

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 11.

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NO. 9.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be sent 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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines of text, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. For the second and third insertions, 50 cents per square. For the fourth and fifth insertions, 75 cents per square. For the sixth and seventh insertions, 1 dollar per square. For the eighth and ninth insertions, 1 dollar 25 cents per square. For the tenth and eleventh insertions, 1 dollar 50 cents per square. For the twelfth and thirteenth insertions, 1 dollar 75 cents per square. For the fourteenth and fifteenth insertions, 2 dollars per square. For the sixteenth and seventeenth insertions, 2 dollars 25 cents per square. For the eighteenth and nineteenth insertions, 2 dollars 50 cents per square. For the twentieth and twenty-first insertions, 2 dollars 75 cents per square. For the twenty-second and twenty-third insertions, 3 dollars per square. For the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth insertions, 3 dollars 25 cents per square. For the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh insertions, 3 dollars 50 cents per square. For the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth insertions, 3 dollars 75 cents per square. For the thirtieth and thirty-first insertions, 4 dollars per square. For the thirty-second and thirty-third insertions, 4 dollars 25 cents per square. For the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth insertions, 4 dollars 50 cents per square. For the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh insertions, 4 dollars 75 cents per square. For the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth insertions, 5 dollars per square. For the fortieth and forty-first insertions, 5 dollars 25 cents per square. For the forty-second and forty-third insertions, 5 dollars 50 cents per square. For the forty-fourth and forty-fifth insertions, 5 dollars 75 cents per square. For the forty-sixth and forty-seventh insertions, 6 dollars per square. For the forty-eighth and forty-ninth insertions, 6 dollars 25 cents per square. For the fiftieth and fifty-first insertions, 6 dollars 50 cents per square. For the fifty-second and fifty-third insertions, 6 dollars 75 cents per square. For the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth insertions, 7 dollars per square. For the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh insertions, 7 dollars 25 cents per square. For the fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth insertions, 7 dollars 50 cents per square. For the sixtieth and sixty-first insertions, 7 dollars 75 cents per square. For the sixty-second and sixty-third insertions, 8 dollars per square. For the sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth insertions, 8 dollars 25 cents per square. For the sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh insertions, 8 dollars 50 cents per square. For the sixty-eighth and sixty-ninth insertions, 8 dollars 75 cents per square. For the seventieth and seventy-first insertions, 9 dollars per square. For the seventy-second and seventy-third insertions, 9 dollars 25 cents per square. For the seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth insertions, 9 dollars 50 cents per square. For the seventy-sixth and seventy-seventh insertions, 9 dollars 75 cents per square. For the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth insertions, 10 dollars per square. For the eightieth and eighty-first insertions, 10 dollars 25 cents per square. For the eighty-second and eighty-third insertions, 10 dollars 50 cents per square. For the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth insertions, 10 dollars 75 cents per square. For the eighty-sixth and eighty-seventh insertions, 11 dollars per square. For the eighty-eighth and eighty-ninth insertions, 11 dollars 25 cents per square. For the ninetieth and ninety-first insertions, 11 dollars 50 cents per square. For the ninety-second and ninety-third insertions, 11 dollars 75 cents per square. For the ninety-fourth and ninety-fifth insertions, 12 dollars per square. For the ninety-sixth and ninety-seventh insertions, 12 dollars 25 cents per square. For the ninety-eighth and ninety-ninth insertions, 12 dollars 50 cents per square. For the hundredth and hundred-first insertions, 12 dollars 75 cents per square.

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Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



Mother, Home and Heaven

The world of sweetest meaning
To erring mortal given—
Of parent, dearest feeling,
Are mother, Home and Heaven!

Therapeutic name of mother
Reveries in every heart
The feelings first awakened
On that dear parent's part!

And could must be the burden
Devoted love and zeal,
That is not moved to goodness
By a mother's mild control.

