The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 21, 1862. NO. 42.

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 (16 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
CLOCKS!
No. 5, 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, 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,
Caircoes, 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 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, grow and grow, one of the leading staples. Fruits grown under our Southern sun are noted for luster size, flow flavor, and beautiful color.

The above statements are fully sustained by premiums taken over Northern Fruits, and the great amount of green and dried fruit sent North to be N viewed by the Southern States during the last few years. Then if the above statements are fully sustained, and it is no sin, according to the Bible, to make money by raising Fruit, then send forward your orders and cash to Westbrook and Mendenhall and they will furnish you with good marketing orchards.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

Greensboro', Nov. 1860. 35—tf.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-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—tf.

The business of the FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP will be conducted as usual by the subscriber. 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, Rows, Spokes, Shafts, Curtain Frames, Knobs, Bands, Leaning Stair, Dennis, Setfast, Clotts, Screws, Fringes, Edgings and Patent Leathers, Enamelled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Axle 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, Borax, Iron of all sizes, both of northern and country 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 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 50 Horse Power.

HORSE-SHOEING
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

on 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 Gardens Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Portticos, Cemetery Lots, &c. Their

IMPLEMENTS

For carrying on the business in all its branches have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are pronounced WITHOUT A LINE

IMPROVEMENTS

Required to do their work in a

FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents, for Dr. E. G. Elliott, for Winter's Patent Malay 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 Team, Water or Horse Power. The Malay 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 of the following:

Carpenter's Tools,
Circular, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel, pruning, grafting, tenon, back, compass, wide and narrow 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, Spokes, Shave,
Steel blade level and try Squares, Spirit Levels,
Patent Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Rosin Machine Oil 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 undersigned will be found at the same place 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 more than liberal and generous patrons.

The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, for the future compel us to restrict our time of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—some other person ask it.

All persons indebted to the late 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 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 & Job Work,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Poetry.

THE FOREST TREES.

Up with your hoards, ye syrian lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
For our cradle bands and coffin boards,
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and fire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our pride on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine
That sprang on the quiet land!

When the ribs and the masts of the good ships lie
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest sigh;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way
With footstep short and slow,
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The lowly twig in the stripling's hand
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Miscellaneous.

From the Southern Monthly.

THE

METHODIST PREACHER

AND THE

ROBBER.

BY PROF. ALLEN M. SCOTT.

The history of few countries possesses more interest than that of the storied West. Equal in extent to some of the most populous empires of the Old World, varied in scenery, soil, and climate, no wonder that its transition from a wilderness state, as it was a half century ago, to its present condition as to population, wealth and refinement, should be attended with many strange and startling events.

The narrative which the writer is about to give, is no fictitious statement. One of the principal actors, who has now gone into that unexplored world, whence "no traveller returns," from his own lips, related the facts herein set forth, in my hearing.—Though a mere striping at the time, the narrative made such an impression on my mind, that the lapse of many slow rolling years has, by no means, effaced it. Thinking that it may serve to interest the readers of the "Southern Monthly," I have committed it to paper.

In 1801 Tennessee was an untredden waste. It is true that, prior to that date, a few settlements had been made in Powell's Valley, in East Tennessee, and, perhaps, a village had been commenced at the French Lick, now Nashville, and a very few scattering settlements had been started elsewhere by hardy adventurers, but they were "few and far between." The valley of the Cumberland, and all that part of the State known as Middle Tennessee, to say nothing of our Western District, were the abodes of savages, and but little known to civilized men.

In the early part of that year two or three Methodist preachers, young men from Virginia, burning with a zeal to bear the tidings of salvation to the new settlers in the West, left their homes and friends, and came to Tennessee. Here they parted the wild cane and told the stirring story of the Cross to the early pioneers.

Among them was a young preacher named John Cragg. He was about twenty four years of age, heavy built, athletic and daring. He seemed to be peculiarly fitted, in many respects, for the task he had undertaken. Fearless of man and beast, content to undergo hard-ships, willing to lie down upon a hard bed, in an open cabin, to sit down to scanty fare, to swim the unbridged stream, to climb mountains, and wander along the pathless woods, if he could but be the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, in establishing the Redeemer's kingdom in these new lands.

