# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11. CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAY 6, 1862. NO. 5.



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.


## Poetry.

From the Hillsborough Recorder.

### THE SECESSION WAGON.

Composed by the Secession Machine Man, and respectfully dedicated to the South N. C. State Troops.

Old Lincoln and his Congress men,
With Russell by their side,
Put Scott into the wagon,
Just to take a ride.
Wait for the wagon,
The Secession wagon,
The South is the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

McDowell was the driver,
To Manassas Bull Run he tried,
But there he left the wagon
For Beauregard to ride.
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Manassas was the battle ground,
The field was clear and wide,
The Yankees thought they'd whip us out
And go to Richmond ride.
Wait for the wagon, &c.

But when they met with Fisher's men
Their danger they espied,
They wheel'd about for Washington,
And didn't wait to ride.
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Some took the road to Centerville,
Some took the woods to hide,
Some jump'd into the wagon,
While others tried to ride.
Wait for the wagon &c.

They rode upon the horses,
They rode upon the mules,
Some jump'd upon the cannon,
And others look'd like fools.
Wait for the wagon, &c.

They threw away their haversacks,
They threw away their guns,
They threw away their overcoats,
Just to let them run,
Wait for the wagon, &c.

And on they went to Washington,
Their leaders led the way;
They cried "The rebels whip'd us out,
The Devil is to pay."
Wait for the wagon, &c.

## Miscellaneous.

### MARCUS STANTON:
### OR
### The Drunkard's Dream.

BY R. R. R.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a bright and beautiful night. Myriads of little twinkling stars beam sweetly in the blue expanse above, and bright, cold "Luna" shines softly down whilst ten thousand little "dew-drops glitter on the grassy sward."

"Oh! what a lovely night, and what a *dark* contrast between it and my troubled spirit within," exclaimed the "drunkard's wife," and she covered her face with her hands and wept bitter tears! Ah! *who but* a drunkard's wife can tell how bitter.

Ten years ago and Marcus Stanton, the gifted, high-minded young lawyer, led Carrie Ellington the beautiful blooming heiress to the altar as his happy bride. Oh! how envied were they, and how serenely joyous did the months pass around! No cares or sorrows came to spread their darkening influence o'er those happy hearts!

Years rolled on and little bright angels were added to them to increase their mutual joy—to crown their earthly bliss; but alas! they were not destined to live always in such peace and joy. The despoiler came and brought with him his damning blight! The once respected and successful lawyer, the proud, loving father and fond husband, from the social glass went step by step down to the lowest dissipation and the verge of eternal ruin, and now, where once the roses bloomed, the thorny briars grow, and gloom and grief walk boldly amidst that once happy circle.

The "little ones" that once like angels were, who used with laughing eyes and floating curls to sing their merry songs and with childish glee to cull wild flowers to lay at a happy mother's feet, now in tattered garments walk the streets and beg their bread. The joyous bride—the happy wife that gloried once in a fond husband's love, now weeps alone in silence, in an attic dark, o'er the downfall of her hopes and calls herself with bitter tears the "*Drunkard's Wife.*" She sits at her window this bright spring night and gazes out upon the green earth beneath and the beautiful starry firmament above; a soft sadness steals o'er her still beautiful features as her thoughts wander back to the years that are gone: in the mirror of the past—she sees herself the pet fondling of a father's heart—the happy, hopeful maiden—she remembers, oh! how well, the time she "saw and loved." No troubling thoughts for the future ever entered her mind—all seemed bright and beautiful. In succession she sees herself—the joyous bride—the happy, loving wife—the fond and doting mother—and now she compares the past with the dreary present—turns and gazes on the sleeping forms of her little ones—thinks of their future—of their drunken father, and weeps while choking sobs rend her heart already worn with grief and care.

"Oh! God, show me the ark of safety, help me to reclaim from the damning bowl my poor husband, and all will yet be well; once again his voice will be heard in the chambers of the nation and wealth and honor will again be his; again the roses of happiness will bloom on my faded cheeks and light beam in my sunken eye. Help him, oh! God, and my darling but beggared babes will learn to lisp your name in prayer—to sing thy never dying praise."