With home we all remember
Some vision of the past—
A May-day in the morning,
Too beautiful to last!

When flowers of lowly beauty
Beguiled youth to tears,
Concealing 'mid the roses
The thorns of sorrow's years.

Yet when the part is challenged,
Wherever we may roam,
The world that is most eloquent
Is that dear one of home.

The Christian to the future
His earnest gaze extends,
While to his brightening distance
The bow of promise he de.

His weary feet have trodden
The various paths below;
But now glorious Heaven—
Whose light is all his glow—

His eyes were nearly over,
His troubles soon will cease;
For smiles of resignation
Assure him of his peace!

Of these three words of beauty
I know not which is best—
Two speak of love and happiness,
And one of future rest.

I feel that Heaven is dearest,
And yet I cannot tell,
For mother fills the heart with love,
And home has charms as well.

Then let these three united be,
Nor shall the tie be torn;
For words of thrilling melody
Are Mother, Home and Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

BURIED BY A PANTHER.

BY EMERSON DENNETT.

To fully appreciate a genuine backwood's story, you should hear it told by a genuine backwoodsmen, (himself the hero of the exploit,) while sitting comfortably in his log cabin, before a blazing wood fire, with his "old woman," a "strapper" of a boy, and perhaps one or two "right smart chaps" of gals "keeping you company, and a cold, fierce, north-east storm raging without.

Such was once my happy fortune in the wilds of Arkansas. I had ridden twenty good miles that day, over the worst kind of a road, the last three hours through a swampy wood, with a cold rain drenching me, and seemingly penetrating to the very marrow of my bones. Tired, hungry, and half-frozen, I had, just as night set in, hailed with joy the glimmer of a light through the wet leaves of my forest path, and been greeted by a few minutes later in finding it came from the dwelling of a sturdy old settler, who, to my delight, had given a cordial assent to my passing the night beneath his roof. First seeing to my wet and weary beast, I had next seen to my wet and weary self, and, thanks to the host and his kind-hearted family, I had soon got a dry suit of clothes outside and a "supper inside," and then, seated before a

roaring, hickory fire, I had found myself in a condition to listen agreeably to anything short of a proposition to quit the premises before morning.

Jabez Stoker (or such was the euphonious appellation of my worthy host) was a Kentuckian by birth, who had removed to the wilds of Arkansas to get clear of being crowded to death by neighbors—three other enterprising settlers having purchased lands and built their cabins within a league of him. His nearest neighbor now was ten miles distant, with a thick, swampy wood intervening, so that he was once more enabled to breathe with some degree of freedom. In person he was tall, lank and bony, with strongly marked features, black eyes and hair; and as he had never been troubled with schooling when young, he was not over particular in the choice of words now, and brought them forth with a broad, hearty ring that would have made the teeth of a perfumed city exquisite chatter. I liked the man for his simple, unassuming, frank and truthful nature, and soon got him interested in telling me some of his backwood adventures. The Indian had departed toward the setting sun before his day; but he had been a successful hunter in a country inhabited by all kinds of wild beasts, and had in his time been in peril from wolves, bears and panthers—a simple narration of which made my blood leap and my nerves thrill more than once. The last adventure which he related before retiring to rest, I have endeavored to give as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Some people," pursued old Jabez, after finishing a thrilling narration about a bear that he'd hit, "has a spite agin one thing, and other some agin another thing; but if I've got a right down spite agin any thing, it is a painter. Yes, sir—"

"I suppose the painter, at one time and another, has given you a good deal of trouble, Mr. Stoker, which may be set down as the cause of your animosity?"

"Wall, squire, he's a sneak, an' a painter, and don't do things open, but slyly about and waits his chance to get the 'vantage of you, and I hate sneaks powerful—Now, squire, a bear, when he does fight, stands up like a man and pitches in; but a exterminating painter tries to catch you off your guard, and pounce down upon you from a high that knocks daylight out of your face; and if he can't do that, he catches you a napping, he generally bolts and leaves you with a whole charge in your gun. Sometimes, though you may get him riled up enough to make a pitch battle with you, and then he isn't the easiest critter to manage you ever seen. I got once into that fix one time, and he gin me so thing back agin that I've got it."

