

The North Carolina Whig

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

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TERMS:

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Poetry.

Let us Live with a Hope.

Let us live with a hope for a better day, Mary,
A better day yet may be known,
And if I fail, reward for thy willing hand ever,
Thou wilt welcome the fruits of my own.
I will toil with a pride,
Till I share by thy side,
The comforts and pleasures of home.
Oh! then, live with a care,
And forget thy despair,
In visions of moments to come.

Let us live with a hope of a better time coming,
Though dark be our dreams for a while;
For there is joy in the thought of a better time
Coming.
Then welcome thy fate with a smile.
I know that the fears of a darker day, Mary,
In absence thy heart will endure;
And I sigh when I gaze on thy patient face once,
In pity for all who are poor.
With the nerve of a man,
I will strive all I can,
To better thy portion in life:
Oh! then, lend me your hand,
And thy heart shall command
The blessings of heaven and wife.

Let us live with a hope, when the winter winds
Whistle,
A hope for the spring's merry hours,
Till the mild tempered moon with the summer
Time coming.
Shall gladden our pathway with flowers.
Let us hope for the best,
Till the storms are at rest,
And the winter winds blown away;
When the birds on the wing,
With the charmer of spring,
Shall welcome the beautiful May.

Miscellaneous.

"COBWEBS."

"Hix! look there!"
The speaker was one of two young men, who had come up to the mountains, on a pedestrian and sketching expedition, from Philadelphia. As the spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm.
The person he addressed, looked and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing along an old blackberry path. She was brown as a berry, from exposure to the sun, and her feet and arms were bare; but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied.
In front of her, a spider had spun his web across the path, and as the young man saw it, he slightly stooped her head, and raising his hands, pushed the cobwebs aside. It was an artless, natural movement, which seemed to attract the girl's attention.
"I should like to pass," said he who had spoken.
"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sun-burnt fairy. You are eighteen, and she about ten—oh! you can afford to wait."
This conversation had been carried on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had, by this time come opposite to the two young men. On seeing them, she stopped, and stared curiously at them, as a young deer, that had never been hunted, may be supposed to stop and regard the first stran-

ger that enters the forest. Her bright sparkling face, as she thus stood, gracefully arrested, was not less beautiful in its way, than her lithe figure.
"My dear," said the last speaker, "would you like to be made into a picture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a dollar, if you will let him sketch you."
The child looked from the speaker to his friend. Something, in the latter's face, seemed to restore the natural confidence, which the free and easy air of the other had, for the moment, shaken. She drew nighly, up to him, as if for protection.
"I have read of pictures," said she, gazing up into his face, "but never saw one. Is it a real picture of me you will make?"
The artless, appealing manner of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have joined in battering her as in battering a sister. He took her hand, as he replied,
"I will make as good a picture of you as I can, if you will let me. A picture like one of these."
And he opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches.
"Oh! how beautiful!" cried the child. It was evident that a new world was opened to her. She gazed, breathlessly, at sketch after sketch, till the last had been examined, and then heaved a deep sigh.
"Please, sir," she said, timidly at last, "will you give me my picture when you have painted it?"
"No," interposed the other young man, "but we will give you a dollar."
She turned to the speaker, let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with sudden haughtiness.
"I don't want your dollar," she said, with proud delicacy.
She was turning to escape, when the artist, recovering her hand, said, soothingly,
"Never mind him, my dear. I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come, will that do?"
Reassured, the child took the position intended for her, and Clarence, who was that was the young artist's name, began rapidly painting. Before noon, two happy sketches, in oil were finished.
"There," he said, drawing a long breath "you have been as quiet as a little mouse; and I'm a thousand times obliged to you. Take that home," and he handed her the sketch, "and maybe, some of these days, you'll think of him who gave it to you."
"That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, gazing rapturously on her new possession, with an enthusiasm, partly born of the artist's zeal within her, and partly the result of a child's pride in what is its own special property.
"Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "you'll promise to be his wife, some day, won't you, Miss Cobwebs?"
The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike this cunning man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, sulkily,
"I'll never be yours, at any rate, you old snapping-turtle," and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, if caught, she darted away, disappearing, rapidly, down the path whence she had come.
Clarence Howard broke into a merry laugh, in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him.
"You deserved it richly," said Clarence.
"It's a capital nickname too. I shall call you nothing else, after this Snapping-turtle."
"Hang the jade!" was the reply. "One wouldn't think she was so smart. But what a show she'll make! I pity the old-hopper she marries; she'd ben-peck him out of all peace, and send him to an early grave."
Nothing more was said, for, at that moment, a dinner-horn sounded, and the young men rose to return to the road-side inn, where they had stopped the night before. Their time was limited, and that evening, impassioned on each, they were miles away from the scene of the morning. A week later they were both home in the city, Clarence hard at work perfecting himself in art, and his companion delving at Coke and Blackstone.
Years passed. Clarence Howard had risen to be an artist of eminence. His pictures were the fashion: he was the fashion himself. Occasionally, as he turned over his older sketches, he would come upon "Cobwebs," as he was accustomed, laughingly, to call the sketch of the child; and then, for a moment, he would wonder what had become of the original; but, except on these rare occasions, he never even thought of her.

