The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 23, 1862. NO. 43.

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

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (12 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 agent.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
[illegible]
No. 5, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 19tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly 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, DeLaines, Shirtings, Pant-stuff, Ticking, &c,

and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices 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 also 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 drawing fruit one of their leading sources of trees, 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 noted for their size, fine flavor, and [illegible].

The above statements are fully sustained by [illegible] 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 if it is no sin, according to the Bible, to make money by raising Fruit, then send forward your orders and [illegible] to Westbrook and Mendenhall and they will furnish you with good marketing orchards.

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 continued as usual by the subscriber. He requests a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
June 27, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

WE would call special attention to our stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Bows, Spokes, Shafts, Curtain Frames, Knobs, Bands, Lining Nails, Damask, Satinet, Cotton, Laces, Fringes, Enameled and Patent leather, Enameled 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 Pinchers 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, mold, plow, tire 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 30 Horse Power.
Horse-Powers
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, Porticos, 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. 30tf

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, pruning, grafting, [illegible], tenon, compass, webb and butcher SAWS,
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS, Saw setters, Screw plates, Stocks and dies, Planes of all kinds, Spoke shaves, Steel blade bevel and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials, Boring Machines, Gouges,
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. 1tf

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—none 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 solicitation 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. 43tf

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

Poetry.

Written at my Mother's Grave.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest—
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave!—
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child!

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted, life's dark bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears!

Aye, must I linger here
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone,
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

Miscellaneous.

From the Waverly Magazine.

TRUE HEARTS UNITED.

BY MARIAN MAYFIELD.

"Scene of my birth, and careless childhood hours!
Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales!
Where oft I've wandered plucking vernal flowers,
And revelled in the odor breathing gales."

"Harry, my son, be not thus depressed; learn to brave disappointments. I believe Fannie loves you; she has told me so; and if you have met with repulses it must only be attributed to the austere reprimands of a wealthy aspiring, haughty father."

"Mother, you speak truly, for I never can believe that deception lurks within a heart as true as hers; but did not her father tell me, a moment ago, that *she* bade him see me, for she dared not have her deceit revealed to me by her own lips, &c? She once proffered a reciprocation of my love; but that is past, and now I must and will leave her forever! fly to a foreign clime, and there unknowing and unknown, I will strive to quell the agonies of an almost broken heart. Farewell! happiness; peace, joy—farewell forever!"

"Do, Harry, desist; you know not how it grieves me to see my only son thus bowed down by the caprices of a young girl—She may revoke her vows and become the bride of another, but remember there still remains for thee three unchanging hearts, and let this knowledge ever soothe thy lonely, desponding hours."

"Mother, I love you, father, sister, all but I would rather see the very shores of eternity, than live another week so near to her. I must forget. Tell my father all, for the setting of to-morrow's sun will witness my last farewell to the sweet home of my happy childhood. 'Tis growing late, dear mother; so leave me; and I will soon rest within the arms of nature's sweet comforter—sleep."

The above conversation passed between Mrs. Lindwood and her only son. Mr. Lindwood, being a mechanic, was often called from home, and was absent at this time. They had only two children, a daughter of nine, and our hero of one and twenty. The latter had received as liberal education as the limited means of his parent could afford, and, at the age of sixteen, he succeeded in procuring a clerkship in one of the largest retail houses in the village of M——, where the parents had, through frugality, realized quite a little sum, though not sufficient, by thousands, in the eyes of Mr. Clifford, to render him an acceptable lover for his daughter and heiress.

The day dawned brightly upon the sad inmates of Lindwood Cottage, and soon Harry made all arrangements for his unexpected departure. He seemed resigned; but who can describe the anguish of a mother's heart at the parting of an only idolized son, especially when she knows not but that farewell may be forever.

"[illegible] of thee, they bid me haste. Tell my father I dared not wait his coming, for to linger might have been my death. Farewell! mother! sister! farewell!"

