

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 27, 1868.

NO. 24.

THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG will be forwarded to subscribers at the rate of **TWO DOLLARS** in advance, or **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, in advance, for the year. Single copies are sold at the rate of **ONE CENT** each. The paper is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. The subscription price is in advance, and no notice of discontinuance will be given unless accompanied by the payment of the arrears. The paper is published at No. 101 North Salisbury Street, Charlotte, N. C.

TERMS—The paper is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. The subscription price is in advance, and no notice of discontinuance will be given unless accompanied by the payment of the arrears. The paper is published at No. 101 North Salisbury Street, Charlotte, N. C.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.
A PICTURE OF PIONEER LIFE.

The scene of the present sketch is in the western part of Pennsylvania—the time, early in the year 1782. At that period, and in that section, the incursions of the Indians had become extremely harassing and destructive, and not only many women and children were safe for a single instant. The most brutal murders were every day occurring, and almost every night witnessed the destruction of life and property. One of the many thrilling scenes which occurred at that period. A small but substantially built log cabin was situated in the wilderness some distance from any settlement, and in fact from any other habitation. The little place was occupied by a pioneer settler named Joshua Kendricks, his wife Mary, and their son John, a bold, fearless youth about twenty-one or two years of age. A long period passed in the wilderness had accustomed all three of these persons to every danger, suffering and trouble incidental to such an out-of-the-way and exposed life; consequently they were always more or less prepared for any sudden emergency, and had and brave enough to encounter it with an unflinching front. About dark one evening Mrs. Kendricks was standing in the doorway of the cabin, instantly scanning the surrounding forest in every direction. She gazed about her with an anxious, longing look, and at length expressed her thoughts aloud. "It's quite dark now," she said, "and both Joshua and John should be back by this time. They promised to be home by sunset, and it's now nearly night. There's something to keep them away, either they've fallen in with some of the red devils, and I expect some day they'll lose their scalps, and that'll be the end of 'em. I don't like to think of it, but I expect

that's what I must look for, sooner or later. Well, the Lord be with them, and preserve them as long as possible." After a moment's pause the good woman added, "It's quite dark and darker, and afore long the forest'll be as black as any. I wish to goodness they'd come home, for I feel kind o' nervous to-night—just as if something 'was goin' to happen."

At that moment a man suddenly made his appearance a few hundred feet off, running directly toward the cabin as hard as he could tear. "There's Joshua now!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendricks; "and he's 'goin' just as if for his life. Something's wrong, I know!" "Mr. Kendricks dashed forward at a desperate rate. When still about fifty yards from the cabin, an Indian, ranging at the top of his speed, broke from the thick forest in the rear of the settler.

"There, I know'd it!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendricks, fairly jumping with the excitement of her feelings. "Harry, Joshua, hurry!" she added, calling loudly to her husband. Kendricks was now not more than a dozen yards from the cabin, and at that moment the Indian stopped, threw up his rifle, and took aim at the flying man. Mr. Kendricks uttered a cry, and her husband halted instantly. At the same moment the report of a rifle rang out, and with a yell the Indian fell dead to the ground. Instantly another person made his appearance from the thick forest upon the side of the cabin.

"Why, it's John, sure as I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendricks. "Bless his soul, he's saved his father's life!" The next moment Kendricks and his son came up. "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

"Well, for my part, I'm mighty glad to think you're both on you safe!" said Mrs. Kendricks, earnestly. "I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "But, dar, yer aint told us what's his the matter?" suggested young Kendricks. "Nabbin' our usual, me boy!" responded the eldest. "I met 'bout half a dozen red devils as I was comin' home, in course, they were out for a fig, and I was as I was, and I wouldn't help gratifyin' the ugly devils I took to a corner at wunst, and I've been here since from that time to this, but at last I took to my heels, though not afore I'd made holes in a brass on 'em. For while the hull party followed me, but the cunningest was too tough on 'em, and they all dropped off but the feller you'd shot down, an' he seemed determined there my scalp. Come on! I wish that way o' teshin' 'em bet for man's life, but that's the way it won't be no life in the out at all."

