

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

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Poetry.



Beauty in all Things.

BY A. W. VAN NORDEN, alias HAZEL LEVING.

There's beauty in the rainbow
That arches o'er the sky;
There's beauty in the glances
Of a lovely maiden's eye;
There's beauty in the sunset
That glides the glowing west,
When the day-god's parting beams
Dance on the ocean's breast.

There's beauty in the dew drop
That glistens on the flower;
There's beauty in the sunshine,
There's beauty in the showers;
There's beauty in the stars—
That shine "mid other blue";
There's beauty in friendship
And love that's sweet and true.

There's beauty in the moon beams
That give the night a glow;
There's beauty in the grandeur
Of the dark-blue rolling sea;
There's beauty in the river,
And beauty in the brook;
There's beauty in the sunshine
Of every pleasant look.

There's beauty in the shrub, and
There's beauty in the tree,
That wave their graceful branches
To every passing breeze;
There's beauty in the hay fields
Of green and golden hue—
Oh! there's beauty, glorious beauty,
In every thing we view.

Miscellaneous.

THE PORTRAIT; OR THE LOST WILL.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

"Mother, was that our house once?"
"Yes, dear," replied the pale woman, casting a longing look at the splendid dwelling, "you were born in that front chamber. But hurry on, dear, it is war—so long! Hold your steel about your chest, the wind is very cold."
They were meekly clad, both mother and daughter. The former was past forty, a few years, and the daughter not yet sixteen. Annie was not beautiful, nevertheless her face was a rare blending of simplicity and intellect. They passed quickly along over the well trodden snow, and wended their way toward one of the lower quarters of the city. There they traversed the long, ill-looking street till they stopped before a narrow shopdoor and entered.
"Any work yet, Mr. Mason?" asked the widow, in a quiet tone.
"O yes, madam," said the man behind the counter, "we have plenty of shirtings. Shall I give you a bundle?" And he cast a glance, half impertinent, half admiration, towards the young girl.
"What are your prices?" asked Mrs. Bartlett.
"Well, you know we generally give a shilling a shirt to common customers, but as it's your day, you know, why, I think we'll pay two shillings. Shall I take it home for you? It's a heavy bundle, too much for you to carry."
The widow hesitated. She had done sewing for this man before, but she did not like the way in which he looked at her daughter. A mother's heart takes alarm at a hint, a question, or a glance. Annie was too precious to be exposed to rudeness; she was the one, only fair daughter of a widowed heart—but the bundle was too weighty for either mother or daughter, so she concluded to let it be brought.
"You can send it by-and-by," she said, "O, I can't get any body to take it—"

must go myself. No inconvenience, I assure you—right on my way to supper—Miss, I wish I could offer you one of my arms," he said coarsely, "but they happen to be both full."
They walked on, till they came to a very ordinary-looking house, whose steps were covered with children. The man smiled to himself as they ascended.
"I will take the bundle now," said the widow, with dignity.
"O, no, ma'am; couldn't consent to let you carry it," said the man—"I'll take it to your room."
"But the bundle down, sir!" said the widow, with flashing eyes.
The man started and had nearly let it drop. However he threw it with an impatient jerk on the lower stair, and muttering a curse, turned and left the hall.
"What made you speak so crossly mother?" asked Annie.
"Never mind, child. Help me up stairs with it," said the widow, recovering her equanimity. She had seen the tailor wink across the entry to a vulgar-looking man who came out from a room near by, and whose reputation was none of the best.
"O dear!" It was said very bitterly, and with a heart-sob, as a mother and daughter entered their own neat little room, an attic chamber lighted from the ceiling.
"It seems strange, doesn't it?" asked Annie, looking round.
"What seems strange, my dear?"
"That you should have lived and I been born in the beautiful great house, and after all be reduced to the garret of such a place as this," replied Annie—"Who lives there now, mother?"
"You have heard me say before, child," replied the mother—"Your uncle Harry and your cousin Eugenie. Your uncle Harry, your father's brother, married my sister—poor Annie (you are named for her), she died before your father did, or we should not now be suffering in poverty, or be forced to take in-laws from our inferiors."
"Well, it is home," said the young girl, gazing around, and not bad a one either. Now, if we get those spirits down—why, we can buy a beautifully thick shawl to wear between us. Shall I make tea to-night?"
"Yes, if you please," said the mother, setting the table down. "I'll undo the bundle and sort the work."

CHAPTER II.