And the praying mother drew inspiration, for the little stars as she gazed up to them they seemed to smile sweetly on her and bade her—*hope*. She felt in her heart that God had heard her prayer; that brighter, better days were in store for them and the "angel Hope" drove away her tears.—A little while late and a heavy tottering step the anxious wife heard approaching.—She hastened to the door and met ——a drunken husband; but with a woman's heart she loved him still and hoped by kind affection to reclaim him from ruin's grasp.—She threw her loving arms around the drunkard's neck and kissed his bloated lips. She met with cold repulse and a bitter curse.

That night by his rude couch—herself denying sleep—she sat and watched and wish her own hands she bathed his parched brow. Would God let live a brute that could withstand such gentle kindness. That night the drunkard husband dreamed.

CHAPTER II.

"It seemed that his loving wife upon a dying bed did lay; placed there by a drunken husband's hand. Late one night he came in jabering under a fit of "mania a potu."

His wife as usual met him at the door—yes, with kind greetings and a loving kiss. With bitter curses he bade her leave him; she clung the closer to him and tried to remind him of those happy days that were past and gone, the memory of which now only served to make their present grief the more bitter. With weeping eyes she pointed with a trembling hand to her sleeping babes and begged him, if but for their sakes, to desist and cast forever aside the damning bowl—to retrace before 'twas too late his downward course. In his drunken ignorance he laughed an unearthly laugh and swore he'd have the lives of these "darling little ones." Trembling and pale the wretched mother did plead to move him—but all in vain, it only served to incite him. From his bosom he drew a gleaming dagger and in his mania he rushed upon the happy little dreamers and raised to strike the fatal blow; the frighted mother saw her children's danger and rushed between.—The glittering blade descended and pierced her fair bosom; full upon him she turned her sad, reproachful eyes, then dying—fell. In that last agonizing look was mingled, reproach, forgiveness and love. It sobered the drunken man and brought him back his wandering reason. Oh! who can picture the despair of that poor wretch; terror-stricken he stood and viewed his awful deed, he rushed madly around the room and called on God for help, kissed again the bloodless features, bent o'ver the fallen form and calling by every endearing name besought her to answer him; but alas! 'twas too late, the spirit of the wife had left its tenement and her warm kiss was still upon her murderer's lips.

Oh! how mad with grief was he and how well he knew if he could but retract that fatal stroke that he would never touch another drop, and how fondly he would devote his life to her happiness, but ah! 'twas all too late. Did he not see before him his wife cold and dead with the death-gash in her bosom? Too surely true. In the midst of his grief a white robed angel appeared and stood by the bedside and he called himself a "Son of Temperance," and he spoke and told the man that if he would promise to join him and obey his laws, he would restore his wife. And the drunkard fell at the angel's feet and kissed his garments and promised. Then the angel spake; and the wife alive and well, arose and the drunkard —— with a scream awoke and found his loving wife by his bedside still anxiously watching. He gazed wildly around and could hardly believe his senses. "Are you ill, my dear husband; you've been talking and tossing here for more than an hour like one in a troubled dream?"

"I have been dreaming, my wife. Carrie, do you still love your poor husband?"

"Love him! oh! yes, I will ever love you, my husband, and will pray to God to help you to retrace your downward steps," and the wife placed her little arms around his neck and *he* kissed her, and wept, and told her his dream. They wept together and the wife was happy, for she knew that a change had come—that God had answered her prayer.

The next day Mark Stanton became a "Son of Temperance," and from that day he has flourished. Health and happiness once again bloomed their roses on his wife's cheeks—her children no longer cried for bread. His voice again was heard among the people pleading eloquence for the downtrodden and oppressed. He is now an old man and he sits on the Judge's bench and the people reverence him for his many virtues.

He is still a member of that noble band of patriots who boldly oppose that "demon" "Intemperance," which is such a pestilence in our land and brings such utter desolation and ruin upon so many happy families.