Not far from the spot where stands the beautiful little town of Sparta, Mr. Cragg was wending his way along a blind trace, seeking a distant settlement, when suddenly a tall young man sprang from a cover behind a huge rock, and presenting his rifle demanded his money. Mr. Cragg reined up his horse and stood still, regarding the assailant with a piercing look, the rifle, meanwhile, being presented at the distance of only a few feet.

"Give me your money," demanded the young man, "or I'll blow you through."

"Young man," said the preacher, "what has brought you to this? You cannot pull that trigger. You have never robbed any one. This is your first attempt. When a child, you were taught better things. Your mother—"

Here the young man instantly lowered the muzzle of his gun, hesitated, threw it on the ground, and burst into tears.

"It is my first attempt," said he. "I was indeed taught better things."

The preacher dismounted from his horse, and bade the young man sit down by him on the fragment of a rock. Here, with no little difficulty, he induced the young robber to give him an outline of his history.—It may be comprised in a few words. He was a Virginian, of wealthy, religious, and highly respectable parents. Two years previously he had married a young lady, whose parents' condition were not below that of his own. For some reason the parents on both sides opposed the match, and the young people eloped, caring little whither they went so they were together. They received nothing from their parents; in fact the latter knew not whither they had gone!

They had ventured out to this wild country, and had managed to live, up to this time, though with no little difficulty. Both had recently been sick. They had no neighbors—no friends, none to whom in an evil hour they could appeal for aid. Reduced to the very point of starvation, the tempter had suggested that he should make just one little robbery; only a few dollars would do, until he could make other arrangements. For three days he had been watching this trace, and Mr. Cragg was the first to pass.

Closely did the young preacher observe every motion, tone of voice, and lineament in the countenance of the young man. His manner was so true to nature, and his penitence seemed so deep and thorough, that Mr Cragg believed his narrative without accede.

"You have erred most sadly," said he. "There is One who was both willing and able to aid you in your time of need, who is present in the wilderness as well as in the city, and who never turns away empty those who call upon him. You have yielded to the tempter, and have been by him brought well nigh to the brink of destruction. That kind Providence who never forsakes the fallen until they are lost, lost forever, has doubtless thrown you into my hands. I trust that you can be still rescued from ruin and infamy. I too am poor—that horse, saddle and saddle bags, a few clothes, a few books, and a few dollars, constitute all my earthly possession. I own no foot of land—no cottage in the wilderness. But I have no dependent family, and you need my money more than I do." He arose, took down his saddle-bags, and drew out an old woolen sock, and counted out thirty-one silver dollars, from which he took one dollar, and putting it into his pocket he said:

"Promise me in the presence of the Judge of all the earth, that hereafter you will seek to do right, and under no circumstances, attempt to rob any one again."

The young man gave the promise, and the two knelt, and the preacher invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the young man and his wife, and upon the money, and asked for grace to enable him to follow in the paths of honesty and right. He gave gave him the thirty dollars, and the two parted without disclosing either of their names.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty years have elapsed since the two parted. It is now 1861. Tennessee is no longer a wilderness. The Man has gone far away to the great West—the Pale Face has come. The forest has been felled, cities have been founded, colleges, schools and churches everywhere greet the views. The Indian hunting grounds are checkered off into a thousand furrowed fields. The land of Jackson, Carrol and Polk, is now the home of many busy and happy thousands.

Mr Cragg still lives; but he is an old man. His locks are white, and his whole person shows the influence of time. He has a large and dependent family living upon their little home, somewhere in Middle Tennessee. He has devoted his manhood prime to the high calling of the gospel, and, though neither learned nor eloquent, he was deemed faithful and pious, and few men have been more successful in persuading men to be religious.

In the fall of 1861 a camp-meeting was held at "Wiarow's," in Rutherford county. Mr Cragg rode away, the same evening, thirty miles, to his home and loved ones.

On the Thursday following, just as it was growing dark, and Mr Cragg was seated in his porch, much wearied with the labor of ploughing in wheat, at which he had been engaged, all day, a stranger, seated upon an iron gray horse, well dress and in gray cloth, and wearing a white hat, rode up to the gate and asked for quarters during the night. He was kindly received and duly cared for.

