

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 9, 1861.

NO. 15.

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 made 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 (this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court notices and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33 1/2 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 25 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.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.

DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
AND
FINE GOLD AND SILVER.

214 N. Granite Street, opposite the Main House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 1341

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly opposite Messrs. Gates & Williams, two miles below Meigs, J. Y. Bryce & Co., where all ways may be found a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Figs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.
Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies' & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, Belaines, Shirtings,
Paint-stuff, Ticking, &c.,
and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash or Barter.
F. W. AHRESS.

N. B. In addition to the above, I intend to fit up by the 1st of November, a large and comfortable House for my customers, where I intend to be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

F. W. AHRESS,
N. B. The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Calicoes, Raisins and other Produce.
214 N. Granite Street.

F. W. AHRESS,
October 16, 1860. 3211

MILITARY NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS LIABLE to do Military Duty under the provisions of an Act passed at the Session of the Legislature of North Carolina for 1857, are earnestly requested to appear at their respective Regiments in the county of Mecklenburg on the days hereinafter named, for the purpose of having their companies and selecting their officers, to-wit:

At District	April
Morning Star	26
Providence	27
Stanton	30
Steep Creek	1
Paw Creek	2
Berryville	3
Long Creek	4
Lemays	7
Dawson	6
Hollid Creek	8
Charlotte	9
Cash Creek	10

By order of
J. Y. BRYCE,
Adj. Commandant
6th Regiment N. C. Militia.

S. W. DAVIS, Lieut. Colonel.
P. B.—In view of the present disorganized condition of our Militia system, and of the further fact that a "war of subjugation" has been proclaimed against us, we feel assured that this appeal to the military pride of our people will receive a hearty response from the gallant and chivalrous spirits of the old county of Mecklenburg. An experienced officer will be at each place for the purpose of furnishing such information and rendering such assistance as may be necessary to a complete organization of the several companies.
April 23, 1861. 417

Carriage Materials.

W. H. E would call special attention to his stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Bows, Spokes, Shafts, Curtains, Frames, Knobs, Bolts, Living Nails, Harness, Saddles, Collars, Laces, Fringes, Escamels and Patent Leather, Saddled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tye and Oxal Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of
A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mecklenburg House.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work.

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at
TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mecklenburg House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ALEXANDER & McDUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have opened the above Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

at short notice and on reasonable terms.
STEAM ENGINES
From 8 to 80 Horse Power.
Horse-Shoeing
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

in their line promptly attended to. Their FOUNDRY is in full operation, and

Cast Regularly twice a Week,
Wednesdays and Saturdays.
They are prepared to furnish all kinds of

CASINGS IN IRON, BRASS, &c.,
ACCORDING TO ORDER.

SAW AND GRIST MILL GEARING,
GIN WHEELS,
SAW DUST BURNERS,
ANTI-FRICTION PLATES AND BALLS
FOR
COTTON PRESSES.

CAST IRON RAILING,

For Green Houses, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Porticoes, Cemetery Lots, &c. Their

IMPLEMENTS

For carrying on the business in all its branches, have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are provided with all the

IMPROVEMENTS

Required to do their work in a
FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents for Dr. E. O. Elliott's, for Women's Patent Mangle Sewing Mill, which has the advantage, along with many others, of doing at least twice as much work, and doing it better, than any other Mill in use—can be run by steam, Water or Hand Power. The Mangle may be seen at the shop at any

HENRY ALEXANDER,
MACHINE MANUFACTURER,
N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.
October 30, 1859. 3211



HARDWARE, HARDWARE!

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has added to his extensive stock of

Stoves and Tinware,

a large and complete stock of HARDWARE, consisting in part as follows:

Carpenters' Tools,
Circular, mill, cross-cut, hand, ripper, penning, pruning, grafting, tenon, lock, compass, web and brace and bit, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gougers, Hammers, Hairpins and Axes, Breeks, postering and pointing TROWELS, Saw settsers, Screw plates, Stocks and dies, Files of all kinds, Spoke-shavers, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Levels, Vials, Blows, Machines, Grinders,
In fact everything a mechanic wants, in great and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mecklenburg House, Charlotte, N. C.
June 5, 1859. 3117

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULFILLING SPRINGS & Co. was dissolved by location on the 1st January, 1861. The business will be continued under the name and style of FULFILLING & SPRINGS, and they hope, by integrity and strict attention to business, to merit the same patronage heretofore liberally bestowed by their numerous friends and customers.
The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, for the future compel us to shorten our time of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—none other need ask it. All persons indebted to the old firm of Fulfilling Springs & Co., must come forward and make immediate settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be speedily closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."
Feb 19, 1861. 4717.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

YIELDING to the solicitation of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the
Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office,
27 The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1859. 3517

LOST.

