

# The North Carolina Whig

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

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## TERMS:

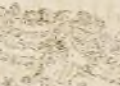
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## Poetry.



## WAITING.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,  
The kettle sings for tea;  
The cloth is spread—the lamps are light,  
The hot coals smoke in napkins white,  
And now I wait for thee.

Come home love, home, thy tickle is done,  
The clock ticks lazily,  
The blinds are shut—the curtain down,  
The warm chair to the fire-side drawn,  
Thy boy is on my knee.

Come home love, home, his deep fond eye  
Looks round him wistfully,  
And when the whispering wind goes by,  
As if thy welcome step was nigh,  
He crows exultingly.

In vain—the finds the welcome with,  
And turns his glance on mine,  
So earnestly, that yet again  
His form into my heart I strain,  
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here;  
Where'er thy footsteps roam,  
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,  
No beating heart no listening ear,  
Like these will wait the home.

Ah, along the crisp walks fast  
That well-known step doth come,  
The belt is drawn—the gate is past,  
The babe is wild with joy at last,  
A thousand welcomes home.

## Miscellaneous.

### COMING OUT RIGHT.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

"It will all come out right in the end."  
This was Adam Ringstrom's word of consolation, spoken to himself, in every trouble; his sheet anchor in every storm.

Faith must have been a very strong element of his nature, for things never did seem to come out right with him. He was always experiencing some trial, sorrow, or misfortune. But no one heard a murmur against Providence from his lips. And yet Adam Ringstrom was not a man of low sensibility. On the contrary, he suffered acutely in his troubles and disappointments; and the marks of the suffering were visible in his still, abstracted eyes, and sober mouth. In repose, his face did not take on a serene expression. You saw in it the signs of inward pain—of pain only; not of discontent. When he spoke, however, it lighted up beautifully. This sudden lighting up of his features, as it sunshine had fallen over his face, always gave you a pleasant impression of the man, and made you forget the look of pain that touched your sympathies a little while before.

The wife of Adam Ringstrom had none of his faith in ultimate results. If things failed to come out right to-day, she had no hope in to-morrow.

So, Adam had the burdens of disappointment, and trouble to bear without a helper; nay, she who might have been a helper, only gave the burdens additional weight.

Mrs. Ringstrom was a very ambitious woman; and her husband was not without love of the world, and a desire to stand side by side with the foremost. He started in life with a determination to accumulate property, and no man devoted himself to busi-

ness with a more untiring assiduity. But for all his faith in things coming out right, they never did come out right; at least not in the sense he had expected. Just as everything pointed to success, and like the milk maid in the fable, Mr. Ringstrom began to build his airy castles, some false step; some wreck of a neighbor with whom his affairs were involved; or some more widely reaching disaster in trade, would scatter his golden dreams.

Then would follow a period of deep suffering; and his mind would sit in darkness, but not despair.

"It will all come out right in the end."  
He never lost faith in this sentiment, even in the gloomiest hour.

Three times had Mr. Ringstrom toiled up the difficult hill of trade, gaining a height that made him the envious of many observers; three times had his feet slipped; and three times had he found himself lying, stunned and bruised at the bottom, with scarcely strength enough to stand, much less to try the hard ascent. His third fall was at a time when he was sixty.

Again, and for the last time, Adam Ringstrom set down, in darkness, amid the ruins of earthly hope; but only for a time. Like Job, he had no comforters among his friends; even his wife was rather an upholder of his patience, than a sustainer and comforter.

"And this is what you call coming out right?" she said, bitterly, when her mind took in the full measure of evil that had befallen them. She meant it as a reproach, but it awakened thought in the truest sense.

"There is some good in even in all this, Grace," he answered, patiently, yet with a touch of sadness in his voice when he could not hide.

"Good! I'm provoked at you!" she responded, with impatience.

"Good has come of our misfortunes, heretofore; and I will believe in nothing less than good now," said the old man, his voice growing firmer, and his countenance brightening.

"I never saw any good," was moodily replied.

