

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 11, 1862.

NO. 45.

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 delayed 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, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Four cent notices and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. Extra for a declaration of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertisements of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 91 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.

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

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, in the city of Charlotte, N. C., where all the best and most desirable articles of Groceries, Family Groceries, and other articles, will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash or on short credit.

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,
Print-stuff, Ticking, &c.
and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash or on short credit.

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 I would be glad to be called at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

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

ARE the citizens of the South in the Northern and Northwestern States, are making fruit one of their leading branches of trade, and that in a climate and soil it is a great extent very profitable for that culture? Then why should not the citizens of the Southern States make fruit, and especially the fruit of the peach, one of their leading branches of trade? Fruit grows upon our hills and in our valleys for their size, fine flavor, and beautiful color.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Partnership 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—11

Carriage Materials.

THE subscriber would call special attention to the stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Breeches, Spokes, Shafts, Carriage Knives, Bands, Lining Nails, Demass, Sattinet, Cloth, Lace, Fringes, Buttons and Patent Leather, in various kinds, Oil, Grease, Fat, of all kinds, any kind of nails, Tar, Pitch, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tye 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. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Blacksmith Tools,
Such as Follows, Anvils, hand and side Hammer, Vices, Buttresses, Patterns, Knives, Saw-plans, Stocks and anvils, Blacksmith's Pincers and Tongs, Hacks and files of every kind, cut more than 1000 different kinds of nails, Iron of all sizes, both of our own and foreign manufacture, cast, pig, sheet 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 Wilson's Steam Mill, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

STEAM ENGINES
From 8 to 80 Horse Power.

BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

in their respective branches. Their FOUNDRY is in full operation, and

CAST IRON RAILING,
FOR GARDEN ENCLOSURES, DWELLING HOUSES, PAVILIONS, BATHING, COUNTRY LOTS, &c.

CAST IRON RAILING,
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IMPROVEMENTS
Required to do their work to a

FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents for Dr. E. O. ELLIOTT, for WINTER'S PATENT Malted Barley, which has the advantage, being with every other malt, of being brewed in one pot, and can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Malt may be seen at the Dispensary line.

HENRY ALEXANDER,
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

N. E. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.
October 30, 1860.

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 of

Carriage Tools,
Crescent, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, cutting, reaming, iron, compass, cabinet and butter SAWS,
Bricks and bats, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gouges, Hammers, Files, and all kinds of Saw cutters, Screw drivers, Stoves and stoves, Flanges of all kinds, Spoke shaves, Stock blades, and all other useful articles, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials, &c.

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, 1861.

DISSOLUTION.
The firm of FULLING & SPRINGS, & Co. was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st of January, 1861.

The business will be continued under the name and style of FULLING & 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 general financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, or the future compel us to shorten our time of credit from three to six months to prompt paying customers—those who wish to see all persons indebted to the late firm of Fulling & Springs & Co., must come forward on or before the 1st of February, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be speedily closed up. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Feb 13, 1861.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard
HOLDING (both medical and surgical) his diploma, and is qualified to perform all the duties of a Physician and Surgeon. He may be consulted at his office.

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

Roofing Guttering & Job Work,
All kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store, opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.



From the Southern Field and Fireside.
Requiem for 1861.

Year of terror, year of strife,
Year with evil passions rife,
Pass with aching, angry flood,
Pass with garments dipped in blood.

Born 'mid hopes, but raised in fears,
With thy dew-drops changed to tears,
With the spring times' terrors blight,
And with darkness quenching light.

Can no mighty Leathen wars,
Hide thee in a watery grave?
Can no tide thy track efface?
From the heart thy screele cease?

War's forefront upon our land,
Searing once a kindred hand!
Child and father ranged for strife,
Brother seeking brother's life!

Sad thy record shadows loom
O'er a stricken nation's doom!
Yet we hope for dawning light,
Freedom's morning from thy night!

