

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 22, 1862.

NO. 17.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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guard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct, in the least, with reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestness and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it, as any young lady of them all; and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you live with any sort of reference to any body's good, or any thing but your own amusement and gratification?

"What a shocking adjuration!" replied the lady; "prepared, too, by a three store compliment. Well, being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't see as I can selfish. I do all that I have occasion to do for anybody. You know that I have servants to do every thing that is necessary about the house, so that there is no occasion for making any display of housewifery excellence. And I wait on mamma, if she has a headache, and hand on his slippers and newspapers, and find uncle John's spectacles for him (twenty times a day, no small matter, that), and then—"

"Hat, after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?"

"Why, I haven't any. I don't see how I can have any—that is, as I am made.—Now, you know, I've none of the fastings, fasting, herb-tea-making recommendations, and divers others, of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think useful persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the bonnets, and hairbrush, and comb—very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not in the least ornamental."

"And you charming young ladies, who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are the tips and roses—very charming and delightful, and a good bit fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments?"

"Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way," said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed.

"So you give up the point, then," said the gentleman, "that you girls are good for—yet, to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable?"

"Well, and if we behave well to our parents and are amiable in the family—I don't know—and yet," said Florence, sighing, "I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher than we might become; yet, really, what more than this is expected of us? What else can we do?"

"I used to read in old-fashioned novels about ladies visiting the sick and poor," replied Edward, "I remember Charles in Search of a Wife."

"Yes, truly, that is to say, I remember the story, part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Dr. Barlow, Mr. Stanly, and nobody knows who else, I skipped those, of course. But really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that, seems very well in a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage, half overgrown with honeysuckle, and finds an uneducated, but still beautiful woman pepped up by pillows;—but come to the downright matter of fact of poking about in all these vile, dirty alleys, and entering little dark rooms and troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what—dear me, my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I'd rather pay any body five dollars a day to do it for me than to do it myself. The fact is, that I have neither fancy nor nerves for this kind of thing."

"Well, granting, then, that you can do nothing for your fellow creatures unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great deal for a woman like you Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversations, your tact, and self-possession, and lady-like gift of saying any thing you choose, are you not responsible, in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?"

"I never thought of that," replied Florence.

"Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made the other evening on the religious services at church?"

"Yes, I do; and I thought then he was too bad."

"And I do not suppose there was one of you ladies in the room that did not think so too; but yet the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said any thing unpardonable or disagreeable?"

"Well, what could we do? One does not want to be rude, you know."

"Do? Could you not, Florence, who you have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and to do what you please—could you not have shown him that those remarks were displeasing to you, as decidedly as you certainly would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother? To my mind, a woman of true moral feeling should consider herself as much insulted when her religion is treated with contempt as when she herself is insulted. It is a woman's duty to show to her fellow creatures the power which is given to you as a woman to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy. Believe me, Florence, that Fortesque, if only as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trifles on sacred subjects."

"Florence rose from her seat with a bright, flushed color, her dark eyes brightening through tears.

"I am sure what you said is just, cousin."

and yet I have never thought of it before. I will—I am determined to begin, after this to live with some better purpose than I have done."

"And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is every thing. Now, I have a first step to propose to you."

"Well, cousin—"

"Well, you know, I suppose, that among your train of admirers you number Colonel Elliot?"

Florence smiled.

"And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning and cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man."

"Good Heavens! Edward, what do you mean?"

"Simply this: that with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self-control enough to prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits."

"I never dreamed of this," replied Florence. "I knew that he was spirited and free, fond of society, and excitable; but never suspected anything beyond."

"Elliot has lost enough cover to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it," replied Edward; "but it is so."

"But is he really so bad?"

"He stands just on the verge, Florence; just where a word fully spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of the impulses and feelings; the only son of a mother who does on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brother, Florence; and he stands where a word, a look—so they be of the right kind—might save him."

"And why, then, do you not speak to him about it?"

"Because I am not the best person, Florence. There is another who can do it better: one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his feeling angry; a person, cousin, whom I have heard late in gay moments say that she knew how to say anything she pleased without offending anybody."

