

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 24, 1861.

NO. 26.

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

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be made for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, inserted 120) for the first insertion, and 45 cents for each subsequent insertion. Copying and printing charges extra. Advertisements for the year, or for a longer period, will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 50 cents 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
FRANCIS GOLDEN'S

No. 3, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859.

MARKET HOUSE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly opposite Messrs. Oates & Williams, less than one mile from J. V. Blye & Co., where all ways may be found a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Figs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.
Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, DeLaines, Shirtings,
Paint-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 Luncheon may be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.
F. W. AHRENS,
N. B. The highest price paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Cabbages, Potatoes and other Produce. Call at the Market House.
F. W. AHRENS,
October 16, 1860. 2011

West Green Nurseries.

300,000 elect Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.
ARE the citizens of the Southern States aware that the people in the Northern and Northwestern States are making fruit one of their leading articles of trade, and that, in a climate and soil in a great extent very unsuited 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 under our Southern sun are noted for their size, fine flavor, and beautiful color.

The above statement are fully sustained by numerous letters, sent by Northern Fruit and Seed Dealers, who state that they sell more Northern and Northwest than the Southern States during the last few years. Then if the above statement are fully sustained, and if it is so, according to the Bible, to make money by raising fruit, then send forward your orders and we will furnish you with good working seedlings.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL,
Greensboro, N. C. 1860. 22-11.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Partnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & McDUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Henry Alexander is alone authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

HENRY ALEXANDER,
MALCOLM McDUGALL,
June 27, 1861-11.

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, 1861-11.

Carriage Materials.

WE would call special attention to our assortment of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Bells, Spindles, Shafts, Crown Frames, Knives, Bands, Lining Nuts, Dutch Sattins, Coils, Laces, Fringes, Buckskin and Patent Leather, Sewing Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all colors, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, and Coal Oil, Boils, and every thing in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot be in excess, at the Horse and Cart Depot of
A. A. N. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Blacksmith Tools,

SUCH as Bellows, Anvils, hand and foot hammers, Vices, Bolt cutters, and other tools, and every thing in the way of Blacksmithing, at prices that cannot be in excess, at the Horse and Cart Depot of
A. A. N. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Mecklenbug IRON Works,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
ALEXANDER & McDUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of A. A. N. TAYLOR 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.
Horse-shoeing
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

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

Cast regularly twice a Week,
Wednesday 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, Fortunes, County Lots, &c. Their

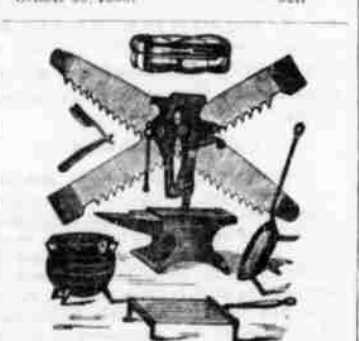
IMPLEMENTS
For carrying on the business in all its branches, have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are procured with all the

IMPROVEMENTS
Required to do their work in a

FIRST RATE MANNER.
Agents, for Dr. E. O. FLEMING, for White'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—can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Muley may be seen at the Shop at any time.

HENRY ALEXANDER,
MALCOLM McDUGALL,
N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.
October 30, 1860. 2211

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MALCOLM McDUGALL,
N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.
October 30, 1860. 2211



HARDWARE, HARDWARE!

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

Stoves and Tinware,
a large and complete stock of HARDWARE, con- sisting in part as follows:
Carpenter's Tools,
Cane cutters, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, splitting, slanting, lock, compass, wheel and lathe saws,
Hoes and hoes, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gouges, Hammer, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TRAWLS,
Saw setlers, Saw-plates, Sticks and dies,
Files of all kinds, Spoke-shaves,
Steel blades and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Levels, Vices,
Screw Drivers, Files, 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 2, 1860. 1111

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULFILLING & Co. was dissolved by limitation on the 1st of January, 1861. The business will be continued, under the name and style of FULFILLING & SPRINGS, and they hope, by integrity and strict attention to business, to merit the same patronage heretofore liberally bestowed by their numerous friends and customers.

