

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MARCH 8, 1863.

NO. 46.

JES. T. J. HOLTON,  
BUSINESS AND PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. Non-payers will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular rates, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 91 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

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

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

## Poetry.



### VOLUNTEER.

BY HARRY HARGREAVY.

I leave my home and thee, dear  
With sorrow at my heart,  
It is my country's call, dear,  
To aid her I depart;  
And on the blood-red battle plain,  
We'll conquer or we'll die;  
Tis for our honor and our name,  
We raise the battle cry.  
Then weep not, dearest, weep not,  
If in her cause I fall,  
O weep not, dearest, weep not,  
It's my country's call.

And yet my heart is sore, love,  
To see thee weeping thus,  
But mark me, there's no fear, love,  
For in heaven is our trust,  
And of the heavy, drooping tear,  
Swells in my mournful eye,  
It is that Northern of our land  
Should cause the battle cry.  
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

Our rights have been usurped, dear,  
By Northern of our land,  
Feet raised the cry, dear,  
Politicians from the brand,  
The Southern spurs the galling yoke,  
The tyrant's threats defy,  
They find we're some like sturdy oak  
To raise the battle cry.  
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

I know you'd let me go, yet  
I saw it in that tear,  
To join the gallant men, yet  
Who never yet knew fear,  
With Beauregard and Davis,  
We'll gain our cause or die,  
Win battles like Marathon,  
And raise the battle cry.  
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

## Miscellaneous.

### AN IMPROVISED MARRIAGE.

"For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray cease this trifling, which is but cruel play with my feelings; let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westernly spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough! See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as the patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face, peckered up in its affectionate demureness. But he was not to be driven from this point, and he resumed, gravely, after a pause:

"The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then, Charles," interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty, defiant toss of the head, which plainly said, "defy you to do it."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fuming and fretting internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned, Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird on that lilac tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Do come and see it."

Charles melancholy approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charles," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly, "Don't you think you could manage to —"

"What, Susy dear?" asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner. "What?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his tail," returned the provoking girl, with an affectionate simplicity; "for then, you know you could catch it."

His answer was to fling her off, and with a suppressed exclamation he turned away. His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allay his anger and soothe his love.

"Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. The state of things must cease. I let you, you know, better than my life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months; and if you cannot this very day throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest 'yes' for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and set accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would that do?" asked Susy, coolly.

"Begin by tearing you out and worth- less images from my heart," cried Charles furiously.

"It would be a curious case of business, Charles, and you would beaced either," said Susy.

"I should and would need," said he, "as you shall see, if you'll trust, heart less, girl!"

"But I don't wish, Char, dear, I love dearly to have you love."

"Why, then," cried foolish youth, quite won over again—"to then, dearest Susy, will you not consent to be loved?"

"Remember, I said I will be loved," replied Susy. "I did say anything about loving. But, pray, how long did you say you had been loving me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years."

"Neatly and accurately noted," Charles. "But you know my in Hebel was won only after five years' tramping. You don't suppose I am going to suppose any cheaper than the do you? Suppose we drop this subject two years' perhaps by that time I am able to work myself up to the falling point; there is no knowing what time it'll float."

"If you are not in love, you never will be," returned Charles, "and I will have my answer 'never.'"

"Never, then," laughed Charles, "but she had gone so far. Her often severely tried lover too much in earnest to bear her any longer."

impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gangway, that lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—started her. She turned to look around, and mistaking her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stop, and to lower us a rope," he sprang into the river. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel, but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart, as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment, lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this garment of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. His eyes panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged for her. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's frock to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles now was so nearly exhausted that he had now only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by hanging on to the wheel.

But this big hope of support seemed also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly around. By a desperate effort, he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so, something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him.

He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist; consciousness then entirely forsook him.

In the meantime, the witness of the scene, after giving Charles directions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings and his semi-insensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of a rope, and the boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steambot, which now rapidly moved off to make up for the lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself many miles from home. Of course, his first anxious inquiry was for Susy; and, when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over and falling into a deep sleep.

About sunset, a message came to him that Miss B—— desired to see him. He found her lying on the sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles, said she, without offering a word of thanks, 'I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?'"

"I will go and see," said Charles, but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think —"

"That I am going to die!" said she, anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to see me," said Susy to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you—Would you object, sir, in the presence of, and with the consent of mother to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was Heaven inspired!" cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy; but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely: "but, Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears: "be assured you have them both, and had the best long, long have you had the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday—" "Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason why I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus, in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, saved a life, made an "improvised marriage," and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

### DIRECT ANSWERS.

The New Market correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch furnishes the following anecdote:

A few days since a Yankee upstart summoned an aged civilian to appear before him to furnish some information. When duly arraigned, the Yankee began: "Do you know of any one who has furnished supplies to the rebels?"

"Old man—I believe I do. Yank—Who was it?" "Ah—General Bank."

Yank—Sergeant, take him to the guard-house. Wait a while. Now, old white-headed rebel, mind whose presence you are in, and answer correctly. Do you know any one who has been passing through our lines and back again to the rebels, carrying information?"

Ans. Yes, sir, I do. Yank—Who was it? "Ans.—General J. E. B. Stuart." Yank—Sergeant, take him to the guard house.

Movements of the Alabama. Admiral Farragut, at New Orleans, has received a letter from the United States Consul at Kingston, Jamaica, that the Alabama had (and done hundred and twenty-five men there, the crew of the Hatteras.

