

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

From the Danish of Hans Andersen.

Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,
O God, such only is my earthly life.
Lord, I am ready when thou callest me,
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter
strife—
Thou alone canst know the load of sin,
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.
Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,
Give me the courage of a trusting child.
Father of Love, I faint would see Thee near,
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—
Mercy, I cry I dear Lord, Thy will be done,
Save me I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son.

Like flakes of snow, that fall unperceived
upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant
events of life succeed one another. As the
snow flakes together, so are our habits form-
ed. No single flake that is added to the pile
produces a sensible change. No single action
creates, however it may exhibit, a man's char-
acter; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche
down the mountain, and overwhelms the in-
habitant and his habitation, so passion, acting
upon the elements of mischief which pernicious
habitation have brought together by imper-
ceptible accumulation, may overthrow the
edifice of truth and virtue.—*Bentham.*

Thy sheep shall hear Thy voice on plain and
hill,
Through plain or wilderness,
In the green pastures by the waters still,
In joy or sharp distress,
Thy call will reach them, sometimes loud and
clear,
Thou faint and far away;
O Thou good Shepherd, grant that heart and
ear
May listen and obey! —*Sarah Doudney.*

The happiness of life consist, like the day,
not in single flashes of life, but in one contin-
ued mild serenity. The most beautiful period
of the heart's existence, is in this calm equable
light, even although it may be only moonshine
or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain
for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.—
Richter.

Christ's precious blood both wounds and heals,
When faith the balm applies,
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies.
His precious blood the life inspires,
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

The miracles of our Lord are peculiarly
evident above the lying wonders of demon-
ism, in that they were not made out of vain
ostentation of power, and to raise unprofitable amaze-
ment; but for the zeal, benefit and advantage of
men, by feeding the hungry, healing all sorts
of diseases, ejecting of devils, and reviving the
dead.—*Bentley.*

All that God blesses is our good;
Unblessed good is ill;
And all is right which seemed most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

From the Sunny South.

ANNIE, THE BUTTERFLY.

A True Story—By Annabelle B. White.

"Thou death do us part!"—That is
a solemn thought, Annie.

"Oh I do not talk of death now?"
cried the bride of an hour, clinging to
the strong arm of the tall, grave young
husband, as the carriage rolled swiftly
toward the depot.

He drew her slender form to his
breast as he said:

"Why not, darling? Do you not
realize what a serious thing this new
tie of ours is?"

"Ah, no!" said she, with an arch
look; "I have not been a untried long
enough to put on a solemn face and talk
of duties and responsibilities;" and she
lifted her pretty lips with a pretty half-
pout.

He stooped and kissed those child-
ish lips, while a slight chill fell upon
his mood. Was she indeed the "But-
terfly" the world pronounced her? he
asked himself, as they drove on to
the depot, where Harry had taken tickets
for their bridal trip to New York
and the lakes.

Annie, the bride, was the only child
of a wealthy planter—a petted darling
who had never left the beautiful home-
nest, but had been carefully educated
there by the best masters. She had
seen something of that great mystery
except society; for young ladies in the
South "come out" very young—some
of them, in fact, never having been
"kept in." She was greatly admired
and courted, and for her light, airy
ways was called the "butterfly." Never-
theless, great, sober Harry Silverton
had been first attracted, then ensnared
by her wickerisms, and was made "the
happiest of men" on this eventful day
in May that we see them entering on
that enchanting epoch of life, the hon-
ey-moon, with its concomitant, the brid-
al tour.

Ah! those happy summer days!
Life was one golden dream to these
married lovers. September came, but
they were still at the North. October
was decking the forests in dun and
gold when our wanderers reached Myr-
tle Hall, where "welcome home"
was arched in letters of living green
over the lofty gate, and sounded also
from a hundred dusky throats as Annie
alighted from the carriage to be clasped
in her mother's arms. This
had been the first parting for more
than a few days at a time, and the
mother gazed on Annie's face to note
the changes which she was sure had
taken place; but the same blue eyes
sparkled into hers, the same rose-bud
mouth returned her kisses, and the
same fairy form danced away from her
to meet the gray-haired gentleman
awaiting pantingly towards them.

"Papa—dear, dear papa!"
she was folded closely to his breast.
"My daughter!—my heart's treas-
ure!"

There is a silence for a few moments;
then Annie runs to greet the many
aunts and uncles who crowd around
her with their black faces fairly glist-
ening with joy, while numerous pic-

ninies roll about on the grass, turn-
ing somersaults and standing on their
woolly pates with joy, shouting:

"Miss Annie done come, an' dere
will be high old times now for weeks
to come."