Not so with the child herself. Nellie Howard was a poor orphan, the daughter of a deceased gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a maternal uncle, living on a wild, upland farm among the Alleghenies. Her childhood, from her earliest recollection, had been spent amid the drudgery of a farm. This rude, but free life had given her the springy step and rosy cheek, which had attracted the young artist's attention; but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspiration of her nature, aspirations which had been born in her blood, and which came of generations of antecedent culture. The first occasion on which these higher impulses had found congenial food was when she had met the young artist. She carried her sketch home, and would never part with it. His refined, intellectual face haunted all her day-dreams. From that hour a new element entered into her life: she became conscious that there were other people, beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; she aspired to rise to the level of such; all her leisure hours were spent in studying; gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more or less refined; and finally, her uncle himself became ambitious for Nellie, and, as he had no children, consented, at his wife's entreaty, to send the young girl to a first-class boarding school.
At eighteen the bare-footed rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, had dawned into a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, after having carried off the highest prizes at school, was the belle of the county town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For sometime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the rise in the value of land, and partly from the judicious investments of his savings.
But in spite of her many suitors, Nellie had never yet seen a face, that appeared to her half so handsome as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory. Her uncle proved a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again.
"Are you going to the ball, next week?" said one of Nellie's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent young lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great will case here, is to be present."
"I expect to go," was the answer. "But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement."
"Oh! you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying at the very thought."
The ball came off, and was really superb. Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with all his laurels. The "great will case," which had agitated the country for so many months, had been concluded that very day, and had been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's, it was universally admitted, had ever been heard in the court-house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer, at that ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle field. A hundred fair eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only one, in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nellie. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him, the moment he entered: he saw that she had no peer in the room; and he devoted himself to her, almost exclusively, throughout the evening.
Nellie had never shone so brilliantly. She could not but feel that it was a great compliment, to be thus singled out from among so many. But she had another motive for exerting herself to shine. At the very first glance, she had recognized, in Mr. Mowbray, the companion of the artist who had sketched her eight years back. In hopes to hear something of his friend, she turned the conversation upon art, the city, childhood, and everything else that she thought might be suggestive; but in vain. She could not be more definite, because she wishes to conceal her own identity, for it was evident Mr. Mowbray did not know her; besides her natural delicacy shrank from inquiring about a perfect stranger.
The next day, as soon as etiquette allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen driving up to the farm. Nellie appeared, beautifully attired in a neat morning dress, and looking so fresh and sparkling, in spite of the late hours of the night before, that it could hard-