Hid our grief beneath thy ber,
Blood and death in ghastly tier;
Wear sickness wasting time,
Sweat from the frown of strife.

Households broken—little feet
Standing by the empty seat,
Weeps turned weeping from the door
Where the husband comes no more!

Can we mourn thee, fearful year!
No! the days of us we steer,
From the malediction of thy wrath,
From the fire along thy path.

Leave thy ashes with the past,
Let not darkness from the east
Shadow o'er the coming day,
Blood-drops on the New Year's way.

Thine, who dost oppress the weak
By the power of Thy word,
And canst Thy mighty will
To the weak say "Peace be still!"

Gather up this storm once more,
Where "Thy judgments are in store,"
Send Thy holy voice of peace,
And our fettered land release!

Miscellaneous.
From Godley's Lady's Book.

Saint Valentine's Day.
BY MARY MOORE.

Old times are changed, old manners gone,
Lay the last message.

Valentine's day in my grandfather's time;
it was something worth looking forward to;

then; you should hear the old gentleman talk about it. The ice of many a courtship was broken; the hearts of many a maiden won through the medium of those emblematic pictures and flattering rhymes sent on that pictured morn.

Young men—my grandfather among the number—were known never to have retired to rest at all, but to have spent the night previous under their mistresses' windows, for the purpose of gaining her first glance in the morning, and thus according to the old superstition, have the right of being her Valentine for the rest of the day, or, what was perhaps still more important, her husband for life.

Young girls, in order to avoid the sight of a disagreeable suitor, would shut themselves up for the entire morning, others, by various clever stratagems—peeping through little friendly holes in the window curtains; sitting with their eyes shut for hours, until they heard the wished-for step or well-loved voice—endeavored to take in destiny, and cheat the fate! Pastimes were known to have existed beneath the weight of Cupids' doves, Hyacinth temples, and god-rings their burning legs contained. One misanthropic man of letters committed suicide on Valentine's day by throwing himself, bag and all, into a river near my grandfather's house, leaving a note on the bank stating his reasons for the act: hatred to marriage, and a desire to save his fellow creatures from that misery, as the scope on the fourteenth of February was generally in fool by the first of April.

But Valentine's day in the nineteenth century—the sober, intellectual, satirical, nineteenth century—is a very different affair. "These are the days of adversity,"—in our onward march of civilization we have trampled the Maypole under our feet, do through its pretty quon, and turned Cupid out of doors. "Strong-minded young ladies" never at such "senseless things," and youth itself will soon be as much out of fashion as the rest. But yet, with all these disadvantages to battle against, Valentine's day, although the mere ghost of its former

lure, still continues to have its old "match-making" propensities; truth still lurks in those annual rhymes, and many a proposal those love lines have contained has ended in smiles and blushes, wedding favors, and bride-cake at Whiteaside.

There's my cousin Mabel and Minnie Gray, they are living examples of this last fact.

Of course you have never seen my cousin Mabel; but if you had you would certainly say she was the prettiest girl you had ever beheld. Female critics of beauty, it is true, found fault with her nose as being "not what tenor," and her mouth as "a little too large;" but then her eyes were so blue and soft, her eye-lashes so dark and long, her hair so rich and bright, you forgot every other fault in looking at them; and as to her dimples, they would positively have made Hebe jealous, could that young lady have seen them. Yet Mabel, strange to say, with all her beauty, had reached the mature age of eighteen without a lover. Her father, a country clergyman, had judiciously kept his fair blossom to be reared by his side, hidden from all "vulgar eyes" in the old tried paragon of a retired little village; rarely, if ever, allowing her to take part in any of the festive and jollifications given by their neighbors; those private, innocent "merry meetings," where rural flirtations are got up, and the partners of a dance so often become the partners of a life. The consequence was, that when Mabel came to spend her Christmas with us, she had not been a week away from her lonely home before she danced exultingly, flirted scientifically, and had caused half a dozen young men to wear turned-down collars, and seriously contemplate suicide.

