# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 18, 1862. NO. 34



MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded 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 (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

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## Poetry.

### The Autumn Rain.

BY MRS. F. F. HARPER.

She sits beside a lonely hearth,
Amid the autumn rain,
Which, like a shower of scorching tears,
Is falling on the window pane.
Silent it comes from misty eaves,
And yet, throughout the livelong day,
Upon the glass have tapped the leaves,
Like withered fingers of decay;
Drop, drop, drop.
It patters on the roof, and falls,
Down mossy eaves and shelving walls.

'Tis dark! no sunbeams now may enter,
Tint prisoned rainbows in these drops;
No liquid diamond, with its rays,
The vagrant fancy wiles, and stops;
But flickering shadows on the wall,
Gilding has phantoms, round about
The pattering rain-drops, as they fall,
In murmuring cadence from without,
Drop, drop, drop.
Lulling the senses to repose,
A charm like music o'er her throws.

Alone she dreams the eve away
Watching the glittering tongues of flame,
Which 'mid the dying embers play,
Like things which have a shape and name
The shadows of the sweet twilight
Have faded into deeper gloom;
The day hath pass'd, and sombre night
Steals into that dark and silent room,
And drop, drop, drop,
The rain in quiet cadence falls
Come from the mossy eaves and walls.

Where men have lived, where men have died,
Where childish voices have been heard;
Where home affections have the tide
Of life's reflamet wavelets stirred,
There dwell impalpable as air,
The shadows of the real;
And fancys fingers, light and fair,
Unveil the soft Ideal.
No widowed wife, no childless dame,
With cheek grown thin with woe, and pale,
She listening now to hear the rain
Take up its dull, unvarying tale,
Drop, drop, drop;
But all the room is filled with light,
With joyous tones, and fires bright.

Now glide in her soft, dimple hands,
Kisses her smiling eyelids close,
And loving fingers smooth the bands
Of glossy hair which round her flows.
Oh! murmuring rain, oh! autumn rain,
Flow on with melancholy sound;
'Twere cruel, now, to hush thy strain,
And break the spell by which she's bound.
Drop, drop, drop.
Alas! those lips are still, and cold,
Those gentle fingers 'neath the mould.

'Tis many a day since little hands
Toyed with those faded tresses;
'Tis many a day since those pale lips
Were warmed by love's caresses;
Yet, lost to all this outward world,
She lives her life alone, apart,
And o'er her wasted cheek but comes
The glow of fires within her heart,
Drop, drop, drop.
She looks not outward through the gloom,
Nor thinks it falls upon the tomb.

And thus is ours a two-fold life—
One half awake, one half in dreams;
Until illusions are more rife
With truth, than that which only seems.
Then bless the fancies which beguile
The heart from real, present pain,
And lost, with dreamy ear the while,
The murmur of the autumn rain,
Drop, drop, drop,
As, pittering on the roof, it falls
From mossy eyes and shelving walls.

NATCHITOCHES, January, 1862.

OUTRAGEOUS.—It is stated that the Yankees have determined to break up the insane asylum at Williamsburg, send the poorer patients North, and quarter those who are able to pay their board upon the surrounding inhabitants.

## Miscellaneous.

### LOOKING FOR A DOMESTIC WIFE.

BY KIT CARLYLE.

"I hardly know which I like best, Josephine Reynolds or Hettie Burke," said young Benson to himself. "Josephine is a splendid looking girl, a queen in every movement, which commands admiration wherever she goes; but, on the other hand, Hettie is a little gem, and has a sweet disposition, although, perhaps, Josephine has as good. Both can shine in the parlor and, for aught I know, in the kitchen also, as all farmers' daughters should be able to do. Well I'll call on them this Monday afternoon, and endeavor to decide then. It's washing day I know, but so much the better time to sound them on household duties; and as I am going out of town the former part of this week it will be a good excuse for calling now."

George Benson was a smart, intelligent young man, poor, but engaged in a profitable business, which bid fair to, in a few years, place him in independent circumstances. He wished to marry, but felt the necessity of wedding some one who was domestic, and who would be a helpmate.

He was very much interested in both Hettie and Josephine, and hardly knew which he would prefer for a wife, as both had many excellent qualities, but finally concluded to decide in favor of the one who should prove to be the most domestic.

