The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 20, 1861. NO. 21.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

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 size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court orders, Deeds and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher. [illegible] will be made from these 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.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
No. 3, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given in Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 1311

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly opposite Messrs. Oates & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & Co., where always may be found a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Figs, Cocoa, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c

Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Matting,
Yarn-Stuff, Ticking, &c.,

and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash or Barter.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. In addition to the above, I intend to fit up by the 1st of November, a large and comfortable Restaurant for Customers, where a Lunch may also be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Cabbage, Potatoes and other Produce. ☞ Call at the Market House.

F. W. AHRENS.

October 16, 1860. 20tf

MILITARY NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS LIABLE to do Military Duty under the provisions of an Act passed at the Session of the Legislature of North Carolina for 1859-'61, are earnestly requested to appear at their different Beats in the county of Mecklenburg on the days hereinafter named, for the purpose of forming companies and selecting their officers, viz:

At Dunbars'	April	26
" Morning Star	"	27
" Pineville	"	29
" Sharon	"	30
" Steele Creek	May	1
" Paw Creek	"	2
" Berryhills	"	3
" Long Creek	"	4
" Lembeys	"	7
" Downs	"	6
" Mallard Creek	"	8
" Charlotte	"	9
" Crab Orchard	"	10

By order of
J. Y. BRYCE,
Col. Commanding
60th Regiment N. C. Militia.

S. W. DAVIS, Lieut. Colonel.

P. S.—In view of the present disorganized condition of our Militia system, and of the further fact that a "war of subjugation" has been inaugurated against us, we feel assured that this appeal to the military pride of our people will receive a hearty response from the gallant and chivalrous youth of the vicinity. Mecklenburg, extreme south of the old county, [illegible] an organization effected here, at each place of meeting, for the purpose of furnishing such information and rendering such assistance as may be necessary to a complete organization of the several companies.

April 23, 1861 41tf

Carriage Materials.

WE would call special attention to our new stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Bows, Spokes, Seats, Curtain Frames, Knobs, Bands, Lining Nails, Dumack, Sattinet, Cotton, Lace, Fringes, Enameled and Patent Leather, Sprinkled Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Dead Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work,

Of all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have opened the above Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

at short notice and on reasonable terms.

STEAM ENGINES
From 8 to 80 Horse Power.

TURNING
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

in their line promptly attended to. Their IRON DRY is in full operation, and

Cast Regularly twice a Week,
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

They are prepared to furnish all kinds of
CASTINGS IN IRON, BRASS, &c.,
ACCORDING TO ORDER.
SAW AND GRIST MILL GEARING,
GIN WHEELS,
SAW DUST BURNERS,
ANTI-FRICTION PLATES AND BALLS
FOR
COTTON PRESSES.
CAST IRON RAILING,
For Grave Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Piazza Railings, Fortifications, Cemetery Lots, &c. Their
IMPLEMENTS
For carrying on the business in all its branches, have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are provided with all the
IMPROVEMENTS
Required to do their work in a
FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents for Dr. E. C. Elliott, for Winter's Patent Muley Saw Mill, which has the advantage, along with many others, of doing at least twice as much work, and doing it better, than any other Mill in use—it can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Money may be seen at the Shop at any time.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in trade.

October 30 1860. 32tf

HARDWARE, HARDWARE!

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has added to his extensive stock of

Stoves and Tinware,

a large and complete stock of HARDWARE, consisting in part as follows:

Carpenters' Tools,
Circular, mill, cross-cut, hand, Ripping, pruning, grafting, tenon, keyhole, compass, web and hatchet SAWS,
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Hatchets and Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS,
Saw setters, Screw plates, Screws and nuts,
Planes of all kinds, Spoke shaves,
Steel blade level and try Squares, Spirit Levels, Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,
Boring Machines, Gouges,

and in fact everything a mechanic wants, in great variety and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mansion House, Charlotte, N. C.

June 7, 1859. 1311

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULLINGS & SPRINGS & Co. was dissolved by limitation on the 1st January, 1861.

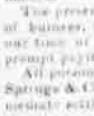
The business will be hereafter conducted under the name and style of FULLINGS & SPRINGS, and they hope, by integrity and strict attention to business, to merit the same patronage heretofore liberally bestowed by their admirable friends and customers.