The dark spot in the past is now remembered but as a fearful dream, and only serves to make the present more happy from the contrast. The old Judge will sometimes tell his children of that dark era, and with tears in his eyes will tell them how the noble "Sons of Temperance" reclaimed him from his fallen estate and teaches them to love that band of "Brothers" and to pray to God for their success, and *they obey him.*

May Heaven shed its richest blessings on the "Sons of Temperance," and may God prosper their noble cause.

OBSEQUIES OF GEN. MCCULLOCH.—We take from the Austin *State Gazette*, of the 12th, the following notice of the obsequies of Gen. McCulloch:

The remains of Gen. Ben. McCulloch, the hero of Oak Hills, the pride and boast of the army of the West, were on Thursday, with all the usual pomp and ceremony attending such occasions, laid by the side of Burleson, Hamphill and McLeod. The body lay in state in the Representative Hall from 4 p. m. on Wednesday until 1 p. m. on Thursday last. At 11 o'clock, after prayer Rev. Mr. Phillips and Bishop Gregg, Capt. John Henry Brown, who acted as Aid to Gen. McCulloch in the action in which he lost his life, entertained the large concourse of citizens that crowded the large Representative Hall, with an address narrating the thrilling incidents of the battle-field, and eloquently portraying the military accomplishments, patriotism, heroism and noble single heartedness of our gallant Ranger General.

Gen. Henry McCulloch being present, remarked in a voice tremulous with emotion, whose accents reached the hearts and filled the eyes of all present, that his brother had, in his will, commended his soul to his God and bequeathed his body to his State, and that he now, as the executor of that will, gave the body to the Executive, and with it his own life. Gov. Lubbock, in his own inimitable and happy way, responded to the remarks of Gen. H. McCulloch. It is impossible for us now to give a synopsis of what he said. He stirred the hearts of the audience to their profoundest depths and awakened or aroused a feeling of intense patriotic enthusiasm we have never seen excelled, which filled the lofty chamber with deafening shouts of the thousands assembled, sufficient, if aught on earth were so, to quicken again to life the slumbering here, who, wrapped in the banner of his country, lay in state in their midst.

The concourse that attended the body to the grave was the largest ever assembled in the State, the procession more than a mile long.

A YANKEE LIFE PRESERVER.—A gentleman exhibited to us yesterday, a steel-lined vest, taken from a Federal officer who was killed in the late battle. It is an excellent specimen of Yankee ingenuity, and admirably adapted for the purpose intended—a bullet, sword, or bayonet-proof protection to the upper portion of the body in battle. Although of considerable weight, padded springs reaching over the shoulder cause it to sit easy upon the person, and it does not in the least impede the movement of the wearer. A ball had struck the plate on the right breast of its owner during the battle, causing but a slight indentation and falling harmless. He was afterwards killed by a ball in the head. The vest was numbered 18,383, showing that thousands of the enemy are provided with similar articles. We are advised, also, that one of the prisoners captured was found to have one of them on, which fact leads us to suggest that hereafter all captives be examined. The utility of those was made manifest by one of our troops on the battle-field. Discovering a fallen enemy close to him, he removed the mail-vest and applied it for the protection of his own person. A few moments afterward he was struck full in the left breast by a ball from the enemy's ranks. He was unharmed, of course—the invention being all its designers intended.—*Mem. Appeal, 15th inst.*

## OUR DANGER AND OUR DUTY;

BY

Rev. J. H. THORNWELL, D. D.

The ravages of Louis XIV. in the beautiful valleys of the Rhine, about the close of the seventeenth century, may be taken as a specimen of the appalling desolation which is likely to overspread the Confederate States, if the Northern army should succeed in its schemes of subjugation and of plunder. Europe was then outraged by atrocities inflicted by Christians upon Christians, more fierce and cruel than even Mahometans could have had the heart to perpetrate. Private dwellings were razed to the ground, fields laid waste, cities burnt, churches demolished, and the fruits of industry wantonly and ruthlessly destroyed.

