The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 12, 1861. NO. 33.

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 if 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 (fifteen lines, 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 commission of 33⅓ per cent. will be taken from the regular prices, for advertisements 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 have with 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
SPECTACLES.
E. J. Grover Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 12, 1859. 12tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, adjoining Messrs. Coles & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & Co., where he will keep on hand a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

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

Superior Tobacco and Segars,

Crockery and Glassware,

Hats and Caps,

Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,

Gaiters, Delaines, Shirtings,

Plant-staff, Ticking, &c.,

and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest price 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 commodious Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. The highest price given for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Dried Fruit, and other Produce. Call at the Market House.

F. W. AHRENS.

October 16, 1859. 30tf

West Green Nurseries.

300,000 Select Fruit Trees

FOR SALE.

ARE the citizens of the Southern States aware that the people in the Northern and Northwestern States are making a business of their buying orchards of trees, and that in a compact and well arranged way unsuspicious for fruit buyers? This why should not the citizens of the Southern States grow Fruit, dried and green, one of their staples. Fruits grown west cost $100 per acre and sold for four cts., five $ 10 cts. and upwards.

The above statements are fully sustained by gentlemen who visited Southern Fruit, and the prior cost of green and dried fruit west North and Northwest by the Southern States during the last few years. Taking the above statements as fully ascertained, and it is an axiom, advertising to be false, to make money by raising Fruit, one would inquire your choice and work in West-Africa, and Mesopotamia are very well furnished for your good marketing orchards.

WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

Greensboro, N. C. 1861. 33w3t.

DISSOLUTION.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Henry Alexander is duly authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

June 27, 1861—tf.

The business of the FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP will be conducted as usual by the undersigned. He respects a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

June 27, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

HE would call special attention to his stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Carriage Frames, Knobs, Screws, Lining Nails, Hammers, Screwdrivers, Chisels, Files, Fringes, Enameled and Patent Leathers, Varnish Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all kinds, dry and in oil, Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Lyons Best 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.

Blacksmith Tools,

SUCH as Bellows, Anvils, hand and vise Hammers, Vises, Buttresses, Farriers' Knives, Screw-plates, Stocks and Dies, Blacksmith's Pincers and Tongs, Rasps and Files of every kind, cut horse shoe and round Nails, Bolts, Iron of all sizes, both of our own and country manufacture, cast, plow, blister and spring steel, &c., for sale very cheap at

TAYLOR'S,
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 Wilson's 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.

CORN-SHELLERS

AND

BLACKSMITH'S WORK

OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRS

in their line promptly attended to. Their FOUNDRY 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 Garden Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Factories, County Jails, &c. These

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. O. Fallert, for Winter's Patent Maize New Mill, warrant use the superiority, along with many others, of using at least twice as much work, and doing it better, than any other Mill in market can do, run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Maize 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, 1859. 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

Consisting in part of Chisels, hand, rifflers, pinnel, pruning, grafting, broad, hatchets, compass, saws and Patent SAWS.

Brazes and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augers, Gimlets, Hammers, Adzes Axes, Brick, plastering and pointing TROWELS, Sash weights, Sash cord, Sash Door and Window Locks, Steelyards, Steel and dry squares, Spirit Levels, Patent Levels, Spirit Levels Vials, Boring Machines, Gauges,

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 5, 1859. 1tf

DISSOLUTION.

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

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

The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, or the utmost compel us to shorten our time of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—some other reason is at prompt paying customers—some other reason is at hand.

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

Feb 19 1861. 47tf.

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

YIELDING to the solicitation 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 31, 1858. 25tf

Roofing Guttering and Job Work,

OF all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S

Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP!

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT—BY B. TAYLOR.

The subjoined touchingly beautiful poem—for it is a poem in the fullest sense and meaning of the term—was written by Bayard Taylor, the traveler, while the fortress of Sebastopol was beleagured by the allied armies. To a full understanding and appreciation of it, let it be remembered that "Annie Laurie" is THE song of the British camp, and wherever there is a British regiment—whether in Canada or India, England or China—whenever the simple Scotch air that accompanies

Maxwelton's banks are bonny,
Where early falls the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true—
Gave me her promise true,
And ne'er forgot will I,
But for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die,

is struck up, the heart and voice of every soldier responds as promptly as would their limbs if the order was given to charge the enemy.

THE INCIDENT.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Russians, in silent rifts,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the frowning mouth of the Malakoff
No longer belched the thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something in the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With screams of anger and roars of shell,
And the answering of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a wander-drunk and gay;
Also English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! let your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Miscellaneous.

