

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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Poetry.



I'LL GO WHERE FATHER'S GONE.

I have one friend—my father's friend,
Beside my little brother—
With her my happiest hours I spend,
My kind and cheerful mother.

I often see her falling tears,
And wish her bosom swelling,
While she is thinking of the years
When sunshine filled our dwelling.

We're lonely now—our little cot
Has lost its former gladness—
The past never can be forgot,
Though memory brings us sadness.

I can remember well the voice
Which cheer'd our hours at even—
Which made our infant hearts rejoice,
And made our home a heaven.

My father then was always near
To soothe me and my brother;
His kindly words and looks of cheer
Brought comfort to my mother.

He told us of the Saviour—
And gently precepts gave to me
To guide in my behaviour.

He used to sing of "heaven his home,"
The land where he was going—
Where Death, he said, could never come,
Nor farewell tears be flowing.

And in his arms—our household band
By Death's cruel touch is broken;
No more we take our father's hand,
His last "good night" is spoken.

Mother! we'll meet him by and by,
In bliss of endless pleasure—
Are then, dear brother, you and I
Will see our earthly treasure.

A few brief years they'll not be long—
We'll join the saints in glory,
And mingle in Salvation's song,
And love's redeeming story.

I'll go where father's gone—no more
Shall sorrow's tears be falling;
He waits to meet us on Life's shore,
And Jesus' voice is calling.

I'll go where father's gone, and see
Those mansions bright and fair—
Come, schoolmates, will you go with me?
Oh! shall I see you there?

Miscellaneous.

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY GRAMAM.

"Well, Annie," said my husband to me, one day, as he came in from visiting some patients, "the next house is rented at last; so your wish to have a next door neighbor is gratified."

"Oh! delightful," I exclaimed. "Who is it? Have you seen them? How large is the family?"

"The name is Norris. I have not seen them. The family consists of a widow, a son, two daughters, and two servants," he answered, gravely.

"I smiled very faintly. "And now how did you find all this out?"

"Oh! knowing that I had a wife at home who is a bit of a gossip, I took pains to inquire."

"For shame, Harry; but I will find out all you know, at least, so that you may not have your trouble for nothing."

"I know only one thing more, and that is, they will move in to-morrow."

"To-morrow came, and brought the expected family, but I could not, of course, find out anything about them for awhile, I thought.

now what they have in their house, wouldn't you?"

I was indignant. But before I could give him a reply he observed, our housemaid, who, Harry said, had her mistress's passion for becoming acquainted with strangers, unbarred into the dining-room a servant, whom she announced as belonging to the new comers.

"Missus sent me to ax you for some dinner," she said, starting round the room with mouth wide open. "She says she bin' in a hurry she hain't had time to cook nothin'."

I filled several plates, and put a leaf of bread on a waiter—fortunately Sally had baked that morning—and we had a ham boiled.

Harry looked at me quizzically when the girl had gone out, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "A pretty good beginning!"

Harry will tease sometimes, though he is the best creature in the world.

For the next three days it rained incessantly, and we heard nothing more from our new neighbors, but after that I went to see them. I was shown into a parlor so crowded with furniture, that it was with difficulty I made my way to a sofa.

There was a handsome rosewood piano, two small sofas, six large mahogany chairs, two large rocking-chairs and one small one, two ottomans, a mahogany centre-table, an *etagee* filled with curiosities, and four small card tables. They are wealthy, thought I.

About two weeks after this, one morning, before I had risen, our neighbor's servant came to borrow some coffee. I told Jane to give her the raw coffee. In ten minutes she returned, saying that her mistress wanted the parched coffee. I gave it rather unwillingly, as I was always exceedingly particular about the roasting, that every grain should be of a beautiful brown, and I feared that sent back would be unfit to drink.

In the course of the day, Mrs. Norris sent to borrow sugar, lard and my scales to weigh butter. I found out that she said butter, and my scales were in requisition twice a week.

"I don't think they can be rich," said Harry, and he was confirmed in his opinion a few days after, when he was called in to attend one of the young ladies. The furniture of the bed rooms was of the plainest description. Everything was sacrificed to show, and there were no comforts. The parlor was elegantly furnished, and the kitchen almost empty.