"O Edward," said Florence, coloring, "do not bring up my foolish speeches against me and do not speak as if I ought to interfere in this matter, for indeed I cannot do it. I never could in the world, I am certain I could not."

"And so," said Edward, "you whom I have heard say so many things which no one else could say, or dared to say—you, who have gone on with your laughing assurance in your own powers of pleasing, shrink from trying that power when a noble and generous heart might be saved by it. You have been willing to venture a great deal for the sake of amusing yourself and winning admiration; but you dare not say a word for any high or noble purpose. Do you not see how you confirm what I said of the selfishness of your women?"

"But you must remember, Edward, this is a matter of great delicacy."

"That word delicacy is a charming conceit, in all these cases, Florence. Now, here is a fine, noble spirited young man, away from his mother and sisters, away from any family friend who might care for him, tempted, betrayed, almost to ruin, and a few words from you, said as a woman knows how to say them, might become his salvation. But you will coldly look on and see him go to destruction, because you have too much delicacy to make the effort—like the man who would help his neighbor out of the water because he had never had the honor of an introduction."

"But, Edward, consider, how peculiarly fastidious Elliot is—how jealous of any attempt to restrain and guide him!"

"And just for that reason it is that men of his acquaintance cannot do any thing with him. But what are you women made with so much tact and power of charming for, it is not to do these things that we cannot do? It is a delicate matter—true; and has not Heaven given you a fine touch and a fine eye for just such delicate matters? Have you not seen, a thousand times, that what might be resented as an imperious interference on the part of man, comes to us a flattering expression of interest from the lips of a woman?"

"Well, but, cousin, what would you have me to do? How would you have me to do it?" said Florence earnestly.

"You know that Fashion, which so many wrong turns, and so many absurdities, has at last made one good one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge. Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it in the outset, and now feels bound to stand by his opinion. He has, too, been rather rudely assailed by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character; in short, I am afraid that he will feel bound to do to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him, he might shoot me; but I hardly think there is any thing of the sort to be apprehended in your case. Just try your enchantments; you have bewitched wise men into doing foolish things before now; try, now, if you can't bewitch a foolish man into doing a wise thing."

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

"Well, cousin," she said, "I will try. Though you are liberal in your ascriptions of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment."

Florence Elmore was, at the time you speak of, in her twentieth year. Born of one of the wealthiest families in—

highly educated and accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered the world as one born to command. With much native nobleness and magnanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings, and a capability of every thing high or great, she had hitherto lived solely for her own amusement, and looked on the whole brilliant circle by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse, by any thing she ever said or did, had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers of the other sex, who, as a matter of course, were always about her, she regarded as so many sources of diversion; but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or of making use of her power over them for their improvement, was one that had never entered her head.

Edward Ashton was an old bachelor cousin of Florence's who, having earned the title of oddity, in general society, availed himself of it to exercise a turn for telling the truth to the various young ladies of his acquaintance, especially to his fair cousin Florence. We remark, by the by, that these privileged truth tellers are quite a necessary life to young ladies in the full tide of society, and we really think it would be worth while for every dozen of them to unite to keep a person of this kind on a salary, for the benefit of the whole. However, that is nothing to our present purpose; we must return to our fair heroine, whom we left standing at the close of the last conversation, standing in deep reverie, by the window.

"It is more than half true," she said to herself—more than half. Here I am, twenty years old, and have never thought of anything, never done any thing, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose, no object, nothing worth living for. Only a parlor ornament—help! Well, I really do believe I could do something with this Elliot; and yet, how dare I try?"

Now, my good readers, if you are anticipating a love-story, we must hasten to put in our disclaimer; you are quite mistaken in the case. Our fair, brilliant heroine was, at this time of speaking, as heart-whole as the diamond on her bosom, which reflected the light in too many sparkling rays ever to absorb it. She had, to be sure, half in earnest, half in jest, maintained a bantering, platonic sort of friendship with George Elliot. She had danced, ridden, sung, and sketched with him; but so had she with twenty other young men; and as to coming to any thing tender with such a quick, brilliant, restless creature, Elliot would as soon have undertaken to sentimentalize over a glass of soda water. No; there was decidedly no love in the case!

