

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JUNE 10, 1862.

NO. 9.

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

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first inser- tion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court ad- vertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33 per cent, will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 81 per square for each time. Semi- monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Copyrights are authorized to act as agent

Poetry.



From the Newbern Progress.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not, 'tis all I ask
My absent friend of thee,
That it may never seem a task
For you to think of me.

Think of the happy past,
That we have spent together;
When you my hand have fondly clasped,
And vowed to me friendship ever.

Forget what I in jest did say,
That makes the angry now,
And from me coldly turn away
With frowns upon thy brow.

I thought you knew me then too well
To not believe it true;
You knew doubt could never dwell
Within an heart I'm sure.

Forget the words that caused thee pain,
Think of the good you know—
And do not quarrel me again,
As wrongly as you do.

'Tis not to chide, that I have penned
These simple lines to thee;
'Tis but to ask thee how my friend
To sometimes think of me.

WOMAN'S HEART.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks no rest,
Though bright or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast.

They may seem anxious thought impart;
But those who've most relied,
Know not the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

There may, in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief—
Some impetus, which may for awhile,
In sorrow seek relief.

But those who most have watch'd the part
Pierced by hope, or pride,
Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

Miscellaneous.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

BY EMMA N. A. KIMBALL.

Marion George was a coquette, and played her cards with consummate skill and adroitness, as many a pined heart among her large circle of male acquaintances can testify. The cunning hand of nature had moulded her face and form in accordance with her highest ideas of beauty and grace, and tinted the former with the freshest and proudest color. Marion had a pretty, demure way of coaxing her eyes to the ground, demure in the consciousness that her long black lashes looked well curving upon her delicate-hued cheek, or of the fact that she had a more bewildering surprise in store for the beholder, when slowly lifting them she brought the splendor of two of the richest and darkest violet eyes to flash upon him it was seldom the lot of mortal to see.

These were the traps which were sprung upon Odin Moore, making him, without hope of escape, a prisoner of love, in the power of the most merciless and speculating of all fiends. He placed her in his heart upon a pedestal, high above all others, and worshipped her as the realization of his ideal. Every word that parted those cherry lips to him heavy with wisdom and polished with wit. He loved her reverentially. How his impatient fingers would gladly have rested on the low, broad forehead, and twined in the heavy, silken bands of her hair, or thrilled to hold the perfect little hand (Marion meanwhile wondering why so stupid as not to do it,) had he not thought

it almost desecration. Woman to him was the embodiment of everything pure and angel-like. He remembered a sainted mother, the memory of whose soft hand, trembling with its weight of love upon his boyish head, brought the best and holiest thoughts to cluster in his soul, and he had grown to manhood with one of those rare and noble hearts which partake more of the divine than human. An intense love of the beautiful characterized him, and in whatever created thing it was met there his humble reverence became due.

Marion George had awakened in him this emotion, which by her arts she so quickly caused to be followed by love, that the veil was over his eyes which would admit nothing but perfection through its meshes. A glance over his shoulder at his journal reveals where he stood.

"One hour ago with Marion. Would that the blessed joy of saying my Marion were mine! I trembled lest my new-born earthly love should alienate me from Him who should have my first and best thoughts. But Marion, guileless and pure and beautiful as she is, would be the dearest gift my heart ever craved. My Father, make me worthy of her, if thou canst see fit to give me this precious boon."

Then a lingering spirit might have seen him bowed in prayer, thanking God for the pure being he had given him to love.

Another one at the same hour, looking into Marion's heart, or upon the sheet of paper over which she bent with a mischievous face, could have read her words cruel enough to coil about the noble heart of poor Odin and sting it with all a serpent's venom. The address ran thus, after the style of devoted friends—"My darling Nellie," and then followed information concerning her last new lover.

"He is very good looking, pale and interesting, you know, but has a wide, open face and heart, and 'whoever runs may read' what is there. O, but he is stupid. His gaze at me with his great, thoughtful eyes, and sits in silence most of the time, and has never so much as given me a single kiss! He writes beautiful notes, and tells me that he loves me next to his Heavenly Father; and that brings me to the funniest part of it. To-night when he was here, I was feeling as mischievous and wicked as possible (which is an unusual thing for me,) and had just quoted something that I thought extremely witty, when he, looking most casually, said, 'I don't understand you!' Was not that cold-water? He continued grave as a deacon, and very soon after asked me what my hopes of heaven were! I can't think of telling you what I answered him, but I was as considerate as possible to his feelings, and before he went he knelt and prayed for me. It was much as I could do to keep from touching him with my foot and sending him over backwards; but as it was, I laughed so behind my back that he thought I was sobbing, and called them blessed tears. I wish you were only here, Nell, to help me have a good time with this honest son of Adam, for I am nearly tired with him alone, and mean to 'ship' him the first good chance that offers."