The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business for the future compel us to shorten our time of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—none other need ask it.

All persons indebted to the old firm of Fullings, Springs & Co., must come forward and make immediate settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be quickly closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Feb 19 1861. 47tf.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard



YIELDING to the solicitations of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the
Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office.
☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 21, 1858. 23tf

LOST.

ONE certificate of Stock in the C. & S. C. R. R., No. 1135. Application will be made for the renewal of the same.

T. H. BREM.

March 26, 1861. 39-3m

Poetry.

From the American Messenger.

"Come unto Me."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this world's true light;
Look unto me thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Boner.

Miscellaneous.

THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

BY MARY L. PURRINGTON.

Come with me dear reader, to the goodly city of B———, for I wish to present to your spiritual eye my poor Lenoine.

'Twas in the summer of 17—, just at the time when the spongy earth was rapidly absorbing the blood of hundreds of patriotic hearts; when our national wrongs were being washed out with human gore; when communities, neighbors and families, were divided into feudal strife.

'Twas an Eden like morning that a small band of rebels reined up in front of the Russell homestead, and asked for refreshments for man and horse. And Aunt Ellen Russell received the strangers courteously, laying before them with her own easy affable manners, a bountiful repast, urging them to partake of the food with perfect freedom from restraint. She, be it known, reader, was a strong minded colonist; her husband was then away with Marion's troops.

Aunt Ellen's only companions, save the farm laborers, were the two daughters of her husband's brother, Albert Russell, who was cruelly butchered some three months before our story opens, by a band of devil-hearted tories—murdered while defending his sick wife from insult. Eva Russell survived her husband but two short days; and then, folding her arms across her breast, she fell asleep. From the moment of her parents' death, Blanche Russell was a changed being. At the sight of a horde of tory troops—squads of the demon hearted soldiers often passed in that direction when out on their foraging expeditions—her fury become almost ungovernable.

While compelled to stop in the room with the lawless set—when they were making merry over the contents of Mrs. Russell's larder, for she dared not refuse them food—Blanche Russell would pace up and down the floor, with her hands working convulsively, her fierce black eyes emitting flashes of fire, and the white foam would actually gush out between her clenched teeth. Oh, she was a fearful looking sight! Ella, her sister, was very different, but of her anon.

Three days before the rebel troops had arrived at the homestead, a band of tories had rested there a day and a night, and being more than commonly insolent, Blanche's over-wrought soul had been taxed to its utmost strength to bear. One of the cowardly tories, noticing her fretfulness, and being tight on old wine, had approached her and thrown his arm around her waist. Quickly seizing the fire poker, that stood by the grate, the dauntless girl dealt the miscreant a heavy blow which felled him to the floor. In a moment he rose and swore he would kiss her—the tigress—to punish her for her impudence.

Blanche sprang aside, saying as her face grew whiter and whiter, in a voice clear as the ring of a metallic vessel:

"One step forward dastardly coward, and by the God in Heaven I'll lay you dead at my feet!"

"Ha! ha! my tigress, you are getting desperate! Look at her, comrades! isn't she handsome?" and the tory kept unsteadily advancing.

He came near enough for Blanche to catch hold of the epaulette on his shoulder; and detaining him thus with the strong, flexible fingers of her left hand, with the other she drew from her dress, and presented to his breast, a heavy double barreled pistol.

Ella shrieked and fled; Blanche stood immovable, with her finger on the trigger and her great wicked eyes fixed on the fiend's face with anything but a friendly expression. The tory commander slunk back, his cowardly knees beating fear's lively tattoo.

"D—n me! what a she-devil!" gasped the crest fallen ruffian, as he sidled towards the door. "Look out for the claws of the beast! the reb—ble—rebel tigress! he shouted as he lunged toward his horse.—Once mounted he rode off, sweating vengeance on the Russells.

Well, well, reader, do forgive me; I did not intend to keep you out of doors so long; please walk into Aunt Ellen's now, and I'll introduce you to all hands and the cook.

Stop! Mrs.—well, John Russell's wife—maybe you've heard of him as being one of Marion's most faithful scouts—this is she, and don't you like the look on her face?—The expression on her features is eloquent; they tell of the female soldier, so to speak. She is a fine looking lady of forty, with a kindly sounding voice, and a merry twinkle in the full grey eye.