"What a curious thing it is!" said Elliot to her, a day or two after, as they were reading together.

"It is a knight's ring," said she playfully, as she drew it off and pointed to a small crest set in the gold, a ring of the red-cross knights. Come, now, I've a great mind to bind you to my service with it."

"Do, lady fair," said Elliot, stretching out his hand for the ring. "Know then, said she, "if you take this pledge, that you must obey whatever commands I lay upon you in its name."

"I swear," said Edward, in the mock heroic, and placed the ring on his finger."

An evening or two after, Elliot attended Florence to a party at Mrs. B's. Every thing that was gay and brilliant, and there was no lack either of wit or wine. Elliot was standing in a little alcove, spread with refreshments, with a glass of wine in his hand. "I forbid it; the cup is poisoned!" said a voice in his ear. He turned quickly, and Florence was at his side. Every one was busy, with laughing and talking, and nobody saw the sudden start and flush that these words produced, as Elliot looked earnestly in the lady's face. She smiled, and pointed playfully to the ring; but after all, there was in her face an expression of agitation and interest which she could not repress, and Elliot felt, however playful the manner, that she was serious; and she glided away in the crowd, he stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the spot where she disappeared.

It is possible that I am suspected—that there are things said of me as if I were in danger! were the first thoughts that flashed through his mind. How strange that a man may appear doomed, given up, and lost to the eye of every looker-on, before he begins to suspect himself! This was the first time that any defined apprehension of loss of character had occurred to Elliot, and he was startled as if from a dream.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Elliot? You look as solemn as a horse!" said a young man near by.

"Has Miss Elmore out you?" said another.

"Come, man, have a glass," said a third.

"Let him alone—he's bewitched," said a fourth. "I saw the spell laid on him.—None of us can say but our turn may come next."

An hour later, that evening, Florence was talking with her usual spirit to group who were collected around her, when, suddenly looking up, she saw Elliot, standing in an abstracted manner, at one of the windows that looked out into the balcony.

"He is offended, I dare say," she thought; "but what do I care? For one in my life I have tried to do a right thing—a good thing. I have risked giving offense for less than this, many a time." Still, Florence could not but feel tremulous, when, a

few moments after, Elliot approached her and offered his arm for a promenade.— They walked up and down the room, she talking volubly, and he answering her no, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which overlooked the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and everything without, in its placid brightness, contrasted strangely with the hurried hurrying scene within.

"Miss Elmore," said Elliot, abruptly, "may I ask you, sincerely, had you any design in a remark you made to me in the early part of the evening?"

"Yes, Mr. Elliot; I must confess that I had."

"And is it possible, then that you have heard any thing?"

"I have heard, Mr. Elliot, that which makes me tremble for you, and for those whose life, I know, is bound up in you; and tell me, were it well or friendly in me to know that such things were said, that such danger existed, and not to warn you of it?"

Elliot stood for a few moments in silence.

"Have I offended? Have I taken too great a liberty?" said Florence gently.

Hitherto Elliot had only seen in Florence the self-possessed, assured, light-hearted woman of fashion; but there was a reality and depth of feeling in the few words she had spoken to him in this interview, that opened to him entirely a new view in her character.

"No Miss Elmore," replied he, earnestly, after some pause; "I may be pained and thoughtful, excited, dazzled; my eyes, naturally buoyant, have carried me, often too far; and lately I have painfully suspected my own powers of resistance. I have really felt that I needed help, but I have been too proud to confess, even to myself, that I needed it. You, Miss Elmore, have done what, perhaps, no one else could have done. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I shall bless you for it to the latest day of my life. I am ready to pledge myself to anything you may wish on this subject."

"Then said Florence, 'do not shrink from doing what is safe and necessary, and right for you to do, because you have once said you would not do it. You understand me?'"

"Precisely," replied Elliot; "and you shall be obeyed."

It was not more than a week before the news was circulated that even George Elliot had signed the pledge of Temperance. There was much wondering at this sudden turn among those who had known his utter repugnance to any measure of the kind, and the extent to which he had yielded to temptation; but few knew how long and delicate had been the touch to which his pride had yielded.

