

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Persons who send in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Effort is made to supply the most reliable news.

Poetry.



Be Gentle With thy Wife.

Be gentle for you little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle; though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy be thine, own.

Be gentle; weary hours of pain
To woman's lot is bear;
Then yield her what support you can,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle for the noblest hearts
At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish mood,
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle for the unkindness now
May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life,
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle; none are perfect—
Thou'rt dearer for that life;
Then, husband, bear and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

FANNY FRANK.

Miscellaneous.

JEAN BRUNO AND THE GUERRILLAS.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Many who took part in the Mexican campaign, with Taylor's command, will doubtless recollect among the quartermaster's men, occupied at Monterey, a somewhat noted express rider of the name of Jean Bruno.

They will the more readily call him to mind from the fact of his having lost one arm—I think it was the right one—and also from the dashing appearance he always made on horseback, being invariably mounted on the most spirited and unbroken nags in the quartermaster's stables.—These noble animals he managed with the skillfulness of a ranshero, frequently using his teeth to assist his one hand in the control of them.

Jean was a Frenchman, who had seen service in Algeria, and had rendered himself quite famous on our line by numerous daring feats, such as conveying important despatches where no other express riders could be induced to venture, cutting his way, single-handed and alone, through the enemy's pickets, charging in darkness through their camps and bivouacs, and by numerous subsequent hairbreadth escapes, in one of which he received the wound making necessary the amputation of the limb referred to.

Our little Frenchman was one of those constitutionally brave men, who never experience the sensation of fear. In fact, he had little idea of the word. Yet withal he was possessed of much presence in dangerous positions, with a ready invention which carried him safely through them.—He used to say—

"Let me but select my own horse, and give me a brace of trusty revolvers and a dragon sabre, and I will guarantee to ride from Monterey to the city of Mexico, and if need be, pass every camp of the enemy on my way."

As extravagant as was this boast of the Frenchman, I have no doubt he would cheerfully have undertaken it had he been so ordered.

At that anxious period, shortly previous to the decisive battle of Buena Vista, when the handful of volunteers left to garrison the city of Monterey were surrounded by more than ten times their own numbers,

and when the dust of the enemy's columns was seen in every direction during the day, and through the night every hill top and mountain side was illuminated by their signal fires, it became necessary to convey important intelligence to the small command of Colonel Morgan, still occupying Corralve, the half-way depot between Monterey and Comargo.

But so vigilant were the enemy, and so closely had they beset the roads, that it was considered not only hazardous, but almost impossible, to open a communication with that post.

The express men in the place were offered large rewards to induce some one or more of them to undertake the perilous journey, but there were none among them who would run the gauntlet. Had Jean Bruno been at hand, the application would not have been made in vain. But that courageous man was absent at Saltillo, whither he had been sent with despatches to General Taylor.

The quartermaster now made a requisition upon the First Ohio Regiment, quartered in the place, and two young privates immediately volunteered to attempt the passage.

The services of these brave fellows were gladly accepted, and provided with excellent horses and well armed, they set forth upon their perilous ride.

Scarcely however, had the Ohioans left the place, when that fearless and faithful expressman, Jean Bruno, accompanied by a Mexican guide, galloped up to the quartermaster's quarters, with return despatches from head-quarters.

As the officer had all confidence in the skill and experience of the Frenchman, he hardly gave him time to dismount from his panting steed, when, ordering a fresh animal, he requested Jean to start forthwith, with a duplicate of the despatch that had been given to the Ohioans. Kneeling ready to give a cheerful obedience to all orders, the Frenchman snatched a few mouthfuls of refreshment with his guide, and was soon again dashing, with him in company, out of the city.

It was his intention, if possible, to overtake the young men, who had preceded him, in order to ascertain what route they pursued to pursue; as he had determined to follow a different path, in order that should one party fail, the other might possibly succeed in reaching their destination. Besides, the chances were that either would be more likely to pass the outposts of the enemy undisturbed, than if they united their numbers.

Jean and his guide, however, had crossed the ford of Agua Fria without falling in with the Ohioans, who, in obedience to instructions, had ridden rapidly, till past the first line of Mexican pickets.

Beyond this stream, coming upon hard, gravelly soil, Jean lost sight of their horses' tracks; and under the guidance of his trusty and experienced companion, left the main wagon road, and struck out into a narrow, and rarely traveled mule trail, which leading directly across the mountains, would take them, by a nearer route, to Corralve.

The distance was some seventy miles by the road, and twenty less by the mountain path; and by this route the guide assured Jean, they would altogether avoid the pickets and scouts of the Mexicans.