The little beauty standing close to her is her niece, Ella Russell, and her especial favorite. Let me draw her likeness in ink. She is small and graceful, with limbs rounded to perfection, the expression of her eyes kept their color so variable that one moment they seemed light blue, then hazel, then, perhaps, at times, they would appear to be of the most intense black; her face was very mild with features of faultless mould; her long golden hair hung in natural curls, extending almost to her waist, when not looped up. Let me add to this a sweet, full baby mouth, with warm red lips, ever varying in expression, and I know the readers (the gentleman ones of course,) will rush up to shake hands and kiss her, while the envious female portion will treat themselves to a dish of raw pouts, eaten at leisure in some remote corner.

Now Blanche advances, and startled, in spite of yourself, you shrink back, not frightened—because we are not supposing the reader a coward—but awe struck is the word that won't wound your tender offspring, pride. To use an uncouth phrase, but just the clause to express myself plainly—she was tall and powerfully built, with a strong masculine breast. Her lips were quite thin, and curving in their outline; her features were very large, round and black, with a cruel wickedness of expression that betokened a reckless soul, and Blanche Russell was reckless of life, health or reputation; for since the cruel death of her parents she had not been the girl of former years.

At the age of 23, few men would have been pleased to call her wife: for there was too much self reliance and reckless daunt-less daring about her nature for her to be tyrannized over by petty home monarchs—that's so. Men smiled and boasted, but feared to touch, or hardly come within hailing distance of this lady; and in her presence there were covert hints of strong female Amazons, &c. Women watched, feared, envied, and abhorred her, while none but Aunt Ellen and sister Ella understood the noble heart, the pure, upright disposition of the wronged and misjudged girl.

But for all this Blanche cared not. She had stood at the font of affliction, and been baptized in the water of grief, and as long as she kept a clear reckoning between God and her own heart, what cared she for the opinions of a gainsaying world? Nothing. Just as we enter the parlor, Blanche is handing words with a handsome young rebel, who stands near. Let's listen and obtain the substance of their remarks.

"Say, Blanche, why don't you join us?" queried the young man, whose chesnut hair was surmounted with a three cornered hat, on the band of which glistened a single star, and whose breast was crossed by a rich white satin scarf, on which glittered in letters of gold, the words—"Liberty and life, or Death and Heaven." These badges were the insignia of his company.

"Perhaps I may, ere long," was the careless reply.

The young captain laughed merrily saying:

"You are not in earnest Blanche?"

"And why not? Though you need not own me as cousin among your dandy associates here," and she smiled good humoredly upon the rough clad band.

"Come, come, Miss Russell, these 'ere home pokes hurt like thunder sometimes," was the saucy rejoinder, of an old hunter, whose powerful steed was neighing loudly at the gate.

"Is they, uncle Morgan? then forgive the thrust. You know me by this time, sir," she said.

"Know ye, gal? Thank God, there ain't a better woman in the State of ———; nor a more faithful adherent to colonial rights, nor a more bitter enemy to the cussed red coats, than she who wears Blanche Russell's gound!" was the enthusiastic rejoinder.

"Thanks! thanks! God bless you for understanding me!" And something akin to a tear glistened a moment in the burning black eyes, and then as if scorched by the fire of the soul, it disappeared.

The rebels departed about noon, young Captain Floyd wearing round his hat a wreath of spring roses which Ella had woven for him.

'Twas nearly sunset, and the little band of patriots were trotting slowly through a dense forest of pines, when they were startled by the rapid beat of a horse's hoof, and looking around, they espied, coming up the road they had just traversed a gigantic American horse, bearing on his sweaty back a rider clad from top to toe in the same sable hued garb as the steed.—The two reined up, and there, in the leaky twilight of the woods, awaited the new comer's approach. Not long did they have to pause, for the powerful beast came crashing on with almost the speed of the wind.

"Good evening, friend," spoke the captain, wheeling his horse from the rest of the party.

"Good evening, sir. Are you in need of recruits?"

"Great Heaven! Blanche Russell, by all that's holy!" exclaimed Capt. Floyd, involuntarily removing his hat.

"Blanche Russell, at your service!" and the black hat was gallantly lifted from the short, heavy mass of coal black hair.

