

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5.

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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. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines of 10 words each) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Short notices, notices of meetings, and Sheriff's Sales charged 50 per cent. higher, and a deduction of 25 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-annually 75 cents per square for each time.

From the Kautschbocker.  
SPRING, AUTUMN and ETERNITY.  
"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."—Ecclesiastes 3: 11.

There are two things I dearly love,  
In nature's everling year,  
Which fill my spirit with gladness,  
The weight of earth's care.

The early dawns of spring's first hours,  
Brings freshness to the heart;  
They raise the warm spirit's powers,  
And sweeten life's career.

The glory of thy sunset hour,  
When all is calm and still,  
Brings full conviction of the Power,  
That heaven and earth do fill.

But now, O Autumn! shall I bid  
To us, an emblem meet  
Of spirit's sinking peacefully  
To slumber calm and sweet;

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who, with tottering steps, stole across the area. Angriely he called out—"Who goes there?" for his domestics had strict orders to admit no one within the walls; and since the flight of the young lady, these commands were so rigidly obeyed, it seemed as if lifeless statues alone dwelt within.

To the lord of the castle there came a soft voice:  
"An old, woman," it said, "begs some food, noble knight."  
But the humble demand was impudently refused.

"Spy—vagrant witch!" were the appellations showered upon the beggar; and because she did not immediately retire, but reiterated her petition with a fervent, though weak voice, the knight, in the wildness of his wrath, called on his bloodhounds to hunt the beggar-woman away.

Wildly did the ferocious dogs rush forth; but scarcely had they approached the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand. The domestics who had come out expecting that the savage dog would tear her in pieces, but whose eyes were fixed on the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand.

From this time, regularly, every third evening, the lantern was seen in the castle yard, and no sooner did its strange twinkling begin to be visible through the darkness, and the light steps to be heard to totter softly on the pavement, than the lord of the castle hastened back from the window, the domestics put out the basket of food, and the hounds moaned sorrowfully till the apparition vanished.

One day, it was now the beginning of winter, the knight followed the chase in the wildest part of the mountains. Suddenly his hounds darted up a steep height, and, expecting a good capture, at the risk of imminent danger he forced his shuddering horse over the slippery stony ground.

Half frantic, he turned his horse's head buried his spurs in its sides, and galloped down the steep, accompanied by the yelling hounds, towards the castle.

Soon after this strange occurrence, the lantern was no longer seen in the court of the castle. They waited one day—several days—a whole week passed over, but the apparition was no longer seen.

The little horn lantern stood near her on the ground, and the features of his only child!

More slowly than the faithful hounds, who from the beginning had known their young mistress, did the unhappy knight become aware whom he saw before him; but, to dissipate every doubt, there lay on the breast of the dead body, a billet, on which with her own blood, her hand had traced the following words:

"In three nights the wanderer's hair became white, through grief for the death of her lover. She saw it in the brooks. Her hair he had often called a net, in which his life was entangled. Net and life were by unstroke destroyed. She then thought of those holy ones of the church, who in humility had lived unknown and despised beneath the parental roof, and as a penance, she has sought alms from her father's castle, and lived among the rocks from which her lover fell. But her penance draws near its end—the crimson stream falls. Ah! faith—"

She would have written "father," but the stream was exhausted, which with unspeakable sorrow, the knight perceived had issued from a deep wound in her left arm.

He was found by his servants near the corpse, in silent prayer, his hounds moaning beside him. He buried his daughter in the cavern, from which he never afterwards came out.

The unhappy hermit forced every one from him; his faithful dogs alone he could not drive away; and mournfully they watched together by the grave of their young mistress, and beside their sorrowing lord; and when he also died, their sad howling first made it known to the surrounding country.

THE LITTLE JOKER.—In the good old times of Kentucky, when substantial justice was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys, of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as thimble rigging.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,  
Will hold their Fourth Annual Fair and Cattle Show at Raleigh on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of October next:  
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR OFFERED IN PREMIUMS.

