The North Carolina Whig.

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

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

From the Illustrated News.

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

BY REV. J. C. BIDEN, OF VIRGINIA.

I'll think of thee, dearest,
When far, far away;
I'll dream of thee, dearest,
By night and by day;
Thine image shall bless me
Through pleasure, through pain;
Through joy and sadness,
Through sunshine and rain.

If disease, the stern soldier's
Most terrible foe,
Shouls unhearten my spirit,
My body lay low;
The sound of thy voice,
The touch of thy hand
Shall waft sweet remembrance
From memory's land.

The chieftain's hoarse voice
May call me "to arms!"
The trumpeter sound
His terrible alarms;
'Mid roaring of cannon,
And clashing of steel
Thy form shall not vanish,
Thy love I'll still feel.

Should the shock of the battle
My life struggle end,
'Tis a summons to go
To my Heavenly Friend;
In death's cold embrace
My war-cry shall be,
"I died for my country,
For truth and—for thee."

Miscellaneous.

LOSING A HEART.

BY DAVID W. BARTLETT.

The following simple sketch I found the other day while looking with mournful interest over the papers of a deceased friend. It will explain itself, but the reader may feel enough interest in its author to wish to know his fate; he died a few week since and slumbers now beneath the sods of his native valley.

Come with me into my little room, my friend, and I will show you how once I lost a heart! You start, and well you may, for a guileless human heart is a priceless treasure when possessed—and when once lost never can truly be recovered again.

Or, you start to think that I ever had a heart to lose! You have been gazing at my wrinkled forehead, at my gray hairs—yet I am only a bachelor of forty. You forget I was young once, and fair like yourself.

Sit down by my table while I unlock that *portfeuille* and show you a picture.

"Beautiful!"

Ay, it is a beautiful picture; never were there sweeter eyes, a fairer forehead, a more devoted heart than hers—in that picture before you. And here is a lock of her auburn hair—and these fingers of mine once played through it when upon her head.

I was born with a sensitive, passionate, loving nature. That which was trifling to others often was agony to me. A careless word, a thoughtless deed, often sent me to my room in tears, or roused the passion of my heart. The crowning fault in my character, and it grew out of, in a manner, my sensitiveness, was jealousy. Whom I loved, I loved with my whole heart, and I claimed a whole heart in return. I was easily made jealous of the love of a friend, was careful how I formed friendships, and at the age of twenty had never loved a woman.

In my twentieth summer I left home to spend the season with an uncle in Pennsylvania. While there I met at a village party Susan R., and when I first saw her I was struck with her beauty. It was not vulgar beauty—there was a spiritual look upon her face which made it pure and holy, as well as beautiful.

A few evenings after I had made her acquaintance I met a party of people at her father's house, Judge R.'s pleasure country seat. I was defending a favorite author of mine from the attacks of several sharp critics, when Sugan R. quoted a passage of exquisite poetry from him—it was a new and young poet—which I was vainly endeavoring to remember, and which silenced the coterie of fault finders. She recited it in a voice of subdued sweetness, and seemed to express its lovely beauties upon her face. I was entranced, and during the evening offered her my arm for a walk out beneath the veranda. She accepted with a blush of pleasure, it seemed to me. The moonlight was soft and enchanting, and the fragrance of the garden flowers floated around us. We talked of poetry and men and women, and of human sympathies and affections. She was modest and trembling, and yet not affectedly so, and talked in a low musical voice of the real woes and joys incident to life. There was little of fashionable "small talk" upon her lips—she was too pure and intellectual for that.

Her brother joined us—he had missed her and sought her out—and I was cordially invited by him to visit him whenever I would, to hunt, ride, listen to Susan's playing, or anything which would add to my pleasure. I visited there often, and the more I saw of Susan the more truly did I love her. There was a sweetness about her beauty which it is rare to find in this the world, and her disposition was lovely as breath of a June morning. Her eyes were dark blue, her hair of auburn, and her face radiant with trustful love. She was an only daughter, and I always wondered how she grew up so pure and gentle, having been so petted and fondled from childhood by her father—but her mother was a woman of intellect and poetry. Susan was almost too gentle and sensitive, for, if you have noticed, the happiness of such in this world is a precarious thing. Day after day I visited Judge R.'s feigning errands when my whole object was to see Susan. I loved her with all my heart; a new life had sprung up within me, and I saw peace and happiness in the future. Yet I dared not avow my love, for I was sure I could not outlive the refusal of her heart.