Things went on smoothly, however, till one morning when I had made a cake, and put it in the oven, thinking I would have it baked by dinner time and served for dessert, I was about to leave it to the cook, when the yellow skirt of our neighbor's servant appeared in the doorway.

"Missus says she is gwine to have company, and wants you to lend her your oven."

"Tell her," I answered, "that I am using it to bake a cake." I was really glad to have an excuse to refuse it, for I was beginning to be tired of this constant borrowing.

But I was not to escape so easily. In a few minutes my tormenter returned.

"Missus says can't you take the cake out and let her have the oven? She will use it right back soon as she does with it."

I was fairly exasperated. "Tell her I can, but I won't," I answered, shortly, the blood mounting to my face.

The girl hastily retreated, and, on looking round, I saw Harry standing in the door, laughing with all his might.

"You would be provoked too," said I, "if you were tormented so. Day before yesterday she borrowed the scales, and your wafers iron, and she has them yet; then she borrowed oil, lard, and yesterday tea, and my lamp. Now she wants the oven. It is enough to provoke a saint."

"And my little wife does not pretend to be a saint," he said, catching me up in his arms. "Hurrah! little woman I did not know you had so much spirit."

The next morning, our little Ella was cross at the table, and I did not at first connect Harry, but when I did, I saw him making such grimaces over his coffee, that I put down my knife and fork to see what was the matter. When he saw that I observed him, he gave me a queer look, and said, "What is the matter with this coffee? True enough, it was horrible."

The cook was called in and interrogated. She was the best cook in the village, and was terribly mortified when I found fault.

"Well, Sally," said Harry, "is this coffee? I never tasted anything like it in my life."

"It is some coffee that Mrs. Norris sent back, sir, and I thought you did not want to waste it. I have kept it for three days."

"Well, Annie, give her coffee next time. Don't lend it if we are to get back such a mixture as this."

He was in haste to visit a patient, so I could not have any more made; but I had some ready when he came to dinner, which he praised sufficiently to satisfy Sally.

That day a man brought our weekly supply of butter. I left my sewing to weigh it, when, to my vexation, the scales were not to be found.

"Go over to Mrs. Norris, Jane, and ask her to please to lend me my scales for a few minutes.

here to leave her as formerly, but he could not help laughing when I told him about the scales.

Two weeks passed, and Mrs. Norris seemed to have forgotten the matter, for she paid me frequent visits, and borrowed more and more.

One night at the supper-table was laid, and we sat by the grate, in which the glowing coals made the room so comfortable that we could not bear to leave it. I was in a good-humor, and had my little Ella on my lap, when a rap was heard at the door, which I knew so well that my indignation rose instantly.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter?" cried my husband.

"Matter enough!" I answered shortly. "There is Mrs. Norris' servant again, perhaps she wants to borrow Ella this time."

"Me, mamma," cried the child, running toward me. "I won't go to her."

"I will see what she wants, Annie," said my husband, going into the next room where the servant was waiting.

She wanted our dining table. Mrs. Norris had just heard that she was to have a surprise party, and she wished to make some preparations.

"Yes, cannot have it," answered my husband, "we have not been to tea."

"Oh! she said me, if you was at supper, to wait till you got through. I will go in to the kitchen and you can call me."

"Tell your mistress that she cannot have it this evening," said Harry.

"She told me to ax for the lamp too," said Harry, "but we are using that also," said he, shutting the door and going back to the fire.

"Annie," said he, "I am not very busy just now. We will go into the country for a few weeks and see your sister. We can then arrange what is best to be done, for I cannot live in this way. You are not the same person you used to be. I will not see you fratted so."

We went into the country, and the house was looked up for a month. Harry took the opportunity to go North, and see a brother who was in failing health.

At last we returned, and, to our astonishment, we found our neighbors gone.

Our kitchen, however, had to be refurnished. Mrs. Norris had gone to a lady with whom I had left the key, and said that I had promised her the use of several things during my absence. The oven was gone, and my scales, two extra-pans that I especially valued, and my wafers iron.

"I think, Annie," said my husband, "that I will buy the next house, so that we may in future be careful when we have for neighbors."

