

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 22, 1862.

NO. 3.

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 (16 lines or less, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriffs' Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements 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.

Poetry.



WHA? A FARMER WANTS.

A farmer wants a stable mind,
A purpose sure and steady,
To patient industry inclined—
For business always ready.

Good careful habits well defined,
A judgment acting clearly,
To sift our truths with care mixed,
Though it should cost him dearly.

He wants a penetrating eye,
That he may quick discover,
If any business goes away
That he's presiding over.

He wants a mind that's wide awake,
A quickness of invention,
Abounding much in thoughtful care
And present circumspection.

He wants a neat and prudent wife,
Who, when he calls, can save it—
Who kindly soothes the cares of life,
(Best gift of Him who gives it.)

He wants a snug and cosy farm,
And health and strength together,
A house and barn to keep all warm
And dry in rainy weather.

Heaven's blessings then must crown the whole,
Or all his hopes are blasted,
But with this resting on his soul,
The poorest joys are tasted.

He then enjoys a bliss unknown
To them the world calls greatest:
Known only to the good alone,
The earliest and the latest.

I Love the Night.

I love the night when the moon streams bright,
On flowers that drink the dew,
When exuberant buds as the stars peep out
From the boundless folds of blue;
But desire for to-morrow's star
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or bubbling rills of mountain rills
I love, I love, love—*not!*

I love to stray, at the close of day,
Through groves of hidden trees,
When warbled notes from song-birds thrush
Are sweet in the breeze.
I love the night, the glorious night,
When hearts beat warm and true,
But far above the night, I love
I love, I love, love—*not!*

Miscellaneous.

From the Darlington Southerner.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY MISS E. D. C.

The day was dark and rainy, when I look my umbrella and wended my way to the miserable house in Wilmot street, where in a neat, but poverty-stricken room, resided two poor women, upon whose clouded days I had striven to throw a little sunshine.

My experience among the poor, indeed among most all for whom I have done a kind act, or to whom I have spoken words of encouragement and cheer, differs from that of many others. Gratitude has been my pleasant reward, if not always seen at all events, spoken; and I have seldom been made to feel that kindness can be "worn away." Kind acts, kind words fall like precious balm upon hearts that need them, and even though the giver of them may never know it, they are treasured up

and counted as precious jewels by the recipients. My experience teaches me that there is a chord in the heart of every one—rich and poor, high and low, that responds to the touch of kindness, and ingratitude is not the widely practiced sin which some represent it. There may be an ungrateful world, but there surely is a grateful one too, and to the latter belonged the two poor women whom I was visiting.

As I wended my way up the dark, narrow stairway and knocked at the door; it was opened by one of my poor friends. Her countenance brightened when she saw me. How delighted, she said, "sister, wish for you to cheer her up with words of strong consolation." I entered the homely room; the sister, a hopeless invalid, was lying on the bed, clasping her Bible with her thin fingers. She laid it aside and grasped my hand eagerly, and, in broken tones, expressed her joy at seeing me. I sat down beside her and listened patiently and sympathizingly to a recital of her bodily ailments. And truly, one could not be gentle and kind, and pitying to this patient and devout sufferer, steeped to the lips in poverty and suffering, yet saying, "it is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

We spoke of the sorrows and trials of this life; how they can endure but for a season; then we turned our thoughts to heaven and dwelt upon these "pleasures which are at the right hand of God." She fancied that my words gave her strength to bear her woes, but indeed, it was she who imparted strength to me, and in this humble home of these children of poverty I have learned those lessons of faith, hope and endurance, which all the glittering mansions of affluence have yet failed to teach me.

Whilst thus conversing, a low, hollow cough, proceeding from the room below, frequently broke upon my ear.

"That is Mr. Rushton coughing," said the sick woman, noticing my enquiring look.

"He is so low that the physician says he will never leave his bed again."