The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, for the future compel us to shorten our line of credit from twenty to six months to prompt paying customers—some other mode we seek.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Fulfilling & Co., should 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. 4711.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard
HELDING in the collection of his medical cases, and in the practice of his office, he has the honor to announce that he has determined to resume the

Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office,
17 The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1858. 2311.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work,
OF all kinds, promptly attended to at
TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.



DOES ANYBODY LOVE ME.

Does anybody love me,
Does anybody heart,
Grow warmer by my presence,
Or sad when I depart,
Or any object worthy of thought,
Has anybody ever
My love or friendship sought?
What interesting questions,
Are there to every heart,
That feels it would not ever
From smoking fire apart,
Sweet childhood wants to know it,
And pines for reply,
While men and women ask it,
In many a deep-drawn sigh.
The rich man in his palace,
The poor man tilling 'er,
Within his little cabin
Throughout the living year,
The maiden at her mirror,
With bosom heaving high,
The student at his studies,
With weary brain and eye.

All want these questions answered,
All ask them every day,
And by ten thousand sections
Their interest betray.
And when experience answers,
Emphatically "no!"
How seldom grows the spirit
Beneath its weight of woe.

Look up ye desolated,
There is one friend for you,
Whom circumstances change not,
Whose word is ever true.
What though nobody loves you,
What though nobody's heart,
Grows warmer by your presence,
Or sad when you depart.
Above the blue of heaven,
Throned in celestial light,
There thrives one heart that loves you,
E'en God's the infinite.
Stand up and face your troubles,
Dare to break out in song,
Heaven with its weight of glory,
Will be thy home ere long.

Miscellaneous.

THE SISTERS STRATAGEM.

BY MARTIN A. AVERY.

Harry Grave was a good looking, talented, and respectable young farmer; with a handsome house, nice farm, with beautiful orchard and garden, and plenty of fine cattle and horses; but all these advantages he was one of the happiest fellows in town. He knew his own interest in a bargain; and the value of his cattle and his crops; and the respective merits of all the more celebrated preachers, and politicians in the land, much better than he did his own. For he was continually underrating himself; and his awkwardness, and diffidence in society, were often leading him into some laughable blunder, that would crimson his face with shame, until it resembled a penny, or a pickled beet.

Now Hattie his young and pretty sister, was not at all afflicted in this way, and numberless were the times when she had striven by encouragement, and reproaches, and ridicule to overcome this disagreeable habit in her brother; but all to no purpose; for Harry would be awkward Harry still. And she was in continual dread whenever she went into society together, that he would get tripped up with the carpet upon a lamp, spill lemonade upon some lady's dress, carve the goose into her lap, or something else as ridiculous.

Tired at last of reasoning and ridiculing, Hattie began to philosophize in silence.— She watched him narrowly for some time, in this way, and at last became convinced, that he got along very well except in the presence of Sarah Harper, one of the prettiest and most popular belles in the village, for whom he had a strong preference; and although Sarah was called coquette, Hattie thought she discovered symptoms of regard on her part, of quite as decided a character; although it had sometimes seemed to her almost to ridicule and torment him.

Now after Hattie came to this conclusion, Sarah Harper received a letter that surprised her not a little, and sent the hot blood to her cheeks. It was this:

"Dear Miss Harper:—Knowing as you must the disadvantages under which I labor in addressing you, I hope you will pardon my writing, in preference to doing so personally. I have long loved you better than the whole world besides; and the fear of your scorn, and ridicule, has done more towards making me appear the awkward fool I am not, than any thing else

in the universe. You may not believe this, but it is true; and it is also true, that with your smiles, and encouraging words I should be a very different man. Oh, will you not write, and tell me I do not love in vain; and that the hitherto unaccountable diffidence I ever displayed in your presence, has not disgusted you, past redemption, with my name and character.
Yours, &c.,
HARRY GRAVE.

