

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 9.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1861.

NUMBER 48.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid by the month; and Three Dollars for the year. Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price for advertising by the month or year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly at a special rate. Single copies of the Whig are sold at ten cents. The Whig is published for the Proprietor by T. J. Holtton, at No. 100 North Salisbury Street, Charlotte, N. C.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

R. W. BECKWITH
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

FURNITURE!
AT
CHARLESTON PRICES.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,
FURNITURE.

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MERCHANT TAILORING

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.
I have added to my Ready-made Clothing Stock, a Merchant Tailoring Department, to which they call the special attention of their many friends and customers. They intend making this department second to none in the State, either in style and quality of Goods, or in the manufacture of Garments. At all times will be found a good stock of Black and Colored Cloths, English, French and American Casimeres, and a variety of Vestings. Also, an assortment of

ROCK ISLAND CASSIMERE.

They feel confident of their ability to undersell any other house in the State, not only in getting their goods, but in the quality of the goods, by one of the Firm who resides in the Southern market, which gives him the opportunity of taking advantage of the prices of goods, thereby saving at least

Twenty-Five Per Cent

on the cost of Goods. D. Dinner served six Dollars monthly. So try us.

R. FULLINGS,
JNO. M. SPRINGS,
September 25, 1860.

GREAT SACRIFICES

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS

JUST RECEIVED FROM

NEW YORK,

BY

GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN,

TRADE STREET,

OPPOSITE

OATES & WILLIAMS.

We respectfully inform the citizens of Charlotte, and surrounding country that we are prepared to offer

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

IN

CLOTHING,

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

A large stock of Ladies' and Children's

SHAWLS AND CLOAKS.

By special call and examine our Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN.

October 2, 1860.

FALL OPENING.

New Store, New Goods!

AT

Leowenstein & Bro.

EARLY opening the Great House, where they have an extensive stock of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

AND

CAPS,

and a large variety of

DOMESTIC GOODS

AND

GROCERIES.

Persons will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

LEOWENSTEIN & BRO.

October 9, 1860.

THE GREAT

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

READY MADE CLOTHING

FURNISHING GOODS.

Poetry.

[From the Frankfort (Ky.) Freeman.]

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,
Lith a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.

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the expected sail. Night closed in, dark

and murky; and ere long the sudden tempest

descended on the sea, and lashed it

into fury. Anxious hours passed by, and

then came the signal-gun. The suspense

became unendurable, and she rushed down

to the beach, where we were already gathered.

"Father," she urged, "do not let them

perish without an effort. Surely there are

enough here who will venture out to save

the lives of their fellow creatures!"

All turned a look out to the immense

waves driven home by the furious gale, and

then struck back.

Again came the boom of the signal gun,

and we could see the dimmed signal driving

the fatal reef.

The sound seemed to nerve Alice with

deperate energy. Hastily tying her hand-

kerchief closer under her chin, and gather-

ing her dress up so as to impede her

movements as little as possible, she turned

to her father:

"Quick, father! the key of the boat-

house. You and I will go alone. If there

is no one here who will risk his life, I do

not want the shrieks of yonder poor wretches

ringing in my ears forever, because there

was no attempt made to save them!"

At this, we all volunteered, and the life-

boat was brought out and launched. To our

astonishment, no sooner had we got

aboard than Alice was seated in the stern,

with the tiller in her hands.

"I am neither afraid nor inexperienced,"

and I cannot remain on shore." Then, bend-

ing over to her father, she said, in a

lower tone: "I feel sure that yonder ship

is the Columbia."

We all heard the words, though not in-

tended for our ears, and bent to the oars

with increased vigor. In a little village

like ours, family news was common prop-

erty, so that every one in the boat knew

what interest she had in the ship.

Alice Lester had been brought up by the

sea, and frequently accompanied her father

in his fishing expeditions. Her mother had

died whilst Alice was young; so that, being

left in the care of her father, her education

had partaken of many masculine charac-

teristics. She could handle a boat with as

much skill as most of the young men, and

the kind of life she had endowed her

body with physical strength, and her mind

with indomitable courage and coolness in

the face of danger.

piece of wreck, that was tossing wildly in

the heavy sea. Not a finger was stirred.

Old Jacob Lester at length spoke. Shak-

ing off the grasp of the pleading man, he

pointed out to the drifting wreck:

"Not twice five thousand dollars would

save that piece of flustering eschio on there.

Do you know who you're talking to, Harry

Norton?"

In an instant he recognized us, and

clasped his hands in agony:

"Old friends, kind friends, for the love of

your homes—for the memory of old times

—for the love of God! save my wife, and

take all I have!"

There was but one mind in the boat. We

glanced at Alice Lester, standing behind

him, deathlike and silent, gazing fixedly

now at the spot where the life of her rival

was rapidly drawing to a close—and we

sheered the bow of the boat away from the

wreck. That was our answer.

Turning to look in the direction of the

doomed woman, he saw Alice, and recog-

nized her. Dropping on his knees, he

clung to her dress:

"Alice, plead for me! I have wronged

you; but she is innocent. Have mercy on

her—for the memory of old days, I beg

mercy on her!"

Starting into life at this appeal, she

grasped the tiller, and brought the boat

around once more. Then, pointing toward

the wreck, she exclaimed:

"Plead for your lives. Save her, if you

swamp the boat in the attempt!"

There was no gushing in the words. A

few moments brought us to the wreck, on

which the wife of Harry Norton was washed,

and a few moments more sufficed for the

cutting of the cords, and the taking her on

board.

She was a small, delicate thing, scarcely

more than a girl. Her golden ringlets were

heavy with salt water, and her eyes closed.

The drowned garment clinging closely to

her, revealed a shape of exquisite symmetry

so far as could be seen in occasional splashes

of moonlight.

Alice took the small, limp figure across

her lap, and used every effort to bring her

to life. The tiller was surrendered to one

of the rescued sailors, whilst she busied

herself with her office of love. Harry

Norton once came to assist her, but a mo-

tion from Alice sent him back; nor did he

again venture to interfere.

ARTEMUS WARD ON HIS TRAVELS.

ONTO THE WIND, DEC. 1860.

Genl. of Editorial Corps of Vanity Fair.

Since I last rit you I've met with im-

mense success, a showing my show in

various places, particularly at Detroit. I put up

at Mr. Russel's tavern, a very good tavern

too, but I am sorry to inform you that the

cl