ONE certificate of Stock in the C. & S. C. R. R., No. 1185. Application will be made for the renewal of the same.
T. H. BREM.
March 20, 1861. 25-2m

Poetry.



The Bachelor.

One of our brother bachelors is beginning to look about. He rather seems to be casting an eye of sympathy and affection towards the fair sex of our land. We rather thought when we saw him accompanying a fair maid to her father's dwelling that he would like to tune his harp to the following lines:

Come my true love and roam with me,
Amidst the fragrant flowers,
Where lovers do delight to be
To spend their leisure hours.

Oh! can we not enjoy the day
As other men's have done;
Will peace not smile upon our way,
And joy greet our return.

Will not hymen's hour come on
Before some future day;
Or shall our pleasure soon be gone
And we like hours sigh away?

O! what ungrateful hands would seek
To break the often thread,
Which now shall hold our hearts complete
Till numbered with the dead.

Fair maiden, if you doubt my love,
Remember how the past;
For the heart that beats within my breast
Will love thee to the last.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE'S RUSE.

"Don't sit up for me to night, Bertha, said Phillip Graham, one pleasant winter evening as he went to bestow a parting kiss upon his wife's lips; 'I have engaged to take Mr. Mortimer and Helen to the opera to night, and may return late.'

"To hear Testilli! Oh how delightful I had forgotten that she was to sing to night. Why may I not be one of your party? You might I suppose; but I—really you go so little—I did not mention it to them, and—"

"Never mind; I can go some other time, I dare say."
"Oh, yes; to morrow night, if you like."

"Very well, that will do."
"Good-night, then, my love," and with another kiss, Bertha was left alone.

"Dear handsome fellow!" she sighed, throwing herself down in the low lounging chair by the fireside; "so good and kind! if he only didn't care so much for society; and if that gay widow and bold daughter would let him alone. The third evening this week that he has spent in company with them. True, I was at that stupid party, but I am sure they engrossed more of his attention than I did; and others noticed it too. One prim old maid asked me if he was jealous, and that laubrynose Mrs. Prime, who is always groaning about human depravity, cast up her eyes, and pressed my hand, in token of sympathy, when I bade her good-night. 'No I am not jealous; but I wonder how he would like to have me flit so. I have half a mind to try it, if I only knew any one I liked well enough.'"

A sharp tingle of the door bell startled her; and a moment after, a tall gentleman, moustached and whiskered almost alarmingly, entered the room.—Bertha manifested a little surprise, half in terror; but the words, "my dear Bertha! have you forgotten me?" had hardly passed the stranger's lips ere she was in his arms exclaiming:

"Leonard! dear Leonard! welcome home!"
"But where is your husband, dearest?" he asked and answered many a rapid question. "I wonder he can be tempted to leave this pleasant home and sweet little wife for a single evening."

"He has gone to the opera," she answered, hesitating slightly.
"Without you? But I suppose you have some little whim to excuse you—tired of the prima donna, or something of the kind, I presume. You should spend a winter in the mining district of California, in order to appreciate your privileges," he said laughingly.

"No, I have never heard Madam Vestilli, and should really have done so to night, but circumstances prevented."
"Is it too late yet? Will you go with me? Let me be your cavalier once more, as I used to be in the old times."

An idea occurred to Bertha: here was an excellent opportunity to put into execution the plan which she was

thinking of when he arrived. What would prevent her? Nothing, she resolved, and her answer was:

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure; I will be ready in a few moments."

Resting gracefully upon the crimson cushions, sat the fair Mrs. Mortimer, and her fair daughter, Helen Mortimer, dressed with almost regal splendor, and her gorgeous attire suited well the dark, brilliant style of her beauty. A smile of triumph and gratified vanity shone in her flashing eyes, as she listened to the flattering remarks of Phillip Graham, whose very distinguished appearance, polished manners, and ready wit, made him a most agreeable companion, and to whose good offices she trusted for admittance to circles from which her bold gaiety and freedom of manner might otherwise debar her. As for Phillip Graham, though he never could have dreamed of such a woman for the quiet atmosphere of home, yet he loved to while away hours in her company, little dreaming what pain or anxiety was caused by his conduct, since no word or act of Bertha's hinted as much.

