

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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TERMS:

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Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines of type, this being the first line) 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 33 1/3 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 91 per square for each time. Sent 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.

Exterminators are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
"Would be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one,
Were saying I wish he were here."
To feel that the group at the fire-side,
Were thinking of me as I am?
Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss me at home!

When twilight approaches, the moon
That ever is seen to smile,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And in their hearts they are saying
"What a night when my sweet one is away,
And a cloud in each heart that watches
Bright at my windows stay!"

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And live stars in the azure sky?
And when the "good night" are repeated,
And all lay down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent one waft me
A whispered "good night" while they sleep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon or at night?
And in the glow of the moon's rays,
Do they miss me at night?
Do they miss me at night?
Do they miss me at night?
Do they miss me at night?

Miscellaneous.

THE TYXIAN'S REVENGE.

"Do you see that old field yonder?" said my traveling comrade, pointing to a large clearing, that from the little eminence on which we had stopped our horses, could be seen a short distance to the right of the road. "And do you see, in the center of the place, down by yonder spring-brook, half hidden by willows, there, next that grove of magnolia stacks, but partially fallen chimney, surrounded by rubbish and ruins?"

"Yes," I replied. "I see what evidently was once a beautiful plantation."

"You may well say beautiful—it was so to me," said he, with a heavy sigh, almost a groan. "That ruin, my friend, was once my home—my happy home."

And the Ranger turned away his head to hide his deep emotion. The sight of the desolate and desecrated spot that had once been his little world, the birth-place of his children, where he had spent the happiest hours of his life, but which had also been marked by scenes of violence and bloodshed, called up a train of sweet and bitter memories, and in spite of his efforts to restrain them, tears, perhaps the first for years, flowed freely down the scarred and bronzed cheeks of the Texian.

I respected his feelings, for I knew enough of his history to suspect that his griefs had been of no ordinary nature, and that his reminiscences were too bitter indeed.

And spurring up my horse, I moved down the road in advance, that my friend might give vent to his feelings freely and unobscured.

had remained attached to the division of General Taylor through the entire campaign. After the termination of hostilities, our company, or rather the remnant of it, which had survived our hard services, had been disbanded on the banks of the Rio Grande, and we were now on our way to the Sabine. We had chosen the route directly across the country, over that wide, extended range of prairie land, in preference to the usual one, by sea, from Matamoros to Galveston.

Lawson had held the commission of first lieutenant in the company. For more than two years we had moved together, and rode and fought by each other's side. He was the bravest and most reckless soldier I ever knew. But his recklessness was only as far as himself was concerned. No officer was ever more wary and calculating where there was danger to be encountered by his command. At such times, so great was his prudence, that one unacquainted with his true character might be led to misconstrue his real motives, and attribute them to a far different cause.

Not in a fight with guerillas Lawson was in his element. He gloried in nothing so much as a midnight dash into their camp, or a hand to hand fight with half a score of the yellow-skins at once. I have seen him, alone and singlehanded, charge into their ranks, and completely lose himself amongst them before his company could reach the spot, and then, as the foe fell beneath his well-aimed shot, and sabre blow, he would open a passage to himself, and falling back again to his company, lead us to the fight with the coolness and distinction of a field-marshal. He seemed to set no value upon his own life; in fact, I have thought at such times, when I witnessed these acts of temerity, that life must have been a burden to him.

He was never merciful or unsocial, but always courteous, having little to say, even to his messmates; but that such was not in moments of danger or excitement, when, for the time, his mind was free from a harrowing memory that seemed to be eating away his heart, he was as jovial and amiable as the most loquacious ranger in the company.

Something of his former history was familiar to most of us. It was said he had taken part in the feuds of the Regulators and Moderators a few years previous, and that he had won the reputation of being a brave and desperate, but honorable man; that he had suffered fearfully at the hands of a lawless gang, and had as fearfully avenged his wrongs. But a respect for his feelings had deterred his comrades from questioning him in relation to his past life, or from mentioning the subject in his hearing.

"Doctor," said Lawson, as after a few moments he rejoined me, his eyes still moistened by his recent tears, "you and I have shared the same tent and the same rough fortune together, long enough to give us a knowledge of each other's characters, and to entitle us to each other's confidence. I value your esteem and friendship, and as we will soon part, perhaps never to meet in this world again, I wish to make you a confidant of a portion of my life, of which you have, doubtless, only heard hints. It is a desire to be remembered by you, without a doubt or suspicion, and that, in the future, when your mind reverts to the scenes and events of the past two years, you may think of me with respect and kindness, at least."

"Sometimes I may have appeared selfish and unsocial with my messmates, but I assure you, my friend, such was not always my nature. It was a series of terrible circumstances that made me thoughtful, almost misanthropic man that I have been for years; but," continued he, with a bitter smile, while for an instant, his dark eyes glared with a wild, almost ferocious light, "I have wiped out the fearful obligations they imposed upon me."

