

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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

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Poetry.



The Wanderer's Return.

AIR—OLD VIRGINY'S SONG.

The day was gone, the night was dark,
And the howling winds went by,
And the binding sheet fell thick and fast,
From a stern and stormy sky.
When a mournful wail, through the rushing
gate,
Was heard at the cottage door—
O! carry me back! O! carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

'Twas a youth who had left his mountain
home,
And had wandered far and long;
He had drained the patriot's fiery tide,
At the fatal midnight throng,
But a dread of home came o'er his heart,
As he crept to the cottage door—
O! carry me back! O! carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

I have left the hall of the tempter's power,
And the revel wild and high—
They cried out in their reckless mirth
I'll wander alone to die,
But the fire still burns on the household hearth
By the elm tree near the door!
O! carry me back! O! carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

Like the weary bird that has wandered long,
I will seek my mountain nest,
And lay this aching head upon my mother
On my gentle mother's breast.
Once more will I seek the household hearth,
By the elm tree near the door,
O! carry me back! O! carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

Flowers.

The flowers, the gentle flowers,
How transient is their stay,
A moment in their lowly
They bloom, then fade away.

But though the flowers die,
Beneath the chilling wind,
They pass not unremembered by,
The thorn is left behind.

'Tis thus with all the flowers,
That this dear life adorns,
They fade with youth's bright hours,
They fade, but leave the thorn.

Like roses of the Spring,
Love and ambition flee,
Like roses, leave their sting,
The thorn of Memory.

Miscellaneous.

THE CANAL BOY.

BY MRS. M. J. HOLTON.

CONCLUDED.

Jennie was the last to wake, and sitting
up in bed she gazed vacantly at the lurid
light streaming through her window, wonder-
ing the while whence came the deafening
sound which rent the air. Then it burst
upon her, and with a wild cry of agony
she leaped from her pillow, burst open
her door, and rushing madly through the
struggling multitude found herself, she knew
not how, on the very spot where Robert
had told his tale of love, offering to die for
her, and where he now stood quaking with
fear, and seemingly unmindful of her pres-
ence. Forgetting all her maidenly reserve
she wound her arms convulsively around
his neck, and cried, "save me, Robert,
save me. You can swim. You said you
would last night. Oh, Robert, Robert, you
won't desert me now!" And the moon be-
came a piteous wail, as she saw the heli-
copter upon his face, and felt him putting
down his neck her clinging arms.

"Jennie, listen to me. I am but an in-
different swimmer and if I take you with
me we shall both be lost. Do compass your-
self. You struggle so frantically that you
deprive me of all sense."

"Will you leave me then, to die alone?"
and the black eyes flashed upon the sorrow-
ful man a look which made him quail.

"N—no, not exactly. I'll come back
for you, or ask some body to save you.—
The captain maybe. Look. He is fasten-
ing life preservers now to the screaming wo-
men and dropping them overboard. Look,"
and he pointed to the captain who despair-
ing of reaching the shore, was doing all he
could to insure the safety of his crew.

Many a timid, nervous woman grew
strong while listening to his cheer; words,
and when his brave young arms dropped
her into the boiling waves she ran merrily
what he told her to do and so gained the
friendly shore where with willing hands she
too worked to save the others. This was
the captain's employment when Robert bade
Jennie look, but Jennie paid no heed; she
only knew that Robert was leaving her to
die alone. Unconsciously she over her
and when she woke again there seemed to
be a wall of fire between herself and every
living thing. Chairs, stools, tables and set-
tees were floating like specks upon the wa-
ter, while clinging to them were pallid
hands clutched together in a vice like grasp
as if the fainting forms beneath knew that
this was their only hope. Even the tones
of the captain's voice had ceased, and lis-
ten as she might she could catch no sound
save the angry dashing of the waves and
the roaring of the flames which came each
moment nearer.

"They are all gone," she cried, "and
I am left alone. Oh, I did think I should
die so soon and so awfully. I am too young
and the world was so bright for me. Oh,
is there no help?" and the poor girl crouched
upon the floor in her abject misery.

