The North Carolina Whig.

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

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Poetry.

[From the South Carolinian.]

The Youthful Warrior.

BY HARRY HOPEFUL.

The gory battle had begun,
Confusion reign'd through the field,
In thunder tones the cannon peal'd,
While brightly shone the rising sun;
And men were scattered far and war—
Dying and dead were mingled there.

There, on that day of bloody strife,
A youthful warrior lay alone,
Wounded and dying, and life near gone,
With all that charms a morning life;
He did not raise a heart-wrung sigh,
For honor taught him how to die.

That gentle youth was lovely fair,
With earnest eyes of rarest hue,
And full of hope his death like gem—
His flowing ringlets matted were;
The mortal wound to him was giv'n,
Recriv'd his hopes of bliss in Heav'n.

The sun was sinking in the sky,
Shades of the evening gather'd fast—
The cannon's roar had cease'd to last—
Our hosts had won the victory;
When from that brave youths' lips there came
Sweet praises to his Maker's name.

Just then as spende away his breath,
Appeared a hero of the strife,
Anxious to save the lov'd one's life,
But sees the near approach of death—
He finds a Bible near his hand—
A mother's gift, thro' God's command.

Happy thought! to God thus given!
That he felt a mother's love,
And held the Word of Him above—
For everlasting joy had striven;
The golden leaves of holy truth
Prepar'd for death that noble youth.

Triumphant on Manassas' plains,
In peace he breath'd his life away,
Ere darkness clos'd the light of day,
And now in Jesus sweetly reigns;
Let not a tear for him be shed,
The Christian and the gallant dead.

COLUMBIA, September 6, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

IN A TRAP;
OR
THE PRIVATEER'S RUSE.

BY AN OLD MAN.

The schooner "*Fair Sister*," a snug little craft of some hundred and fifty tons burden, dropped down one of the small streams that empty the waters of Maine into the Atlantic, and came to anchor in the narrow basin at its mouth. It was in the spring of 1813, and the war was going on with England. The war vessels of the enemy were upon our coast, blockading every harbor where they supposed a Yankee force was in reserve.

The *Fair Sister* had been fitted up by a party of enterprising men, and her armament was complete. She carried eight guns—twelve-pounders—and had fifty-four men, with small arms in abundance. Her commander's name was Buck—Alanson Buck—a good seaman, and a brave, accomplished man. His vessel was ready for sea, and he was anxious to be out upon the broad Atlantic, among the merchant vessels and store-ships of the enemy. Yet he had his fears that he might find trouble in coming out.

At a small settlement not far up the river he had learned that a British brig-of-war was lying off and on upon the coast, and that the commander had gained intelligence of the fact that a privateer was being fitted out up the stream. He also learned that there was a spy somewhere about the place.

Buck's first movement, upon reaching the mouth of the river, was to send a man up on to the headland to look out for the English brig. The little bay in which the privateer now lay was shut in from the sea on the east by a promontory which ran out from the mainland to the southward. This promontory was not over a quarter of a mile wide, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. Up on this high point the look-out made his way, and when he reached the top he had a clear sweep of the sea as far as the eye could reach.

In half an hour he came down upon the run, and a boat was sent for him immediately.

"What is it, Walden?" the captain asked.

"The brig is right off the headland, to the norr'd an' east'rd, not more'n four mile distant, and headin' right in for the bay.'

"Then she's got intelligence of our whereabouts," said Buck, uneasily.

"She must," resumed Walden. "She was lyin' to right in behind the 'Spider,' an' I'm sure I saw a boat pulled up to her stern davitts as she squared away."

What was to be done! The privateer had come down the river with a fair wind, but she could not run back; and of course to run out to sea would be madness; and as for having the enemy take the schooner, just as she was all ready for work, that could not be thought of for a moment.

"What *can* we do?" the captain cried, pacing the deck nervously. "Could it be a hand-to-hand fight I'd run the risk, though I s'pose the brig's got eighty or ninety men; but if she comes in here she'll blow us out o' water!"