"It may be that I shall forget my grief; It may be time has good in store for me; It may be that my heart will find relief from sources now unbeknown. Futurity may bear within its fold some hidden Spring, from which will issue blessed streams; and yet whate'er of joy the coming years may bring, the past, the past I ne'er can forget. Farewell! farewell!"

CHAPTER II.

"Dost thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words."

We will not look to our heroine of the palatial dwelling of James Clifford. She was a perfect Hebe. Though possessing more attractive qualities than the outward adornment of beauty and grace, she possessed a pure, untainted heart, which we so seldom find among the wealthy beauties of our land. She was an unwilling indulger in the frivolities of youth, and was seldom left to obey the dictates of her own conscience. She was admired and beloved by all classes, and, with but one exception, she bestowed upon them all the same captivating, loveable smile; that exception was the poor mechanic's son, whom she loved with the fervency of her heart.

Her father watched the growing intimacy between her and Harry Lindwood with much regret, and simply because he was poor; no one in the village surpassed him in moral and intellectual worth—which caused all, if not to love, at least to respect him. The day previous to his departure her father sent for her—wished to see her alone for a few moments in the library. She almost knew the object of this interview, and braved her heart to meet its consequences, though it was with faltering steps she approached him.

"My daughter, I have a few words to say to you of counsel and advice. I wish you to hearken, and abide by my wishes. Do you, my daughter, love that poor, proud, depraved Harry Lindwood?"

For a moment she was silent, but conscience whispered—"Truth," and with a calm, unfaltering voice she answered:

"Father, your language is too severe, can you advance aught derogatory to his character? No; he is noble, pure and good. I love him! Yes; and though that love may meet the opposition of the whole world it will never cease until my spirit shall break the bonds which detains it in its prison house of clay!"

"It was my desire and intention to be calm, but your audacious reply has raised my indignation, and I will say, once and for all, you shall not love a being so far beneath you!"

"Father, you may control all things else, but your power is insufficient to reach the heart. I could not forget if I would."

"You may retire until you can listen to reason. I will see your paragon of perfection this day, and bid him seek an interview with you at the peril of his life!"

When she had reached her room and secured the door, she gave way for a few moments to wild grieving, then suddenly the tears were brushed away, and she murmured, "They shall not see these tears, or know how much I grieve."

"Ah! little will the lips reveal,
Of all the aching heart can feel."

A day or two after this she heard of the unexpected departure of Harry and knew it was the fruits of her father's threatening. From that day we date the fading of her bloom of youth, and, though her parents seemed to notice it not, others did with sadness, for she was the life and joy of their peaceful village.

CHAPTER III.

"Was heaven with see it as fit
As in our joys to give us some alloys,
As in our sorrows comforts."

We will pass over eight years, as nothing of much interest occurred in the interim except the abrupt departure of the Lindwood family, but whither no one knew—the death of Mrs. Clifford, and the continued decline of Fannie's health. There was a mark of sadness upon her once fair brow, which never failed to excite sympathy within the most unfeeling hearts. After all the trial and exertions of skillful physicians had failed to elicit any signs of returning health, her father was advised to travel.

It was a beautiful spring morning when they entered the harbor at Liverpool, and ere long, they were comfortably fixed with in some spacious apartments at the hotel, where Fannie seemed perfectly satisfied—Besides their sleeping apartments, they had a finely furnished private parlor, containing her favorite instruments, poets and authors.

One evening after they had been there almost a week, Mr. Clifford received a visitor's card—"Mr. MORTIMER," whom he requested to be conducted to his private parlor, and insisted upon Fannie's remaining as she rose to leave—though she did with much reluctance. When she greeted her father's guest, her noble brow as revived old memory that she trembled as an aspen leaf, and would have fallen, had not the strong arm of the stranger supported her; whereupon her father begged that he would excuse his daughter's weakness, as she had been an invalid nearly eight years.

