

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS 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. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Count ads. by lines and space. Shorter notices charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33 1/2 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly. Postmasters are authorized to receive agents.

Poetry.



Things that Never Die.

By FREDERICK JOHNSON.
Bright things of earth can never die,
Although they often fade;
For beauty and for attributes
Were by God, deathless made.
And though the twilight fades away,
From out a summer's sky,
Yet other stars with light divine,
Adequate come on high.

Sweet, gentle, kind and loving words,
Although but spoken in jest,
God knows are deeply stored within
The glad receiver's breast;
Like childhood's sweet and simple rhymes,
Deep in the heart they lie—
Yes, words of wisdom and of love
Are things that never die.

Childhood, too, can never die,
For fragments of the past
Flit over on our memory,
As long as life shall last;
And many happy visions come by
Again break on our view
And in the visions which they bring,
We seem to live anew.

Sweet, gentle fancies never die—
They always leave behind,
Some well-beloved legacy
Stored deep within the mind;
Some happy thought or pleasant dream
Which, though they may pass by,
Yet leave an impress on the heart,
That they can never die.

Miscellaneous.

KATE MAYNARD'S CORRESPONDENCE.

BY GEORGIE C. LYMAN.

"O, DEAR, I'm dying of ennui!—I'm tired of everything—what shall I do?" murmured Kate Maynard to herself, as she strolled restlessly about the rich parlors of her father's house.

She had tried to read had sewed a little, but her ennui, played with the cat, ran her fingers over the piano keys, twined the strings of her guitar, and broke one, and finally turned from all in disgust. She was standing by the window toying with the heavy silken cord that held back the purple folds of the drapery, when a servant entered with the evening paper. She grasped it eagerly, and for a while found employment in perusing its contents. As she was looking over the list of advertised letters, her eyes fell upon the name of "Arnold M. Graham." She noted it as a pretty name, and then forgot it again immediately as accounts of fires, murders and robberies attracted her attention, following each other in quick succession. Then came advertisements for clerks, business partners, agents, servants and wives. She read an advertisement of the latter class through twice, with an amused smile.

"I'm half a mind to answer that," she said, tossing down the paper. "It would be rare fun, I know."

Again her eyes fell upon the name, "Arnold M. Graham." She wondered who he was—this Mr. Graham—and wrote the name carefully upon the margin of the paper to see how pretty it looked written. Suddenly an odd thought entered her mind, and a momentary excitement flushed her face. She rose to her feet and stood half irresolute a moment, with her fingers on her lips, then with a sudden, impulsive movement, she seated herself at her writing desk, and dashed off a piquant little note addressed to "Arnold M. Graham."

"There can be no possible harm in it," she said, laughing as she rang the bell for the servant to take it to the post-office. "If he should prove to be an odd, or steady

married man, my billet will receive a share of astonishment and a place in the fro, which is just what it deserves, while if he is a young gentleman he will answer it, and such a correspondence will be rare enjoyment for me."

The next morning she awakened with the impression that something unusual had occurred the evening before. Then gradually, as the memory of what she had done returned, a slightly uneasy feeling disturbed her.

"Still there can no possible harm arise from it," she thought. "There is a chance that he may never receive it, and if he does there is no else whereby he can discover that 'Mattie Wayne' is Kate Maynard."

Yet she was half sorry that the letter had ever been written, and almost frightened when she received an answer about a week afterwards. The reply was written much in the same style in which the first one had been penned, and the writer evidently understood the matter just as she wished him to. There was a certain limitable grace in his manner of expression, and a sprightliness and originality of tone that was quite charming.

"There can be no harm in answering it," she repeated, for the third time, after a second and more careful perusal.