Odin Moore had no thought of all this, as he walked with her a few evenings after upon the beach. He drank in like wine the beauty of the sky and earth around him, and but one sound had more music to him than the low, melodious murmur of the stranding billows. He talked to Marion to awaken that sound; but she was wisely silent, for she had no appreciation in common with him. He seated her upon a broad rock and himself where he could look in her face, alternately with the scene around him—the gigantic, throbbing ocean tossing restlessly before them, the rival sea above, where angels sail their golden barks, and his whole soul was filled with reverence, adoration, awe and love.

Marion was impatient. It was not enough for her to know that she was loved by Odin Moore so few women are loved, but her selfish heart coveted words that would bring it to her ears in glowing and passionate reiterations. She was therefore disappointed when turning towards her, he said:

"The name of God seems written upon every leaf of nature, Marion. It is wreathed in golden letters upon the blue scroll of the evening sky, and the skill of his hand is seen in the purple and gold of the sunset and silver and rose of the dawn. The wild-leaping sea hymns sonorously of him who holds its waters, and the deep-mouthed thunder interprets with awful voice the tracing of the vanishing lightnings."

was looking far out upon the foam-capped waters, as if entranced by the holy beauty of the place and hour. Just the slightest motion of the bow-like lips, and how innocently twin dimples in either cheek flashed and darted out, putting the finishing stroke upon Odin's fascinated heart. Away down in its depths he whispered, "Beautiful as an angel," and aloud, with tones burdened with earnestness:

"Marion! Marion, I love you better than life itself! Will you be my wife?"

"Why how you frightened me, Odin Moore!" said she starting from her position with a well-diminished nervous flutter and quick breathing. "Pray, what was it you said?"

"Alas for Odin! His tongue threatened to refuse him utterance, and his face grew paler yet from the shock. "She could not have understood me," thought he; and bowing his head upon the hand he had dared to take, he said, with a more subdued tone:

"Will you be mine, Marion—my wife?"

"Why, really, Mr. Moore, you have been very sudden and precipitate, and the truth is, I have looked upon you as a friend, and I am—am engaged."

She met no words in return, but a face so deadly white that her own paler with alarm. She took the arm that was proffered in silence, and carrying her wide-brimmed hat in her hand, endeavored to assume a very self-possessed air as they walked to the garden gate, for Odin's heart was too full of bitterness and disappointment to frame an adieu, and Marion too proud of spirit to solicit one. She passed up the walk soliloquizing:

"This is a queer piece of business, at any rate, and performed mighty quick.—He went overboard sooner than I imagined; but the stupid thing is well got rid of. This makes four this very summer. I must write about it to Nell."

And the heartless girl soon grew very merry and facetious over a narration of that evening's pastime, and she coolly called it, to her friend:

"But Odin had one to love him, and that with as much devotion and earnestness as he hoped from the false-hearted Marion. A singular, and willful misdeed of a girl was his only sister, and one who had tried his deep pious heart most severely by her odd pranks, nevertheless she was his dearly loved sister, and he knew that in her nature were deep seated throbs of tender feeling that would respond to his own bleeding heart, and give him consolation and sympathy. He knew where her favorite resort was in the evening's gloaming, and thither he went. She looked up with a smile, and prepared to welcome him to a lounge upon an ottoman, with his head in her lap, but noticing his white face said, with emphasis:

"Why, Odin! you must be very ill—What is the matter? Let me get you something."

"No, no, Marcella," waving her back with his hand, and trying to smile. "My case does not need medicine. I trust to time as a successful physician. But if you will let me have my old place, I will tell you all."

He gave her a brother's confidence, and she listened with all her soul's indignation to a wrong done, a trusting heart like his. He ended with "but call her, more folks than false, Marcella."

"More false than folks, Odin. I know her well by reputation, and it says of her that she is as destitute of principle or a single iota of a good heart as a marble representation of her would be. O, she is a heartless fiend—a vain, a capricious, wicked!"

"Hush, hush, sister! You must not speak thus of her. She may have had no kind mother's teachings to make her better. Let us forgive her, and leave her in peace. It is well, perhaps, that my foolish trust in human nature should be destroyed in this way."