The two men had ridden but a few miles on the trail, when they came again upon the tracks of the Ohioans' horses. These were readily distinguished, from the fact that Mexican horses were never shod. It seems that the young men, who had frequently passed between Monterey and Saltillo, had heard of this short cut, and had now taken it.

For hours the Frenchman and guide rode along, not ascending some precipitous peak; then winding slowly along the verge of some overhanging cliff; and anon galloping through some little grassy valley, watered by mountain streams, when they would rest for a few moments to refresh their animals upon the rich herbage.

At length, night overtook the travelers still upon the mountain path; and Jean, the guide proposed that they should draw rein at a sheep ranch not far ahead, and await the return of day. Their route was dangerous in the obscurity, and Jean, unsuspecting of harm among the simple ransheros, consented.

As they reached the place, which with its range of substantial buildings, surrounded by a high adobe wall, had more the character of a hacienda of some wealthy proprietor, than an ordinary sheep farm, they found the gates shut, and all about the place apparently retired to sleep.

After sailing several times, and knocking upon the gate, they heard voices within, and then a light appeared, at one of the unglazed windows, soon after which they heard the removal of bars, and then the door being opened, they were invited, in a very friendly manner, to enter.

They found themselves in a sort of court, within which were several horses, two of which, that appeared to have been freshly arrived, Jean had no doubt were American horses, and belonged to his friends, who had preceded him.

On the threshold of the house, the travelers were met by an old Mexican, who with an hospitable smile, bid them a happy evening, and politely mentioned them to enter.

Returning the salutation, Jean inquired if two Americans had not recently arrived. "No," replied the Mexican, "we have seen no such persons, and they cannot have passed our place. Had they come, they would have been as welcome as ourselves, Senores."

The fellow's manners were courteous.—There was an appearance of respectability and even gentleness about him. The sight without was dark, and threatening rain; and leaving his horse to the care of the faithful guide, Jean, wishing that the Ohioans might have been as fortunate as himself, in obtaining shelter from the coming storm, entered the house with a feeling of much satisfaction.

In the large room, where he seated himself, he found, besides his host, another Mexican, whose countenance was not of a very prepossessing character; but not much more forbidding than the dark skinned natives of his class usually are. Besides these persons, there was an old woman, who seemed to be the mistress of the house, and a rather pretty young Senorita, to whom the Frenchman immediately directed his compliments. But the girl received his advances with apparent indifference, and he observed that she frequently leaned her face upon her hands, as though suffering from pain, or anxiety, and he fancied she occasionally looked upon him, with an expression of uneasiness.

As the express rider, like most of his countrymen in our army, had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Spanish, the old Mexican remarked that for an American he spoke their language remarkably well—equal, in fact, to a Castilian.

"I am no American," said he.

"No American, with an expression of surprise; "then what countryman are you, may I ask?"

"I am a Frenchman," replied Jean.

"Oh, then," was the answer, "you are almost half Spaniard. But, if I am not much mistaken, you are here with those Americans, after all!"

There was a peculiar manner about his host, and a certain tone of voice, as he made this last remark, that caused a feeling of uneasiness in the mind of the Frenchman, and for a few moments he made no reply; and when at length he spoke, asserting that he was now temporarily in the employ of the Americans, he heard a sound, like a half-suppressed sigh, from the young woman at his side.

At this moment Jose returned from the stable, and approaching Jean, whispered:

"I hope, Senor, these people are friendly; but there is something about the place I don't like. The other buildings are full of suspicious-looking fellows, who seem to me to be guerrillas!"

Startling as was this report, which in his own mind was corroborated by the manner of the people in the house, and convinced the Frenchman that they had fallen into a trap, he preserved his presence of mind; and knowing it would be worse than folly to attempt to escape from the place by force, assumed a tranquil manner, and inquired of the people if they could supply himself and companion with supper.

While the women engaged themselves in preparation of the meal, Jean contrived to communicate with the guide, and directed him to keep a good eye upon the men within, while he watched the two men in the house.

After a comfortable meal had been partaken of, the old woman and the two men withdrew, bidding our travelers a cheerful "good night," and calling upon them the guardianship of all the patients, while the girl remained behind for a moment, to direct them to their sleeping place.

She led them to an inner apartment—a sort of lumber room—from which a rickety ladder led to an upper loft.