"It is true," I replied, "I have heard your name mentioned in connection with a melancholy portion of the history of the republic, but what party you attached yourself to—whether the Regulators or Moderators—I have never heard."

"I never belonged to either of those organizations," he answered, quickly, "but my messmates pleased my name in that bloody list of robbers and murderers, who made the existence of the parties you have mentioned necessary."

"There was a time, you are aware, in the last days of the Republic, when our beautiful country, having become the resort of the vilest and most desperate rogues

from the States, the honest settlers were not only robbed of their slaves, horses, and everything else of value, but were liable to assassination. In short, the robbers constituted the majority of the people, and were a complete organization. Men of their class filled the offices of the country, and they were thus enabled to commit the most outrageous and inhuman crimes with perfect impunity.

"One of their most successful plans of villany was to select the wealthiest settlers of a neighborhood—planters having good numbers of slaves, and other movable property—and after forging notes and mortgages against them, to more than the value of their property, would appoint members of the gang to waylay and murder them. They would then present these forged papers, and demand from the Probate Court of their own creation authority to administer, or in other words, to divide the estate of the murdered man amongst themselves.

"No man was safe, either at home or abroad. No one had confidence in his nearest neighbor, or knew whether he belonged to the gang or not, unless he himself was a member of it. Murders were of daily, hourly occurrence. Plantations would be entirely stripped of slaves and horses in a single night; and if, on the next day, the planter made an effort to recover his property, an 'accuse of lead or a rope because his quarrel."

"This fearful state of things continued a long time, when at length a few honest men united together for mutual protection and defense, and as they enlarged their organization, that of the Moderators, was established, and a state of anarchy and civil war prevailed over all the eastern portion of the Republic. Scenes of blood and murder were enacted on all sides. There could be no gathering, however small, where men belonging to the different parties did not come into collision, and as every man went about loaded with weapons of death, they shed them freely. I tell you, Doctor, those were fearful times indeed.

"But thank God, they never return again in the good State of Texas. In those times," he continued, "I was considered a forsworn planter. My cotton farm was acknowledged to be the best managed, and most profitable, not only in the Angeltia, but in the country. I was the owner of a hundred valuable and faithful servants; and my buildings were of the most comfortable and convenient kind. No expense had been spared in making them all I desired. But above all these, above all other earthly considerations, was my beloved wife, and our two darling children, the eldest a beautiful, curly headed boy, and the other, our sweet, angelic little Lizzy. Oh! my friend, all that is left to me now are yonder heaps of blackened ruins, those brick matted and deserted fields, and the bitter, burning memory that rankles deep within my aching heart. But, forgive me, my friend, for yielding for a moment to the emotions those dreadful recollections awaken."

"One day," he resumed, after an effort to recover composure, "one day, in those lawless times, I was riding in the river bottom in search of some missing horses, when I heard on the river bank a sound of human voices, and distinguished these words:—'Well, boys, what say you? Shall we hang him to this black jack, or drown him in the river?' 'D, string him up, by all means; may be we can make him confound who his partners are in this neighborhood,' cried some other voices."

"I spurred up my horse, and as I came near enough to get a sight of the party, I halted a moment, under cover of a same brake, to reconnoitre. A dozen men, whom I recognized as some of my distant neighbors, were surrounding a small, feeble looking man, who appeared to be a prisoner. He was pinioned, and a rope, with a hang man's noose, was slipped over his neck. The man was covered with blood, from recent wounds, as if he had been taken only after a desperate defense. I perceived it was a party of regulators, or lynchers, who were about to hang one suspected of belonging to the 'gang of lead pirates' so much dreaded in the country."

"The sight of the bleeding, defenseless man, thus about to be murdered in cold blood, by a crowd, was more than one of my excitable nature could look upon calmly; and I approached the party, and attempted, by reasoning with them, to deter them from committing the cowardly act; I begged them to wait at least till they found some evidence of guilt against the stranger. But

no; they were hungry for blood, and blood they would have. I pleaded the cause of the poor, trembling wretch in vain; my words were unheeded; and as I turned to ride away, to escape witnessing the murder, I heard one of the crowd exclaim, with an oath—

"I believe that Jim Lawson belongs to that fellow's gang, boys. Didn't you see them making signs to each other?" I gave but little heed to the fellow's malignant insinuation at the time; but the absurd suspicion the ruffian's words gave rise to colored all my subsequent life with a sanguinary hue. That very night my house was surrounded by a gang of ruffians, made up mostly by the party of lynchers. I had not that morning in the bottom; and before I could spring from my bed to my arms, my doors were broken open, and I was dragged from my frantic wife and children, to the woods, where I was tied to the identical black jack whose roots were still wet with the blood of the morning murder. There, with my feet resting upon the grave of that poor victim, for interfering with whose murder I was to be tortured, they whipped me; yea, those infernal fiends whipped me like a dog! But," he continued, after giving utterance to a wild laugh, which amounted almost to a howl, for his shrill voice rang out through the silent forest, with a startling, weird-like effect, "of all that gang of cold blooded murderers there remains but one now to curse this fair earth with his vile breath. There were eighteen of them, all told; seventeen of them have been wiped out; they have gone to their last fearful reckoning!"