"Look, Cap'n," spoke Ezekiel Dodd, a tall, sandy-haired Yankee of the genuine blood and stamp, and who was known to be as keen and 'cute as any man aboard, "I've got an idea. That 'tarnal brig'll be in here as sure as fate. Now just yeou listen: There's room enough for every one on yeou to hide in the hold. Ef ye'll all hide there, an' then run the boats all ashore, I'll bet a dollar 'at we'll wool 'em. D'ye s'pose them cre chaps seed yer, Pete, when ye was on the headland?"

"They must have seen me if they were lookin'," replied Walden.

"Then it'll be as easy as grease," cried Zeke, all excitement. "Let's run the boats righ ashore an' leave 'em on the sand, an' then all ye hide only me. I'll pertend to be sleepin', ye see, an' so we'll fix 'em rite out."

Zeke explained his plan fully, and the men fell in with it at once. They saw no other way of saving the schooner.

"What do you say, Luke?" the captain asked of his mate.

"I like it, and I say put it in operation as quickly as possible."

It was now late in the afternoon, and the brig, if she came at all, would be in very shortly—in less than half an hour. The three boats were pulled ashore as quickly as possible, and then a lot of tracks were hurriedly made over the narrow belt of sand. After this the men swam back to the schooner, and then the crew descended to the hold, where they hid themselves behind the water-casks and boxes. It happened very fortunately that there were plenty of good hiding-places, and ere long the men were so completely concealed that no one could have detected them without creeping over the casks and hunting carefully. Each man was armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, but it was most earnestly enjoined upon them that they should not use the fire arms save in a case where it was absolutely necessary to save a life.

This work had hardly been completed when the English brig hove in sight around the point. She went about and stood into the bay, and when within a cable's length of the schooner she hove-to, and lowered a boat. From her movements she seemed to suspect that the crew of the privateer had fled, as the boats were seen on the shore.

The Englishman's boat came alongside, and the schooner was hailed several times, but of course without an answer; and shortly afterwards an English lieutenant, followed by a dozen men, came over the side, and at the same moment Zeke Dodd came up from below rubbing his eyes, and yawning. He was in his shirt and drawers, and had apparently just got out of his hammock.

"Dod rod it to all thund-ration!" he exclaimed, gazing stupidly around, "what'n the 'tarnation's tew pay now? Where's Capting Buck? Who'n thunder be yew?"

"I'm an English officer, my fine fellow," the lieutenant returned. "And now where are your crew?"

"Wal may I be everlastingly kerflamuxed of here ain't a pooty fix!" exclaimed Zeke, in terror. "Why, in thunder didn't they tell me what was a coin' on! Bliste ther' ugly picturs, they ean an' gin me a shave, an' said as heow't they was agoin' off, but—the 'tarnation ret 'em—they never said a word 'baout a cussed Brittisher's comin'! Mister officer, I ken swim ashore. Ef ye'll let me go I'll find the rest of aour crew, an' I'll bring 'em all back tew ye—I will, I swan to man, I will!"

"How'll you bring them?" the Englishman asked, with a grin.

"I'll tell 'em thar ain't no Brittishers within forty mile o' the skewner. I will I swan to gosh, I will!"

"But suppose we wouldn't let you go!"

"Why—yeou doant mean as heow'r yew would take me a prisoner, Capting! Oh! yew won't! I know yeou won't!"

"Never mind that now. How long have the crew been gone?"

"Not more'n fifteen minutes, Capting.—By the jumpin' Jerewsalum, I'll bate I ken ketch 'em rite off. By thunder, Capting, jes' yeou let me go, an' I swar I'll fetch 'em back in less'n a harf'n hour! I will—I swar I will!"

The lieutenant turned to a passed-midshipman who had accompanied him, and held a short consultation, all of which Zeke overheard. The result of it was, that the crew of the privateer had fled, leaving this poor fellow asleep on board; and they also concluded that to follow the fugitives into the enemy's country would be madness.

They then went below, and at the end of ten minutes returned.

"How much powder have you on board?" the lieutenant asked of Zeke.

"By jingo! We've got the all-firedest lot yeou ever did see. Got jest eight ton!"

"And I suppose most of the small arms are gone?"

"Small arms?" repeated Zeke, stupidly.

"Yes—swords, and pistols, and muskets."

