

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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TERMS:

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Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 91 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 accept payments.

Poetry.



MY BROTHER.

To this my little brother,
How cold he is and still,
Dust like him up, dear mother!
Is he not very ill?

No, no, my child, the dear son
Will suffer no more pain,
The death angel has no more
He will not more again.

Not hold his little arms out?
Nor make that pleasant noise?
Nor smile with his tiny hand
To kiss the pretty eyes.

'Twas little brother's errand
Which made him come to-day,
That which you loved you see out,
There's nothing here but clay.

Why do you weep, then, mother?
You see the other day,
To die was only going home!
Did brother want to stay?

Will God have to see him,
And show him pretty things?
And if he cries in come to you,
Won't he give him little wings?

He has not gone away, child;
He loves him with our hearts,
His spirit will stay with us,
When his little form departs.

If you see good and gentle,
He will always be with you;
And I will try to give you more,
If you are kind and true.

We'll kiss our mother's cheeks,
Then we will go away,
And God will give us happy thoughts,
If we ask him when we pray.

MAY.

Miscellaneous.

From the Nashville Banner. NORAH MCCARTHY. A REMINISCENCE OF THE MISSOURI CAMPAIGN.

During the stay of Col. Jones in Nashville we had the pleasure of many friendly talks with him upon affairs in the West, which he discussed with ready frankness, interspersed with many anecdotes and illustrations. These stories have led us to believe that, thus far, Missouri has the better of other seats of hostility for the real romance of war. Most assuredly the fight there has been waged with fiercer earnestness than almost anywhere else. The remote geography of country, the rough, unknown character of the people, the intensity and ferocity of the passions excited, and the general nature of the complexity reduced to a warfare essentially partisan and frontier, give to its progress a wild aspect, peculiarly susceptible to deed, and suggestive of thoughts of romantic interest. None of these struck us more forcibly than the story of Norah McCarthy, the Jewish Deans of the West.

She lived in the interior of Missouri—a little, pretty, black-eyed girl, with a soul as huge as a mountain, and a form as frail as a fairy's, and the courage and pluck of a buccannier into the bargain. Her father was an old man—a secessionist. She had but a single brother, just growing from boyhood to youthhood, but sickly and languid. The family had lived in Kansas during the troubles of '57, when Norah was a mere girl of 15, or thereabouts. But even then her beauty, wit, and devilish easy spirit were known far and wide; and many were the stories told along the border of her sayings and doings. Among other charges laid to her door, it is said she broke all the hearts far and wide, and tradition does not go so far as to assert that, like *Boo-dreer*, she killed a man once a week, keep-

MY DOG.

The following thrilling incident was related by a lady who is now a resident of Bath, and we give it very nearly in her own words:—

I was very fond of pets when I was a girl, and the feeling grew with my growth. Lamps and kittens were my constant play-fellows in childhood; I owned and petted a colt when I was older; nor did I suffer my attention to be turned from my dumb companions until God blessed me with a child of my own. When my little Freddy was born a new found of love was opened to me, for I had found the true object of woman's care and solicitude. And then, in the years following, two daughters were given unto me, whom I called Kate and Clara. While Clara was still an infant, my husband brought home a dog. It was a beautiful animal, of medium size, with long silky hair, and colored brown and white. If I remember rightly, Charles told me that it was a cross between the spaniel and Newfoundland. At all events, the dog was a beauty, and was as kind and intelligent as he was handsome. He very soon became attached to my children, and would spend whole hours at play with them, bearing with all their tormenting pranks, and really seeming to be best satisfied while enduring the most of their annoyances. And then he would watch by the cradle of my darling, rocking her gently when she was restless in her sleep, and keeping all interlopers at a distance.

And so Fido—for thus we called the dog—became not only a member of our household, but an important member, and always to the delight of himself and my children.

Time passed on, and Clara was four years old, Kate was six, and Master Freddy had grown to be a young lad of eight. To be sure he was only a mere boy; but he seemed very old to me—an old maid I called him my little man, and felt quite proud of his genteel appearance and precocious attainments. One day it was in the forenoon—my husband came in, as he took a seat near the table by which I was at work, I noticed that something troubled him. I waited awhile for him to speak, but as he did not, I asked him what he was thinking of.