Well, the happy days fled all too
soon. Never had Annie passed a mer-
rier winter, and never had she seemed
more gay and thoughtless.

The "butterfly" still!" said An-
nie's friends, shaking their wise heads,
as they watched her laughing face and
light, dancing figure—lovingly, in spite
of their fault-finding.

But the sunshine was soon to be
eclipsed for the "butterfly." In the
spring, when his grand home was glo-
rious with bloom and beauty, Colonel
Hunter, Annie's father, laid down life's
 cares and passed over peacefully to the
other side of the river. That summer
was a sad one to the inmates of Myrtle
Hall, and grief pressed on the devoted
wife's heart so heavily that she, too,
laid down the burden of life.

Old Christmas wooed in vain for
the merry times he was wont to see in
the lofty rooms of Annie's home.—
Death held grim sway there, and the
pleasant chamber, that usually wel-
comed Christmas with wreaths of
waxy mistletoe and festoons of scarlet-
berried holly, now held mourning
badges for the dear mother and mis-
tress, "not lost, but gone before."

Annie and her husband settled qui-
etly in the large house, and after two
years, the gloomy pall of mourning
was lifted from the young wife's brow,
and she was crowned with the holy
name of "mother." Myrtle Hall once
more had an heir, and he ruled, in his
tiny way, from the least darkey that
touched his dainty robes with reveren-
tial fingers, when he was carried out
on his birth-day to view the assembled
slaves, to his proud father who owned
those slaves. But the little lord gave
place, on his fourth birth-day, to a
miniature Annie, who soon became the
pet of all.

When little Annie's blue eyes gazed
on her fourth natal day, dark mutter-
ings were heard, and the gathering
war-clouds threatened to burst over
the devoted South. Harry Silverton's
brown eyes flashed with patriotic fire
when the first challenge went forth,
and his own faithful wife buckled on
his sword with trembling fingers, bid-
ding him "God-speed" as he rode
forth at the head of a small band of
determined men.

Oh, those dreary, awful years that
followed! Annie's slender hands worked
rapidly for her loved one, fighting
so desperately for a forlorn hope. The
splendid rooms were bereft of their
rich carpets to make blankets for the
scarcely-supplied soldiers, while the
loom and spinning-wheel took the
place of harp and piano. Willingly
did our "butterfly" deprive herself of
the luxuries to which she had never,
until now, been a stranger; tear up
her splendid carpets, sell her rich jew-
els, wear home-spun dresses, and give
up her thoroughbred horses for the
use of the cavalry.

The years go by. Annie sits alone
in her large lonely house, wishing and
longing. That brave heart is beating
warmly for the absent one who comes
not. The large plantations are grown
up in brown straw, with a few poor
mules grazing forlornly about, while
the large house and negro quarters
wear a mournful, deserted look. Of
the quondam slaves, but one (Annie's
old nurse) remains faithful to her; the
rest have a grand rush for "freedom."
Poor creatures! how much better off
are they now!

Little Annie and Harry (who is now
a fine boy of twelve) tense their mama
and "aunt Rach" to tell them when
papa will come back.

"Soon now, darling, mama hopes";
and Annie hides her face in the golden
locks of her youngest born, to conceal
her rushing tears. She has not seen
her husband for four years. The days
pass wearily on, when one day a one-
armed, one-legged man, clad in rusty,
tattered gray, limps slowly up the
grand avenue where stately carriages
were wont to roll. But now the grave-
diggers hang loosely on their hinges.
Fifteen years ago—

"O God, it is too much!" and the
poor old cripple sank down on a broken
rustic bench, for thought had over-
come him.

Fifteen years ago to-day, he had rid-
den up this avenue, to carry off the
flower of Myrtle Hall and crown her
"wife." Now, what had he brought
her? Gray hairs, poverty, and shat-
tered frame, while one leg and arm lay
buried in the soil of old Virginia, en-
riched with the blood of thousands of
brave men.

"O mama, see! who is that old man
out there?" and Annie drew her mo-
ther to the window. "Ah! now he
has taken off his hat. He must be
very old, for his hair is as white as my
dress."

A strange fluttering seized the elder
Annie's heart as she approached the
window; then a wild cry burst from
her lips. She threw up the window
and bounded down the steps.

"It is he! it is my darling, come at
last!" and she fairly flew towards the
strange figure, sitting so silently under
the tree. "Oh, Harry! my darling!
my husband!" She lunged on his neck,
sobbing with joy. With his one arm
he strained her to his breast.

"My wife?" was all he could say.
At last they grew calmer, and he
lifted up her hand.

"Annie," with a painful quiver of
the lips, "look up, darling, you have
not seen me yet. Can you give me so

warm a welcome when I tell you I
bring nothing back but old age and
poverty?"