"Let me refresh your memory and my own. It will be of use to us both. Twenty years ago, I failed in business, and we were reduced from comparative luxury to want. Our Frank was a wild boy of nineteen, and in great danger. We were preparing him for college, but he did not give his mind to study, being fond of pleasure and gay companions than of books. Suddenly reduced to poverty, we had to change our views in regard to him. The college idea had to be abandoned; and, of necessity, Frank was placed in a store where he could earn something toward his support. You grieved yourself sick over his blasted hopes. But it has turned out right for him. He showed a different character at once; became industrious, thoughtful, earnest, and affectionate toward us, and grew up to be a useful and good man. I fear, Grace that, but for what we regarded, at the time, as a great calamity, our son would have been lost. I have always seen the hand of a good Providence in that destruction of my worldly hopes.

"Ten years later, and misfortune came again. Good fortune, I have, sometimes, called it; for it saved our darling Ellen from a late worse than death. We were thought to be rich; and as Ellen was beautiful, she possessed double attractions.—You know how young Hayward won her heart, and how wild and bitter were our fears, when we found that we could not break the chain he had thrown around her. Like a lamb to the slaughter, we saw her moving toward the altar of sacrifice, and we had no power to hold her back. But, help came; it was too late; came under the shadows of misfortune, an angel in disguise.—Kisses took unto themselves wings and flew away. From the high places to which we had arisen, suddenly were we cast down.—How quickly and old friends recede! We went back into obscurity, and a good deal went out. One never did; and that was Hayward. Poor Ellen! It was a sad experience for her; but, now blessed! for it stripped the false exterior from the one she loved, and she turned from the man with a shoulder of repulsion.

"How is it with Ellen, now? Have we not cause to bless the calamity that saved her? Has it not all come out right?"

"I never could see that she had done so very well," was the moody answer of Mrs. Ringstrom. "Her husband is poor, and likely always to remain poor."

"But she is rich in the love of a true, good man; rich and happy. Not done

well? Grace! Grace! How can you speak so? If I were worth a million of dollars, and she the wife of that abandoned, unprincipled Hayward, could my riches ease her heart ache? No! And so I say, thank God for the misfortune that made her a happy wife! Look at Alice Grand; and Flora Carter. A fate like theirs was in store for our child, when trouble gathered like a cloud around us, and hid her from the destroyer's eyes."

We see the hand of Providence in the events of our lives only after the events have passed, and we view them in relation to other events. Happy is he who can have faith that all is right; all for the best; even while the darkness is around him, and the cup of sorrow at his lips.

In this last misfortune that wrecked again the early hopes of Mr. Ringstrom was a manifestation of God, not so apparent as in the previous cases, because involving more that was higher, or interior. There was, as we have said, the stuff in him of which angelic life is made, and it had to come out clear from grosser substances.—To this end he must pass through the fire again. What had he looked forward to in the morning of life? What had he been toiling for? On what had he rested his hopes of happiness?

Suffering, misfortune, trial, disappointment, and sorrow, had not yet sufficed to extinguish a love of more worldly things, on which his mind still rested for happiness, as a man rests on a crutch and under-tan foundation. This last misfortune was to the end that this love of the world might be extinguished, and a new and purer love take its place. So, he went out from his place among men, and sought a humble position. Years, and fasting weaned, turned him against any new attempt to restore his fallen fortunes. The ruin was hopeless for he had no strength to build again.

After another decade of years, fitting up the number to three score and ten, let us see how it is with Mr. Ringstrom, if all is coming out right. He is an old man now, but his mind is as clear as a crystal. His little house, with its small, well-kept garden, is his home. How different from the elegant mansion that he dwelt in ten years ago! A few rods distant stands the splendid residence of a retired merchant, whose days are also fading into the "ere and yellow leaf." The one has been crowned with success; the other with misfortunes. Whatever the hand of one was laid upon, had turned to gold; whatever the other's hand was laid upon, had turned to dross. And now, in their old age, as in the earlier period of their lives, they stand near together, but as different in character as in external condition.