AN UNKNOWN PREACHER.

The spontaneous preference which all persons, free from prejudice, are ready to yield, other things being equal, to a preacher who has had the advantages of education, may be illustrated by the following incident:

In the vicinity of one of our literary institutions, where several young Baptist ministers were pursuing their studies, a church, whose members were violently prejudiced against college learned ministers, had passed a vote that they would admit no one from the neighboring institution into their pulpit. Shortly after this, they sent to a minister then residing near the institution, whom they did not know, but with whose preaching they supposed from information they should be pleased. The minister agreed to attend and preach for them, on the day named in their request. Circumstances, however, prevented his going in person; he therefore engaged a young ministering brother, who had nearly completed his studies at the institution of which he was a member, to go in his stead. This young brother was unknown to any of the church. He came to the place at the hour appointed; and with a fluent and ready utterance, with a warm heart and fervent spirit, and with a well furnished mind, he delivered his Master's message. The members of the church, who supposed all this while that the preacher was the individual for whom they had sent, and who had never been in a literary institution, were delighted. Their hearts were opened. They pressed him to visit them again, to which he consented. In the mean time, they ascertained who their preacher was, that he was a member of the neighboring institution. But they had committed themselves; he had gained their hearts, and the approbation of their judgment. It was the end of prejudice against learning in a minister. After this they were ready to admit and act on the principle, that learning cannot make a minister, but that it can greatly increase his power of being useful.

SMUGGLING WHISKY INTO CAMP

"Personne," the intelligent and spicy correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from Fairfax, Oct. 11, communicates the following, which is a pretty fair specimen of the expedients which are resorted to for obtaining that favorite contraband of an army, whiskey:

Speaking of bourbon, it is positively distressing to one with a sympathizing nature, to see the straits to which the soldiers are occasionally reduced by the want of the accustomed stimuli. Liquor of any kind is a rarity, and the more difficult it is to obtain, the greater is its abuse. Speculators among the soldiers are selling rifled stuff, which is a cross between sheet lightning and North Carolina turpentine, at three dollars a quart, while the Provost Marshal has confiscated a lot, which, at auction, would not bring fifteen cents a gallon. Now and then some sharp captain, while foraging, will secure enough to lat himself and comrades one drink round, but this is the exception and not the rule. The article is tabooed wherever found. Even private packages are not exempt from examination, and the presence of half a dozen straws from the crevice of a box is evidence on which an official wedge or axe is brought into requisition to discover the liquid iniquity. Smuggling is, therefore, again coming into vogue. Several days ago a terrible rumpus was created in one of the camps by the development of some twenty or thirty men so intoxicated as to be unable to engage in the evening drill. An examination was at once set on foot to ascertain where the liquor had been obtained, but without success. The next day another party were also drunk, and for nearly a week the occurrence was reposted, in spite of the utmost vigilance. Finally, one of the delinquents, a royally happy Irishman, was brought to headquarters, where the perplexed officers were holding a consultation over the strange proceedings.

"The top o' the morning to yez, gintlemen."

"Silence!" thundered the Colonel—"You're drunk, sir."

"Drunk, is it, sure; begorra, its only delighted I am to receive a letter from me sweetheart."

"Tell me where you got your liquor, instantly, sir."

"Whiskey, d'ye mane, Kernl—I hav'nt had a saint of the creather for the last six wakes."

At this juncture one of the officers called attention to a little stream that was trickling down the Paddy's ear.

"What's that?" demanded the Colonel.

Mike slipped his hand up to the delinquent auricular, and drawing his finger across his mouth to taste the drop he now felt, an expression of comic guiltiness took possession of his face, as if he had discovered something going wrong, and he replied:

"By the powers, Kernl, but it's a warrum day. I belave I'm perspiring."

"Take off your cap, sir."

"That I will, sur, to any gintlemen like yez both."

Mike's head was as wet as a soaked dish rag; and it was now observed that his cap, usually so pliable, was stiff and unruly with some suspicious contents.

"Hand it to me, sir."

"Indeed, Kernl, but its' nothing but me handkerchief."

He had to pass it over, however, and much to the mortification of Pat, the officers drew forth an object which at first puzzled the curiosity of every person present, and which would be an equal puzzle to your best guess. It was about eighteen inches of the entrails of an ox, cried and prepared for this occasion, filled with a pint or two of "torch light procession," and tied at both ends. Unfortunately for Mike, one of these had become loose, and his extraordinary "preparation," led to the long sought discovery. The "milk in the cocoa nut" of the regiment being thus accounted for, the delinquent was dismissed for extra duty, and to give the Colonel and his brother inquisitors an opportunity to let out broad "gallons" which had been accumulating during the strange examination. Others of these intestinal arrangements were subsequently found, and I need not add that no further trouble has been experienced there from surreptitious drinks.

