The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 15, 1861. NO. 29.

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

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be 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 size 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 who send 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. 2, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1860. 13tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, exactly opposite Messrs. Giles & Williams', the store where Messrs. A. Y. Byers & Co., where at all times 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,
Gaiters, Delaines, Shirtings,
Plant-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 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, Corn-ago, 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 our climate and soil to a great extent are unpropitious for fruit culture? Then why should not the citizens of the Southern States make Fruit, grow and grow, one of the leading staples. Finite growth since our Southern sons are looked for their way, fine flavor, and beautiful color.

The above statements are fully sustained by premiums taken over Northern Fruits, and the great amount of fruit and trees that went North and Northwest by the Southern States during the last few years. Then if the above statements are fully sustained, shall it be so or not, according to the Bible, to make money by raising Fruit, then send in your orders and look to Westbrook and Mendenhall and they will furnish you with good marketing products.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.
Greensboro', Nov. 1860. 53—tf.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & MCDOUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Henry Alexander is 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 continued as usual by the subscriber. He respects a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

June 27, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

HAVING all special attention to the stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Carriage Frames, Knobs, Brass, Lining Nails, Dumets, Sattinet, Cloths, Leather, Fringes, Enamelled and Patent Leathers, Specimen Glass, Oil Carpet, Paint of all shades, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Coal 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 vise *Hammers*, Vices, Buttresses, Farriers' Knives, Screw-plates, Stocks and dies, Blacksmith's Pincers and Tongs, Rasps and Files of every kind, rat horse shoe and sheeth Nails, Bores, Iron of all sizes, most of northern and country manufacture, cast, plow, blister and spring Steel &c., for sale very cheap at

TAYLOR'S,
Opposite the Mansion House.

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

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have opened the above Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

at short notice and on reasonable terms.

STEAM ENGINES
From 5 to 50 Horse Power.
Horse-shoeing
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

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

Cast frequently twice a Week.

Wagon-boxes, Sad-irons &c.

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, Factories, Country 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 Marley Saw Mill, which can be seen running, along with many others, of every kind that are made work, and doing it better, than any other Mill in use—it can be run by Steam, Water or Horse Power. The Marley may be seen at the Shop at any time.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in in exchange.

October 30, 1860. 23tf

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, grooving, grating, jenny, lock, compass, wire and hatchet SAWS.
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS.
Saw setters, Saw-set pliers, Stocks and dies, Files of all kinds, Spoke-shaves,
Steel-blade bevel and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Hand Machines, Hinges,

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, 1859. 13tf

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULLINGS & SPRINGS & Co was dissolved by mutual consent 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 necessity.

All persons indebted to the old firm of Fullings, Springs & Co., must come forward and close the accounts settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be specially 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. 25tf

Roofing Guttering and JobWork,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLORS
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.

BINGEN.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There were lack of women's cursing, there was sigh of women's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friend of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and drink at eve,
To hear my honorable story, in the pleasant vineyard grove;
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars—
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn declining,
And one has come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her in age;
And I was but a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of strange deeds done afield;
And when he died, and left us to divide his country's hoard,
I had gone like what's'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with sigh as over I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to wear for me, and sob with crushing grief,
When the troops are marching home again, with gird and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in the place, (my father's sword and mine for me,)
For the sake of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for the idle smile,—
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes the heaviest moaning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for we fought that night we won),
My heart was not of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow moonlight shine,
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded thro, the evening calm and still;
And for glad, true eyes were on me, as we pass'd within range of home,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered song;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more in Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was stronger weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sigh'd and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd on
Old the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on and steadily seem the pale light serene to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Miscellaneous.

Trifling With a Heart.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Louisa, who was that gentleman that came home with you?"

"O—it was one of my friends."

"It was not Henry Southron!"

"No. It was not."

"But I thought Henry waited upon you to the party."

"So he did."

"And did he not remain until the close?"

"Yes—I believe so."