"O—he—ah—yees, I understand.—Yeas, Captain, raypher reckon them chaps did take a pooty good slat on 'em off,"

"Never mind," said the officer, turning to his companion. "We've got a valuable prize in two senses. The schooner and her armament are valuable, and then we deprive the enemy of a powerful weapon.—We must have a crew put on board, and run this craft right out. I'll go aboard and report, and you may remain, with one or two men, to look out for the prize and the prisoner."

"*Prisoner!*" cried Zeke, in terror.—"Oh, Capting, yeou doant mean to keep me a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yeou mustn't, Capting! I've got a wife, and six young 'uns! Polly Angeline 'll cry her eyes clean eout of her head ef ye carry me off! I wasn't a privateer, Capting—I swear I wasn't one on 'em! I was only a passenger, a-goin' to Pawdunk arter some stuff for Polly Angeline an' the galls' new dresses. Oh, Capting!—jest imaging my dear Polly Angeline a-cryin' her pooty eyes clean eout, acause her husband's took away! I shan't go! Yeou wont take me!"

But the lieutenant only laughed at the the poor fellow's misery, and went away without giving him any answer.

In the course of some fifteen minutes, the lieutenant returned in a larger boat, and with him came twenty-five men. They rowed ashore, and got the privateer's boats, and having pulled alongside the schooner, they had them run up and properly stowed.

The officer had reported to the captain of the brig that the crew of the privateer, with the exception of "one poor wretch," who had been left behind asleep, had fled into the country. But the prize was a rich one, nevertheless. Accordingly twenty-five men were detailed to go with him, and he was instructed to run direct for St. Johns with the prize, the brig intending to lead the way, as she needed her men, and also wanted some slight repairs.

Poor Zeke was put in irons, despite his entreaties, and sail was soon made on the schooner—the anchor stowed—and her nose turned toward the ocean. It was very near sundown when the two vessels left the little bay.

All passed in very well for a few hours. At eight o'clock thirteen of the men were sent below to their hammocks, the remainder being on the first watch. At ten o'clock the brig was on the weather bow, a quarter of a mile distant, both vessels being very near close-hauled upon the larboard tack. The lieutenant stood by the binnacle, giving the helmsman some directions preparatory to retiring.

"Hallo! What's that?" he cried, starting back from the binnacle. "Who called the other watch at this time?"

But he soon found out that it wasn't "the other watch." Up from the berth-deck the dark forms of armed men came pouring in a steady stream, and ere the prize captain could comprehend what had happened, he was abruptly informed that he might surrender or have his head taken off, just as he pleased.

What could he do? A mere handful of unarmed men against such a host! He very quickly decided upon the only thing left for him to do, and he did it—surrendered!

"I say, Capting," cried Zeke, coming up at this moment, "didn't I swear 'at I'd fetch 'em back to ye! Here they be, every one on 'em. Neow yeou ken jest take the 'tarnal Yankee crew, an' make mincemeat on 'em!"

But there was no time for bantering.—Captain Buck had determined to turn the tables completely on the brig. I had the prisoners put in irons, and stowed away, as quickly as possible, and then his crew well called aft.

"My men he said, "*we must have that brig!*" She hasn't got more'n fifty men left, I'm sure, and half of them are turned in and sound asleep. By the Yankee flag, she must be ours! She wanted us, and she thinks she has got us; but we'll astonish 'em! It'll be a glorious prize for the first essay of the *Fair Sister!*"

The men were in extacies. But how could they get alongside without exciting suspicion?

"I'll show you" retuned Buck: "Lay aloft, and unfurl the foretopsl and top-gallant'l."

In a short time the sails were set, and the schooner began to overhaul the brig rapidly.

"Brig a-boy!" shouted Buck, through his trumpet, as he came within hailing distance.

There was no moon, but the heavens were clear, and the stars bright.

"Hallo!" returned the officer of the watch on broad the Englishman.

"Heave-to, quick! There's mutiny aboard! Some of the men want to take the schooner and make a pirate of her!—I've got 'em in irons!"

