The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 26, 1861. NO. 35.

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 six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged $5 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

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

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, really opposite Messrs. Orrs & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & Co., where always may be found a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Figs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.

Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, DeLaines, Shirtings,
Pant-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, the 1st of November, a large and commodious Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may also be had at all 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. 3m1

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 to a 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 under our Southern sun are prided for their size, fine flavor, and beautiful color.

The above statements are fully sustained by specimens taken 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. Then if the above statements are fully sustained, and it is so, can, consuming to the fellow, to make money by raising Fruit, then send forward your orders and cash to Westbrook and Mebendall 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, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Carriage Frames, Knobs, Bolts, Locking Nuts, Dumpers, Sellinet, Cloths, Leather, Fringes, Enamelled and Patent Leathers, Enamelled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Oval Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

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, Rivets, Iron of all sizes, both of our own and foreign 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 country 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.
SUGAR-MILLS
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, Factories, Country Lots, &c. Their

IMPLEMENTS

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

IMPROVEMENTS

Required to do their work in a

FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents, for Dr. E. O. Ellery, for Winter's Patent Molay 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 others, Water or Horse Power. The Molay 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.
Circular, mill, cross-cut, hand, ripper, panel, pronging, grafting, tenons, back, compass, web and butcher SAWS,
Hinges and bolts, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS, Saw setters, Screw plates, Stocks and dies, Planes of all sorts, Spokeshaves, Steelblade rules and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials, Brass Mitres, 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, 1860. 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 for prompt paying customers—none other need ask it.

All persons indebted to the old firm of Fullings, Springs & Co., must come forward and make immediate settlement, and 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 within reasonable charges.

August 31, 1858. 23tf

Roofing Guttering and Job Work,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh there is a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be who find it.

We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no light so dear
As home and friends around us.

We can't destroy the present joy,
For future hopes and praise them,
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweetest are,
When youth's bright spell has bound us,
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show you still, that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.

Though all were night, if that the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove that bliss of earth was this,
Our home and friends around us!

Miscellaneous.

THE MIDNIGHT GUEST;
OR THE
REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

The night was dark and tempestuous, and the wind howled mournfully amid the branches of the forest trees; murky clouds rolled upward in huge and threatening masses, obscuring the light of the pale moon, and hiding the star gleams that illumined her path; hoarse peals of thunder shook the vaulted heavens, and lurid flashes of lightning darted like meteors down the sides of the inky clouds. Slowly the rain drops began to fall, pattering heavily down on the dry leaves in the forest, and warning the belated traveller to seek hasty shelter. The deer quickly ran to their coverts; the fleeter animals also sought refuge in their dens and caves; while the Storm King, in his chariot, went swiftly by on the wings of the shrieking gale.

A young gentleman mounted on a spirited horse, was pursuing his way along the forest road, in the gloom. He had thrown his bridle rein loose on the neck of the sagacious animal; and the gallant beast now free from all restraint, pricked up his ears, and went onward at a rapid rate.

"Onward, Firefly," exclaimed the horseman, as he drew his slouched hat on his brows. Firefly neighed shrilly, and increased his speed as though he understood his master's words.

"A light! a light!" exclaimed the youth, as he neared the outskirts of the forest; and in a few minutes more he drew up in front of a small inn. He sprang lightly to the ground, and rapped loudly on the door for admittance.

A voice from within inquired, "Who's there?"

"A traveller, who is lost in the storm," replied the youth.

The bolts were drawn back, and the door cautiously opened by a young lady of uncommon beauty.

"Heavens, what a night! Where is your father, Miss?"

"I have no father; I am an orphan sir."

"Well, there is some person here who can put away my horse and feed him, is there not?"

"No, sir—I am all alone; but I am so glad you have come."

"Then I'll put my horse in the stable myself. Have you a lantern?"

"Yes, sir."

'The most beautiful girl I ever saw,' soliloquized the young man as he came out of the stable, after having made Firefly comfortable for the night. 'Glad because I've come! Wonder what she means by that! There's some mystery here I think. Perhaps I am in for an adventure.'

The young girl was sitting by the fireside as he entered; but during his absence she had placed food on the table and a bowl of sweet milk. The traveller smiled as he sat down before the viands, and began to eat. The storm began to rage fiercely without.