With the door of death standing thus
ajar, Jennie's thoughts ran over the whole
of her past life and many an incident long
forgotten came back again with painful dis-
tinctness. Even the loomsome grave on the
bank of the canal was remembered—shud-
deringly she thought how much rather she
would lie there with Willie than sleep in
the unknown caverns of the Lake with no
companions save the unnumbered bones of the
other unfortunate ones who had gone down
before her. Then she thought of Robert
and while the hot blood stung her bitter
to marble face and neck she stretched the
diamond from her finger and holding it a-
cross the waters, laughed a half delirious
laugh as she saw it disappear from view.

Just then a current of hot air swept a-
cross her cheek, and turning round she
saw a single tongue of flame dart like light-
ning through a crevice in the heavy; then
it was withdrawn and succeeded by a wreath
of smoke, which rose in many a graceful
curve above her head, and finally lost it-
self in the denser, blacker volume creeping
round the corner.

"It's come!" she cried, as the fiery tongue
was again thrust forth this time singing her
long black curls, and scorching the lace
ruffles of her night dress. "I cannot be
rescued alive; I would rather drown a thou-
sand times, but I hope I shall be dead when
I strike the water."

One long last farewell look at the moon-
lit sky above—one hurried, sickening
glance at the tossing waters below, and Jen-
nie's head was on the railing, her foot upon
the bench, while even then there flitted
across her brain the thought, "What made
the captain forget me! Why don't he save
me, too?"

Poor, poor Jennie! Never for a moment
since the first alarm had she been absent
from the captain's mind. He knew her situa-
tion; he saw the ghost-like figure rushing
so wildly past him, and essayed to stop her
even then, but she eluded his grasp and es-
caped to a part of the boat where he knew
she was safe for a time. She could not re-
turn without his knowing it, and so he work-
ed with might and main to save the others
first, still watching vigilantly the hom of
the white robe which flattered in the night
wind, and sometimes even desecrating the
outline of the little naked feet which beat
the floor so nervously. He had measured
with his eye the distance to the shore; he
knew he could swim with her so far, and
not even the horrors around him could pre-
vent a thrill of delight as he thought of
feeling her slight form for a moment to his
bosom.

"There shall not one hair of her beau-
tiful head be harmed," he said, but in this
he calculated wrong, for the flames of fire
were already reaching out their deadly
arms toward her.

He saw it in due time, but he was not
dismayed. Catching from the floor a heavy
blanket shawl and throwing it about him,
he plunged through the suffocating col-
umn and laid his hand on Jennie's just as
she was about to make the fatal plunge.

"Jennie," he said, "Jennie I can save
you and will. I intended to do so all the
time. Come with me."
The reaction was too great and for an
instant Jennie did not move.

"She wonders how I know her name,"
he thought and bending low he said again
"Look at me, Jennie. Don't you know
me? I am Willie—Willie Warner."

She did not question his word—she
thought of him rather as a spirit sent to
save her from destruction, and with a plaintive
cry of joy, she followed whither he
led.

It was a desperate struggle for life and
might have been unsuccessful but for the
timely aid of the little boat sent out in quest
of the drowning. Carefully they laid the

two nearly unconscious bodies upon the
beach, while there went up a loud, exultant
cry of joy as the people recognized their
Captain and knew that he who had
saved so many was saved himself at last.—
But few were left, and these were persons
who would not heed his instructions. Robert
was among the survivors, but from him
Jennie resolutely turned away, refusing to
listen while he told her how he did mean to
come back for her, but the fire hurt him so
badly. He "was sear'd fer life now," he
said, and he bade her look at the blistered
wound upon his neck, but Jennie had no
eyes for him—her sympathies were all in
the darkened room where for weeks the
youthful Captain lay, grappling with what
threatened to prove a mightier foe than the
danger he had escaped. Madly the fevered
blood coursed through his swollen veins,
while the lips which had so lately spoken
words of cheer to the trembling wretches
around him, now murmured incoherently of
events which happened long ago amid the
mountains at home.

Neither persuasion nor entreaty could in-
duce Jennie to leave him. She should stay
with him until the crisis, she said, and her
friends could go their way without her; par-
ticularly Robert who received so many
kind rebuffs that he at last said to her mock-
ingly, "You need not have me unless you want
to, and I guess you don't."

