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A. McKay

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

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

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL.

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At short notice and on reasonable terms.

STEAM ENGINES
From 5 to 50 Horse Power.

Blacksmith's Work
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS
in their line promptly attended to.

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According to order.

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ANTI-FRICTION PLATES AND RAILS
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N. B. No. 10, Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., at the

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October 16, 1860.

MILITARY NOTICE.

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A. A. N. M. TAYLOR

Stores and Tinware,
A large and complete stock of HARDWARE, cutlery, &c., on

DISSOLUTION.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

LOST.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work.

Family Groceries,

Military Notice.

Hardware, Hardware!

Dissolution.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard.

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Roofing Guttering & Job Work.

Family Groceries.

Military Notice.

Hardware, Hardware!

Dissolution.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard.

Lost.

Poetry.



OH GIVE NOT UP TO SORROW.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES.

Oh give not up to sorrow,
And never know despair—
Let Hope light up the morning,
With all its happy cheer,
Why should we weep the moments
That pass so swiftly by?
By cruel, dark forebodings,
When Joy itself is nigh?

Though dark misfortunes meet us,
And tears and frowns befall,
And many objects great us,
To tell the sudden tale—
Let's view it as our share of toil,
That's only to be borne—
And light will be a burden,
However the heart was torn.

Oh give not up to sorrow,
And never know despair—
Let Hope light up the morning,
With all its happy cheer,
He who can light the darkness
Will every care remove—
The storms of life will rage to-day,
To-morrow bring its calm.

HOME AT LAST.

Home at last! Home at last!
From an earthly sojourn,
For O! I've passed the thousand years,
Who passed on long before,
How each tear is wiped away
By God His Holy One!
There's thought but songs of praise and joy
Round the eternal throne.

The pure in heart! the pure in heart!
He is in spirit white,
All here, with every crown of joy
All gloriously bright,
And some I've loved so long ago,
Who left me and are here,
Within our Father's home,
So in at home I seek at home!

Safe at home I seek at home!
O! in the vision glow,
I seek the bright that mourn me yet
In that bright home, I seek the new
I seek the bright that mourn me yet
I seek the bright that mourn me yet
Through Him I seek at home!
For me to seek at home!

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Miscellaneous.

WAS SHE HAPPY?

"Is she happy?"
"Unoubtedly; at least she seems so."
"Did she marry for love or money?"
"A little of both, perhaps."

Such were some of the questions and the answers that were spoken aside by her acquaintances, when Mary Blakely appeared among them as the wife of Alfred Grant.

For among her associates Mary was much admired, and by some deeply loved, while her husband was far from being a favorite; and yet she was greeted everywhere with congratulations and expressions of pleasure at her marriage, and from those who most heartily disapproved of her choice.

Mary was beautiful—and never more so than when she appeared in public as a bride; but there was a few who knew and loved her best, to whom the animation that flushed her glowing cheek and sparkled in her eyes, was but the sunset crimson glow, fading into the darkness of night or autumn's brilliant hue; beautiful, but sure precursors of decay.

Two years before she had been affianced to Martin Howard, a rich and fashionable, but heartless young man, who, attracted by her beauty and grace, had, partly for the want of something to do, and partly to gratify a silly vanity of being loved, sought her affections with untiring assiduity, until he had won from her an assurance that the love he professed for her was reciprocated when he began to weary of her society, and at last deserted her for a young lady whose chief attraction was her father's gold; and when he was asked what could have led to such a change; coolly replied, "That Mary was such a charming girl that a flirtation with her could not but be a pleasant affair; but really a gentleman of his position could not be expected to marry the portionless daughter of a man whose profession was his only dependence.

Doubtless his admiration for her had for a time warmed a feeling as he was capable of cherishing towards any human being, for self was the idol at whose shrine he bowed, with a devotion too deep to be shared by any other.