"Up there, Senores," said she, in an audible voice, evidently intended for other ears as well as those of the strangers, "you will find vacant cots. Take these upon the right; and do not, if you please, disturb the sleepers upon the other cots—they doubtless sleep soundly from fatigue. *Muy buenos noches!*" (very good night.) And then approaching her face to the ear of the Frenchman, she added, in a whisper: "For the love of God, Senor, fly from this place! Your life is in danger! Wait till all is quiet, and escape from the window of the room!"

Of course, Jean was now convinced that the suspicions of his guide were correct.—The place, without doubt, was a rendezvous of guerrillas; and his own life, and that of the Mexican, his companion, was determined upon.

However, without communicating his discovery to the man, he crept his way to the spot where the girl had directed him to find the cots, and seated himself upon one, while Jose took possession of the other. Jean now looked about the place, and in the obscurity found himself in a large attic room, devoted chiefly to the storage of maize, and saddles, and such rubbish as would naturally accumulate about a Mexican farmhouse. At each end of the apartment was a small, open window; and by the dim light which struggled through them, he perceived two other cots, upon which two persons were lying, covered, face and all, with Mexican serapes.

There was something in the breathless repose of the sleepers, that startled the Frenchman; and, cautiously approaching one of the cots, he stooped his head to the face of the occupant, and listened. Not a sound was heard—there was none of that heavy respiration peculiar to the wearied sleeper. By degrees his vision became accustomed to the obscurity, and raising a corner of the serape, his eye fell upon the face of a corpse! He immediately recognized it as that of one of the Ohioans.

Horror-struck by the sight, he motioned Jose to his side, and stripping down the covering, exposed the bloody clashing of

the murdered man. The Mexican would have uttered an exclamation of alarm, had not the Frenchman placed his hand upon his mouth, and enjoined silence, as their only chance of escape.

They now examined the other bed. It also contained a murdered man—the other unfortunate Ohioan. The two young men had apparently met death in sleep. They had been stabbed to the heart.

After making this fearful discovery our travelers held a hasty consultation. Jean repeated the warning of the young woman, and directed Jose to examine one of the windows, while he inspected the other.—That to which the Frenchman went looked upon the court, in which were their horses, and where several persons were moving about and speaking in whispers to each other. Jose's window looked upon the rear of the house, and out upon the broken rocks of the mountain side. But the distance to the ground on this side was great, too great to leap, but at the expense of broken bones. By way of the court the descent was easy enough, first upon the roof of a low outbuilding, and then by the projecting corners of the stone building to the ground.

After a moment's hesitation, Jean determined to attempt this passage, even into the midst of the guerrillas, who were within the court. For this purpose he examined his revolvers, loosened his sabre, and directed Jose to see also to his arms. He was about to let himself from the window when a noise at the other window attracted his attention. Stepping lightly across the floor, he peered out of the last, and perceived a pole leaning against the building, within reach of his hand. To this was attached a long larva of rawhide. There was evidently some friendly assistance below, and drawing the rope through the window, they were provided with a sure and safe means of descent. It was the work of a moment only to tie one end of this to one end of the rafters, and so drop cautiously to the ground.

As Jean, who was first to descend, let himself from the window, he heard hurried voices in the room below; and immediately several men made a rush for the attic; the next instant a carbine shot was heard, followed by a cry of terror, and the body of poor Jose, who was that moment stepping from the window, fell with a crushing weight upon him, causing the Frenchman to lose his hold upon the rope and to fall to the ground.

Though considerably injured by the fall, he did not lose his presence of mind; and regretting his feet, looked about him for the most practicable mode of escape. While thus contemplating the place, a dark object approached from the shadow of the building, and beckoned him to follow. It was the girl who had given him warning of his danger. He was about to join her when the gate of the court suddenly opened, and supplied with lighted torches, scores of Mexicans rushed out and surrounded the place. Jean found himself encircled in the ring of eager ruffians, while the girl, pointing toward the side of the mountain, made good her own escape.

"Death to the *Maltrato Americanos!*" shouted the fierce robber gang, as they caught sight of the Frenchman, and rattle shot after shot among the loose stones and rubbish where he was endeavoring to retreat himself.

Finding it impossible thus to elude his enemies, Jean now determined to cut his way through them. He drew his sabre, which he placed under his handless arm; and then with one of his revolvers charged upon the guerrillas. They were well armed, and fought with a ferocious bravery.

After discharging the six barrels of one revolver, each of which dispatched a Mexican, the fearless Frenchman had to resort to his sabre; and as his assailants gathered about him, he dealt his blows about him right and left, till, to use his own words, he "built a barricade of dead grasshoppers about him."

