, becoming momentarily more confused.

"A great deal of difference, Dora. I could not bear to be friend only, and certainly it would be presumptuous to aspire to be more, with my limited means and prospects."

Half smiling, half shy, and with the nearest approach to a pout on her lips, Dora said:

"I am sorry I am to be a heiress, if I am to lose your friendship."

"You will ever have my warmest friendship but unless you will give me some encouragement to hope that one day I may become all in all to you, I must leave this vicinity at once." A slight pause followed, unbroken by the blushing Dora. Then Ernest continued: "You do not speak, Dora. Perhaps I have offended you, by speaking so plainly, but forgive me, and attribute my temerity to the great and boundless love which you have inspired in my heart. Oh! Dora, you cannot dream of the deep fathomless devotion, which has mastered me since the time I first knew you. God knows, I have struggled hard to conceal this love from you, but I find that it is impossible. Let me speak now, Dora, let me unburden my heart to you, and afterward, if you say so, I will go far away and trouble you no more."

The silence which, for a moment, followed the declaration of Ernest was broken by Dora's low, sweet voice.

"You do not trouble me now, Ernest, and I scarcely think it

Dear Mother