"So long!" asked he, in tones of sadness.

"Yes, yes; and my conscience whispers—'thou art the cause.' Oh! if I could recall some things that have passed"—then remembering he was addressing a stranger, continued—"excuse me, dear sir; I am growing old, and often forget myself."

Fannie soon recovered and the evening was spent very pleasantly. Before Mr. Mortimer left he gained her consent to accompany him, the following afternoon, out to the cemetery.

The sun was just setting behind the western hills, as they drove into the silent homes of the dead, after a long and pleasant drive. Near some of the most superb monuments, which adorned the grounds, was one which greatly attracted Fannie's attention, and thither they went, though advancing in the rear; where she leaned over the railing to admire the plan in which its surroundings were laid out, and the costly flowers that flourished there. Her companion watched her closely, and, after a few moments, said:

"Miss Clifford, you seem more attracted by this than those so far its superiors."

"Ah! Mr. Mortimer, I admire this much more."

"And may I ask why?"

"Because it reminds me of that beauty and simplicity which is so characteristic of our American cemeteries; and though I admire, I am also rendered sad, for it is a place much like this where rests my dearest friend on earth—my mother. I almost believe the remains of some American lie mouldering beneath this tasteful tomb."

An observing eye might have detected a shadow flit athwart the noble brow of her companion, as he replied:

"You are right, Miss Clifford, an American does rest there; and though it may seem impossible, still it is possible that you may have heard of him, if not seen him. Come, perhaps the gate is not latched, and we may enter."

"I knew it," she musingly replied, looking up with a smile and a tear.

The gate was not fastened, so they soon entered; and every now and then, she would stop to inhale the perfumes of those flowers which reminded her of home; but alas! when she read the monumental inscription, Harry D. Lindwood, of M. G., she forgot all things save the overflowing agonies of her heart, as she exclaimed:

"Oh! Harry, Harry, is it thus I find you, after so many years of hope and suffering! My father, may God forgive"—and again the strong arms of Mr. Mortimer supported her lifeless form; but now he wept over her as incoherently as an infant, for he knew he had caused it all; and imprinting a kiss upon her inanimate brow, murmured in tones of anguish and despair:

"Oh! Fannie, speak! I love thee still!"

Just then her eyelids slowly parted and turning to her companion, whispered:

"Leave me, oh! leave me here to die; I heard his voice; and though dead, he loves me still!"

"Fannie! Fannie! look up; I am with thee!"

"Oh! where?" exclaimed the frantic maiden.

"Here, Fannie, 'tis I who speak, and my father—dead."

"Who are you, to call him father.—Away! away! I know you not!"

"Be calm, Fannie, and I will—"

"Bid me not be calm, when you know my heart is broken!"

He said no more, and leaving her reclining upon the tomb, he went to a spring, not far distant, where he remained until he thought she had sufficient time to compose herself; then returning, he took her hand saying:

"Miss Clifford, you have only read the name—will you please oblige me by perusing farther?"

"I will."

And then she read—

HARRY D. LINDWOOD, of M. G.,
DIED: 25 OF JULY, 18—, AGED 50.

CHAPTER IV.

Excuse my uncalled for emotion; and since you have witnessed my frantic grieving, it may be prudent for me to unfold to you a little of my history. I was born in the village of M., and ever since I can remember, I have known the Lindwoods; they were noble but poor; and, with Harry Lindwood, Jr., I have spent the happiest moments of my life. We loved; and were known to my parents, as were early [illegible]ed. My father could not bear the thought of my wedding a man that did not possess equal wealth to that I would naturally inherit, so, when he noticed the growing intimacy between the poor mechanic's son and myself he was much grieved, and the morning before Harry left, for you must know ere this that we have long been separated—he called me to him, and asked me if I loved him. I told him yes; and though my love met the opposition of the whole world, I would love him forever.—He became greatly incensed at my reply, and bidding me retire, said he would see him that day, and we should meet no more. A few days after this I heard of his departure, and blamed my father for all."