CONTENTS OF A LADY'S POCKET.—The following was copied into Harrison's paper, printed in the year 1800. Found, in the road between Lebanon meeting house and Dartmouth College, a lady's pocket, with one string broken, and somewhat ragged; containing the following articles, viz: a book entitled Religious Courtship, a piece of beeswax, one pair of garters, a small quantity of green baize, a skein of thread, two or three thimbles, a piece of cinnamon, a pin ball, a triangular section of an apple, and several other articles of less note—all of which the owner may have by applying to the printer, and paying for this advertisement.

—They have a story in Chicago about a drunken Captain in camp, who met a private of his company in the same condition. The Captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet and to speak with dignified severity exclaimed: "Private Smith, I give you'll (hic) 4 o'clock to gissober in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're (hic) d—n sight drunkerdim I'll give you till (hic) 5 o'clock to gissober in."

ONE NIGHT IN A HOSPITAL.

BY JANIE TYLER.

"You will come again, lady?"

"Would you really like for me to come?" I said, as I bent over the low bed.

"I will die if you leave me now."

"Then I shall come; but now it is time to return—a night's rest will do you a world of good."

"I wish you would not go."

The tones were so full of entreaty, so full of an unknown wanting, that I paused.

"You are very much better, sir—surely you do not fear?"

"She will come to-night," he answered, laying his hand on mine, and gazing upon me with his dark, sunken, but burning eyes, "and I cannot meet her here alone."

I felt his pulse—there was no fever, no delirium in its quiet beat. I rose to go, but an unknown power restrained me. Throwing aside my wrappings, I sat down at the foot of the bed.

"An hour, more than an hour!" he murmured. "Have I changed much?"

"Very much," I answered, sadly.

"But she will know me—know me anywhere."

"You are so much better," I replied, smoothing the white pillow; "in a few days you will be able to return home."

"When Madeleine comes," he murmured, "she will take me with her."

I shaded the light from the sufferer's face; still his hand clasped mine, and his searching glance rested upon the closed door.

A night in a hospital. To sit surrounded by the dying and the suffering; to feel the clasp of a fevered hand, as if it was sending its molten lava through your being—life and death, earth and immortality. I was startled from my revery by the sudden movement of my patient and the glad cry that rung from his lips, "SHE HAS COME." The door swung noiselessly back on its hinges; a tall, magnificently formed woman, whose black garments swayed lightly to and fro, and over whose shoulders hung a wealth of raven hair, stood within the open portals. The large, passionate eyes roam from bed to bed; then she glided forward, nearer and nearer until it seemed to me an unseen shadow clung around her. I looked upon my patient his arms were extended, a smile lighted up his whole face; the woman knelt by the low bed, her arms wound around that dying man, and her lips pressed passionately to his. A glory not of earth fell over the white face; the limbs relaxed. I bent eagerly forward, suppressing the cry that rose to my lips. In the dim, faint light my patient was alone. I gazed eagerly around. Surely, I did not dream. I brought the light to bear upon my patient's features. He was dead. Throwing the sheets over the stilled form, I hastened to the watchers' department. They bore him quietly into another chamber. His hands were clasped tightly over his chest; within them lay a closed case containing two miniatures. I unfastened it. The one side contained a picture of the unknown dead; the other, and there burst upon my view the mirrored self of that beautiful woman—this Madeleine. It was handed me to be retained until called for.

There were no mourners; but I gathered white roses and flung them over the new grave, and went back to life's duties a sadder, and, I trust a better woman. "It is singular," said the attending surgeon to me, as I stood one day glancing over the sick list, "that the wife of the gentleman you nursed that night should have died at the same hour, only ten minutes before him. I am told she was suddenly indisposed as she rose from the supper table, and about twelve, scarcely with a struggle, she died, calling passionately upon her husband."

He passed on to attend to his duties, not noticing the deathly pallor that gathered over my face. I went home with a terrible fear racking my whole system. Drawing the sacred relic from its hiding place, I wept as if some part of my life had been drawn into a vast void—wept as if the fate of these two were blended with my own.

Never without a shudder do I recall that one night in a hospital.