George's walk that afternoon brought him to Mr. Reynold's about three o'clock. Josephine's mother came to the door and ushered him into the parlor. In a few minutes, Josephine entered and welcomed him cordially. To his surprise, instead of seeming fatigued, as one will after a Monday's washing, she looked as fresh and blooming as a rose, and as trim in her dress as though ready for a party; while her mother, in her old calico working-dress, looked jaded and careworn, and referring, by way of apology, to its being washing day, soon left the room.

"Excuse my calling on Monday, Miss Reynolds," said George, "but I was going to leave for a week, and thought I would happen in a few moments before I went."

"O, you are prefectly excusable, replied Josephine, and I am glad indeed that you have called."

"I shall make but a short stay," continued George, "as I presume you are weary with your ——"

"O, no, not at all, I have been down to the village spopping all the afternoon.—Mother always does the washing, as I haven't any taste that way."

"Then you've been at liberty all day!"

"Yes, certainly; washing day is no different with me than any other; I never did a Monday's washing in my life. Mother tried to initiate me into the mysteries of the art one day, but I was so awkward that she had to give up the experiment; and she said then, there was no danger of my ever making a washwoman."

"Indeed," said George to himself.

"Father," continued Josephine, "would hire the washing done every week, but mother says she had rather do it herself, for economy's sake

"A knowledge of housework, especially of cookery, is very desirable in a young lady," replied George.

"I suppose it was once considered so," replied Josephine; "but gentlemen now-a-days, generally hire their wives a washwoman and housekeeper, and that answers every purpose, and saves a lady the trouble of acquainting herself with such disagreeable matters. Gentlemen of the present day do not wish their wives to be slaves, but companions.

"Very convenient logic for the ladies, thought George.

"Some have a taste for such duties and prefer to make themselves acquainted with them," said he, "for the sake of overseeing their servants and knowing for themselves that things are done as they should be if for no other purpose."

"True, but I'm not one of that sort. I abhor them. House work is perfectly hateful—detestable to me. O, dear, I should consider a man cruel who wished me to confine myself to it, even a part of the time."

"Well," continued George, drawing a long breath, for he was surprised to hear Josephine express herself so directly contrary to all his previous notions of a woman's duties, "a lady sometimes marries a poor man, and finds it for her and his interest to conform to circumstances, and attend to duties which are agreeable to her, for the sake of assisting her husband and rendering his burden lighter."

"Yes, but I make no calculation of that kind," said Josephine, firmly, though pleasantly, for she was really an agreeable girl, although allowed to grow up with erroneous notions in regard to domestic affairs. "I prefer not to wed a man unless he is able and willing to support me in ease and style."

"Then you would not make the right kind of wife for me," thought George, thoroughly sick of Josephine's remarks; and as soon as possible he changed the topic of conversation.

"What a lucky escape," said our friend, to himself, an hour afterwards, as he was wending his way toward Hettie Burke's.—It's a good thing for me that I sounded her upon house keeping before I proposed, otherwise I might have got myself into a pretty fix. What a figure I should cut with such a wife; why, I should be obliged to turn cook and washwoman myself, for I couldn't afford, in my present circumstances, to hire all my work done. I should have to stay at home and wash Monday, iron Tuesday, perhaps, and Saturday, leaving only three days out of the seven to attend to my own business. What a fix!—Beautiful time I should have; my business would be neglected, and I should be poorer than ever; and even if I could afford to hire a housekeeper, it would'nt better the case much, as I should have to give her directions and see that things were done properly, for Josephine is far above such *detestable* matters as she calls them. A man that's going to have such a wife ought to know it in season to get initiated into household mysteries before marriage. Such a Miss may do very well for a rich man, but not for me. Now for Hettie Burke; and if she turns out like Josephine in her tastes and dislike of domestic duties, aside the knowledge of them, which he cannot well avoid having as all say that her mother has drilled her thoroughly in them, and is full of whims relating to their being slavish, &c., why then I'll seek a life companion in some other part of the country, and perhaps make it a part of my present journey abroad to look for one.

Hettie welcomed him in an old calico dress, with short sleeves *a la* washtub, and with her brown hair, that curled so beautifully gathered neatly and snugly on the back of her head.

"I suppose I should apologize," said she as they entered the parlor, "but I dislike apologies; and then you know that Monday is washing day, and we farmer's daughters have to be in the suds then."