"Oh, Harry, my husband, do not
you bring me yourself—that which I
have been longing for for four years?"
leaning her cheek on his.

His voice was choked, as he said,
drawing her so closely her sunny hair
mingled with his white locks:

"My wife! my sweet comforter! It
is worth all I have gone through to
meet so true a heart-welcome."

Little Annie had been slowly ap-
proaching, and now she stood so near,
she put out her hand and pulled her
mother's dress gently, whispering in
an awe-struck tone:

"Mama, is this my papa?"

"Yes, darling, this is papa. Harry,
this is Annie."

"Annie, our child? Come to me,
daughter."

But the white hair, the empty sleeve
and the wooden leg repelled her, and
she faltered:

"You are not my papa. My papa
has not got white hair, and he has two
arms like Buddie, for auntie Rach
said so."

Annie's mouth quivered, but she
said:

"Come here, darling. This is papa,
don't you see how mama loves him?"
and she kissed Harry's pale brow,
whose features worked with pain, as
he said:

"Even my own children shun me."
Little Annie came up and took his
one hand gently in her two dimpled
ones.

"Don't cry; it will make mama
cry, and she has cried so much. I'll
take you for my papa," looking up
with a sweet smile.

He stooped and kissed her, then said
to his wife:

"And our boy—where is he?"

Annie's eyes filled as she said, hesi-
tatingly:

"Our child? Oh! Harry, I—I
he is—plowing."

"Plowing! my boy—my baby! It
is too hard!" and he passed his thin
hand across his brow, while a moan
struggled up from his heart. Ah! how
it hurt to think his son the heir of all
these broad but worthless lands, should
be compelled to toil for his scanty daily
bread.

"Darling do not give way, thus. It
is God's will, and we should submit
cheerfully." And Annie passed her
slender fingers through his white hair;
then, turning to the little girl stand-
ing mournfully near, she said:

"Run and tell brother to come and
see papa."

Annie flew to do her mother's bid-
ding, and presently a firmly built but
slender boy presented himself with
glowing cheeks and sparkling brown
eyes.

"My father?"

"My son?"

That was all; but two more thank-
ful hearts did not beat in all Christen-
dom.

"Toil, you see, has made a man of
our boy," as they all rose to go in.
"He certainly has developed rapid-
ly. But, Annie, I cannot let it go on.
He must be educated."

"But how?"

The children were walking before,
and did not hear the conversation.

"If possible," replied Harry, "I
must rent the plantation, and remove
to town. I have learned there are
public schools in A—," a shadow
flitting across his brow at the thought
of not being able to give his son a col-
legiate education. "I," he added, "can
practice my profession."

"And what shall I do?" softly in-
quired his wife.

"You have toiled enough in the last
four years; you must rest."

She shook her head.

"The past four years have but fitted
me for work. I could not live in idlen-
ness."

So it was settled. The plantation
was rented out, and the family moved
to the city of A—, when Harry and
Annie were both put to school. As a
lawyer, the father did not succeed.
Daily his health grew feebler, and he
was, perforce, called on to see his lov-
ing, faithful and unselfish wife go out
into the hard world and win their bread
with her own tender hands. This made
the burden of life heavier for Harry to
bear. At the end of a year, he was
lying on his death bed. One day he
said:

"Till death do us part." Ah! dar-
ling, how true, how true and faithful
you have been, till then. When we
were first married, I doubted you would
be strong enough to bear the burden
'till death do us part,' but looking
back, I see it is I who have failed, wo-
fully failed, or I could not now leave
you in such poverty," and a deep sigh
escaped him.

She laid her throbbing hand on his
lips as she answered:

"Hush, my husband, it is God's de-
cree. We will not murmur," and she
stroked back the snowy hair.

On the morrow he died.

In a few months the widow went
back to the lonely Myrtle Hall, with-
out her children. A kind and rich
relative had taken them and put them
in college, promising to be a father to
them. Harry and Annie eagerly em-
braced their opportunities, and are now
two shining lights. Harry is a lawyer
of great abilities and unparalleled suc-
cess, while Annie, with her graceful and
gifted pen, has drawn an admiring
world around her. Their mother
thanks God for two such treasures, and
patiently waits her summons home to
meet the one to whom she had been a
true, faithful and loving wife "till
death do them part."

**Carolina Central Railway
Co.**
OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
Wilmington, N. C. April 14, 1875.

Change of Schedule,
On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the
trains will run over this Railway as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS.

Leave Wilmington at.....7:15 A. M.
Arrive at Charlotte at.....12:30 P. M.
Leave Charlotte at.....7:00 A. M.
Arrive in Wilmington at.....7:00 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Wilmington at.....6:00 P. M.
Arrive at Charlotte at.....7:15 P. M.
Leave Charlotte at.....6:00 A. M.
Arrive in Wilmington at.....6:00 A. M.

