

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be affixed to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS in payment, to be paid for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this sized 12) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent above the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 75 per cent above the regular price. Single insertions 25 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

For private notices see other column.

For particulars see other column.

Poetry.



THE LORDS PEACE.

The following historical poem is said to have been written by King James I. through his secretary to Bishop Andrews—
It may be addressed, and you would gather
From his words, that his heart was true
For the peace he sought, and his words were true
But we do not know how true they are.

... And now came the trumpet's note—
Loudly, wildly, piercingly, through the air,
And the rushing of the coming foe was
heard as the soldiers instantly seized their
arms and poured forth to meet them.

Miscellaneous.

From America's Own.

THE AMERICAN TROOPER. A Page in the History of the Revolution.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly an hour had passed and still the
father and daughter sat in the tent, she
with a beating heart and despairing soul,
thinking on his coming death—on his going
—on the feroceous cutting of his brother,
the trembling with apprehension for the
future fate of his child. The hour would soon
pass by, his minutes of existence were
numbered, soon time would be at an end
with him.

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"I will answer those who have a right to question me. Take care of me until I stand before your commander."
"I will take care of you one half hour, and then a greater being shall judge you."
"What?"
"Is the rope ready, Murray?"
"There is one upon yonder large tree, with a weight attached, all ready. The villains have used it on poor Sandford."
Caston's eyes flashed more terribly—his face wore a more despairing look—his voice was hollow.
"Where is Celia?"
"Grobler, who did not imagine that they would dare to put an English officer to death before a British soldier," replied Grobler, suppliantly.
"Where has she gone?"
"She—she escaped—she did truly."
"I know not. Both have escaped. I do not—upon my honor—I do not know."
"Your honor," cried Caston, bitterly.
"What?"
"Caston—Caston—there they are by thunder!" cried Murray, in a tone that made Caston turn swiftly round. Ah! what a sight! Ah, what a sudden revulsion from despair to joy, from anguish to bliss!

The old man was walking towards them—and by his side, assisting him, was Celia all lovely, all beautiful, like some angel suddenly come from on high. How could the transport of joy which rushed through Caston's bosom be described? the thrill of rapture with which he again welcomed Celia to his arms!
"Celia! Celia! from the dead you appear to come, for I have mourned you as dead, and there was no hope—no hope for me, Celia."
"Ah, Henry, death I feared not. The bitterness of death with me was passed when the rope was put round my father's neck."
"What! Does he come from the dead, too?"
"He has suffered more pain from Grobler than death could give."
"Grobler! See, there he stands!"
The wretched man now saw there was no hope, for here were those whom a short time before he had so cruelly used. He could not ask for mercy—his tongue seemed incapable of motion.
"Harry, away, Celia, I have a duty to perform."
"Celia and her father departed—then Caston spoke."
"I stretched myself, you have five minutes to prepare. I am your judge here. For murder you are to be hung."
"Grobler spoke next. He looked round, but 'off with him!' said Caston. 'The five minutes are up!'"

Two years passed away, and again it was a beautiful evening on the Hudson. But peace reigned all over the country, for the war was ended and America was free. The mansion of Mr. Sandford was rebuilt, and stood proudly on the summit of the hill. A bright light gleamed from it, but not the light of a conflagration. It was the glare of lamps which illuminated the hall, in which five hundred guests witnessed the espousals of Henry Caston and Celia Sandford.

LUDEROUS MISTAKE.—One of our Fifth-street merchants, determining to have a good time on Sunday last, rode out to the country in a buggy, and making a pretty extensive tour returned to the city a little after dinner time. The ride had been very warm, and he had cooled off with mint juleps and brandy-sodas so frequently, that, without being heavy, he was rather mellow. Depositing the horse and buggy at the stable, he went to the store to take a nap before going home to the family. When he awoke, a little before six, he sprang from the counter, and fancying from the crowds of persons passing the door, that he had slept until Monday morning, and he went to work, opened the store, took down the shutters, swept out, and wondered at the tardiness of the clerks, put out abundant supplies of his goods, wares, and merchandise upon the wide walks.

GROBLES.—Grobler, who did not imagine that they would dare to put an English officer to death before a British soldier, replied Grobler, suppliantly. "Where has she gone?" "She—she escaped—she did truly." "I know not. Both have escaped. I do not—upon my honor—I do not know." "Your honor," cried Caston, bitterly. "What?" "Caston—Caston—there they are by thunder!" cried Murray, in a tone that made Caston turn swiftly round. Ah! what a sight! Ah, what a sudden revulsion from despair to joy, from anguish to bliss!

THE POLLY-TISHUN.
Brother Erastus Arlington Bennett Court-shoot Loughed has been occupying the pulpit of Julius Caesar Hamblin, in the N. Y. Piousness for a week past. He thus treats on politicians.
A POLLY-TISHUN has no opinions on his own; he am like a straw, hold him up and he'll pin which ebbor way the wind of popular passions blows him. If a platonian breaks down, it don't hurt him, for he am like a cat that alters lites on its feet; an he runs up on annuder wan, an' hoorays as if he alters belong dere. Teenleenban times he is quiet nuff, like an old oon asleep on de top of a hollow tree, with his fat; but when leeshun kums, he gets lively like a frog in spring. Den he gets a bank note changed into sixpences, purpos to spend for treats wid ebbery body. He wears an old hat, to look like a wurkin man, an' he patches on his nees. He makes his arms, shakin' lauds wid ebbery body, an tends to be tickler anxious bout de lile of your wife and children. He is as sly as a possum; see him wid a ligious man, an' he'll look an' talk like a minister in a camp meetin'; meet him half an' hour after talkin to sum widd-feller, an' you'll hear words dat, if dey ain't swearin', soon very much like cusin.