"But, if there are more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're fur off, an' we'd better stander cover 'em, and I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

"I'll tell yer, dad!" responded the youth; "but, I must keep behind a little, to be the red skin off it they'll see. Quick! for the chance o' leadin' 'em!" True enough, the Indians had stopped and were rapidly reloading their rifles. With the speed of desperation, and without looking behind him at all, Kendricks dashed on toward the cabin, his son closely following him, but not without repeatedly glancing back at the busy savages.

"On, dad, ed!" cried the fearless boy, as he took another look behind him. "The old man reached the door of his cabin just as the red skins elevated their rifles. The next moment the Indians discharged their weapons, and with three yells dashed forward. Almost instantaneously from the cabin, ranging at the top of his speed, broke from the thick forest in the rear of the settler. "There, I know'd it!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendricks, fairly jumping with the excitement of her feelings. "Harry, Joshua, hurry!" she added, calling loudly to her husband.

Kendricks was now not more than a dozen yards from the cabin, and at that moment the Indian stopped, threw up his rifle, and took aim at the flying man. Mr. Kendricks uttered a cry, and her husband halted instantly. At the same moment the report of a rifle rang out, and with a yell the Indian fell dead to the ground. Instantly another person made his appearance from the thick forest upon the side of the cabin.

"Why, it's John, sure as I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendricks. "Bless his soul, he's saved his father's life!" The next moment Kendricks and his son came up. "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

"Well, for my part, I'm mighty glad to think you're both on you safe!" said Mrs. Kendricks, earnestly. "I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "But, dar, yer aint told us what's his the matter?" suggested young Kendricks. "Nabbin' our usual, me boy!" responded the eldest. "I met 'bout half a dozen red devils as I was comin' home, in course, they were out for a fig, and I was as I was, and I wouldn't help gratifyin' the ugly devils I took to a corner at wunst, and I've been here since from that time to this, but at last I took to my heels, though not afore I'd made holes in a brass on 'em. For while the hull party followed me, but the cunningest was too tough on 'em, and they all dropped off but the feller you'd shot down, an' he seemed determined there my scalp. Come on! I wish that way o' teshin' 'em bet for man's life, but that's the way it won't be no life in the out at all."

"But, if there are more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're fur off, an' we'd better stander cover 'em, and I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

as of Mr. Kendricks ascertained by actual count. "That settles the business, me boy!" said the old man, in deep, to say, "I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "But, dar, yer aint told us what's his the matter?" suggested young Kendricks. "Nabbin' our usual, me boy!" responded the eldest. "I met 'bout half a dozen red devils as I was comin' home, in course, they were out for a fig, and I was as I was, and I wouldn't help gratifyin' the ugly devils I took to a corner at wunst, and I've been here since from that time to this, but at last I took to my heels, though not afore I'd made holes in a brass on 'em. For while the hull party followed me, but the cunningest was too tough on 'em, and they all dropped off but the feller you'd shot down, an' he seemed determined there my scalp. Come on! I wish that way o' teshin' 'em bet for man's life, but that's the way it won't be no life in the out at all."

"But, if there are more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're fur off, an' we'd better stander cover 'em, and I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

"Well, for my part, I'm mighty glad to think you're both on you safe!" said Mrs. Kendricks, earnestly. "I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "But, dar, yer aint told us what's his the matter?" suggested young Kendricks. "Nabbin' our usual, me boy!" responded the eldest. "I met 'bout half a dozen red devils as I was comin' home, in course, they were out for a fig, and I was as I was, and I wouldn't help gratifyin' the ugly devils I took to a corner at wunst, and I've been here since from that time to this, but at last I took to my heels, though not afore I'd made holes in a brass on 'em. For while the hull party followed me, but the cunningest was too tough on 'em, and they all dropped off but the feller you'd shot down, an' he seemed determined there my scalp. Come on! I wish that way o' teshin' 'em bet for man's life, but that's the way it won't be no life in the out at all."

"But, if there are more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're fur off, an' we'd better stander cover 'em, and I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

"Well, for my part, I'm mighty glad to think you're both on you safe!" said Mrs. Kendricks, earnestly. "I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "But, dar, yer aint told us what's his the matter?" suggested young Kendricks. "Nabbin' our usual, me boy!" responded the eldest. "I met 'bout half a dozen red devils as I was comin' home, in course, they were out for a fig, and I was as I was, and I wouldn't help gratifyin' the ugly devils I took to a corner at wunst, and I've been here since from that time to this, but at last I took to my heels, though not afore I'd made holes in a brass on 'em. For while the hull party followed me, but the cunningest was too tough on 'em, and they all dropped off but the feller you'd shot down, an' he seemed determined there my scalp. Come on! I wish that way o' teshin' 'em bet for man's life, but that's the way it won't be no life in the out at all."