MIXED TRAINS.

Leave Charlotte at.....8:00 A. M.
Arrive at Buffalo at.....12 M.
Leave Buffalo at.....4:30 P. M.
Arrive in Charlotte at.....7:15 P. M.

No Trains on Sunday except one freight train
that leaves Wilmington at 6 p. m., instead of
on Saturday night.

Connections.
Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington &
Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta
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weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia,
Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.
Connects at Charlotte with its Western Di-
vision, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte &
Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air
Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Rail-
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S. L. FREEMONT,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.
May 6, 1875.—17.

Piedmont Air Line Railway

Richmond & Danville, Richmond &
Danville, R. W. N. C. Division, and
North Western N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE
In Effect on and after Sunday, Sept. 16th,
1875.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Charlotte	9:15 P. M.	5:45 A. M.
" Air Line Jct'n	8:33 " "	6:30 "
" Salisbury	11:58 "	8:34 "
" Greensboro	3:15 A. M.	10:55 "
" Danville	10:39 "	1:17 P. M.
" Dundee	6:18 "	1:20 "
" Burksville	11:35 "	6:07 "
Arrive at Richmond	9:27 P. M.	8:48 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATION.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Richmond	1:58 P. M.	5:00 A. M.
" Burksville	4:32 "	6:13 "
" Dundee	10:33 "	1:14 P. M.
" Danville	10:39 "	1:17 "
" Greensboro	3:10 A. M.	2:58 "
" Salisbury	5:32 "	6:15 "
" Air Line Jct'n	8:05 "	8:25 "
Arrive at Charlotte	8:29 A. M.	8:43 "

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	MAIL.
Leave Greensboro	3:00 A. M.	Arr. 1:45 A. M.
" Co. Shops	4:20 "	Arr. 12:30 P. M.
" Raleigh	8:33 "	Arr. 8:10 "
Arr. at Goldsboro	11:30 A. M.	Arr. 6:00 P. M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	MAIL.
Leave Greensboro	4:30 P. M.	Arr. 4:30 P. M.
Arrive at Salem	8:15 "	Arr. 6:13 "
Leave Salem	8:40 "	Arr. 10:35 "
Arrive at Greensboro	10:33 "	

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. W.
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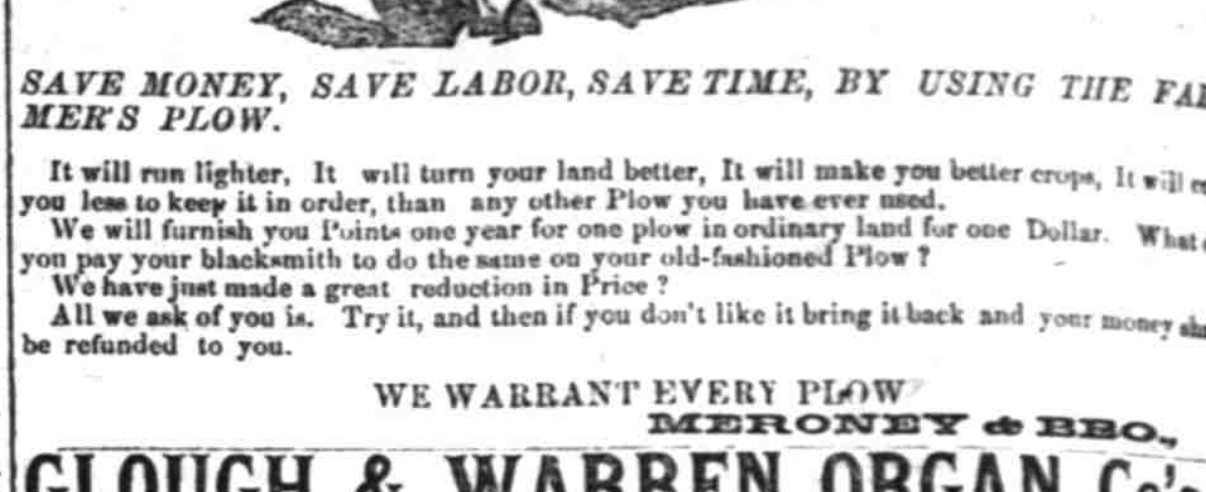
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Leave Richmond	9:20 A. M.	9:10 P. M.
" Charlotteville	4:35 A. M.	1:25 P. M.
Arrive White Sulphur	9:25 "	8:37 "
" Huntington	8:30 A. M.	5:45 "
" Cincinnati		6:10 A. M.

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