"It is not well, in such a manner as this," Marcella said, silently, in her heart, and as she looked at her brother's pale features, high, thoughtful brow, and slender, consumptive form, she could not repress the rising tears. After the good had passed between them, she went to her chamber to meditate in anger on what he had told her, while his voice floated to her ears, with Marion's name borne upward on the wings of prayer. No one but herself knew of what she thought as she viewed with satisfaction her tall, well-developed figure in her mirror, and thanked fortune for substantial hands and feet, and the sickness which brought her black, curling locks under the slip of the barber's scissors.—Some words escaped her lips audibly:

"Her measure shall be meted back to her, pressed down and running over. My brother, with his generous soul, will forgive and forget it if he can. His conscience is tender while mine is as elastic as bars upon some matters, and this is one of them. He shall be avenged."

and the dilating violet eyes were full of shivers of flame for the trembling wretch who would have thought her an immaculate goddess were it not for vivid recollections of covert encouragement once read on the now crimsoned face.

She sat gazing out of the window towards the beach, yawning, and wishing for some adventure, when the thought possessed her to call Neptune, her splendid great Newfoundland, and start for a room on the shore. Away they went together, in high glee, the huge fellow raring and tumbling against her in his doggie good spirits.

"Wonder if I can row that boat," said she, glancing at her damask palms, and then at the sailboat dancing most temptingly upon the water at the end of a long rope. "Nep, keep hold with your teeth and help me pull it in." And the dog, seeming to understand her, did as his young mistress commanded.

"Perhaps if you are to have a sail this beautiful evening, you would not object to a stranger hand taking the guidance of the boat?"

A most graceful start betrayed her surprise, as she turned in the direction of the voice, and saw a young gentleman after her most approved model standing, hat in hand, to hear her reply. She could find no objection to the well-trimmed whiskers and forked moustache so glossy and black, nor the soft, wavy hair, contrasting so well with them, nor the eyes, so very pleasant, even grave, as their owner was trying to make them look, nor the lips, nor the white teeth; and his dress, it was a la mode, and therefore he must be a gentleman born and bred. So sure there was a dash of impudence in his presuming to address her a perfect stranger but then she could see no trace of it in his manner and face, so she thought, as she concluded her hasty glances of survey, that an adventure was before her (such things being dotted upon with supreme delight by all such young ladies as Marion,) and an Adonis for its hero. A charming blush rippled over her cheeks, and demurring a little, she said with a smile that brought a sparkle of admiration to the young stranger's eyes, as she interpreted it:

"With your word that you did not rise from the sea in quest of a hapless body to take back with you, and will bring me safely to the shore again, I will thankfully accept your services."

It was a slight but pleasant laugh that came from the young stranger's lips, as he bowed his thanks and said:

"I assure you that your fears are groundless. I address, I have no doubt, Miss George, for for whom to exist is to be known; but as I am an obscure individual I can elude no such distinction," handing her a card, upon which was written, "Shirley Horton."

They were soon seated in the boat, moving gently over the water, for Marion's companion proved sufficiently entertaining, choosing, with great aptness, the very topics most interesting to her. He administered delicate compliments, in doses moderate enough to cause her to feel assured that they were not intended as mere words of flattery, and he was so kind and solicitous in regard to her personal comfort that she really held him in esteem. Neptune, like a discreet dog, sat far apart and bayed at the rising moon. He was obedient as well as discreet, and a single word from his mistress would have silenced him, but of course she did not care for that, as his noise made it convenient, proper, and very agreeable for the dark, handsome stranger to incline his head a trifle nearer her in order to insure a more distinct hearing.

Neptune, if he heard, was not a good linguist, as no one could have their curiosity appeased by him, while the waves kept up their chant, deaf to all else, and the roguish stars only winked the morrier if now and then they caught a syllable. But the hour declared that it was time for them to be returning. Accordingly they obeyed, and headed their boat in the direction of the land, which was reached in due time, without Marion losing her balance and catching a bath in the briny element, or anything like a squall appearing to disturb the repose of her spirits, which were remarkably even and placid. Before taking the walk to the house, her escort, with her upon his arm, turned to the sea and called her attention to that and the serene beauty of the former, as it lay glittering and shaking at the feet of the moon, as if in joy at the shower of shimmering light she threw lavishly down upon him, while the "roaring, white-capped waves" careered over his monstrous back in choruses of ringing glee.

"This is a very beautiful world, Miss George, especially in pleasant weather," remarked Horton, as they walked slowly away.

"It is, Mr. Horton, but I never thought so much of it as I have this summer, the only one indeed ever passed by me in the quiet country."

"Have you not enjoyed very much summer with nature in this lovely place?"

It was too bad that Marion was obliged to fly, but she was determined to make a good impression.

"I have intensely. Such splendid sunsets I never saw, and such glorious evenings!"