But three days of grace were allowed to the wretched inhabitants to flee their country, and in a short time, the historian tells us, "the roads and fields, which lay deep in snow, were blackened by innumerable multitudes of men, women, and children, flying from their homes. Many died of cold and hunger; but enough survived to fill the streets of all the cities of Europe with lean and squalid beggars, who had once been thriving farmers and shopkeepers."—And what have we to expect if our enemies prevail? Our homes, too, are to be pillaged, our cities sacked and demolished, our property confiscated, our true men hanged, and those who escape the gibbet, to be driven as vagabonds and wanderers in foreign climes. This beautiful country is to pass out of our hands. The boundaries which mark our States are, in some instances, to be effaced, and the States that remain are to be converted into subject provinces, governed by Northern rules and by Northern laws. Our property is to be ruthlessly seized and turned over to mercenary strangers, in order to pay the enormous debt which our subjugation has cost. Our wives, and daughters are to become the prey of brutal lust. The slave, too, will slowly pass away, as the red man did before him, under the protection of Northern philanthropy; and the whole country, now like the garden of Eden in beauty and fertility, will first be a blackened and smoking desert, and then the minister of Northern cupidity and avarice. Our history will be worse than that of Poland and Hungary. There is not a single redeeming feature in the picture of ruin which stares us in the face, if we permit ourselves to be conquered. It is a night of thick darkness that will settle upon us. Even sympathy, the last solace of the afflicted, will be denied to us. The civilized world will look coldly upon us, or even jeer us with the taunt that we have deservedly lost our own freedom in seeking to perpetuate the slavery of others. We shall perish under a cloud of reproach and of unjust suspicions sedulously propagated by our enemies, which will be harder to bear than the loss of home and of goods. Such a fate never overtook any people before.

The case is as desperate with our enemies as with ourselves. They must succeed or perish. They must conquer us or be destroyed themselves. If they fail, national bankruptcy stares them in the face; divisions in their own ranks are inevitable; and their Government will fall to pieces under the weight of its own corruption.—They know that they are a doomed people if they are defeated. Hence their madness. They must have our property to save them from insolvency. They must show that the Union cannot be dissolved, to save them from future secessions. The parties, therefore, in this conflict can make no compromises. It is a matter of life and death with both—a struggle in which their *all* is involved.

But the consequences of success on our part will be very different from the consequences of success on the part of the North. If *they* prevail, the whole character of the Government will be changed, and instead of a federal republic, the common agent of sovereign and independent States, we shall have a central despotism, with the notion of States forever abolished, deriving its powers from the will, and shaping its policy according to the wishes, of a numerical majority of the people; we shall have, in other words, a supreme, irresponsible democracy. The will of the North will stand for law. The Government does not now recognize itself as an ordinance of God, and when all the checks and balances of the Constitution are gone, we may easily figure to ourselves the career and the destiny of this godless monster of democratic absolutism. The progress of regulated liberty on this continent will be arrested, anarchy will soon succeed, and the end will be a military despotism, which preserves order by the sacrifice of the last vestige of liberty. We are fully persuaded that the triumph of the North in the present conflict will be as disastrous to the hopes of mankind as to our own fortunes. They are now fighting the battle of despotism. They have put their Constitution under their feet; they have annulled its most sacred provisions; and in defiance of its solemn guaranties, they are now engaged, in the halls of Congress, in discussing and maturing bills which make Northern notions of necessity the paramount laws of the land. The avowed end of the present war is, to make the Government of force. It is to settle the principle, that whatever may be its corruptions and abuses, however unjust and tyrannical its legislation, there is no redress, except in vain petition or empty remonstrance. It was a protest against this principle, which sweeps away the last security for liberty, that Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Missouri seceded, and if the Government should be reestablished, it must be reestablished with this feature of remorseless despotism firmly and indelibly fixed.—the future fortunes of our children, and of this continent, would then be determined by a tyranny which has no parallel in history.