One summer day we went out together into the fields, and sat down beneath the shadow of an elm to rest, when from talking of flowers we whispered of love. I cannot tell you how, but with the sweet sky overhead, and the murmur of the bees amidst the clover, and the songs of birds, I won her heart and bound it to mine by a vow from her sweet lips. We were engaged!

Ah! that is her portrait before you, with the blue eyes and auburn hair—as she was then! I had it taken shortly after we became engaged, and were it next my heart—yes, I, old wrinkled bachelor that I am; and you need not start, for, like you, I was fair once. The weeks swept happily away until one day, sitting at dinner at my Uncle's, my cousin Henry said:

"Charles Leaton is at home again!"

"Who is Charles Leaton?" I asked.

"Judge R.'s favorite," he replied, "a young man he has helped from boyhood, and is now helping to position and wealth. He is a great favorite with Susan, too, and you had better have a care cousin, mind or you will rue the day he set foot in Judge R.'s mansion!"

Naturally sensitive and jealous, my intense love for Susan made these words burn hotly upon my heart. I went to my room beside myself with agitation, and when it was evening went over to Judge R.'s. But what a sight did I behold when I approached! It was a clear moonlight evening, and I saw Susan beneath the veranda, leaning upon Leaton's arm. Yes, his arm was around her waist—she that was to be my wife! My heart trembled, to the verge of bursting—it seemed as if I should drop down helpless in the path.—Then there came a revulsion of feeling; my pride and passion awoke—I would leave her, the faithless thing—I would fly—fly to the ends of the earth—and from her! I told her how I had seen her in the arms of another, relieved her from her vow, and that when she received those lines I should be away, away, and try to forget the past.

"Hush!"

Upbraid me not—my heart has done that enough—hear me out.

I fled to Europe. I did not even leave a single direction for receiving letters from home. I went to Italy, and wandered restless beneath its beautiful skies—visited classical Greece with a worn heart, and in Spain endeavored to forget the past, but I could not. Memory was too faithful, and sometimes conscience whispered I had been too precipitate.

Two years had passed away when I landed again upon my native shore. The impulse to visit the town where Susan lived was irresistible. I did so, and arrived on a beautiful afternoon in autumn. There was a golden quiet everywhere, on the woods, and skies, and fields. I stopped at the village inn before proceeding to my Uncle's. The landlord stood with me upon the steps. I heard the village bell strike solemnly and slow.

"There is a funeral?" I said.

"Yes, Susan R. is buried to-day."

I heard the name, and fell senseless to the ground. I remember nothing more for weeks. I was taken, ill and delirious, to my Uncle's, and lay for weeks between earth and eternity. Judge R. and son came kindly to inquire after me—they understood all, and pitied me while they censured. When I was well enough the following lines from Susan were put into my hands!

"DEAR E.: I shall never, never see you again in this world, for they say that I must die, for I have the consumption. It matters not, for were I to live you would never come back to me again. Charles Leaton is my cousin, was a poor orphan, and always lived with us from boyhood, and I loved him as a brother and nothing more. That night when you saw us he was telling me of his engagement with a lady whom he has married since, and my brother stood behind us laughing and saying I ought to tell Charles my secret too.

"Dear E., you will find a heart better, nobler, perhaps, and a head wiser, but never one more faithful than this poor heart of mine, which aches and throbs so now.—You may never see these lines, but if you do you will know how true I was to you—how I loved you to the last. I want you to know this—and yet you must not feel sorrowful, for I do not blame you for what you have done. I have been happy in wandering alone where we used to wander. Do you remember the elm underneath which you first called me yours? But I can't write any more—if you ever see this, know that I was ever, ever yours. Farewell!

SUSAN R."

She died of a broken heart—I know it from what her father said. She pined away slowly, for she hoped always that I might come back, month after month her hope grew fainter, and the silver chord snapped asunder at last, and her heart, bruised and bleeding, flew to rest upon the bosom of Him who was sorrowful while on earth. And I did this by my madness and cruelty—I broke the poor creature's heart. Ay, and my own too! There is her picture—the same beautiful face—gentle heart, I slayed her, though she trusted in me!

A PUNNING MINISTER.—Some of the most distinguished clergymen in the days of our fathers were noted for quick, sharp wit, and which they used without scruple in the pulpit as in social life. Of this number was Dr. Byles, who could scarcely utter a sentence without a pun. The new Encyclopædia of American Literature gives some characteristic anecdote as follows:

There was a slough opposite the Doctor's house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the Town Council stuck fast.