"I shall be an eager listener to your story, Mr. Stoker."

"Shall you, squire? Wall, let's take a drink."

"Let me see," resumed the old hunter, running his hand through his hair; "it was in the fall of the year, when my eldest son, war a five year old, and my youngest son war a slim chance of a toddling, that I started out on a deer hunt to lay in a smart heap of venison agin winter. I was in them days, and in old Kentucky, war a critter as could be counted on by any man as knowed how to stalk 'em, and shoot plum-centre, and such a man war me. But the best will have their unlucky days, and the day I started war one o' mine. I got about noon and expected to be in afore night, with at least three deer hang up in the trees, waiting for me and the old boys to come and fetch 'em home; but somehow, though I knowed they must be all round me, I didn't get a sight of nothing but one old buck, and he led me a awful chase, I trying to git to leeward of him and draw a bead on his hide."

"Wall, squire, the fast thing I knowed, it war beginning to git duskish, and I heard a few wolves howl; and one sneaking old varmint of a painter in a scream that made my blood start and hair rise. I looked around me, and couldn't tell what I war at all—not which way my shanty lay from that of I'd been killed for; so all thoughts of getting home to Betty and the young ones, war druv from my head to once, and that war nothing left for me but to raise a fire and squat down to it, taking keer not to drop asleep and let the painter git his clutches on to me."

"It war right dull business, sitting there by that fire all night, without being allowed to drop off into dreams. Every once in a while my eyes would git so heavy that it really seemed to me that I couldn't keep 'em open no how; and then afore I knowed it, my head would begin to nod, and I'd begin to fancy that I war along with Betty here, and feeling monstrous comfortable; when, all of a sudden, so thing would seem to say, 'Danger, Jabez!' and I'd start wide awake, only to see two eyes of fire looking right at me from the darkness; and then I'd raise my rifle keeful, and try to get a shot between them balls of fire, which would suddenly leave, with a rustling in the bushes that told me plain enough the old boisterous painter war dodging out of sight. Then I'd git up and stretch myself, and poke the fire into a bright blaze, and put on more wood, and walk around it a few times, and squat down agin, to go the same sleepy round right over."

"Ah, squire, it war a awful long night, I tell you; and I wouldn't go through it agin myself for a small figure, to say nothing of the consarn it gin the old woman, (God bless her for a true old gal!) becase her Jabez warn't under the same roof with her."

"But everything in this world has to

come to an end, and so did that night; though, as I said afore, it war the longest night that ever I seen. With the first streak of day I war up and a stirring, feeling powerful cantankerous for not having no supper, sleep, nor breakfast to boot; and then I just thought to myself, if I could only see them that painter's eyes agin, and git one good shot at the varmint, I'd be satisfied to put up with all my inconvenience and call it squair. But nary shot could I git—not I; for the old sneaky war as cunning as a fox, and took keer to keep herself at a respectable distance—though so thing told me she war about still, and wouldn't lose a good chance to make her breakfast off o' me."

"When it got light enough so as I could see purty clear, I knowed what I war—at least twelve good miles from home—and I war so mad, to think I'd had sich a tramp for nothing, and hadn't even been allowed to sleep, that I swore I'd never go back till I'd killed so thing, and I'd try desperate to make that so thing the old buck that had drawn me on to such a chase."

"So I set to work to find his trail; and arter about an hour I tumbled on to it, and followed on for another hour, when I come in sight of the old seamp, feeding quiet down in a hollow. That war some trees to hide me, and, as good luck would have it, the wind war right to keep off the scent. I crept down awful cautious, almost holding my breath, till I'd got within good bullet distance, and then I took good aim, and keeled him over so purty that he never knowed what hurt him. Down I went, broke him up, kindled a fire, and eat a breakfast that would have made a Choctaw stare."