Robert Southey, you are always standing before that picture!"
So cried a beautiful, high bred girl, as she entered the splendid reception-room where stood the young man, gazing upon the ayth-like figure enclosed within a massive frame.
Young Southey turned round hastily—a partly intellectual face was his—and greeted the beautiful girl with a smile.
"I cannot help admiring that picture," he said; "it has a fascination for me which I cannot explain to myself. Is there an original, or is it one of those gentle dream-fancies that artists sometimes fashion under the peculiar inspiration of heaven?"
"O, it's no dream-fee," said Eugenie, lightly, "but a cousin of mine, I believe—that is, I've heard papa say so. She is living now, I believe, but dear me, they're dreadful common sort of people."
"They?" queried Robert Southey.
"I mean my aunt and cousin. They are in reduced circumstances, and I understand Annie has got so far down that she takes work at the shops—You smile, and I suppose you think I ought to know more about them but I assure you it is not my fault—Ever since they would not consent to make it their home here, papa has forbidden me to have anything to do with them."
"But why did they not stay?" asked Robert.
"O, they had some foolish notions of independence—said they would not live on the bounty of those who had reared them; and many other impertinent things. I wonder papa was so patient with them! I'm sure he could not help it if it was their home once, you know, if his brother killed it to him."
"So, so—" said Robert Southey. And his eye roved again to the portrait.
"The noble face seemed lighted up with a trusting smile, as he gazed, and yet, it was a child's face—a child of only seven years."
"How old is that cousin by this time?" he asked, curiously.
"O, about my age. I assure you she's a very plain looking girl. The painter idealized that face."
Eugenie Bartlett was both vain and heartless, and had not even wit enough to conceal either defect. She had noticed that she loved more than once, but never till the past face of Robert Southey met her vision, had she in reality known the true meaning of the much used, much abused word. She fancied that her beauty was irresistible—it was to some men, but not to him—he liked to call there because he often met Mr. Bartlett, who was a liberal patron of the arts, a good scholar, and interesting conversationalist, but for the handsome daughter he had nothing more than friendship—scarcely that.
She, however, fancied that he was interested in her—say, that he was desperately enamored of her charms, and did not dream that she sought for heart, not beauty—for mind, not wealth.
"How long did they occupy here?" asked Robert Southey.
"O, till she was seven—in fact, that picture was taken the year my uncle died. There was a great time about the will, and when she found that it was really in favor

of my father, the widow left the house and went out West, where she has resided till within a few years. When then they came back again, father offered them a home, but they refused. To tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I thought my cousin was a gawky. How could it be otherwise!—no boarding-school privileges, I suppose her mother has been her teacher, but dear me she can't know much."
Robert Southey glanced at the speaker with a look she could not have relished, had she noticed it. Fortunately her eyes were cast down.
"Do let us change the subject," said Eugenie, with a little start of impatience—"what did you think of Gaudaine last night? Wasn't it superb? I positively adore him—for the time, I mean."
Robert Southey seemed quite indifferent whether she admired him for the time, or for all time, and replied to her arch look with a quiet, almost a contemptuous smile.
"The Barber of Seville, is I think the most charming of operas," continued Eugenie, "don't you?"
"On the contrary, I dislike it the most," replied Robert Southey.
"O, it is possible! Why, every body goes into raptures over it," replied Eugenie. "I don't agree with everybody then," he said, quietly. "I have but little sympathy with everybody."
She looked as if she did not know how to take this declaration, and it annoyed her to see his eyes again wandering to the portrait.
"I'll take it down and burn it," she angrily ejaculated to herself.
After a few more common places, Robert Southey took his leave.
He walked about until it was quite twilight, and then remembering an errand in another part of the city, he retraced his steps. Was it his guardian angel that prompted him?
He had nearly reached the place towards which his steps were bent, when he felt a light touch on his arm. He looked out. There was the face of the portrait, only more mature—much sweeter in expression. His heart beat as it had never beat before.
"May I ask your protection?" said a sweet voice—some one has followed me and spoken to me more than once, and I—the lip trembled, the eloquent eyes swam in tears.
"Certainly, I will protect you," said Robert Southey, drawing her hand within his arm—and as to that rebound over your, I know him—he should be executed as he deserves. He will before long if he is not careful."
The man met his eye and skulked along a back street. It was Masey, the keeper of the shop shop.
"I should not have been out alone at such an hour, but my mother needed medicine," she said, as they walked along. The fair girl trembled excessively.
They moved rapidly away, till they came to the miserable building where lived Annie and her mother. Annie's cheek burned as the young man ascended the steps and opened the door for her. There were loud and disagreeable sounds up stairs, the entry was dark, and poor Annie stood hesitating.
"They are very noisy and quarrelsome, some of the families in the rooms," she said, timidly.
"Stop a moment," ejaculated Robert Southey. And knocked quickly at one of the doors. "Lend me a light to show this young lady up stairs," he said to the woman who appeared.
The occupant of the room hurried to light another candle. As she gave it to him, he placed a piece of money in her hand, which she was nothing loth to take—and desiring Annie to follow him, the young man went as far as she directed. The door of the garret stood open, and Annie's mother, with a strange glance in her face, looked out towards Annie, as she came up the stairs.
"Thank this gentleman, mother, for his kindness in protecting me from insects," said Annie, gently. "But I left you sick!"
"I am well now," exclaimed the excited widow, "and here is what cured me." She held a folded paper in her hand. The will that was lost—the will that lawyer Grandall and other witnesses knew he made, is here in my hand! It is dated a year later than the one his brother has! Annie, my child, thank God with me—thank God!"
Annie and Robert Southey followed.
The latter made no apology—he felt acquainted with the circumstances, and told them so. Annie's face was radiant—it was the picture quickened into beautiful life—the same innocence of expression, the same spiritual loveliness.
"Annie, you know how sacredly I have kept this little Bible since your father's death," said Mrs. Bartlett; "only the times of peculiar joy or affliction reading from its sacred pages, because it was the one your father used in his private devotion—One day he was ill, but not yet sick enough to be confined to his bed, he asked me for a glass of green balm. I brought it to him and went somewhere—I forgot where—When I returned the Bible was covered. I asked him what he had covered it for, and he replied with a smile, 'for you.' I thought he referred to the possible event of his death, and it made me sad. After that he was struck with complete paralysis, and neither spoke nor moved. Once before, when thought to be very sick, and under the influence of his brother's stronger mind, he made the will in which Mr. Bartlett now holds our lawful rights. He had a strange fear of his brother—I never know why he could always control my poor husband. To-day, after Annie went west,