A cloud came over Mrs Burnett's face and she seemed troubled. She gazed upon her daughter for some moments without speaking further. Louisa was nineteen years of age; a bright-eyed, happy, merry making girl, possessing a true and loving heart, but a little inclined to be thoughtless in her moments of social joy. She was an only child, and had been a pet in the family; but her love was not confined to the circle that met around her own hearthstone. More than a year before she had promised Henry Southron that she would be his wife as soon as time and circumstances rendered such a step proper. Henry was an orphan, and had just gone into business on his own account. He was a young man of whose friendship any sensible maiden might have been proud; a generous, upright, steady, industrious youth; fixed firmly in his moral course, and a fair, manly personal appearance.

"My child," said the mother, after reflecting awhile; "what have you been doing? Why did not Henry come home with you?"

"Because he did'nt choose to, I suppose," replied Louisa.

"That is not the reason,' said Mrs. Burnet, with assurance. "Something that you have done has caused this. Now tell me what it is."

"You are too anxious altogether, mother. There is no damage done, I assure you.

"Still my child, I should like to know what you have been doing."

"Well—I'll tell you,' returned Louisa giving herself a rock in her chair. "Henry is altogether too attentive. One would think, to see him at a party, that I was already his wife, and about the only female present."

"And you have become tired of so much attention?"

"Of course I have."

"And you have been throwing it off?"

"Yes. I took occasion this evening to show him that I didn't like quite so much overseeing. I talked with everybody else, and suffered Mr. Pingree to wait upon me down to supper. Poor Harry looked as though he had lost his last friend. It will give him a lesson, I guess; and in future I hope he will make a little less love in public."

"My child," said Mrs. Burnet, with much feeling, "you are trying a dangerous experiment. The time will come, if you ever marry Henry Southron, when you will be proud of his undivided attention."

"It will be time enough for that when we are married," replied Louisa, with a toss of the head.

"But don't give yourself any uneasiness. He will come around again all right."

"Did he offer to wait upon you home this evening?"

"No. He was rather shy of me after supper; and when the party broke up I ran off alone. Mr. Pingree overtook me on the way, and accompanied me to the door."

"I think, my child," remarked the mother, after another season of reflection, "that you have not only been very foolish, but, to a certain extent, wicked. Stop—listen to me. You know that Henry loves you most truly—that his whole soul is devoted to you—and that his attention is but the result of his affection—a demonstration of which you should be proud; for, let me tell you, ah unmixed unswerving love is something not always to be secured. Now you have been trifling with Henry's heart—you have both pained and mortified him; and it so happens that those hearts which love the most strongly and deeply are the ones which shrink the most from slight or neglect, and which shrink the most quickly from coldness and trifling. Believe me—Louisa, you are entering upon dangerous ground. If you care for Harry's love, I advise you to ask his pardon as soon as you have an opportunity."

"Ask his pardon!" repeated the thoughtless girl, with an expression of surprise.—"Mercy on me! what are you thinking of? You shall see him at my knees before the week is out."

"Ah, my dear one, you don't know so much about the human heart as you think you do. A heart may revolve steadily around its centre of affection for a long time—for so long a time that it seems fixed in its course like a planet around its sun, but a sudden strain may snap the cord in sunder, and the stricken heart fly in a tangent, and never come back. If you must trifle, trifle with anything rather than with the heart. We are going to Mr. Winthrop's to-morrow, and I hope I may induce Polly to tell you a little story of her experience in life."

Louisa said she should be very glad to hear it; then she tried to laugh; and then having told her mother once that she was needlessly anxious, she went to her chamber.

On the following morning Mrs. Burnet met her daughter as usual, making no allusion to the circumstances of the previous evening. In the afternoon they walked out to call at Mrs. Winthrop's, having had an urgent invitation to visit there. They remained to tea, and spent the evening.

Polly, of whom Mrs Burnet had spoken, was Mr. Winthrop's sister. She was a maiden lady, past three-score, and had for many years found a home with her brother. Her head was now silvered, and time had drawn deep marks upon her brow, but still there were traces of beauty left upon her face. During the evening she came and took a seat by the side of Louisa, and after some commonplace remarks, the old lady said, in a quiet way:

"Your mother told me that you would like to hear a little history."