On the other hand, we are struggling for constitutional freedom. We are upholding the great principles which our fathers bequeathed us, and if we should succeed, and become, as we shall, the dominant nation of this continent, we shall perpetuate and diffuse the very liberty for which Washington bled, and which the heroes of the Revolution achieved. We are not revolutionists—we are resisting revolution. We are upholding the true doctrines of the Federal Constitution. We are conservative.—Our success is the triumph of all that has been considered established in the past.—We can never become aggressive; we may absorb, but we can never invade for conquest, any neighboring State. The peace of the world is secured if our arms prevail. We shall have a Government that acknowledges God, that reverences right, and that makes law supreme. We are, therefore, fighting not for ourselves alone, but, when the struggle is rightly understood, for the salvation of this whole continent. It is a noble cause in which we are engaged.—There is everything in it to rouse the heart and to nerve the arm of the freeman and the patriot; and though it may now seem to be under a cloud, it is too big with the future of our race to be suffered to fail.—It cannot fail; it must not fail. Our people must not brook the infamy of betraying their sublime trust. This beautiful land we must never suffer to pass into the hands of strangers. Our fields, our homes, our firesides and sepulchres, our cities and temples, our wives and daughters, we must protect at every hazard. The glorious inheritance which our fathers left us we must never betray. The hopes with which they died, and which buoyed their spirits in the last conflict, of making their country a blessing to the world, we must not permit to be unrealized. We must seize the torch from their hands, and transmit it with increasing brightness to generations. The word failure must not be pronounced among us. It is not a thing to be dreamed of.—We must settle it that we *must* succeed.—We must not sit down to count chances.—There is too much at stake to think of discussing probabilities—we must make success a certainty, and that, by the blessing of God, we can do. If we are prepared to do our duty, we have nothing to fear. But what is our duty? This is a question which we must gravely consider. We shall briefly attempt to answer it.

In the first place, we must shake all apathy, and become fully alive to the magnitude of the crisis. We must look the danger in the face, and comprehend the real grandeur issue. We shall not exert ourselves until we are sensible of the need of effort. As long as we cherish a vague hope that help may come from abroad, or that there is something in our past history, or the genius of our institutions, to protect us from overthrow, we are hugging a fatal delusion to our bosoms. This apathy was the ruin of Greece at the time of the Macedonian invasion. This was the spell which Demosthenes labored so earnestly to break. The Athenian was as devoted as ever to his native city and the free institutions he inherited from his fathers; but somehow or other he could not believe that his country could be conquered. He read its safety in its ancient glory. He felt that it had a prescriptive right to live. The great orator saw and lamented the error; he poured forth his eloquence to dissolve the charm; but the fatal hour had come, and the spirit of Greece could not be roused.—There was no more real patriotism at the time of the second Persian invasion than in the age of Philip; but then there was no apathy, every man appreciated the danger; he saw the crash that was coming, and prepared himself to resist the blow. He knew that there was no safety except in courage and in a desperate effort. Every man, too, felt identified with the State; a part of its weight rested on his shoulders. It was this sense of personal interest and personal responsibility—the profound conviction that every one had something to do, and that Greece expected him to do it—this was the public spirit which turned back the countless hordes of Xerxes, and saved Greece to liberty and man. This is the spirit which we must have, if we, too, would succeed. We must be brought to see that all, under God, depends on ourselves; and looking away from all foreign alliances, we must make up our minds to fight desperately and fight long, if we would save the country from ruin, and ourselves from bondage. Every man should feel that he has an interest in the State, and that the State, in a measure leans upon him; and he should rouse himself to efforts as bold and heroic as if all depended on his single right arm. Our courage should rise higher than the danger, and whatever may be the odds against us, we must solemnly resolve, by God's blessing, that we will not be conquered. When, with a full knowledge of the danger, we are brought to this point, we are in the way of deliverance, but until this point is reached, it is idle to count on success.

