The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1861. NO. 24.

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. Newspaper 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, &c.
No. 5, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 13tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, directly opposite Messrs. Oates & 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, De Laines, Shirtings,
Yarn-stuff, Ticking, &c.,

and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest price 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 Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may at all times 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 16, 1860. 30tf

West Green Nurseries.
300,000 Select Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.

ARE the citizens of the Southern States aware that the people of the Northern and Northwestern States are making fruit one of their leading articles of trade, and that in a climate and soil so great extent very unpropitious for fruit culture? Then why should not the citizens of the Southern States make Fruit, dried and green, one of the leading staples. Fruits grown north of the Southern one are noted for their size, fine flavor, and beautiful color.

The above statements are fully sustained by the transportation over Northern Fruits, and the great amount of green and dried fruit sent North and Northwest by the Southern States during the last few years. Them if the above statements are fully sustained, and if it is no sin, according to the Bible, to make money by raising Fruit, then send forward your orders and cash to Westbrook and Mendenhall and they will furnish you with good marketing stock.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.
Greensboro', Nov. 1860. 33—tf.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Henry Alexander is alone authorized to settle the business of the late firm.
HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.
June 27, 1861—tf.

The business of the FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP will be conducted as usual by the undersigned. He requests a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.
HENRY ALEXANDER.
June 27, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

HE would call special attention to his stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Boxes, Spokes, Shafts, Curtain Frames, Knobs, Rails, Lining Nails, Dumock, Sattinet, Cloths, Laces, Fringes, Enamelled and Patent Leather, Enamelled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Steel 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.

Blacksmith Tools,

SUCH as Bellows, Anvils, hand and sledge Hammers, Vices, Buttresses, Farriers' Knives, Screw-plates, Stocks and Dies, Blacksmith's Pincers and Tongs, Rasps and Files of every kind, cut horse shoe and clinch Nails, Borax, Iron of all sizes, both of Northern and country manufacture, cast, plow, blister and spring Steel, &c., for sale very cheap at
TAYLOR'S,
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 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
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, Purposes, 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, for Winter's Patent Muley 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 use—it can be run by Steam, Water or Horse Power. The Muley 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. 32tf

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,
Corrator, mill, cross-cut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, grafting, tenon, back, compass, web and hitcher SAWS,
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS,
Saw setters, Screw plates, Shears and dies,
Planes of all kinds, Spoke shaves,
Steel blade level and try Squares, Spirit Levels,
Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Rosin Machines, Gauges,

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—some other need ask it.

All persons indebted to the old firm of Fullings, 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. 47tf.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

YIELDING to the solicitations of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the

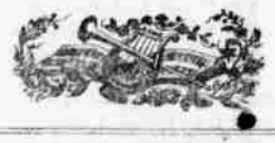
Practice of Medicine.

He may be consulted at his office.
☞The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1858. 23tf

Roofing Guttering & JobWork,

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

Poetry.



Hope on, Brave Heart.

Hope on, brave heart, oppressed by sorrow,
Though gloomy be thy path to-day;
The clouds may disappear to-morrow,
And then more clear may see thy way.
A goal to brighter hours discerning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning!

Hope on, fond parent, youth is erring,
And thy beloved one's gone astray,
Awhile the paths of vice preferring,
May yet return some happy day
Repentant, for thy blessing yearning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning!

Hope on, poor wife alone and weary
Listening for that well known tread,
Throughout the night, so long and dreary,
Every moment fraught with dread,
While make thy taper dimly burning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning!

Hope on, ye workers, sisters, brothers,
Laboring for your daily bread;
What'er your calling, serving others
With horny hands, or aching head,
Keep ye the lamp of hope a burning
'Tis a long lane that has no turning!

Miscellaneous.

From the National Magazine.

WIDOW MINARD'S FIRST LOVE.

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places; caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to fling them away again, and all for one reason. You don't ask me what *that* is? No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them!"

Here was a long silence and Mr. Minard's pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was died with blushes as she thought of absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when *they* get served in the same way," said the stranger musingly, "you never meet *them* roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Minards, with some spirit, "if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it, the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for that."

"Did you ever in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow unconcernedly.—The stranger looked towards her; she was rummaging the table drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson—Sam Payson! Why, he was my most intimate friend! Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to, when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he is quite well?"

"Strong as an ox."

"And happy?" pursued the widow, bending closer to her knitting.

"Hum, the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seems to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say, well off."

Mrs. Minards did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions, but she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

The stranger looked at her with twinkling eyes.

"His wife, ma'am! Why, bless you, he has not got one."

"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I knew him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly the only woman he ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him, except me."

"Mrs Minards laid her knitting aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire."