"See, Graham," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer, "is not that your wife in the box opposite us?"

"Bertha! I declare! How came she here? and with a stranger, too!" said Phillip, looking in the direction indicated.

"Then you don't know him?" said Miss Mortimer—"very elegant in appearance, and very much devoted to his fair lady, I should say, some old lover, I presume."

"Excuse me, Miss Mortimer, but my wife is too lady-like for indecency," he answered sternly.

"Offended, Phillip? and with me?" she said turning her lustrous eyes pleadingly towards him. "Pardon me, I did but jest."

She hid her unglowed, snow-white hand upon his arm. But the orbs which had charmed and dazzled the young husband had lost their power, and he only answered politely her expressions of regret. Bertha met his gaze of surprise, smiling, but soon seemed absorbed in the music, and the remarks of her companion, whose interest in her comfort was sufficiently apparent. He seemed well known among the audience, too; for the watchful Phillip noticed many bows and smiles of recognition.

There is Mr. Golding, who knows every body; I will ask him the name of your wife's attendant," said Mrs. Mortimer, who had marked with surprise the disappearance of Graham, whom as she had her daughter afterward, she had supposed to much a man of the world to care for his wife.

"Mr. Golding, pray tell me the name of the gentleman opposite—the one with the magnificent beard and dark eyes."

"Who? Why, I declare, it is my old friend Leonard Perry. Must have arrived to-day. He has been four years absent. I must go round and see him. I congratulate you, sir," he continued turning to Phillip.

"Congratulations! for what?" muttered Phillip in surprise; a dim idea entering his brain that Helen was right in her conjecture, and that Mr. Golding meant to insult him.

The opera was over at last, and, resisting for the first time Helen's alluring glances, and Mrs. Mortimer's earnest invitation to come in and spend an hour at cards, Phillip hastened home, in time to see a carriage drive rapidly away from the door. Bertha was already undressing her luxuriant tresses preparatory to repose, when he entered her chamber; and in answer to his questions she only answered carelessly:

"Yes I had an opportunity, and thought I would improve it. You know it looks so stupid for married people to be always together in public. Leonard is an old friend of mine, and I am glad he has returned; I shall enjoy his society very much."

She was only repeating that which Phillip had used many a time when praising the beauty and grace of some new acquaintance; but they did not seem very satisfactory now, for he muttered "humpf!" in a discontented way, and was silent.

Bertha saw the success of her scheme and laughing mischievously as she lay down to slumber, dreamed, perchance of the sleigh ride she was to enjoy with her friend on the morrow. Phillip had engaged to ride too with Mrs. and Miss Mortimer; and so it chanced that the two parties met on the crowded thoroughfare, and he had just time to catch a laughing glance and the wave of a little gloved hand from his wife as she slightly dashed past each other. He spent the evening at home, but not alone with his wife; Percy was there, and Bertha

chatted with him and played for him, and they sang together—songs which he reminded her they had sung often together in "olden time." At last, angry with himself, his wife and his guest, Phillip left the room, excusing himself on the plea of business, but adding, that "two such old friends must have so much to say to each other, that a third person would be almost an intruder." Mr. Percy looked surprised, but Bertha answered smilingly.

"Oh yes, Leonard and I have plenty of subjects for conversation."

"Leonard, indeed!" growled Phillip, on his way to the library. "Confound the fellow—what does he mean with his old song?"

He remained alone till the visitor departed, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw through the half open door Percy imprint a kiss upon the fair brow of his wife, which she received quite as a matter of course.

"Pray, do all your friends take their departure in that loving manner?" he asked, as he entered the library.

"Oh, no! but Leonard is a privileged character, and besides, I am endeavoring to bring my old-fashioned notions of propriety to a more modern standard. I hope to become accustomed to these improvements in time and to make them as easily and gracefully as some of your favorite ladies do—Miss Mortimer, for instance. I have noticed that you rarely meet or part with her without some harmless liberties."

It was true that in the first day of his fascination for the bold beauty, he had often praised her gay manners to his wife, but it was strange how differently these things looked from a different point of view.

"But Miss Mortimer is unmarried; and besides, it was all in a joke, our meeting and parting in that way," he answered.

"Very well, Percy is unmarried, and we will call our parting a joke, if you please, was the reply."

"As you will, but I don't admire such jokes I assure you."

"What! jealous, Phillip? and I have been in Percy's company only three times. Let's see—upon at the opera, once sleigh-riding, and this evening."

