

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 16, 1861.

NO. 16.

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

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be deferred for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. Newspaper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines of type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. above the regular price, for advertising one year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 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.

17 Postoffice route are authorized to act as agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.

DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
AND
BRANDY, &c.

No. 2, Granite Range, opposite the Mission House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
Jan. 7, 1860.

MARKET HOUSE.

W. H. Ahrens respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly opposite Messrs. Oates & Williams, two miles from Meigs, J. Y. Bryce & Co., where always ready to furnish a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Pigs, Candles, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.

Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,

Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Catticoes, DeLaines, 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. AHRENS.
N. B. In addition to the above, I intend to fit up in the fall of November, a large and comfortable Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may be had at any time. It will be very convenient to a large number of public patrons.

F. W. AHRENS.
N. B. The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Cattle, and other Produce, and other Produce.
17, 18, and 19, Market House.

MILITARY NOTICE.



ALL PERSONS LIABLE to Military Duty under the provisions of an Act passed at the Session of the Legislature of North Carolina in 1860, are hereby requested to appear at their respective localities in the county of Mecklenburg on the days hereinafter named, for the purpose of being examined and selecting their officers, &c.

At Districts	April	26
Mecklenburg	"	26
Franklin	"	29
Union	"	30
Strode Creek	May	1
Paw Creek	"	2
Berryville	"	3
Long Creek	"	4
Levin's	"	5
DeWitt	"	6
Milledge Creek	"	8
Charlotte	"	9
Cash Creek	"	10

By order of
J. Y. BRYCE,
Col. 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 extermination has been inaugurated against us, we feel assured that the approval of the military spirit of our people will receive a hearty response from the gallant and brave spirits of the old county of Mecklenburg. An experienced officer will be at each place of meeting for the purpose of furnishing such instruction and rendering such assistance as may be necessary to a complete organization of the Militia.
April 23, 1861.

Carriage Materials.

It would call attention to the stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Bows, Spokes, Shafts, Curtains, Frames, Knees, Bands, Lining Nails, Demosk, Sattinet, Cloths, Laces, Plinges, Biscaned and Patent Leather, Saddled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, Dry and Wet Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimming, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of
A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mission House.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work.

All kinds, promptly attended to at
TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mission House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL.

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 5 to 50 Horse Power.

Refrigerating
and
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS
in short time 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.

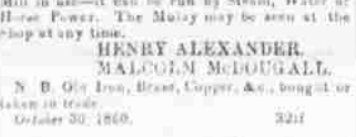
CAST IRON RAILING,
For Garden Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Parks, Cemeteries, &c., &c. Their

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. Eschert, for Winter'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—it can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Mangle may be seen at the Shop at any time.

**HENRY ALEXANDER,
MALCOLM McDOUGALL,**
N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.
October 30, 1860.



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, now on hand in part as follows:

Carpenter's Tools,
Cavalry, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, pruner, pen-knife, grating, tennis, boxes, compass, nails and nails for SAWS,
Braces and Bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gouges, Hammer, Hatchets and Axes, Bore, plastering and pointing TROWELS,
Saw cutters, Screw plates, Stocks and dies, Frames of all kinds, Spoke shaves,
Steel blade level and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Boys' Mathematics, &c., &c.

and in fact everything in a mechanical way, in great variety and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mission House, Charlotte, N. C.
June 5, 1861.

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FILLINGS & SPRINGS & Co. was dissolved by liquidation on the 1st January, 1861.

The business will be conducted under the name and style of FILLINGS & SPRINGS, and they hereby, by their jointly and strictly attention to business, by meeting the same payments 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 principal paying customers—none other need ask it. All persons indebted in the old firm of Fillings, 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.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

YEELDING to the solicitations of my friends, respectfully announce that I have returned to resume the
Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office.
The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1858.

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 27, 1861.

Poetry.



The Cotton State's Farewell to Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rise and catch that wind,
Once we liked you very well,
But now we'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle had the luck
To get a new religion—
A sort of holy zeal to pluck
At every body's pigeon.

Yankee Doodle stows with pains
And Partisan signs,
To join the only friendly chain
That ever bound a nation.

But Doodle knows as well as I,
That when he and his friends,
He'd see a million negroes die,
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary;
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The Priest of Harper's Ferry.

With pluck he tried to magnify
The temperance of Bowler,
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yankee Doodle's green as been
For every dirty shilling—
Propose a trick, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

So, Yankee Doodle, good-bye,
Keep the gains you've gotten—
Found in misadventure a cry
Of Sugar, Rice and Cotton.

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE SQUIRREL.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

The June roses swing backward and forward in front of the casement; the mistle curtains are waved softly in the summer breeze, and Kate Ellison, sitting on a low stool, where the shadows of dancing leaves and crimson buds wave an arabesque around her slender form, watched her beautiful sister's toilette with childish interest.

"How pretty you look, Mildred! O, I wish I were a young lady 'come out'!"

"Your silly little thing," said Mildred, fastening a cord of pearls round her regal throat, with a smile of scarcely repressed gratification, "are you not almost sixteen?"

