

it, though them may have different views that please. Whoever gets a chance to look among the ashes, sooner or later, it will rightly paid for their trouble.

A greater treasure than all the plate of Burnside House has slipped through my fingers till night. Simon Arrowsmith, who, in the fiend's name, is this One-eyed Saul, who is such a terror to our sellers all along the Seaboard, especially in the neighborhood of this cursed swamp?

"It's mornin' I can tell, Cap'n; but I know that he fights like a hurricane, and is never still. First you hear of him at one place, then at another a long way off. He goes from port to port like a race-horse, and always leaves his mark on the king's men. He has a burnin' hatred for Tories, and won't let them that he puts his eye on for vengeance, for they don't live long after Jim Pollard has got somethin' to do, Ireck on. I'm glad it won't me that drew his name from the list on the night we crossed our sabres over the red blaze, and swore we seven—to stand by each other to the last, in all cases and under all circumstances."

"Poor luck we've had," sneered Martin, "though we had the advantage in point of numbers. There's seven on us matched agin seven; we'll see if it'll end."

"A dozen of us seem to be no match for four, to-night," returned Arrowsmith, merrily. "I wonder if any of our seven get their quietus? Satan takes care of his own, they say."

"We'll know, to-night, when we meet at the express tree. I get a broken skull, and noticed that two or three others had some ugly marks, but it's my opinion that the seven will all turn up at the proper time. Some of our friends went under; the bodies of a few were burnt in the house. I suppose, but it's the fate of war, and can't be helped. It's Jessie Parasite that worries me the most."

Imagine the feelings of the young girl picture to yourself her impulsion, her trembling nerves, at the proximity of villains whose religion was Passion and Plunder, and whose depraved instincts hurried them to the commission of enormities too shocking for the mind to dwell upon. She was like the dove hiding from the hawk—the hare shrinking from the teeth of the hound.

"All hope of the gal is lost yet," said Arrowsmith hopefully. "Merrick and Langford failed the you know."

"How far could they follow 'em through these infernal mazes of wood?"

"As far as the frightened little bodies could go. How do you think they could fight their way through such difficulties as those? Why, they'd leave some of their coaches at every stop, and wouldn't have a rag left on 'em by the time they had gone a dozen rods. Think how the pretty dear girls must have torn their soft flesh!"

Arrowsmith laughed, as if the idea was a very pleasant one.

"They couldn't go a great ways, that's certain," replied Martin reflectively.

"They may be thin on yards of us," retorted Arrowsmith, with confidence.

The effect of this remark was anything but agreeable to the deacon, for the distance was much less than the ruffian had named.

"We might look sharpish," added Arrowsmith. "I allowed he kept to meagle past the first hillin' places they come to; that's the way of the critters. When they're frightened, they put their silly heads under the fast hoods they had."

"You forget that Tom Hutter, Paul Harkness, the tall Yankees, and the bigger, stronger after 'em the minute we took to our heels. They're good men, Bill warrant, and that arn't nobel, Harkness, is whisperin' for things in Jessie's ears by this time. The days is bein' long and nights restless till I've covered him with the morale of my rifle—little shall I sleep till he comes to stow away me and Jessie Burnside."

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## North Carolina Whig.



### CHARLOTTE:

Tuesday, April 26, 1859.

#### An Apology.

The Editor being necessarily absent, on a tour to Lenoir, we hope our readers will overlook any deficiency they may detect in this department.

#### Cold Weather.

We have been visited this week with several of the coldest snaps of the season. On Friday afternoon last, we had quite a thunder-storm accompanied with rain and hail. We are very much afraid that the frail trees suffered severely, if not fatally.

#### The Wheat Crop.

The prospects of the wheat crop, if not injured by the last rain and frost, is very promising. We have accounts from different parts of the country as to this crop and they all agree that the prospects of a large yield are good.

#### The Whig Convention.

Our readers will perceive that this convention meets at Charlotte on the 20th of May, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this 7th congressional district of North Carolina in the next Congress of the United States. It is proper that we should have a meeting, before that time for the purpose of appointing delegates to the said convention. We hope some proper person will take the matter in hand and appoint a day for the said meeting.

Whigs of Mecklenburg, the city has gone over the land, the people have been roused up everywhere, they are willing, nay anxious to throw off the yoke of the tyrants—the Democrats. It is now with you to say, if old Mecklenburg, that glorious cradle of liberty, shall be the last to come forward in this noble cause. No, let every Whig, every man, who believes that the Democratic party has broken its promises, has been false to the South, has squandered our revenues and can us head and ears into debt, let every such man say, of whatsoever party he is, as very privately he has belonged to, or cooperated with, let him now obey his country's call, rally around the banner, and thus help his country.

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#### Town Ordinances.

We call the attention of our readers to the town ordinances to be found in another column. It is the duty of every good citizen to keep the laws, and, as far as in his power, to see that they are kept, to do this effectually he must know them, we therefore recommend their perusal.

#### The New York Weekly.

This periodical comes to us this week crammed with its usual amount of good things. It contains a story entitled "One-eyed Saul, or the Tory League of Seven," from the spiritual pen of Dr. Robinson. The doctor's productions are so well known that they need no endorsement from us. We congratulate the Weekly on having secured so able and popular a writer, as a contributor to this department.

#### Mr. Everett's Oration.

We learn that the following sum was obtained at Chapel Hill for the Mount Vernon Fund:

"The two Literary Societies contributed \$300—\$250 a piece, which allowed all the students to go in free, and with the sum obtained from the citizens, about \$650 in all, which with the \$300 given Henry W. Miller for his oration, amounts to \$1,200—raised therefor for the purchase of Mount Vernon."

#### Fire in Columbia.

On Saturday morning the residence of Mr. Thos. Harley, located near Stark's Hill, was accidentally fired, and the dwelling with its entire contents consumed.

This occurrence is of a most heart-rending character. It appears that Mrs. Harley was preparing to dress her child, an infant, when the servant girl Clara, (the property of Dr. T. W. Davis,) who acted as the nurse, approached the fire too close, when her clothing took fire, and communicated with the bedding. So rapid was the spread of the devouring element, that Mrs. Harley barely escaped with her child.

The poor girl lingered until Saturday afternoon, when she died. She was a valuable servant, although young, and her death was deeply deplored by Mr. Harley's family, as well as her master's.—*Bulletin.*

In the afternoon on the same day, another fire broke out in the stables attached to the City Hotel—the stables and two small out-houses destroyed. Loss \$1000. Insurance \$600.

#### From the Whig's Argus.

WHIG MEETING IN ANSON.

In pursuance of a call published in the Argus, the Whigs of Anson met at the Court House on the 12th inst. It was truly an old fashioned Whig rally. The Court House was filled by the people, and never before was witnessed such a meeting of the patriotic.

The effect of this meeting was anything but agreeable to the deacon, for the distance was much less than the ruffian had named.

"We might look sharpish," added Arrowsmith. "I allowed he kept to meagle past the first hillin' places they come to; that's the way of the critters. When they're frightened, they put their silly heads under the fast hoods they had."

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