# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1859. NUMBER 21.



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EDITOR & 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. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at 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 continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 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




GOLD.—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty eight dollars; a cubic yard, six millions eight hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, which, welded into one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

AN EGG COOKED IN THE SUN.—The thermometer ranged as high as 90 degrees in the shade during a part of yesterday. How high it was in the sun we cannot say, but we ate an egg which had been cooked "hard" in the sun. Said egg was placed upon the roof of our office, and remained exposed to the direct rays of the sun above two hours. When we broke it we found it cooked too "hard" for our liking—even the yolk being "hard,"—nevertheless we ate it for the novelty of the thing.—*Norfolk Day Book.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—What is fame?—What is fortune? Nicholas Longworth, the "Croesus" of Cincinnati, worth in money from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000, while sitting the other day on the step of a house, with his hat between his knees, waiting for a friend, was the recipient of twenty five cents from a passing gentleman, who mistook him for a beggar.

## Poetry.

[From the New York Ledger.]

"OLD KING COTTON!"—An admirable song, by General Morris, who is confessedly the best songwriter of his time—a most rare and honorable distinction, for as yet the world has produced but few good song-writers. To be able to write a good song, one that will live and that the *people will sing*, a man must possess those rare powers which enable him to pour forth his emotions in mellow, melodious verse musical as the warbling of birds. In all this General Morris excels. He has that indescribable gift which enables its possessor to throw a halo of beauty and splendor around the most common, everyday things.

King Cotton.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

Old Cotton is king, boys—aha!
With his locks so massive and white!
He shines among kings like a star!
And his is the sceptre of right,
Boys, of right,
And his is the sceptre of right!

II.

Old Cotton, the king, has no care,
No queen, and no heir to his throne,
No courtiers, his triumphs to share,
He rules his dominions alone,
Boys, alone!
He rules his dominions alone!

III.

Old Cotton, the merry old boy!—
Like smoke from the pipe to his mouth
His years glide away in their joy,
At home, in the warm sunny south,
Boys, the south,
At home in the warm sunny south!

IV.

Old Cotton will pleasantly reign
When other kings painfully toil,
And ever and ever remain
The mightiest monarch of all,
Boys, of all,
The mightiest monarch of all

V.

Then here's to old Cotton, the king!
His true loyal subjects are we;
We'll laugh and we'll quaff and we'll sing,
A jolly old fellow is he,
Boys, is he,
A jolly old fellow is he!

## Miscellaneous.

THE TEXAN BRAVO.

We find the following story in a Northern paper. As several of our citizens (says the Matagorda Gazette) witnessed the stirring events of that day, some of them may recollect the occurrence:

Many years ago, says the story, there lived near San Antonio a family by the name of West. Emigrating to Texas from North Carolina, just previous to the Revolution by which Texas gained her freedom, they had gone through all the trials incident to that stormy period, and were, by acclamation, conceded to be the bravest among the brave. Shortly after the conclusion of the war, John West, the youngest of the three brothers returned to N. C., taking with him on his return to Texas, one of the most beautiful women of that State renowned far and wide for her beauty. For some three years John West seems to have realized that ideal of happiness dwelt upon so much, yet so seldom realized in this world. His vine-clad cottage, his humble but honorable avocation, his sweet wife and infant daughter were his world, and he sighed for no other. There can be no paradise on earth without the slime of the serpent being visible on its flowers, and this one was no exception to the common lot. The Revolution had indeed gained for Texas freedom from Mexican tyranny, but had left her overrun with scoundrels of every dye, who reveled in crimes of all kinds, unchecked either by law or that thing stronger than law—public opinion. Strong bands of these "Free Companies" roamed from place to place, levying black mail upon all who were able to pay it, unfrequently committing the most wanton murders. Among the few men who were opposed to these lawless proceedings John West was conspicuous, denouncing them openly without fear of the consequences. As must be expected, this manly conduct brought to him the threats of vengeance from the vicious for miles around his dwelling. Things could not long remain thus among such men without coming to a crisis, and one cold stormy night a band of men knocked at his door requesting admittance. His wife objected to his opening the door, but the son of West never knew fear, and without knowing anything of the character of his nocturnal visitors, he admitted them. Some ten or twelve ruffians of the most repulsive stamp entered the room, and with loud cries demanded liquor and food. West, still not suspecting anything wrong, set before them what the house afforded, and while turning to go into the other apartment, was felled senseless upon the floor by a blow from behind and immediately gagged and bound. The sickening scene which followed we shall not attempt to depict. The sun which had arisen but the morning before on a scene of primeval happiness, now lit up, with his first rays, smoldering ruins, blackened walls, two charred and grinning skeletons, sad memorials of yesterday's happiness, two flowers breathed upon by death ere they were faded or soiled by the simoons of a hot and pestilent world. Ten years have flown by since that night of horrors. Ten years of sorrow, and joy; ten years of stupendous change.—In that time have been enacted some of the most sublime dramas of time; the lone star of Texas still shines brightly in the firmament; but ominous clouds seem to threaten its brilliancy. Mexico asserts her right to that beautiful province wrested from her grasp by the heroes of San Jacinto. The tocsin of war again resounds over the rich prairies; and everywhere the people are eager to "whip Mexico." Recruiting offices are everywhere opened; and into one of those let us step for a moment, reader, and study the rich variety of originals which we shall find there. As we enter, a fine manly voice is trolling some good old Ballad, commemorative of American prowess by sea and land. Here, sitting on the bare floor, is a party of hunters, looking on at the strange doing—to them—of their more civilized companions. Suddenly all are hushed still as death, for they instinctively know that a deed of blood and violence is about to be perpetrated. "Liar," shouts a tall commanding figure to a cowering and frightened man at his feet, "you are one of the villians who burnt my house, murdered my wife and child, and would have served me the same way if I had not got out of your clutches; you are the last of em, but it shall never be said that Jack West ever took the life of his bitterest foe without a chance; your mustang is a good one; mount him, and if you can get away you may have your life, but if I can catch you, no mercy, for your infernal gang showed me and mine none. Go, five minutes the start, and the Lord have mercy on you if the mustang fails you"

