

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.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR 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. Newspapers will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this sized type) for the first week, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 50 per cent higher; and a reduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 50 per cent for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must state the number of insertions desired, or they will be inserted until forbidden and charged accordingly.

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Poetry.

From the Richmond Whig.

ASHBY.

To the brave old hero, tender,
Weep ye then, ye old ones,
With a sigh and a tear,
Some, on the faded mound,
—Down to the soil of glory,
How fit for me and my kind,
Live our old heroes.

Will they leave, whose hands have done
Brave, patriotic deeds,
Near to the heart of Freedom,
—Revered, and loved,
With a sigh and a tear,
How fit for me and my kind,
Live our old heroes.

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, just 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. "You remember *Delia* 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. Stanley, 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 amiable, but still beautiful woman peeped 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 field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversation, 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 unplesant 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 is insulted herself."
"You do not know the power which is given to you women to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy. I believe me, Florence, that Fortesque, indeed as he has dared not trifle on sacred subjects."

"Florence rose from her seat with a brightened 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?"

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 any thing, never done any thing, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose, no object, nothing worth living for. Only a parlor ornament—helpful! 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 bad she was with twenty other young men; and so 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 oval 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.

"Is it 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 once in my life I have tried to do a right thing—a good thing. I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time." Still, Florence could not but feel tremulous, when, a few moments after, Elliot approached her and offered her a promenade. Talking volubly, and answering her no, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which she had just seen, and everything without, in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the 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 pleased and delighted, 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 any thing you may ask 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.

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 to the peerage, and entered the House of Lords. For Sir Robert Peel, he was, in 1841, appointed Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, holding the post for five years. After a brief retirement from political life, he was, in 1852, appointed Postmaster-General by Lord Appin, then Prime Minister, retaining the position under Lord Palmerston, and creating a great reputation 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 SCOUT.—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 I, 14th Mississippi, when stationed at Manassas, was a member of a company formed by Ewell as a scouting corps, and when on 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 fact of constant repetition. If the enemy advance a battery in line during a battle, the chances are not even 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 *à la 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 ball of the guns in their faces, up to the very muzzle, and killing, capturing or routing the gunners.

PROMOTION.—Lieut. Col. Ed. Graham Haywood, of the 7th N. C. Troops, has been promoted to the Colonelcy of that gallant regiment, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the brave, respected Col. Campbell. A well-merited reward.—*Richmond Telegraph.*

Rumors prevailed 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.

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.—*Examiner, 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.*

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

"Truth say, 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 wholesale 'clarifications,' for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know," replied the lady. "On your conscience, now if you have one, is it 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 going 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?"

"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-

gard 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; "praised, 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 am 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—"

"But, 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 fasting, baby-tending, herb-tea-making recommendations of aunt Sally, 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 honestest and hardiest, and easiest—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 folks and roses—very charming and delightful, and a good deal fit for making 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, just to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable?"

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"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."
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"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 once in my life I have tried to do a right thing—a good thing. I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time." Still, Florence could not but feel tremulous, when, a few moments after, Elliot approached her and offered her a promenade. Talking volubly, and answering her no, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which she had just seen, and everything without, in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the 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 pleased and delighted, 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 any thing you may ask 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.