I got this Bible and read it, lying upon the bed. As I opened it, I thought the cover felt strangely slippery, and curiosity led me to push it hither and thither, until I felt sure there was a paper underneath it. I unfastened the baize, and there, folded carefully across the back of the sacred word, was the will. O, praise Heaven! We are poor no longer."
"Will you allow me to transact this business for you?" asked Robert Southey, turning to the mother. "I am a lawyer, and it would give me peculiar pleasure to serve you, as I am acquainted with your relatives."
One glance at the noble face before her, decided the widow. She accepted the offer with thanks.
"I will find you a better home than this, to-morrow," said the young man. "An uncle of mine is on the point of visiting England—you shall immediately be put in possession of a part of his house. This is no loss for you."
Annie blushed, for the look he directed towards her was full of meaning. She felt as he did, that their meeting was no chance circumstance, but a direct providence, and his fine appearance won insensibly upon her heart.
CHAPTER III.
"It is very strange, daughter—very strange!" exclaimed Harry Bartlett, walking back and forth hurriedly—"you are sure!"
"Certainly I am sure," replied Eugenie Bartlett, with flashing eyes, lifting her bonnet with a spiteful jerk—"don't Robert Southey sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low slop shop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly, Annie Bartlett never would show off, she isn't capable!"
"That is very strange!" repeated her father, walking more quickly. "It cannot be!" He stopped short, a cloud of perplexity gathering across his features.
The beautiful Eugenie was savage. She scolded her maid, and kicked her lap dog, and broke the Sabbath twenty times before night came.
The next day the mystery was disclosed. There was no use in disputing the will—in contending against the powers that were—but it broke the merchant down. He had lost previously in foolish speculations, and had on his hands only the house and a few thousand dollars which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless in attempting to earn a living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars and worked a few lamp shades—there her requirements ended. Bartlett, broken down and conscience smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southey married Annie one year after the ending of the will. And as to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged, but we fear will never be married.

THE YANKEES ON THE MARCH FOR WINCHESTER.—We learn that the Yankees had reached Berryville, in Clark county, on Monday last, on their way to Winchester, and had on their hands only the house and a few thousand dollars which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless in attempting to earn a living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars and worked a few lamp shades—there her requirements ended. Bartlett, broken down and conscience smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southey married Annie one year after the ending of the will. And as to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged, but we fear will never be married.