"How did they come by their death?" "None did," he paused in the dreadful narration; more, however, to fill up the pause, for I anticipated the answer. "Ha! ha! ha!" he shouted again, with the same startling laugh. "My friend, you know our how unliving has been my revenge, and how fearfully that revenge has been accomplished! I told you I had a wife and two children. But she is an angel in heaven now, and our little ones, our darlings, they are with her there. Will you believe it? The cowardly wretches murdered those innocent ones! Yes, all, in my absence, in retaliation for the death of one of their gang—he who had originated that damning suspicion. Not content with this foolish murder, they set fire to my buildings, destroyed, ran off my stock, and left me penniless, homeless, alone; bankrupt, indeed, in property, in heart, and in hope."

But one of the black-hearted fiends yet lives and glories in his hellish crime. I had traced him to Corpus Christi, soon after General Taylor moved on to that place from Fort Jessup. I heard that Taylor (that is the villain's name), who had fled from this portion of the country, to escape my vengeance, had sought the army, in the capacity of a teamster. He was too much of a coward to serve and in another hour my oath would have been accomplished; but the murderer had been warned of my presence in the camp, and fled to the Rio Grande, and joined the Mexicans."

"I then returned to Middle Texas, where, you know, I assisted our brave captain in raising our company, which was held in readiness for the call we knew would soon be made upon our State for volunteers. You know, also, how we were the first to hasten to the field, and how our services were appreciated in those exciting days, when that little band of heroes were defending Fort Brown. You know all these things; but you know not, nor did my captain ever know the cause of my frequent absences from the company, while it lay in idleness in camp. None ever knew the nights of restless vigilance, when we were in the vicinity of the enemy, I spent in searching throughout their camps, for the renegade Texian. Disguised as a raucous, and speaking their language, which I had learned when I was a boy, Natiguitoshee, I could pass amongst them unsuspected. But my search was in vain; the traitor was never found."

While Lawson was narrating this melan-eboly story of his life, we were riding leisurely through the heavily timbered bottom of the Angeltia, and approaching the ferry over that stream. My companion would soon leave me, or rather I should pass on to the Louisiana side of the Sabine, while he intended to stop for a time somewhere between the two rivers, where he hoped to find the retreat of the murderer. My friend regretted the parting thus with my friend and old messmate, for I now thoroughly understood and appreciated him; and I had a presentiment that we should not only never meet again, but that his unhappy life

would be soon and suddenly terminated. After riding along some time in silence each engrossed in his own sad reflections, I ventured to express my forebodings to him.

"It is not somewhat singular," he answered, "that I, too, should have been impressed with the same presentiment. Very well," he continued, "I care not how soon my miserable life be ended, so that I can retain it long enough to rid the world of my last enemy—the last murderer of my wife and children. That obligation cancelled, I care not how quickly I may be called upon to pay the last great debt."

We had now reached the bank of the river, on the other side of which we perceived the ferry flat, on board of which a single horseman was leading his animal, preparatory to crossing over to the bank on which we stood.

"My God that's him!" exclaimed Lawson, who, as I turned to see what might be the cause of the excited exclamation, had reined his horse out of the path, behind a stump of cane, and was hastily re-capping his pistol.

He was as pale as death, and his dark eyes wore a savage expression I had never seen them show before. It was terrible to look upon, and as he stood under the shadow of the dark trees they seemed to flash fire, like those of an irritated tiger.

"Him? Who?" I asked, fearful that something dreadful was about to occur. "The last one!" he hissed between his teeth, as he ground them fiercely together. "The vile wretch I have sought for years!—he! he! he!" and that wild, startling laugh rang out through the silent forest, and was echoed back again by the opposite banks of the stream.

After a few moments the fat struck the shore, and the horseman, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a dark scowl upon his canonical looking face, stepped to the bank, and with an oath bid his horse to follow after him.

As his well-trained animal, obedient to the driver, turned by its master's cue, and the latter was about to spring into the saddle, the lieutenant, with a face still pale as death, moved out into the road and confronted him.

"Defend yourself, you cowardly murderer!" shouted Lawson, as he bent towards the other and spit into his eyes, and then straightening himself in his saddle, he brought a pistol to bear on him.

