

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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

TERMS:

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Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines of type, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent. 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 by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 50 per cent for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must state the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Estimates are authorized to be given.

Poetry.



A Generous Deed.

BY EDWARD LAMB.

As on the tempest troubled shore
The lonely seaman stands,
And sadly gazes on the rocks
That strew the beaten sands,
He sorrow's o'er his ruined hope,
And breathes a mournful prayer—
When, breaks a wave upon his feet,
And leaves a treasure there,
With joy upon the wall he looks,
Then grasps the precious pearl,
And in the path of life more
The light of gladness sees.

As 'mong the dust of centuries
A traveler gropes his way,
For relics of some ancient time,
That long has passed away,
Perchance as thoughtlessly he turns
The gateway of a castle
And in the gloom of little vault,
A treasure rare appears.

So, when the shores of time
The waters of memory flow,
And night and wreckers far, far round
The stranded eyes can meet,
The weary cast away of life,
In mute despairing stand—
When for the billows part, and lo!
A treasure on the sands.

A generous deed long buried deep
Within its silent breast,
From out the waste life waters come,
To bid the wanderer rest.

No 'mid the fallen hopes of youth
The spirit gropes its way,
For lessons of the heavy past,
To cheer its eye and day,
A noble act forgotten long,
Lays forth to bid the sight,
And shade upon the gloom of years
A calm and holy light.

The number drops to his heart,
And in that hour of need,
More worth than all the wealth of earth
Shall be that generous deed.

Miscellaneous.

From America's Own.

THE AMERICAN TROOPER.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly an hour had passed and still the father and daughter sat in the tent, with a beating heart and despairing soul, thinking on his coming death—on his ignominy—on the selfish exultation of Grober, he trembling with apprehension for the future fate of his child. The hour would soon be up. Its last moments were passing swiftly away, his minutes of existence were numbered, soon time would be at an end with him.

They sat silent, for not a word was spoken by either, but each sat involved in saddest expectation.

"Farewell, farewell, my poor child!" he exclaimed at length. "I hear Grober's voice. He is coming and my fate will soon be sealed. But, Celia, keep up your spirits, and do not yield to my murderer."

"Never, never!" cried Celia, with a voice scarcely audible.

"Now," cried Grober, entering, "old man, your time is up. Are you prepared to yield, Celia, or will you die?"

"I am ready—lead me to death."

"I spoke not to you, but to her who can

save you. Answer, Celia—shall your father die, or not?"

"He shall!" she answered, in a stern and steady voice. "He shall die—but there is another world; there is a God above, Grober, and remember there is a hell."

"Pshaw. Soldiers, approach, lead this traitor to the gallows. Ah, you going!—Well, then, come, lead on your father—his death may soften you."

All was still as Sandford was borne on, with blinded eyes, and hands bound behind him. All was still, and they approached the fatal cord which hung from the branch of a gigantic tree, whose stately form rose beneath the hill.

"Miss Sandford, there is your father," she spoke not, she made no sign, but kissed her father, and the last words of farewell were spoken.

Suddenly she started. Her quick ears detected a sound far away, gradually increasing, gradually approaching—she trembled, her heart beat quickly once more, hope revived, for well she knew the sound. Such sounds always announced the coming of Grober.

But she alone seemed to notice it, for Grober, heedless of all things else, gave orders for Sandford's death. "Place the noose around the traitor's neck and be ready, men, to pull him up between earth and heaven."

The cord was fastened around that venerable head, whose lips moved as though breathing a prayer.

"One more, Miss Sandford, speak."

She folded her arms and answered not a word.

"Your father in five minutes shall die, and you try not to save him. Unnatural girl! you—is it you who are his destroyer?"

Still not a word. She heard the sounds coming nearer. The other soldiers heard them—they looked tearfully towards Grober.

"Hang him—pull him up!" yelled Grober, furiously, to his men. "Fools, obey me—what are you staring at?"

One of them pointed at the hill and said, "the rebels!" The sound of coming horses was heard rising loudly through the air—

the loud thunder of their tramp over a rocky road; they were close at hand.

"Hang this fellow first, and then meet the rebels. Fools! Ah, fury!"