"And there's where I hoped to find you," George came near saying; but checking himself, he replied, "I know it, it's a part of a woman's duties and I am sure an apology now would be out of place!

"So I thought," returned Hettie.

"I fear I'm intruding," said George.

"O, by no means," replied Hettie; "we are through with our washing, which held out later than usual, as mother, has been quite unwell for a week, and I was obliged to do the whole of it to-day. You will stay to tea of course; it will be perfectly convenient. Mother's head ache has come on, and she has lain down, but father will be in presently to entertain you."

"George's countenance was brightening up every moment, and he began to think his fears groundless, in regard to Hettie: was resolved to test her ideas thoroughly.

"Does housework agree with you?" enquired he, half trembling from uncertainty as to the probable reply.

"O, yes," returned Hettie, I am generally pretty healthy, and then I'm fond of it too, and you know that's half the battle.—Mother even goes so far as to say, sometimes, I can cook and take care of the house as well as she; but then, that's her flattery, of course, to encourage me."

"But such work is hard, and some say slavish," continued George

"I think differently," replied Hettie; "it is not slavish, and need not be so hard as many contrive to make it. There's a right way to do every thing. Some have what is called a knack, but that is simply finding out the easiest way of doing a thing and doing it well One can make housework come comparatively easy in that way."

"Well, some consider it a disgrace," continued our hero, "and others complain that they have not a taste for it

"It is not a disgrace," said Hettie, "on the contrary, I think a young lady may well be proud of a knowledge of housekeeping. Many of the first ladies of the land have not felt above it, and why should I, who am nothing but a farmer's daughter? As for taste that way, a girl may as well acquire one first as last. A man's wife must understand such things, and the time to learn is when single. I often think how ashamed I should be if married, and unable the first day of commencing housekeeping to cook my husband a decent meal What would he think? why that I was a mere doll, good for nothing but to look at; I should cry from sheer vexation.

"Well, really, I begin to almost think, Hettie," said George, "that you would even consent to marry a man who would expect you to do housework all your days, if you loved him, you seem to make such an agreeable business of it, but I should have but little respect for the man who subjected you to it unnecessarily"

"Yes," replied Hettie, smiling, "if I really loved a man, his being poor would not lead me to reject him, even if his station was such as to subject me to close attention to home duties all my life."

"That's the very girl for me," said George to himself, as Hettie left the room to arrange the tea table, I need not look farther. And before he left the house that night he had made her an offer of his heart and hand, which had been accepted.

And so ends our simple sketch If there is any moral in it, young ladies of ordinary discretion will not fail to discover it.

USE OF INDIA RUBBER IN SHIP ARMOR.—Commodore Porter, of the Yankee Navy, claims to have discovered that an India rubber cushion between the iron plates and the timbers of a vessel will render her invulnerable.

A SHREWD IRISHMAN.—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"Oh! Father O'Leavry, how is your riverence!"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! who's put out your riverence?"

"Ah! you don't understand it; that is just it; I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now its 7 o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry, "jist now be easy, your riverence, I'll settle that for you."

So saying away flew the good natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered where that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired, "Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoilt; all is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest.

"All is right, your riverence; you dine at 43—, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat, the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to you riverence! I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure!"

FROM THE NORTH COUNTIES.—We have really nothing reliable from the operations of the enemy in the Northern waters of this State. The centre of their power and military resources is evidently at Newbern, from which expeditions issue out in gunboats, harrassing, pillaging and destroying. General Foster has been the military commander-in chief of the Lincoln forces in this State since before the battles in front of Richmond. That they were in as much force at any point as rumor represents them, we have no idea, still we now see and feel the great loss the Confederacy as well as the State sustained when the enemy was permitted to get control of the inland waters of North Carolina. It would have been worth any expense to have been able to hold Ocracocke and Hatteras inlets as the keys to all North-eastern North Carolina, the richest and most productive portion of the State.

The marauders from the Albermarle have probably returned to Plymouth and Edenton.—*Wilmington Journal.*

As a specimen of some of the blunders to which we have deemed it our duty to call attention, we give the following instance, reported on good authority:

A considerable lot of bacon, slightly suspected, was sold in North Carolina by a Government agent. It was bought by a vigilant operator, and after a little disguising and perfumery, was sold within fifty miles from the place of the first sale to another Government agent at a very satisfactory advance.—*Charleston Courier.*

NATIONAL CONVENTION.—A resolution has been offered in the Georgia House of Representatives, by Mr. Raiford, of Chattahoochee, requesting a Convention of delegates from the several States of the Southern Confederacy, to be held at Richmond, on the 10th day of January next, to consider obtaining an early and honorable peace.