"How dismal you look, cousin!" said Ed. Floyd, a moment later, as he surveyed the sable horse and the black garb of the rider. "And now, comrades, let's give three times three for the Black Rebel, as I shall persist in calling Blanche while she stays with us."

Every hat was swinging in the air, and ever throat echoed the cheer, as the last words fell from the captain's lips.

Miss Russell was pleased with her reception; she hardly expected one so flattering; and to Morgan's inquiry concerning her particular garb, she replied:

"This horse, Mr Morgan, was my father's favorite steed. Prince (here she stroked his neck caressingly;) he bore my dear parent through two of our most decisive battles; and as for my own garb, I shall wear the sable hue of mourning until I encounter, hand to hand, the party of Tarleton's minions who so basely murdered him. God grant me a fair shot at the damnable commander of that cruel gang, and then I can die content! For this have I left home, for this I have left a weeping sister, for this I have unsexed myself, and my purpose shall be accomplished, or I will die in the cause of freedom! Lead on."

So they followed the devious trail all that warm, wearisome night, expecting every moment to be surprised by some ferreting party of tories. About sunrise, and just as they were leaving the dense forest, a man in the blue homespun garb of the colonists came galloping down the main road, urging his flying steed to still greater haste.

"My God, I thank thee!" he exclaimed, as he espied our friends. "For the love of God and your homes, come with me! A band of tories are coming through our little village, murdering and plundering in every direction. They are three times the number of our little band, so, in the name of God and Liberty, come with me!"

"Forward at a swift gallop, man!" were Captain Floyd's only orders as he wheeled into the main road.

On to the rescue rang out Blanche's clarion voice, as she drove the rowels into her horse's flanks, and flew up the dusty road, in the great desire of revenge forgetting all fatigue.

An hour's hard riding which seemed to the little band a week time, brought them in sight of the village. Up to this moment no word had been spoken save the first orders. Every man wedded the cause to his own soul; and so they all acted with one motive power.

"Look to your arms!" was now young Floyd's order, as they halted to consider their course of procedure.

"They are collected in the inn!" exclaimed the villager, rising in his stirrups.

"They do not think of a surprise." The horses are standing loose in the yard; doubtless they are making merry with my wine which my daughter passes them, little thinking that the landlord's tory principles and sickness were alike feigned. But by the just God of Heaven! they shall smart for the murders this night committed! Follow the path to the back of the tavern: I'll cast my horse loose and gain ingress to the house in the same manner my ingress was made—by means of the underground drain. When you see the stars and stripes waving from the west window, come quickly! God help us!—Good bye!" and the dense copse wood hid the man from view. In a few moments his horse appeared quietly grazing in the grass of a neighboring field.

Silently the patriots pursued their way as directed, and they had scarcely arrived at the appointed place when the flag was seen fluttering from the window.

"Now, my lads, be cool and steady," was young Floyd's whispered command, as they cautiously approached the house.—Their own horses were stamping round in the yard below, that the tories heard not the patriot's approach.

The first intimation of danger which the lawless crew received was, when young Floyd threw open the bar-room door and entered with the powerful form of the Black Rebel beside him; and backed up with a score and a half of strong sons of the woods, every one armed to the teeth. Language fails to portray the consternation of the tory crew when thus confounded. Quite a number leaped through the window and escaped; the rest seeing escape impossible, doggedly surrendered to Floyd's command, sternly uttered "In the name of God and Liberty."

By means of this daring exploit fifteen prisoners were, under the care of a strong guard, conveyed to Marion for him to dispose of as he saw fit.

Time were swiftly on, and as the skirmishes grew more frequent, young Floyd's band, which had steadily increased, became the terror of one party and the boast of the other. The fame of the Black Rebel had extended far and near, and so much faith did the loyalist place in these rumors, that if, by chance, they stumbled into the vicinity of the company to which he belonged, their fear knew no bounds.

Aunt Ellen knew not the whereabouts of Blanche, but as soon as rumor began telling of the reckless daring of the Black Rebel, instinct told her that it was none other than her niece.

The name of the Black Rebel became mixed up with the cognomen of "The Pride of the Regiment," and some of the colonists maintained they were both one; others said they were two distinct individuals.—Be this as it may, wonderful stories were connected with the two titles.