The speaker turned, and walking up to the light, commenced putting fresh caps on his revolver, and arranging his arms. The man to whom he had been speaking arose, and casting a look of fear and hatred at West rushed precipitately from the room.

"What do you intend to do with him, Colonel?" asked a pompous, portly individual, coming up and laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of West.

"Send him to h—l," was the instant reply, and the large man shrunk back into the crowd, for all knew the character of West, and none cared to arouse him. Without a word to any one, he left the room, and in a moment the furious beat of his horse's hoofs told that the avenger was on the track of his victim. For miles and miles the prairie stretches out like an undulating sea, terminating its waves of verdure in an immense cypress swamp; and the wretch who was thus strangely offered a chance for his life was now hastening with a frantic speed.

It was a strange race. The moon full orbed rode high in the heavens, shedding a flood of silvery radiance on all subjects, making it almost as bright as day, a stillness profound as the grave reigned around, broken only by the tramp of the pursued and pursuer. Nearer and nearer does he draw to the doomed wretch, and with a shriek of despair does the hopeless man see that it is impossible for him to reach that place of refuge. Even now the breath of his enemy's steed comes like fire into his face, and with one more bound they are side by side. "Spare me! O, for God's sake, mercy!" yelled the terror-stricken fugitive. The only answer was a sharp quick flash; a stunning report, and the murderer stood before that God whom he had outraged by his crime on earth. Gone! unannounced, unanointed, and with his white ghastly face upturned to the sky, the red blood dabbling the sweet white flowers, the last of that murderous band, who had marred forever the happiness of the cold, stern man sitting on his horse, looking impassively on the face of the dead man, thinking dreamily of the dear home and its dearer inmates lost to him in this world forever.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. John West is not the name of the man, one incident of whose varied life we have endeavored to give you; but his name is inscribed high on the rolls of fame. Should this ever meet the eye of a Texas Ranger he will, perhaps, remember the night before the walls of Monterey, where he told this story to his companions, and a strippling who formed one of the group of listeners.

THE CLAY FAMILY.—An old letter, written in 1848, by the late Rev. Porter Clay—then preaching at Alton, Ill., gives the following facts in regard to the origin of the Clay family:

Your wishes to know something about the history of our family could not be gratified within the limits of a letter. The following concise accounts must suffice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh brought over to the Virginia plantations, among others, three brothers, sons of Sir John Clay, of Wales, England. He gave them $10,000 each, which was a very large fortune at that time. Their names were Charles, Thomas and Henry. They settled on James River, near Jamestown. Two of them, Charles and Thomas, had large families. Henry had no children. The name Henry has been handed down in both branches of the family with great tenacity ever since. Cassius M. Clay is a descendant of Charles Clay; Henry and myself from Thomas Clay. Thus the two brothers alluded to are the progenitors of all the Clays in the United States.

My father as you have heard, was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination. He died in early life, leaving seven children—four sons and three daughters; all of whom died without children, with the exception of Henry and myself. My mother was married the second time, and raised a family of six children, two of them are still living. Nathaniel W. Watkins and Frank Watkins, residing in Missouri. My brother Henry has had eleven children—six daughters and five sons. The daughters are all dead, and one son, H. Clay, Jr., who was killed at the battle of Buena Vista—his wife having previously died, leaving three children, who are with their mother's connections in Louisville. Three of my brother's sons are settled near him in the neighborhood of Lexington. Two of these, Thomas and James B. Clay, are married and doing well—one a lawyer, the other a farmer; John, the youngest, whom you saw at Washington, with his father at Ashland. Theodore, his eldest son, is in the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, a confirmed lunatic.