For all his successes, nothing has come out right with the rich old man. His children have not taken honorable places in society, as useful, intelligent men and women. They are discontented idlers, and wasting spendthrifts; and, in consequence of this, there is constant strife between them and their father, who, as he grows older, grows less patient with everything not in accordance with his views and feelings. Having no employment, after long years of a busy, active life, and no taste for reading or art, his mind beats all about restlessly all the while, hating itself against the narrow walls of the prison he has been building for it since manhood, and from which it cannot get free. All day he moves about with a restless manner, and a discontented face; or sits for long periods in moody silence; and half the night he sighs on a sleepless pillow. Life is a burden. He takes no interest in anything or anybody out of his own narrow circle; and in this there is not a single agreeable aspect.—What compensation does he find in his luxurious home, and its ample, richly cultivated grounds? The starving mind will not draw healthy nutrition from these; nay, it turns from them in loathing.

If this is coming out all right, as the conclusion of a man's life in this world, then is life indeed a failure. But there is a coming out right in a different and higher sense; and it was in this different sense that Adam Ringstrom had come out right. He did not gain ease and competence for his declining years, but something better; the privilege (some would say necessity, for so it seemed, looking from the outside) of being usefully employed as a means of providing for the body's needs. In this employment, which did not tax him to wearyness, his mind found a resting place, to which it could return and quietly repose for a season, and then lift itself again, and pass into tranquil regions, where light from a sun, not of this world, filled all the crystal air

with heavenly brightness. And as year after year made white his head, and dimmed the lustre of his eyes, hopes, and fruits, and sweet experiences were born in his soul, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding was laid upon it.

"I am sorry to find you thus, in your old age," said a former business acquaintance, alluding to his poverty.

"All right, my friend, and I need not that it were otherwise. He," and he raised his thin finger upward, "knows best. If I could have had my own way, I would have surrounded myself with earthly riches."

But he saw what I see now, that my heart would have rested in them as the greatest good, letting go my hold on the more substantial things of heaven; and just in the degree that I had done so, just in the degree that I had turned myself away from spiritual good, to eat the chaff of nature, would I have been unhappy. Once, I called my failures and losses misfortunes; now I see them to have been disguised blessings from the hand of God. It is all right, sir. All right, so far as I am concerned; and I bless the Wisdom that made my path, and the Hand that led me safely along its rough process and without account."

Not so clear-seeing, not so submissive to the Divine Will was Mrs. Ringstrom. Yet, even her dim eyes were growing clearer, and she could see, as earth lights grew clearer, and her mind gained some degree of spiritual perception, that her husband's steady faith had not been mocked.

"I think," she said, one day, after a call at their rich neighbor's; a call more of civility than friendship, for trouble had fallen there. "I think a more wretched family, I have never seen. There is no mutual affection or sympathy, even, one for the other, in all things; no mutual strength; no looking away and beyond the hard present, no reaching out of the narrow circle of self. Why, Adam! and her face brightened, "our home is a paradise."

"It might be larger, and more richly furnished," answered her husband, "but I am sure it cannot be a happier home. He knows best. I knew it would all come out right, and the right grows plainer every day."

Mrs. Ringstrom did not, by look, or word, or gesture even, say "No," as in times past to this sentiment; for her eyes were getting clearer also, and she was beginning to see beyond the veil of time into that world, where, for the rich in that faith which is made vital by good deeds, there are mansions whose splendor no earthly palace can approach.

**BARNUM**—Barnum is still absent at his Museum, and offers great attractions, as will be seen by the following extract from *Faith's* announcement:

"Little Minnie Warner, the empress of beauty, sister of the late Mrs. Lavina Warner, now Mrs. General Tom Thumb, though not half her size—a mere speck of humanity—the smallest natural lady ever known, will be on exhibition at all hours, and appear in songs and dances, in company with Commodore Nutt—the \$30,000 unit. The two making by far the smallest pair of human beings ever seen—smaller even than General Tom Thumb and wife. Also, the great roasting Sea Lion, Bear Sausage, Great Aquaria, Monster Snakes, Happy Family, Wax Figures, etc."

**MURDERING WOMEN**—We learn from the exchange prisoners who arrived here on Friday from New Orleans, that on their departure from that city, large numbers of true-hearted Southern ladies gathered about them, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. For this the whole military force was called out and ordered to charge upon the crowd, by which our ladies were known to have been killed.—*Ficksburg Citizen.*

A darkey having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—As soon as they landed on the wharf, the darkey went to water to be on land, and saw as they waded to the shore, they didn't see any gold, but they found a large supply of gold to eat, that darkey cracked his jaw on the water.

