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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.*

**GONE BEFORE.**

There is a beautiful face in the silent air,  
Which follows me ever and near,  
With smiling eyes and amber hair,  
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,  
That I feel, but I cannot hear.

The dimple hands, and ringlets of gold,  
Lie low in marble sleep,  
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,  
But the empty air is strangely cold,  
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a single brow with a radiant crown,  
And a cross laid down in the dust,  
There's a smile where no shadow comes now,  
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,  
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,  
Singing her same old song,  
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain  
As it floats in the sunshine and rain,  
Over hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,  
And I long to reach its shore,  
For I know I shall find my treasure there,  
The laughing eyes and amber hair,  
Of the loved one gone before.

**SAVE A MOTHER'S TEARS.**—Not long ago two friends were sitting together, engaged in letter writing. One was a young man from India, the other a female friend, part of whose family resided in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When the letter was finished, his friend offered to inclose it in hers, to save postage. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and perhaps it would save her a tear." His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feeling, and felt, with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tears.

**Our Story.**

[Original.]

**SYBIL;**

OR,

**The Twin-Fingered Beauty.**

BY ELSIE GARNETTE.

[CONTINUED.]

Sybil arrived at home, and was received with many demonstrations of affection. Aunt Drucilla was in extacies, and Mrs. Maitland, whose heart was really tender and warm, now that she no longer feared her influence over her son, or her rivalling her own pink of a daughter, derived her chief enjoyment from her company, and everything she could devise to amuse or contribute to her enjoyment, she did; and Sybil, ever ready to forgive, forgot all her past injustice, and loved her with a deep and grateful affection, and became almost happy and contented.

For the sake of the family, she appeared lively and went into company a great deal more than she was accustomed to.

Mrs. Maitland was passionately fond of music, but she could not play herself, and every evening Sybil was called upon for her favorite songs. Owing, probably to her want of practice, she was not a splendid performer, but she played with taste and feeling, and her voice was unusually sweet and melodious; and even drew the worldly minded Judge from his study, to listen to her nightingale voice, as it filled the whole room with its melody.

One day in some of his public travels, the Judge formed an acquaintance with a great and noted gentleman, Governor Lyn, and admiring his talent, he pressed him to pay him a visit of some length, and as the Governor was of too melancholy a mind to enjoy the bustle and confusion of a

public hotel, he consented and accompanied him home; and was introduced to "Mrs. Maitland, Aunt Drucilla and Sybil, Aunt Drucilla's adopted daughter."—The color forsook his cheek, and tears sprang involuntarily into his eyes, and for a few moments he gazed upon Sybil with a scrutinizing glance.

"No no," he murmured, "it cannot be." Then recovering his composure somewhat he said:

"Forgive my weakness, if such it be. At some future day I will explain why I was so much impressed."

He was a man rather past the meridian of life, but wearing the noblest attributes of manhood.—His brow was unwrinkled, his tall figure majestic and unbowed, his piercing eye undimmed, except when a shade of melancholy overspread his unusually handsome countenance. He conversed with great warmth and animation.—His language was simple, his sentiments sublime. His manner was generally calm and affectionate, but at times he swept the chords of human passion, with a master's hand, and the hectic flush of his cheek told of the fire burning within. The descendant of a noted and arrogant family, the offspring of wealthy and popular parents, great time and expense was spent to prepare him to preserve the splendor of his rank. He soon after graduation, married the heiress of an illustrious family, whose immense fortune, added to his own, rendered it almost burdensome. She was benevolent, mild and delicate. In her heart reigned the love of virtue, and her manner was gentle and pensive; and the manner of Sybil struck Governor Lyn, as resembling her so much that he entirely lost control of himself; and he continually avoided encountering another glance from her, until one evening she was singing and playing some of his favorite songs, and he raised his

eyes to gaze on her loveliness a moment, when the twin finger on her left hand arrested his attention. He started, turned pale and trembled so violently, that Aunt Drucilla, observing his emotion, insisted on bringing him some wine.

"Indeed," said she, "you must be ill."

"No no," he replied "I am not ill, but pray tell me is your adopted daughter a relation?"

When he was told that she was not, and also the peculiar circumstances of her being in the family, he seemed more excited and asked if they had anything that was with her when she was found, on which, Sybil, who had ceased her song and was becoming also very much excited, flew to her room and brought the chain and cup. As soon as she brought them and he glanced at the initials on the cup, he burst into tears, and clasped her in his arms, as he exclaimed:

"My own, my long lost daughter."

Here followed a full disclosure of all the circumstances. Mrs. Lyn, being very frail and in very delicate health, her husband tried to perform miracles for her enjoyment, and they had driven some miles into the country, with their little son and daughter, to gather huckle-berries. On arriving at their destination, they left their little girl seated in a toy carriage, with the nurse to mind her. The infant remaining quiet, the negro fell asleep, and slept soundly, until Mr. and Mrs. Lyn came up, and missed the little six-month. Inquiries were dispatched in every direction, but nothing could ever be heard of the missing child. Mrs. Lyn, whose health was so delicate, sank under the weight of her sorrow, and soon left her husband to mourn alone the loss of both companion and child.

At first the strong man almost sank under the pressure of his grief, but soon his young son, a