He rushed to wards the camp crying, "To arms! to arms! the rebels!" and all through the camp went the startling cry of the rebels!

And now came the trumpet's notes—loudly, wildly, piercingly through the air, and the rushing of the coming force was heard, as the soldiers instantly seized their arms and poured forth to meet them. Through the gloom little could be seen and Celia, finding all full of excitement and herself unnoticed, looked on her father, and stole fast and far away up the rocky hill. Reaching a rugged height, she stopped to let her father rest, and then they both looked down. By the blazing fire they could see all.

The British soldiers hastily leaped upon their steeds and seized their arms. Trumpets sounded, and the voice of Grober was heard as he cursed his soldiers and gave them his commands.

Down came the troop upon them—down they rushed from the hills with the speed and fury of a whirlwind. The long and rough road, the former fatigue of the day, all were forgotten and nothing remained but the unquenchable ardor of battle and fierce thirst for vengeance.

"Liberty! Down with the king! Death to the British!"

The shout rose shrilly on high as the Americans came on. There rode the flower of their cavalry—there Celia could distinguish the noble form of Grober, and could hear his voice as its deep tones cried out, "On upon them!"

"God save the king, and down with the rebels!" was the cry of Grober's band as they stood to meet the enemy. This was but for a moment. On came the horses, and then amid long volleys of musketry, and dust and smoke, shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph, clashing of arms, and neighing of furious horses, the troops closed.

For a while nothing could be seen but a wild confusion of soldiers and horses—nothing was heard but one vast outcry. Carbines and guns could no longer be loaded; they fought with swords and guns used as clubs.

"Death to the rebels!" yelled Grober, "Furies!" he screamed. "Down with them!"

His men, panic-stricken by the ferocity of the Americans, whom they had been taught to despise, and overpowered by their individual strength began to waver.

Then the men of Grober grew bolder still, and their words faded quickly and fatally around. They drew closer to one another—they rushed more furiously into the broken ranks of the British.

"Fly," cried they, as, terrified they beheld the Americans once more riding victorious among them. Grober rode amid the hottest of the fight, searching for Grober, whose voice was yet heard, but more tremulous than before. He sought him out, and came up, sword in hand. His pale countenance, over which hung his rare hair in wild disorder—his compressed and colorless lips, his blazing eyes, made him appear like some spirit, some demon.

"Grober, I have found you. Die!"

"I do not; but I ask for quarter, rebel!"

"What! will you insult me?" cried Grober, and with herculean strength hurled him from his horse to the earth.

All conflict had ceased. The British, or rather Hessians—for this was a troop of Hessian cavalry which England had sent out—yielded themselves prisoners, and putting their horses to rest.

From the rock above Celia had seen all—had seen her lover triumphant, and now sitting to seal the doom of her enemy. Instantly the old man and his daughter went down to meet their deliverer.

"Grober," said Grober, gazing sternly upon him, "do you know who I am?"

"A fiend—for none but a fiend has such a glance, or strength."

"Be wary how you answer. Do not tempt me. Your life hangs on too brittle a thread."

"My life! How?"

"You shall be hung as a murderer of the innocent."

"What! Dare you speak thus to a British officer! Hang—"

"Where is Mr. Sandford?"

"I know not."

"He was murdered here. I have come too late to save him."

"He was a rebel, and therefore I seized him."

"Was his daughter a rebel? Why did you seize her?"

"For particular purposes."

"Why did you destroy his house, plunder it, murder the servants, and the venerable man who befriended you? Answer, rejoined Grober, indignantly.

"I will answer those who have a right to question me. Take care of me until I stand before your commander."

"I will take care of you one half hour, and then a greater Being shall judge you."

"What?"

"Is the rope ready, Murray?"

"There is one upon yonder large tree, with a weight attached, all ready. The villains have used it on poor Sandford."