"Mr. Rushton?" I started. "My father once had a clerk," I said, "named Charles Rushton, an elegant and accomplished young man; but that was many years ago; I have lost sight of him now."

"This gentleman is named Charles Rushton," was the reply. "But sure it cannot be the same," was my answer. The Charles Rushton of whom I speak, from his talents and address ought to be in a very different position from that which the ledger of the room below must occupy. What sort of a looking person is this Charles Rushton?"

"Very tall," was the reply. "His hair, black and glossy; is streaked with gray; he has been handsome, but intemperance and ill health have deprived him of his good looks."

My father's clerk, Charles Rushton, an elegant carriage and winning address I have rarely seen so handsome and fascinating a young man. But surely the miserable wretch, who seemed coughing away his life in poverty and loneliness, could not be the Charles Rushton who was once so sought after and admired for his talents and accomplishments. Who does the gentleman below live with? I asked.

"His old mother," was the reply. She is aged and infirm, but devotes herself to the care of her son.

With a saddened heart I wended my way home. I pondered long on the history I had just heard, and resolved to assure myself whether this was my father's old and confidential clerk, the once elegant Charles Rushton. Accordingly the next day, taking such delicacies with me as I knew would be acceptable to an invalid, I again wended my way to the old house. But this time I did not go up stairs, I stepped at the ill man's room, and knocked at the door. At once I recognized in the tall, stately old woman who answered my knock a likeness to the Charles Rushton I so well remembered. I informed her that hearing from my friends in the room above of the illness of her son, I had come to offer him some delicacies, and whatever other services I could render him. He heard from within my voice.

"Who is there?" he said.

"I ventured to look into the room, hoping from him an invitation to enter, and I was not disappointed."

"Will you come in?" he said.

His mother opened the door, and I entered. One glance sufficed to assure me that the poor emaciated creature before me was none other than the handsome Charles Rushton of other days. I approached the bed and took his thin hand in mine, he gazed long and earnestly at me, did my face awake dim memories of the past?—memories of hope, of love, of joy. I know not, but a slight quiver passed over his face, his hand trembled, but he spoke not.

"Charles Rushton," I said in a voice that was full of emotion, I have come to see you for the sake of other days."

He covered his face, then low sobs burst from his heart.

"Alas!" he said, Ellen Carrington, that you should meet me thus; oh, this misery!"

Misery indeed! my heart was too full to reply; the weeping tears gathered in my eyes, and coursed silently down my cheek. For an instant neither of us spoke; memory was busy with the past; then he said,

"Do you remember when we last met?"

"Yes, at the grand birthday ball my father gave to Ella."

He shuddered. "How well I remember it; the pillars of the piazza wreathed with flowers, the chandeliers twined with

same, the band of music, the lovely happy girls, and loveliest of all, sweet Ella in her simple dress of white. Such things are among the pure, bright memories of my soul; I would not part with them for worlds.— You were a child then, Ellen."

"Yes, I was fifteen."

"It is fifteen years ago, to day; how strange that we should keep Ella's birthday together. You are thirty years old, Ellen; how pale and sad you look. You have known sorrow since we last saw each other at that glittering ball."

"Yes, Charles Rushton," was my reply, "I have known many deep woes and I have had to wade through dark and stormy waters before my feet could gain the tranquil stream of peace and content."

"And have gained them?" he asked.

"Yes, but not without many a struggle and hard fought battle, and it was not until I lifted my eyes above and saw from whence my sorrow came, that I became content to receive them."

He sighed. "I shall never gain that enviable state, Ellen. My miseries are doubled by knowing that I myself was the creator of them. I might have been—yes, but for myself I might have been a respectable and happy man. Peace and content can never be my portion."

"I trust that even for you there may yet be peace and content in this world, Charles Rushton."