Now, as my father loves a full house, and declares "a merry Christmas" would be so after impossibility without merry guests and good cheer, with "that so plentiful," that, like the jolly Frankenstein, at this time,

"It seemed in his hour of merriment and drink," you may be sure Miss Mabel had every opportunity of exercising her newly acquired accomplishments.

Teddy Green proposed for her five minutes after the first introduction, was refused, and has never since been heard of.—Jack Sharp, the vicar's son, enlisted as a private soldier, to the unexpressed grief of his parents, because Mabel had expressed a liking for an officer. Ephraim Jones, an old friend of my father's, a tedious, provincial, and full of wise saws and modern instances, forgot himself so far as to present Mabel with some verses of a most stately nature, and was observed to have had a most suspicious liking for walking by moonlight for some time after. The number of health appetites she ruined, the many sleepless nights she caused, he beyond my calculation; yet I suppose the world has never seen a conqueror more careless of conquests than my cousin Mabel. I often wondered that in lighting so many flames in the hearts of others she never burnt her own fingers. I began to think the old saying, that "everybody has been in love once in their lives," an utter mistake; and that Mabel bore a "charmed life" for her January's last days drew nigh, and her laugh was as merry, her disposition as pretty, and her eyes brighter than ever.

"Come come, this won't do, Mabel," said my father; "it is positively unfair. Here have I displayed the finest assortment of goods, with every wish to please, and you are going to leave me without making a choice. If you are as fastidious over your ribbons as your lovers, I pity the shopman."

"Liberty for me,"
"No more of that!"

"Mabel, and we all gave her up as inexecutable."

"Can you write a good feigned hand?" said Fred Pratt, entering the library where I was sitting alone, indulging in what Mr. Webster calls "a reflexion." "Not that I'm aware of," said I. "Because, if you can," continued Fred, "just direct me to the envelope on the table."

"I've been trying a new kind of penmanship the whole morning, but I don't think it will do"—and he showed me several botanical specimens. "If you had a Chinese or Egyptian postman, it might," said I, examining them. "But what do you want to feign your hand for?" I hope, Fred," I continued in a dignified manner, "you would not be guilty of so mean an action as writing an anonymous letter; remember, the man who writes an anonymous letter only lacks the bad courage to grasp an assassin's knife."

"It is—it is only a Valentine," stammered Fred; "to-morrow's Valentine's Day."

"A Valentine!"

I was never more surprised in my life. Fred was certainly the most bashful man I had ever met—Godsmith's hero was bad enough, but Fred was worse. Why, he could no more have behaved as Marlow did to Miss Hardcastle, than he could have done; and yet here was Fred sending a Valentine! How he ever got his "courage up to the sticking point," is still a mystery to me. "And who's the lady, Fred?" I inquired; "I never observed you admired any one in particular."

"Mabel Grant, of course," said Fred, with cheeks in an alarmingly apoplectic condition.

"Mabel Grant!"

Here was another surprise. Why, Fred, we all thought you disliked her; you never joined in praising her—never danced with her—seldom spoke to her;

in fact never caught 'the prevailing epidemic,' as I imagined at all.

"I thought her far too beautiful and good; and myself too mean and unworthy ever to aspire to her at first," said Fred, in a husky tone; "but I love her so much now, I must tell her all—or—die!" and he smote his forehead after the manner of men in his condition.

"Come, old fellow, don't be down-hearted," said I, quite moved.

"I've no other way of letting her know what I think and suffer but in this way, continued he, taking up the bulky letter.

"And a very good way too," said I, encouragingly. "What sort of verses are they? Mind they're strong."

"I composed them myself," said Fred; "they express exactly what I feel," and he took out the Valentine.