"I'll tell you," he said trying to assume a carelessness, he did not feel; "I have been thinking that we had better part with Fido."

"Part with Fido!" I cried in amazement.

"I mean sell him," continued my husband.

"Sell him! Why, are you crazy, Charles?"

"No, Hannah. I am in earnest."

"Then," said I, "I would like to make a very short matter of it, for I was determined, we shall keep that dog just so long as he lives. If it is my dog, and I cannot part with him."

Charles made no reply to this, but sat looking at his fingers which were drumming upon the table, and I asked him if he was to abstain about selling the dog.

"No," he said; "so tell you the plain truth, I was not."

I was about to chide him for having started me so, but he stopped me and resumed:—

"I was not in earnest about selling him, but I am in earnest about getting rid of him. We must not keep him."

I sat down and asked my husband to explain.

"Have you not noticed," he said, "for two or three days that Fido has appeared different from his usual habits?"

I had noticed that the dog had been unwilling to play—that he seemed fractious and lazy; and now that I thought of it more particularly, I remembered that he had been drooping, with his head down, and his limbs weak.

"Oh, no, no, I could not believe that—it was too terrible. The very love I had for the dog would not let me be too easily convinced. But Charles assured me that there was every probability of the truth of his statement; and he said it was our duty to kill the animal at once. He had noticed the peculiar change in Fido's habits some days before, and he felt sure that the fatal malady was upon him."

"But there have been no mad dogs in the town," I suggested.

"There has been no human being bitten by one that I know of," my husband said; "but," he told me, "there is no doubt that Mr. Sargent's dog died of that disease. He was found dead this morning, under the barn, where he had scaped out a large hole in his struggles, and his breath and legs were covered with the foam that had dropped from his lips. His symptoms, for a few days previous, had been just like Fido's. There can be no mistake about the matter."

Had I been governed by my reason, I should have let my husband kill the dog at once; but my fondness for the poor

MY DOG.

faithful animal was too deep for calm consideration, and I begged that he might be spared.

"We ought not," said Charles.

"Let him live till night," I urged.

"Let him live till night," I urged. "Let him live till you come home this evening; and then, if he is no better, or if his symptoms are worse, you may take him away."

My husband finally yielded to my persuasions but he made me promise that I would keep the dog in the stable, where he then was, and see that the door was so fastened that the children could not open it and go in. After this I got dinner ready, and when the meal was over, Charles went away to his business, and Freddy and Kate went to school.

Until the middle of the afternoon I was very busy with my household avails, but when I had gained time to rest a while I thought I would go out and look at poor Fido, and see if I could do anything for him; so I gave Clara my keys to play with, and having cut off a few slices of nice beef, I went to the little stable and opened the door. I saw the dog lying upon some straw in a far corner, and though I spoke to him as I entered, he did not appear to notice me. I approached him, still calling his name affectionately; and when I had come close to the spot where he lay, I put forth a piece of the meat. He looked up at me and growled. I was upon the point of chiding him for his ill manners, when he gave another growl, and gnashed his teeth at me. At this I started back, for I now noticed that his eyes had a strange glare, and that his breathing was short and heavy; and hardly had I made the movement when he sprang up and took a step towards me; but he did not touch me—he rushed by me—out at the door, where he stood trembling for a moment, as though he were pained and dizzy, and then he crawled under the stable, through an aperture in the under-pinning. I did not try to call him out, for I did not dare; nor did I dare to look in after him; for I was now assured that he was mad, or, at least, that he soon would be; and I hastened back to the house, and shut myself in. I supposed I ought to have got help, and, at least, have had the aperture beneath the stable stopped up; but I did not think of it—I only thought of giving the charge into my husband's hands when he got home; and I supposed, if I supposed anything, that the animal would remain where he was until that time; and, if I had any consciousness, it was in sympathy for poor Fido's suffering.

At five o'clock Freddy and Kate came home from school; but as one of the night boys was with me at the time, I simply sent them up stairs to put away their books and change their clothes, intending to warn them of the danger at the stable when they came down. I went with my visitor to the front door, and while there my two children came down and went out by the back way I reached the kitchen as I could, where Clara was at play, and just then Freddy and Kate came running in.

"O, mamma, mamma," the boy cried, "just come out and look at Fido! He sets so funny, and his mouth is all white!"