"If you would please to tell it, I certainly should, for anything which you deem worthy of telling must be interesting,' replied Louisa.

"Then let us, walk in the garden. The moon is up, and the air is warm and pleasant."

They went out, and when they had reached the grapery they went into the arbor and sat down.

"There is no need that I should make any preliminary remarks," commenced Polly, "for I have come out on purpose to tell you a short story, and I shall tell it to you as plainly and simple as possible, and when I have done, you may know why your mother wished that you should hear it."

"When I was of your age people called me handsome; but still, with all my faults I do not think I was ever proud or vain.—I knew that I was good looking, and meant to be good. I tried to do right, as I understood it; and when I failed, it was from a lack of judgment, and a proneness to be thoughtless where I should have been directly opposite. When I was eighteen years of age, George Ashman asked me if I would be his wife. He was a noble hearted, generous, upright man, and I never experienced a season of more blissful joy than when I became thus assured that his heart's best love was mine. I told him yes, and our vows were plighted. We were to wait a year, and, then, if we continued to hold the same purpose, we were to be married. I don't know as any one envied me; but I do know that in all the country around there was not a better man than was he who loved me, nor was there one whose prospects in life were more promising.

"From my girlhood up I had been a sort of a pet and favorite in our social circle, and considerable attention was shown me from all quarters. George was one of those honest minded, practical men, who cannot appear different from what they really are, and who follow a true and just cause straight forwardly and frankly.—When he had proposed for my hand, and I had promised to be his wife, he devoted his entire attention to me. It almost seemed as though he could not be devoted enough. In public, or in private, it was all the same. When out upon our social picnics and excursions he was constantly by my side, anticipating my every want, and ever ready to guard and assist me. I allowed myself to get tired of this; I allowed myself to feel that I would like a little more of old liberty; I even went so far as to feel annoyed by his close, undivided attention. It was a thoughtless, reckless emotion on my part, but I was foolish enough to give it a place in my bosom. Some of my female friends joked me on the subject, and I finally determined that I would not be quite so closely tied to my lover. I did not stop to ask myself how I should feel if he were less attentive to me. I did not reflect that I might have been very unhappy had he bestowed his social favors upon others of my sex. In short, I did not reflect at all. I was only seized with a reckless determination to be a little more free and independent.

"We had a picnic in the grove near our village. I was buoyant and happy, and I laughed and chatted with all who came in my way. We had a dance before dinner, and George asked me if I intended to join in the amusement. I told him certainly.—Then he took my hand, and said he would bear me company: I broke from him with a laugh, telling him at the same time that I was engaged to dance with another. He was disappointed—I could see it at a glance—but he took it in good nature. Before the second dance he came again; but again I told him I was engaged. He betrayed no ill feeling at all, only I could see the disappointment. In a little while I was among a company of laughing joking merry making friends, of both sexes who had been companions for years, and one of the gentlemen said I must go with him to dinner. I knew that George had made arrangements for me to take dinner with him; but what of that? Should I be tied to his skirts? No. I meant to be free—and I told the man who had made the proposition that I would go with him. I must have been blind, as I know I was foolish and wicked; but I did not stop to think. When the dinner-hour arrived George came, with a happy, smiling, hopeful face, and offered me his arm.

"For what?" said I. 'For dinner, my dear,' he replied. Then I told him I was engaged with another; and, before his very face, I took the proffered arm of the man to whom I had given my promise, remarking to my lover, as I tripped away, that he would have to find somebody else. I saw the look he gave me—a look of pain mortification, and of reproach—and as I called it to mind after I had reached the table I was a little uneasy; but I said to myself—'He will come around all right,' and thus I tried to pass it off. Towards the latter part of the afternoon George came to me again. He asked me what I meant by my treatment of him. He was earnest and anxious. I told him he must not question me in that manner.

"But," he urged, 'only tell me if you mean *anything* by it."

"Yes,' said I, 'I do.'

And he asked me what it was. I told him I meant to teach him a lesson.