Such a Valentine! bunches of forget-me-nots—clusters of roses, which on being raised up, disclosed the altar of Love—a bleeding heart pierced with an arrow, lying upon it—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. A delightfully healthy looking little Cupid stood at the bottom of the page unrolling a scroll on which were inscribed in golden letters these lines:—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt that truth be a liar;
But never doubt, I love."

I said I thought I had heard the lines before; but as Fred indignantly denied my suspicion, I withdrew the assertion.

"I would not feign my hand in sending such a Valentine," said I.

"Wouldn't you?" said Fred, interrogatively.

"No; concealments of that sort are only required when you send uncomplimentary ones. I should let her know who sent it; direct it to your own writing."

And he did, after a little pressing, with much confusion, in a hand that would have done honor to a Brobdingnagian, with a seal to match.

"I love her so much," he began again—but I was off to look for Mabel.

I found her after a short search sitting in her own room writing, with a sheet of paper before her, which she hastily thrust into the table drawer as I entered.

"To-morrow's Valentine's Day, Mabel; are you going to send any?" I inquired.

"Not I," said Mabel, with just the faintest tinge of a blush in her cheek. "I would not receive such a nonsensical thing, let alone the sending it; I have far too great a respect for the name of Love, than to take it in vain in unmeaning rhymes."

"Not always unmeaning," I said; "I have known the verse fervently made in those pictorial billet-doux, as fervently kept; it all depends upon the man, you little sceptic."

"You are certainly going to send a Valentine!" interrupted Mabel, eagerly.

"Lest you, this remark was both sudden and unpleasant—I had sent one that morning, written and posted under immense difficulties—my father having the book I had copied the verses from in his pocket, which I was forced to pick, as I couldn't remember the last lines; and the post office, when I arrived, being tenanted by Jack Sharp inside, and guarded by old Jones outside, both evidently on the same errand, I had to remain down a by-lane a whole hour. I never hated old Jones so much!"

"You are certainly going to send a Valentine!" repeated Mabel, in triumphant gloe. I saw it was no use denying it, for "I was blushing as red as a beet."

"Well, what if I am?" said I, endeavoring to be dignified; "I always practice what I preach; I see no crime in it."

"No more do I," said Mabel, confidentially. "I am going to send one, too, only I didn't like to tell you; I thought you might laugh;" and she drew forth from the drawer she had kept jealously shut, the most splendid specimen in the paper-cutting line I have ever beheld—you couldn't have told it from the finest Valentines—the verses, delicately inscribed in azure ink, looked as if they had been written by Titian with dew gathered by fairy fingers from the cup of a bluebell.

"And who's it to, Mabel?" said I in a friendly, careless manner—I was dying to know.

"Guess."
"I can't."
"Try."
"It's no use, I could never find out; you never showed you liked any one in particular."

"Well, I don't think this one likes me," said Mabel, with sigh. "He's so hard to please," she continued pettily, "or so heartless, I don't know when I don't think he likes women, only I loved him from the first, and as I'm going home next week, it's no harm just to hint it to him;" and she looked quite sad for a few minutes, but on lifting up her head, she saw something in the pier-glass opposite which seemed to console her surprisingly, for after looking for a few seconds, she went on again quite gayly. "Don't waste so much thought upon the riddle, cousin; do you give it up?"

"Yes—who is it?"

"She came quite close and whispered—Fred Pratt!"

I felt horribly inclined to throw my arms about my cousin, and kiss her from pure joy—but, as it might have alarmed her, I restrained myself, and calmly went to post the Valentine.

The auspicious morn arrived, the sun (contrary to Fred's expectations) did nothing original; but rose at his usual hour in the east, accompanied by a few common place looking clouds—things proceeded in

their accustomed way—perhaps a little more laughing and whispering among the girls, until the clock struck nine, then a great change became perceptible—tones began to be hummed, indicative of perfect ease of mind in the hummers—books diligently read, as if the saturation of the readers depended upon them, conversations on important subjects, carried on in the most careless and reckless manner; suddenly in the midst of it all, like a clap of thunder, rat! rat! went the front door knocker. "It's the postman! the postman!" screamed a chorus of voices—two young men became immediately agitated, and left the room—Minnie Gray upset her tea, and I broke a plate.