"Of course I do not," she answered,
proudly. "I have a sword, who would
leave his betrothed of three hours to die
alone. I threw your ring into the Lake and
I eat you off as lightly."

Robert could do nothing but submit to
the indignity of the deed, and half wish-
ing the handsome captain would die he left
the scene of his humiliation and waded his
way back to his home.

In spite of Robert's wishes the handsome
captain did not die, and during the days of
his illness the patient waiter beside him
learned a strange story of a love com-
menced years and years before, when she
was a little girl and laughed at the boy with
patches on both knees that boy was there
before her now—he availed of her life.—
He was not dead as she had long supposed,
and when the fever left him he told her it
was the shelter of his labor, Billy Warren,
who had died and been buried on the banks
of the canal. Both had sickness with the
cholera, and he, Willie Warner had talked,
they said, of Jennie Johnson but God to
mercy spared his life and took that of his
companion. The names were similar and
the mistake a very natural one, in as much
as the man who reported the news received
it second handed from one who left the heat
for her, and asked her to give him another
look. Jennie Johnson in place of the charred
black hair floating ignominiously on the
water just in sight of his chamber window.

And Jennie answered that she would
promised never again to sail
the treacherous Lake, either as captain or
subordinate. They would build a home at
their own, she said, on the very spot where
the old stone school house used to stand.
And there, indeed, in the autumn time, a
stately mansion rose, the future home, 'twas
said, of Captain Warner and his bride, and
when the early spring blossoms were burst-
ing into beauty and the birds were singing
of the coming summer, Willie went there
to live with Jennie, who was never so hap-
py and proud as when listening to the pro-
cesses of the canal boy with patches on both
knees.

THE PRESIDENT'S KINDNESS.—On yester-
day the President visited the wounded sol-
diers, and expressed warm sympathy for
the unfortunate sufferers. Addressing the
other soldiers, he said he intended to share
their fate on the next battle field—come
weal or woe, he would be with them—and
whatever might betide, whether victory or
defeat ensued, of one thing he assured
them—"the cause is safe; we will conquer
in the end." The address was very brief,
but the effect was magical; putting the sol-
diers, who were somewhat depressed by the
accident, in glorious spirits.

We chronicle this incident with inexpi-
cable pleasure. Heretofore the President
had not exhibited that warm human sym-
pathy which so becomes the leader of a
great cause in a dark hour, and which wins
the heart and inspires the courage of the
soldier as nothing else does. One touch
of nature makes the whole world kin. Let
the President show himself a man of feel-
ing, let him visit the hospitals, let him, on
all proper occasions, encourage the men
who are fighting our battles, and he will
quickly become what he ought all along to
have been, and the honored chief of a glori-
ous cause and a great people.—[Richmond
Warg, 6th.

An alderman was heard the other day
getting off the following specimen of what
may be called "corporation" logic: "All
humans things are hollow; I'm human thing,
therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible
to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as
full as I'm able."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know
the names of some of our best friends?"
"Certainly—I do not know even what my
own may be in a year from this time."

One pedant speaking of another says
"He can't bear a natural fool?" who responds
the other replies, "Unfrequently your moth-
er could."

HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

I fell in love when I was passing a sum-
mer at Saratoga. She, the woman I ad-
ored, I mean, was fair enough to plead my
excuse for the truth. She had soft hair,
which she wore, in the most glossy of braids,
wound round a small, exquisitely shaped
head; she had large black eyes, making a
most bewitching contrast to the light hair,
and a clear pale complexion, white as snow;
black eyebrows and lashes completed the
piquant contrast. She was neither tall nor
petite—just about the size that is the most
tempting for the carcase of a tall man—
just tall enough for the head to lay con-
fidently against my shirt front, and the lips
to be within kissable distance by a slight
bend of my head.

"Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you
to my cousin, who joined our party this
morning."

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent
my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of
sassy little brunette, with whom I had
been carrying on a desperate flirtation for
three weeks.

"What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I
inquired.

Nitabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and
slender, we call her Lily."