DISTRESS IN MANCHESTER.—Eight thousand destitute operatives.—The Manchester Guardian, of the 16th, says: "It is a very sad fact that the distress in this city, caused by want of work, is steadily on the increase. The inclement weather of the winter having passed, the hopeful anticipations of the spring time have blinded many to the consideration that want of bread is as hard to bear in April as in December. It is a fact, established by the returns prepared under the careful superintendence of Capt. Palin, the chief constable, that, from the 7th of January to the 6th of this present month, there has been an increase of nearly two thousand in the number of persons wholly out of employment. The numbers were, during the week ending January 7th, 8,187; during the week ending April 6th, 9,959. The latter number has been attained by a weekly increase, on an average of the thirteen weeks, of one hundred and fifty individuals. But the number, 9,959, was exceeded by the number, in the previous week in March, when the number of operatives, dependent upon the labor their hands for their daily bread, and having no such labor for their willing hands to do, was 9,969. With few exceptions, each morning, would the words be spoken from these eight thousand boards: "Give us this day our daily bread!"

"ARE THE NEGROES IN CHAIN-GANGS AT PORT ROYAL?"—The New York Herald asks the above question, and comments upon it thus:

We observe it is stated in a New York journal, "on authority," that the negroes at Port Royal are chained together in gangs, in order to compel them to work, as their minds were so perverted by the false teachings of fanatical missionaries that they thought they would have to work no more, and that in future the white men would work for them, and spoon-feed them besides. This only proves what we have often said that the negro will only work on compulsion. If the legal owners of these lazy blacks had obtained them in the manner described, there would be a loud outcry against their inhumanity. We do not believe there are any examples of the kind—an evidence that the Southern planter knows better how to manage the negro, and can make him work with less cruelty, than Northern men, who do not understand his nature, and are less kindly to him. If the statement be true, nothing can more clearly demonstrate the impossibility of giving freedom to the negroes of the South without such oppressive laws as will force them to work. The negro's idea of freedom and of Paradise is to have nothing to do.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

ANDREW LEE came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said "at last, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. L.

Andrew arose and went to the table.—He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence.—He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.—As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers-pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings.—He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-tempered sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered—"O, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sulky, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your health bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; you make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no farther, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice towards his wife.—She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife," The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself awhile longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the hosiery upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing the work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she had, almost instantly, that rigid creosote with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle-hand ceased.

My shirts are better made, and whiter than these of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly; "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting.

"What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was the warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.—*Home Magazine.*

ENLISTMENT AT THE NORTH.—The enlistment of citizens at the North has been stopped, and the emigrant ships which arrive at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, supply the food for Confederate powder and Southern fever. These are the seeds of all the earth, but mostly Germans and Italians of the lower class. Strong inducements are held out to them in Europe by agents to immigrate, and as soon as they arrive they are met by other agents, who, by the promise of food, clothing, and pay, force into the ranks, which is in fact the only thing they could do at the present time. Upon the accomplishment of this, all the rights of citizenship are promised them, with a right and title to the unoccupied land of the reenslaved South.

The better classes of the North declared that enough of the blood of their kindred had been shed, and are resolved that Europe shall expend the balance. As a distinguished citizen of New York city remarked, "You may kill a thousand Dutchmen, and who cares in New York. It gives us mere room; but when a Virginian falls, sorrow goes into an hundred households."

NARROW ESCAPE.—The Lynchburg Virginian says that a member of the Greenber Cavalry, who arrived there last Saturday night, states that their company were completely surrounded at Lewisburg by two regiments of Federal infantry, and three hundred and fifty cavalry made good their escape with the exception of two of their men, who were taken prisoners, and afterwards killed by the captors with the pistols from their own belts.

One of these men, so brutally murdered, was, we understand, a prominent lawyer of Lewisburg, but we were unable to learn his name. A few days since, eighteen of the Yankees were surrounded in a house by this company, and refused to surrender, whereupon the whole party were killed.—The Yankees, upon hearing this, swore that they would kill every member of this company captured.