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INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

As Col. Forrest's command were marching through Cannon Court, on their way to Murfreesboro, the citizens crowded the thoroughfares, cheering our gallant men with every demonstration of joy. The ladies everywhere were particularly enthusiastic. Some of the citizens of Cannon had been arrested and were confined in prison at Murfreesboro. The ladies besieged their men with tears in their eyes to rescue their husbands and fathers from the hands of the tyrant. One little girl ran up to that old patriot and soldier, Capt. Haney, of the 1st Georgia Cavalry, and wringing her hands implored him to bring her father back to her again. The old man turned to her with his whole soul. Learning in his face, and exclaimed, while the mauly tear started in his eye—"I will, my daughter! I will!" The result proved the truth of his words. The Captain was the first to enter the Court House when the prisoners were confined—and that child's heart has been made glad by the safe return of the father to the household roof.

As our little army went dashing into Murfreesboro, making the echoes by the rattling of their horses' hoofs over the street, the whole population were aroused from their slumbers, and rushed to their windows, balconies and verandas with every demonstration of delight. Ladies could be seen kneeling in postures of thankfulness to Heaven for the day of their deliverance. As the morning advanced and as the fight thickened, the same fair ones were in the streets, spite of the whistling of balls and rain of lead, administering to the want of our soldiers, filling their canteens with water, and their haversacks with an abundance of provisions. Unheeding the shots from the enemy's guns, they thought only of the comfort of their gallant champions. One lady received a ball parol shot from her hand, the ball passing within two inches of her jeweled fingers. Such heroism has never before known in the annals of war, and will illuminate to the remotest generation of the history of our glorious land.

A company of Federals were in possession of the Court House, and were shooting our soldiers in all directions from the windows above. Col. Morrison (1st Georgia) dismounted three of his companies and ordered them to charge the building, which they did in most gallant style, rushing through the public square to the very doors of the edifice, under a most galling fire of musketry. Conscious that the loss of life to our men would be terrible by attempting to pass up the stairway, the building was immediately set on fire, when the Yankees above bawled out lustily for quarters. The fire was extinguished, the whole company surrendered, and our imprisoned fellow-citizens were happily released. Old Capt. Haney was the first man to enter the Court House and to receive in his arms the liberated captives.

Late in the day, Col. Morrison was surprised to see the old hero rushing towards him frantic with joy, and exclaiming, "Colonel, I'll be d—d if I haven't taken Gen. Crittenden and all his staff!" "You don't say so, Captain," answered the Colonel. "If I haven't there's no h—ll!" exclaimed the old man, and passed on to new deeds of heroism and glory.

Capt. Haney is near sixty years of age, and commands a company from Floyd and Polk Counties, in Georgia. His men love him as a father. He is a great favorite with his entire regiment, and wherever he goes, with his general and benignant face, and his paternal fondness for the "boys," he is greeted with enthusiasm, and blessed with the heart-offerings of those to whom he is so dear.—*Knoxville Register*, 23d.

AMERICANS IN WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, in describing the Government African Hotel at Washington, says: "The poor devils—ignorant and indolent—almost without power of thought, and no taste for labor—of both sexes and of every age—are crowded indiscriminately together, no pains being taken to keep the males and females apart. There is no restraint put over them. They come thrice a day, as the animals do, for their food—Government rations, bad meat and hard bread—and having disposed of it, retire to sleep away the rest of the day in indolence. Talk to them, and some faint abolitionist intrudes and engages in the conversation, all one, disgusted with both contract and abolitionist, retires from the revolting scene."

LOST.—Gen. Stonewall Jackson is lost again. He keeps jumping about from one place to another, and, like the "Irishman's flea," when you put your finger upon him, he says it is thought that Gen. Pope is in search of him. We hope he may succeed in finding him, as his friends around here are anxious to hear from him.—*Richmond Whig*.

THE WOUNDED YANKEER.—It has been decided to parole immediately twenty-five hundred of the Yankees whose wounds are the most severe. A descriptive list of them is now being made out, and, when completed, they will be shipped, some down James river and others by the York River railroad to the White House.

ANOTHER THIEVING YANKEE PLOT EXPOSED.