☞ With dandies the most unfashionable clothes are those that are paid for.

*From the Petersburg Intelligencer.*

THE NATIONAL UNION PARTY—THE PROPOSED STATE CONVENTION.

We have already briefly noticed the propositions to hold an Opposition State Convention in this State at an early day, to obtain a free interchange of opinion among our friends—secure concert of action—express our views on the issues which now divide the country—consolidate our strength and take such steps as may be necessary to the formation of the great "National Union Party," which in 1860 shall draw the best portion of all parties to itself, and rescuing the Government from the spoilsmen, who have misused the power with which they were invested, give the nation an honest, patriotic and constitutional administration of government. We think it very important that such a Convention should be held,—that it be held some time in September, just after the Opposition victories will have been achieved in Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States, and a long time before the assembling of Congress in regular session.—We agree, too, that the Convention should not be a large and over-grown assemblage, but a sort of representative body from the great mass of the Opposition party in Virginia—a Convention of the wisest, most discreet and conservative men in the commonwealth—a Convention which will be able to give expression to the calm and deliberate sentiments of Virginia—a Convention to mark out our present course as a party, with the understanding that when the Presidential contest commences, we will have another grand convocation—overwhelming in numbers and alive with spirit and enthusiasm—to prepare for the more immediate work of the campaign. It seems to us that such a convention cannot but be beneficial to our party, and promotive of the great objects which we should ever have in view—the defeat of the Democracy, and the formation of a great "National Union Party" for the administration of the government upon the pure, simple and patriotic principles upon which it was originally founded. It would inform the conservative portion of the Northern people of the true sentiments of the South, and thus do much to bring about that spirit of mutual forbearance, conciliation and concession, so essential in a union possessing so many and such conflicting interests. It would enable the Opposition in Virginia to speak authoritatively for itself, with calmness, dignity and firmness to the North, and in friendly admonition to the South—appealing to each to lay aside all sectional divisions and strifes, cultivate harmony and concord, and rally to the support of the great "National Union Party," which in 1860, will in all probability be the only party that will carry "the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." Such a Convention, besides exercising such a wholesome influence among the sisterhood of States, will unite and consolidate our party strength in Virginia, and throughout that Union whose perpetuity will ever claim its first, highest and most persistent labors.—We repeat, then, let the proposed convention be held early in September, and in the city of Petersburg.

Our readers will remember that we have had occasion, recently to differ from our friends of the Whig and Lynchburg Virginian, as to the proper name for the great Opposition forces in 1860. They contended for the "Opposition" and we for the "Union" cognomen. We are glad to see, however, from the following remarks of the Whig, that there is no longer any difference of opinion between us. The Whig now agrees with us that the "National Union Party" is *the* name under which we shall rally in 1860 and achieve a glorious victory—a victory which shall restore the government to its pristine purity, and give a new lease of life to our glorious Union. The Whig says:

We have reached an interesting crisis in the history of our country. The disintegration of old parties is significant of these changes in public sentiment. Parties are the agencies by which expression and efficacy are given to public opinion—when they cease to represent fairly the opinion of the country they must give place to others that will reflect it. Old parties are now broken up, and everything is at sea. The most sagacious men are at a loss to form even a rational conjecture as to the future. This state of things demonstrates the necessity of new organizations, to represent the new phases of public sentiment.

Mr. Clay, with his usual foresight, foresaw this necessity. As early as 1851, he declared that the time was at hand for new party formations. He referred to the fact that the Whig party had been formed for the purpose of resisting the high-handed pretensions of the Executive, and of restoring the equilibrium of the government by reasserting the legitimate powers of other departments. The Whig party had, in his judgment, fulfilled its mission and accomplished its great work. The right of the Executive to dictate to Congress, and to construe the constitution as the President might understand it, had been successfully resisted.

In 1850, new issues sprang into existence, arising out of the extension of our territories. These issues had but little to do with the relative powers of the executive and judicial departments of the federal government. They did not affect the equilibrium of the different departments, so much as the stability and permanency of the whole structure of our complicated system. Observing this state of things, he saw, at a glance, the necessity of forming parties for the purpose of grappling with these new issues, and he expressed an earnest desire that they should be speedily organized. As many who had belonged to the Democratic party, as well the as Whigs, were devoted to the Union, he remarked that in the new aspect of affairs, old party designations and distinctions were hindrances to the proper development of the conservative sentiment of the country. Whigs could not be induced to enlist readily under the Democratic banner, nor Democrats to rally to the standard of their ancient adversaries, the Whigs—although the questions which had originally divided them had in a great measure passed away. Pride of opinion and a natural regard for consistency restrained them for so doing. Hence the necessity for a new party, formed of the conservative elements of the old organizations, of acting under a new name, significant of the purposes which it proposed to accomplish—into such a new organization, all who shared the common sentiment of the new party could enter without any sacrifice of respect, or the pride of consistency. As early as 1851 then, Mr. Clay desired the formation of the "NATIONAL UNION PARTY."