"You said you was glad I come," remarked the traveller as he drew back from the table. "Pray tell me why?"

"You are a gentleman, sir. I know it by your language and appearance," began the maiden, in a tremulous voice. "Do not interrupt me and I will tell you why I made that strange remark.

"My father was a rich merchant, and I was his only child—he died about two months ago, and before his death he appointed his brother guardian. As soon as my father was laid in his grave, my uncle sold our old homestead and made me accompany him to this lonely place; and since I have been here I have been compelled to do all kinds of drudgery; and once uncle struck me a violent blow."

"The cowardly wretch," exclaimed the stranger.

"I did not resist in any manner, for he threatened to kill me. I did not mind his abuse as much as the insults I have received from a notorious ruffian and horse stealer called Blinky Ben, who lives far away among the mountains. My uncle brought him here, and he says I must marry him. I thought my only chance of escape from a fate so horrible would be to run away. I intended to start this very night in the storm, and wander, I cared not where.—Last night I stole carefully down stairs when they thought I was asleep; and I listened to their conversation when they knew it not—that door that opens into the hall was only half closed, and I listened to their words, for they had both been drinking freely, and they spoke loud. My uncle offered Blinky Ben one thousand dollars to carry me off. He agreed to do so, and to-night he is coming after me. My uncle started out to meet him about half an hour before you arrived, and they would have been here ere this if the storm had not prevented them. Oh, sir, I am a poor friendless orphan," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and kneeling before him, "can you, will you aid me? Do not let them take me away and murder me, will you?"

Ralph Manning was a brave youth and his resolution was soon taken—he would face death in any form for the beautiful and helpless girl before him.

"Rise, young lady," he said kindly, "I have faced danger and death in Mexico, and I will protect thee from all harm though a score of ruffians stood in my path. Retire to your chamber, and fear not; I will sit by the fire and await their coming: 'tis better we should not be seen together."

"Oh, sir, I will stay with you," exclaimed the maiden. "I fear for your safety—let me remain!"

"Nay, you had better retire."

"Are you armed?" inquired the girl.

"Well armed" replied the youth. "'Tis nearly one o'clock. Good-night."

"Good night, brave young protector," said the girl, as she turned away. "Nettie Wilburn will go to her chamber and pray."

"For Ralph Manning," added the youth as the blushing girl withdrew.

"She's a perfect little fairy," exclaimed the gentleman, as he drew from his pocket two silver mounted pistols and examined them. "I'm afraid I shall lose my heart if I escape with my life. Ah, well! if I fall, I'll die in a good cause, that's one point for satisfaction."

He thrust the revolvers back into his pockets, and taking the candle in his hand he went into the hall to look about him.

"Ah, here's a door under the stairs, I'll open it. A cosy little nook for me to hide in."

With these words the traveler slipped in and closed the door behind him.

For a long time he waited patiently for the arrival of the two villains. Seated on a trunk listening, the minutes seemed like hours. At last he heard them enter the bar room, and presently they came into the hall; they began to ascend the stairs.

"I guess she's asleep," said one. "Hush, we'll make her get up and put on her riding dress; and when you have her safely mounted on one of the horses, you'll have no trouble."

The youth heard no more. His plans were changed. He hurried from the closet, passed through the bar-room, and went out of the inn. The storm had passed over and the stars were shining brightly above. The horses were tied to a tree that stood before the door, and Ralph saw that one of them bore a side saddle upon its back. He was not long in getting his own good steed from the stable. Springing lightly into the saddle, he rode a short distance from the inn and halted by the roadside.

Twenty minutes passed by, and then the door of the inn was opened. The two villains came forth with their victim. She uttered no cry; she offered no opposition, but suffered her uncle to lift her into the saddle.

A few whispered sentences were exchanged between Blinky Ben and himself, and then the villain seized the maiden's bridle rein and rode off. The inn door closed, and Ralph heard the sound of horse's foot steps approaching. The youth braced himself firmly in the saddle, drew forth one of his revolvers, and waited his time. Slowly they came up, and passed by without noticing the horseman by the roadside. Ralph put spurs to Firefly, the spirited animals bounded forward. Quickly he thrust the revolver in his pocket and grasped his riding whip firmly in his right hand. The villain heard the noise behind him, and he turned quickly to see who was coming. Ralph Manning was upon him—the whip descended heavily, and so truly was the blow aimed, Blinky Ben fell from the back of his steed to the ground. The youth grasped the maiden's bridle and exclaimed: "Keep a firm seat, Miss Wilburn!" started at a rapid pace along the muddy road.