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GEN STERLING PRICE.—The commission of Major General in the Confederate service, gloriously won and gratefully bestowed, has been forwarded to this eminent patriot and successful hero. When the nomination was sent to the Senate the usual formality of reference to a committee was dispensed with, and the nomination was at once and as it were by acclamation confirmed. Granted earlier, it might have raised Miscellaneous and created a favorable diversion, and saved us from the disasters of Tennessee; and we hope it may not be too late still to achieve great results.—Rich. Whig.

TO COLLECTORS OF CURIOSITIES.—We would suggest to those who are amateurs of curiosities that a collection of the various specimens of shi-plasters that now flood the land will be very interesting to the next generation. A friend of ours has been presented with a silver quarter (the only one extant which he is saving to transmit to his posterity.

PATRIOTIC LETTER FROM AN ALABAMA CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. O. R. Blue, of Tuscaloosa, writes a private letter to one of his relatives at Montgomery, Alabama, which we find in the Advertiser. He announces his patriotic determination to leave the pulpit and take the field. He breathes the spirit of his State in the following extract:
"I have done all that in one way to help the country ever since the war began, but now that the cloud grows dark, and the people increase, I feel that I must give myself to the holy cause. Had we continued to gain ground and met with no reverses, I could have gone on in the usual course and given encouragement, money, and prayers, as heretofore; but now I feel that personal sacrifices and peril must be added. I am not setting under a hasty impulse, but calmly and in the fear of God, and I trust life and all in his hands, who has never ceased to be gracious to me. A calm survey of all my connections in this revolution brings up nothing of regret, nothing that I would not do again; and I determined from the first that it should cost me something, and, if needs be, everything; and that resolve I mean to keep. I find, too, every day since it has been known here that I am going, that others are influenced to go with me.
I have a first rate Sharpe's rifle, one hundred ball cartridges, and the same number of rifle shells, some of which, I hope, shall be wasted. I shall take a good supply of testament, also, and hope never to forget my ministerial calling, though not going as a chaplain. How long I shall be gone I can not able now to say, but I hope until our land is free from the tread of the invader, and our eternal separation from the infamous Yankee nation a fixed fact. And if in the providence of God I shall not come back, I trust I shall not die in vain.
I am better pleased with the spirit of the people here for the last few days than ever before. Our reverses have brought out a more lofty patriotism, and kindled a sterner determination to fight it out to the end than has ever been shown since the beginning of the war."

THE MARRIAGE.—We yesterday gave some brief account of the Virginia, the great outfit of the Eriesson Battery. The following additional particulars with regard to the Virginia will be read with interest:
Once she was the pride of the Federal Navy, and considered the fleet of her glass float. Being at the Gosport Navy Yard when the frightened Hessians fled from that institution, they attempted to destroy her, but failed in the undertaking. Acting on the blot of the New Orleans "Turtle," the Government determined to make a Norfolk Turtle of the Merrimack, and workmen have been busily engaged on her for nearly six months, and a striking metamorphosis they have effected in her general appearance. From a first class frigate she is raised down till the surface she presents a hove water is no greater than that of an ordinary canal boat, and on that surface no balls or shells can take effect. Three feet below her water line the iron plating, four inches thick, on solid oak, twenty eight inches in thickness, commences and runs upward from each side, sloping like the roof of a house, and being, in fact, an iron mast, no upper works of any kind are in sight. Even the chimneys are on spiral spring, "quarrelable" without injury, and the only piece she can be struck is on her iron roof. The only way of getting into her is through a small hatchway, to which is an iron door fastening immovably on the inside, so that the enemy had as well attempt to board a loggerted turtle as her. Her armament consists of heavy guns on each side, and one at bow and stern. The iron cleaver in front is supposed capable of dividing a Yankee ship in two equal portions with great safety and despatch.

CAPTURED.—A private letter from an officer in the army of the Valley, to a relative in Lynchburg, states that a skirmish occurred near Charlottesville, Va., on Saturday last, between small detachments of the opposing armies, in which the rebels lost several men killed and wounded, seventeen taken prisoners, and left in our hands a fine battery of four pieces of cannon.
We also see it stated that 500 Federalists have been recently captured at Sandyville, Va., by the Confederates. The Federalists had gone there to seize a lot of Government stores, when the tables were turned upon them, and they were seized.

