

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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NO. 1.

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

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded 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. Newspaper will be discontinued until full arrears 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 continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 50 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements of 100 words or less, inserted monthly or quarterly, at 50 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 ordered and charged accordingly.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



O Carry Me Back!

O carry me back to my childhood's home,
Where the Ocean surges roll,
Where the billows dash upon the rock-bound coast,
And mourn forever more.

I am pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath the stranger's eye;
O, carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

I sigh in vain for my native hills,
The sweet and balmy air
Would waft away from my youthful brow,
Each trace of gloomy care.

I sigh to breathe the air of home,
To gaze on the starry sky—
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

I long to see my mother again,
And hear her sweetly say,
Come weary days, this is thy home,
Then fold thy wings and stay.

'T would ease my pain to hear her voice,
When death had darkened my eye;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,
Beside the loved and dead,
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest my weary head.

I'd sweetly sleep if you'd carry me there,
Beneath the southern sky;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

Home Again.

BY JEFF THOMPSON.

My dear wife waits my coming,
My children leap my name,
And kind friends bid me welcome,
To my own home again.

My father's grave lies on the hill,
My boys sleep in the vale;
I have each rose, and warming hill,
Each mountain hill and dale.

I'll suffer hardships, toil and pain,
For the good time sure to come;
I'll battle long that I may gain
My freedom and my home.

I will return though foes may stand,
Disputing every road;
My own dear home, my native land,
I'll win you yet by God!

Home again!

Miscellaneous.

THE CANAL BOY.

BY MRS. M. J. K.

PART FIRST.

"Pshaw! he's nothing but a canal driver with patches on both knees! I guess I shan't choose him at all," and pretty Jennie Johnson tossed back her thick, black curls, and flushed her saucy black eyes quite indignantly upon the companion who had suggested that "Willie Warner" be chosen first of all the eager group assembled in the old stone school house on the night of that long anticipated spelling school.

And, you my dear city reader, do not I dare say, know what a spelling school is, just because you have lived all your life immersed in bricks and mortar—have never called a gable-roofed house your home—

never worn redannel frocks and calfskin shoes to school; never ridden down hill in a boy's lap and on a boy's sled, helping him draw it up again and feeling a very slight twinge of something—you didn't then know what—when he asked Lucy Brown to ride with him next time and you left there alone, wondering what made the cold December wind draw such big drops of water from your eyes. Never went shivering in the dear old woods, with this same Lucy Brown and self same boy, who, in gathering the berries you were there, and in his strange forgetfulness wound his arm around her neck and kissed her forehead, just as lovingly as he kissed them afterwards, standing at the altar—aye, and just as he kissed them, too, on that dreary autumnal day, when the November rain wept with him for the early dead.

All this, I say, you have never experienced, and so, forsooth, I must tell you what a spelling school is—well it is when the scholars of a certain district meet together some winter evening ostensibly to choose sides and see which can outspell the other, but really to give the boys a chance for going home with the girls after it is all over, and the girls the satisfaction of saying so, if the right one does not offer.

In my explanation sufficiently clear—so, I will hasten back to my story and tell how on a frosty January night the scholars of District No. 5 were assembled in an old stone house many miles to the eastward and just where the shadow of a mountain wraps in a nearly twilight every object near enough to come within its influence.

Jennie Johnson, the petted child of the wealthiest man in town, had the privilege of choosing first and though she knew that Willie Warner was by far the better speller, she was unwilling to pass him by, and so she successfully passed him by, and took in his stead Robert Maynard, a smooth faced, conceited boy who was spending the winter with his maternal mother, Mrs. Field. Jennie's voice was loud and clear, and her taunting words fell with cruel distinctness upon the ear of the Canal boy, who quickly turned his face from the light, so that others, who heard them, should not see the deep pain written there. He was a pale, slender boy, tall and all beyond his years, slender but fit. In the experience of life, however, he was a man, for almost since he could remember, a sick and widowed mother had leaned on him, her only child, for comfort and support. A distant relative, and the proprietor of a line of boats which ran on the Canal near by, offered him the situation of driver, and as the remuneration far exceeded what he could earn in his own village, Willie gladly accepted the post, nor deemed himself a degraded being that early and late, through sunshine and storm, he plodded along the "tow-path," whistling as he went, and thinking pleasant thoughts of the mother, whose constant prayer in his behalf, kept him from temptation.