Weeks continued their rapid flight, and people began to fear that a mighty battle was soon to be fought. And where was the Black Rebel? Carrying dispatches from the camp to head quarters; and keeping up with the strife everywhere, by a manner so reckless, that it excited the wonder of her comrades.

"We are likely to be overtaken, perhaps captured, by a large detachment of British soldiers, under the command of the notorious tory Armstrong," said Captain Floyd, as he and a squad of patriots came galloping up to join the main body. "I don't know why, but I wish, cousin Blanche, that you were out of the party. Can't I persuade you to ride on in advance with a small guard, and seek a place of safety?"

"I'm not afraid of danger, sir; this sunburnings, I have already proved to you, is reckless of life, and until my father's death is avenged, I shall never again be at rest. Lead on, captain."

Young Floyd had no time to say more, for at that moment a discharge of musketry told that the enemy was upon them.

"Close up! wheel to the right and charge!" shouted the dauntless young captain, as the ranks of the British soldiers appeared. The order was promptly obeyed and the heavy discharge of musketry from the American ranks done fearful work in the opposite ranks.

The contest was fierce and bloody, and just as the shout of victory was about to resound from the strong lungs of the patriot colonists, they were attacked in the rear by a lawless band of tories, who, hearing the report of firearms, had hastened up to learn the cause.

There were fearful odds against the struggling patriots now, all hope left their hearts and, fighting desperately, they retreated, and received no quarters. Just as the tories were pressing on to the little band intending to tickle their ribs with flashing bayonets, a strange sound startled the ears of the valley—a sound, wild, beautiful and fiercely defiant. Involuntarily the contending soldiers listened—again, and nearer than before, and winding down a mountainous ravine riding almost gaily, appeared a large detachment of Marion's brigade.

The leader was a slight, comely youth, with doublet clasped with blue and gold—His hair, which floated out on the wind, [illegible] everything like a helmet, [illegible] with heavy plumes, and was surmounted with a cap of blue and gold from which nodded, and floated a long streamy plume.—Young Floyd, at the commanding form, rose in his stirrups and looked toward the hills. He forgot the disastrous issue of the battle; he forgot his wounded arm, and shouting, "Hark! the sight of the stars and the day is ours! [illegible] Forward! [illegible] Close up to the right! Forward! forward! no quarter, no quarter!"

As Blanche neared the other patriot commander, her horse sprang up, reared, wheeled about, and ran like one for a moment on the back of the horse ridden by Marion's officer. Blanche turned up pale, trembled fearfully and exclaimed:

"Lord save me! Ella, my blessed sister!"

"Blanche! Blanche!" was the only reply; and then with one wild cheer, blended they rode through and through the enemy's ranks.

"Remember Russell's daughter avenges his murder, comrades!" was Blanche's watchword, and "Remember Russell's death!" echoed along Marion's regiment.

The British gave way before the impetuous charge, and wavered for a little. The colonists pressed, and just as the shades of night were descending, the Black Rebel pursued and overtook one of the British officers, for whom she had been vainly searching through all that battle.

The tory turned and met the glance just as Blanche saw in her features a resemblance to her brother-in-law Albert Russell's. With a quick flash, a sullen discharge, a heavy scream of pain and rage, and a form [illegible] into the thickest of the affray.

One voice exclaimed, "God save the Pride of the Regiment!" and another caught it up, and another, until a hearty cheer echoed above the din of battle. A crash, a jar, a heavy rumble, and "The Pride of the Regiment" and his brave followers had dashed through the outer ranks of tory soldiers, and were formed in solid phalanx beside the other patriot band.

Fiercer grew the fight. Shouts, groans and neighing of combating war-steeds, mingled in harsh, cruel discord. Sulphurous smoke, like the pall of Erebus hung over and concealed the contesting forms.

Captain Floyd had been borne insensible from the field, and yet the struggle increased. My God! how my heart sickens to think of it!—flowing madly here and there, clearing the patriot band, was seen the agile form, "The Pride of the Regiment," and the unmounted Black Rebel. The band of patriots being enclosed in the centre, got mixed together, and the two leaders spurred wildly on, shouting, "Form! form! close up to the right!" "Forward! forward! no quarter, no quarter!"

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