A few mornings after this note had been received by Miss Harper, Harry and his sister were sitting at the breakfast table when one of the servants brought a package of letters and papers from the office: one of which—a very genteel, gilded, and perfumed note, he opened hastily, and began to read. As he did so, his face crimsoned, and getting up in the greatest agitation he began to pace the floor.
"Why Harry! what on earth is the matter? you look as if you were going into a fit," said the mischievous girl with mock solemnity. "Come now, tell me, is it a love letter, a duress, or something even more mysterious and terrible?" And seizing her opportunity, the laughing girl caught it from his hand and fled from the room and up the broad staircase.

Harry followed with all speed; but with his usual ill luck, fell up stairs, which gave the little mischief time to run her eye over its contents, before he could rise and recover himself.
"Come now Harry, up to my room, and don't be angry, that's a dear," said she coaxingly. "I've been mistrusting this affair a long time, but I didn't suppose you had courage enough to make the avowal that is implied in that letter!"

"Nor had I Hattie, and this is why this confounded me so. It seemed to be an answer to my thoughts, but not to anything I have ever written. For I will confess, now that you have dived into the mystery, that I do love Sarah Harper, and have thought perhaps a hundred times that I would tell her so; but I never have. But somebody must have mistrusted my feelings, and written to her in my name to elicit such a reply as this, or else this is a forgery."

"Well, I think I know Sarah's handwriting. Let me read it more at leisure and I will see."
"Dear Sir:—Allow me to say that I was very much surprised, and I might say pleased at the reception of your note yesterday. That you regarded me with favor I have sometimes hoped; but that you would ever overcome that painful diffidence that I often pity, and (pardon me) sometimes sported with, enough to ever tell me so, I did not believe, till I received the proofs in your welcome letter. If I have really had any hand in producing that bashfulness, I am very sorry; and I will add that if I can in any way restore your self-possession, I am willing to do so.—For in spite of all your awkwardness, dear Harry, I have always highly appreciated your excellent qualities, your generosity and real kindness of heart, ever since we were to school together at the Academy.— This may surprise you; for probably, with others you have often thought me vain, selfish and coquette, and without even a serious thought. But if I know myself, there is an under current to my character, and motives, which, if you think it worth your while to study, you can have the privilege, by calling soon. And you may assure yourself dear Harry, that if you were not so awkward and bashful, Sarah Harper would not address you so frankly, and thus meet you at least half way."

"Well this is a curiosity," laughed Hattie when she finished reading it. "It is certainly Sarah's writing, as I can prove to you," said she, taking a handful of that young lady's notes from her writing case, and comparing them. "There, are you not convinced, Harry? and who else in the village writes so beautifully!"
"No one certainly; and the writing is very similar."
"It certainly is; and if somebody has broken the ice for you to catch fish you like best, it will be funny."
"Well, it is a surprising circumstance any way," said the amazed Harry, in rather an agitated tone. "And what in the world shall I do Hattie? Sarah will expect a reply!"
"Do, why follow up your advantage like a man, and if you love Sarah Harper, as you say you do, don't let this opportunity of securing her slip on any account. But don't tell her you didn't write the letter she it seems received, until you are pretty sure of her favor; for if you do, she will surely refuse you out of shame for the regard she has professed to feel for you without being asked."

"Perhaps you are right. But Hattie how can I get courage enough to visit or write to her? My heart is in my mouth at the thought of it. I couldn't say a word to her if my life depended on it."
"Pshaw! you'll find it as easy as it is for water to run down hill, when you once get your awkward mouth open," laughed Hattie.

At a party a few days after this Harry met Sarah Harper; and if he had any remaining doubts of her agency in the affair, they were removed by her blushes, and evident confusion at meeting him.— And, strange as it may seem, in her agitation, he lost his own; and through the whole evening, to Hattie's surprise did not get up, step on any body's toes, or cut up any side to attract particular attention. And when they were going home seeing Hattie was provided with company he for

the first time in his life offered his arm to Sarah, and was accepted.
But now Harry's courage failed. His diffidence returned in all its force, and he would have walked a mile without a word and with his heart beating like a tattoo, if Sarah, out of pity had not laughingly asked him what had become of his newly acquired courage, and confidence.
"It is returning," grasped Harry quickly; "and it reminds me of the deep debt of gratitude I owe you for your kind letter, Sarah."

