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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.]
LINES COMPOSED ON MY STATE.

BY SUE J. DICKSON.

Oh North Carolina! the place of my birth
How more than dear, thou art to me,
For there is not a fairer land on earth,
No, not beyond the dark blue sea.
E'en as I gaze around with misty eyes,
My vision's met by rising hills,
Whil'st far above them all, the sunny
skies
Smile down upon your limpid rills.
And the tint of those skies so softly blue
Rests upon the waters beneath,
Until every stream has caught the hue;
And mix'd it, with her foamy wreath.
And when with his refulgent rays—the
sun
Spreads out his more than splendid
light,
All is bathed in beauty, till day is done;
And dew kissed eve rolls into night.
And then, the fair, radiant queen of night
Comes smiling, o'er each hill and dale,
Until a silver sheen, of glit'ning light,
O'er-spreads each quiet, slumb'ring
vale.
But Carolina, sweet land of my birth,
Tis not thy fadeless beauty rare,
Which binds this heart, to thy flower-
clad earth,
Where sleeps the brave the good and
fair.
Ah no! tis a stronger, holier tie;
Here where the pale, white moon-
beams fall;
And beneath the vault of your dreamy
sky,
You hold loved forms, in mystic
thrall.
A brother and sister are sleeping here—
A brother brave, a sister fair.
Then this—yes this, is why I hold thee
dear;
And linger mid thy scen'ry rare.
They sleep with many others 'neath thy
soil,
Round whom death's icy arms are
bound;
They've laid their burdens down, and
ceased from toil,
They rest beneath, thy sacred ground.
THOMASVILLE, N. C.

How can manufacturing pay
when it takes ten mills to make
one cent.

Our Story.

[Original.]

THE
Diamond Bracelet

OR, THE

Evil Wrought By One Man

BY SUE J. DICKSON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER'S FLIGHT.

Ah! little one, thy wondering eyes,
Blue as heavens' extending skies,
Must look on scenes of grief and sorrow.
Ere shall dawn, one brightning morrow,
"Will she live?" These were
the first words that Mrs. Miller
addressed to her husband, as he
emerged from the darkened
chamber, where lay their strange
guest of the night before.
"I can't say, Lucy;" he, replied,
throwing himself in an easy chair
with an air of complete weariness,
"her's is a very doubtful case."
"Then her symptoms are
dangerous?" said Mrs. Miller,
gazing anxiously at her husband.
"To say the least, they are;
and unless there is a rapid change
for the better, she can not live
three days."
"Oh, John," cried the good
woman, compassionately, "is
there no way of finding out her
relations?"
"No, Lucy, none in the world,
for she is in no condition for
answering questions; and I doubt,
if she has relatives, whether they
would recognize her or not."
"Why, John, you don't mean
to say that a creature so young
and beautiful as she—" and
Mrs. Miller paused, and gazed
at her husband with incredulity
written on every feature of her
face.
"No, my dear, I do not say
anything; but it is my private
opinion, that this girl is the un-
happy victim, of some demon's
hellish art, for who but a very
devil incarnate could betray such
a fair and innocent one?"
"I do not know, John;" re-
plied his wife slowly, "but I can
not believe it, for there is too

much refinement about her face
and manners for that! even in
her wildest moments there is a
grace and dignity about her
which one seldom sees in the
very elite."
"Well, well, Lucy, I hope the
poor child is all right; you step
in, now, and see if she is quiet,
for she was raving when I left
her; and Lucy," called the Doc-
tor, as the door closed after his
wife, "send Polly down to pre-
pare my breakfast."
"Very well, John;" and Mrs.
Miller passed on, but seeming to
have forgotten something, turned
back and, entering a small apart-
ment, approached a little bed;
and turning down the covering
disclosed the form of little jannie,
who lay like a slumbering
cherub; the long dark lashes
sweeping his rounded cheeks,
which were flushed with sleep;
and the jetty curls falling over
his pure white brow. Mrs. Mil-
ler bent down and dropped a
kiss on his innocent lips, mur-
muring: "God bless mamma's
beautiful darling, and keep him
safe from harm and sin." The
child stirred in his sleep; and
hastily imprinting another kiss
upon his brow, she turned and
left the room, and entering a
darkened chamber, she called
softly:
"Polly!"
"Yes, marm," answered a
voice, and a neat looking servant
girl made her appearance, from a
darkened corner.
"How is she, Polly?" asked
Mrs. Miller, waving her hand to-
ward a bed, that occupied a re-
mote corner of the room.
"Dun no, marm, how she be,
she's jist been a raving all the
mornin, until jist a bit ago, when
she sorter quieted down; and
has bin layin ever sence jist like a
dead angel."
"That will do, Polly," replied
Mrs. Miller, smiling at her ser-
vant's enthusiasm over the beau-
tiful stranger, "you can go down,
now, and prepare breakfast, and
get Jamie up and dress him and
send him to his father, in the
study, for I do not want him to
find his way up here."
"Yes, marm;" and the girl
disappeared. Drawing a chair
close to the couch, Mrs. Miller
sat down and watched each
varying change and shade, that
passed over the unconscious face
of the sufferer, and listened to the
incoherent mutterings that now

and then fell from her lips. Very
gently the good woman brushed
back the sunny tresses from the
flushed brow, and bathed the
burning lips which were parched
with fever. Suddenly, as Mrs.
Miller stood bathing her lips, the
violet eyes flew open, and set in
her face, with a wild anguished
expression.
"Go way! go way, and let me
die," she screamed, "for he pray-
ed for my death—Oh do don't
torment me so; what are you go-
ing to do with my little baby?
Bring her back! Oh God! you
are going to murder her!" and
springing from the bed she fell
senseless upon the floor. Lifting
the slight form in her arms, Mrs.
Miller placed her upon the couch,
and applying the usual restora-
tives soon had the satisfaction of
seeing animation return. Just at
this moment her husband entered
the room, and motioning him to-
ward the bed, she slipped quietly
out. As she passed out, the fret-
ful cries of the infant, which had
been conveyed to the sitting
room, fell upon her ear.
"Poor little one," she murr-
mured, as she lifted the child in her
arms and kissed its flushed cheek,
"There, there, my darling."
"May I tum in, mamma?"
piped a little voice at the door.
"Yes, dear, come see who paid
you a visit last night, while you
were asleep."
"Oh, what a hoofal baby," cried
the child, bounding forward,
"mamma may I tiss it?"
"Yes, dear, but be very careful
not to hurt it."
"Oh, no, Jamie 'ont hurt it;
but who baby, mamma, 'oors?"
"No, dear, papa and mamma
found it in the snow."
"Did 'oo?"
"Yes, and now you see God
did not let it perish."
"No, mamma, Dod dood, and
don't et enzy body die, do he?"
"No, dear, now run away and
let mamma put the baby to sleep."
Days, and at last two weeks,
passed away; and contrary to her
kind friend's expectations, Estrel-
la Douglas, for, reader, it was she,
slowly, but as it seemed unwill-
ingly returned to life once more,
and took up her heavy burden of
grief. Though the Doctor and his
wife did all in their power to make
her comfortable, and at the same
time, endeavored by gentle and
delicate means to draw her out
into conversation, so she might
speak of her former history, yet