This had the desired effect. The Englishman did not fully understand what was said, but he seemed to realize that there was trouble, for the boatswain's call of "*all hands*" was heard, and her main-topsail was laid to the mast.

The schooner, instead of coming to, as the Englishman had seemed to expect, ran directly by the board, and threw her grapplings into the main rigging; and in a few moments more Alanson Buck, followed by his men in a thickly pouring crowd, with bright cutlasses gleaming in the star-light, leaped on board the brig.

"Surrender!" the Yankee captain thundered.

"To whom?" gasped the British commander, who had just come on deck in his shirt and drawers.

"To the Yankee Privateer, *Fair Sister!*" returned Buck. "And you won't have long to consider!"

But before the Englishman could answer a fight commenced at the gangway, some of the watch on deck having armed themselves with boarding-pikes, and attempted to drive the Yankees off. But they had not consulted the cost. They were driven back in a very short time, and several of them cut down.

"You had better speak pretty soon if you want to save your life," said Buck, "for my men are armed to the teeth, and if they draw their pistols there won't be many left to tell who took 'em!"

The English commander saw plainly how he was situated, and he knew that he could do nothing at resistance. His men were unarmed, and opposed by an equal number of stout, full-armed, bold men.

"I surrender!" he said, with pain and mortification. "But tell me, he added, "how did you get the schooner?"

"Oho," answered Buck, laughing, "we happened to be below taking a snooze when your men come aboard. It was kind o' light on the berth-deck, so we went into the hold; and when we come on deck at ten o'clock, may I be blessed if we didn't find our schooner at sea and some of your men in charge. I thought 'twas a pity to separate such a good crew as yours seemed to be, so I just made sail, and have come to put ye altogether once more."

The Englishman understood it all, and though it galled him bitterly to be thus taken by a paltry Yankee schooner, yet he kept his tongue to himself, and submitted without further remark.

The prisoners were secured; the crews arranged; and then the Yankee Privateer, *Fair Sister*, turned her head towards Portsmouth, where she arrived the next forenoon, amid the loud huzzas of the delighted people.

"Capting," said Zeke Dodd, as the English lieutenant, who had taken him prisoner and ironed him, went over the side, "ef yeou ever come to Pawdunk, yeou'll stop to our house, won't ye? Polly Angeline 'd be delighted to see ye."

However, it was many months ere Zeke saw Polly Angeline himself, for he sailed in the *Fair Sister*, and she followed up the career, thus nobly begun, by doing signal service for her country until the boon of Peace once more blessed the nation

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General Clingman calls for one fifth of the ablebodied male slaves in this District, to complete the works necessary for the defence of the Cape Fear.

At almost any sacrifice this call should be promptly complied with. We need not attempt to disguise the fact that the enemy is certain to make a series of determined and formidable attacks upon our coast just as soon as the active campaign in the field closes. We need not flatter ourselves with the idea that we are to enjoy an immunity from attack. We may *hope*, but we do not believe anything of the kind certainly we have no assurance of it, the known fact that arms and munitions of war have found their way into this port, will not tend to render the enemy more lenient to us.

The planters in this section must know that the Cape Fear River, and, incidentally, Wilmington is the key to this whole section of North Carolina. They must know that in providing for the defence of the Cape Fear and the coast, they are, indeed, providing for the defence of their own homes and hearth-stones as directly, and more efficiently, than they can do in anyother way.—*Wilmington Journal.*

ARREST OF A YOUNG LADY.—Miss Green, a loyal young lady in one of the northwestern counties in Virginia, was arrested and put in jail in Buckhannon, Upshur county, on a charge of cutting telegraph wires in the Yankee army. When interrogated, she confessed she had cut the wires, and said that she would do so again if set at liberty, at the same time refusing to take the oath of Yankee servitude. One end of the wire cut was found stuck in the ground several inches, and when asked why she did that, she replied that a great many Yankees had been killed, and as that wire pointed the way they had gone it would doubtless be used to know if there was room for any more.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS
OF
GOV. Z. B. VANCE,