☞ An odd sort of genius, having stopped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller thinking to quiz him, asked—

"Have you heard the news?"

"No; I know no," was the reply; "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By jove," said Jonathan, "is he?—Who feeds the mill?"

MRS PARTINGTON ON SHERMAN.—"Well," said the old lady, throwing down the newspaper in disgust, "I do think they ought to make Mr. Sherman Speaker without any more talk. If those fellers only knew what a heap of good his lozenges had done, it would move their bowels of compassion."

—"I wish, Mr. Speaker, to present a liquor bill," said a red nosed member of a Western Legislature. "You never present any other kind said a political opponent.

HOW THE OUTLAWS OF CANDEISH WERE SUBDUED.

A mountainous part of the British possessions in the East was infested, about a quarter of a century ago, by a wild, brave race, called the Bheels, who regarded robbery as a sacred institution, and followed it as a profession. A tribe of fifty thousand of these plunderers, under leaders whom they implicitly obeyed, held the strong fastnesses of their native mountains, and seemed to defy the power of the Government to dislodge them. Indeed, more especially as the climate of the plains was so deadly, that it was calculated that in three year's service amongst the mountains of the Bheels, a hundred soldiers in every regiment became disabled.

So degraded did the character of the Bheels appear, that even the Hindoos regarded them as outcasts, whom it was pollution to assist, and righteousness to slay. Drunkenness habitually prevailed amongst them, and they offered up bloody sacrifices to the false deities whom they adored. Their depredations were dreaded, and it hopeless appeared the idea of their ever becoming anything but robbers and murderers, that a Governor of Bombay had looked to their utter extermination as the only means by which peace could be given to Candeish.

Yet, by the mild Mountstuart Elphinstone, a scheme was formed to reclaim even these outcasts—a scheme which required yet more courage to execute, than benevolence to plan. To James Outram, a youthful officer in the Bombay service, was the dangerous task assigned, and he did not shrink from it. In vain his friends attempted to dissuade him from what they deemed a vain sacrifice of his life; he only saw the duty before him, and went straight forward.

Outram had already, in fight, gained some success over the robber tribes. He now sent back his detachment, and alone, unarmed, unattended, threw himself among the savage Bheels, his life being entirely at the mercy of those against whom the sword had been so lately drawn. Many times was he in imminent peril, but watchful Providence watched over him, shielded and succored. Outram gained the hearts of the robbers; he hunted with them, and astonished them by his feats of daring and taught them moderation; he dressed their wounds; he listened to their tales; he interceded for their diseases; those whom the sword could not subdue, were conquered by the power of kindness! The young British officer enlisted the wild Bheels into a military corps; those who formerly terrified their name throughout the country, became their defenders, and in less than two years those who had been formerly trained only to slaughter and rapine, had shed their blood freely in the cause of order.

And shall we draw no lesson from facts like these? Behold the power of kindness! Are we not called upon to visit, in our lanes and alleys, those whose education has, alas! too much resembled that of the robber tribes of Candeish? There are hundreds and thousands of unhappy beings trained up to vice, living as if to sin was the wise require but the voice of kindness, the fostering hand of benevolence, to become under the Divine blessing, Reformers of the paths where they now break. Wash and enlist them under the banner of the cross! Who will come forward to enroll them as the soldiers of Christ. Who will venture into the haunts of misery and guilt to seek the outcast by the force of kindness, the spell of sympathy, to draw from the latent good that may possibly be in bosoms unfamiliar with crime!

If Outram found success among the robbers of Canoosen, can it be wasting to those Christian homes who go forth on a true errand of mercy, and in the spirit of faith and prayer trust in the strength of that Heavenly King, who saith not that one of these little ones should perish!

☞ A Lawyer in examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied:

In company with two friends.

'Friends,' exclaimed the lawyer, 'two thieves I suppose you mean.'

'They may be so,' replied the witness, 'for they are both lawyers.'

INTEMPT.—A specimen from the rural districts dined at the Grison House, the other day, when they had apple dumpling with butter and sugar sauce for dessert.—He got through with the sauce, which other boys kindly inquired, 'Will you have some dumpling sir?' 'No, sir, thankee,' quoth Hampton, 'but I'll thank you for a little more of the intermet.' (intermet.)

AN INFERENCE.—An editor speaking of a steamboat says:

She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin." "Oh life of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, upon reading this, "what a squalling there must have been.

—Jo Cose thinks that Adam must have been a fast man, for he was ahead in the human race—but that scriptural individual who hunger and thirsted in the wilderness was a faster.