The Doctor came to his door and saluted the officials with the remark,—"Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you stirring in this matter now."

In the year 1780, a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as such. A lady neighbor sent her son to the Doctor, to know if he could tell her the cause of the obscurity.

"My dear child," said the Doctor, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is!"

One day a ship arrived at Boston with 300 street lamps. The day the Doctor happened to receive a call from a lady, whose conversational powers were not of a kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly arrived cargo to dispatch his visitor.

"Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis.

"Oh, no! What news?"

"Why, 300 new lights have come over in the ship, this morning from London, and the select men have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately."

This was enough—the visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges at the time of trial, they requested him to sit down and warm himself.

"Gentleman," said he, "when I came among you, I expected execution; but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.—Mr. Ben. Holladay, of New York, gives a thrilling story of the scenes on board the steamer Golden Gate. One lady approached him, bearing an infant in her arms. She said:

"I believe you are Mr. Holladay?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you save my child?"

"I don't know, madam, that I shall be able to save myself."

"If my children (she had another three years of age) can be saved, *I will consent to be burned in that fire.*"

As she spoke, she solemnly pointed to the crackling flames, as they furiously raged in the centre of the ship. She never left the vessel—perished, probably, by drowning; but her infant and other child were saved.

FIRST MESSAGE

OF HIS EXCELLENCY,

GOV. Z. B. VANCE,

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The Honorable, the General Assembly:

Certainly a Legislature has never been convened in the State of North Carolina to protect greater interests or meet greater responsibilities.

Eighteen months ago, when the State entered into the war, which is now waging, all was life and buoyancy and excitement. The novelty of our undertaking, and the enthusiasm of our people in support of our cause, not only rendered the course of the Legislature and the Executive easy, but actually preceded and marked it out. But the long continuance of the contest, the slaughter of our soldiers, the occupation of our territory by the enemy, the destruction of our homes, and the blockaded condition of our coast, have reduced us to straits, and given rise to a class of evils, in the presence of which ephemeral patriotism must perish, and the tinsel enthusiasm of novelty give place to that stern and determined devotion to our cause, which alone can sustain a revolution.

It now becomes the duty of you, the General Assembly, to set an example to your constituents of firmness, prudence, determination and energy; to correct the errors of the past, to provide for the exigencies of the future, and to use well and wisely the power vested in your body by the Constitution, for the protection of our rights and liberties.

The subject of first importance is the prosecution of the war, the means of defending our State against the invasion of the enemy. The Legislature, by several acts in 1861, provided that, in case the Confederate government should fail or neglect to provide for the defence of North Carolina, the Governor should be authorized to raise a certain number of troops for that purpose, and made appropriations of money for their support. Impressed with the defenceless condition of our eastern counties when I came into office, I had fully determined to avail myself of this authority, and would have proceeded at once to do so, but for the intervention of insurmountable difficulties. The principal of these was the conscript law passed by the Confederate Congress subsequent to the passage of the several acts referred to. By this law, as extended in its provisions a short time before the adjournment of Congress, all able bodied men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, became liable to enrolment as soldiers of the Confederate States. To raise an adequate force for State defence from our citizens beyond the age of forty five, and submit to this vast drain besides, I thought entirely impracticable. I hoped, too, that by aiding and assisting in the execution of the conscription law, I would be effectually providing for State defence. This reasonable hope has, I regret to say, been disappointed; and although North Carolina has a greater extent of sea coast than any other State, she has had fewer troops given her for its defence.

It is not necessary gentlemen, that I should call your attention to the abounding wealth of this threatened section of our State—filled with everything necessary for the comfort of our army and our people—or to the suffering and ruin of its loyal, patriotic inhabitants. You are sufficiently informed in regard thereto. It is for you, therefore to say, whether you will suffer our defence as heretofore, to remain exclusively in the hands of the Confederates authorities, or takes steps to carry out the will of the last Legislature, and raise troops enough on State authority to strengthen the weak hand of the General Government on our coast.

I unhesitatingly recommend the raising of at least ten regiments of reserves, to be accepted for three or four months, and dismissed in time to pitch their crops in the Spring.

This force, auxiliary to the Confederate troops, would probably be able to prevent an advance of the enemy into the interior, and while subsisting on the abundant supplies in our eastern counties could benefit the whole State, by aiding in withdrawing vast quantities of provisions from exposed points.

Inasmuch as it may become necessary for slave labor to be employed on State defences, and my authority to force such labor may be questioned by some, I would respectfully recommend the propriety of the passing of an act whereby such authority may be vested in me, in case such urgent necessity shall arise, as will justify it.