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters mighty little what takes me off,' he used to say, 'I've nothing to live for, and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when I am gone.'—It's a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"

Mrs. Minards sighed as she said she thought it was

"But did he ever tell you the name of the woman who jilted him?"

"I know her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow started almost out of her chair, the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her too?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Minards, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteadily; "no, her husband is dead."

"Ah! but still she never thinks of Sam,"

There was a dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell me."

"I'm sure I don't know why I should. But if I do, you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him, if you ever meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, then, she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair much nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment the widow resisted, but it was a magnetic touch, the rosy palmlay quietly in his and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's dear friend? If he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it, for a long, long time?"

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger, softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her, she would have married him after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."

"She was not happy, then, with another."

"Mr.—that is to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave out on the hillside rather penitently, "and they lived very pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still—might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest, now, and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Minards looked rather scared.

"What is it?

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her, 'Maria,'—what makes you start so?"

"Nothing; only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in awhile."

"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that when he heard she was free, he began to work hard at making a fortune. He has got it; and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By and by she looked up again—he was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantel piece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes and how she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life, and that he will be faithful till he dies—

The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still, "I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but—*Come!*"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she cried out. I am Sam's Maria!"

"Well—I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face she had never forgotten! I leave you to imagine the tableau; ween the cat got up to look, and Bowse set on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream, and then she—

But, stop! Quiet people like you and me, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after awhile that all was right, and so laid down to sleep again, and that one week afterwards there was a wedding at the house that made the neighbors stare. The widow had married her First Love!

A SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ISLA.

We were passing out from the Ohio into the bosom of the Mississippi. For nearly two miles we were kept in the calm waters of the Belle River, but at length the superiority of the "father of rivers" began to show itself, and the green tinted waves of the Ohio were absorbed in the mighty rolling flood, of whose domain it would fain have held in copartnership. I sat in the door of my state-room, which opened upon the verandah; the folding doors that divided the lengthy saloon into three compartments were thrown back. A party of gentlemen were discussing the recent Presidential election. Gradually the conversation, from being pacific, became irritable.

"What is your opinion?" demanded one.

Before the person addressed could reply, the folding doors were rolled hastily together; the thin guilded panel offered no obstruction to its bearing. A gentleman—I judged it was he to whom the question alluded—arose. His manner, at first calm dispassionate, as he proceeded grew louder, deeper, and more unrestrained. The boisterous cadence of the rushing waters, the deep breathing of the sea monster were unheard in the grander development of the powers of the human mind. I arose and opened silently my door. With his arms folded over his heaving chest, his voice swelling up like organic music, I recognized in an instant the great temperance lecturer of England, Robert Ingraham. I whispered in the ear of the man nearest me. It passed from lip to lip, until, as he paused, with his arms crossed, a shout rang out upon the stillness as a night chime. An expression of deep sadness passed over the grave, earnest face of the speaker.

'My name,' he continued, "makes known to you my mission; not to mingle in the war of words, but forever to loose the bands that fetter the eternal aspirations God hath given man. Look at me!' he exclaimed, extending his arms, "not in the prime of manhood, not in the glow of enthusiastic youth, but with the shadow of life's setting sun resting upon my horizon. It is a mournful thing,'—his voice lowered, "to rack the memory of the past; it brings to every one its burden of regret, its hour of sadness; but few there be to whom it brings remorse that neither years nor acts may wear away.'

He folded his arms; his eyes burned with a deeper lustre; his manner became strangely impressive.

'Twenty years ago,' said he, pointing with his finger towards a slender youth, 'I was such as he. God grant the comparison may extend no farther! Educated under the instruction of a gifted mother, who at last deemed her boy fit to cope for the highest honors of a collegiate career, I entered the University of Virginia. There my easy temperament, my love of a frolic, my careless expenditure, brought me in contact with a reckless set. At the close of the third session I was expelled. My mother had in the meanwhile died. Thank God, she was spared from witnessing the after fate of her only child! Among the collegians was one whose passive acknowledgment and yielding to my unguarded passions, had rounded his destiny with mine. He invited me to visit his Southern home.

"After a week's leisure traveling, we entered the family carriage which had been sent to meet us at one of the landings on this river. Never shall I forget with what feelings I neared that home! The sun was just setting, but a halo of golden light quivered over the stately oaks that lined either side of the broad carriage way. As we neared the mansion, the exquisite fragrance of exotic flowers borne on the light wind, seemed to me the baptism of welcome. An abrupt turn brought us in full view of the house. A young girl stood within the open door; she bounded forward with a glad cry, and sprang into the extended arms of her brother.

"Annette," said he, kissing the full lips and smiling tenderly, 'how well you look.' Then turning to me, and laying the small hand in mine, "This is my friend; assure him of his welcome.'