"Arter I'd eat my fill, I felt better, though powerful tired and sleepy; and being determined the old sho-painter shouldn't have a taste, for her meanness in trying to come it over me, I put all in the critter's hide that I could decently tote, burnt up all the rest, and set off for home. The first five miles of the tramp I did purty well; but arter that, the old bucks' carcass got heavier and heavier, till at last I felt as if I'd have to take a rest, or gin in and hang the critter up agin a new journey."

"Coming at last to a nice, clear spring, in a part of the wood where the trees grewed monstrous, and had purty much kept out daylight afore the leaves begun to fall, I throwed down my load, took a good drink, and then set down to consider the matter. I still had an idee that the sneaking old painter war somewhere about, though I hadn't seen him nor hair of her sense morning, and I thought to myself what a pity it would be if I should hap to fall asleep there and git coted at last."

"Wall, squire, I got down, as I'm a telling you amongst the falling leaves, with my back agin a tree, and begun to think, 'But what has a worn out man to do with thinking, I'd like to know?' I don't know how long I sat there, for I don't remember nothing arter I got myself easy, till I heard a queer kind of rustling about my ears; and looking up quiet, I found it war night agin. I'd just sense enough, though, not to be too much in a hurry about morning, and I soon felt my hair stand right up with horror, as I begun to understand the whole thing. I found a lot of leaves agin my face and body, and heard a rustling and stepping about; and this, with what had gone afore, gin me a suspicion of the truth; and peeping up through the leaves, I seen the spotted varmint kivering me over keeful, and a smelling around me to see that no part war left out to the air. To have stirred then would have beenartin death—and I war even arter my breathing would fetch her cursed claws and fangs into me—so I kept powerful quiet, I tell you."

"I don't suppose, squire, that that varmint war at work over me a great while; but if it didn't seem a lifetime, then you can treat. She got through at last, though; and though it war cold day, you thought have wrung out My clothes, so wet war they with the sweat of horror. I can laugh now—to think as low old Jabez Stoker, the best hunter of his time, had it come over him by an old sho painter, and got kivered over with leaves and so on—but I never felt less like laughing nor I done when that that critter war sitting on't."

"Wall, when the old sho varmint had got kivered up to her tarts, she stepped softly away; and through a little opening in the leaves, I could see her for some distance, stopping every now and then to look back and see if I war still as she'd fixed me. At last she reached the edge of a thicket, stopped once agin, and shot into it like lightning. I knowed enough of the varmint to beartin she'd gone for help, eyther to kill or eat me; but for fear she might still be on the watch, I gin her about a minute more, and then crawled out all trembling."

"'That,' said I, when I once more got my grip on my rifle and seen it war all right, 'you've played your hand out, you old sho-devil, and now, I'll see if I can't win the game.'"

"So I got hold of a good-sized rotten log that war near by, put it whar I'd been myself, and kivered it over so beautiful that I almost thought I war there still. Then I took myself up into a big tree about ten yards off, whar I could see the whole doings, got my rifle across a limb in good rest for a dead shot, and felt dreadful trappy while I waited to see how the whole thing 'ud come out."

"I hadn't long to wait—not more'n a quarter of an hour—before I seen the old sho painter stealing along dreadful soft, followed by two sleek looking, spotted cubs

Softly the old dam stole up to within a few feet of whar she'd buried me; and then, squatting down flat on her belly, she trembled all over, as you've seen a cat do afore now, and made one dreadful bound, lighting right plum on the old log, and burying her sharp claws and fangs right into it."

"Warn't she astonished some, though, when she found it warn't what she'd took it for? and that war the poorest kind of eating as ever she'd seen! She looked that way, any how, for about two seconds, and then crack went my rifle, and over she dropped."