"I should have been unworthy the regard you professed for me in yours, had I been less kind, and true to my feelings," said Sarah, in a slightly agitated tone.
"Oh Sarah! you cannot imagine the joy you give to one who has for years treasured your very look and tone in his heart; and felt his own awkwardness and deficiencies so terribly!" responded Harry, in a deeply agitated voice.
"But tell me why it is, dear Sarah, that one so undeniably awkward and ungainly, can find favor in your eyes, when those who have beauty and grace are striving in vain to win it?"

"For the reason that I value a true and noble heart, higher than all earthly things," said Sarah, "and try as I would I have never been able to find much but selfishness and vanity in those hearts that were embraced in the forms I considered most beautiful—I endeavored to prove them; and assured myself that most of them worshipped at the shrine of mammon, and cared more for my fortune than myself."
"I turned away in disdain, caring little that they called me a coquette; and having been disappointed in the search after sincerity and nobleness in perfect forms, I now turned to the imperfect; and directing my early memories—the unerring instincts of childhood, I found what I sought, where I least expected it; and have been only too glad to find that my preference is not in vain."

"And I am—oh so grateful. But still, I can hardly believe in its reality, dear Sarah. It seems impossible for one with your beauty, and grace, and wealth, to love a plain, awkward fellow like me."
"But I do, though," said Sarah, in a low, earnest tone, "and you may assure yourself, that there is no one on earth I love better."
"Then you will make me the happiest man living by becoming my wife!" said Harry, who had forgotten his bashfulness now; and the low, musically toned "Yes," made him so even then.

"What an awful catastrophe!" exclaimed Hattie, in mock terror, when she heard the result of the interview. "That great awkward Harry Grave engaged to the prettiest girl in the village, without even the excuse of a formal courtship. What will the gossip say!"
"They may say what they please so long as I retain Sarah's affection," said Harry, "and I hope now in time to get rid of that disagreeable patronymic."

Now the ice was broken, and that terrible question answered, that puzzles so many to propose, it was easy enough for Harry to go through that 'formal courtship.' And in fact, he never was happier or more at ease in his life than now, in Sarah Harper's society. And he even managed to stand up before a select assembly, and go through that terrific marriage ceremony, and long afterwards, without fainting, or turning much redder than a boiled lobster.

One evening after Sarah had become the mistress of Harry's establishment, as he was sitting very lovingly by her side, with Hattie in close proximity, she said—"Harry how was it that you ever found courage to write me that first letter I received from you?"
"I never did write it," said Harry, smiling "and to this day, it remains one of the mysteries as to who did it."
"You not write it," said Sarah, with a look of blank astonishment which was answered by a ringing laugh from the wicked Hattie.

"Ah! so you were the rogue, you provoking thing!" said Harry, "strange that I never before mistrusted that it was you alone who could have done it!"
"Well how could I see two worthy people so miserable without coming to the rescue!" said Hattie, with mock seriousness. "And now are you going to thank me or curse me for it?"
"I at least, thank you, dear sister," said Harry, with a grateful look, "for without such questionable interference, I fear I should not be enjoying my present happiness."

"And I suppose I ought to pout, and feel ashamed of my forwardness, in writing you such a letter without really being asked," said Sarah smiling. "But as the result is just what we all wished, I am ready to believe that you thought what Hattie wrote. I shall consider her deserving a rich reward so now, as I can command nothing more valuable, I propose to make her the same kind of a present she has bestowed on me; and I hope she will value it as highly as I do hers."
It was Hattie's turn to blush now, nor was her confusion decreased by the entrance of Sarah's brother, who was for some time the secret boreside of her fancy. Hattie cast an imploring look at Sarah, as much as to say, "don't expose me!" and she turned her conversation to other subjects. But we reckon it was resumed upon a subsequent occasion, or Hattie Grave would not have exchanged her name for Harper.