"This world; why I am fast passing a way from its sunshine and its storms, its pleasures and pains, Ellen. Look at this hand," he said, holding up his thin fingers; "and you never heard me cough, why, there is scarcely any life left in me when the spell is over. Ah, no! this life for me is done; the intoxicating bowl, Ellen, has brought me to despair and the grave."

"Well never mind to talk about it now," I replied, noticing the increasing excitement of his manner, "but try and eat some of this jelly I have brought you."

With the assistance of his mother I raised him up, oh, how feebly weak he was, and he gratefully received the proffered delicacy. When I took my leave of him he said,

"Ellen, you must come and see me every day. I have not long to live. Do not tell any one that you have found Charles Rushton; let not my memory be again revived among those who know me in other days. Let me be as I have been, dead to all the world."

I promised him, he clasped my hand warmly, and we parted. When I reached my home I wept bitterly—weep over the sad wreck that I had just seen, the once elegant Charles Rushton, brought to the grave as he himself said, and to the pit of despair by the fatal vice of intemperance.

The next day I visited him again. He was evidently weaker, but welcomed me gladly, and bade me sit close to him where he could talk to me. He spoke of his wasted life, his wasted talents and opportunities.

"Few young men," he said, "commenced life with as fair prospects as mine, and few have so completely, so utterly blasted them. When your father retired from business, I had saved enough from the generous salary he allowed me to enter into business, for myself. For two years I was eminently successful; then the accursed demon of drink took possession of me; little by little the monster dragged me down the fearful abyss until every hope was lost, and I found myself in a position from which escape was impossible. I left the city, and determined to begin a new life elsewhere. At first, I kept my good resolution, then I yielded to temptation, and utter ruin and degradation ensued."

This wretched cough seized upon me my money was gone, my respectability, my hopes, all that was worth living for. A year ago I returned here to die. I found my mother living with a relative whose doors were closed upon her degraded son. But she left her home and came to me; during this long year, reeked with pain, ill, hope less, despairing, oh, what a struggling life I have led, still struggling, vainly struggling in the grasp of the monster upon whose dark altar I have sacrificed my hopes and my life. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, if there is one man in whom you take an interest, warn him, as you love him, against indulging in the fearful vice that has brought me to ruin and degradation."

For three weeks, I daily visited Charles Rushton in his miserable room of sickness and poverty. His cough increased and he grew hoarse, but he seemed calmer and less despairing as he neared the confines of the grave. I read to him, prayed with him, and the tears would course silently down his thin cheek. He clung to me with the most grateful regard; "you are an angel of goodness," he would say, "at least over him to administer his nourishment. The spirit of our lost Ella seemed ever hovering over us, and when I ministered to the ill man, an angel face seemed to look smilingly upon us. One year before this I had received her parting words: 'Ellen,' she said to me in the deep stillness of the night she died, 'draw close, dear sister, and let me reveal to you my heart's secret. Before the dust of the grave settles upon my lips, let me tell you how my whole life went forth in one wild, intoxicating dream of love. Ellen, it is my fate to love and not to be loved again; if you ever see Charles Rushton tell him that I lived and died true to the one love of my life.'"

For an answer I stooped and kissed her pale brow, and for the first time I under-

stood the meaning of the indifference which she had always evinced to the numerous gentlemen, who attracted by her loveliness, thronged around her.

One night, it was the last of his life, I sat beside the bed of Charles Rushton. Since our first meeting we had not spoken of Ella, but now, he told me of his love for her, he dwelt upon her beauty, her lovely qualities, and he said, "I intended to ask her to become my wife, it was my life's dream, but when that fearful vice took possession of me, I felt it would be wronging her to invite her to share my wretched fate. No, no, I loved her too well for that, and I have the consolation of knowing that however dark the shadows I have thrown upon the pathway of others, I never did aught to cloud her brilliant young life. She loved me not, thank heavens, or knew that I loved her."