It is implied in the spirit which the times demand, that all private interests are sacrificed to the public good. The State becomes everything, and the individual nothing. It is no time to be casting about for expedients to enrich ourselves. The man who is now intent upon money, who turns public necessity and danger into means of speculation, would, if very shame did not rebuke him, and he were allowed to follow the natural bent of his heart, go upon the field of battle after an engagement and strip the lifeless bodies of his brave countrymen of the few spoils they carried into the fight. Such men, unfit for anything generous or noble themselves, like the hyena, can only suck the blood of the lion. It ought to be a reproach to any man, that he is growing rich while his country is bleeding at every pore. If we had a Themistocles among us, he would find what would answer his country's needs much more effectually. This spirit must be rebuked; every man must forget himself and think only of the public good.

The spirit of faction is even more to be dreaded than the spirit of avarice and plunder. It is equally selfish, and is, besides, distracting and divisive. The man who now labors to weaken the hands of the Government, that he may seize the reins of authority, or cavils at public measures and policy, that he may rise to distinction and office, has all the selfishness of a miser, and all the baseness of a traitor. Our rulers are not infallible; but their errors are to be reviewed with candor, and their patriotism, undermines the security of our cause. We must not be divided and distracted among ourselves. Our rulers have great responsibilities; they need the support of the whole country; and nothing short of a patriotism which buries all private differences, which is ready for compromises and concessions, which can make charitable allowances for differences of opinion, and even for errors of judgment, can save us from the consequences of party and faction. We must be united. If our views are not carried out, let us sacrifice private opinion to public safety. In the great conflict with Persia, Athens yielded to Sparta, and acquiesced in plans she could not approve, for the sake of the public good. Nothing could be more dangerous now than scrambles for office and power, and collisions among the different departments of the Government. We must present a united front.

It is further important that every man should be ready to work. It is no time to play the gentleman; no time for dignified leisure. All cannot serve in the field; but all can do something to help forward the common cause. The young and the active, the stout and vigorous, should be prepared at a moment's warning for the ranks. The disposition should be one of eagerness to be employed; there should be no holding back, no counting the cost. The man who stands back from the ranks in these perilous times, because he is unwilling to serve his country as a private soldier, who loves his ease more than liberty, his luxuries more than his honor, that man is a dead fly in our precious ointment. In seasons of great calamity the ancient pagans were accustomed to appease the anger of their gods by human sacrifices; and if they had gone upon the principle of selecting those whose moral insignificance rendered them alike offensive to heaven and useless to earth, they would always have selected these drones, and loafers, and exquisites. A Christian nation cannot offer them in sacrifice, but public contempt should whip them from their lurking holes, and compel them to share the common danger. The community that will cherish such men without rebuke, brings down wrath upon it. They must be forced to be useful, to avert the judgments of God from the patrons of cowardice and meanness.

FROM PENSACOLA.—By a private letter from Pensacola, we are informed that one day of last week a company of Connelly's battalion was sent over to Live Oak plantation, a point about seven miles up the river. Here they succeeded in arresting five negroes and two white men, who were making their way in a small boat over to Fort Pickens. The party were not discovered until they were far out in the river, when they were fired into and ordered to surrender. At the first fire one of the white men leaped into the water, and attempted to swim to the opposite shore, but he could not, and sank in a few feet of the boat, and was drowned.

The negroes and remaining white man, were taken to headquarters, where it was disclosed that the two white men were Federal soldiers, who had crossed over to the mainland for the purpose of gaining information and producing discontent among the Slave population. These five negroes they had enticed from their master, a wealthy planter up the river. They had with them maps, drawings, papers, &c., which they designed to furnish the Yankees at Pickens.

The entire party are in irons, and it is probable that the white man will be dealt with as a spy.—*Atlanta Commonwealth, 10th.*

HANDSOME STAT.—Miss Narcissa Sanders is the step daughter of Hon. A. V. Brown, who left a princely residence in the beautiful hills which encircle Nashville. She is young, beautiful, witty, and was a noted belle at the Capitol at Washington. The Federal commander, McCook, having known her formerly, upon taking possession of the city, called to pay his respects, and sent up his card from the door. Her reply was: "Tell him to please excuse me, I am in mourning for my country, and can see no one."