After supper, he asked Mr Cragg to see him in a private room. When alone he said: "Mr. Cragg, you do not know me."

"I do not, said the old preacher.

"We once before had a private meeting," returned the friend. "Thirty years ago, the eleventh of last May," continued he, "as you were passing your way near the spot where Sparta now stands, a wicked young man attempted to rob you. You gave him thirty dollars, prayed with him, and left him." Mr Cragg replied that had not forgotten that event. "I am that young man," said the other. "I took the money home to my young wife, and told her how strangely I had obtained it, for it did seem that God had sent it to me when I least deserved it. It proved a timely relief. My father about this time having learned where I was, sent for us. We returned to Virginia, and a reconciliation took place on all sides, and we received from our parents a fine start in the world.

"Soon thereafter, we removed out to Middle Tennessee, and here we have been ever since. Prosperity attended us. We added acre to acre, servant to servant, this species of property to that, until we have long been considered rich. Twenty five years ago we both obtained hope in Christ and became members of his church, which relation we now bear.

"Often have I wondered who my benefactor was, and longed to meet him and some return for his kindness; but as you had not given me your name, I knew not how to inquire.

"I had a tent at the late camp-meeting. My children and grandchildren crowded around that alter. One Sabbath morning an old man, with white locks, arose to preach. It at ones occurred to me that I had seen him somewhere in life. When he knelt to pray, and his voice went up like holy incense to the skies, I recognized that voice as the same that arose to heaven for me in the wilderness thirty years ago. There I learned your name, and history and residence, and the meeting being over I have hastened to pay you this visit. I am told that you are poor, and that you often labor with your own hands, through winter's biting cold and summer's scorching heat, to procure the necessaries of life for those dependent upon you. Mr. Cragg, it cannot be another hour. You once rescued me from infamy, and Heaven has preserved me to rock the cradle of your old age. Here is my check on my banker at Knoxville, for one thousand dollar."

"I have visited him several times since that date," said Mr. Cragg, when I heard him relate this stirring narrative. "I have shared his magnificent hospitality, and passed many happy days in the society of his refined and elegant family but I have not mentioned the name in connection with this narrative, even to my own wife, nor will I ever. It shall die with me; but," added he, "one of the sons occupies a high place in Church, and another as high a place in State."

THE

CULPRIT JUDGE:

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

In one of the Western States I was once a prosecuting attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairies away from the woodland had not yet heard the scream of the steam whistle. All branches of society, of trade, business, and professions were in a transition state. Of course the judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and lest I appear vain, I may add, that the lawyers were by no means Chief Justice Taneys!

The Judge who traveled the circuit with us in the counties round about the city of —— had been in early life a horse jockey, and had picked up a large amount of tact, knowledge of men, and of human nature, and of social motives that was of much use to him in his legal walk. At the West he had been a member of the first Constitutional Convention in our State, and, being a good talker and of quick natural intellect, had shone in the debates. Of course it was natural that, as he made the law, he should claim to be able to expound it. And at the first election after the State was admitted he was chosen a Judge.

I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent deference of manner, there was in his composition and in his arts of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. When I was chosen prosecutor he sought my confidence, but I repelled it, and, except in court, we were little together. Many a time on the civil side has he given me a favorable charge on facts, or acquiesced in my law when I felt that I was wrong. Nor could I fathom why he thus sought to get the winning side of me.

I suspected him of knavery. When prisoners were convicted, and he had the direction of punishment, his sentences were oddly inconsistent. He fined where he should have imprisoned, and sentenced where a nominal punishment would have satisfied the justice of the case. But I never could get any clew, and with the exception of this he was regarded as a man of rare integrity and firmness of mind.

One night, at the inn in the little village of Washington, where a week's court was to be held, I went to my "boarded off" bedroom for an afternoon nap, and was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by a confused murmuring, that, after I was thoroughly aroused, I perceived to come from the adjoining room—one appropriated to Judge C——.

"He is committing his Grand Jury charge," said I to myself, when I heard a strange voice say, "The boodle is most used up of the old stripe."