"Charles Rushton," I said, "with her dying breath Ella Carrington charged me to give you this message. 'If you ever see Charles Rushton, tell him that I lived and died true to the one love of my life.' You were the object upon whom the pure warm feelings of my sister's heart were lavished, and I know that through her whole life she never ceased hoping for your returning footsteps which alas! for her never came again. Believe me the love of such an one as Ella Carrington is not given lightly nor withdrawn easily. Yes, the love that sprang into being in early life endured faithfully until that life itself had ceased to be."

He groaned aloud. "My cup of misery is brimming over," he said "this last bitter drop has caused it to overflow."

The next morning when I called Charles Rushton was dead. I stood a moment and looked at the pale sad face, what a flood of bitterness swept over me at the sight. I could stand it no longer and quietly closing the door, I descended the dark stairway.

"How is he?" asked the invalid.

"Dead."

"God have mercy upon the soul," she fervently said, "of the miserable victim of intemperance."

GOOD FOR DICK.—At the battle of Eikhorn, a mere comrade of Lieut. Jett Ed. Smith, several others of this vicinity, had for a servant a negro boy named Dick, belonging to our esteemed fellow-citizen, Thos. Smith, Esq. Before going into battle, the boys, not wishing to be robbed by the Hessians, left all their money, about \$500, in the hands of Dick as their banker, and ordered him to stay with the rear guard and baggage. The battle raged long, and Dick became very uneasy about his money, and his regular meals, in the midst of such sharp exercise. At length he loaded himself with provision, and went to take them their dinner. He fell into the hands of the enemy, and found himself a prisoner. Dick affected to be delighted with the circumstance, and told them that he was a Union man and belonged to one of the best Union men in the world, "old man Smith," about twenty miles off. (The distance is 250 miles.) They kept Dick along, however, without searching him, and at Bonaventure, one night, Dick saw his change and "rammed" it. He came into the mess with the money all safe, and with a fine overcoat for himself, which he "found" just on leaving.—Washington (Ark.) Telegraph.

GOOD FOR THE THIRTY SOLDIER.—Extreme thirst is one of the most severe trials the active soldier has to encounter. During a long march and on the field of a long and hotly contested battle, he is often almost overcome with fatigue and thirst. An old frontiersman, who has had much experience on the Western borders and on the plains, suggests the following as the best remedy and preventive of thirst that has ever been discovered: After a meal take the coffee grounds, boil them over again, and pour it off into your canteen, and let it cool for your next march. It is not only nutritive and stimulating, but it quenches the thirst more effectually than water. It will go two or three times as far as water. Also take the coffee grounds, after being thus used, dry them, and put them in your pocket, and chew them at intervals on the march, or during any arduous service, and they will repress thirst, and satiate greatly the cravings of hunger. This course has been tried with the most gratifying results, and is worthy of a trial by every soldier in the service.

VANDALISM.—Among the many acts lately perpetrated by the Yankees in Moorefield, Hardy county, Va., was the desecration of the resting place of the family of Geo. C. Harness, dec'd. These vandals went to the cemetery and destroyed a beautiful monument erected by Col. Harness the son of Mr. Geo. Harness. It bore the simple inscription, "Our Father and Mother," yet that was enough to cause its destruction, as it covered the remains of the parent of a child who is true to his country and to the instincts of patriotism.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Let our soldiers march to battle, not in the spirit which would lead them, if victorious, to say, with Caesar: "I came, I saw, I conquered"; but in the spirit which led John Sobieski, after his triumph over the Turks, to say, "I came, I saw, God conquered." "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "Our fathers trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them."

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.—We have to record to day either one of the most daring robberies or maddest pranks that has ever fallen under our notice, and that is the carrying off the engine, tender and mail an express cars of the 4 o'clock passenger train on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. The facts of the case, so far as we can ascertain, are these: It seems that while the conductor, engineer and other employees of the road who were conducting the train to Chattanooga, were all in the breakfast house at Big Shanty regaling themselves on coffee, hot biscuit and other delicacies pertaining to that meal and while thus comfortably employed, some person or persons, unknown to us, and unknown to every one else, (for we believe no one saw the operation performed,) detached the engine, tender and mail and express cars from the remainder of the train, and left it "double-quick" on the road towards Macon, and although the stations have been telegraphed, nothing had since been heard from them up to 3 o'clock p.m.