ly be consideredattery, when her visitor assured her that she looked lovelier than her loveliest room. Mr. Mowbray was full of regret at the cruel fate, which, he said, compelled him to return to the city. He could not conceal his joy, when Nellie's aunt, inadvertently, and to Nellie's secret annoyance, let out the fact, in the fall, Nellie was to pay a visit to an old school mate in Philadelphia, Miss May Stanley.
"Ah! indeed," cried the visitor, and his face flushed with pleasure. "I am so delighted. I have an honor to know Miss Stanley. You will be quite at home in her set," he added, bowing to Nellie, "for it is, by common consent, the most cultivated in the city."
Nellie bowed lowly. Her old distrust in the speaker, had revived again. Through all the polish of his manner, and in spite of his deferential admiration, she recognized the same sneering spirit, belied in nothing true or good, from which she had shrunk instinctively when a child. During the interview, she was civil, but no more. She could not, however, avoid being beautiful; nor could she help speaking with the intelligence and spirit which always characterized her conversation; and so Mr. Mowbray went away, more in love than ever.
A few months later, found Nellie demitid, for the winter, in Philadelphia. Hardly had she changed her traveling dress, when her friend came into the chamber.
"I want you to look your prettiest, tonight," said Miss Stanley, "for I expect a crowd of beaux; and among them, Mr. Mowbray, the brilliant young lawyer, and Mr. Harvard. The former claims to have met you, and raves every-where about your beauty. The latter, who is the great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasm, and says he'd bet you're only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies."
So I wish you to coarvent the heretic."
"Only a common rustic," said Nellie to herself, haughtily; and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half-formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet, in revenge.
A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing-room, that evening, the first stranger she saw was the identical Clarence, who had painted her as a bare-footed little girl; and then, for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken so sweetly of her beauty. Her notion proved vacuous, presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nellie of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away, after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray.
There were conflicting feelings at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warred upon by her indignation, as a belle, at his slighting remarks and at his present indifference. For he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux, prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray. Piqued and excited, Nellie was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late into the evening, she consented, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off some brilliant waltzes—then played bits of a few operas; and, at last, at Mr. Mowbray's solicitation, sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near fascinated. After singing, "And are ye sure the thorns is true?" "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for, Clarence said,
"And may I, too, ask for my favorite?"
"Certainly," she answered, with the least bit of hauteur. "What is it?"
"Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company: 'The Land of the Laid.' I hardly dare hope you'll consent."
It was her favorite, also, and her voice slightly trembled, as she began: From this, or some other cause, she sang the words, as even she had never sang them before; and, when she finished, her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face, but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the *minuet* of "The Protectors." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that sad-saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the self-honored Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first to speak, and was pronounced in admiration and thanks. But Clarence said nothing. Nellie, at looking toward him, saw that his eye had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him having called her a "common rustic."
Clarence soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Stanley's. But he always found Mr. Mowbray there before him, who endeavoring, in every way, to monopolize Nellie's attention. Roused, if not absolutely laughing, Clarence left the field generally to his rival; and Nellie, half-indignant, was sometimes tempted to affect a gayety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which she was far from feeling. Occasionally, however, Clarence would assert his equal right to share the society of Miss Stanley's guest, and at such times, his eloquent talk soon eclipsed that of even the brilliant advocate. As Nellie said, in her secret heart, it was Ruskin against Voltaire. And the mere Clarence engaged in these conversations, the more he felt, that, for the first time in his life, he had met one who understood him.

One morning, the footman came up to the little, paneled boudoir, where Nellie and her friend were sitting, saying that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor and solicited a private interview with the former. Nellie rose at once, for she foreboded what coming, and was only too glad to have this early opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.
Mr. Mowbray was evidently embarrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he rallied, and came directly to the purpose of his visit, which was, as Nellie had suspected, to tender her his hand and hand. He was proceeding, in a strain of high-flown compliment, when Nellie said, with an impatient wave of her hand,
"Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so."
He looked her astonishment.
"Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask."
—He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he said, "to be made a jest of."
"Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?"
"I never saw you till this summer."
"You saw me, eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour.— You met a little, bare-footed girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." I surely do not deserve," he said, "to be made a jest of."
"Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?"
"I never saw you till this summer."
"You saw me, eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour.— You met a little, bare-footed girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." I surely do not deserve," he said, "to be made a jest of."
The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nellie courted to him. His mortification was not lessened, when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door-steps. He tried in vain, to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed and that his rival suspected his rejection.
Nellie could not avoid laughing at the crest-fallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded, this interview, took courage at once, and in a few, many words, eloquent with emotion, laid his fortune at Nellie's feet.
Poor Nellie felt more like crying, with joy, than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was still left in her; she thought that she owed it to her sex not to surrender too easily; and so she said,
"Do you know, Mr. Harvard, who you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no high born city belle, but only—let me see—what was it?—ah! I have it now—only a common country rustic." And she rose and courted to him.
"For heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand. "I have repented it a thousand times daily, since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe I never meant it to be personal."
"Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that, having known me so long, you only now discover my merits?"
"Known you so long?"
"Yes, sir!" demurely.
"Known you?"
"For eight years."
"Good heavens!" he cried, suddenly, his whole face lighting up. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are—"
"Cobwebs," said Nellie, taking the words out of his mouth her whole face sparkling with glee; and she drew off and gave another sleeping courtesy.
Before she had recovered herself, however, a pair of strong arms was around her, for Clarence divined how that he was loved. Nellie, all along, had a half-secret fear, that when her suitor knew she past, he might not be so willing to marry the bare-footed girl as the brilliant belle; but all this was now gone.
Two months later there was a gay wedding at St. Marks. A month after that, the bridal pair, returning from the wedding tour, drove up to a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets in Philadelphia. As Clarence led Nellie through the rooms, in which his perfect taste was seen everywhere, she gave way to exclamation after exclamation of delight. At last, they reached a tiny boudoir, exquisitely carpeted and curtained. A jet of gas, burning in an alabaster vase, diffused a soft light through the room. A solitary picture hung on the wall. It was the original sketch of her, taken eight years before, and now elegantly framed. The tears gushed into Nellie's eyes, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.
"Ah! how I love you!" she cried.
Nobody, who sees that picture, suspects its origin. It is too sacred a subject for either Nellie or Clarence to allude to. But was only the other day, that a celebrated leader of fashion said to a friend,
"What a queer nickname Mr. Harvard has for his beautiful bride! In anybody except a genius it would be eccentric. But you don't know how pretty it sounds from his lips."
"What is it?"
"Cobwebs!"
"That's my impression," as the printer said to a pretty girl when he kissed her. "And that's a token of my regard," replied the lady, boxing his ears.
"The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself."