In some the rrrrant (I thought she would have been suffocated with her own importance) bearing a large tray before her, on which were piled letters of every description, from the laughing-looking school stipend, with its large seal, that now have costumed a stick of sealing-wax, down to the delicately written, exquisitely made "billet-doux," that should have had a sign for a postman, and a fly for its rider. Such laughing and blushing—such anxiety in spite of the pretty head looking, easy posing, and assumed carelessness—such eagerness to find out the writing—such an innocent, foolish, happy time never was seen.

But where was Mabel?

She had never left her room; her Valentine, no small number, had been taken up to her. Of course, what took place between her and them, no mortal can ever know; but, after a little time, we heard her door open, and her half-suppressed screams—for, between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen into her arms.

"Into whose arms?"

Fred Pratt's, of course. Poor fellow, he had spent the whole night on the landing, and had thus gained her first glance and first greeting in the morning.

"I had no other way of saying how much I loved you," said he, half laughing and half crying, like the good-hearted simple fellow he was; "I've been very unhappy ever since you've been here."

"Are you happy now?" said Mabel looking desperately pretty and contented, clad in her morning dress and blushes, as she laid her dimpled hand on his.

He only answered by kissing it passionately.

"I never thought that you loved me," said Mabel, pointing. "You never showed it."

"Why, I always loved you," said Fred, "from the very first, and—"

And what more they said, we must leave to the imagination of those of my readers who have been in the same position themselves.

My father says—and he has had experience in such matters—that we may make up our minds to wedding favors and bride-cake at Whiteaside.

A LIAISON FROM FANNY FERN.

Dear me, I must go shopping. Shopping is a nuisance, clerks are impudent, familiarity is victimized. Miserable day, too; mad plastered as inch thick on the side walks. Well, if we drop our skirts, gentlemen cry "Up!" we lift them from the mud they level their eye glasses at our ankles. The true definition of a gentleman (not found in incomplete Webster) is—a lubed, soft, mummy day, is perfectly oblivious of any thing but the shop signs.

Vive la France! Ingenious Parisians, send us over your clever invention—a chain suspended from the girdle, at the end of which is a gold Anna to clasp up the superfluous length of our promiscuous robes; thus releasing our human digits and leaving them at liberty to wrestle with rain! Henceforth the possession of the detestable little sham brooches, which the milliners persist in hanging on the backs of our coats.

Well, here we are at Oak & Kirtland's dry-goods store. Now comes the big of war let John's mantle fall on my shoulders (blessed days).

"Have you Miss Will?"

Yes, Miss Will, servant of colors, after three months' absence, I have just returned, which time I spent gallantly on one (two) weeks' down a sick street as green as emerald.

Oh! away with these stupid masculine planks, and give us women, was knowing intuition what we want, to the immense exulting of our lungs and leather, pallidness and prunella!

Here's Mrs. Timothy Tape's establish-ment.

"Have you lace collars (in points) Mr. Tape?"

Mr. Tape looks benighted, and shows me some round collars. I repeat my request in the most pointed manner for pointed collars. Mr. Tape replies with a patronizing grin—

"Points is going out, Mr. am."

"So am I."

Dear me, how tired my feet are! Nevertheless, must have some more. So I opened the door of Mr. Henry Hamburg's dry goods store, which is about half a mile in length, and inquired for the desired article. Young Yardstick directs me to the counter at the extreme end of the store. I commence my travels thitherward through a maze of gapping clocks, and across there just ten minutes before two, by my repetition, when I am told that they "are quite out of stock"—but won't I please do just as well—"pulling down a pile of some as well" pulling down a pile of some, and I run out in a high state of frenzy, and taking refuge in the next door neighbor's,