Although this is one of the most extraordinary affairs we have yet heard of, if the intention is robbery, which is the natural conclusion, it far surpasses the boldest exploit of "Jack Sheppard" in his pameliest day.—Atlanta Constitution, 13th.

About a mile below Ringgold, on Saturday afternoon, the missing engine was found on the track unharmed, and out of wood and water, while the robbers had taken to the woods, where an immediate pursuit of them became general by the citizens of the country. During their progress over the road, the bridge-burners had tried every means they could to impede the progress of their pursuers. They cut the telegraph wire, uncoiled a car and left it on the track, threw out cross-ties across the track, &c., but these obstructions availed but little. On Saturday morning, eight of the party were arrested, and after being soundly whipped, confessed that they had been sent out from Shelbyville by the Federalists for the purpose of burning the bridges and tearing up the track of the railroad so as to prevent reinforcements being sent on to our army at Corinth. They state that the party numbered twenty-two. The balance were still at large, but would probably be arrested in a short time. We hope that the Government will make quick work with these marauders, and that their speedy and condign punishment will strike terror to the hearts of all spies and traitors we have among us.—Augusta Constitutionalist, 15th.

THE NEWS FROM HAMPTON ROAD UP TO 3 O'CLOCK, ON THE 11TH.—Major, which from its defeat of the rebel iron monster, we take to be the most perfect model of this kind of vessel afloat.

New York Herald, March 14th.

Such was the assumption of the Herald—such the declaration of all the Northern press. With one voice they claimed a victory at once brilliant and decisive. What, then, will the world say, when it is informed that, on the 11th day of April, in the year of Grace 1862, the Virginia, in presence of French and English ships of war, went off Old Point and hully-begged the famous "Monitor," who, like an unshakable and veritable "cheese box," lay in the water without accepting the gage of combat! And, under her very guns, Capt. Barney, in the "Jamestown," ran in and brought off three prizes, which were towed up by the Raleigh about 2 o'clock. Lieut. Alexander delivering his prisoners, thirteen in number, at the Navy Yard, and returning.—Norfolk Daily Book.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—The Chronicle and Sentinel, of yesterday, state that a person calling himself Lieut. J. M. B. Rastedge, of the Texas Cavalry, has mysteriously disappeared from this city Tuesday last. He was stopping at the Globe Hotel. He left some writings on the backs of envelopes, seeming to indicate that he had attempted to commit suicide, in consequence of being ill. In the event he should have succeeded, it is a case of temporary insanity, the following description of his person is given, in the hope that it may possibly lead to his discovery. He was between 25 and 30 years of age, about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches in height, weighing, perhaps, 150 pounds; light and florid complexion, rather quiet and prominent nose—without mustache or beard—light hair, and somewhat bald. He was quiet and unassuming to his associates, and was evidently well educated. His effects are now in the hands of Mr. Mallarky, of the Globe Hotel.—Augusta Constitutionalist, 15th.

WHITE VS. NEGRO LABOR IN PHILADELPHIA.—A despatch dated Harrisburg, Pa. 3d inst., says:

The Representative in the House from the district bounded by South, Christian and Broad streets and the river Delaware, Mr. Joseph, has introduced an act providing for the protection of white laborers against negro competition. It is one of a series of similar bills already introduced, but has been drawn up with more care than the others, and is designed to affect not only negroes who may enter the State hereafter, but those who reside at present in Philadelphia. The district of the gentleman by whom the bill was read is particularly tainted with our colored friends, who haunt Bedford, South and neighboring localities.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.—An intelligent member of the 5th Texas Regiment of the army of the Potomac, who was here on Friday night, made this statement:

He passed Corinth on Tuesday morning, and while stopping an hour, collected this information: We had captured 8,000 prisoners, a part of whom had been sent to New Orleans, and a portion to Memphis. He himself saw a large body of men, who, he was informed, were what remained of the prisoners; and he was told by the guard who had them in charge, that they numbered 4,700. We had captured, he said, no cannon, and that the enemy had recovered only four of them.