Next in importance to the defence of the State from the enemy, is the defence of our people against extortion and starvation. Notwithstanding the failure of the crops in the Western part of the State, it is believed that there is within our borders an abundance of grain for the supply of our people, and a surplus for the use of the army.—The lands heretofore devoted to cotton and tobacco have been planted in corn very generally, and the crop of this essential product is perhaps larger by many hundred thousand bushels that has ever been known. When this is considered, together with the immense crop of peas, potatoes, fruits &c., there would seem to be little danger of any actual suffering among our people—nor would there be, could it all be properly distributed and at reasonable prices. But the demon of speculation and extortion seems to have seized upon nearly all sorts and conditions of men, and all the necessaries of life are fast getting beyond the reach of the poor.

Things which if properly left to the laws of supply and demand could not have risen to more than double peace rates, can now be used only by the rich.

Everything else follows the same proportion. A tendency upward in leather, woolen cloth and cotton goods have been made the especial means of extortion, and if we were not sufficiently afflicted with the avaricious in our own midst, speculators and avaricious from distant States swarm in the land, buying from fabulous prices for everything they can get. And in many instances, taking advantage of the patriotism of our people, they represent themselves as agents of the Government, purchasing for the army—thus obtaining what they could not otherwise do. The supply of salt will I hope be sufficient, but this subject too needs legislative action. Dr. Worth, the salt commissioner appointed by the Convention, has been industriously at work; but he has not produced a great quantity, owing to the difficulties which he has mentioned in his reports. His first works, at Morhead City, were taken by the enemy before he had fairly gotten them into operation.—His next effort at Wilmington was successful in producing about 250 bushels per day, for some time before they were interrupted by the yellow fever, which has caused their temporary suspension.—As the pestilence has abated, they will of course be immediately again put into operation. The whole amount made there by the State and private individuals, probably exceeds 2,500 bushels per day. Nearly all of this made on private account is bought by citizens of other States and carried off for speculation, at prices ranging from $12 to $20 per bushel.

My predecessor, Gov. Clark, also entered into a contract through N. W. Woodfin and Geo. W. Mordecai Esqrs., with Stewart, Buchanan & Co. of Saltville, for the privilege of manufacturing 300,000 bushels of salt, and Mr. Woodfin was made Superintendant of the Works. With commendable energy he has pushed forward his undertaking, and there are now, as reported to me by a special agent sent to visit the establishment, about 200 kettles in operation, making near 1200 bushels per day. Owing to his sickness the Superintendant has made no official report to me of his operations and expenditures.

I recommend that your Honorable body shall take immediate steps to prevent the exportation from the State of salt, leather, shoes, woolen cloth, cotton cloth, yarn, meat and bacon, flour and potatoes—except for the army and by regular agents of the government; and except when purchased by any county and corporate authorities of our sister States, under such regulations as will amount to satisfactory proof that such articles are for private use, or charitable distribution to the poor of such counties, towns, &c., and not for speculation—not, however, in violation of any existing contracts made by our citizens with citizens of other States. This is all the remedy I can suggest for the evils of extortion—history and common sense having taught us the danger of trying to force trade, which refuses to be governed by any but natural laws. All we can do is to aid these well established laws, as the skillful physician assists nature in the checking of disease. Violent and felonious measures have long since been condemned by civilized statesmen, and could now only serve to dry up the sources of our industry, and lessen the productions of the country. The same remarks apply to seizures of private property for public use, which ought never to be resorted to except in extreme cases, and then only as a temporary expedient.

To provide against the possible suffering of the wives and children of our brave and self-denying soldiers, I also respectfully recommend the purchasing and storing, at some safe point in the interior, of at least two hundred thousand bushels of corn and five hundred thousand pounds of pork, to be sold to them at rates sufficient to cover the cost, transportation, &c. It can now be bought in the Eastern counties at moderate prices, and is in danger of destruction by the enemy, if not removed at an early day. Anticipating the necessity of this measure, and also thinking it proper in a military point of view to have some surplus at hand, I have already ordered the building of large cribs on the N. C. R. Road, and made some preliminary arrangements for purchasing on a large scale.

I deem this a matter of the very highest importance. Nothing would so cheer and encourage our soldiers in the discharge of duty, as to know that their State was providing for those at home dearer to them than life; and nothing would so dispirit and demoralize them as to know that those dear ones were suffering.