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters,
My 11, 12, 14, is a common word mean-
ing any insect.
My 4, 3, 11, 6, 7, 10, is in geology mis-
eral rubbish worn from a rock or for-
mation.
My 4, 3, 5, 13, is an animal which is
greatly hunted in the mountains.
My 4, 7, 1, 1, 12, 10, 12, 10, is a word
used in Botany.
My 8, 7, 4, 5, 2, is the fermented juice of
the Apple.
My 9, 7, 4, is a young goat.
My 10, 8, 7, 2, 6, 12, 10, is an indura-
ted gland.
My 11, 12, 2, 9, 6, is a county in North
Carolina.
My 1, 13, 5, 4, 3, 6, 7, 5, 9, is a occu-
pation in Virginia.
My whole is a place where a great battle
was fought in Virginia.
M.
I am composed of 9 letters,
My 5, 6, 7, is a portion of a town.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 6, 5, 6, is what black-
smiths use.
My 4, 3, 7, is a troublesome animal.
My 7, 3, 4, is indispensable on board a
ship.
My 7, 9, 3, is a beautiful beverage.
My 2, 3, 7, is worn by men and boys.
My 1, 3, 7, is a domestic animal.
My 2, 6, 7, 9, 5, is a resting place for
travelers.
My 3, 9, 3, 7, 2, 9, 4, is a protection for
the feet.
My 1, 5, 6, 7, 2, is a protection for the
body.
My 6, 7, 3, 9, 4, is an animal of fine fur.
My 5, 6, 8, 9, is a plant; and the name
of a fish.
My 8, 4, 6, 7, is a fast gate.
My 4, 9, 1, 7, 6, 4, is a ruling officer of
a religious house.
My 1, 6, 5, 5, 3, 4, is worn around the
neck.
My 1, 3, 3, 4, 9, 7, is a French wine
ter fall.
My whole is a town renowned in the revolu-
tionary war.
H.
Answer in our next.
Answer to our enigma we had in our pa-
per week before last. VICKSBURG.

A petition has been largely signed in
Minnesota, it is said, to have the Sioux
and Winnebago Indians removed from that
State—to Boston Common! We don't
know whether the petitioners wish to pun-
ish Boston of the Indians. If they simply
design to exterminate the red savages, the
white savages (the abolitionists) would soon
accomplish the work, however. Those who
were not killed-off with poisonous liquors
might possibly (who knows!) be shipped
off to Cuba as slaves, after the same fash-
ion in which the Puritan ancestors, when
they first came over, treated the natives
whom they found in possession of the soil.
The Mayflower, we believe, was engaged
in this traffic, after discharging its original
cargo at Plymouth Rock.—New York
Argus.

Heavy ordnance pieces are now manu-
factured in Augusta. The *Chronicle and
Sentinel* says: The new pieces of ordn-
nance made at the Government Foundry
and Machine Works in this city, were ex-
hibited on Broad street, in front of Col.
Rains' office, yesterday. They are formid-
able looking guns, highly finished and
seemingly perfect in all respects. The
White-worth attracted considerable attention
from the novelty of its construction. The
wood-work of the caissons and carriages
was made at the Arsenal, and reflects credit
upon the artificers. The whole forms an-
other convincing proof of our ability to
manufacture for ourselves, even if it be en-
gines of destruction. These guns may yet
be heard from."

FROM NASSAU.—The British steamer
Flora, with a valuable general cargo, from
Nassau, N. P., which place she left on Wed-
nesday last, has arrived here in safety.—
The schooner Confederacy and sloop Ros-
selle had arrived from this port. Also,
steamers Ruby and Giraffe, the latter from
Wilmington, N. C. The steamers Britan-
nia, DeForest, from Leith; Gertrude, Reli-
son, from Greenock, and Georgiana, from
Liverpool, arrived at Nassau, February
29th and March 2d. The steamer Stone-
wall Jackson, Black, cleared for Havana
on the 25th February, where she goes for
repairs. The steamer Nicholas lat returned
to Nassau, March 5th.—Charlotte
Mercury.

Three things that never agree—two cats
over one mouse, two wives in one house,
and two lovers after one young lady.
Why goes a kiss repeated puzzle young
ladies so delightfully!—Because it is a
re-luss.