The gallantry of several regiments was most loudly praised. He could not recollect their names, but one of the Tennessee regiments had suffered most severely of all, and the Kentucky regiment of Gen. Breckinridge was extolled by every one. Its noble commander won for himself a name which can never perish. All our people were most exultant. Another fight is expected, but the belief was that the entire army of the enemy could be captured, with all their boats. Batteries had been erected on the river which would prevent their escape.

Gen. Van Dorn, with the army of the brave Price, was approaching.

Subsequent accounts than the above, were brought by the Hon. Mr. Tibbs, of the House of Representatives, who arrived in this city from Chattanooga on Saturday evening. His reports of the glorious victory at Shiloh are the more gratifying that we have read or heard. He states confidently that the number of prisoners taken is not less than 7,000, and the enemy's loss in the battles of Sunday and Monday, in killed and wounded by their own admission, reaches 15,000. Mr. T. also states that nearly the whole of the ammunition stores captured by our army on Sunday, and which Gen. Beauregard had to leave behind him when he retired to Corinth, had been saved by the gallant and indefatigable Morgan, whose very name is a terror to the enemy in the South west.

The rich fruits of this glorious fight are almost incalculable, and the blow inflicted perhaps the most stunning which the enemy has received in the progress of the war.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE YANKEE TRIBUTE FOR THE AMBUSH.—The Yankess have permission from Mr. Lincoln to trade with the recovered States. According to the Secretary of the Treasury he issued instructions to the treasury agents, collectors and surveyors on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, disposing of "ammunition" to the Secretary for use to trade, and authorized the shipment of all goods not intended for aid to the rebellion, to all places occupied by the Federal forces in the Valley States.—In his recent letter of instructions, the Secretary says:

You will thereafter cease collecting any percentage of free fare permitting the transport and sale of merchandise between the States of the United States and the Territories of the United States, in presence of the Secretary of the Treasury, other than the amount of 20 cents for each permit for merchandise forwarded from any place in a loyal State to another in the same or in the State, territory and dependencies, or the trade between such States, except such as may be necessary to preserve supplies of any description being furnished to the business. It is furthermore directed that no permits be granted for any articles prohibited by the military authorities as contraband into the territory occupied by the forces of the United States.

STARTLING FIGURES.—The debt of Lincolnshire is so vast that the Yankess admit that as actually seen and gathered and the South will pay, by July it will reach \$1,000,000,000. Many fine people have an idea of the size of this sum. If it was in gold, it would require 100,000,000,000 dollars to purchase it, or 400,000,000,000 pounds to purchase it, or 200,000,000,000 tons of two hundred pound weight. It is silver, at a dollar to the pound, it would be 200,000,000,000 dollars, and a half million of pounds. It carried on drays, a thousand pounds on each dray, it would take 200,000,000 drays to carry it.—Suppose a person could count a dollar each second and work six hours each day, then it would take one hundred and twenty years to count it. If in a pile of half dollars, showing for to the inch, it would make a pile 200,000,000,000 high, or if laid down on a line, each inch wide, it would be nearly 200,000,000,000 miles long.—People of the South, the enemy says that you shall pay this vast amount!

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in different situations. There were some found in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in holy chambers; but where did they find the Roman sentinel?—They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, which he had been placed by his captain; and there, while the heavens threatened him a ruin, while the lava stream rolled, and he stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, was he found. So at Christians learn to stand to the post at which they find their duty will support and sustain them.