—Put your money into a box if you like but not a dice-box.

NATIONAL AIRS.

"God save the King" was composed by Dr. John Ball, Professor of Music to Greensboro College, and first sung at a banquet given to James the first and Prince Henry, at Merchant Tailor's Hall, in 1606.—The music is very grand. The celebrated Colonel James Innes used to say that nobody was worthy to write the words for it but Milton.

"Hail Columbia" was originally called "prince Ferdinand's March," it having been composed in honor of that General when he commanded the British and Hanoverian armies during the seven years' war.

The old song, "When Bibb went down to the regions below," was much in vogue about the time of the last war. Francis S. Key wrote the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" and set them to that tune.

The Marseillaise Hymn, or, as the French call it, "march," was written and composed by Rouget de L'Isle, a young French officer of a family attached to the royal cause. Lamartine gives a very romantic account of the origin of the song, and of Rouget himself. It was not written, as its name would seem to imply, at Marseilles, but at Strasburg, in an opposite quarter of France. A large body of Marseillais, who went up to Paris to assist the Jacobins, passed through the country singing it as they went; hence its name. How they got hold of it, since it had not before been sung or published, as far as we know, is a mystery. It soon became the national anthem, and is the most widely known and most famous musical production of which there is any account. It is the great revolutionary anthem—the song that addresses itself above all others to the heart of the multitude. There is no country in Europe, except England, in which it is allowed to be sung. It always has the effect of arousing the crowd to a pitch of frenzy which a military force is often necessary to suppress. There is something inexplicably wild and animating in the strain. We recollect to have been present, some years ago, at an exhibition in which the exhibitor exposed to view the Northern shore of the Mediterranean. As each coast appeared, a band of music played the national air of the particular country. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to the music, until the coast of France came in view and the band struck up the Marseillaise. It acted like electricity, and the house instantly resounded with thunders of applause. Lamartine's narrative of the circumstances attending the composition of the Marseillaise, and of the author's personal history, are exceedingly interesting. His mother (an old royalist) wrote him from Paris that they were singing an awful bloodthirsty song about the streets, and that it was said he wrote it. She begged him to contradict the charge. He was soon proscribed as an aristocrat, and fled for his life. As he was passing over the Alps, the muletier who walked by his side commenced singing the Marseillaise Hymn. He asked him who composed the song, and he replied, a royalist and a traitor, named Rouget de L'Isle, adding a strong wish that he had to deal with him. Rouget lived until 1830, when, after the Revolution, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

The Yankees want a National hymn— True to their instincts, they offer a sum of money for it. Money is, to them, enthusiasm, patriotism, genius, everything. Of course, they will never get a National anthem. What subject could it treat of in order to interest the Yankees? This "Alldollar" is everything with them. If it is left out, there is nothing to make a song about.

AN ARITHMETICAL DIFFICULTY.—"John, I can't endure such rudeness any longer. Come here, my son; we'll see if the 'rod of correction' won't drive it from you."
"I don't mind the licking, pa; but I'm afraid it won't do me any good."
"We can try better about that afterwards. But why do you think so, John?"
"Why, doesn't the arithmetic say that 40 rods make one rood (rude)?"
"John, you are an incorrigible lad. Turn around here, we'll see how much it takes to make an acre (acher)."
"O don't, pa; please don't. I guess it will be afore long (a farlong)."

Traveling the other day in the neighboring county of Surber, says the Washington (Ark) Telegraph, the stage was stopped on some trifling business at a house where lived one of the merriest and prettiest of the beautiful dancers of that highly favored country. She came out to the stage looking as fresh as Hebe, and we having known her before, and presuming on the privilege of the *paterfamilias*, asked her if it were possible she had not married yet?
"No, Sir," she answered, "and what's more than that, I don't intend to, until the very last one of the volunteers gets blue.— I mean to wait and let them have an even chance." Quite accommodating that.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

FLIRTING WITH THEIR HUSBANDS.—A new fashion has been introduced at Saratoga. Married belles flirt now with their husbands, instead of other people, and it is considered highly "tonish" to do so.