Other thoughts, too, sometimes flitted across his mind—thoughts of the stone school-house beneath the maple trees—of the dark in the corner, which had held his books so many seasons, and of a certain black-eyed early-haired girl, whose silvery laugh seemed to the driver boy like a stray note from the choir of Heaven. What if as yet she never had spoken to him or teased him in any way she might do so next winter, and if she should, why then, he really did not know what then; but when the boat stopped next at Lookport; and he saw upon the deck a little girl with eyes and hair like Jennie's he kissed his hand to her while his great brown eyes danced with merriment beneath the rim of his palm leaf that as the indignant maiden exclaimed, "The vile, impudent boy!" never dreaming that not to herself but to one like her was paid this tribute of admiration.

With many other youths of fifteen he worshipped Jennie Johnson, and worshipped her the more because she was so far above him. "If she would only look at me—only she that knew there was such a being!" he thought, until at last his wish was gratified, and he knew she was not unconscious of the "canal driver with patches on both knees;" those were her very words, and they entered like iron in to his soul, causing him to shed bitter tears over the fate which made him a despised canal boy, and ever thereafter pantsleens which he had patched himself with his sick mother looking on, and commending his handy efforts. He had brought home money enough for a new pair, had even asked the price at the village clothing store, and had thought how nicely he should look in them, and how in the spring when he went back to his work he'd give the old ones to Billy Warren, a boy smaller and poorer than himself; but when he saw how his mother had failed since the previous May, and heard that wine would do her so much good, his brave heart said, "I'll go without the clothes, and mother shall have them."

Ah, little did scholars of District No. 5 know of the noble sacrifice made by Willie Warner, nor yet how keen a pang the thoughtless Jennie's words inflicted, and when from that night forth he came no more among them, they did not guess it was because he would not come with "patches on both knees," but thought he staid away because of his mother's health which failed day after day, until at last one cold March night she died, blessing her Willie

boy, and telling him that only in Heaven would he know what he had been to her. Through drifts of snow, high piled upon the frozen earth, they made her humble grave, and Willie, the only mourner, stood beside it, his slender form enveloped in the dear old shawl she used to wear, and to keep him warm, but to hide from view the patches on both knees, for Squire Johnson's carriage had followed in the procession, and from its window Jennie's handsome face looked out to watch a jaunty pink satin hood.

Rapidly the spring days faded into summer, and in all her regal beauty and grandeur upon the hills, when one sultry August day came to the end of the year, girls putting beneath the maples that Willie Warner was dead. He had died with cholera—so the story ran—and been buried by a running brook on the banks of the Canal. Another item, too, was added, which was, that when in the last great agony the perspiration had stood upon his lips like beads drops of water, he had, talked of Jennie Johnson and the patches on both knees.

Jennie had forgotten the idle speech, and those about her who remembered it were too merciful to enlighten her when they saw how her tears fell like rain to the memory poor Willie. Jennie's heart was naturally a kind, loving one, and all through the remaining summer days and the ensuing autumn she talked of Willie Warner, wondering why he should think of her, and if there were any flowers planted on his lonely grave. Once she conceived the bold project of ranging the length of the canal until she found that grave, but as this plan would necessarily involve a runaway from home it was given up, and as the years went on, the lonely grave was forgotten by others than Jennie Johnson, who, in the excitement of being a belle, a beauty, and an heiress, had no time to waste on memories of the past, when she was a romping girl and chose sides at the spelling school.

She was a young lady, now, of twenty-two and in her travelling dress of brown steed on the platform of the depot, something of a girl, tapping her foot impatiently against the pile of baggage scattered at her feet, and shouting gaily with the group of friends who started up the Lakes. No remembrance now of Willie Warner—no looking for the handsome grave, even though the central road of the time ran parallel for many a day. All was hopeful and bright to that merry party, and in the soft black eyes of Jennie a new light kindled by young Robert Maynard, the first chosen of the spelling school, and now the male leader of the town.