Hardly had the words been spoken when the dog came bounding into the house—through the porch—into the kitchen—his eyes glaring like fire, his teeth gnashing, and the thick, white foam driving from his lips. He snatched a moment, and then, as though he had selected the loveliest lamb of the flock, he started towards my darling, my little Clara!

There was no time for reason then, nor should I have been capable of reason had there been hours to spare. My instincts guided me—they led me to see with a clear, sure vision just what was transpiring, and they led me to act. There was no reflection—no will of my own—but, with the rapidity of thought—with spirit power—I put forth my strength. I saw the dog start for my loved one, and, with a wild cry, I leaped upon him. I caught him by the collar which he wore around his neck, caught him with both my hands—and bore him down to the floor; and then I bade Freddy to run for help, but the little fellow was too much frightened to quickly comprehend me, and it was some time ere he started. I told him to call upon the first man he found.

In the meanwhile I was struggling with the infuriated dog, and trying to persuade Kate and Clara to run away up stairs. I might die—I might not be able to escape—but I would save them. The best might bite me, and then get free—and then fasten his deadly fangs upon them. I begged—I urged—I commanded; but in vain—The poor, frightened thing dared not move—could not. They were fixed with terror, and could only crouch in the corner, and cry out "Mamma! mamma!"

Many minutes it seemed to me a limitless time—I lay there and held the dog. He struggled furiously—he gnashed his teeth with fiery rage—great drops of white foam flew from his mouth, and he pounced the painted floor with his belly upon the floor, and held his neck—held by the collar, and by the thick curling hair—with the might of a giant. But I could not have held there much longer, for the strength of the rabid brute seemed to be increasing, while mine was surely leaving me. I knew that I was growing weak, and that only the instinct which was kept alive by that repeated cry of "Mamma! mamma!" gave me the strength which supported me; but even that cry was failing of its magic power, and it was becoming indistinct to my senses, when a sudden change in its burden revived me. It now said "Papa! papa!"

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I did not see what followed. I heard a sound—a deep fatal sound it was to something—a struggle—and then I was lifted up and borne away.

"Hannah! Hannah! are you bitten?" was the question that aroused me. It was spoken in such tones of eager, agonizing suspense, that I started up at once.

"No! no!" I cried. "But, O! my children!"

And my husband told me they were safe—they had not been touched. They came to me—they kissed me, and cried, "Oh, mamma, ain't you glad papa came!" and then I sank away again. I was ill many days, but I recovered at length, and became strong once more.

I cherish the memory of Fido's kindness and faithfulness, and when I think of him as he once was, I sometimes feel how pleased it might be to witness the pranks and receive the caresses of another like him. But I cannot forget the terrible drama which ended his life, and while that memory last I want not another dog in my household.

THE SILVER BASIS.

Attention is directed to the resolution of the Governor and Council, proposing to create a silver basis for money out of the old silver cups, spoons, forks, &c., of the good people of the State. This is a singular and rather romantic proceeding, and so suddenly sprung upon us, as not to be appreciable unless right. Doubtless the Governor and Council have investigated the matter and know what they are about; but there will be several holes in the operation of the scheme, which we shall be curious to see reconciled with justice and common sense. In the first place, it is to be doubted whether, with the deduction of German silver plate, spoons, forks, and composite street-trading, there is any such amount of pure, standard silver found in the State as to be worth the scheme suggested. In the next place, granting this amount might reach a respectable sum, there will be varied and various qualities in the silver proposed. Of five men who are worth each fifty thousand dollars, one of them may have purchased five thousand dollars worth of silver, another of them two thousand dollars worth, and the other three not more perhaps than one hundred dollars worth each—hundred of such sums as the last may be found. So that from five thousand of equal means you will have five hundred dollars from one, two thousand dollars from another, and only one hundred dollars a piece from the other three. Just you will not get the same sum as so much pure specie; they will be made up of the real value of the silver and the additional price of the manufacture. Take away the latter portion of the valuation, and you have perhaps from the five cities three thousand dollars worth of good standard silver and from the others in proportion. Yet it is not intended to take away a good deal of silver and not allow him for it. What it will require to replace it after the war. Surely not. So that the State might have three thousand dollars currency for three thousand dollars of ready silver.

