The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 27, 1861. NO. 22.

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

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded 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 insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the 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.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
No. 3, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 1yr

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 Morrison, Orton & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & Co., where always 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, DeLaines, Shirtings,
Plant-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 by the 1st of November, a large and comfortable House for my Customers, where a Lunch may also be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Cabbage, Potatoes and other Produce.

☞ Call at the Market House.

F. W. AHRENS.

October 18, 1860. 30tf

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 1860-'61, are earnestly requested to appear at their drill root Beats in the county of Mecklenburg on the days hereinafter named, for the purpose of forming companies and selecting their officers, viz:

At Dunn's'	April	26
" Morning Star	"	27
" Providence	"	29
" Sharon	"	30
" Steele Creek	May	1
" Paw Creek	"	2
" Berryhills	"	3
" Long Creek	"	4
" Lemleys	"	7
" Dewese	"	8
" Mallard Creek	"	9
" Clarkstle	"	10
" Crab Orchard	"	10

By order of
J. Y. BRYCE,
Col. Commandant
60th Regiment N. C. Militia.

S. W. Davis, *Lieut. Colonel.*

P. S.—In view of the present disorganized condition of our Militia system, and of the further fact that a "war of subjugation" has been inaugurated 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 of meeting 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 4tf

Carriage Materials.

HE would call special attention to his stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Carriage Frames, Knobs, Bands, Lining Nails, Damask, Sattinet, Cloths, Laces, Fringes, Enameled and Patent Leather, Enameled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Oval 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 Mansion House.

Roofing Guttering & JobWork,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion 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 8 to 50 Horse Power.

CASTINGS
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

CASTINGS 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, Portticos, 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 Wheler's Patent Maley Saw 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 market can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Maley 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. 53tf

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, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, grafting, tenon, back, compass, web and butcher SAWS,
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels,
Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes,
Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS,
Saw setters, Screw plates, Stocks and dies,
Planes of all kinds, Spoke shaves,
Steel blade bevel and try Squares, Spirit Levels,
Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Boring Machines, Gouges,

and in fact everything a mechanic wants, in great variety and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mansion House, Charlotte, N. C.

June 5, 1859. 11tf

DISSOLUTION.

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

The business will be continued under the name and style of FULLINGS & 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 late firm of Fullings, Springs & Co., must come forward and make immediate settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be specedily closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Feb 19 1861. 47tf.

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.

☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.

August 31, 1858. 25tf

LOST.

ONE certificate of Stock in the C. & S. C. R. R., No. 1195. Application will be made for the renewal of the same.

T. H. BREM.

March 26, 1861. 52-3m

Poetry.

From the Charleston Courier.

Prayer for the Volunteers.

AIR—*Prayer of Zampa.*

I.

Oh God of battle list to the prayer
Of women for the brave volunteer!
Keep him from danger, disease, death and pain,
Oh let him return to his loved ones again.

II.

When fierce is the contest and deadly the strife,
And reckless of danger he perils his life,
Oh Thou who has power to shield and to save,
Let not that battle field cover his grave.

III.

For parents and brothers and sisters are here,
With hearts full of love for the brave volunteer;
Oh soon may their sorrow be turned into joy,
When a mothers warm kisses shall welcome boy.

IV.

May he return safe when the victory's won—
The wife greet the husband, the mother her son;
When all war shall cease and again peace shall reign,
And the soldier's at home with his loved ones again.

Miscellaneous.

From the Darlington Southerner.

GRAY GRANVILLE.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY ESSIE B. CHEESBOROUGH.

The house number 24 in the street, called Carlisle, was closed; a long streamer of black crape hung from the door, betokening a death within. The curious neighbors peered out of their windows to catch a glimpse of the coffin as it was carried into the house, and to see who rang at the bell, and if any one came out wiping their eyes.

All day Mrs. Bland, who lived in the mansion opposite, had amused herself by keeping a watch from behind the green shutters on the movements at the house of the dead; and she now gave the welcome intelligence that "the hearse had come;" then the rest of the family, large and small Blands, rushed to the windows, the shutters were flung wide open, and the Bland family generally were all in a state of readiness and excitement to witness the melancholy cortege as it moved off.

The coffin, with its silver mountings, was placed in the elaborately plumed hearse; then the inmates of the house came slowly out; "one, two, three," Mrs. Bland tried to count them, but she soon lost count, they were too many, but she had one consolation, she could tell how many carriages were there; and as the vehicles formed a line after the hearse, Mrs. Bland had the satisfaction of announcing that there were forty carriages phaetons, buggies, &c., in the procession.

"But, lor!" she exclaimed, "no: a lady at the funeral; what a dismal affair; so much for never getting married; old bachelors can't expect to have any female mourners at their funerals."