He was not all of Jennie's brain ideal, but, being ideal she reflected, existed only in imagination, and so she accepted his marked attentions and thought her friends were probably correct when they hinted of orange blossoms and bridal veils.

It was nearly two o'clock of the second day when the party reached the station and after a hasty dinner repaired to the boat which had been selected by an acquaintance for their floating home. It was a large, handsome craft and as it lay with its white sides upturned to the warm sunlight it looked like some hexagonal bird, so lightly it sat upon the water and so gracefully it bent to the passing breeze. But not of its symmetrical proportions, nor yet of its nimble stride did one of the party think, so absorbed were they with the name written in bold letters upon its side, "Jennie Johnson." They read it at quite a distance, and the eyes of the voracious Jennie were raised inquiringly to the faces of her companions as if seeking there a solution of the mystery.

"I have it," cried loquacious Little Howe. "Mr. Maynard has some very wealthy friends here who own boats and through his influence this has been called for Jennie. I know it is so—I see it in your tall tale face," and she glanced requisitely at Robert, who, feeling intuitively that the fair Jennie would not think less of him if she supposed Little's insinuation true, wisely kept silent, and thus suffered them to believe that he was in reality the originator of the name.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for this surprise, and now for a nearer acquaintance with my pretty namesake," said Jennie, tripping lightly upon deck and casting a pirouette like the gay, light hearted creatures she was.

To get comfortably over the excitement of starting,—dispose of their baggage,—discuss the merits of hair dressers and rooms, and consult with each other as to what they had better wear, fully occupied the girls for the entire afternoon, and the upper bill rang just as Jennie Johnson, blooming as a rosebud and attired in her favorite dress of white, was ready with the others to take her seat at the table.

"Jennie, Jennie," whispered Little just after the clatter of knives and spoons had commenced, "do pray see the captain. His eyes fairly blazed when they first fell upon you and he has stared at you ever since—Will you look? Up there at the head of the table!" and she nodded towards the spot where the youthful captain sat, not waiting and apparently not thinking of anything save the beautiful girl, whose black eyes fell beneath the burning gaze riveted upon her.

"He's splendid, isn't he?" Jennie whispered back. "Pray what is his name?" "Warner! Warner!" she repeated to herself, as a gentleman opposite answered her last question. "I wonder if he's at all related to poor Willie. Of course not, for

Willie was of low birth and this man is a born gentleman, I'm sure, having that aristocratic point to satisfaction, she also detected the stranger from her mind, and lit with very pretty coquetry to the silly analogy Robert Maynard poured into her ear.

PART SECOND.

After supper, however, she saw the captain several times as he passed her and then she never failed to remark upon his gentlemanly bearing. And well did the youthful captain deserve her praise, for among the hundreds who that day trod the deck of his boat, none were so gentle, dignified, or noble as this one. Owing to his own excellent natural kindness of a friend he had received a liberal education, but had chosen the life of a boat captain in preference to any one of the professions. This was his second trip round the lakes, but in so short a time he had won the love of his hands, and commanded the respect of all who came on board.

Joined our party he was particularly graceful, even though his lips did pale and his hand shake nervously when he read among the registered names that of Jennie Johnson. Of her movements he never lost sight, and when at last the sun went down and the August moon came up over the blue waters, he found himself very near to her as she sat alone with Robert Maynard in a part of the boat retired from observation. His first impulse was to turn away, for by certain unmistakable signs he knew that she was the old, one but the sound of a name caught his ear and riveted him to the spot. It was Robert was talking and the words he said were these:

"Will you, Jennie, when my preference for you began. It was twelve years ago, the night of the spelling school when you chose me instead of that Willie Warner, even though you knew I was likely to spell baker with a 'k'."

"Poor Willie!" Jennie murmured, and the high she uttered made the young captain's fingers tingle even to their very tips.

