

# The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, (Editor.)

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

J. J. HOLLON, (Publisher.)

VOLUME I.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 18, 1852.

NUMBER 80.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,  
PROPRIETORS.

### TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be affixed to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if paid monthly, to be paid in three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year.

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 50 per cent higher; and a deduction of 30 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square, for each time. Semi-monthly to cost per square for each time.

All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be addressed to the Editor. And all letters on business for Job Work, &c., must be directed to the Publisher. All letters must be post-paid, they will not be answered.

Payments will be made in cash.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

### Poetry.



### The Chipmunk is Rolling on.

There's a chipmunk rolling on,  
That's a fact, you'll find it true;  
It's a rolling chipmunk,  
That's a fact, you'll find it true.  
It's a rolling chipmunk,  
That's a fact, you'll find it true.

For George's stained breeches to wash,  
Needs that sturdy sailor,  
An English flag, you'll find it true,  
That's a fact, you'll find it true.

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### Miscellaneous.

### HOMES AND HEARTS;

Desolating Influence of Intemperance.

BY MRS. E. LOOMIS.

### CHAPTER V.

### THE TWO MAIDENS.—A DISHEARTENING SCENE

THE WEDDING—THE HOME.

"You take her youthful heart—the thine—  
Thine, and thou shalt love her;  
Thine, and thou shalt love her;  
Thine, and thou shalt love her."

"What bright wreath of thought are you wearing now, Alice?" cried the merry voice of a maiden, as she softly approached her friend.

"Oh, surely your radiant countenance speaks nought but joy!"

"Alice Woodley blushed, and her rapturous at that moment exhaled a small ruby ring which glittered for the first time upon her delicate finger."

"Ah, I see how it is," she said, "you have given your heart in exchange for Henry's. I had almost said, 'blessed it!'—I had almost said, 'blessed it!'"

"I am sure you are right," she said, "but I am sure you are right, for I am sure you are right."

"I am sure you are right, for I am sure you are right, for I am sure you are right."

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"With the greatest pleasure," answered her friend, "and I hope, dear Alice, you will be as happy in your wedded life as you deserve; I am sure if any one is worthy of bliss on earth, it is you."

"You are a sad flatterer, Jane, and would spoil me if you could. I've been thinking of something quite out of the ordinary course of things; I will have my wine at my wedding!"

"Spoken like yourself, dear Alice, but will your uncle consent?"

"I can coax him to let me have my own way," she replied, laughing, "though no doubt he will think it a strange whim. However, I'll introduce a new fashion."

"And I, for one, will follow it," said Jane, "if I am ever so fortunate as to change my lot of single blessedness!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of two young ladies who were friends of Alice's. A half-hour passed pleasantly away in lively chat, when suddenly a heavy rapping was heard upon the outer door, and the little maid servant ushered in Mr. Henry Lee.

He entered the room in a very strange manner, and advancing to Alice, he kissed her rapturously, exclaiming, "I am glad to see you, upon my word I am—I couldn't pass the house without just coming in a moment. Why how well you look, Alice! What a color you have to night; your cheeks are like full blown roses, and then, as if just aware of the presence of the other ladies, he bowed half a dozen times to each, with many fulsome compliments."

It required but a glance to see that he was intoxicated. Poor Alice! She was ready to sink to the earth with shame and mortification. Henry thrust himself back in his chair and poured forth such a strain of nonsense, that the young ladies, pitying Alice's embarrassment, rose to take leave. Henry, wishing to display his gallantry, offered to escort them home, and notwithstanding their silence and evident wish to dispense with his company, proceeded with them through the street, talking and laughing loudly.

When the door closed upon them, Alice sank down in a flood of tears. "Oh, how bitterly she weeps!" When her situation had somewhat subsided she took her pen and wrote a note to Henry, stating all her feelings—her shame, her mortification and sorrow. She told him that she could not wed a drunkard—that unless he abandoned the use of wine, their engagement must be broken. She besought him by everything lovely and true, by all he held dear on earth, and by his hope of eternal happiness, to put far away the tempting cup. The letter was delayed with her tears, and when Henry received it a pang of agonizing shame and self-reproach shot through his soul.

He had rendered himself ridiculous in the eyes of Alice and caused her to blush for him, besides bringing such deep sorrow to her loving heart.

Seeing a pen, he wrote a reply—blaming himself greatly and entreating her forgiveness. Solemnly he promised never again would he forget his manhood. He assured her that it was the first time he had ever been thus intoxicated, and it would be the last. The gentle Alice perceived the letter again, and again, and her fond heart forgave him. Much more guarded and watchful was Henry. Lee after this disgraceful scene, and though he did not entirely abandon his wine, he did not drink to excess, and Alice believed that the habit would be overcome.