—A young man, who gave the name of William P. Lee, was brought on yesterday from Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in charge of Mr. Henry Coleman, charged with the serious crime of uttering and circulating counterfeit tens and fives of the Confederate States, and ones of the Corporation of Virginia, and the twenty five cent issue of the State of North Carolina. Above seven hundred and fifty dollars of the bogus issue was found on his person, besides sixty dollars in bogus gold, and other important papers. The accused was taken before William F. Watson, Esq. Adjutant General, State Commissioner, Franklin street, where an examination was had. Among the witnesses who appeared was Gen. Wigder, the Military Commandant of the city.

The examination resulted in Lee being sent on to await his trial at the next term of the Confederate Court.

Among the papers found on the accused was the following circular, which we copy verbatim, issued by the authorizing Yankee financier, "S. C. Upham, No. 403 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, to whom all orders may be addressed." "Twenty dollar Confederate Bonds? I have this day issued, in fac simile, twenty dollar Confederate Bonds, making in all fifteen different fac similes, of rebel bonds, notes and shipmasters, issued by me the past three months." "Trade supplied at fifty cents per hundred, or four dollars per 1,000, (thousand.) All orders by mail or express promptly executed."

All orders to be sent by mail must be accompanied with fifteen cents in postage stamps, in addition to the above prices, to prepay postage on each one hundred dollars ordered."

"N. B.—In press, and will have out during the week, the one hundred dollar rebel notes. Address as above."

Lee, who is in himself an insignificant looking individual, and who is, doubtless, the dupe of others, was committed to the Confederate States Prison.

The counterfeit money is held in the possession of Mr. Watson. It is a good imitation of the original, as well executed as Yankee ingenuity was capable of, and altogether likely to deceive the unsuspecting.

The whole case, taking it through, develops a deep-laid scheme on the part of the thieving, counterfeiters of North, through individuals, with the connivance of the Yankee Government, to undermine the Confederate currency; and the fact of the above circular being issued so publicly, shows that it is part of the general plan.—*Richmond Examiner*, 26th.

GREENVILLE, MO., CAPTURED BY CONFEDERATES—A DESPERATE FIGHT.

—The Northern papers publish the following dispatch, dated St. Louis, July 23:

A merchant of Fredericktown has arrived here, and reports that a desperate fight had taken place at Greenville, Wayne county, Mo., between a band of guerrillas and two companies of State militia stationed at that place. The militia under the command of Captain Leeper, were surprised by the guerrillas, who were under the command of a man named Reeves. The guerrillas made the attack at daylight, very suddenly and ferociously, no tickets being out to apprise our men of their approach. Capt. Leeper and 48 of his men are reported killed, and a large number wounded. The rebel loss is not known. The rebels took possession of the town.

[Greenville is a post village and capital Wayne county. It is situated on the St. Francis river, about 100 miles South-east from Jefferson City.]

THE ENEMY IN SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

—There are about 12,000 Federal troops in Lee County, Va. The Bristol Advocate, of the 17th, as it went to press, received the following report:

On Monday evening last, the Federal forces re-entered Jonesville, and finding our people leaving it, fired upon them. Several are reported as being killed and many taken prisoner. Shortly after entering Jonesville, they set fire to the place and burned it up, as is supposed. Every Southern family that our get way are endeavoring to make their escape from Lee.

ANOTHER ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—Seven more of the political prisoners confined here effected their escape; last Thursday night. As in the former instance, so in this—they took advantage of a dark and stormy hour, and when the rain, as they supposed, had lifted the guns of the guard far service. They were discovered, however, and fired upon, but without serious effect. One of them has since returned. He can give no account of the others, farther than that two of them were wounded by the guard—one in the hand and the other in the breast.—*Salisbury Watchman*, 21st.

CANNON.

—Twenty-two pieces of artillery part of the eighty pieces taken by the English from the Russians at the battle of Inkermann, and presented to the Confederacy by British merchants, (brought over to the States,) have arrived at Macon. They bear evidence of having seen service. With some alterations, they will hereafter speak for themselves, in a manner highly creditable. Some thirty-eight pieces, more are expected at the same place.

MORE ABOUT THOSE THIRTEEN BATTERIES.