"All right!" said I, as I laid down the tree; "I just thought as how it would come to this, old beast, get you did't quit fooling your time around an old trapper like me!"

"I'd been reckoning without my host though; for wen I'd got right near the old sho varmint, she showed me as how she war a long ways from dead, by springing up right sudden, and bounding upon me, afore I had time to calculate the chances. I clutched my rifle like lightning, and hit her a blow that might have laid out an ox; but she only shook her head, in a sort of half-stunned confusion, and made another spring. This time she struck me with her body and one paw, knocking me down the hill, and tearing a large piece of flesh from my right thigh. In another second she war upon me agin, and with a howl shoulder—I yelled monstrous with the pain; and whipping out my knife, I struck, the Lord he only knows whar. I kind o' thought it bit so thing, and then all got dark."

"When I come to my senses agin, I found my head resting quiet on that that beast, and my knife striking right in her heart. My chance blow had killed her just in time to save my life; and her cubs war standing alongside, looking awful sleeked. I war powerful weak; but I managed to crawl to the spring and git a drink, and arter that I felt better. I washed some of the blood off, found I'd got all my bones whole, and tied up the wounds as well as I could. Then I loaded up agin, got the cubs in range, shot them, and went to work and skinned the whole three; and then, bad as I war, I toted the three skins home, gitting in about dark, and set to skinning in the doorway. I didn't do no more hunting for a month, I tell you. Yes, sir! I hate the mean, sneaking, exterminating painter, you'd better believe! Let's take another drink, squire!"

GEN. SCOTT AND THE REBELLION.—The Washington Star has the following paragraph among its "personal" items:

A gentleman who, on Sunday last, had a long interview with the veteran patriot Scott, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, his home, tells us that he declares that the war will surely be virtually over by the first of July next. He expresses the utmost confidence that by that time General McClellan will have completely subdued and driven the rebels from the field. He also expresses the utmost admiration of the manner in which the President and the Secretary of State have managed their share of the responsibilities of the times. Though physically feeble, his mind is as clear as his sincerest friends could wish.

FROM NORFOLK.—Gentlemen who left Norfolk last Saturday afternoon, reached here Sunday night. They represent the only as filled with Lincoln soldiers, but arrangements had been made which will reduce the number to 3,000, the balance advancing as far as Suffolk, where they will remain until a junction with Burnside can be effected. Among the soldiers at Norfolk is a regiment composed entirely of Dutch, from the Colonel down to the drummer boys. The orders are all given in the Dutch language, and one sees and hears nothing but Dutch while in their presence.—Petersburg Express.

A REMEDY FOR CONGESTIVE CHILLS.—"The Mother of a soldier" has sent to the Petersburg Express a remedy for congestive chills, which she has never known to fail. She has (she says) for a number of years been managing a large boarding school, and has had some experience in nursing.

The remedy is spirits of turpentine—give from ten to fifteen drops, in syrup or toddy—rub the spine, chest and extremities well, adding a small quantity of oil of turpentine to prevent blistering. The extremities should be rubbed until reaction takes place. A cloth saturated with the mixture should be applied to the chest.

OUR SYMPATHIZERS IN WASHINGTON.—A Yankee despatch, dated Washington, May 15, says:

There have been arrests here to day of secessionists, men and women. They get more violent as their hopes wane, but there is no lack of the latter quality, for they say that the Confederates have adopted the new line of policy of abandoning the seaboard, and holding on to the mountain regions—in the end they expect to beat McClellan and Halleck and turn back the tide of war upon the North. These people frequently give out ideas that really come to pass concerning rebel affairs.

Mr. Reason Holloway, of Edgefield District, was struck by lightning, while in his field a few days ago, and instantly killed. Mr. H. was an old respected citizen.