Thus sped lightly away and brought the nuptial hour.

Numerous guests thronged the house of Mr. Woodley, the uncle of the bride, and many were the whispers of surprise that no wine was craved on the occasion. A wedding without wine? such a thing was never heard of in those days when spiritous liquors held a prominent place in every festive scene, and the votaries of Bacchus were not few. But it passed off pleasantly, and the bridegroom appeared no doubt to better advantage than he would otherwise have done.

Let us pass over the space of six years and look upon them in their wedded life.

It was a pleasant spring afternoon that Jane Seyton, who had been the intimate friend and bridesmaid of Alice, was slowly passing down the village street accompanied by a lady who was on a visit at her father's.

"That is a charming retreat," observed the lady, pointing to a cottage nestled with trees and festooned with vines, "me thinks so sweet a spot must be the abode of happiness."

Jane sighed. "It is the residence of a friend of mine," said she, "come, we will enter, and I will introduce you to her."

"With pleasure," was the reply.

Accordingly, following a winding gravel path, bordered by flowers, they reached the door and were admitted into a small parlor, furnished with taste and elegance, though every thing was of a simple kind. Alice Lee, who was sitting across to welcome them with that graceful and easy of manners which she always displayed. Though still as handsome as on the eve of her marriage, there was an expression of subdued melancholy on her countenance and a sadness in her eyes which, notwithstanding all her efforts, she could not wholly banish, and though her conversation was sprightly and animated, Jane readily perceived that her gaiety was forced. The bounding steps of a child came lightly on the garden walk and a little fairy thing sprang into the room singing merrily, all unconscious of the presence of visitors. When she perceived them she stopped abruptly and looked down in embarrassment. Jane held out her hand and smilingly invited her to a seat on her lap.

"And now what were you singing, Amy?" she asked, smoothing the curls which the wind had softly disordered.

"O! it was only my little song," answered the child, "Mamma made it for me, and I always sing it when I am happy."

"Will you please sing it now, dear, that we may hear it?" said Jane.

"The child complied, and warbled forth her sweet voice the following simple words:

"Happy little Amy Lee, free as summer breeze,  
Nought of sorrow troubles me, nought of sorrow  
But through all the golden hours,  
Repeating 'neath the fragrant flowers,  
Sing I with a voice of bliss, happy little Amy Lee."  
And Mrs. Lee, with perfect truth, said,

"And are you always happy, dear?" asked Jane, kissing her glowing cheek.

"No, not always," was the whispered reply, "for sometimes my mamma is very sad, and then I cannot sing."

Jane hastened to lend the thoughts of the little girl to something else, and soon after rose to leave. Alice followed them to the gate.

"Do come oftener," she said, "if you know how much pleasure I derive from your society, I think you would. I am frequently lonely, so very lonely, that a visit from you would do me more good than I can describe."

Jane promised to come as often as possible, and bided herself that she had seen so little of her friend of late, but the truth was, she feared visiting her lest she should encounter Henry, who had sadly changed for the worse. The pernicious habits of intemperance which he had formed, instead of being overcome, had grown stronger and stronger every year, and now scarce a day passed without his being in some measure under the influence of intoxicating drink.

At such periods he was silly and ridiculous, or morose and sullen, or easily angry at trifling things.

After the departure of Jane and her companion, Alice resumed her work, and sewed with increased rapidity. She was at length aroused by the entrance of her husband.

"Alice!" said he, so sternly that she looked up in alarm, "why isn't tea ready?"

"I thought it early," she replied, "we do not usually take tea until six."

"But I told you at dinner that I wished it at five to-night. I am going a few miles from home," and he frowned upon her.

"I am sorry, Henry," she answered meekly. "I didn't hear you say you wished it so early."

"No, I presume not, madam; my wishes are usually disregarded."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Henry," said Alice, "I will do anything to please you."

"Then display your willingness," said he rudely, "and let tea be ready immediately for my return to-morrow."

"Where's Amy?" asked Lee, as he seated himself, "do you teach her to sing?"

"Oh, no, Henry," she says she is not hungry now, and she is busy with her flowers; shall I call her?"

"Yes, she's a complete little romp, and had better be in the house. I wish, Alice, that you would take a little pain with that child; one would think she had no mother."

Mrs. Lee called the little girl, who came skipping in, her face radiant with joy.

"Only see what I've found!" she cried, "a little nest upon the ground—a curious little nest which the birds have left, but seeing her father's stern looks she stopped suddenly, and the smiles vanished from her lips."