THE ENEMY AT SHIP ISLAND.—The New Orleans True Delta, of the 15th, says:
Captain Gayer, of the sloop J. F. Davis, a reliable and trustworthy man, arrived here this morning from Blox, having left there yesterday. He says that before leaving he could distinctly, with the aid of his glass, count sixty-five of the enemy's vessels, in the neighborhood of Ship Island. He also states the enemy has been industriously at work, for several days past, landing large bodies of troops on Britton Island and the Chancellors.

In Pickens and Anderson districts, South Carolina, there are 250 distilleries, which use each mark 12,500 bushels of corn, or 600,000 bushels per year!

EXEMPTING PRINTERS FROM MILITIA DUTY.—We are not aware of a single country on the face of the earth in which printers are not exempted from militia duty, except in Virginia and some of the Southern States. It is so in Europe, where, notwithstanding the existence of Monarchical Governments, the importance of the press to both the Government and the people is so well understood, that printers are exempted from a general levy of the population. Much more should it be so in a free country, where the press is regarded as the palladium of liberty. We are not surprised to hear that it is decidedly the sentiment of the Southern States now in rebellion, that laws for the exemption of printers from militia service should be enacted. To refuse this is to deprive the Southern people of the press—to shut them out completely from all intelligence of affairs in which they are deeply interested, and to take away from them incentives to patriotism and energy which the press daily pours forth. Who can estimate the value to the Southern cause of the daily appeals of a patriotic press? Without it, they would sink into apathy and inertia, grope about like Samson deprived of his eyes, waste away like strong men bereft of food and water.—Rich. Dispatch.

NEWS OF THE STEAMER "NASHVILLE" AT THE NORTH.—The New York Herald considers the safe arrival of the Nashville in a Confederate port as a piece of good news for the United States. May they have much of the same!
The reported arrival of the rebel steamer Nashville at Wilmington, N. C., is considered rather good news than otherwise, as it is taken for granted that the Navy Department will see to it that she does not again slip out to sea. Ever since she left Liverpool, and was known to be about on the high seas, there was not a ship owner that looked at the marine lists without an apprehension that he would read there, some fine morning, of the capture or destruction of some vessel pursuing her voyage to or from Europe. The Underwriters' lists show that there are to-day between seventy and eighty New York vessels, belonging to this port alone, on the track which the Nashville must have taken, and, under the circumstances, it is a marvel that all of them have escaped.

CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY.—Some fortnight since two young men of this city, Henry L. Barnes and John Morrison, left in a small boat for the purpose of conveying important dispatches to Fort Fisher. For a week no tidings of them were received, and the anxiety of their friends was most intense. Finally, all doubts on the subject were removed by an arrival from the fort. They young men set out on their return with a mail, and had not gone far when they were overtaken and captured by the water pirates of the enemy. Their mail, which had a weight attached to it, was thrown overboard and sunk. The enemy discovered the movement and halted for some time, but whether it was necessary or not, was not ascertained. They whole proceeding took place in full view of parties at the fort.—Savannah Republican.

The New York Tribune announces the following: The town of Vicksburg was thought to a wonder that President Lincoln had declared his purpose to take the great command of his army, and suppress the rebellion in Virginia without further delay. The credit of planning the victory which has just been won at Kentucky and Tennessee is justly accorded to Grant. Whatever plan of action upon the Potomac line will be finally adopted will undoubtedly be his. The actual execution of it by the President in person would be a splendid success. No man in the country could so completely outmaneuver and restore the confidence of the troops as he.

CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER MAGNOLIA.—The York Herald, of March 7, says:
The details of the capture of the rebel steamer Magnolia, with 1,000 boxes of ammunition by the South Carolina, while attempting to run out of Mobile, is given in our Ship Island news. She threw overboard about 400 barrels, but retained a quantity of 1,100 barrels of the valuable staple. She was bound for Havana. The capture of a dozen or more mystery boats, on their way to New Orleans, will considerably diminish the supply and increase the price of this delicious article in the Crescent City of rebellion.

SEIZURE OF ORDNANCE.—The Richmond Examiner learns that General Johnston has purchased a very severe but admirably general order in relation to the non-use of war troops in battle. Before going into battle every captain will call the roll of his company, and coming out of battle will again call the roll, and every man, missing, who is not dead, wounded, or absent on leave, will be accounted for by the general. Carrying the wounded from the field in the midst of an action is strictly prohibited, and every man going to the rear on any pretext whatever will be shot by the officers. This looks like business.

DOUBLE BARREL GUNS.—It is said that the greatest havoc produced at the battle of Fort Davidson was by the use of double-barrel shot guns. There are many in the farland scattered through the country. Let them be brought into requisition at once.