"Jim Lawson don't! for God's sake don't shoot me here! See!" and the trembling wretch threw open the breast of his coat; "see, I am unarmed! Would you take advantage of an unarmed man?"

"No!" thundered Lawson. "There—take that!" And he dashed a pistol at the feet of the murderer. But before he could bring the other pistol to bear, the lyncher had snatched the weapon from the ground, and quick as a panther had sent its contents hurtling through the breast of my poor friend.

"Ha! ha! ha! think not to escape me so!" and bringing his weapons to range upon the cringing coward, who was seeking the cover of the wood, Lawson fired; and the leaden pellet crashed through the brain of the last of the lynchers!

THE YANKEE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—The army has lost its prestige; the soldier no longer thinks it an honor to belong to the Army of the Potomac. As an illustration of the feeling prevalent among the officers, I will say that when Gen. Burnside's order, which you have no doubt already published, was read, the inquiry was made by an officer, "What do you think of it?"

"General, it don't seem to have the ring," was the response. "No, sir, the bell is broken," said the general.

Not that he meant any want of confidence in Gen. Burnside; but the help of the Army of the Potomac is sadly factored, and its tones have no longer the clear, inspiring ring of victory. But I do not need to refer to the condition of the army at greater length. Every phrase you can get will reveal the same truth, which is well understood here and at Washington.—*Car. N. Y. World.*

Twenty deserters arrested in the mountains of Yancey, were lodged in the jail at Asheville on 24th Jan'y.

Gen. Davis, in command in East Tennessee, has issued a proclamation ordering the Tories to surrender of no quarter, will be given them. About 20 of them have been killed, with a loss of one on our side.

The Yankees are stealing from Old Abe and removing among his old-fellers—no doubt of finding his famous "Sooty" exp and military cloak." The Northern papers say that "so many deprivations" have been committed in the green room and east room of the Executive mansion that Mr. Train, the chairman of the committee on public buildings, moved, to day, in this house, an appropriation for a watchman to guard these premises against the raids of unscrupulous visitors. From the statement made by Mr. Train it appears that some rich wait-ress patterns have been cut from the bank-ask curtains of the White House and rich ornaments carried off, and that the character of the people who inhabit Washington since the commencement of the war, is such that more vigilance is necessary in guarding property.

48TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.—We see in the Columbus Sun the case of the 48th Regiment Alabama Volunteer, in the action before Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 30 and 31, Col. James G. Griest's commanding. This Regiment was at the taking of two batteries, and was the first to plant the Confederate colors on a battery of six of the finest pieces in the Yankee army.—It behaved most gallantly. Col. Griest is a native of North Carolina.—*Exchange.*

RESIGNATION OF GOV. STANLEY.—The Raleigh Progress, of the 3d inst., says:—"We have news by letter from N. where to the 28th ult. and by it learn that Governor Stanley has resigned in consequence of the emancipation proclamation and the enrolling of negroes. The enemy are raising negro regiments at Newbern, and about eleven hundred have been enrolled."

We learn, says the Richmond Enquirer, that on Saturday, Secretary Richardson notified the British and French Consuls in that city that he had received official information of the opening of the blockade off Charleston. We are also informed that a steamer was promptly despatched to Nassau, from Charleston, conveying the same announcement to the British authorities.

NATIONAL GUARD OF 25,000 MEN.—A bill has been introduced in the Yankee Congress to organize a force of 25,000 men, raised pro rata in the several States, from the militia, to be 100 regiments of 12 companies each, and 100 men to each company, the men to be between 21 and 35, and to be called "National Guard." It will be subject to all orders from the President.

ENORMOUS.—The New York Tribune says: "Successful deserters from the rebel army in Charleston have made their way to the lines of Gen. Hunter, at Hilton Head. They represent every fort and point of land in and around Charleston harbor as fringing with enormous artillery. They also state that Gen. Beauregard has, in and around Charleston, 30,000 of the most desperate rebels to be found anywhere."

Port Hudson is a small village on the east bank of the Mississippi, fifteen miles above Baton Rouge. It is strong against an attack whether from the land or from the river. Population about three hundred; it is the terminus of a railroad. It is over two hundred miles from Vicksburg.

The Abolition officers, coward like, were breast plates in the battle of Murfreesboro. A Yankee dispatch says: "The Lieut. Col of the 59th Indiana, was saved by a breast plate. A shot struck his breast and knocked him out of his saddle."

BREVITY OF LIFE.—Look upon the burning taper, and there see the emblem of thy life; the flame is thy soul, the wax (if never so well tempered) can but last his length; and who can lighten it? If ill tempered, it shall waste the faster, yet last his length; an open window shall hasten either; an extinguisher shall put out both.