"There! it's just as I said!" muttered Lee, angrily, "you've taught the child to fear me. Amy come here this moment. She approached him and looked timidly up."

"Amy, what are you such a naughty girl for, always running over the fields instead of staying in the house and studying your book?"

"I love the flowers," answered the child, sadly, "I like to see them when they open their leaves in the morning and stare them at night, and I love the birds—the beautiful birds. They sing to me all the day long, and the little brooks make music to me like to be out in the sunshine, papa; it is just wrong to love the birds and the flowers!"

"Perhaps the sweet tones of the innocent child touched a chord of tenderness in the breast of Henry Lee, for he stooped and kissed her, and then, as if half ashamed of the act, hastily left the room."

CHAPTER VI.  
HENRY'S RESOLVE—GENTLE LUCY—FILLUP'S LOVE—THE DEPARTURE.

Accursed of God—cursed of man!  
That's the lot of the drunkard's son;  
With blood-choked and heggard eye,  
Gone to live—nought to be seen.  
Such was the portrait drawn of one  
Once sought by all whom sorrow's pain  
Had smitten."

The conduct of Henry was a source of great anxiety and grief to Dr. Lee, but his counsel, admonition, and warning secured of no avail. Perhaps it was well for the young man that he did not witness the course of her brother, or her heart would have been well-nigh broken. She was wedded to one every way worthy of her, and had removed to a distant State. The Doctor missed her sadly from his friends, but her plan was somewhat supplied by the motherless Lucy Elwood, whose winning and affectionate ways had completely gained her uncle's heart. She was now nearly thirteen, and tall for her age. He saw in her the image of Ada, and would sit gazing dreamily upon her as she sat surrounded with her books, and then the remembrance of Ada would bring tears to his eyes, and he would exclaim aloud, unconscious of Lucy's presence, "Oh, Alas! then curse of the human race! thou fell destroyer of human hopes—when wilt thy ravages cease?"

Of Lucy's father little had been heard except that he was in a distant city, and still under the bonds of intemperance. There are hours in the life of every drunkard when memory resumes her sway and pictures forth the past—when she remembers the high hopes and aspirations of youth, and feels deeply her lost situation. He sighs for the peace and purity of other days, but cannot break from the bondage of sin. Thus it was with James Elwood. His mind was naturally of a fine order; he was once in intellectual and intelligent. Often, with an agonized heart, he would recall the joys of his youth, and think of the fair prospects which were his.

"And many hours while others sleep  
The burning tears of shame he weeps.  
In silence and despair,  
And in grief's solemn hour he weeps.  
The oft repeated vow,  
Yet none had witnessed every word  
All broken e'en as now."  
Sometimes in his dreams he heard again the voice of his children; and fancied the soft arms of Lucy were around his neck, and she was whispering words of hope in his ear. And then when he awoke, a feeling of deep loneliness would settle on his heart.

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"Oh, if she were only with me!" thought he, "for her sake I would strive to conquer this maddening thirst. I should then have some object for which to live and toil."

At last the presence of Lucy seemed absolutely necessary to him. Wretched and degraded as he was, the flame of parental love was not extinguished in his bosom, and he cherished the idea that his daughter might aid him to break from the fetters of intemperance. With something like energy and ambition he now sought his daily employment and was assiduously industrious than he had done for a long time before.

Though he could not deny himself his daily potatoes, he took them less frequently, and appropriated his earnings to furnishing a small tenement he had hired in the suburbs of the city.

When his arrangements were completed, he started for the village where Dr. Lee resided, with the intention of inducing Lucy to accompany him back. It was early in the summer, and the weather was delightful. Dr. Lee, whose health was somewhat improved, had gone to visit a friend, and would not return for some days. He left his young niece under the charge of his faithful housekeeper, who independent soul, allowed the charge to go exactly as she pleased.

Ever intent upon study, Lucy had removed her books to a small summer-house on the bank of the stream, where she could see the blue sky and running water, and hear the carol of the birds, after her lessons were all learned, and while she was waiting the arrival of the old school-master to whom she resided. As this she sat in her rural retreat one day, she was startled by hearing her name pronounced. Looking hastily around, she recognized her father immediately, for the apparition, sprang toward him.

"You remember me, then, Lucy," said he, drawing her to his arms, "I was afraid you would forget me."

"Forget you?" she repeated, "forgetting father? Oh, no, I could not do that."

"Lucy," he said, passing his hand over her beautiful hair, "do you still love me? I am not your old school-master, and I am not your father, but I am your uncle, and you know how I have wished that you and Jamie could live with me again."

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and Mrs. Horton, in alarm, looked hastily about her for her bonnet and shawl that she might call some of the neighbors and detain the child, who she was certain was not in her right mind. Being very corpulent, however, before she was half way down stairs, Lucy had reached the lower.