"But, if there are more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're fur off, an' we'd better stander cover 'em, and I've been lookin' for you this time. Come in to supper, now." "I was just in the nick o' time, dad!" said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand. "Sartin, Jack!" responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too fast to have got the bloody red skin on my back, but for you."

A SPEECH ON LINCOLN'S MESSAGE FROM A NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR.—W. A. Richardson, now in the Federal House of Representatives, has been elected by the Illinois Legislature to the vacant seat in the United States Senate. Last week, in the House, Mr. Richardson made a speech, touching the general. He said: "MR. CHAIRMAN: The annual message recently sent to this House by the President of the United States is the most remarkable of any that has ever been delivered to Congress. It is remarkable for what it says, and still more remarkable for what it omits to say. One-half of the twenty-one pages which it covers is devoted to the negro. No page, so serious, no line, no word, is given to land, or even mention, the bravery and gallantry, or even the good conduct of our soldiers in the various bloody battles which have been fought. No sorrow is expressed for the lamented dead—No illusion is made in the maligned or wounded. No sympathy is tendered to the sorrowing widow and the helpless orphan made during the progress of this war, which could have been avoided by honorable compromise, if the President and his friends had chosen to do so."

"Sir, it is a remarkable document. It is an extraordinary message, when we come to think of its sum and substance. To feed, clothe, buy and colonize the negro, we are taxed and mortgaged the white man and his children. The white race is to be burdened to the earth for the benefit of the black race. A friend of mine from New England, the other day, made a mathematical analysis of the message. He said, 'one from one and a half message remains.' [Laughter.] So far as relates to the white race, that mathematical calculation is right. So far as it relates to the negro, or in the Court language of the President, the 'free African descent,' rivers of blood and countless millions of treasure are not enough for his benefit and advantage."

We have just been shown a counterfeit gold piece, of the denomination of two and a half dollars. A man, calling himself both passing through Forsyth county, exchanging gold for Confederate money at the rate of one dollar of gold for ten of Confederate money. He had exchanged fifty dollars of his gold with a gentleman, and was going on his way, when the gentleman missed his watch and his suspicion fell upon Reese. He immediately pursued and overtook him and in the meantime suspicion was aroused as to the character of the coin. As was at once tested by Mr. Lash, Cashier of the Bank at Salem, and found to be counterfeit. A small package was found upon Reese, each piece wrapped separately in paper to prevent rubbing. He protested that he had been in the army, and that he found the coin on a dead Yankee. It is handsomely executed, and would deceive most persons. Reese was taken in custody. The coin passed by him in the date of 1833.—*Raleigh State Journal.*

SUFFERINGS OF THE CONTRABANDS IN NEW ORLEANS.—Some interesting facts are being elicited in regard to the negro "question. It has always been asserted by Abolitionists, and never believed by the Abolitionists, that the negro was incapable of taking care of himself. The contrabands in and around this city, who have left the plantations and taken refuge within our lines, are dying off like raw emigrants with the cholera, or sheep in the rot. Of a lot of sixty odd hands which left a plantation fifteen miles above here, last August, twenty-seven now lie, like John Brown's body, "a mouldering in the tomb." There is a great demand for hands to take off the sugar crop, as high as \$20 per month being offered in some cases, but the big don't "hanker" after engagements of this nature.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*

DEATH OF MR. GALT, VAN SOUTHPON.—J. Alexander Galt, the well-known, died in this city yesterday, of small pox. Mr. Galt was a native of Norfolk, but since the beginning of the war had resided in Richmond. As a man, he was unusually popular, and to the line of his profession, he left a number of works that will perpetuate his name. Among the principal of these may be mentioned his statue of Jefferson at the University of Virginia, a bust of Sincerity, and another of Boacchante, the one owned by Captain David Walker and the other by Mr. Joseph R. Anderson; and a bust of Columbus in armor, which, if not stolen by the Yankees, is in the possession of Mr. Grigsby of Norfolk.—*Norfolk Examiner.*

THE BURNING BARBERS.—The burnt bridges over the Hudson and Watonga Rivers, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, are being rebuilt as expeditiously as they possibly can. The one across the Watonga will be so nearly finished that the cars it is thought, will pass over it in six or ten days. The last thing Nelson did was to die for his country, and it is the last thing some men intend to do.