He thought that the tendencies to sectionalism, as developed in the struggle of 1850, placed the Union in jeopardy, and he wished to see a party spring into existence, pledged to sustain the Union, to re-establish the balance between the States and the General Government—to restore harmony to a distracted country. He was of the opinion that no existing organization could effect this patriotic object, and he remarked that there was an obvious propriety in the new party's assuming a name expressive of its purposes. He proposed therefore to baptize it as the "*National Union Party*," as indicative of its anti-sectional policy, and of its determination, at all hazards, to maintain the Union as our fathers had framed it. Whigs cannot object to this designation, for "the Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union" has ever been a cherished sentiment with them. Americans will not dissent from it, for it is consistent with all their patriotic purposes. Conservative Democrats, and Union-loving Republicans, disgusted with the extreme opinions and sectional policy of the parties with which they have respectively co-operated, will hail with delight the opportunity thus afforded them, of again marching under the flag on which are emblazoned the stars and stripes of our whole country, and of again keeping step to the music of the Union.

If in the opinion of that great patriot and statesman, a necessity existed in 1850 for such a Union party, how much greater is the necessity in 1859. In 1850, the danger was only anticipated. Now it is an existing fact. In 1850, the far sighted Clay described the dangers of sectional strife in the dim distance. Now, our ears are stunned by the clang of the present conflict of sectional organizations. The strife is upon us. The danger is at our doors. The leader of the Northern portion has announced that there is an "irresponsible conflict" between the North and the South—a conflict which must continue to rage until the wheat and rye fields of the North are tilled by slave labor, or the cotton and rice fields of the South are cultivated by the hands of white freemen! In his judgment, we can no longer live in harmony together as our fathers did before us!

On the other hand, the Captains of the Southern hosts are arraying their forces, not so much for a conflict on the Union, as to prepare the way to go out of it. Hence we see them constantly springing new questions, and presenting new issues, not with the hope of obtaining a judgment of the people of the whole confederacy, favorable to their views, but for the purpose of widening the breach between the sections, inflaming the popular mind, facilitating the rupture of the bonds of the Union, an object which they have so much at heart.

It were needless to point out the consequences of such a conflict. They are obvious to the meanest capacity. Our duty is, if possible, to avert such a calamity from our country. This can only be done by prompt and efficient organization; by calling into existence a "National Union party," which, under the lead of men of head and heart, and patriotism broad enough to embrace the whole Union, shall appeal to the conservative sentiment of the country, and drawing recruits to its standard from the good men of all parties, shall secure for us a glorious victory in 1860 and set the seal of popular approval on the noble sentiment of the illustrious Webster, "Liberty and Union; now and forever, one and inseparable."

Without such a third party, the contest must be waged between the sectional Democratic, and the sectional Republican parties, and the victory of either will be death to the Union, and to all the bright hopes of freedom and happiness which cheered our fathers in the darkest hours of Revolution.

MELTED TO DEATH.—James Doyle, a blacksmith by trade, died in Chicago last Friday, under the following circumstances: He was an extremely athletic person in appearance, and was considered by his fellow workmen as possessing a remarkable degree of strength and bodily vigor. On Thursday he worked in the shop as usual until six o'clock, when he went to supper in as good health as usual. After supper he complained of extreme heat, and continued to complain until twelve o'clock, when he went to bed. At three o'clock in the morning, his room-mate awoke and found him breathing his last. A post mortem examination revealed no unusual appearance of the body, except a remarkable and unusual quantity of adipose matter. By overwork and the heat of the day he was literally *melted down*. The coroner's jury found this to be the cause of his death.—*Washington Star.*

LINN BOYD ON CONGRESSIONAL INTERVENTION.—Hon. Linn Boyd, who is the democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, in a letter, thus defines his position on the question of Congressional intervention:

"By the Legislation of Congress, it is clearly the right and the duty of the Territorial Legislatures to give adequate protection to persons and property (slaves included) in the territories; and I earnestly and most confidently hope that the duty will be so performed as that no occasion will ever arise for an appeal to Congress on that subject. If, however, doomed to disappointment in this confident hope, and from bad faith on the part of the people of the territories, the rights of slaveholders should be disregarded and outraged, I trust that very few will be found to deny that to Congress belongs the power and the duty to afford just protection.