—The Augusta Constitutionalist, has the following in regard to the report that the steamer Thomas L. Wragg had recently run the blockade, bringing, as a part of her cargo, thirteen batteries, a present from merchants in England to the Confederate States:

Perhaps this may be a different version of a somewhat similar statement recently made on, or by an entirely different thing. The statement that we received was to this effect:

A gentleman now in Glasgow, Scotland, who is a brother residing in Richmond County, Virginia, that there were 80 pieces of artillery, the Crimea belonging to England, and that they were offered for sale at the price of \$2,000.00 conceived the idea of purchasing them, and presenting them to the Southern Confederacy.

In order to carry out a project, he called upon the merchants of Glasgow who trade with Charleston, and in so doing had his subscription list filled and the required amount complete—the first name on the list being a gentleman ninety-three years of age, who gave \$2,000.00. Having thus raised the required amount, it was found to be impossible to charter a vessel to go to the Crimea for the cannon; but this difficulty was soon overcome—a vessel was purchased, sent to the Crimea, and the cannon obtained and presented to the Confederacy.

We have this statement from a gentleman who assures us that it is reliable. The set is one which should be remembered in the disposal of trade favors in the future.

A DARING FEAT—THE BURNING OF A FEDERAL VESSEL.

—At one o'clock, on Saturday morning last, Corporal Cooks, Thomas Martin, Wm. Daniel, Alexander Dimonty and Wm. Williams, members of the Prince George Cavalry, having procured a boat, left Coffin's Point, on the South side of James river, and pulled to a schooner lying in a fleet of vessels and gun-boats, about half a mile from the shore. As the boat neared the vessel a dog on board gave the alarm; but the boat was made fast, and Mr. Martin sprang on deck, followed by the rest of the party, just as the captain of the schooner made his appearance from the cabin. Mr. Martin informed the captain he had come, by order of General McClellan, to arrest him and carry him to headquarters. The captain was accordingly lowered into the boat, and a straw bed in the cabin of the schooner having been ripped open and fired, our adventurers pulled for the southern shore. Just as they were safely landed, the flames burst out on board the vessel, and, in an instant after, she was in a sheet of flame from stem to stern, the light illuminating the river and its banks for miles.

The prisoners is ascertained to be Captain John A. Jones, of New York. He is now in the Petersburg jail. His schooner was the Louisa River, of one hundred and sixty-three tons burden. She was loaded with corn and provisions and was valued at eight thousand dollars, exclusive of her cargo.

THE BIG GUNS.

Major Trumbull, of the First Connecticut Artillery, states that corps had charge of all the siege guns of the army during McClintock's masterly retreat, and saved every one of them. The guns were placed in position on five different occasions during the retreat, and the advancing columns of the enemy thereby held in check, until the positions which the Commanding General designed to secure were gained.

THE ARMY OF GEN. PRICE AND WOUNDED AT RICHMOND.

—We had the pleasure of a visit yesterday morning from the Rev. John B. Russell, the Captain of the 3d Brigade of the army of Gen. Price, who is now on his way to Richmond, as the bearer of \$4,500, contributed by the officers and men of a battalion of the Missouri Confederate Volunteers, Lieut. Col. Eugene E. Brown commanding, and the First Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, Col. Eliza Bates commanding, for the relief of their sick and wounded fellow soldiers at Richmond.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Adm.*, July 16th.

ROSENZWEIG IS SAID TO BE UNABLE TO GET HIS SUPPLIES BY TRANSPORT ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

—owing to the lowness of water, and when he has attempted to haul them in wagons from Memphis, his trains have been cut off by our partisan bands which roam the country. On the other hand, the enemy's attempts to keep open the Memphis and Charleston railroad as to feed his forces are hampered by the almost daily excursions of our guerrillas, who tear up the track, burn the bridges, and assail the enemy's communication with restless energy and daring.—*Richmond Examiner*.

THE NEW YORK WORLD REMARKS: IMPORTERS ARE HESITANT WITH THE RAPID RISE IN THE PRICE OF GOLD AND EXAGGERATE.

They cannot tell the cost of their goods, one day ahead, and they have advanced prices from five to thirty per cent on staple merchandise. Regular trading has receded into a gambling arena, in which the importer feels as if he had made a mistake and regrets it, even after he has succeeded in selling his goods, or contracted to deliver them at an exorbitant advance on prices he would have been glad to take in June.

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