CONFEDERATE MONEY AT MEMPHIS.—Gen. Beauregard has taken the Confederate credit in hand at Memphis, as will be seen by the following order. It is an example which we hope will be followed everywhere:

HEADQUARTERS, Memphis, May 10.
The following order, in compliance with orders from Gen. Beauregard, is published for the information of the public:

1. The Civil Governor and Provost Marshal will arrest all persons who refuse to take Confederate money in all ordinary business transactions. No more subterfuge on the part of the person or persons refusing will suffice to screen the offender from the penalties of this order.

2. Banks, banking houses and all incorporated companies are hereby required to take Confederate notes as currency in the transaction of their business.

3. All persons will distinctly understand that nothing in the least degree calculated to discredit the operations of Government will be tolerated, or treated as anything else than what it is—disloyalty.

4. A rigid compliance with this order is expected, and it will be vigilantly and promptly executed. By order of,

THOS. H. RUSSELL,

Colonel Commanding Post.

The Memphis Appeal says:

The South has two kinds of enemies—first, those who come from the North as open foes, with guns in their hands to subjugate us, boldly proclaiming their mission; secondly, those in our own midst, who like sneaking assassins, blatant with words of professions of loyalty and devotion, strike at our cause by refusing to receive Confederate money.

Keep your eyes upon the miscreants who refuse Confederate money. They will be the first among us to take the oath of allegiance to Lincoln's Government to save their property.

The Provost Marshal has received instructions from the military authorities to require the banks at Memphis to take Confederate notes as currency in the transactions of their business, and to arrest, as disloyal, all persons who refuse Confederate money in ordinary business transactions. These instructions the Provost Marshal will vigilantly and rigidly enforce.

MAJOR HOUNSELL'S VICTORY NEAR PRINCETON.—The late engagement near this place has been talked of as Heth's victory in the South west. The fact is now ascertained that the battle was fought by a brave young officer, Major Hounsell, to whom the whole advantage was due. The Confederate force engaged was the Fifty-first Virginia regiment, and war, in all some eight or nine hundred strong. Colonel Wharton the commanding officer, being absent, the command devolved on the Major, Hounsell, who was attacked by four regiments of the enemy. He displayed distinguished energy and conduct, completely routing the enemy, killing, wounding and taking prisoners two hundred and twelve men, with a loss of twelve killed and wounded. Major Hounsell was only prevented from pursuing his victory by an order sent to him by General Marshall to connect with his lines.—Richmond Examiner.

A SENSIBLE DETERMINATION.—The Governor and Council of South Carolina have adopted resolutions approving of the opinion of the people, assembled in Convention, "That Charleston should be defended at any cost of life or property; and that in their deliberate judgment they would prefer a repulse of the enemy, with the entire city in ruins, to an evacuation or surrender on any terms whatever." And "that while they urge a defense of the city at every hazard, and claim the forbearance from the military authorities, from considerations of life or property, the Governor and Council, with the Convention, disapprove a voluntary burning of the city by the citizens themselves, irrespective of military command."

TURNING THE TABLES.—The last number of the Abingdon Virginian mentions the following incident:

A few days ago, as some thirty well mounted Southern Kentuckians, were making their way through the mountains of Kentucky to Virginia, to unite their fate with the interests of the South, a squad of a Home attempted to stop them, but they calculated without their host, and were taken prisoners themselves, and marched on foot to this place Tuesday evening, and lodged in jail. There are thirteen of them, two of whom are represented as desperate characters. They will be sent to Richmond.

It is stated that Don Antonio Alvarez, a quiet and respectable planter, residing three miles from St. Augustine, Fla., has been placed in a dungeon by the invaders because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Yankee Government.

A dispatch has been received by James Magge, Esq., British Consul at Mobile, from the British Consul at New Orleans, informing him that the British ship-of-war Liffey had arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi, in order to furnish protection to English subjects in that city.—Mobile Post, June 3rd.

WASHINGTON AS IT WAS AND IS.