Can it be possible that there is no other way of supplying funds for the war? And this question brings us to what we first intended to say.

We object to this measure, not only on account of the inequality of its operation, the real inequality of its parts, and its stops interference with household economy, but because of its acknowledged retrograde the world of the barter of our resources, the poverty of our exchange, and the failure of our credit. The people will stop their silver at the call of the State, although the demand be made of them as subjects rather than as persons. It is the tone of the scheme that gives, not its purpose and effect. At the same time, however, of its wisdom will arise in every portion of the great and men will begin to feel that a great wrong has been done in the course of the effort, beyond the amount of the direct, timely representation of the people.—*Register & Mail.*

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—The Hon. Hamilton Fish and the Rev. Bishop Ames have returned to Washington, and it is stated have made a report to the Government respecting their mission to release the Union prisoners in the South. They reported to Fortrose Monroe and made known their commission to the Confederate authorities at Norfolk, by whom the matter was referred to Richmond. A reply came regarding to the Commission's attention in the Confederate territory, but expressing readiness to negotiate for the general exchange of prisoners. Our Commissioners opened negotiations which resulted in perfect success. An equal exchange was agreed on, but the Confederates had three hundred more prisoners than our Government had, with a considerable margin of safety, they proposed to release these also on parole, if our Government would agree to release three hundred of their men, (not that hereafter fall into our hands. This was the commission of Secretary Stanton, therefore, his stamp of approval. A general "triple liberty" of our soldiers will occur through out for South, and they will soon be joining in liberty regained. Since the close of the negotiation with their offer to give liberty to those simple three hundred Union soldiers, the Confederates have had a reverse, and lost thousands of prisoners at Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson. The question is, shall we be like magnanimous and give up on parole the large surplus we now have.

AN EXTENSIVE GUN FACTORY HAS BEEN SET IN OPERATION AT HUNTSVILLE, MISS.

A considerable number of gun-barrels are rolled out every day, and contracts have been entered into to supply the Government with 30,000 guns in a short time.

CONFEDERATE POSTAGE STAMPS.—The five-cent stamp-poster issued by the State, and the ten-cent red, is announced officially.

LYNNBURG, Feb. 24.—

Work upon the South Side Railroad, near Lynchburg, was interrupted by fire this afternoon, about five o'clock.

IF our readers desire to know how their hearts can be made strong for every patri-

otism in this contest, let them refer to the last volume of the 31st Psalm.

PATRIOTIC MARYLANDERS.—A letter to the Newbern Progress, dated Goldboro, N. C., February 16, says:

A company of Marylanders arrived here this morning, which will be assigned to some post in this State by General Garlin. The action of this company presents a strong appeal to our own twelve months' men to re-enlist. This company left Baltimore on the 19th of May last, since which time it has been in service at various points in Virginia, and was at the battle of Manassas. When Roanoke was taken their time of enlistment had just expired, and they had commenced on the sixty days' furlough offered by the Government before going into the service again; but, actuated by a noble patriotism, they threw up their furlough and at once volunteered to come in our assistance. Patriotic Marylanders! Oppress Maryland! When will the day of thy deliverance dawn! This company may possible reach your place to night.

REV. BEAUREGARD TO RETURN TO THE POTOMAC IN TWO MONTHS.—

"Dixie," the Richmond correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, writes on the 5th as follows: "I learn from Centerville that Gen. Beauregard expects to return to the army of the Potomac in two months from this time, and that he only consented to assume his command in Kentucky upon condition that he should be allowed to come back to his old companions in arms in time for the opening of the spring campaign. He has not forgotten his promise to 'the prettiest girl of Baltimore,' that he would plant the battle flag, wrought by her fair fingers, upon the top of the Washington monument in that city.

Col. Jordan and other members of Beauregard's staff are here, en route to join their distinguished chief in the West.

THE POWDER MILL.—

The Confederate Powder Mill near this city has been so far completed, that it is expected to manufacture of powder will be commenced today. The stock of materials on hand is sufficient to last for some months, during which time arrangements have been made to continue a supply that will be adequate to the demand. The mill is one of the best contrivances of the kind in the South, and possesses unsurpassed advantages for successful operations.—*Peterburg Express.*

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