A list of the premiums offered can be obtained of the Secretary and Treasurers of the Society.  
General Order of Arrangements.  
The grounds will be opened Tuesday, the 14th of October, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The annual address will be delivered on the grounds on Thursday the 16th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

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Address of Thomas Hart Clay, President of the American Council of the State of Kentucky, TO MY COUNTRYMEN.  
Urged by my friends from different quarters, who believed that an address put forth by me, as the oldest son of the founder of the Whig party in the United States, would be productive of good, and might tend to induce many to give that calm reflection to the present political condition of our beloved country which it so imperatively demands, notwithstanding the objects which present themselves to me, and which are many and grave, I have determined, from a sense of duty, to comply with their wishes—to appeal to the patriotism of my fellow countrymen; and, if my warning-voice may be heard in this momentous crisis, to urge upon them the selection of such candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States as can alone give permanence to our institutions, and bring peace to our distracted country.

Content to remain in the situation in which Providence has placed me, I have never aspired to any political office. I have, however, from my position, an acquaintance with the public men of the United States and their political histories, which few, otherwise situated, could have obtained.

We are called upon to select between James Buchanan, Millard Fillmore, and Col. John C. Fremont, for the next Presidency. As for the last named of these gentlemen, I have been unable yet to learn upon what constitution his friends base his claims. It is but the madness of party-spirit and sectionalism which could attempt the elevation of such a man to the high office to which he aspires.

My father thought Buchanan weak and corrupt; wanting, as Gen. Jackson had it, in moral firmness. I have seen no reason to vary my opinion from his. Mixed up, as he is, in the "Bargain and Corruption" plot, his card to the Telegraph newspaper in July, 1847, in which he says (I attempt not to give words but the substance,) "Mr. Adams has been elected to the Presidency by Mr. Clay's agency; Mr. Clay has been appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Adams; the people will draw their own inferences;" his attempts to prove in public speeches, in 1844, in Pennsylvania, that Mr. Polk was a better tariff man than Mr. Clay, furnish such a damning record of weakness and corruption, that I cannot conceive even how any Democrat of the old line, I mean Jackson Democrat, could give him his support. Who could believe, then, that my old line Whig, my friend of my father, would be found enlisted in his cause?

Whether as author or signer of the Ostend Manifesto, he has shown an utter want of those statesman-like qualities which are requisite in a President of the United States. The time has come when every lover of his country should speak out boldly and fearlessly. I shall not shrink from the duty. Too much is at stake to tolerate silence in any one who is informed as to the political histories of either Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Buchanan. Col. Fremont has none.

Turn we now to Millard Fillmore. Hyperion to a Satyr. By the act of Providence, called to the Presidency of the United States, we see him national and conservative in all respects; upholding the Constitution, carrying out its compromises; attending to the interests of every section; respected both at home and abroad. On the completion of his term, hailed by honest Whigs and honest Democrats everywhere, with "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Can an American public halt in his opinion between such men? Is slavery agitation never to be put to rest? Is squatter sovereignty and filibusterism to be tolerated by free and enlightened Americans? If so, like, are we ready to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage? Forbid it Almighty God!

Away with the wretched plea of availability. Let us do what is right, and look to God with honest consciences for the result.

From the Journal of Commerce,  
TO THE NEW YORK MERCHANTS.  
Permit a Southern merchant, always a Union man—one quite familiar with Southern views—to ask whether you have made up your minds to let Fremont be elected, and whether you believe that he can be elected and not disturb the perpetuity of the Union? Have you thought upon the subject, and yet not perceived that you are in the midst of brothers? Pardon for a moment and consider the issue. The nomination of Fremont is considered in the South as a blow aimed at their political, social and pecuniary interests. It is so openly promulgated by the Northern press,—as so in the Convention. No Southern State was expected to be represented in the Convention. All the voters took hold ground against slave-trade, large owners and slave extension, denouncing Southern men in language harsh and bitter. These sentiments met with a cordial response in Massachusetts and other Eastern States, both from the pulpit and the press. The people almost ran mad in the pleasure of the prospect of destroying, as they believed, that fifteen independent, wealthy white population, are likely to submit to be dragged and insulted by pretty much the whole Northern press, because they believe in their interest to own slaves—to consider them as property? Will they any longer submit to the harsh and severe judgment of Northern men? A feeling of hostility, more bitter than usually exists between rival foreign States, your Northern men have evoked in the Old Union part of the South, and your merchants of New York are in part responsible for it.

Doubtless is becoming popular South.—Look at the speech delivered by Mr. Keith, of South Carolina, at Lynchburg, a few days since. He boldly recommended disunion in case Fremont was elected. The meeting was a very large one. The young and the old, the rich planter and the merchant, the mechanic and laboring man, all join in the shout for separation, in case J. C. Fremont is elected. Can your merchants believe this to be a clap-net demonstration, merely for effect? If you do, so much the worse. I can assure you that the time has arrived when the South will insist upon having their equitable rights in the Union considered; and if Fremont is elected, the South will secede.