Lily Stanley! It was a name to fall in
love with. I only took one look, and my
heart was gone. I distinctly felt the void
left, when it sprang from under my feet
into Miss Stanley's possession. I don't
know what she wore but her fair face and
slender throat rose above clouds of soft
white lace. There were pearls here and
there; and, altogether, if I had fallen at
her feet, I should have only acted out my
sentiments. It broke in upon this rapturous
dream to hear my first name, Miss Stanley,
said.

"The Redwax, I am engaged to Capt.
Hawley, and here he comes."

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I
don't know. I recollect only that five min-
utes later, we were gliding lightly, through
a tiny white gloved hand in mine, and found
myself was not the spiritual form she looked
for, by clasping my arm round a substan-
tial waist—a slender, and graceful waist—
a willow of flesh and blood, likewise silk,
swallowbone and lace.

I wished to have gone home next day;
but I could not do it. Leave Saratoga?—
leave the paradise that contained my an-
gel! I could not endure the idea. My
partner wrote the most appalling letter,
threatening bankruptcy, ruin, all sorts of
horror, if I did not appear immediately in
the evening room, but I wrote savagely
back that ruin was Heaven compared to
absence from—, and there I stopped,
because the carriage waited for me to take
my angel to ride.

Dick pondered over the blank, but our
colored I must be engaged in some specu-
lation and wrote warning letters according
to.

Pink, silk and roses, blue silk and
forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley (in a white
bonnet, and other attractions too numerous
to mention, succeeded the white lace; and
as my senses came slowly back to me, and
I had eyes for details, I was charmed with
the softness of every dress, from the goss-
am braids to the tiny slipper. The silks
were deliciously fresh, the lace always snow-
white, the skirts and stockings, sometimes
displayed by the raising of a dress, were
always so pure, so fine, and smooth, that
every day found me more deeply in love.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stan-
ley went to visit her aunt in Boston—I found
out that we both lived in Philadelphia—
and I returned to the counting house and my
disconsolate partner.

A month of separation fanned the flame
the month of intercourse had lighted my
heart. The face was in all my dreams—
now with drooping lilies falling from the
soft braids, now set in the fine lace of the
most bewitching blue bonnet, now wreath-
ed with pale pink rose buds, now under the
shadow of the drooping white plumes of her
riding-hat.

Walking down Walnut street one lovely
September morning, I saw a lady step into
the cars. One glance at the neatly-gloved
hand sent the blood to my heart; the little
guitar made it give a sudden bound, and
then a fair face made it palpitate till I
nearly choked.

She was at home. I should hear again
the soft, low voice, whose every modula-
tion told of her angelic temper. I should
see the sweet smile that always greeted me,
and again be in Elysium. Ah me!

I could not call until the following
morning; then I left Dick groaning over neg-
lected Western customers, and went home,
dressed my white suit of linen, with a nar-
row, black neck tie, smoothed my finest
over my broad chest drew on my most
intense pair of pale buff lids, set a baguette
straw hat over nicely-arranged curls,
and sallied forth.

I ran lightly up the steps of 1617—street
and rang the bell, gave my card to the girl
who opened the door, and went into the
parlor. It was in that semidark state,
fashionable in the warm months, and com-
ing in from the glaring sunlight—I could
see nothing—I groped my way to a seat.

"But you have been away all summer,
and Jennie has not left home at all."
"Jennie! What does a great ugly red
faced thing like her want at a watering
place?"

"She is your sister."
"Well, let her wait till I'm married, and
then she can rule here. I have set my
heart on going to aunt Nell's and I'm going."
The folding doors were thrown violently
back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa by a pale, delicate-look-
ing lady, evidently an invalid. Near her
stood a tall rather ugly girl, with a high
color, probably "Jennie," but the most
prominent figure stood in the opening she
had made by throwing back the doors. A
faded calico wrapper, torn under both
arms, fell uneven folds to floor, a rent here
and there making an ungraceful festoon;
the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers,
and the stockings were—were—well, the
word will out—they were dirty! Dirty
stockings on a lady! Faugh! The light
hair I had so much admired was gone ex-
cept a little knot at the back of her head,
which was tumbled, and had a dead, dry
look; the glossy braids probably repudiated
upon her dressing glass. She did not see
me as I sat in a dark corner; and, entering
the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

"Confound the thing!" was her loudlike
exclamation, and a vigorous kick sent the stool
spinning across the floor.