"A lesson of what?" he asked.

"Of good manners," said I. 'I want to teach you not to be too attentive to me.—And I added, very thoughtlessly,—"you *annoy me!*"

"He did not answer me. I saw his lips quiver and his manly bosom heave; and, as he turned [illegible] sunbeams that came through the branches of the trees rested upon the big tears rolling down his cheeks. The impulse of my heart then was to step forward and detain him; to ask his forgiveness; and make him happy. But a foolish, whimsical pride restrained me. I let him go, and tried to comfort myself with the reflection that it would come out all right.

"When the party was breaking up, he came and asked me if he should see me home. He was very cool, and seemed only to mean that he felt bound to make the offer, that he had brought me there. I was not going to accept any such offer as that, and I told him I should not require his attention.

"Polly," he said 'you do not mean this. Do not make me think that I have mistaken you!'—He trembled as he spoke, and I could see that he was fearfully agitated.

"But I had gone too far to give up then and with a light laugh I turned from him. I went home one way—he went home another. All the next day I looked for him, but he did not come. And a second day I watched. And a third—and a fourth. On the fifth day I received a letter from him. It was from a distant town whither he had gone to see his widowed mother. He wrote to me that he feared he had been disappointed. If I trifled with his heart then I might do it again. He said he was going out West, and might be gone some time.—If I still loved him when he returned I might be sure of finding him unmarried, for he had no heart to give another. Still he would like to hear from me—he would like to see me if I wished it. He wrote as one who had been deeply wronged, and there were one or two sentences in the missive that touched me unpleasantly. A week passed away, and I did not answer it; but at the end of that time I made up my mind to call George to me, and confess my fault; for well I knew that I had been very wrong. I wrote and my letter reached its destination just twelve hours after he had started on his journey.

"I never saw George Ashman again! In less than a year he died in the mad house!

* * * * * *

He did wrong—he did wrong—very, very wrong—to leave as he did. He ought not to have done it. He ought to have made an effort—a greater effort—for his own sake and for mine. But—oh!—that could not make my crime the less. I had done a wicked thing—a cruel, thoughtless deed it was—and the penalty fell heavily upon me!

"Louisa, your mother asked me to tell you my story. I have done so, if it can profit you, I shall not regret the pain I have felt in the recital. That I have ceased to suffer let these hot, bitter tears bear witness. Oh! of all things within the sphere of your influence, beware how you trifle with a trusting, loving, heart!"

Silent and thoughtful Louisa Burnet returned to the parlor, and but very little did she say on her way home. On the following morning she wrote a brief note and sent it to Henry Southron. She simply asked him to come and see her. He came, and when they were alone she fell upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. She gazed up through the streaming tears, and begged for his love and confidence once more. Of course he could not refuse.—Perhaps he was never happier than at that moment, for surely it must have been a mighty love and a true devotion that could have prompted the course the maiden had thus pursued.

Louisa never forgot the lesson she had received. She became Henry Southron's wife; and when, in after times, she saw husbands neglecting their wives, she had occasion to thank God that she was blessed with the true and undivided faith and devotion of her bosom companion.

Surely there is nothing on earth of more worth than a faithful, virtuous, and devoted life-partner; and he or she who can trifle with the heart of such and once they sows the seed which shall yield a harvest of pain and remorse.

DR. DODGE AND THE INDIAN.—When Dr. Dodge, Eclectic Physician, lectured through this State on the laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet one morning at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the Doctor's favorite subject, as follows:

"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know," said Erin, "but I like to be there when you do it."

"Well," said the Doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"

"Sure and I will sir."

"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the Doctor.

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the Doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?"

"I do, indeed I do!" replied Erin.

"And a sharp pain through the temples in and about the eyes in the morning?"

"Troth, I do sir."

"Well," said the Doctor, with an air of confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee."

"Is it indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whisky I drank!"

The company roared with laughter, and the Doctor quietly retired. He was beaten.

—At a restaurant, when you notice cockroaches around, you can console yourself by inferring that all are not in the pudding.