LAND BATTERIES VS. GUNBOATS.

The official report of Gen. Hindman gives the particulars of our recent victory on White river, Arkansas, and goes far to destroy the delusion of the invincibility of Yankee gunboats. At St. Charles, where the fight occurred on the 17th ultimo, we had in battery two 32-pounders and four field pieces. Our whole force was 117 men and six guns. We had no fortifications. The engagement continued for three hours between the battery and the Federal fleet, which consisted of two iron-clad gunboats, one wooden gunboat, one tug, and three transports, with not less than 1000 infantry. Our battery was abandoned with trifling loss—the enemy having effected a landing from their transports. The result of the conflict between the battery and the gunboats was one iron-clad boat blown up, another gunboat disabled, a transport reported seriously injured, and a confessed loss of 180 men.—*Expresser*, 18th Inst.

SHOE LASTS.

W. C. Petty, of Booneville, N. C. has invented a lathe to turn shoe lasts, and is now engaged in manufacturing this useful implement of industry, at the rate of about forty pair per day; they are sold at prices but little advanced from those paid for Yankee lasts in days of yore. We gave notice in the Patriot some twelve months ago, of a machine for cutting shoe pegs invented by Mr. Petty, and which proved to be a complete success.—*Greenboro Patriot*.

GEN. FLOYD'S COMMAND.

We learn, says the Richmond Whig, that the command of this gallant old veteran, is in such a state of forwardness as will enable him to take the field as soon as his forces can be gathered from the different camps. The headquarters of the command are now at Bristol, Virginia.

The Yankee Government has established a Department of Agriculture, to go into immediate operation, with Isaac Newton, of Pennsylvania, as Commissioner, and Richard C. McCormick, of New York, as Chief Clerk. The department is in accordance with the recommendation of the President in his annual message.

PROMOTION.

The people of the Confederate States will be gratified to learn that the Government, appreciating his distinguished services, has conferred upon "Old Stonewall" the rank of full General, the highest known to the Confederate service. This is a title richly merited by an officer who has shown himself at all times active, vigilant, and skillful.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

THE DEATH OF LORD CANNING.

The late foreign arrival brings us intelligence of the death, in London, of Charles John Canning, the third son of the celebrated George Canning, and long known as a prominent official of the British Government. He was born in 1812, in London. In 1836, he first appeared in public life as member of Parliament for Warwickshire, and in the following year, by the death of his mother, who retained the title during her life, succeeded her as peerage, and entered the House of Lords. Sir Robert Peel, he was, in 1841, appointed Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, holding the post for five years. After a brief sojourn from political life, he was, in 1854, promoted to the position of Lord Appointed Postmaster-General by Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, retaining the position under Lord Palmerston, and creating a great reform in the postal department. In 1857 Lord Dalhousie, Governor General of India, died, and Canning was, through the influence of Palmerston, appointed to the vacant position—one of the most lucrative and magnificent in the gift of the British Government. February 1856, Lord Canning began his reign in India, and it was during his administration that the great Sepoy rebellion took place.

THE MISSING SCOT.

We question if the annals of civilized warfare or savage barbarism can present the counterpart of Yankee ferocity in the present war. An authentic tale has lately come to our knowledge which goes very far to confirm the assertion. Charles Dillon, of company 1, 13th Mississippi, when stationed at Manassas, was a member of a company formed by Ewell as a scouting corps, and when one day in quest of the enemy, was mortally wounded through the lungs by a squad of Yankee cavalry. After robbing his person of all the valuables and papers, they proceeded to Alexandria. But when they reached the latter place they found out that poor Dillon was a scout, and as a reward was offered for the heads of all such by the Yankee Government, they hastened back, and while life was not extinct they deliberately severed his head from his body and carried it in triumph to obtain the promised reward. Comment is unnecessary.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

THE WANT OF TOBACCO IN EUROPE.

The same anxiety which the American war inspires in Europe on the supply of cotton, extends also to the supply of tobacco. We extract from the *Opinion Nationale* the following remarks:

England purchases from the United States about fifty thousand hogsheads, on which she imposes a duty of five millions of dollars; and France buys about twenty thousand hogsheads, from which she obtains a revenue of more than four millions of dollars.