"Poor Willie! I never knew till he was gone, the half how good he was to his sick mother, caring for her as tenderly and even washing her face with patches on both knees, even though the central road of the time ran parallel for many a day. All was hopeful and bright to that merry party, and in the soft black eyes of Jennie a new light kindled by young Robert Maynard, the first chosen of the spelling school, and now the male leader of the town."

"Hush!" interposed Robert, putting up his hand. "I thought I heard footsteps."

"Nothing but the wind," answered Jennie, and while with burning cheek and beating heart the captain crept away the maiden listened to the tale of love, which Robert Maynard had brought her thence to tell.

Higher and higher rose the moon and as her silvery beams fell upon Jennie's hands they shone upon a single costly diamond, the seal of her engagement with one to whom her whole heart was not given. He did not satisfy her quite but from her childhood she had been taught to think of him as her future husband, and she accepted him now as such, striving hard to think that she was happy.

"I would willingly die for you," he exclaimed, as he bent over into a tirade of words, which meant nothing,—and when Jennie said to him, playfully, "Suppose this very boat were on fire, and you had the choice of saving yourself or me, which would it be?" he affected to be indignant at the absurdity of the question.

"Yes, of course. I should count my life as nothing, in comparison with yours."

"I half wish I could have a chance to try you!" answered Jennie, as rising to her feet she prepared to rejoin her companions, who were marvelling at her protracted absence.

Rash, thoughtless girl! How little she realized what she said, or dreamed how near was the fearful test.

Two hours went by, and throughout the boat, later on full of life, silence reigned,—broken only by the ripple of the water or the dipping of the manumist wheel. It was midnight and the weary travelers were in the midst of their first sound sleep, when in the hold below, there was a slight confusion; the murmur of excited but suppressed voices in earnest consultation; the rattling of the water buckets, while the still, white face of the captain appeared every where speaking calm words of courage and looking wistfully over the waters toward the long, dark line which marked the distant shore.

"Turn the boat that way, or we are lost," he said, as a billow, set of water, but a fiercer, deadlier, element lifted its serpentine head in close proximity to the main machinery.

He was obeyed, and then, oh, then, there broke upon the startled ear of the midnight sleeper a terrible, terrible cry, curdling their very blood, and making their hearts stand still with mortal fear.

"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! How like a yell of a despair, it rolled from boat to boat and rushing through the lower deck—echoing across the upper deck, penetrating in the narrow berths, entering the wider state-rooms, and floating across the waters even to the far off hills, which caught up and sent back that cry of helpless anguish—FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! The boat is on fire! And terrified women knelt at the feet of their commanders,—begging him to save them from the horrible death coming so fast upon them."

(Concluded next week.)

A BRAVE GIRL.—The Columbus (Geo)

Times says the following extract from a letter of a Savannah girl, (not all unknown to fame) is too good to be immersed in the private portfolio for which it was intended.

"Do you believe that instead of feeling frightened I feel quite brave, and I think if I only had the strength of my heart in my hand I would make a little hero during this war. On the day that the engagement was going on at Port Royal, and everything around us was one wide scene of confusion for fear of an attack on Savannah, I seated myself in the midst of all, and made a Confederate flag, for the express purpose of being seen in the face of the enemy."

If they come upon us by land, they will have to pass this very door, and in spite of everything but chains, I intend to wave my banner. I intend to be the first Savannah girl to dare them, and to show them the South has not only brave men, but brave women also. How it makes my blood boil when I hear of a cowardly act done by anyone bearing the name of man! There were some in Savannah who, during the fight at Port Royal, became alarmed for fear their courage might be put to the test, and as they would much rather run than fight, and could not do so well if they wore a hat and boots, preferred the more modest attire of females, and took to bonnets and slippers. Since then I have considered our uniform disgraced forever, if we do not prove to the world that all who wear this modest disguise are not cowards."

To set the rest of the gentler sex an example, I have volunteered to exchange my hat and slippers for the boots and breeches of the next man who had rather run than fight, a promise, too, that I never will disgrace it by cowardly conduct. If the men prove cowards at a time like this it is high time for the women to show what they can do; and if they cannot depend on them for protection, show them that they have bravery enough to meet them at their own doors, if they cannot follow them to the battle field.