I rose. "Good morning, Miss Stanley."
A scream, a dash for the door, darkness
came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

I fell out of love as rapidly as I had
fallen into it, and took my white suit and
blasted hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted, now I am as thorough
a business man as himself, and I have at
most resolved to retain him as my only
partner through life.

A CAPTAIN WHO DIDN'T KNOW GEN.
JOHNSTON.—The Richmond correspondent
of the Charleston Courier relates the follow-
ing anecdote of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston:

One of his favorite officers, indeed a
messmate, assailed him pleasantly a few
mornings since. But the General scowled,
himself, and never recognized the compun-
gent. The unfortunate man felt not only
slighted but humiliated. He went to Ma-
rket, related what had passed, and griev-
ously protested that he knew not how he
could have offended his superior officer,
dinner hour having some one giving friend
was not at the mess. "Where is—?"
inquired Gen. Johnston. "He is mortified
and afflicted by the slight which you put
upon him this morning." "No slight him?"
explained the General. "I have not seen him
since he was sent for, Johnston apologized,
and peace was again restored to the
bosom of a loyal and sensitive soldier."

Soon after, however, while passing in one
of these moods by the door of his residence,
an officer, with a superior in rank, if
he knew where to direct him to a chesnut-
ker. "There is one," was the waggish an-
swer, pointing at the same time to John-
ston, who was in citizens clothes. Onward
strode the interrogator until he reached the
latter. He then threw down the saddle,
and looking sternly at the General, with his
hands in his pockets, gave the word of com-
mand. "That saddle must be ready in one
hour, sir." He then turned to depart.

"Hold!" said Johnston. "What did you
observe?" "It said here that saddle
ready in an hour," responded Captain Ob-
strepous. "Do you know who I am?"
"Yes; you are a shoemaker, I want you to
hurry up, too!" "I am Gen. Johnston,
sir," shouted the commander. In another
moment the saddle was pinned up, and the
Captain in retreat. "Halt!" shouted the
General; "who told you I was a shoemaker?"
"An officer, sir—I don't know his
name." "Then leave the saddle and re-
turn in an hour precisely." He heard and
he obeyed. In one hour the saddle was
wheeled and in his possession. "Now,
Captain," said the General, "endeavor to
serve your country as I have endeavored
to oblige you, and depart." Such a man
makes heroes and patriots of our soldiers.

A SINGULAR PROPERTY.—The following
circumstance recently occurred at Pocomoke,
and its truth is vouched for by a reli-
able officer in the army:

A soldier in the Confederate service fell
into a long and profound sleep, from which
at last he awoke up himself. He now re-
collected that he should die the next afternoon
at 4 o'clock, his comrades evenly covered
to arouse him, for it was so revealed to him
in his dream. He said in the last week of
the month of April would be fought the
greatest and bloodiest battle of modern
times, and that early in May peace would
break upon the land more suddenly and
unexpectedly than the war had done in the
beginning. The first part of the prophetic
dream has been realized, for the soldier
died next day at 4 o'clock P. M. Will the
rest be in April and May? Let believers
in dreams wait and see.—Hobbs Register.

THE PLANTERS' BANK, of Savannah, has
furnished near five hundred pounds of food to
the Ordnance office, including all the
weights to the Bank windows and the blocks
on which they have been accustomed to
count, check, &c. There are many estab-
lishments that could do as well, if the pro-
prietors would only take the trouble to
think and act.

ANOTHER FREAK OF MORGAN,

THE KENTUCKY PARTISAN.

The Memphis Appeal gives the following
account of the latest exploit of the gallant
Captain Jack Morgan:

The heroic young Kentuckian is as full
of stratagem as he is of daring. He dis-
guised himself as a countryman and took
a wagon load of meal to Nashville the other
day. Driving straight to the St. Cloud
Hotel, he left his wagon at the door in
charge of a trusty follower, and went into
the dining room of the hotel about dinner,
where he sat down opposite to Gen. Mc-
Cook.