"Oh, p-p-p, Doctor Measles had soon had some to put in mother's bare tooth out. Has he, my son?"  
"Yes, I see you try first with his pincher, then to put his nose-rhite close to mother's and pulled it out with his teeth!"

A rich reward in money and fame awaits the inventor who discovers a new source and mode of supplying paper. Cannot some ingenious genius establish a paper mill for the use of corn stalks or other material that can be found in abundance?

## HOW THEY WERE SPOILED.

BY MRS. F. D. CAGE.

"My neighbor Mrs. C. is an excellent woman; I have known her these thirty years, and I think, among all the friends I know, she is one of the very best. Always pleasant and agreeable, always kind to the poor and needy; I never knew any one to leave her door that asked for aid without receiving it. She is a capital housekeeper—everything is always in apple pie order. She is always at home—not one of your 'street year spinning folks'; and I don't believe she ever opposed her husband, or spoke an angry word to him in her life."

Such was the description given by M—, of his neighbor Mrs. C.

She is a very remarkable personage, certainly, was the reply; and must be invaluable in your social circle.

"One would think so," said he, and yet, with all the virtues of which I have spoken, and to which I may add one more—she is a "pious woman"—she has raised a very worthless family of boys. She has four sons doing business in the world—the eldest is fast to die a drunkard—probably will not live a year. The second, is one of the most reckless speculators in the country—he drinks, and smokes, and swears; his word is not worth the breath that gives sound; he cheats any body he can; (took his broadness from his father, they say); and will cheat his own mother, and his family, every chance he gets. The third educated himself for a minister, but has disgraced his profession and been shunned.—And the fourth, is a common fool—does not know enough to earn his own bread."

All this is somewhat strange, how do you account for it?"

"That is just what I want you to do: you affirm it is the mother's influence, that lays the foundation of character for the family. Now, here is a woman—gentle, charitable, home-loving, peaceable and honest—she has three daughters, just as good as gold; while the sons are bringing her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Well, he was a pretty hard customer; one of your men that think they know it all; his word was law. If he had lived with a woman of any grit, there would have been a fuss in the family, all the year round. He wasn't a hard man either. But then—he, well, to sum it all up—he was a tyrannical fellow where he dared to be, and a pretty decent where he was afraid to be any otherwise. Swore in the bar room and in the parlor, if there was nobody there but his wife—but would be civil in good company. Always drank some, and chewed tobacco and smoked. A capital fellow to make money, and very liberal in spending it, and always jolly if you let him have his own way."

Ah! you have told the whole story. This pleasant and agreeable woman, who never went from home; who gave her whole life to her housekeeping; who was so pious and good, and who never offended her husband; was simply a household drudge, taking upon herself all responsibility, exerting no force in the social relations of the home, as far as the husband and boys were concerned; "no grit," as you say, and the sons who inherited the strong earnest tendencies of the father probably overcame this gentle mother in their infancy. No doubt this most pains-taking housekeeper preferred that her boys should play upon the street, to their inheriting her carpet; and would have quietly seen them smoke a whole cigar in the bedroom, rather than have attempted to have opposed the husband by setting up her authority against his practice. She thought to do a thousand other mothers think "boys are boys," and it is no use to make anything else of them, and so did not attempt anything further with them, than to scrub them clean as the terms and to keep their garments clean and whole. What they ate, and what an earnest loving mother who felt the responsibility of the character of her children resting upon her, would have made of them, is the question.

Her sin was in the omission—in not opposing the sins of her husband—in not saying with a loving Christian spirit, my boys must be as pure as my girls—they must not go forth into the roadway of the street; home must be to them the best place.

I will oppose this drinking, this chewing, this smoking, this swearing. I will teach them to speak the truth—to be honest and just, industrious and good. God has given these precious children into my hands, and it is my duty to mould them into this image. I will do it.

Now this is the way in all probability this good woman reasoned with regard to her girls—for as you say she has made them acceptable members of society.