Indeed, the soldier, shivering through the snows of the coming winter and offering his blood day by day for our defence, has a right to expect that his country will not permit his wife and little ones to cry in vain for bread; and while there is a morsel in the land it should be divided with them.—I beg you, therefore, Gentlemen, to make such provisions as you may deem best in reference to the matter, and at as early a day as possible, and let the gratifying assurance go forth to the camps of our armies that the wives and children of our soldiers shall not suffer so long as their State has money or food to give them.

I beg leave to call your attention to the great and almost insurmountable difficulties encountered by the Quartermaster's Department in providing clothing, shoes, and blankets for our troops. During the administration of my predecessor, an arrangement was entered into (according to a resolution of the General Assembly) with the Quartermasters's Department of the Confederate States, by which North Carolina was to receive the commutation clothing money of her troops and clothe and shoe them herself. And on our agreeing to sell the Confederate authorities all the the surplus supplies that could be procured in the State, they agreed to withdraw their agents from our markets, and leave the State agents the whole field, without competition. This would have enabled the State to clothe and shoe her troops comfortably, and could have furnished to the Confederate States all that was to be had any how at reasonable rates, but it was immediately violated. The commutation agent soon, and is still swarming with stripping the Confederate Government, and paying enormous prices in our markets and putting enormous prices on our agents. This is especially the case in regard to shoes and leather. The idea of our agent has been our home, and nothing at half supplies from the Confederate Government, because the Confederate Government to furnish them ourself our agreement. When a large portion of our army this winter by accidents of battle and other casualties their baggage, it was found impossible at once to replace it. Surely pressed as to the best course to be pursued, I published an appeal to our people in behalf of their brothers in the field, and employed the militia officers for the collection of articles donated or sold; and though the response has been at once gratifying and patriotic, yet it is necessarily slow and uncertain; and I regret to say that the heroes of Boonsboro', Sharpsburg and other glorious fields, have suffered and are still suffering greatly for the want of shoes and clothing. Every possible exertion has been made for their relief; but while the agents of the Confederacy are allowed to compete with ours, and speculators are allowed to compete with ours, and speculators are allowed to carry our leather beyond our borders, it will be impossible to supply them. I earnestly recommend an embargo upon this article, as before mentioned.

Concluded next week.

PLANS AND PURPOSES OF THE ENEMY—THE CRISIS IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Memphis *Appeal*, of the 12th, says.

From the various persons recently from Memphis, we learn that the Federals there do not disguise their plans for the invasion of Mississippi this winter. Their programme is to move in three columns, one from Memphis, one from LaGrange or Holly Springs, and one from Corinth. This purpose on their parts pretty well substantiated by the fact that large reinforcements are weekly arriving both at Memphis and various points along the Mobile and Ohio Mississippi Central roads, sent forward from Columbus.

These expeditions, the weather being favorable with regard to rain, supplying the country with water, are expecting to take up their line of march about the 10th of this month, the three columns converging as they approach Jackson, from which place they will march upon Vicksburg.

These are the plans of the enemy, as related to us by persons who we have every reason to believe are informed upon the subject.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER KATE.—A despatch from Wilmington, November 19, to a commercial house in this city, received Wednesday morning, that reports the loss of the favorite steamer Kate, the consort of the Gordon:

"The steamer Kate struck the river obstructions near Fort Caswell early yesterday morning, and soon after sunk at Smithville wharf.

She had just arrived from Nassau with a valuable cargo. Most of the cargo, it is thought, will be saved, but in a damaged condition.—*Charleston Courier, 20th.*

THE UNION TRAITORS IN NEW YORK.—A gentleman who arrived in Charleston on Wednesday, communicates to the *Courier* the following copy of a call circulated in a New York paper:

UNION MEN'S MEETING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF CITIZENS FROM THE SLAVE STATES.—The Union loving citizens of the city of New York, irrespective of party, are invited to attend, with the women of the undivided States, now in rebellion against the Federal Government, at the Cooper Institute, on Saturday, evening October 25, 1862, for the purpose of giving an emphatic endorsement to the efforts now being made by the constituted authorities of the land to crush this cruel and proscriptive rebellion.

Lovejoy, the notorious Abolition Congressman, has been defeated in Illinois.—The *Washington Chronicle*, Forney's paper, sums up the probable political complexion of the next House of Representatives as 85 Union men and 70 Opposition; but admits that the calculation contains some errors.

Eighteen negroes, employed as butchers in the Savannah market, have subscribed the sum of ninety dollars for the relief of the soldiers in Virginia.