"General Mathew, I suppose," said the
discreet partizan, leaning across the table.
"You are right, sir," said McCook, "that
is my name."

"Well, general, if there's no scooshers
about, I've got something to tell you right
now."

Looking around, the general requested
his new acquaintance to proceed with what
he had to say.

"Well, general, I flew up here close by
Harbo's mill, right in the midst of a nest
of rebel scoundrels, and they swear your
messmates have a pack of meal if they
have to strive for it. But, general, I'm
all right on the score, though I don't have
much to say about it at home, and so I got
a wagon-load of meal ground, and I've
brought it down here today; and it's out
in the street, and you can have it if
you want it."

Gen. McCook was highly delighted,
expressed his gratitude to the plain looking
countryman for his kindness, praised his
loyalty, thanked him, &c., &c., and at once
ordered the meal to be taken to the com-
missary of his brigade and paid for in gold
and silver. This transaction accomplished,
the wonderful wagoner again repaired
to Gen. McCook's headquarters, where, after
requesting a strictly private interview,
he told the "general" that if he would send
out one hundred and fifty men to such a
place, in such a neighborhood in Davidson
county, he would guide them right into the
"nest of scoundrels and traitors," where they
might "lay" a large quantity of meal and
other "contraband of war," besides a num-
ber of the worst rebels that ever assisted
in "hating up" the "Common Union." Gen.
McCook fell into the snare "as easy as fall-
ing off a log," and all the preliminary
arrangements were made and time and place
agreed upon for the attack, and fifty
Federal soldiers to meet their trusty guide.

McCook's detachment of 100 men kept
the appointment faithfully, and of course
Capt. Morgan, his finger disguised, was
there to meet them; but unfortunately for
them he was not alone—he had a sufficient
number of well-armed horsemen to capture
the whole Yankee force without firing a
gun. He took them quietly, and sent
them swiftly "to the rear," to be exchang-
ed in due season—"all but one, and officer,
whom he released on parole, and bade
him return to Gen. Hollock with the com-
piments of his most warm acquaintance
who had the pleasure of meeting him at
the St. Cloud a few days before.

A Washington dispatch, of the 24th ul-
time, says:

The Secretary of War is about to assem-
ble in this city a special court martial for
the trial of several newspaper publishers,
who, it is alleged, have given aid and com-
fort to the enemy by publishing information
as to the strength, position and movements
of the Federal troops. Gen. Hunt & Co.,
of the Boston Courier, Penn, Stone,
Hall & Hall, of the New York Journal
of Commerce, and General Brown & Co.,
of the Springfield Mass. Republican, are
among the publishers who have been re-
ported to the War Department. A violation
of the articles of war will which they are
charged is punishable with death.

The dispatch adds, incidentally:
Several articles will probably be hung
bare within the next few weeks.

THE NEWSMAKER—EDITOR OF THE NASH-
VILLE COURIER.—The Wash-
ington correspondent of the New York
Journal of Commerce writes of the steamer
Nashville:

The capture of the Nashville, and her re-
turn to England with a cargo of cotton, is
likely to prove a source of serious im-
port to the cotton trade. The Nashville
is one of the largest of the great Harp-
er's steamships, and the return of a steam-
ship which was engaged upon their route,
and which was loaded with a valuable cargo,
will undoubtedly give rise to the in-
vestigation of the blockade, and will give
the rebel sympathizing party in Great Brit-
ain and abundance of capital for agita-
tion.

PEOPLE ACCQUAINTED WITH NORTHERN
HARBOUR.—We have a pretty strong
hint that pilots acquainted with the various
harbours along the Northern coast-board will
speedily be in great demand, and that their
services will be liberally remunerated.

It is unnecessary for us, of course, to say
more than that, as those interested will
easily find out where to apply for further
information. As the weather is getting
warm, possibly some of our Southern friends
intend to get up a few picnic excursions
to a little colder climate; and it may be
that they need the services of the above pi-
lots.—Nashville Day News, 4th inst.