Delivered in front of the Capitol, in Raleigh, September 8th, 1862.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Chosen by the people of North Carolina by the voice unanimity unparaleled in the history of this State, to assume the powers of Chief Magistrate in the midst of revolution and war, I can but feel oppressed by a sense of the great weight of responsibility which the oaths of office just administered by our respected Chief Justice, impose. Indeed, there is much before me, and the path of my duty must lead through any thing but pleasant fields and beside still waters. To hold the helm during this great storm—to manage our increasing public liabilities—to search out the talent and worth of the country, and bring it into the service of the State—clothe, equip and organize our troops, and to do justice to merit on the field, might well appall the statesman with half grown white in the public service. To confess my inability, and to say that I enter upon the task with trembling, would not be a customary affectation, but the simple truth. But, you will bear me witness that I sought not the position. I preferred that place in our armies which I held, as the one in which I could probably best serve my country. I could but say, however, that I would be content with the people's will, and would serve wherever their voice should assign me—and here have I been assigned. In return for this great expression of confidence, I can promise only that I bring a will and determination to the performance of my duties which no one can surpass.

Fellow citizens, we have but the one, great and all-absorbing theme. The war which we are fighting for our liberties and independence, is indeed the sea which receives our every stream of thought. How it was produced, whether it could safely have been avoided, and upon whose shoulders rests the blame, it were worse than idle now to enquire. At the proper time it was discussed, and every argument, pro and con, was given to the people. Suffice it to say, that it was forced upon us by a dominant and encroaching majority, and is evidently but the pent up fires of fanatical hatred which have been accumulating in the North for forty years. The government of the United States was a great confederation of independent communities, held together by a written compact called the constitution. Of this instrument the very life and soul was the great axiom "that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." To this the ancestors of those who now are shedding our blood, together with your forefathers, assented on the 4th of July, 1776, and the instrument in which they set it forth and pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to maintain it, has rendered their names immortal.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected by the votes of the North only, embracing among his supporters all of the fierce and fanatical enemies of slavery on the continent, several of these independent States which were slave-holding, refused their "consent" to an administration which threatened to destroy them. We, in North Carolina, after fair debate, resolved to wait and see and to trust yet awhile longer to the safeguards of the Constitution. In the meantime, we implored the North to offer no violence, but to allow the people to resist secession by the only constitutional means given them—discussion and public opinion. Many Southern States followed our example. While thus honestly engaged, the mask was thrown off, and our souls were sickened with a proclamation from the President, calling for 75,000 men to slaughter our Southern States into a submission. A proportionate share of those troops was demanded of North Carolina, who were thus required, in flagrant defiance of the first principles of liberty, to step across the State line, and, hand in hand with the scum of Northern cities and the refuse of degradation, to cut the throats of our kindred and friends!

Then and not till then, did controversy cease in North Carolina. Her sons and her daughters, of all shades of political opinion, from the mountain tops to the everlasting tides of the sea, shocked by the monstrous proposition, with a wondrous unanimity, came forward to resist the despotic step. The delegates of her people in convention assembled, with out one dissenting voice, ordained our separation from a government which had thus at one blow subverted the chief ends of its creation; and even before this thousands of our citizens had seized their arms and were rushing to the border to make good the patriotic resolve.

This is a brief history of our separation from the government of the United States. It was not a whim or sudden freak, but the deliberate judgment of our people. Any other course would have involved the deepest degradation, the vilest dishonor, and the direst calamity. We also accepted with the act all of its inevitable consequences, a long and bloody war. We were not deceived either by the idea of "peaceable secession," or by vain and unmanly hopes of foreign protection. We were wide awake to all the results, and gallantly, gloriously have our people met them.

For seventeen months has this unequal war progressed; the many against the few, the powerful against the weak; and yet army after army, as the sands of the sea in numbers, led by vaunted Napoleons, and armed from the workshops of Europe, have been hurled back from our Capital with slaughter and disgrace, by troops, in many cases, ragged, barefooted, and armed with the condemned muskets of the old government! According to their own reports 600,000 soldiers swarmed into our borders, desperate, with fanaticism and lust-fired by confiscation laws; where are they now?—have we beaten them back? Skillful Generals and brave soldiers have undoubtedly fought our battles, but can we not recognize too the special favour of Heaven in our great deliverance? The bush has indeed burned with fire, but is not consumed, because of the presence of the Living God.