Finding the way now open to him he made good his escape to the rocks, toward which the girl had directed him. But though now out of their reach, being out of danger, he knew his enemies would pursue him, and being familiar with the wild country, might easily track him out.

Many and various were the hairbreadth escapes through which the brave expressman passed, ere he made good his escape from the mountains; for through that long night, and until he came within sight of the white walls of Saltillo, the guerrillas, infuriated by the loss of their comrades, continued to pursue him; and more than once they were almost within touching distance of him. At these times his fingers itched to press the trigger of his pistol upon them, but prudence dictated a better course; and finally, when the day was nearly spent, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and excitement, he reached the camp of Colonel Morgan, and placed in his hands the despatch with which he had been entrusted.

ISLAND TEN.—We understand the despatches have been received in this city from Trenton, forwarded by parties who had made their escape, giving some of the particulars of the surrender of the Island.

The capture was made on Tuesday, our men having first either their guns into the river, or rendered them useless to the enemy by spiking. As we have already said, our transports and the floating battery were sent. About one thousand of our troops escaped; the remainder, estimated at two thousand, were prisoners.—*Memphis Appeal*, 11th inst.

FURTHER FROM THE FIGHT AT SOUTH MILLS.—The steamer Arrow arrived here last night, bringing a couple of our wounded, and two Yankee prisoners, members of the 88th New York Regiment. She also brought 1,100 pounds of ammunition and some ten or twelve boxes of 12th. Another shot, captured by our forces.

We gathered the following particulars from several aboard the boat, who were engaged in the fight.

The action began at 12 o'clock, at a point two miles North of South Mills, whether our forces had proceeded for the purpose of attacking the enemy.

Our force consisted of six companies of the 3d Georgia Regiment and McCaskey's Artillery. The companies were not full, and the whole number of men on our side may be set down at from three to five hundred.

The enemy's force, by their own admission, through the prisoners captured by us, consisted of five regiments.

The battle lasted until 5 1/2 o'clock p. m., when our forces were ordered to fall back on their entrenchments at South Mills, which they did in good order. The enemy encamped on the ground, but during the night they made a regular stampede, and as fearful were they of our prowess, that, as they fled, they burned the bridges after them to prevent a successful pursuit.

The casualties on our side are few, consisting of six killed and about twenty-five wounded. The enemy's loss is very great, but cannot be arrived at with certainty.

There is reason to believe from the statements of the prisoners that they lost many of their officers; and from all we have been able to gather, it is probable that statement we gave yesterday of their loss, namely, eight or nine hundred, will prove correct.—*Norfolk Day Book*.

AFFAIRS AT SAVANNAH.—The Republican, of Monday, says:

On the banks of the Savannah all seems quiet. The enemy, few in numbers, are still lying in our lower river, and so far as seen, no reinforcements have reached them. They have not a force equal to an equal on the city, and its augmentation would seem inconsistent with the pressing demands from other points at the present time. McClellan will need every man he can draw into the field for his operations in the Peninsula, and the Federal exigencies out West are equally pressing for all the troops at their command. Meanwhile, we are not idle. The military authority here are using all means in their power to strengthen our defenses and make them impregnable. Come in what numbers he may, the enemy will have his hands full in his march upon Savannah.

A gun-battalion came up Freeborn's Cut yesterday forenoon, to within about two miles of our battery at Gauston's Bluff, but no gun was fired on either side.

A Federal propeller also came up the river yesterday, and fired a shot in the direction of Mackey's Point, but it fell far short of the mark.

THE BATTLE NEAR CORINTH.—We have some interesting advice from the battle-fields of Shiloh and Pittsburg. These accounts assure the facts that in three engagements the enemy was repulsed on every occasion. From what we can gather from the reports of officers engaged in the battle, our loss in both engagements was about five thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss was about twenty-five thousand killed and wounded. Our forces, in falling back, to Corinth, were not pursued. From information we have gathered, we have but little doubt that Gen. Bull was killed.

There is no doubt that the action near Corinth was one of the most sanguinary in history in proportion to the numbers engaged; and we have reason to believe that official reports will increase the account of our loss. On account of the great distance from which the dead was seen, the battle field did not present as horrible a spectacle as the contracted field at Donelson, where the men were killed in masses, and an acre of open ground was filled with dead, in many instances, several feet deep.—*Richmond Examiner*.