"They can have their sisters, or their mothers, or their aunts," growled out Mr. Bland; "wives are not the only women in creation."

"I wonder why he never married," said Mrs. Bland, as she watched the mourners with their long black bands, get by fours into the carriages.

"Who?" asked Mr. Bland, "the driver of the hearse?"

"The driver of the hearse! lor no!—what are you thinking of? I mean the corpse."

"I did not know corpses ever got married," said Mr. Bland.

"But he was not always a corpse, was he? David, you are a very provoking man."

"Well, I am sure I don't know why he never get married," responded Mr. Bland, "any more than I can tell why other men do get married."

Mrs. Bland kept speculating on the reasons of the deceased gentleman for never marrying, until the funeral procession was out of sight, then she closed the shutters, and sat down to wonder who would be the fortunate possessor of Mr. Gray Granville's fortune.

That night the friend and nephew of the departed sat in his late home around the table, on which stood a few decanters and they too speculated on the reason why Mr. Gray Granville had never married.

"I remember," said the nephew "once asking him the question; he told me that I would find an answer in the private drawer of his cabinet, but that I must open the package after his death. He said to me, 'I leave it not to satisfy idle curiosity, but as a warning.'"

"Let us read it now then," said the friend. The nephew assented, and after exploring the recesses of the cabinet, he took from thence a small package, and opening it, read:

"Blanche Peele was seventeen to day; this was her birth night ball; it should have been a happy time to her, beautiful and beloved as she is, but I saw the tears in her dark eyes, I heard her heavy sighs as she danced and tried to look gay. I whispered to her as we stood side by side; "what ails you Blanch? the shadow of some unhappy thought darkens your brow."

She spoke not, but I followed the direction of her gazelle like eyes; what saw I? her father trying to steady himself by the arm of the sofa; his silly countenance and red eyes telling the tale of his degradation, as plainly as words could have done.

"It is dreadful," I murmured.

"Ah, you know not how dredaful it really is," she replied, her bosom heaving with suppressed emotion. "That is indeed a cursed home where the demon of drink has entered. I am mortified, distressed; the parent I should reverence I —— but come with me into the piazza; I am too utterly wretched here amid all this festivity."

We went into the piazza; she threw herself on a chair, gave vent to her suppressed feelings in a violent burst of tears, so violent, that it was fearful to witness.

Suddenly she became calm; "there now, she said, it is over, I shall not weep again to night. O, Gray, I have everything in the world to make me happy,—wealth, health, friends; but this misery pierces me to the very soul with a goading, a torturing grief. When other girls speak proudly of their fathers, I think of mine, and I feel as if I could call upon the very mountains to cover me in my shame and despair."

I felt as if I could have thrown my arms around her, and comforted her wild grief. Poor Girl! what a sorry spectacle for her birth night ball, a drunken father.

"No woman," she continued, "can possibly know the bitter misery of this cup until in their own homes they are called upon to drink it; "but," she added sadly, "we can even turn the sorrows of life to account, this has not been without its uses, it has learned me the lesson never to marry a man that indulges in the uses, it has learned me the lesson never to marry a man that indulges in the use of intoxicating drinks."

I could not blame her for this resolution when I knew how deeply her young heart suffered; and I could only pray to be kept from temptation myself, or I knew that if I ever fell, I could never hope to win the love of Blanche Peele.

I have just come from a visit to my betrothed; how beautiful she seems in her confiding love. God grant that I may never throw a shadow upon her gentle loving heart.

"I feel," she says, "dear Gray, that through you I may yet know what calm contentment is; my past life has known but little happiness; one galling remembrance throws its shadows everywhere. My poor father sleeps quietly in his grave; when I think of him, it is to pray that God will pardon him for the misery he made us all suffer. I know of but one more miserable creature in existence than a drunkard's daughter, and that is a drunkard's wife.—I tell you, Gray, that if the choice was offered me, I would sooner throw myself from this rock on which we are standing into the foaming sea beneath our feet, than to marry a drunkard."

"Dearest," I whispered, as I pressed her to my heart, "why thus torment yourself with such memories of the past! for you its shadows have forever passed away."

She looked up, and said, while the tears trembled on her long lashes, "I suffered too much ever to forget; but do not blame me, if in my present happiness I tremble when I think of the future's venture, I grow sad when I think of the past."

"But Blanche," I answered somewhat petulantly, "do you mistrust me? No man living dares utter the faintest word against me; of that one crime which you so justly dread, I have never been guilty—I hesitated, her eyes looked so truthfully at me—

"But once!" she almost screamed, "O Gray!" It was fearful to see the wild look of terror that filled her eyes.