An important deficit in the supply of tobacco would create grave embarrassments for all the Governments of Europe, but above all to the English and Dutch. It is to be feared this deficit will be alarmingly obvious the coming year. An inexorable fatality seems to follow tobacco at the present moment. For two consecutive years the crop has almost entirely failed in Brazil; and in Cuba the plant has become diseased, greatly reducing the crop. At no time has Europe been so much in need of the tobacco of the United States, and they have not enough for their own consumption. The question of tobacco is, then, the order of the day, and requires a solution no less pressing than the cotton question.

TESTS OF COURAGE.

We have not yet seen note made of the striking and gratifying fact that no instance has occurred during the war in which the enemy have charged and captured a Southern field battery. All the guns they have taken have been those which were abandoned in consequence of their being dismounted, or the horses being killed, or which have been surrendered with a capitulating force. It is a fact that the enemy have never charged and captured a Southern battery in position.

On the other hand, the capture of the enemy's batteries in position is a feat of constant repetition. If the enemy advance a battery in line during a battle, the chances are ten to one that they will be "our guns." In about the length of time necessary for our dashed infantry to pass the intervening space at the pass air charge. It was so at Manassas, at Smith, at Williamsburg, at Seven Pines, at Cross Keys, at Elburn, at Oak Hills, at Valverde. In each and all of these fierce conflicts our men charged and took every battery that was placed in line as if it were a frolic, taking the iron teeth of the guns in their faces, up to the very muzzle, and killing, capturing or routing the gunners.

PROMOTION.

General Ed. Graham Haywood, of the 7th N. C. Troops, has been promoted to the Colonelcy of that gallant regiment, to fill the vacancy created by the death of the brave, renowned Col. Campbell. A well-merited reward.— *Raleigh Telegraph*.

Orders were received in Washington, on the 21st, that Earl Russell had sent communication to Seward, protesting against the conduct of Butler towards the ladies of New Orleans.

Poetry.



From the Richmond Whig.

ASHBY.

To the brave all homage tender,
Weeps ye those of Jove?
With a banner gone and a soldier
Sings, on the battlefield.
—Down on the field of glory,
How he for me and my
Lies our lost dragon.
Will they leave me, whose hands have slain his
Brave, patriotic
Near night with Muse nor
Revered Temple
With a sword he laid and
Mount the heights that would destroy us
Walk we hold, we know,
See, where, at all, shall
—Down on the field of glory,
Fought he fight, fulfilled his labour,
Still his soul
All along sweet nature's
Treads of home, and
Now he takes his rest.
Falls, that all for you both
Gently wrap his clay—
Lies he lovingly around them,
Light of dying day—
Silly fall the summer
Bids and hee among the flowers
Make the green new year.
There, throughout becoming age,
When his mind is rust
And his brain in
Mindful of her
With Virginia, bounding
With a cross on his bold
Keep above his dust.
Jas. R. Towns.
Richmond, June 18, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

From the Mayflower.

THE GORAL RING.

"There is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty," said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and looked over the cover.

"You insidious fellow!" replied a tall, brilliant looking creature, who was lounging in an ottoman hard by, over one of Dehn's last works.

"Truth ere, for all that," said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

"Now, Edward, this is just one of your whimsical 'clarifications,' for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know," replied the lady. "On your conscience, are you not a little insinuating, when you say if you have one, it is no so!"

"My conscience feel quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that sentiment as my conclusion of faith," replied the gentleman, with provoking sang froid.

"Pshaw! it's one of your fastidious habits or notions. See what comes, now, of your trying to your time of life without a wife—disrespect for the sex, and all that. Really, cousin, your symptoms are getting alarming."

"Nay, now, Cousin Florence," said Edward, "you are a girl of moderately good sense, with all your nonsense. Now don't you (I know you do) think just so, too?"

"I think just so, too—do you hear the creature!" replied Florence. "No, sir; you can speak for yourself in this matter, but I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me, too."

"Well, now, where is there, one, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life, to speak of, except to make herself as interesting and agreeable as possible, to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can?" Where will you find one between fifteen and twenty that has any serious re-