So an answer was returned, directed as desired, to Baltimore, Maryland, the gentleman's present address. She informed him that she would consent to a correspondence as he desired, on condition that he would give his word of honor to keep her letters strictly private, and never endeavor by any means to discover who she was. To these terms "Arnold," as he signed himself, readily agreed, and the correspondence progressed with a rapidity that betrayed it a matter of interest on both sides. He sent her his business card, that of an attorney at law, and informed her that he was a southerner by birth, but had business connections in New York that required his presence once a year, also that her first letter had been forwarded him with others by a friend. Every week a communication directed to "Miss Mattie Wayne," was received by her with a slight flushing of the face that betrayed the swift beating of a heart which, before many months, she learned held a secret which all in vain she jested at.

"Miss Mattie Wayne is possessed of a disconcerting degree of susceptibility to yield her heart to the sight of a graceful handwriting and a few pretty compliments. Kate, my dear, here's a lesson for you, don't fail to improve upon it. What would your reputation as a sensible young lady be worth if you should commit a like indiscretion? Be very careful!"

She laughed as she uttered these words to a light, smiling way, holding in her hand a white, slowly-written sheet, between whose snowy folds a few small blossoms were crushed. There was a velvet-leaved heart's ease, a tiny crimson rose, and a jessamine spray, bound together by a golden thread. A little book, a sort of Flora's Dictionary, lay upon her lap, with her fingers between the leaves.

"O, if he wishes to sit in this delicate way I am quite ready," she said, and slipped a spring spiderweb between the pages of her answer.

A small yellow tulip was resolved in reply, the sentiment, "I dare not aspire so high."

"It is as I thought," she said. "We understood each other, and half laughing, she twined a rosebud with a spray of lavender, and sent him.

She opened his next letter, and perused its contents with a feeling of dismay at the author's boldness. A richly tinted pea blossom had made rosy stains upon the white pages.

"Grant me an interview," she said, repeating the sentiment. "This will never do. The joke has gone quite far enough, and must be ended."

She made a tiny bouquet of a variegated pink, a few white blossoms from a petalopine plant, and a spray of the hop vine, and sent it to him enclosed in a blank, white sheet. As soon as possible an answer which consisted only of one word was returned. The envelope contained but a slip of paper upon which the single word, "Pardon," was written.

Kate fell into a fit of musing over it, wishing heartily that she had never obeyed the impulse that had induced her to begin the correspondence.

"I will return his letters, and request mine, and thus end it," she said to herself.

But she did not, and the little white packet bound around with a blue ribbon, remained in her private writing desk. Week after week passed, but there was no addition made to it. Kate's mind was occupied with more immediate and important matters, and neither wrote to nor received a letter from her unknown correspondent.

"Boarders, mother, boarders!" said Kate, indignantly, flashing a look of astonishment at her mother; but the glance was met by a look of such sad reproach that she grew penitent immediately, and resting her flushed, tear-stained face upon her mother's shoulder, sobbed out a plea for forgiveness.

"You are too proud, my child," said Mrs. Maynard, smoothing back the heavy brown hair from her daughter's brow. "We must not think what we would like to do, but must learn to sacrifice our wishes to our circumstances. Your father's failure and death has left us penniless, with the exception of the little cottage on the

outskirts of the city, and if we would remain together we must manage to make it bring in income enough to support us. My plan is to retain Ellen, who will be our only servant, and to add a few agreeable persons to the family as boarders. We must learn not only to wait upon ourselves, but to assist her. You have still your piano, and can continue your music lessons; perhaps by-and-by you may wish to teach. Now be a brave girl and try to help me, and we will be happy yet, although there are but two of us now," and the tears which she had long striven to suppress, filled her eyes as she finished.

Selfishness was not one of Kate's faults, and by a strong effort she controlled her emotions and strove to assist her mother in carrying out her plans. The house to which they were to remove was a pretty stone cottage situated on the banks of the Hudson, and surrounded by a large, well-cultivated garden. In less than a week from the time of their removal, they were settled in their new home, and Kate had already begun to love the place. She spent nearly half her time in the garden, training the rose-bushes about the door and coaxing the morning glory vines to serve for blinds to the windows of her little chamber. She filled every apartment in the house with her bouquets, and made a perfect hower of her own room with garlands of flowers and wreaths and festoons of green leaves. She began to take a sort of pride in the house and its surroundings, and soon made it a regular practice to assist the servant in her morning task of taking care of the rooms. With her rich hair knotted up plainly in a shining coil at the back of her head, and a neat, white linen apron covering her pretty morning dress, she would trip about the house dusting and arranging the furniture, and looping back the snowy, light window drapery—her arrangements giving a sort of artistic charm to the room.

