

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 6.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MARCH 2, 1858.

NUMBER 52.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

T. H. BREM & CO.,  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALERS  
IN  
DRY GOODS,  
HARDWARE, HATS & SHOES,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
January, 1858.

TATTERSALL.

Livery and Sale Stables.



THE subscriber informs the public generally, that he has purchased the large Stable formerly owned by C. Williamson, now under the name of "Kerr's Hotel," near the Jail, and has added to and refitted it in a superior manner, for the purpose of opening it Charlotte a Livery and Sale Stable, to complete after the accommodation of his present business.

His object is to make his establishment what it is now—a real Livery and Sale Stable, not persons having good Horses to dispose of, will find it to their interest to call.

To insure to keep Horsemen Carriages for the accommodation of the citizens generally; and my person dealing any kind of conveyances can be called, and give general information.

4. DRIVERS will find at these Stables fine accommodations, having prepared for them good horses, and traps, and an abundance of hay, and other dry articles ready for their use, as well as a plentiful supply of water.

4. HORSES kept by the month or otherwise. His charges will be accommodating, and he hopes by strict attention to the wishes of the community to succeed and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

ROBERT RABE, Proprietor.  
L. J. HAWLEY, Agent.  
Charlotte, Oct. 20, 1857.

Poetry.



POETRY.—THE NORTH-CAROLINA WHIG.

*Lines—by Lawrence.*  
The violet from its nest of green,  
Look'd upon the smiling ground;  
And look'd a manly young and fair,  
Looks upward with its many eyes,  
That caught fragrance from the vales,  
And scented with which of roses.

The snow, with its pure white land,  
Like virtue rising from her bed,  
Looks up toward the guides skies,  
Like virtue with the eye of gods;  
For whom that looks the stony,  
And who that loves the stone?

And who that loves the stone?

The Day and the Devil.

Some like stars so pale and hills,

And gently roses bloom again;

The Cross with its eye of gold,

Stands smiling in the morning cold.

To catch the pearl dew and rain.

From the Home Journal.

"Deliver us from Evil"—A Sacred Melody.

"Deliver us from evil." Harken, Father!  
It will be well if we do as we go!

But the bright rays of resolution pierce

Twight the darkness in our way of way;

Remain the sun that shineth outwards—shines

Our souls dispelling all darkness—shines

With thy brightness on our hearts, we never

Never, in this portion for it never.

Release us from the sorrows that attend us!

Our sins are few—yet every year we bleed

Almighty Parent! still thy goodness begets

Else we helpless in our time of need—

Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure Holy Spirit;

Now vige to Nature's faltering arms,

And let thy brightness on our hearts, we never

Never, in this portion for it never.

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