"Yes, but I'm nothing but a little girl; I never come into the room when the gentlemen are reading poetry and talking sentiment to you; and I have nothing to wear but white muslin dresses and—cool necklaces; and I'm tied down to that horrible geography and algebra; and mamma makes me practice two hours on the piano every day!"

O, Mildred, it must be very fine to be a young lady, with lots of beaux and tulle dresses!"

Mildred laughed as she smoothed back the jetty tresses from her fair forehead, and tied on a fascinating gipsy hat, with a fall of lace round the edge and long blue ribbons.

"Where are you going, Milly? I thought Colonel Forrester was coming to see you this afternoon?"

"So he is," said Mildred, with a toss of her beautiful head; "and that's the very reason I choose to go out walking with Mr. St. Eval!"

"Why, Milly! said Kate, opening her black eyes very wide, "when Colonel Forrester is so tall and so handsome—how can you?"

"Nonsense!" said Mildred, "I don't care a fig for Colonel Forrester; and I intend to let him find it out too!"

"Oh, Milly, he loves you dearly!"

"What makes you talk so, you foolish little Kate?"

"Why, he sits and looks at you so earnestly, and—and—"

"Nonsense, pussy! that's only because he has nothing else to look at! Fasten my slipper, please. There now, I believe I have kept poor St. Eval waiting about long enough."

And Miss Ellison tripped down stairs, leaving poor Kate in a terrible perplexity between her implicit belief in what Mildred said, and her pity for the handsome Colonel Forrester.

The afternoon sunshine crept slowly across the emerald velvet of the lawn, it quivered over the oval beds of white and scarlet verbena, and wooed the fragrance from the half-open moss-rose buds that clung around the little summer house at the foot of the garden.

Kate sat there on the mossy step, her dimpled face prettily framed in by the moving leaves and pearl-white blossoms, with the puzzling French grammar open on her lap, at the naughty verbs that wouldn't be learned. Sometimes the book slipped down from her lap among the grass blades, and the brilliant Oriental eyes wandered off, in a sort of waking dream. Katie never could study in a summer afternoon.

"Is Miss Ellison at home?"

Katie's eyes suddenly came back to the world of reality—it was Colonel Forrester's voice, speaking to the servant.

"No, sir; she has gone out walking with Mr. St. Eval."

Forrester stood a moment in blank amazement and wonderful discomfiture. He had signalled to Mildred his intention of calling on that particular afternoon—in truth, and in fact, he had hoped to find a suitable opportunity to ask the eventual question that had been trembling on his lips for weeks—and this was the consequence thereof.

"Will she be back soon?"

"I believe not, sir?"

He paused again for a few seconds, unwilling to abandon the matter.

"Very well—I'll just stroll about the grounds awhile—she may possibly return."

He threw his horse's rein to the servant, and slipped with quick, feline impetuosity across the lawn.

"I am nothing like an unmitigated fool," thought he, "waiting the foot-steps of the heartless coquette; who don't care a straw for me. What am I lingering here for? I've a great mind to go home and never see the black-eyed mix again!"

Just as Colonel Forrester came to this indignant conclusion, his eye fell on a little figure in white muslin, sitting on the step of the summer-house.

It was not a disagreeable sight at all; the black ringlets fell in glossy masses around her fair white forehead, and her cheeks were tinted with the freshest rose-tint, while her exquisitely shaped lips, half apart, were like cleft coral.

Colonel Forrester had seen her before, occasionally, but he never had been fully aware of her fresh, girlish beauty, her remarkable likeness to Mildred.

"She's prettier than Mildred—she is, upon my word!" he pondered, as he watched her, through the trelles of vine and leaves. "What eyes—what a complexion!"

Kate looked up, unconsciously, and the very brilliant orbs he had been admiring caught his own. He colored deeply and came forward.

"Excuse me, Miss Kate; I called in hopes of finding your sister, but—"

He did not finish the sentence, but sat down on the grass at Kate's feet.

Kate smiled the prettiest genuine smile that ever came to a young lady, with a genuine "taking sentiment" to her, and she said thought it was an exceedingly delightful thing, only she was a little puzzled to know just what to say! Colonel Forrester did not seem at all uncertain, however, he chatted away, as gaily as they had been on flirting terms for years. As Kate began to feel more at ease, she told Colonel Forrester all about her "care and troubles—the big geography and the algebra; and the French verbs that wouldn't be learned, and confidentially imparted her desire to be a young lady," as Mildred was!

Colonel Forrester listened with commendation of the deepest interest, watching the play of Kate's color and the sparkle of her eyes, with growing admiration. As he sat there, charmed and entranced, a sudden idea shot across his brain.

"But, Miss Kate, you haven't told me what it is that constitutes a 'young lady'?"

"Oh," said Kate, "I can't exactly describe it, Colonel Forrester; scattering book and studies to the four winds of heaven—keeping a journal—and—"

"And what?"

"Having a real genuine lover!" said Kate, with a blush and laugh.