THE INEBRIATE.—George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, was recently serenaded. When called on for a speech, he stepped out upon the balcony, but was so much intoxicated that he lost his footing and fell among the crowd. Unfortunately, some one caught him before he broke his neck.

The Salisbury *Watchman* says that one of the most valuable Machine Shops in the Confederacy is going to waste in that place for want of an enterprising owner. Why do not some speculators buy it and set it a going? They might do some good for the country in that way.

McCLELLAN.—A California Congressman said in New York, a few days ago, that certain parties had Lincoln's promise in writing to remove McClellan as soon as the New York election was over.

A negro proposes that President Davis should retaliate upon Lincoln's proclamation, by declaring all the Northern negroes slaves after the first of January next.

This would be no retaliation, as the poor creatures are worse off now than slaves.

The powder mills at Augusta, Ga., under charge of Lieut. Col. Rains, are making three tons a day, and they may be extended to five tons—equal or superior to any mills on the continent.—*Chas Courier.*

A wife is a queer thing, and getting one is like getting a varmint out of a hollow—you don't know until you've got it, in your hand what sort of a thing it is.

"Harmee," the Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, says:

I hear that night an incident connected with Stuart's raid in Pennsylvania.—As the head of the column was pushing towards the Potomac, a rockaway, containing a gentleman in a suit of light colored oil-cloth, drove up. The gentleman said, politely, "Move aside, my dear sir; I am an officer of the 79th Pennsylvania, on recruiting service, and I must move aside; I The man moved aside, but too late.—"—the impatient gentleman. Stuart's force came up. "Are you the officer in command?" inquired the occupant of the rockaway. "I am," was the response. "Then be good enough to order your men to make way for me. I am an officer of the 79th, on recruiting service, and it is important for me to get ahead as rapidly as possible." "Very well," said Stuart, at the same time giving a significant look at one of his men, who at once dismounted and took a seat in the rockaway. "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the indignant occupant. "Nothing," said the man, drily. "Who are you, sir?" thundered the officer of the 79th.—"Nobody." "Who is that officer?" "Gen. Stuart." "What Gen. Stuart?" "Jeb Stuart, Major-General of Cavalry in the Confederate Army," was the calm answer. The officer of the 79th gave a long whistle, and exclaimed, "By—! I'm procured." "I rather think you are," said the man, turning the rockaway southward. The captured officer managed to escape while our troops were crossing the Potomac but his rockaway and horse were saved.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed time and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sun-set and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the lines that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea!

THE WANDERING GEORGE.—A correspondent of the Mobile *Register* says:

I learn from a gentleman from Richmond that George N. Sanders, who lately arrived from Europe, remained but forty eight hours in Richmond, most of which time he was closeted with the President, and has already departed on his way back. It is said that he has effected an unlimited credit to purchase everything we require, and that contracts are eagerly sought to be made for furnishing us with all kinds of machinery, &c., as well as steel clad steamers, a number of which are expected to be ready for the defence of our coast this winter.

A WHOLE SOULED PATRIOT.—Mr. John Thompson, Proprietor of the Hopewell Factory, Anthony Shoals, Georgia, has furnished for the past two months to the families of the soldiers from Elbert county, and continues to furnish them, yarns at one dollar per bunch. This is indeed liberal—in fact, it is almost equivalent to making the yarns about eight dollars per bunch. Mr. Thompson is also supplying his quota of manufactured goods to the Government at first cost. Such generous conduct deserves to have its reward.—*Sumter Watchman.*

PLANS FOR THE WINTER.—Gen. Banks, in a few remarks which he made from the platform of a railroad car in Boston, on Saturday night, the 1st instant, said the approaching winter was not to be lost. The Government was determined now to put forth its strength. Numerous expeditions were on foot that could not, if rigorously pressed, but be fatal to the revolted States.

GOVERNOR VANCE.—Our soldier Governor is earning for himself the esteem of every man, woman and child in his State, by his exertions in behalf of our suffering State. He is not only exercising his official power to clothe and feed our troops, but we find him nobly sharing the post of danger with our gallant soldiers. He is the right man in the right place, and long will North Carolina bless the day he was made her Chief Magistrate.—*Mountain Eagle.*

Brigadier General Allison Nelson, Confederate States Army, died near Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 9th ultimore. He was formerly Mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, and for several years a member of the Georgia Legislature. He served with distinction in the Mexican war.