TRAGEDY OCCURRED AT HAVANA.—DEATH OF THE WIFE OF FARIN, THE ROSS WALKER.—A terrible and heart-rending catastrophe occurred in Havana, on the 6th ultimo, at the Plaza Terros—Ball Ring—Mr. Farin, the celebrated light rope walker, and rival of Blondin, advertised, among the many wonders that he would perform on the light rope, the carrying of his wife across the rope stretched from one side of the ring to the other, at the height of about sixty feet, upon his back—a feat he had performed in other places. He started with the lady upon his back, and had nearly finished his journey across, within about four feet, when the audience applauded the daring act, it seemingly being completed; and the lady, in acknowledgment of that applause, loosened her hold upon her husband's neck, and waved her hands, and on the instant of doing so, she discovered that she had lost her balance, and called to her husband to catch her, as she was falling. This he attempted to do, and caught her by the skirt of her dress, but the frail fabric was not of sufficient strength to sustain her with the impetus given to her descent by her fall, and, oh horror! the dress gave way, leaving a piece in the unfortunate man's hand as he hung suspended from the rope, sustaining himself by the joint of his knee, by means of which he had saved himself, and she went down on an extraordinary message, when we come to think of its sum and substance. To feed, clothe, buy and colonize the negro, we are taxed and mortgaged the white man and his children. The white race is to be burdened to the earth for the benefit of the black race. A friend of mine from New England, the other day, made a mathematical analysis of the message. He said, 'one from one and a half message remains.' [Laughter.] So far as relates to the white race, that mathematical calculation is right. So far as it relates to the negro, or in the Court language of the President, the 'free African descent,' rivers of blood and countless millions of treasure are not enough for his benefit and advantage."

We get the following paragraph from the Paris correspondence of the New York Herald: "I am told that the Messrs. Haring, of London, have some five millions of dollars of money on deposit belonging to the citizens of the South, who are either now in Europe or on their way here. At the present price of cotton it does not take a very large cargo to amount to a very large sum in Liverpool. I know of one concern that has made three millions of dollars by running the blockade; and I presume Bonastre-gard was not far out of the way when he told the people of Georgia not long ago that the exports and imports of Charleston and Savannah were as large as they have ever been before the blockade. The little steamer Kate, owned by a house in Liverpool, has been in and out of Charleston some thirty times. She draws eight feet of water, is fifty feet above water, makes only eight knots an hour, carries four hundred bales, and after between Charleston and Nassau with the regularity of a Brooklyn ferry boat. She generally makes the trip in four days. Her success has been wonderful, but I trust 'the pitcher will go once too often to the well.'"

THE EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—We hope our editorial brethren will keep in mind the Convention which is to meet in this city on the 4th of February. Some concerted action on the part of the members of the press has become necessary, as the difficulties they are laboring under are increasing every day. Many of these difficulties can be lessened by united action, and measures can be adopted which will benefit not only the press, but the public. We hope to see the press of the whole Confederacy represented in the approaching Convention, and for fear of another failure, we would suggest that members who design to be represented, intimate, as much through their columns.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

THE PEN THAT SIGNED THE PROCLAMATION.—The following stunning piece of intelligence is found in the Washington Chronicle: "The President has handed a plain steel pen, with a wooden handle, with which he signed the proclamation of emancipation, to Senator Sumner, by whom it will be transmitted to George Livermore, Esq. of Cambridge, Mass. It is a long and a long tried friend of the anti-slavery policy."

The first intelligence of the capture of the California steamer Arctik, by the Albatross, was received in New York from San Francisco, by telegraph. The message was transmitted in less than two hours—over 3,000 miles. The first repeating station reach was Chicago, a distance of 3,550 miles.

A postscript contributor asks: "Where are the joys we tasted in the long time ago?" They have gone like the preserves, pickles, set, of the same period, and are better remembered than sought. A Yankee correspondent says that when the Federal soldiers attack Vicksburg, "the blood of the first Revolution throbbed in their veins." There's nothing strange in that remarkable "throbbing" of the veins, when you consider how often they were re-ignited.