"Be calm, dear Blanche," I said, "and I will tell you all; it was only a wild college frolic."

"Frolic!" she interrupted me, "how can men call such things frolics?"

"It was years ago, Blanche; it made me very sick; and there ended my first and last experience of—yes, I might as well say it—getting drunk."

"Getting drunk! how horrible those words sound," she said.

"Yes, but I have told you the truth; I have not dressed up the deed in high-sounding words."

"That happened four years ago, dear Gray?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, Blanch, it is four long years ago, and I declare to you solemnly, it has never happened since."

She parted tenderly with me, even more tenderly than usual, but I fear that I have thrown a shadow over her trusting confidence. I have startled her in her security.

There seems to me to be an unlucky destiny that pursues some men. There of my old college companions came to visit me. I could not suffer them to depart without showing them some hospitality. I invited them to dinner. The bottle was passed freely, and I did not know how much we had all drank, until we were seated in the open carriage that was to convey us on a ride through the principal streets.

Full of drunken mirth, we reclined in the vehicle, and shouted and laughed until the passers-by stared in amazement Hal Green took the whip from the driver, and whipping the horses, put them to the top of their speed. Away we dashed, distancing every other vehicle in our mad flight, and threatened in our wild career to overturn whatever was not fortunate enough to get out of the way. The horses flew, and we shouted; Hal smacking the whip, and the driver holding on to the reins with desperate determination.

But suddenly we came to a halt; we drove against a carriage and dashed it to pieces. A loud scream filled the air, and then there followed a dead silence our drunken mirth was stilled; the crowd rushed to the scene; two men lifted up the fallen lady. My God! my God! I saw the pale face of Blanche Peele; a fearful gash was on her temple, the blood oozed in a dark stream from it, her eyes were open, but she seemed to see not, and I heard the bystanders whisper, "She is dead!"

Dead! I fell like a log to the earth, and was born insensible to my home. My last thought was, I have killed her, I have killed her! God have mercy upon my soul!

That night when I opened my eyes I found myself in my room alone, my companions had gone, what cared they? The pale dead lady was nothing to them, but to me—oh! was she not the love, the light of my life? had I not loved her long before love found vent in words? did I not cling to her as the inspiration of all that was good and true in myself? Could I live happily—could I live purely without this blest angel to keep watch and ward over me? Did I not look to her for counsel, for sympathy, for love, and yet had I not killed her? I groaned aloud. No, no; it was all a horrid dream. I strove to collect my scattered senses, but my temples ached, and a wild fire seemed shooting through my brain. I could not *remember*, and, with a cry of despair, I sank back again on my pillow.

The next morning my attendant found me in a high delirium. I raved, but it was of Blanche; the pale face, the ghastly wound, the lifeless form, oh haunting visions, can I ever forget you?

A week has passed by. I am sitting convalescent in my room. My precious Blanche is not dead; my Father I thank thee for this. I have entreated her to see me; she says, "Come to-morrow. I have been fearfully ill, but I am better." I have kissed the dear handwriting a thousand times. To-morrow I go to kneel for pardon, to pray for peace at the feet of my precious Blanche. She cannot refuse me I know, for I will pour out my whole soul to her in one wild appeal for pardon, for peace, for love. If she loves me—and she does love me—she cannot refuse me this; love never refused to love, its tenderest forgiveness; offend it, yet it takes you again to its bosom, and whispers gently, 'you are forgiven.'

One week! how slowly the moments go when we have nothing to hope for, nothing to live for. I stand as it were, and look into a future that stretches like an arid desert before me; no flowers, no trees, no streams; desolation is written on the bare white sands of all my future life. Yet I cannot blame fate; men deserve to feel the punishment of their wrong deeds even in this life. I bow my head and submit! Away with this trying to talk one's self into submission; there is nothing but prayer that brings true submission, and I have not prayed; no, I rebel, I resist, I despair, I curse—I curse myself, and my own weak folly. I dash myself against the rock of an impotent despair.

I have seen Blanche Peele, and I have heard from her lips my destiny. She sat pale, but composed, in the large arm chair. She grew paler as I entered; her eyes assumed the look of a frightened deer, but she sat quiet and calm. I sank beside her, and laid my head on her knees; but one word escaped me, "Forgiveness." She took her hands and placed them softly on my head as if in gentle benediction.

"What you ask is yours; rise, dear Gray, I freely forgive you."

I rose. "Then, dearest Blanche, we can be happy once more!" and I took her hands and kissed them passionately.

"Yes," she whispered, "but apart."—"Apart!" the blood seemed to freeze at my heart. She smiled a smile full of resignation and love; she looked like a holy saint about to resign its dearest treasure, yet able to say, "They will be done."

"Yes, we must be happy apart," she repeated.