What were Mary's feelings at his desertion no one knew, for pride swelled her lips, and no word of blame for Howard's conduct, or regret for her own misplaced confidence, was suffered to escape them; but there was a nervous restlessness in her manner a feverish flush on her cheek. Sometimes, too, tears might have been seen gathering to her bright blue eyes; but they were driven back to their source, and her silvery laugh rang as clear as ever—though a close observer

would have detected something forced and unnatural in its sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Blakely, though their means were limited, were highly respected; and Mary had always been accustomed to the best society, and mingled on terms of equality with the sons and daughters of affluence; yet she was morbidly sensitive on the subject of poverty, and now she became more keenly alive to its disadvantages than ever.

Alfred Grant, on the contrary, had never received much consideration in his social world, for he had been reared by a sordid, voracious father, who made the acquisition of money the sole aim of his existence, and in training his son, had never attempted to develop his intellectual or moral nature, but endeavored simply to qualify him to transact business, and acquire the wealth he himself regarded as the greatest good of life.

But, unfortunately for the father's hopes, young Alfred grew up with an inordinate love of display, and was ambitious of nothing so much as to dress expensively, drive fast horses, sport an elegant equipage, and create a sensation in the fashionable world; and knowing his father's wealth, he secretly harbored bitter, resentful feelings towards, his parent for withholding from him the means of gratifying his inclinations.

And when the sire reluctantly quit the hold which he had so long grasped his cherished treasures, and lay down in the sleep of death, the son took triumphant possession, with an air more like that of a man who has obtained a right long and fraudulently withheld, than of a bereaved orphan who feels that no earthly gain can compensate for a parent's loss. No sooner was the father's funeral over, than the son's course of life was almost wholly changed. Before his progenitor was laid in the grave, he had been obliged to practice the strictest economy, in order to keep his expenditures within the limits of the sparingly allowance to which he was restricted, and which was but little augmented by an exertion of his own; for despite the pains taken with his education, he scorned to earn what he loved so well to spend.

But now that his father's hoarded treasures were all his own, he dashed into a style of living, that if such a thing were possible, might have brought the miser from his grave to remonstrate against such reckless extravagance.

That still he was unsatisfied. He must have a higher social position than his own qualified him to fill, and he had for some time been trying to make himself agreeable to Mary Blakely, without eliciting much notice from that young lady, until Martin Howard began to grow negligent, when he met with more favor; yet none of her friends could have believed that she would marry him, she was so immeasurably his superior in everything but wealth.

But what cared Mary where her lot was cast now, that life for her had lost its brightness! She had no heart to give, and it mattered little on whom she had bestowed her hand. Perhaps it would be better that it should be given to one who had not sufficient sensibility to feel her coldness, and such a one was Alfred Grant. And then he had wealth enough, the lack of which had made Martin Howard consider her ineligible as a wife, while he felt at liberty to trifle with her affections, as he would not have done had her fortune been equal with his own. Poverty had, she thought, been the bane of her existence; should she not accept it? Yes! she would marry Alfred Grant, and be rich—richer even than the purse-proud Howard, with his idle, extravagant habits, ever would be!

Her resolution once taken, she trod the path she had chosen with a firm, unshrinking step, and how many who looked upon her flaming eyes and glowing cheeks, could have believed she was not happy, or suspected the slight tear had fallen on her heart sithering every flower that hope had planted, and making life a desert and a waste.

Surely, the world that pronounced her a happy bride and smiled upon her selection could not have divine it. It was, the world said, an excellent match; for the husband's wealth would surround the wife with the elegance her beauty and accomplishments were so well fitted to adorn—while her intelligence and refinement would give him, as her husband, a social position, which his wealth alone could not purchase.

And for a time, judging from outward appearances the world seems right. Grant was proud of his wife and elated with his success in winning her; and she upheld by her indomitable pride, despite the weary pain at her heart, was the bells of the season.