The merchants of New York speak of their city as the national city of the Union. To be sure it is supported by commerce, of which the South gives its full quota,—it exports 60 per cent. of the cotton exports of the country. Can you preserve your independence without Union? What will your citizens do without Union? What will your stores, running from street to street, your power in the upper part of the city, be worth, without the Union of the States? Not forty cents on a dollar. And still you permit the Evening Post, day after day, to publish long articles intended and calculated to degrade the owners of slaves,—to widen the breach between the two sections of the country,—to make Northern men and Southern men more hostile than any hostility that ever existed between England and France.

The Tribune follows in the same strain; the Courier and Enquirer and the Times not much different; all violent in their denunciations of Southern people, Southern morals, and slavery. The Herald we have supposed was a correct Journal of public opinion North, and watched its own interests with great care. This paper now announces that it has lost its Southern support, and hands us all over to the dogs, as corrupt and immoral negro drivers.

With all these papers gandering daily to the Abolitionists, how can you, merchants of New York, call yourselves Unionists? You are rapidly drifting to adopt Boston opinions, and you stand with your hands in your pockets, counting every opinion, having no decided one of your own.

How can the Union be dissolved, you ask. It will be by South Carolina in December voting herself out, and throwing open her ports to the whole world. Georgia follows. The question of compulsion comes up. Sixteen States are required to vote affirmatively before action. Not twelve would be in favor of coercion. Where then is your default? Where your boasted wealth? Crumpled into mist. Where are your multitudes, supported by manufacturing goods to supply Southern planters? Where your ships, that are employed in carrying Southern produce? Where the men that have brought the destination on the North Carolina North, because the South has a common country with exports worth in the year ending June 30th 1856, upwards of 100 millions of dollars.

A SKYREB REBUKE.—Yesterday, on the occasion of the celebration of the surrender of Mexico, Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, wished to have an introduction to the remainder of the New York Volunteers individually. Sergts. Paul and Farrell declined an introduction, on the ground that they did not wish an acquaintance with any man that publicly extolled "huffy" Brooks for his cowardly march on the Iron Cliffs Saunter.

THE TENNESSEE FOR FILLMORE.  
The Memphis Eagle and Enquirer says the accession of Gen. Wm. T. Haskell to the support of Fillmore will increase the majority of Fillmore and Donelson in Tennessee at least 5,000 votes. His ability on the stump, in the forum, and every where great talking is to be done, is known throughout the Union, and we should not be surprised, if with his powerful help, Tennessee goes for "Fillmore and the Union" by over 10,000 majority.

A NEW PLATFORM.—At a Buchanan meeting in Portland, a few days ago, a Sag Night orator mounted a brazen easel and opened his speech by exclaiming, "I stand upon the platform of my party."

## Miscellaneous.

### A FRENCH APPARITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.  
In a very wild and remote region of the Scottish Highlands, there stood, on a rocky height, an old fortress.

### SWATSWINE COIN.

The process of "swatting" and filing coin, it appears, has got to rage in this country. The banks of this city, we learn, have lately had occasion to return a number of gold pieces received from the custom house, and found to have been filed or "swatted," and reduced in weight to the average of about 2 per cent. The customs authorities have consequently resolved to weigh every gold coin paid into the establishment. A gentleman who yesterday paid income \$4,000 to him, under this regulation as of right weight. —New Orleans Picayune.

### INFANTRY AND CHRISTIANITY.

In a grave yard in England were found the following, on a tombstone over four infants: "B. 3d Infidelity, torn pale and red; Brought this stone and sleepers infants lie; Say, are they lost or saved? If death's by sin, they smother, today are here; If heaven's by work, in heaven they can't be here; Ah, reason, how departed; Reverse the sacred page, the book misread; They died, for Adam smother; they live for Jesus died."

### RAILWAYS IN GERMANY.

A German quick train travels about twenty miles an hour. There is, however, this comforting circumstance, that if a German fast train is slow, it is sure, and the traveler has a comforting confidence that he will arrive, some time or other, at his place of destination, and not be distributed in parts, like one of Dickens' novels. The whole number of deaths by railroad accidents in Prussia, during the year 1854, was one.

### WHY IS WIT LIKE A CHINESE LADY'S FOOT?

Because brevity is the sole of it.