Elwood was waiting for her. The trunk containing her books and clothing which had been placed under the vines on the preceding night, were already in the vehicle. Leapt sprang in and her father took his seat by her side.

"What a sacrifice you are making for me, Lucy," said he, "I hope that God will reward you."

They were soon far away from the village, and Lucy dried the tears which notwithstanding all her effort she could not entirely suppress, and strove to talk in a cheerful tone.

### LIFE OF GEN. SCOTT.

#### AN EPILOGUE BY MR. MADISON ON SCOTT'S PROMOTIONS.

President Madison, though early persuaded of Scott's great qualities, nevertheless, always hesitated at every step of our hero's promotion (till it came to the last) on the ground of his extreme youth. Thus he thought Scott was too young, when it was proposed to make him Lieutenant Colonel, too young when he was again advanced to the post of Adjutant-General, too young when he was made Colonel of a double Regiment, and finally too young when he was promoted to the place of Brigadier-General. But at the last, when after his recent extraordinary services, and brilliant successes, it was proposed in Cabinet to make him a Major-General, Mr. Madison promptly remarked, "Put him down a Major-General, I am done with objecting to his youth."

#### SCOTT GOES TO EUROPE ON A PUBLIC MISSION.

The enclosed state of his health, and the desire of still further professional improvement, suggesting a trip to Europe, the Government now gave General Scott a double commission abroad. First, to examine the improvements of military science, and second, to conduct certain secret negotiations in regard to the independence of South America, and the proposed designs of England upon Cuba. He acquitted himself of these latter delicate duties much to the satisfaction of his government. He examined the chief military establishments of Western Europe, held intercourse with the most distinguished military men, and attended the scientific lectures of the school of tactics. Arriving just after the battle of Waterloo, he had opportunities to master the views and learn the experiences of the most distinguished European professors of military science, most of whom had now congregated upon the soil of France and England, in their gigantic efforts to overthrow Napoleon, were unsurpassed. From the fields of his own triumphs, and with the war spirit still at its full height, we may suppose our young hero acquired a stock of intelligence, bearing upon his profession, that years of ordinary experience would not have given him. He brought ever with him, whatever could tend to improve our system of tactics, or be made useful to the military arm of our government. To his efforts, then, and system, we owe, in a great measure, that order of discipline and instruction to which we are mainly indebted, in conjunction with his own unrivalled military knowledge and skill, for our recent Mexican victories. On his return, he was placed in command of the eastern division of the Army, with New York for his headquarters. In 1817, he married Miss Mayo of Richmond.

#### NOTE OF THANKS BY CONGRESS, NEW YORK AND VIRGINIA.

Meeting Congress had passed a vote of thanks for the eminent services of this illustrious commander, and voted him a large gold medal, inscribed with the name of "Chippewa" and "Saginaw," and bearing his likeness. The States of New York and Virginia likewise bestowed a similar high compliment, by votes of thanks, and by making him valuable gifts. Each of these States presented him with a sword of the richest workmanship. Governor Tompkins, of New York, made a public presentation of the sword given by New York, and in his address on the occasion, observed, "that it was presented to him by the State, in token of its admiration of a military career, replete with splendid events."

#### ANECDOTE OF THE GOLD MEDAL AND THE BANNER.

A singular incident is connected with the gold medal presented to General Scott by Congress. It was at one time deposited for safe-keeping in the vault of the City Bank of New York. A noted robber, breaking into the safe, carried off everything that was valuable, but spared this token of public honor, in evident respect for the brave soldier's only wealth. The case of the medal was found open, but retaining its precious contents undisturbed. Not even a whole file of crime had been able to extinguish that soldier's breast a feeling of private admiration for his country's best soldier. Also if ever the general admiration and gratitude of his countrymen shall seek to reward General Scott's great services by the bestowal of the highest office in their gift, will there be found those who so fully sense of national pride, of justice and honor, as to try to rob him of his well earned fame, by the callous tongue of party warfare.

#### ANECDOTE OF SCOTT AND THE PICKPOCKETS.

Long after the foregoing occurrence, General Scott, in travelling by steamboat from Albany to New York, had his pocket picked of a year's continuing \$500 in gold. On arriving in New York, the steamer's crew, I

his loss. His money was sent back to him by the head thief of the city, with the respectful assurance that none of his people would have touched the General's purse if they had known his person. Thus does the human heart, though steel to crime, recognize the claims of a generous, gallant and chivalrous nature. Such occurrences are significant intimations of the strong hold which this truly noble man has upon the hearts of his countrymen.

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