But five years have passed since then; and now Mary Grant—a pale, wan creature, with a hectic spot on either cheek, and that unnatural brightness that like the "dame that burns brightest and most clearly" when it is just sinking in the socket, tells that the lamp of life is almost spent—lives an obscure abode, and toils day by day with her needle for the support of the fair, frail children, who inherit their mother's beauty, with little of the bloom and juvenescence of her early years.

Their father, after squandering his fortune, has deserted his family, and gone, no one knows whither; and her parents, who were pained by her marriage with a man they thought unworthy of her, did not live to witness the sorrows they feared would come upon her.

Among her most distant relatives are some who—could they discover her retreat would gladly minister to the wants of herself and little ones, but pride—the pride

that destroyed the fairest of the angels—still clings to the heart every earthly hope has deserted, and will not suffer her to eat the bread of dependence.

But when her strength fails, and the shades of the dark valley begin to gather around her, she will, she says, summon them to her side, and commit to their care and that of the orphans' God, the precious babes she must leave behind.

STORY FOR BUSINESS MEN'S DAUGHTERS.

"Now, like a dear good mamma, will you please beg papa to buy me that beautiful set of pearls at Tiffany's! All the girls in our circle have some, and surely you would not wish me to seem odd."

"My dear child, it is utterly impossible; your father cannot afford it, and even if he could, it would be a piece of useless extravagance, entirely unavailing to our age.—I consider it perfectly ridiculous to see children like you be decked with trinkets like some South Sea Islander."

"Why mamma, how you astonish me! Why, every person knows papa is very rich, and there is Clara Clinton's mother, who is acknowledged to be a lady of Superior taste, and allows Clara to wear what she pleases!"

"Mrs. Clinton has a perfect right to dress her daughter according to her idea; but I prefer to see you in the simple garb so becoming to modest girlhood. Your father, darling is much embarrassed at present, having entered into some speculations which I fear will prove disastrous; we will then be obliged to leave this splendid house, and seek one more suited to our means. I tell you this, my child, that you may not be annoying him for money for every elegant, costly trifle you may be pleased with. You know it hurts him to refuse you."

"And I have been forever teasing him about new dresses and jewels. I would not have been so unkind, dear mother, had I known what you say," said Metta Bancroft, with tearful eyes.

"Only thoughtless, darling," said her mother. "Now attend to your lessons—perhaps you may be able to turn your education to advantage, and assist your father."

"Metta Bancroft was a noble girl, and from her infancy she had been the delight of home. With a firm will and keen perception of right, she never wavered when she knew her duty, and although reared in a home of affluence and accustomed to be petted and caressed, she was not spoiled. Yet she was not entirely free from that great error in the female character, rivalry about dress; and despite of her resolution, she was sadly disappointed about the pearls. In the evening, when her father returned, his face looked very troubled. There was a mournful tenderness in his eyes as he met his wife and daughter with their accustomed kisses. The evening passed almost in silence, and when Metta had retired to her room he said to his wife the blow had fallen at last."

"I had feared so, William," said his wife. "But you have done all in your power to prevent it. God's will be done! We will not murmur."

"And will you be willing to resign this home for one of poverty?" he asked.

"Willingly, my husband. I would soon be kept up a false appearance when we have not the means to support it."

"My noble wife! You have lightened the burden on my heart; but will our daughter be reconciled to such a change?"

"She is a darling," said the mother fondly. "To-day I refused to allow her to make some expensive purchases, and I anticipated the reason; she immediately acknowledged the justice of my refusal, and was really troubled to think of the annoyance her many frivolous requests must have caused you."

The father's eye brightened. "Our reverse may be a blessing for her—it will bring out and strengthen her character."—"Are your hopes entirely blasted?" asked the wife.

"Even the furniture will be sold to satisfy creditors. I may possibly have enough left to furnish a few rooms, and Mr. Greene, of the insurance company, has promised me a situation. My salary will be barely sufficient to support us. However, we will do the best we can."

Under the ruthless hand of the auctioneer scarce an article was left unsold. Objects of great value were sacrificed at half their cost.