"You have made a perfect fairy land of our little parlor, my love," said Mrs. Maynard, entering the room one bright June morning.

Kate was busy in making a fresh wreath for the frame of her mother's picture, and looked up brightly from her work.

"I have come to ask you to assist Ellen in arranging the east chamber," the lady continued. "I suppose it will have an occupant to-morrow night, for a gentleman called and engaged board last evening, while you were out."

Kate did not reply, but bent her head low over her roses, to conceal the expression of dissatisfaction which clouded her face.

"Who is he?" she asked in a constrained voice, and without raising her eyes.

"His name is Morris, I believe," replied her mother. "He brought a letter of introduction from your father's old friend, Judge Lane, and is apparently a very gentlemanly person."

Poor Mr. Morris! If he only could have known what a decided dislike for him sprang up in Kate's heart the next morning, when he made his appearance, he might have saved himself the trouble of watching her from beneath his long lashes, as she flitted about the house busy with her morning tasks. As it was, it did not take him long to obtain an inkling of the fact, for Kate, with characteristic frankness, took no pains to conceal it. Though she was too proud to let her dislike betray her into decided unconcern, yet there was no mistaking the look in her eyes when they chanced to rest on him, her short, almost curt replies when he addressed her, and her apparent perfect indifference to his presence and opinions.

Perhaps all this was an annoyance to him, yet he never gave her cause to think so after the first few days, but maintained a marked coolness towards her which suited her low feelings. She knew, yet she did not forget the look of disappointment that clouded his face when she quietly refused his company on a morning walk, during the first week of his stay, or the flush that overspread it when she stood by him and carelessly tore to pieces a shina rose he had given her.

She was standing by the parlor window, in the shadow of the drapery, one morning, while he walked slowly back and forth in the gravelled walks of the garden. She wondered what he was thinking of, as he passed by her, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground, his tossing his dark hair about his forehead. Suddenly her thoughts reverted to her correspondent in Baltimore, and the idea that there might be a letter from him at the post-office, occurred to her. She could plead no excuse to her mother for taking the long walk to the city, and stood irresolute a moment, weighing the thought that next occurred to her. Deciding soon, she tripped out into the garden and stood beside Mr. Morris as he leaned against a tree.

"Mr. Morris," she said, hurriedly, "will you do me the favor to inquire for a letter for a friend of mine at the post office, while you are in town to-day?"

"Certainly," he replied, quietly. "What name?"

"Miss Mattie Wayne," said Kate, hoping he would not look at her face.

She was not looking at him, and did not see him change color or notice how illegibly he wrote the name in a little memorandum book.

He cast one quick, keen glance after her, as she entered the house, and then a bright smile illuminated his dark face.

"Caught at last, my pretty bird," he muttered through his white teeth. "Caught at last!"

Kate was anxious all day lest her mother should see the letter she expected before she could get it. She stationed herself at her window at five o'clock. Mr. Morris approached the house, as usual, at that hour, she thought he walked very slowly, and he, with his dark bright eyes fixed on her half-concealed figure, as she stood by the window, thought she looked unusually pretty, with that bright flush of expectancy on her cheeks. She hurried down to meet him, and received a letter from his hands as he entered the hall. A moment more and she was seated on the bare, gnarled roots of an old tree at the further end of the garden reading it. And Mr. Morris? He walked directly to his room, and taking a seat by the window, watched her as she read. How her eyes would have flashed had she known that his keen glance was bent steadily on her flushed, animated face, that he marked every expression that flitted across it with a triumphant beating of the heart.