A DESERTER FROM THE GUN BOATS.—A deserter from one of the Yankee gun-boats in the river was brought up from our lines on Saturday, and lodged in prison. He reports that our sharpshooters performed a terrible execution on board the Galena, killing nearly every man who attempted to fire one of her guns. The cheer upon their progress astonished them vastly, but did not dishearten them, and they retired with the intention of returning in a week with a mortar fleet. In this expedition they will doubtless meet with a receipt; that will send them off in a still worse humor than has yet been their misfortune. Our batteries are strong, our men brave, and our gunners skillful.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.—Hon. R. HAWES.—This distinguished gentleman has been elected Provisional Governor for the State of Kentucky, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. George W. Johnston, who fell gloriously fighting in the ranks at Corinth.

Major Hawes has been engaged in the Confederate States service for the last six months as a Brigade Commissary to Gen. Marshall's division of the army near Abingdon. He arrived in this city last evening en route for Corinth, to enter upon the duties of his office.

The Legislative Council of Kentucky could have selected no citizen of their State more eminently qualified for high and responsible duties of Provisional Governor than Major Hawes. His high social position; his pure and unalloyed public life; his unselfish devotion to our cause, and eminent attainments as a lawyer and politician, renders his election at this time peculiarly fortunate. He has four sons now in the Confederate army—Brigadier-General J. M. Hawes being the oldest. Major Hawes, though advanced in years, is in fine health and full of earnest enthusiasm for our cause. He has left home and family to perform his part in our struggle for independence. He was for many years a representative from the Lexington District in the Congress of the United States; was an intimate friend and supporter of Mr. Clay, and was one of the most prominent politicians of the Whig party during the eventful struggle of the past. We congratulate the people of Kentucky upon the election of Major Hawes.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

LATEST FROM NEW ORLEANS.—We have New Orleans dates up to the 8th instant:

The invaders are already experiencing the effects of the summer climate of the Crescent City and it is stated that about sixty have already died there. They have established a hospital in Odd Fellows' Hall. The papers continue to be put to great straits for interesting matter for their columns, and two or three are gradually going into the "light literature" business, and publishing stories, romances, et cetera, original and selected.

The Picayune acknowledges the receipt of a Philadelphia paper, and "regrets that its contents are of such a nature as to make it almost a perfectly sealed book to us, for any practical purposes, under the recent proclamation of Gen. Butler."

The Picayune has received a copy of the Mobile Advertiser, of the 4th inst., from which it makes brief selections, the greater part of the paper being considered "contraband" in that quarter. This did not prevent, however, the assemblage of a large crowd on Canal street to hear the paper read, and we are informed that when the stirring address of Beauregard to the "Army of the Mississippi and Eikhorn" was read out, cheer on cheer rent the air, despite Gen. Patler and his Freross Marshals and his Massachusetts regiments.—No interruption, however, was attempted, and the Orleans enjoyed the news in their own way.

THE CONDITION OF FORT PALASKI.—A Yankee letter from Tybee Island, dated the 20th ult., says:

Fort Palaski was so much injured by the bombardment as to be wholly unfit for a work of defence. Some work is in progress, but principally for the work of clearing away the rubbish, so as to render the place fit for the occupation of the regiment—the Seventh Connecticut—which yet remains within its walls. No effort is making to remount the guns or repair the breaches effected by our firing. Since the capture, it is said that one of the shells which had not burst when it fell, exploded, seriously, if not fatally, injuring four men. The Union force is now employed in removing the heavy guns and mortars from the batteries on Tybee and Goat Island.

THE FATE OF RICHMOND.—The next few days may decide the fate of Richmond. It is either to remain the Capital of the Confederacy, or to be turned over to the Federal Government as a Yankee conquest. The Capital is either to be secured or lost—it may be feared not temporarily—and with it Virginia. Then, if there is blood to be shed, here; no word of the Confederacy could drink it more acceptably, and none would hold it more gratefully. Wife, family and friends are nothing. Leave them all for one glorious to be devoted to the Republic. Life, death and wounds are nothing if we only be saved from the fate of a captured Capital and a humiliated Confederacy. Let the Government act let the people act. There is time yet.

If fate come to its worst, let the ruins of Richmond be its most lasting monument.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF PRICE.—Shortly after he joined the army at Corinth, Gen. Beauregard conducted him round the lines of the camp and with a good deal of pride exhibited and explained the strength of his fortifications. "What do you think of these works, Gen. Price?"

"Why, General," answered Price, "to tell you the truth, I never saw but two of the kind before, and that was after our boys had taken them."