"Well, I'll tell you what, Miss Kate," said Colonel Forrester, "let's strike a bargain! You want a genuine lover, and I want a darling little wife? Will you allow me to supply the deficiency?"

Kate looked at him, the innocent smiles coming and going round the surprised mouth.

"May I be your lover?" he pursued.

"Will you make day be my wife?"

Kate reflected demurely for a minute. Mildred had said she did not care a fig for Colonel Forrester—he was very handsome, and she *did* like him—that is just a little. So she said—

"Yes, in a scarcely audible voice.

And Colonel Forrester pressed her little hand so tenderly to his lips, and they had the pleasiest tete-a-tete in the garden summer-house that ever engaged lovers' revelled in. Somehow

they felt as if they had been good friends for about ten years!

The sunset was shining redly through the tall old cedars on the lawn, as Mildred Ellison came slowly up the rose-embowered path leaning on M. Eval's arm. She had not enjoyed her woodland ramble very much—the afternoon had been sultry, and her cavalier was decidedly stupid, so she returned with some curiosity to know whether Colonel Forrester had waited for her.

There he was sitting on the grass at little Katie's feet—what could they be talking about so earnestly?

"Good evening, Miss Ellison," said Forrester, rising, as she approached, "I was just about taking leave, but am very glad to see you first."

"Indeed! and why?" There was a little anxious throbbing at Mildred's heart.

"We want to ask your consent, Katie and I."

Katie blushed her crimson face on her sister's shoulder, as Forrester explained the state of things. Mildred's cheek blushed as she listened.

Ab, Mildred, coquetry is a dangerous experiment! Many a girl, besides you, has lost a lover by its influence.

But she was brave enough to veil her heart and answered gaily, and with congratulatory phrases. And when Colonel Forrester was gone, she folded Kate tenderly in her arms, whispering—

"I am very, very glad, dear little sister. He is a noble man, and worthy of your heart's dearest love! May you be happy!"

Katie retired to rest that night, with a heart full of treacherous joy. She thought it was very pleasant to be a young lady.

And that is the way Colonel Forrester won his beautiful young wife, and the reason Mildred Ellison is an old maid.

You are a Brick.

A certain college professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of the names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling answer.

"Sir," said the professor, half-startled out of his chair at the supposed impudence, but quite sure that he had understood him correctly. "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the professor, his face reddening. "Beware young man how you attempt to insult me!"

"Insult you," said the student in turn astounded. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the professor, with stifled indignation.

"So sir; you asked me my name, and I answered your question. U. R. A. Brick. Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed?" murmured the professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. It was misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem! Mr. Brick?"

"How do you do, my dear Mr. Towley? Have you heard the news about Mrs. Luddy?"

"Why, really, no. What is it? Do tell."

"O, I promised not to tell for all the world. No, I must never tell until as long as I live, as true as the world."

"O dear, what is it? Come tell!"

"Now, you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No, I'll never open my mouth about it—never. Hope to die this minute if I do!"

"Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Tredd told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's eldest daughter told Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother had heard by a letter which she got from her sister's second husband's oldest step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat just arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wear crinoline made out of shark's skins."

"If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers where they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated."

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies, who have such a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for that reason she is called the weaker sex! Well, if you want to get married don't for conscience sake, not like *fools* about it. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice; for if you don't run after the men they will run after you. Mark that!

A husband-hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and pokers, she puts on so many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at church or meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one—always at social parties, and invariably taking a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid; just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you, simply because they love to do it; but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I were a young man I would have no more to do with such finicky women than I would with vipers.

Now girls, let Nelly give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it, you will gain the reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is all well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, &c.; but don't neglect to let grand-mama or your mother teach you how to make pies and puddings, and get a smidgen of virtuous good enough for a living. No part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not marry a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage for you to know how to construct a wooden sled to do those things for you would have them done.

In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. An education is the most desirable of accomplishments, and will only come to you in proportion to your own merit. No one but a fool will be caught by advertisement; it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through. Dress plain and neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so much respectability and love as an appearance as a neat and plain dress. All the machinery and trappings of the dress-maker and milliner are unnecessary. If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty; one particle if you are homely, they only make you look worse. Men don't care for your face and jewelry, but your own dear self.

Finger rings and lockets may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to do it, do it naturally, and not be so disgustingly polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling-tongs to make people believe it is not. If your neck is dark, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to dabble on pins, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, don't apply pink-sauces; for the deception will be detected, and you'll be laughed at.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and not their advice in everything.—Think less of fashion than you do of home duties—and remember that you do of the reality of life; and instead of trying to catch a beau, strive to make yourselves worth being caught by them.

A marketman at Cairo, a few days ago was windmilled out of his wits by a table and articles which had a tendency to excite his ire to a considerable extent. He told the surrounding village these, that it the angel Gabriel stopped at Cairo there would be no resurrection.

"Why?" asked the officers.

"Because the people would windmill him out of his lair before he had time to make a single tool."

The mayor of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage to his neighborhood who was blind of an eye, was by great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient for avoiding the mention of his deformity. He stood, "Black eyes, one of which is absent."