PROMOTED.—Clement G. Wright, Esq., of Fayetteville, has been appointed to a position on the staff of Gen. Beverly Robertson, the successor to Gen. Turner Ashby in command of the Cavalry.

VANCE AND STANLY.—No one knows better how to deal with such impudence as is reported in the following paragraph from the New York Herald than Gov. Vance.—If he condescended to notice the affair at all we would give something to see his reply. Says the Herald:

"We have news from North Carolina to the 27th ult., the most important portion of which is the statement that on the 22d Gov. Stanly, the Union Governor, by flag of truce, despatched a communication to the rebel Gov. Vance, proposing an interview, without any ceremony or raising any question of dignity or rank between himself and Gov. V. If the above proposition should be accepted, then that commissioners be appointed with Gov. Vance for a conference upon the present state of public affairs What the object or the aspect of the war.—Whatever necessarily remote proposition may be, it is probable, however, that reconciliation. It is protuate in the return of peace may even now half redeemed—to her old Carolina—Union."

REPORTED BATTLE AT HELENA.—Rumor prevailed last evening that a battle occurred at Helena on Wednesday, in which the Federal arms were worsted. Upon inquiry we learn from passengers from Memphis, that such a report reached that city Thursday morning, and a few of the Federal officers admitted the result was against them. At Hernando, Cold Water, and elsewhere, the citizens stated they had heard heavy and unusual firing on Wednesday, and were inquiring the cause, and a gentleman who left Friar's Point on Thursday morning, states the firing was heard at that place throughout the day and also on Thursday morning some two hours.—*Memphis Appeal 1st.*

GUNPOWDER FOR THE PEOPLE.—The Government has authorized the Nitre Bureau in the Confederacy to exchange one pound of gunpowder for two pounds of saltpetre, with any citizen desiring to obtain the powder. This will be an accommodation to the people, and will benefit the Government at the same time, as it may stimulate the people to engage in the manufacture of saltpetre. The process is very simple, and can be easily learned.

ANOTHER VICTORY.—A gentleman from Washington Ark, yesterday brought the report that news had been received, there, that the Federals pursued our army on its retreat to Ripley. On the Confederates reaching there, with the enemy at their heels, General Price turned, drew up his columns in the shape of the letter V when the Federals came dashing on into their line. Our columns were then closed up, surrounding the enemy, and took 15,000 prisoners.—*South Western Democrat.*

The Richmond *Whig*, of Tuesday, says: We heard last evening, that a New York paper had been received in Richmond, which stated that recognition, if not a fact accomplished, was a foregone conclusion, and would be preceded by a change in the British and French Cabinets. We attach but little importance to the statement.

CIDER JELLY.—*Too Good not to be Known.* Boil cider to the consistence of syrup and let it cool, and you have a nice jelly. No sugar or anything added to it.—We have tasted some of it and it will be excellent for the sick. Try it. It is most too good these times for well people.—*Sumter Watchman.*

DYING RICH.—When the steamer Golden State was going down, off the coast of California, one of the crew on board gathered up two carpet sacks full of coin and other valuables, and jumped overboard.—Of course he sunk immediately, and never again appeared at the surface, but he had the satisfaction of dying rich.

The noble and generous-hearted Senator of Union District, Col. Robert Beaty, has sold a large quantity of flour to needy soldiers' families at the low price of $3 50, and he now proposes to give them five hundred bushels of corn.

The passage of persons under flag of truce between the two countries now at war, has totally ceased, for the present, save as to paroled prisoners of the war. This exception grows out of the requisition of the Lincoln Government, that persons passing from us to the United States, shall first obtain passports at their Government or take the oath of allegiance.—*Richmond Dispatch, 6th.*

The Helena branch, on C. Greenville and Columbia Railroad, was recently destroyed by fire. The loss is heavy due to Mr. Hardgrove, the proprietor, as there was no insurance on the premises.

Mr. Gorwin, the Federal Minister to Mexico, is quite sick at the Mexican Capital, and cannot survive.

An editor down South was sent to the Lunatic Asylum. Cause: Printing a newspaper at $2 a year.