The letter says "that out of the first shot from the Alabama's large Armstrong gun struck the Hatteras at the water line, and she began to fill very rapidly. The whole engagement, as I wrote you from Patrice's account, did not last twenty minutes. The Alabama steamed along-side and took off the officers and crew of the Hatteras, and there was no time to remove anything else, so rapidly was she sinking."

RYE COFFEE—ITS DANGERS.—A case of some interest to the drinkers of "rye" coffee has occurred in Brooklyn, New York—Several members of a family there were seriously affected by poison, alleged to have been contained in the coffee they drank.—An examination was made by the health officer of Brooklyn, who discovered that the sickness was caused by the continued use of diseased rye, and he was confirmed in his opinion by making experiments upon a dog. He therefore ordered the police to seize the packages on sale in the store from which the family alluded to had procured the coffee.

FROM THE FRONT.—While all is perfectly quiet on the lines immediately in advance of us, the enemy is moving forward from Franklin in very heavy columns. At our latest advice, they were at Spring Hill, twelve miles north of Columbia.

Gen. Wheeler, with his cavalry force, was at Columbia, and intended defending the position. Vess. Forrest and Wharton were with him, and all had resolved to maintain their present stand at all hazards. We shall expect warm work in that locality shortly.—Shelbyville Rebel Banner, 13th inst.

It is true?—It is telegraphed from St. Louis that one of the officers captured at Arkansas Post, who was at Little Rock a short time ago, says that General Holmes had received instruction from President Davis to suspend all proceedings in the demand for giving up General McNeil, for selling the ten guerrillas in Missouri.

A large flag was lately displayed at the Navy Yard at Boston on which was the following significant inscription:—"The war commenced where Charleston is; The war will end where Charleston was."

Sam Weller's Valentine. The younger and elder Weller, it will be remembered, are seated in the parlor of the Blue Bear, and the latter mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requests his son to "fire away," and write his valentine.

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air,— "Lovely!"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass of the inevitable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"Lovely creature," repeated Sam.

"Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller.

"Poetry's unnatural; do man ever talk-ed poetry 'cept a handle on boxin' day, or Warren's Biskin, or Howland's oil, or some of them low fellows never let you self down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"Lovely creature I feel myself a damaged —"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's shamed," there's a blot there—"I feel myself ashamed."

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"Feel myself ashamed, and completely —" "I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempting to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then," inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I am a lookin' at it, replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 's,' and a 'l,' and a 'd.'"

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's something in that; and I wish your mother-in-law'd only conduct her conversation on the same general principle. Aint you a goin' to sign it?"

"Sign it—Veller," said the eldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it—Piekvick, then," said Mr. Weller, "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I could end with a worse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable esoceman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an 'effin' copy 'o wrenes the night afore he was hang for a highway robbery; and he was only a Camberwell man, so even that's no rale."

But Sam was not to be persuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

Your love-sick,  
Piekvick.

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, requested a donbill direction in due corner: "To Mary, housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it in his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

### OMENS OF PEACE.

A correspondent of the Florida Sentinel writing from Fredericksburg, gives the following singular freak of nature as place in his letter. He says:

While making of peace, there is a legend connected with a spring near Fredericksburg, which I will relate for the benefit of the curious: According to tradition, this spring was discovered running three months before the revolutionary war.

Three months before a treaty of peace is dried up and ceased to run. It commenced running again three months before the war of 1812, and three months before its close as in the revolutionary war, it again dried up, and so with the Mexican war.— Three months before the fall of Fort Sumter it commenced running, and a short time since dried up.

I give as my author for this an aged man, who was born and is living near the spring, and who has considerable property, and offers to bet it all that we will have peace in three months from the drying up of the spring.

PEACE IN THIRTY DAYS.—This question has at last been settled. A more than Delphic Oracle has spoken, and the prophetic announcement was vouchsafed to the people of Lynchburg. It was mysteriously engraved on the shell of an egg in these words: "PEACE IN THIRTY DAYS FROM EASTER SUNDAY." This wonderful egg was exposed for sale at the market house, among common and uninspired eggs, on Saturday, and a gentleman was so delighted with the joyous proclamation of pacific import which it bore, that he voluntarily gave twenty dollars for it, and has it now in careful keeping. The Lynchburg papers state that the vendor, who is an honest man, declares that he knows nothing about the inscription. The letters are crude, heteroclyte, some of them almost hieroglyphic, and seem to be engraved and formed in the composition of the shell.— They have no artificial look. The Virginian bows to the sibylline wisdom of the man that produced it, and blesses her for the glad revelation she has made. Glorious be her memory.—Petersburg Express.

A WIFE.—The velvet moss grows on sterile rocks; the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mediation of roosting years; and heaven be praised, something green and beautiful to the sight, and grateful and cheering to the soul, will, in the darkest hours of fate, still grow out of, and twine its tendrils around the crumbling altar and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.

WHISKEY.—A firm in Mobile have for sale, liquor distilled from rice. It is a very palatable drink, and resembles the strass of the East Indies, which is said to be mainly the result of rice. It is a strong drink, and flies through the system with alacrity. It is entirely pure and free from any poisonous drugs. The connoisseur of the Mecon Telegraph has tasted whiskey distilled from sweet potatoes.

Banks is said to have declared a short time since:—"My army has gone to hell. It is useless to deny it." It is useless to deny, too; that Banks will have an opportunity to command it in person, in that far away country—if he gets his desert.

W. Carter