He met her a few moments after at the supper table, and while engaged in buttering a muffin, watched from beneath his long lashes her clouded, perplexed face. She went to her room after tea, and re-read the last sentence of her letter:

"I am in New York city, and wish to take advantage of the only opportunity I shall have for a long time for writing you. Do not refuse me. Ever your friend,
A. M. GRAHAM."

She passed a sleepless night, wondering what she should do. She wished very much to see her unknown correspondent; but her mother knew all her acquaintances, and a call from a strange gentleman would require an explanation, which she felt that she could not give satisfactorily. Privately she had no doubts of her correspondent's good faith; so that when morning came she had formed a plan to be put into execution immediately.

A little note was despatched to Mr. Graham, in which she assigned a reason for not inviting him directly to her mother's home, and agreed to meet him on a certain promenade that he might accompany her home. She could then introduce him to her mother as a new acquaintance, and so the matter would pass smoothly. She described the dress that she would wear, that he might by that means recognize her, and requested an answer. In reply, the gentleman agreed to her proposal, and informed her that she might know him by a rose which he would wear in his coat.

There was a rapid beating of her heart that flushed her face when Kate stepped upon the broad, gravelled walk of the promenade. It was a familiar place to her, for she had trod the walks and bounded over the turf beneath the trees when she was a child, yet she went forward as timidly as if she were afraid of losing her way. There were but few persons within sight. First came a lady and gentleman, then two young ladies, then a group of children. Suddenly she started with a look almost of terror—walking quite apart, and coming directly towards her, was Mr. Morris! What should she do? She had not time to realize what she feared when she passed him. He had hesitated, but she did not pause, for while he raised his hat from his head with his left hand, his right was raised significantly to his breast, where the stem of a half-blown rose was drawn through a button-hole!

So stunned was she with surprise that she realized nothing more until she found herself in her room at home, wondering if she had returned his salutation. She concluded that he must have received only a blank stare of astonishment. And now what should she do?

"I'll never see him again; I will not go down to tea," she said to herself, as the sound of the supper-bell rang through the house; and tripping lightly down the stairs, she ran swiftly to the farthest end of the garden, and threw herself upon the grass by the little vine-covered arbor. "O, dear, what shall I do?" she groaned, wringing her slender hands. "I cannot, I never can see him! O, what shall I do?"

"Just what she wishes you to do, Mattie—marry him."

She sprang to her feet. Not two yards from her stood Mr. Morris, with his dark eyes fixed upon her face. He stepped quickly forward and strove to take her hands, but she shrank from him.

"You have broken your word," she cried, passionately. "You promised that you would not try to seek me out."

"Neither have I. My word has been kept sacred. I became a member of your home by the merest accident, nor knew that you knew anything of my little correspondent, whom I learned to love long ago, until you unwittingly disclosed the secret to me yourself."

"Your name?"

"My friend, Judge Lane, who has known me from a boy, has always called me 'Mr. Morris,' as I am called at home by my father's slaves and many of my friends. When writing to your mother, he spoke of me in his usual way, and I did not notice the mistake until I observed that she always called me by my Christian name. Then my curiosity being excited, I gave the matter a few minutes reflection, and soon saw how it was, but delayed the duty of correcting her until it became necessary, as it was rather a disagreeable piece of business."

He paused, looking down into the clear eyes that were so earnestly searching his face. Half bewildered by her position, she said, involuntarily, "What shall I do?"

Laughing, she took her hands and drew "I told you."

He raised her in his arms—marry me," he looked at him, and strove to make "Will you, Mattie?"

She did not speak, but a moment to his face. He held her eyes and why should we not be, reader, satisfied, for the benefit of some young lady.

And that Kate wore plain white muslin on the day that she became Mrs. Arnold Morris Graham, and that it was very becoming to her.