She might have gone on and told him how once she went into raptures over a pink cloud, and would not be contented until she had searched every dry goods store in the city to obtain a faded match.

"Nep, keep off my dress, you dirty dog! See, he has put his paw right through this delicate tissue!" exclaimed she, as in great trepidation she held up the edge of her skirt, to discover the rent, which was only a naughty footprint. She was wanted to regain placidity by means of Horton's sympathy, and all calm again, her former conversation commenced:

"Let me see, what were we talking about before? O, the sunrise, aurora—did you say you enjoyed the prospect?"

"Confound aurora! No, I don't like the prospect of being plagued like this all the time, by a bunch of scoundrels, was what she wanted to utter aloud, and what she thought, but with great sweetness she said, instead:

"Of course, one would be the possessor of a very dull mind not to enjoy it. The morning air is very bracing, and seems so elastic that one feels like being elevated from the ground by it."

"An elevation would not be safe so near the water, and if there is danger of it, I shall see that some one prohibits your taking morning walks."

His lip did not bleed as he bit it under his moustache, and Marion was too much engrossed by her own distress of mind to notice it if it had. She answered with a light, affected laugh, but said nothing.

"You must have an imaginative brain, Miss George. Do not the exquisite panoramas spread above you cause an expansion of soul and hedging of income, though perhaps until this summer latent, poetical ideas? Or perhaps you are not inclined to a romantic or sentimental turn."

"O, romance!" said she, catching enthusiastically at the word. "I delight in it.—If there is a being who has a passion for romance it is I. Sometimes my soul has been so full of it that I have thought I could if I chose write poetry."

Horton glanced at her face, and saw it turned to the sky with an ecstatic expression.

"None of any importance—but I adore to read it."

"What kind has your preference, sentimental, didactic, epic, or epigrammatic?"

"I like all equally well. But which should you recommend me to read?"

"Sentimental for the present, and should you tire of that, by all means didactic would be the most suited to your mind and mood."

"Thank you. But will you not come in?"

"Thank you, but not this evening. Miss George, a repetition of the enjoyment of your society would be valued by me as a rare treat."

"Then I have not the heart to deprive you of it, Mr. Good-night."

"Gloss our days of youth. He seems in the grasp of consumption, and probably will never be better. Do you know him?"

"A slight acquaintance, that is all."

"It is said that a disappointment in love was the cause of his declining so rapidly. His sister told me this, but he has never mentioned it."

"Do you know the lady's name?" said Marion, with disappointed visage upon her face.

"I have inquired, and Miss Moore, probably in conversation of her brother, kept it from me. I have the impression that she is dead (O, things holy and good, said he, musingly,) and that was the cause of the disappointment."

"O, my, how solemn she was by saying that. My first impression was that some heartless fiend had been practising her arts. I consider it wiser, when talking with the reflections."

"Most surely, Miss George, and one that brings it upon earth, I think this is the first to be visited."

"It ought to be. They should be made to suffer in like manner."

"I am glad to find your feelings so in accordance with mine. It is like finding a pure diamond to make the acquaintance of a woman with a good and noble heart. It has been my determination to make such a heart mine when I should find it. Do you think such a woman would trust me with it?"

He looked very earnestly into her eyes, and she, trembling with joy at his words, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and sighed:

"O, I am very happy! I have loved you long, dear Shirley!"

"Such words are very dear to me, Marion. Have I the permission to call you mine?"

"Yours, forever! You have all my love." She wept glad tears, as he folded her close, and for a long time nothing was said.

"I must return now, Marion, and to-morrow leave the place on business, which will keep me a fortnight or more. You may think of me in the meantime as much as you please, and when I see you again, we will talk of—something else."

Marion's friend received far less of the particulars of this case, as she did of Odin's—for Marion this time, in her love, was true to her confidence. However, she was a little wiser, and should probably be married within a month, and begged her to come up and assist her in some preparations. Horton returned at the usual appointed hour, and Marion told him a name, asking him if he had any objections to their marriage taking place on a day which she named, as she had a dear friend who wished to witness it before she returned, as she was obliged to do so soon. She received in reply:

"Consult your own convenience in regard to your marriage; it will have no possible relation to mine. I have never told you that I loved you, nor asked you to marry me. I should never marry any woman—but have you your love, that you may have your own way, and your brother may suffer from your hands. You see it all now, my present piece of artlessness, and remember, perhaps, that by your own words you committed a heinous, yourself too nameless sin! I shall never forgive you in the dust. I hope that you will find didactic poetry pleasant reading now. My brother is all his dying back, and prays for you, the one who brought him there. Remember that, and recognize justice!"

It was signed "Marcella Moore, alias Shirley Horton."