Now "boodle" is a flash term used by counterfeiters and it instantly attracted my "professional" attention. As I sat upon the bedside a ray of light came through a chink of the boarded partition. As a man, honor would have forbidden a "peep;" as an officer of the law, prudence commanded it. So drawing myself noiselessly and closely to the "wall," or the boarded separation, I looked through the "crack" and saw Judge C—— seated at a table with a sinister looking man, who wore a pair of remarkably black whiskers; and the two were counting quite a pile of new bank-bills. I listened, but not another word was spoken for some time. I saw the money divided into three piles, and the Judge placed one in his pocket, the whiskered man took the other, and then drawing off his boots, stowed the same pile per usual snug in the inside of it, and then again placed them on his feet. Near the Judge said: "Be careful and send it to the proper place."—His sinister companion gave a meaning smile; they shook hands, the stranger left the room cautiously; and the Judge then sat down to some papers. I continued to look for several minutes, but he appeared absorbed in his duties, when, just as I was about quitting my point (directly a point of observation, he arose, and taking out his roll of bills placed them up the chimney; and then continued his reading.

I must say that my blood ran cold, for a grave suspicion had often crossed my mind that he was a rascal but; I never suspected him of being concerned with the drovers, trappers, and traders who occasionally made bad money their commodity. Nor, as I sat collecting my thoughts, could I conceive it possible, when I recollected how he had always been upon the patrons of counterfeit money, and how earnestly and eloquently he always in his charges dwelt upon the enormity of the crime, and the necessity of its suppression by a good jury. I recollected how he had frowned down every attempt made to solve other kind of charge concerned with such. I was in a sweat on most sir.

Stealthily going out, I carefully descended the stairs and entered the bar room. The heavily whiskered man was seated at a table reading the last Cincinnati paper, as if he were the Methodist minister of the riding. I sat down, and politely cut a large paper preparatory to read it, but I was glancing over its top at the stranger. His eye did not wander from a particular point of the paper, nor did the sweat show several minutes turn; I then felt he was not reading but reflecting. I endeavored to catch his eye, but could not. I best thought of trying the demeanor of the Judge; so making in my mind some excuse relating to my official duties, I again went up stairs and knocked at his door. His pleasant voice, in an unembarrassed tone, cried, "Walk in," and I entered. After getting through my excuse and business, I said, in a careless tone, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, Judge?" He answered, just as carelessly, "Going through my charge, and a decision or two I have to make on to-morrow. As yet, I have not seen any one since I arrived."

The last he was so unnecessary one, as I knew its falsity, for he needed not to have asserted the fact—an immaterial one.—This, therefore, the more confirmed my suspicions; because I had found these immaterial assertions to be always made by witnesses when they are committing perjury, just as cowards whistle to keep up their courage.

We continued chatting until the bell rang for tea, but not a tone nor an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meal. The whiskered stranger sat opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other as if they had never met. One or two table civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied with the cold politeness, somewhat unusual in Western way of life. All this satisfied me there was something out of the way, and I resolved while at the table to fortify myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went up stairs into the Judge's room, and groping to the chimney in the dark felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of paper. I took off one or two pieces, and replaced the balance hastily and left the room.

Nothing more occurred that night worth narrating, for my mind was so much taken up on the subject of the man who had been induced some months before to commit forgery, and had been put on bond.

"What does this mean?" I asked of the clerk. "Did not authorities recognize, and am I prepared with witnesses?"

"Why,——" [illegible] "Why, you know your business best, sir."

"Yes, I know my business."

Very early next morning I was hailed into a room where Judge —— was [illegible] remembered, was a man of [illegible] and had [illegible]

Just then Judge C—— [illegible] business began. The case in question was called, I arose as prosecutor to state the ground of fact being prepared.

A stranger arose from among the lawyers, and said he was retained for the prisoner, the first crime (counterfeiting) by the aid of some trouble, and he understood, because it had been omitted so far to-day. The counsel was the whiskered companion of the Judge.

The latter, with a bland smile, and dipping his pen to his ready [illegible] said, "What is your name, sir?"

I was astonished by the question, and felt that I did not hear the answer, but proceeded to deny any understanding, and to charge that there was some trick.