Daylight was slowly breaking in the East when the young man and his companion halted before a small hostelrie in the village of De Soux. After seeing the maiden comfortably provided for, he went immediately to the house of the constable, and told his tale; in half an hour that officer, in company with Ralph and three stout back woodsmen, were on their way to Mr. Wilburn's inn. When they arrived they found the landlord in his chamber ready equipped for fight.

He was arrested and put under care of the aids, while the constable and Ralph searched the writing desk of the villainous landlord. The will could not be found. They next searched the landlord, and like 'Andre,' he had the important document in his boot. The prisoner was taken to the village and tried. He was sentenced to serve a term of imprisonment for ten years. He is now there paying the penalty of his crime. Blinky Ben made a 'home run,' and has never been heard from since.

On examination it was found Mr. Wilburn had all the money belonging to his niece, deposited in a bank in Cincinnati.—The young lady's claim to the property was substantiated by the will, and everything was now at her own disposal.

* * * * * * *

There is a small, neatly sanded parlor in the humble inn of the village; and seated side by side, on a lounge near one of the windows are Ralph Manners and Miss Wilburn.

"I know I cannot repay you for your kindness and the danger you have gone through for my sake," the fair girl was saying, "but, sir, I shall always think of you and your name shall be remembered in an orphan's prayers."

"I have done no more than any other brave man would have done," replied the young man; and you can repay me, aye more than repay me, if you will."

"In what way, my generous, my brave protector? Half of my fortune shall be yours, if you ask it."

"I have wealth enough of my own," said Ralph, "but," he added, taking her hand into his own "if you would become my bride, Nettie, I would ask no greater happiness than to be your protector through life. Will you?"

Nettie looked up in his face very earnestly and replied, "Yes."

They were visited by the village clergyman, and next day they were on their journey to Brooklyn. The family of Ralph Manners welcomed the stranger bride, and she never has regretted the day when she gave her heart, hand and fortune to the "Midnight Guest." She found "The Reward of Hospitality."

LIFE OR DEATH.

BY ELIHU BURRIT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks, with the almighty bride over those everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together.—The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the name of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their heart, and their knives are in hand in an instant.—"What man has done man can do," is the watchword, while they draw themselves up and grave their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth saw a name just above his reach, a name that shall be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he mastered with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firm hand clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; but, as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.—His knife is still in his hand and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.—He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to the niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling with the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a moment. What a meagre chance to escape destruction. There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desires. Swift as the winds he bounds down the channel, and the fatal situation is told upon his father's heartstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length rolled on, and there were hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the ridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair; "William! William! Don't look down. Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you. Don't look down. Keep your eyes toward the top."

The boy didn't look down—his eyes are fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in the pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below.—There stands his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the West.—The lad had made fifty additional notches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself dimly under the middle of the vast arch of rock, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this over hanging mountain. For inspiration of hope is dying in his breast, its vital heat is fed by the fearfully shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladder below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is ascending painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are hanging by the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over.—That blade is worn to the last half inch.—The boys who remain are wringing from their rockets. His last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the last gain he cuts. That blade is his last.—At the last gash he makes, his faithful, his faithful knife, falls from his hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair rises like a death knell through the chasm below, and all is still as the grave; at the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to God. "He pauses a moment!—one foot swings off! he is reeling—stumbling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above!—The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noose rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, with the words sad I mercy! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his shallow niche.—Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

RUSSELL JOKED.—"L. L." Russell is now the subject of a despatching joke in Washington circles. While walking leisurely up Pennsylvania Avenue, a short time since, where omnibuses marked "Seventh street" pass, he was accosted by a very pretty young lady with the inquiry, "Will you please tell me, sir, how far those stages go?" The "operator" who unfortunately exasperates the "H. Series" street to hell, Miss." The lady indignantly turned from him with the remark, "I mistook you for a gentleman," and was off before the astonished L. L. D. could understand why the young lady should deem herself insulted.

☞ Happiness is not promised to the learned, but to the good.