First rate, weren't three better girls in town, and how since you speak of it, I remember when they were little fellows, she used to say—that Mr. C— might bring up the boys as he liked and she wouldn't meddle. But the girls belonged to her, as they being quietly at home with her are very much like her, only I think they have inherited a little more of character than she had.

boys to become what they are. But he was little at home—gave them spending money—hoped his wife would keep them right—and now in his old age he is troubled with and ashamed of them all. But this trouble is light compared with hers—He is hardened and reckless. But she is bowed with sorrow, and so are the girls, for they are purer and better than he."

Such conversations are daily falling on our ears as we journey to and from our mission. We have jotted this one down as suggestive. May not peace and quiet be purchased at too fearful a cost? We can think of many such gentle housewives—women who gain the world's approval for their sinking from all responsibility.

Never make like one fierce battle, than to win quiet and gain the reputation of a good wife and housekeeper at so fearful a cost.

Mrs. C. is a type of a large class of women, who have force enough to battle dust on mantels and stains on skirt collars, but would be wholly incompetent to the task of cleansing the life or purifying the soul of a beloved child.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Let us not suppose we do not hold the fathers responsible. We do; but we say let every mother know and feel she is strong for her duty before she dares to assume it, and if the father fails, let her use her mother's love and in spite of all obstacles—save her child.

**YANKEE REVENGE**—The Yankees in one of their plundering raids in Mississippi, visited the premises which were occupied by President A. B. Longstreet, now of the South Carolina College, while connected with the University at Oxford, Miss. These plundering missionaries and evangelists of "the best Government the world ever saw," as they call it, stole and carried off many books, papers, &c., belonging to Dr. Longstreet, including many manuscripts. Not satisfied, a Yankee officer took from the wall the likeness of Dr. Longstreet's nephew, Gen. James Longstreet, the hero of many battles, and also the likeness of the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, son-in-law of Dr. Longstreet, late a member of Congress, and at present executing an official trust in Europe. A lady who was in charge of the house claimed these pictures, and on returning them to her, the officer showed his brutal nature, by knocking Mrs. S. on the photograph features of Gen. Longstreet, breaking the glass, and thereby showing his hatred of the original—the only mode of revenge within his power.

**RECAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS**—The Memphis *Appeal* thinks the recapture of the down-trodden city of New Orleans from its Yankee persecutors is not only possible, but probable, at an early day. It argues that the capture of the Queen of the West and Indiana has placed the means of so great an achievement in our power. Should the last named boat be saved from wreck and repaired, we shall have a force sufficient to go in pursuit of the Essex, which, we believe, the only iron-clad boat the Yankees have below Fort Hudson. With this vessel in our possession, the remainder of the enemy's fleet, all wooden craft, together with New Orleans, would fall as easy prey to progress of our arms.

The project is a glorious one, and we must confess it looks entirely reasonable.—To Heaven's glory, push it forward to an early consummation! We have evidently the Yankees at a disadvantage, and the brilliancy of the achievement will render the horse manes of the West immortal.

The Marquis of Hartington was, a few nights since, compelled to remove a scabbard badge, which he had placed on his coat at a private ball in New York. The *New York Post* says:

This young gentleman is the third brother of the house of Cavendish, who has been feted and made much of by our citizens. Since his last visit to New York he has received his decorations of our domestic public life Dixie, and taking the aristocratic view of the question, now wears the rebel colors.

**A YANKEE CLAIMING A SOUTHERN ESTATE**—The last flag of peace brought up to City Point one Levy, a reputed nephew of Commodore Levy, United States Navy, whose mission was to claim the Monticello estate, once owned by the Commodore, but sequestered by the Confederate States, as the property of an alien enemy. Commodore Levy hearing of his mission, refused to allow Levy to land, and he will probably go back with a Confederate flag in his ear.—*Richmond Examiner.*

**THE PROPHECY OF DOUGLAS**—Stephen Arnold Douglas, in a conversation which was held in 1856, with a gentleman who lately reported the facts to the *Atlanta Intelligencer*, expressed confidently the conviction that the Union would be dissolved, and that after a horrible war, three separate leagues or Confederacies would be formed out of it. He also predicted with equal confidence that he would be President before this catastrophe.

"Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling a wheelbarrow through the streets without any oil on his axle.