A Southern gentleman accustomed to moving in Washington circles during the administration of the last President of the United States, would in the reign of Abraham, the first recognize in the public buildings some of the familiar features of the former seat of the once proud Federal capital. Gone, all the vim and dash of its celebrity; gone, all the towering minarets from her legislative halls, and gone, all Southern principle and feeling. "Yankee" is written everywhere—in the Capitol, in the White House, at the Smithsonian, and in the Departments; and one can trace the obsequious flunkeys of the Yankees in almost every face to be met on the avenue. There is the place-maker from New York, with testimonials from Greeley; the looker after a big contract from Pennsylvania, with communications from Cameron, and the savvy politician from Illinois, with a how for everybody "on his side of the house."

The local trade of the city is turned over to the usurpers, and Yankee shop keepers from branch houses in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere occupy the stores. These find their customers among the soldiers from their respective States and cities. Thus you find "No. 16, Bakery," on the avenue, and the "Philadelphia Arcade Depot" around the corner. The easterners in the streets and the boot blacks on the corners are strangers in a strange city, but with genuine Yankee impudence making themselves perfectly at home. Even the thieves and loaf women of the city hail from the Congressional Districts of Coconara, Wala, Lowry, Lile, and Grow, and claim to be their constituents. All seem intent upon securing at least a bale of treasury notes or "green backs," as they are called there, and there seems to be no lack of them. They are in the hands of everybody, even the negroes. In fact, to use a commercial phrase, the "demand exceeds the supply," and recently twenty-five hundred dollars were engaged in shipping, signing and preparing the notes for circulation. Good only knows the amount already issued. The supply seems to depend on the material used in their manufacture—paper and ink.

The larger hotels, with the exception of Willard's, have become Yankeeized. Upon the Route of Tilden, Brown, or Brown's Hotel, recently, the hotel passed into Northern hands.

That phantom of Washington life—Ben Hooker—still haunts them. The advent of a new population in Washington has restored Ben's prestige. When the writer of this article was in Washington three weeks since, Ben sported a semi-military costume, he stood in the rotunda of Brown's, surrounded by a crowd of open-mouthed down-casters, engaged at his old tricks. Dan, E. Stokess the once commander of the "Drunken Brigade," stood in the door-way, giving his monstrosities that peculiar twirl which every one who has seen him can well imagine. Dan has been broken of his command, rather Congress has refused to ratify his nomination for a Brigadier General. Dan has lost caste and grows more dissipated every day. There were about ten thousand sick and wounded in the Washington hospitals.

The mansion of the late Senator Douglas has been converted into a hospital, as well as many other prominent buildings, including the residences of prominent Southerners, who have vacated them. At present there are but few regiments or soldiers in the city, and business among the camp followers is dull. Many are following up the Federal army with their stores; and if the advance on Richmond be not successfully resisted, our citizens will be humiliated by the presence of Yankee traders in the stores of their own merchants, the occupation by Yankee speculators of their business mans and the desecration of the public buildings by turning their churches, markets and other public resorts into stabling and hospitals, as in Washington, Winchester, and all the Southern cities yet occupied by the invaders.—Richmond Examiner.

A friend, direct from the interior of the State, brings us the gratifying intelligence of the abundant increase of the provisions crops. Wheat and other grain have been unusually successful promises in ample and heavy supply to our Southern markets.—Charleston Courier.

A friend who has lately returned from Waltham, Pinks District, reports that on the route he saw but one small patch of Cotton, but large fields of provision crops where Cotton had been grown formerly.

He also reports that in many places, the women—God bless them! all their defences—were engaged in labor on the farms in place of their husbands and brothers who are in the army.—Ida.

Much of the stock of the Bank of Louisiana is owned by Frenchmen, and it is said the coin and other valuables belonging to subjects of France were placed in the Bank, and the French flag hoisted over it by order of the French Consul.

The last Saturday afternoon, two blood-