CONFEDERATE VESSELS AT LIVERPOOL.—The London Daily News, the journal which has become the mouth-piece of Yankees in England, publishes the following, in a late issue:

Liverpool would appear to be a kind of Confederate dock, judging by the vessels, new and old, which have left that port for the South since the commencement of the civil war in America. The *Cretio*, a new iron vessel intended for the Confederates, left the Mersey some time since for Nassau, where she arrived safely. However, while attempting to fit out for sea, the Admiralty Court seized her for an infringement of the Foreign Reliance Act, and the last advice from Nassau left her in the hands of the British commander of that station.

Another new iron vessel, with the rather mysterious name of "299," left the Birkenhead docks on Tuesday morning, and proceeded to sea, and on Wednesday she was discovered lying off Tuskar, awaiting the arrival of the *Heracles*, steam tug, from Liverpool, with a complement of fifty men. The "299" is rather a nice looking steamer, and her destination is either Nassau or Havana. She may probably take a preliminary cruise in the Atlantic.

This circumstance, together with the sailing of the Confederate steamship *Merrimac*, Capt. Row, from Plymouth Sound, (where she has been lying since June 7.) may probably account for the departure of the Federal man-of-war steamer *Tuscarora* from Southampton, early on the morning of the 30th, which will no doubt do her best to prevent either of these steamers reaching Southern ports. The *Tuscarora* is a splendid sailer, and carries a powerful armament.

A COMPLETE SURPRISE—GALLATIN TAKEN.—On Sunday, August 12, Col. Morgan's command left Sparta. On Tuesday morning, at 4 a. m., it entered Gallatin, 75 miles distant. The pickets behind whom we gained the turnpike were captured without either noise or resistance. Col. Boone, commanding the Federal forces, was made a prisoner at the hotel under the same conspicuous circumstances. The entire Confederate force marched through Gallatin to within less than half a mile of the Fair Grounds where the Federals were encamped, before the latter were apprised of their presence, and the information was then conveyed them by a flag of truce, accompanied with a demand for their unconditional surrender.

When the bearers of the flag, two in number, came in sight of the camp ground, they found their appearance a cause of much surprise and confusion; the long roll was beaten, the troops crowded into the amphitheatre, and a *Babel* of tongues, among which the Teutonic was strikingly conspicuous, betrayed how unwelcome was their presence.

Col. Boone having surrendered, however, his officers were too courteous and subordinate not to follow and endorse his example—thus Gallatin was won without a shot.

The bridge below town was burned, the magnificent tunnel six miles above, surrounded by its guard, was completely destroyed, and when Col. Morgan left town, it was with the knowledge that he had rendered that railroad useless to the Yankees for either supplies or a retreat.—The *Yiddie*, (a war sheet published by Gordon E. Niles, of Morgan's command, while at Hartsville, Tenn., the 16th instant.

THE WAY PRINCE WAS CAPTURED.—General Prince (Fed.) rode up near the 26th Virginia, and inquired whether that was his brigade, when Private C. Thomas, a lad about 18 years of age, ordered him to dismount, or he would soon see whose brigade it was. The general dismounted and delivered his sword to Gen. Fairfax. It is said that he demanded his release in accordance with the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, but the demand was not acceded to.

The enemy were commanded by Major General Williams, and before our men were formed in line of battle they attempted to make a charge, and advanced to within twenty feet of the 3d brigade, when they received a volley from our men which sent them skedaddling in utter confusion, numbers of them leaving their arms on the field. Shortly afterwards, when our men were scattered, their cavalry made a charge, but nearly every saddle was emptied before they reached our lines.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

When a vessel enters the mouth of the Mississippi with supplies for New Orleans, it is said that Gen. Butler sends a tow boat to tow it to the city, at an enormous price. If the Captain refuses, he sends his brother, now a merchant of New Orleans, to buy the cargo, upon which enormous profits are made.