I think that every woman should prove a true Spartan to the cause of liberty, and when history shall bear record of the deeds of 1861, it will reflect upon them as disgrace, but give them credit for following the example of their mothers of '76.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE YANKEES WERE BAGGED ON EDISTO.—A correspondent sends us the following with regard to the capture of Yankee pickets last Saturday, on Edisto Island:

Gon Evans is fond of a joke, and hearing that a good body of the vandals were posted as an advance guard at a certain point on Little Edisto, he determined to pay his respects to them in person. For this purpose, Nelson's Battalion, Moore's Battalion, a portion of the Heloise Legion, and Lieut. Salvo's detachment of the Washington Artillery—all under the immediate command of Col. P. F. Stevens—were, about six p. m., of the 28th, seen moving forward from their different camps, whistling in high glee, in expectation of an ahead. About twelve o'clock the advancing force had safely crossed from Pineberry to the island over a bridge of boats. The Generals remained with a reserve at Pineberry, while another reserve was held at Bear's Island. Col. Stevens led the attacking force, and at the first gray peep of day came upon the enemy, who were well posted in a dense cove. One of the Yankee sentinels bawled out—"Who comes there?" "Friends!" was the reply, when one of our untimely volunteers, in true simplicity, cried—"They are not friends—they are Yankees!" and the Yankees "rammled a mouse," fired, and the fight commenced. It was vigorously kept up for a half hour or so, when the Yankees gave way and retreated in wild disorder through the woods. One of the enemy was killed; one mortally, and another severely wounded, and counting the one severely wounded, nineteen prisoners were taken. It is probable others were wounded, for the rifles cracked sharply and continuously for about half an hour. Our forces returned yesterday without the loss of a man and without any accident worthy of note.—Charlotte Mercury.

"PROGRESS" BACKWARDS.—It seems that the Lincolnton at Northern having found themselves at home in Mr. Pennington's office and free with his property, are now publishing the Progress since weekly. Our pickets have captured some of the Yankee pickets and have thus obtained a sight of the precious document. It must be consulting for Mr. Pennington and Mr. Vantol to be easily informed by means of the types and paper and other materials justly belonging to the former, that the present editor, whose name a friend who saw the affair does not recollect, has totally changed the politics of the paper—that the former editor was a vile secessionist, and other things more numerous than complimentary, whereas the present one is all sorts of a fellow.

The editor announces that as soon as he can get some decent paper from New York he will publish the Progress daily, but with what he has now he must continue himself to a semi-weekly. It is hard enough to a man of his money without turning the style of the currency.—Wilmington Journal.

CAPT. JOHN H. MORGAN AGAIN.

THE MOST DARING FEAT YET.—The newspaper fraternity owe a heavy debt of gratitude to that gallant partisan leader, Capt. John H. Morgan, of Kentucky, for furnishing them, during the past few months, such abundant material for the most spicy paragraphs and interesting articles. He is incessantly on the move, appearing suddenly and unexpectedly at one place or another, and dashing expertly against the Yankees. He is a perfect terror to the Yankees, and has inspired them with greater fear than all the army of General Jackson could.

On Sunday the 19th inst., Capt. Morgan, with forty of his men, suddenly appeared at Nashville, Tenn., and at the start of the Nashville. After a short stay at the Union Hotel in the city, he moved to a guard-house, where he was confined in a Federal uniform, and in the afternoon he was taken to the Nashville Hotel, a short distance from the city. During the day, the following conversation took place between Capt. Morgan and a correspondent of the Nashville Daily:

Q. "Capt. Morgan, I understand that you have been in the city for some time." A. "Yes, I have been here for some time, but I am not here for any special purpose. I am here for the same reason as I am in the city, to see the city and to see the people."

Q. "You are a very brave man, and I am sure you will do many great things for your country." A. "I am sure I will do many great things for my country, but I am not here for any special purpose. I am here for the same reason as I am in the city, to see the city and to see the people."

Q. "I have heard that you are a very brave man, and I am sure you will do many great things for your country." A. "I am sure I will do many great things for my country, but I am not here for any special purpose. I am here for the same reason as I am in the city, to see the city and to see the people."

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