"False, false!" replied Mr. Mortimer, bowing his head in grief.

"Mr. Mortimer, grieve not that a young heart is broken."

"Fannie!" She started, and gazed upon the speaker's face; it seemed to be like Harry.

"Fannie," said he, softly, "will you listen to me for a few moments? You know me only as Mr. Mortimer; but I knew you as Fannie Clifford, though you are changed."

"[illegible] changed! Why, I [illegible] before!"

"Ah! little do you think," said he, pulling from his vest pocket a gold [illegible] which he handed to her. "Did you ever see that?"

"Yes, gentle reader, she knew it—'twas the same she gave to Harry long, long years ago!

"Harry, where are you? you said you would never part with this, and yet a stranger has it."

"No, Fannie, I am no stranger, but your misguided lover. Your father told me false and he 'my daughter wishes your attentions discontinued! she loves you not, and never has.' With this belief I left the following day for this port, and here I unexpectedly found an uncle of my mother's, who shortly afterwards died, bequeathing his whole estate to my sister and myself, provided we would bear his name and live upon the soil of England. I wrote my parents immediately, and they lost no time in obeying the summons."

Then falling into his outstretched arms, exclaimed:

"Oh, Harry, I must believe this is no fancy, no dream! It is reality."

He then told her it was only to try her affections that he carried her to his father's grave.

They were soon married, for there was no excuse of poverty to defeat the union of those tried hearts.

[illegible]

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our readers may remember the circumstance of the arrest, some eight or ten years ago, of a band of counterfeiters in Canada, and of the capture of a [illegible] quantity of tools and implements of the nefarious craft. It may have been over [illegible] years ago, though I am inclined to think it was at a later date. However, the newspapers were full of the startling [illegible] at the time, and as my story does not depend for its interest or truthfulness upon the exact date, we will not be particular. [illegible] Mr. Sharp [illegible] of gossipping [illegible] blame me for having [illegible] observe that I have kept the real [illegible] of [illegible], the [illegible] will be [illegible] touching [illegible].

In that year [illegible] the business community of New England was startled by the appearance of new and dangerous counterfeit bank notes. They came no one could tell whence. [illegible] came in great quantities, [illegible] every trader in the country was [illegible] in the possession of [illegible] bogus promises to pay. [illegible] people began to lose their confidence in all kinds of bank paper.

At this stage of the game it became necessary for the banks to step in and do something; and they did it—they did it for their own salvation. They came together by their representatives, and formed an association for the purpose of breaking up counterfeiting then and to all coming time; and in the hands of an elected committee was left the business of employing such means as might be necessary to the end in view. Intelligence had been received which rendered it certain that the counterfeits were manufactured somewhere in Canada; and after a deal of inquiry and [illegible] investigation, the bank committee [illegible] became assured that Canada was the point of issue, but they also obtained the names of some [illegible] suspected [illegible] against whom the evidence was at least strong enough to warrant their apprehension.

But now, how should these men be found? Of course the work must needs be carried on carefully and shrewdly, [illegible] rats are much like [illegible] that [illegible] approached so stealthily that the springing of the trap shall prove to the [illegible].

Away up in Maine [illegible] sheriff named Ralph [illegible], who had [illegible] in [illegible] matter, [illegible] suggested to the [illegible] employ him; but [illegible] better. They wanted [illegible] blunder [illegible]. The [illegible] upon the [illegible]. Mr. Samuel Sharp was a [illegible] of [illegible], and [illegible] his skill in [illegible] that his fame had [illegible] of the [illegible] fixed upon as the agent who should [illegible] the [illegible] light. Mr. Sharp was a [illegible] perhaps, a [illegible]; he could travel [illegible] being [illegible]. At all [illegible], Mr. Sharp [illegible] the work; and he was [illegible] furnished with money for the trip, and also with the names of the suspected parties. The