SCENES AT THE SAILING OF A FOREIGN STEAMER—CAPTURING RUNAWAYS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer gives an amusing account of the sailing of the packet *Zored*, from there for Liverpool, and the capture of a number of persons attempting to escape the operations of the draft. It says: Late on Monday night and early on Tuesday morning, numbers of old, infirm, and "epid persons" might have been seen making their way to the vessel, and a sailor who would have supposed that all pirates, remained crippled in our city hospital, planned out to be transported to the focus. It was here crutches are supermen whose heads, "his sight to witness Congo contrabands" (as at black as a denly torn gray, not "before, and the application of a magic "r but with stalwart forms resembling iron on with ole Tom" on the stage, and men "Unclear-sighted as to see their way o' A soraps, were blind as bats. But they saw "stars" on the coats of pollicians, and found their mean subterfuges of no avail.

When the police, under Chief Ruggles and Provost Marshal Kern, visited the vessel about nine o'clock in the morning, just as she was about to leave this "distracted country," they found passengers stowed away in every possible place of concealment. Some—like the renowned Henry B. Brown, who was sent up on the underground road, from Dixie, in a box, labelled, "glass this side up with care," and reds, by mistake most of the way upon his head—were neatly packed in boxes; others were hid under piles of sails, and some were so sick they couldn't leave their berths. After greater care and considerable searching on the part of the officials, the cowardly fellows were all ferreted out, and the vessel allowed to depart, minus over one hundred "British subjects," as most of them claimed to be.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—The Tulepe correspondent of the *Mississippi* narrates quite an interesting little incident connected with the occupation of Courtland, Alabama, by the Federals, and its recapture by our troops. The writer says:

The Federals had held Courtland for some time, and, as is their wont, inflicted many insults upon its unarmed citizens without regard to sex. Among the abused and insulted of the fair sex, was the wife of Courtland, a lady of high accomplishments, great amiability, and considerable wealth. Her separated and justly vindictive, this fair one announced publicly that whoever should either kill or capture the miscreant who had thus shamefully insulted her, should receive her hand and fortune. Not many days after this avowal, Frank Armstrong's company defeated the Yankees at Courtland, capturing the place, together with many prisoners, among whom was Captain Robertson, the dastardly villain whose little soul had permitted him to be insolent to a refined lady, and who had forgotten that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" or insulted.

The wretch, Robinson—laugh!—showed his cowardice early in the action, and surrendered his sword to Capt. Champion, of Missouri, whose dauntless bravery in this, as on many former occasions, has made his name familiar to the army. Capt. Champion was ignorant, until when about leaving Courtland, of the romance connected with his captive. The lady sent him a present of a splendid pair of solitaires, accompanied by an earnest request to visit her. But, alas for romance, war is inexorable, and without being granted time to visit the fair chamber whom he had arranged, Capt. Champion was obliged to leave the scene of his conquest. Since his return, the Captain has avowed his intention of returning to see his affianced, and we predict that his handsome figure will not prove uncomely to the lady's eyes. Robinson is now a prisoner at Columbus, Mississippi.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:

Since my last letter, the *Commercial Bulletin* and the *Pionycne* newspapers have been suppressed, and their property sequestrated—the first for an eulogy on the late Col. Seymour, who was the editor and proprietor of the *Bulletin* at the commencement of this war, and since then Colonel of the 6th Louisiana regiment of the rebel army. The striking paragraph of the article was exceedingly offensive, in that it boldly supported the rebel cause as a holy and noble struggle. Gen. Butler issued orders, suppressing the paper, and sending Capt. Seymour, a son of the deceased C. I. Lewis, and the present proprietor of the *Bulletin*, and J. O. Boyner, the editor who wrote the article, to Fort Jackson. At the time of the arrest, Gen. Butler was not aware that Capt. Seymour was a paroled prisoner; but on learning such to be the case, issued a second order, revoking the parole.

The offense of the *Pionycne* was that, on the 31st ult., it contained an article on Gen. Pope, reflecting satirically on that officer, and bringing contempt upon the National Government. For this it was especially suppressed, and the property sequestrated; but, on the editors approaching and protesting that the article was from the pen of a contributor, and would not have been printed but for the absence of the editor of that column, the paper was allowed to resume its publication.