I shivered. "No, no Blanche, you are cruel, you are cruel." I cried out in my woe; for one little crime to punish me thus severely," and again I kissed her soft hands with a passion of grief. She withdrew her hands. "Gray" she said, calmly, "there is nothing save heaven itself that can turn me from my purpose; this a solemn deed sanctified by prayer and seal by tears.—It is in no resentment that I sever the chain that binds us; I unclasp it with the trembling fingers of love."

"No, no, dearest Blanche," I cried, "do not, do not;"

"But yes," she said solemnly, "I must; the past with its mortification, its griefs, rises up and strengthens whatever is weak in my resolution.

If I shed such bitter tear over a father's shame, my husband's degradation would fell me to earth. I cannot be clasped to to the bosom of a drunkard and be called his wife."

"But I am no drunkard," I exclaimed.

"See," said, "that little cloud in the heavens, it is but a faint speck, yet it may soon cover the entire surface with a black mantle. Do you understand the allusion? The night my father struck my mother bleeding to the ground, I swore as I stood by her side that I never would marry a man who drank at all, still less one that I had seen intoxicated

The day when I was hurled from my carriage, the last sight I saw before my senses left me, was the wine flushed face of the one I loved—the one I had promised to marry. Now go; if in the future you ared my young days were darkened by my father's crime; think of my tears, think of my sad, my wretched home."

"If you loved me," I said, "you would not be so stern."

"If loved you! why my heart strings are quivering with the blow I myself am dealing."

"You are selfish," I cried out in my passionate grief.

"Selfish! I might be willing to suffer myself, but I cannot consent to involve the innocent in my destruction." She arose — Go, Gray Granville, the memory of the parting will cling to me forever."

"And can I forget?" I said. "Blanche Peele, you the stern disposer of my fate are cruel beyond all that woman has ever been befor."

"If I have less tenderness than most women," she said, "it is not that I have not as great capabilities for loving, but it is because I have suffered more misery. I know that woman would almost rather die than give up the man they love, even when crime has darkened his brow. I am not one of them, I would rather tear my heart out, and cast it from me, than have it love that which it cannot respect.

"You are resolute then," I said with a last despaired effort.

"In my wrestlings with prayer," she replied, "an angel came and strengthened me, and I am strong now, Gray Granville, to drink the bitter cup—a cup I drink from principle."

Before I left I turned to look at her; she had thrown herself in the chair, and sat with her hands tightly clasped over her face.

Once again I am in my silent room.—The wine cup has parted Blanche and I forever; here in its love its hopes, its tears, and sad parting; then I dash it away forever.

The crystal glass lies in broken fragments at my feet, over the shining heap I vow never again to touch the intoxicating draught.

Dark, desolating demon, that has blasted my life, away with you! away with you forever! I look up, think I see the sweet, sad face of Blanche bending over me, and I whisper "beloved, I have lost you fosever." She places her soft hands on my head, the touch thrills through me, and I hear her low, gentle tones, "Yes, but you have saved yourself Gray Granville."

The manuscript ends. The two gentlemen sit lost in thought; the elder turns with enquiring face to the younger, who says, "I gratefully accept the important lesson it teaches; and arising quietly, he looks up the decanters.

A CUTE YANKEE.

Some time since a slabsided mortal from down-east, who looked as if he had been passed through a shingle-mill, called at a respectable establishment in Philadelphia and inquired—

"Is this Burlap, Jean & Co.'s?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, I reckon I owe you a small bill!"

"What name sir?"

"Zerubbabel Snooks."

After overhauling the ledger, Zerubbabel was assured that it could not be, as his name was not on the books.

'A dran pretty way you keep 'em then. I guess if a man owed me the matter of three hundred dollars I could tell the date without looking. However, don't want to cheat you. I know this is the place; so just give me a receipt for two hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifteen cents."

"Never mind the cents Mr Snooks, here's a receipt for the dollars".

"Mighty careless you be of small matters. One hundred cents make a dollar where I come from. Fifteen cents ain't to be sneezed at, good mornin'."

Messrs. Burlap & Co. were electrified at the miraculous honesty of the down easter, and would not let him go so readily. They insisted upon his purchasing a bill of goods, but Zerubbabel was unwilling. "It was demounded hard to pay for 'em," he said, "he'd been all winter raising that." But to their great gratification they succeeded in securing a good customer, by selling him a bill of one thousand dollars, payable in six months.

When the time of payment had arrived, and a notice of the demand was forwarded to the address of the down-easter, the latter remained unanswered. The account was sent to a limb o the law resident in the town from which he hailed, and the next mail brought the agreeable intelligence to Messrs. Burlap Jean & Co., that no such man as Zerubbabel Snooks had ever lived there.