"I shall but have to repeat yours," she answered, drawing her hand from mine.

"The touch of the delicate fingers thrilled me. I stammered my acknowledgments. As we walked up the gravelled pathway, a lady robed in mourning passed hastily down the steps. He ran eagerly forward to meet her, but I slacked my speed, for to me the meeting of mother and son was sacred. A young sister was peeping through the trellised vines of the bay window. As we came up, my welcome was no less cordial. I drew the little one from the vine-draped window, and became by degrees interested in her infantile expressions.

"My visit extended to weeks, but when I spoke of going, a new tie awoke within me. With all the fiery ardor of a nature such as mine—I loved. One afternoon, as we rode slowly along, my secret escaped. Words garnered from the lava of my being, flowed from my lips. When I paused, the blue eyes looked timidly into mine; but an admission such as this was unsatisfying to so exacting a nature as my own.

"Annette," I exclaimed, seizing the reins and gazing down into the flushed face, 'is it so?'

'You know it, she answered. 'Let me go.'

I loosened the reins. Another moment, and I was alone.

'And this is woman's love thought I, as I rode slowly toward the mansion. A silent admission, but no strength, scarce rippling the silver current of her tones.—That night I asked of the mother the hand of Annette.'

"I shall be very proud of you as a son," she said in the course of her remarks; "but you are both young. Annette must see more of the world.'

The next night it was so arranged that we should spend the remainder of the season at the Virginia Springs, but that at Christmas, in the old home, Annette should be mine. Within a week we were registered at the White Sulphur. The gaiety, the recklessness, and dissipation, added fuel to my sleeping passions. Fascinated by my manners, instigated by my example, my companion plunged into excesses that outrivalled my own.

The mother abruptly brought our night-revels to a close by announcing her intention of leaving for New York. But in that city we ventured upon a broader scale; we were fascinated by the brilliancy and beauty of its gambling halls, whose velvet carpets, sensuous pictures, lavish suppers, and costly wines had their due effect upon such temperaments as ours. It was in vain the mother urged our return, and Annette pleaded.

"One morning I unexpectedly met with an old friend, who urged me to return with him to his home, a few miles from the city. My restless nature longed for a change. I purposed staying for a day or two. Frank was to take especial care of his mother and Annette.

"A week slipped hastily away. I knew the anxiety of the mother; besides, daily intercourse with a pure hearted woman had exerted its due effect. I longed to be again with Annette. Brought in contact with the world, she was no longer a child; as her timidity vanished, her strength and superiority of mind asserted their respective claims. Yet a dim presentiment came over me as I neared the hotel. I recollected that, although Frank knew of my address, I had received no line. I hurried from the carriage, up the broad flight of steps of the hotel, and entered unceremoniously my room. For the moment its darkness blinded me, then I started back with horror.—Extended upon his bed lay my companion, with words of wild delirium upon his lips. Annette, white as the muslin robe that enfolded her form, sat at the foot. The mother was smoothing back the moist hair from the burning forehead; and an expression of agony had settled around her lips.

'Come in,' she said coldly, as she noticed my entrance.

I moved to the foot of the bed. Lifting her hand, and pointing to her son, she exclaimed, in tones that thrilled my very being:

'Behold your work!'

"My work! A soul rushes into eternity bearing upon it the pressure of my influence. The words maddened me; I turned hastily from the room, and soon after left the hotel.

'I drank more, played deeper, but in every hour those solemn words rose up against me. My old friend urged me to repeat my visit. When I returned to the city, Annette and her mother had left for home. In my writing-desk lay a note, the first I had ever received from Annette, tho' I recognized her handwriting. I opened it hastily. Would its contents win me back to her? It ran:

'God help us both! can never be the wife of a drunkard!'

'I threw the note under my foot, as if it in itself were a guilty thing. But the words were engraven on my heart as with a pen of fire. There were no ties to bind me to my mother land. Under an assumed name I left for England. There the ashes of the idol of my heart kindled into holy zeal. I resolved to dedicate my renewed powers to the restoration of the fallen of mankind.

'One night, the volcanic powers of my being burst from their narrow confines. I pictured with the graphic pen—alas! of reality!—the fascinating but never lying agony of the wine cup. As I progressed, and noticed the influence I exerted upon my listeners, I grew bolder, depicting in my own strong language its terrible blasting powers. I drew my examples from life, pointing not alone to the lowly and degraded, but to the fading lustre of our greatest intellects. I caused woman to become interested in my mission, and to the child I made myself plainly understood. If ever a pealing voice mocked at my warning, I pointed at the terrible reality in my own person; then, in the glow of manhood, but with a shadow forever resting upon me.

"After an absence of some twenty years, a strange fatality is carrying me to the