And Carolina has sent forth near 50,000 sons, there are and can need no more. Are there any who faint or despair? Oh, my countrymen, who faint or despair? midst who sinking? have we any in our ranks of vassalage, and back to the flesh-pots would leave their country? No sons of peace, shame, to feed upon the bitter heritage of subjugation! Is there yet a drop of noble blood in the veins of Carolina? Is there yet a spark of sublime patriotism left in the gallant historic State of Sterling? Is the gallant spirit imbedded in political dogmas so cold, so mindful of the claims of his country, as not to hear the great blows which are shaking the continent, for him and his children? If so, let me beg of him to ponder the fate that awaits us if vanquished, by the manner in which our enemies are waging this war, as they say, "for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is." Let him behold the mournful processions of gray-haired men, women and little children, in our sister State of Virginia, thrust out of their homes, because they would not take the oath of allegiance, wandering with weary feet and bleeding hearts into homeless exile; let him see the burning homes and desolated fields which mark the track of their armies; the murder of unarmed citizens, and, in some instances, of little boys; the threats against the chastity of our sisters in New Orleans; the wall authenticated murder of prisoners taken in battle; and lastly, the attempt to arm brigades of African slaves against us, in whose hands our mother and sisters would find murder indeed a messenger of relief! If all this should fail to arouse his soul to resistance, then indeed is he dead to every sense of shame, and deaf to his country's voice.

To prosecute this war with success, there is quite as much for our people as for our soldiers to do. One of the most vital elements of our success is harmony. On this great issue of existence itself, let there, I pray, you, be no dissenting voice in our borders. Let the name and watchwords which once divided us, divide us no more forever. Let a new order of things take place, and whilst the contest lasts, at least, let us not nothing, hear nothing, know nothing but our country and its sufferings.

Congress, in April last, passed an act of conscription, whereby all able bodied men, with certain exceptions, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years are enrolled for military duty. Many of you thought it harsh and unconstitutional; it was harsh, and may have been unconstitutional, though many of our ablest statesmen thought not. To stop now to argue it would only produce the greatest mischief, for the reason that it has already been executed upon at least four fifths of those subject to it. However objectionable in its conception, let me, at least, be just and impartial in its execution. But I am sure that if every man who has his country's good at heart, but knows of the necessity which existed at the time, he would render it a cheerful obedience.—Within five weeks of the date of its passage, one hundred and forty seven of our best trained and victorious regiments would have been disbanded and scattered to their homes. And this during the very darkest days in the history of the war. Fort Donelson and Nashville and fallen; Gen. Halleck with an overwhelming and victorious army, followed by a vast fleet of iron clad boats, was pressing into the very heart of the South; the great and magnificently equipped army of McClellan, with the act of springing as a tiger upon Richmond, and to strike his success doubly sure, was waiting for this very thing of disbanding our regiments; Roanoke Island and Newbern with all their dependencies on our coast were in possession of the enemy, as was much of South Carolina and Georgia,—just imagine the result! The Confederate government having failed to provide in time for this terrible emergency, utter ruin, was at the door and must be averted; the law was passed, and the country was saved. It fell hardest upon the patriotic soldiers in the field—they had already served twelve months, most of them without furlough, and they had looked forward and counted the days, slowly receiving as they seemed, to the time when they should see home and all that was dear to them. Sorely were they disappointed, but have did they behave? Hurled back, as it were, from victory's hands and denying its consummation, they could have fled. No, (honor) they rallied! Never did brave men better serve their country. Without a murmur they dismissed all hopes of home, their arms and families, grasped their muskets and set again their resolute faces toward the flashing of the guns. Shall blight them for it?—An examination of parole patriotism has not been seen in the confederate, and our government can never sufficiently appreciate it.

I remember, with a sense of pride, the conduct of the gallant man I so rarely was honored by commanding. They fought, were discouraged, and spoke bitterly and unkindly against the harshness of circumstances. I called them together and simply told them the necessity of their country, and appealed to their patriotism to sustain it; I made them no promises, held out no hope; I even told them that though they were promised furloughs by the law, before them but

D. M. Lee