"No, I am not jealous, but I don't see what has come over you. Don't you know that you will ruin your reputation if you go on in this way? With men it is different; they are not expected to be so exclusive in their attachments. Society has claims upon gentlemen, which they must fulfill."

"True doubtless; and these same 'claims of society' extend to the ladies, I suppose, and we ought of course to emulate the generous, self-sacrificing examples of the sterner sex."

Phillip could only think that however willing he might be to sacrifice himself upon the altar of society, he did not wish his wife to devote herself to its claims; but he did not say so, with these mischievous eyes watching him so closely, and therefore he remained silent.

When he returned to dinner the next day, he found his wife absent, and a note informed him that she had gone with Percy to spend the day at her father's country seat, a few miles from the city, and also that "if he pleased," he might take the evening cars, spend a few hours at "The Homestead," and return with them.

"If please! Well, I don't please to do any such thing. How changed she is since Percy's coming, and to leave me so, when she has never visited her old home since her marriage, during our two years of married life."

But the quiet hour alone in the dining room was favorable for meditation, and he finally resolved to seek his wife, and, confessing the errors her conduct had shown him in their true light endeavor to persuade her to resume once more the quiet and domestic habits which he now saw were necessary to happiness. He was warmly welcomed by the family at the "Homestead," and Bertha was invisible.

"She has just come in," said her mother in answer to his inquiries. "You will find her and Leonard in the south room."

"Here, runaway!" said he, as he entered the room, "why did you let me see, as you did, in the days when I came wooing?"

"I certainly would, had I known of your arrival; but Leonard and I were out watching the skaters on the lake.—I have never been on the ice before, since the day, six years ago, when it proved so treacherous to me, and when dear Leonard rescued me from the chilling waves."

"Dear Leonard! I thought it was your brother who saved you," exclaimed Phillip.

"It was my brother, dear Phillip—

Let me introduce you to my half brother Leonard Perry. I should have made you acquainted before, but I wished to try some of the pleasures of flirting; and no one understands the art so well as Leonard—except my husband."

"And he will gladly give up all claims to profane in the 'art,' as you call it, if you will promise to let it alone in future," said Phillip, who had been shaking hands heartily with Percy.

"What! leave the claims of society unfulfilled, and the widow and fatherless inconsolated in their desolation?" asked Bertha, her face radiant with mirth and triumph.

"Yes, my dear, was the laughing answer, and he kept his word."

Paid in Your Own Coin.
"Grandmother, I hate to go away from you; you like me, nobody else does. Last night George Rodin and I had a quarrel; I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me," Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."

"I don't know but its so," said Peter looking very sorry; "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the right sort of coin," said grandmother.

"What? kind coin, Peter?"
"The coin of kindness," grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you'd get love, for you are generally paid in your own coin you know; then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter slowly; "that is a good coin; but I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother; if I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me."

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin.—Be kind and you'll be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

Is It So—Ladies!—A contemporary thus describes "a fashionable call and reception."

How do you do, my dear?
"Putty well, thank you," (they kiss.)
"How have you been this age?"
"Putty well. How have you been?"
"Very well, thank you."
"Pleasant day?"
"Yes, very light but we had a shower yesterday."
"Are all your people well?"
"Quite well, thank you, how are your's?"
"Very well, I'm obliged to you?"
"Have you seen Mary B.—lately?"
"No, but I've seen Susan C.—"

"You don't say so! Is she well?"
"Very well, I believe," (Rising.)
"Must you go?"
"Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to smother."

"Do call again soon?"
"Thank you—but you don't call on me in an age!"
"You should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good."
"Good bye!"
"Good bye," (They kiss.)

A HOOPER was called upon the stand, away out west, to testify to the character of another Hooper. It was as follows:

"How long have you known Bill Bash-whack?"
"Ever since he was born."
"What is his general character?"
"Letter A, No. 1, Bore par."
"Would you believe him on oath?"
"Yes, sir-ree, or eff, or any other way."

"What in your opinion, are his qualifications to good character?"
"He's the best shot in the prairie or in the woods; he can shoot the eye winker off a wolf as far as a shooting iron will carry a ball, he can drink a quart of grog, any day, and chew tobacco like a boss."

"John," said an angry parent to his son, who had committed a mischief, John you go into your room, and prepare for a flogging."

The boy departed, and when the parent had finished the letter he was writing, and sought the offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen appearance of the young rascal's back.

"What does this mean? I've asked—"
"What is on your back?"
"A leather spoon," replied John, "three double. You told me to prepare myself for a flogging, and I did the best I could."