With rare determination, on the day after Mr. Bancroft's failure, his wife set out for the first time in her life, house hunting, in a quiet street in Brooklyn she secured the upper apartments in the house of an old widow lady, whose family consisted of an only daughter. Early in the following week they removed, and were soon comfortably settled.

Mr. Bancroft was happier than he expected to be. The little parlor, with its easy chairs and pretty carpet, looked so neat and comfortable—never had his wife looked so beautiful; sit in a simple calico, her cheek flushed, her eye beaming with happiness, and singing a song as she prepared their evening meal. Even Metta looked more dignified as she sat at a small table writing copies for her scholars; for she had obtained a position as teacher in a school.

"I never felt such contentment before," said the father. "Really, people of fashion have no idea of the pleasure they miss."

"And, indeed, papa," said Metta, "I find more enjoyment and instruction in teaching my little class than during my association with people of fashion. The character of my pupils is an interesting study; no two are alike. I begin to think I have found my vocation."

"We are all fitted to excel in some particular avocation," said the mother, and we should seriously endeavor to know in what, before we enter upon any work—See, my dear girl, the advantage of learning whatever we undertake perfectly. If you had wasted your time and talents like many a foolish person, you would not now be so independent."

Metta grew up to be a true woman; and although she never wore the costly pearls which she saw at Tiffany's, yet in the cabinet of her heart was enshrined those father and richer pearls of Modesty, Intelligence, and Virtue.

ANECDOTE OF A SHEEP.

Anecdotes of animals are always amusing; and moreover if observed accurately and told without embellishment, may some day serve to solve a great problem in philosophy—the distinction, namely, between the spirit of a man that goeth upward and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth—a problem that the great Bishop Butler could not solve, and left a blemish in his argument, but a monument to his candor. The subject to the one I am going to tell happened many years ago, when I was an orphan of eight or ten, but I remember it well.

One fine summer it was my province to aid in driving a flock of sheep to the brook, to be washed, preparatory to shearing.—The man who had charge of them led the procession with the salt dish in hand from time to time made pretense of throwing a handful on the ground, to draw the flock outward from place to place, while I followed to drive up the lonerers.

The old patriarch of the troop, a fine old buck, led the van of the quadrupeds, and carefully examined every spot where the false motion of throwing salt was made, and then he would fully establish in his intellect that he had thrown salt upon his back, and waiting till the shepherd was about a rod in advance, charged upon him from the rear with his whole momentum, fairly raising him off his feet.

I saw, and from the first comprehended the mistake, but there was so much fun in it, it was impossible to give the alarm; and when the man turned to "blow me up" for my tactlessness, I was rolling on the green sward in a convulsion of laughter so contagious he was forced to join in it, and let me off without a rebuke.

Will it do to attribute to so simple an animal as a sheep, so high a moral sentiment as indignation at deceit? Perhaps not; but we may at least make the "practical inference," that those having charge of flocks should securely lead them along with mere occasional handfuls of wind.

"During the reign of James II., when the King was much disliked for his oppression and the number of taxes imposed on the people, his majesty, in the progress of a tour, stopped at Sudbury, in Suffolk, when the corporation resolved to address him; but as the mayor did not possess much literature, it was settled that the town clerk should be his prompter. Being introduced to the King's presence, the town clerk whispered to the trembling mayor:

'Hold up your head, and look like a man.'

His worship, mistaking this for the beginning of a speech, repeated aloud to the King, 'hold up your head, and look like a man.'

The town clerk, in amazement, again whispered him, 'What do you mean by this, sir?'

The mayor, in the same manner, repeated, 'What do you mean by this, sir?'

The town clerk, alarmed, whispered more earnestly—

'I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all!'

The mayor, still imagining this to be part of his speech, concluded his matchless performance with, 'I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all.'

—Why is a muff like a foot? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

—A legal wag calls his marriage certificate "a writ of attain'd her."

—The two neighbors who "fell out," have got it again. Neither of them were injured.

—If you have a loitering servant, send him upon your errands just before his meal-time.