HENRY DEPOT DESTROYED.—The *Memphis Appeal*, of the 19th, publishes a dispatch from J. A. Carter, Agent at Henry Station, M. and O. R. R., dated April 19, to S. M. Jones, Superintendent, which says that the Federal cavalry had surrounded the place and kept all persons inside the lines until they made ready, when they ordered all private property be taken out of the depot and set the building on fire.—There was in the depot about five car loads of Government stores, which were lost.—The books and papers belonging to the company saved. They took no prisoners, and immediately left the place.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE BURNING OF OUR COTTON AND TOBACCO.—The London Times, in an editorial, says that any time cannot be far distant when the South must either surrender their cotton and tobacco or burn them. If they give up their crops to the invaders, we may consider they intend to ensue. If they give them to the flames, all the worst that can happen to them will have happened, and that task of conquest which never can be performed will have commenced.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.—We find the following interesting account of a very extraordinary adventure in the Atlantic Conference, of Friday last.

Yesterday evening, Capt. J. T. Montgomery arrived here from Corinth, whither he had gone when the wires first flashed the news of Saule's great fight. After staying there till he desired to return, he left on Wednesday night the 9th, and arrived at Huntsville next morning—no one on board dreaming that the Yankees were in the place. He was in the hindmost car, and as the train stopped, he heard some one say, "the Yankees have got us!" and looking out he saw them as thick as bees around the engine, and coming down along the line of the train. He quickly stepped out, took a back street and was soon out of sight. Near the outskirts of the town, he entered a house, exchanged his uniform for citizen's clothes, came back in to town, hired a horse and buggy and negro driver at a fiery stable, and started for the Tennessee river at the nearest point. He had proceeded but a little way until a couple of mounted Federal officers, being got scent of him from finding his name on his trunk in the cars, came up and accosted him as Capt. Montgomery. He repudiated the name—said his name was Johnson; that he was going to his home from town. They told him that they knew better; that he was Capt. Montgomery, and must go with them. Quietly remarking that they must know more about him, and his business than he did himself, he turned and started back with them.

They stopped on the roadside to chat with some negroes they found in a field.—(Yankees are said to be negroes.) They were both very tall and ungainly. Catching the proper moment, when their attention was directed to the negroes, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and instantly put a ball through the heart of one, who fell down dead. Another moment and he had put a ball through the other, who reeled and shortly fell prone a few moments. Meanwhile, the negroes, seeing his way clear, turned back with the horse and buggy, and got himself ferried across, just as fifty well armed and mounted men approached the bluff, and could find no way to cross after him. They discharged their guns at him without effect. He took to the mountains, made his way to Chattanooga, and reached here last evening.

The Captain has been raising a regiment of Mounted Artillery. This is the kind of an officer his men will have to serve under.

MURDER OF DR. SHUMATE OF FAUQUIER.

Through a misnomer of Fauquier county, we learn that on Sunday morning last, a party of Yankees called the house of Dr. Hays, of Fauquier county, and that while there the officer in command attempted to penetrate into the chamber of Miss Samsate, a daughter of the Doctors. He was rebuffed by Dr. Samsate that this was his daughter's private chamber, and that if he persisted in forcing the door, he would kill him. In response to this the officer only laughed and tossed the bolt of the door, when Dr. Samsate killed him. The soldiers, hearing the report of the pistol, quickly ran in and dispatched the gallant father. Command is unnecessary. Men of Virginia, you see how white, children, orators, or secret hearts, read your fate to the death of this noble man, if you do not at once leave your homes and enlist under the Flag of Southern Liberty. Dr. S. was a gentleman of high respectability, and represented Fauquier county two sessions in the lower house of the Legislature. His age was about forty-five.—*Richmond Whig*.

FALLING BACK OF STONEMAN JACKSON.

The Lynchburg *Fighting Line* learns from messengers who arrived there on Saturday night, that General Jackson was falling back in perfect order, and without the loss of any stores. It is supposed to be his intention to concentrate his forces with General Edward Johnson, who had also left his former position, and give the enemy battle.

All the sick from the Valley, including those who were wounded at the battle near Warrenton, are being removed to Lynchburg. Freshman's report that the enemy had not reached there at that time, and that all the trains were in the hands of Gen. Jackson's army and being removed with perfect safety.

A HEAVY LAD.—In the incidents at Saltillo, we recall that a "heavy lad" of sixteen, who had been fighting vigorously, received a shot in his arm. The surgeons were debating whether it should be amputated or healed, when the young man, who still held his gun in his other hand, exclaimed: "It is up and let me go, I want to be at them again!"

WEATHER FROM CORINTH.—The letters were received by New Orleans by the recent arrival of a direct steamer conveying the following: that a general retreat, in position, is expected to take place there in the course of the coming month; and that the settlement of the American question was thought to be the only means of restoring confidence.