

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

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

## TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded 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. Non-payers will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court and notary notices and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33 1/2 per cent will be made from the regular price for advertisements of the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-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.

Postmasters are authorized to receive agents.

## Poetry.



### LINES.

Written by a Prisoner in Fort Warren Jan 13, 1862.

Whispering eaves here I linger,  
In these bleak prison walls,  
By some folds of ghostly orange,  
Lest my bleeding country call;  
Mourning shadows every household,  
Bursting hearts with grief and pain,  
Cruel tyrants tread remorseless,  
On a bleeding patriot's brain!

Rings again ye work of valor,  
Crush the distant war with rage,  
Who, to war on helpless women,  
Cleave a hole upon the eye;  
Bark were here the foul invaders!  
Spurn him from your sacred soil,  
Crush the traitor with blood and ashes,  
Where his guilty foot hath trod!

Oh my country! crushed and bleeding!  
Thou of sunny Southern skies;  
Lift from ashes and from rain,  
To thy soldier's aid arise!  
Far from fields of glory slain,  
Born amid the battle cry,  
Fear shall not a doubt retard,  
Swelling upwards to the sky!

Lifted from defeat and sorrow,  
By the noble and the brave,  
Hail above the field triumphant,  
Yet the hollow flag shall wave!  
And cheer out thy stately multitude,  
And from earth, hill and dale,  
Shouts of freedom yet will greet it,  
Horn aloft on every gate!

From the bloody shores of death,  
Down to Wilt's grey bed,  
There are gleams of hope and sunshine,  
Ever on our pathway shed!  
And the sun from that pedestal,  
Faint the "burnt Freedom's flame,"  
Tyrants yet will learn to tremble,  
At the magic of thy name!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LEFT-HANDED THIEF.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"How many young men have been injured, and perhaps ruined, by false suspicion," remarked my mercantile friend, as we were conversing upon the subject of the "pauze" a few evenings since. "Suspicion is like an assassin in the dark. It stabs its victim, and he knows not whence the blow comes. Or, it may be more like the keen foot which creeps upon the ears, the cheeks, or the nose, freezing the flesh and driving back the life-blood, and yet leaving the poor man totally ignorant of his situation till he comes in contact with heat, and begins to feel the stinging pain. But I believe I never told you of the only time that suspicion of evil was ever fastened upon me. It has nothing in particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it served to show how merchants sometimes lose money.

"When a mere youth I was placed in the store of Jonas Warton, who was a merchant doing a good business. I was frugal, industrious and faithful, and at the age of twenty one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after banking hours was also in my care. I tried to do my duty faithfully, and I think I succeeded. Mr. Warton was a close, methodical man, with a quick eye, and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied that he was satisfied, I felt much pleased.

"I had been book-keeper a year, when I thought my employer's manner towards me began to change. He seemed to treat me more coolly, and, finally, I was sure he

watched my movements with distrustful glances. I became nervous and uneasy, for I feared I had offended him. But the thing came to a head at length. One evening when I was alone in the store, engaged in making up my cash account, Mr. Warton came to me with a troubled look, and spoke. His voice was tremulous, and I could see that he was deeply affected.

"George," said he, "I am sorry for the conviction which has been forced upon me. I fear you are not treating me as you should."

"I managed, in spite of my astonishment, to ask him what he meant.

"I fear you are not honest!" was his reply.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen upon me, I could not have been more startled. Not honest!—And there I had been for years, making it my chief aim and study how to serve him most faithfully! I do not remember what I said at first. I only know that tears came into my eyes—that my lips trembled—and that my utterance was almost choked. How long had he held such suspicions? I asked him, and he told me for more than two months.

"Good God! You have suspected me thus, and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to your interests all my energies—after striving for faith and honor that I might win your love and esteem;—to suspect me in secret!—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me! Oh! I would not have believed it!"

"Let us talk this matter over calmly," said the merchant, his old kind tone coming back. He was touched by my agony, and I could see that he was wavering.

"I felt at first like telling him that he should have done this before; but as he seemed willing to reason now I found no more fault.

"You have spent considerable money of late," he began.

"How? I asked.

"Have you not built a house?"

"Yes, sir—and paid for it, too,—and have thus given my mother a comfortable home."

"Warton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply; but pretty soon he asked—

"What did the house cost you?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. My mother owned the land. And I suppose you would know where I got the money. You, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you six years. The first year you paid me fifty dollars, and I lived up twenty-five of it. The second and third years you gave me a hundred; and of that I laid up sixty dollars a year. The fourth year you made me a clerk, and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me, and as our little old cot answered for the time, I got along that year upon an expense of seven-fifty dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred on condition that I would help keep your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you have paid me one thousand dollar, and I have spent only the interest of what I had previously invested, so that the thousand was not touched. Of course my mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars cash for my house, and have over five hundred in the Savings Bank. That is a plain statement of my affairs."

"My employer seemed more puzzled than before.

"Now," said I, "I have given you an honest statement, and will you be equally frank, and tell me all that has happened to excite these suspicions?"

"I will," he replied, taking a seat near me. "Within the last year I must have lost over two thousand dollars! It must have been taken from the store! I know this, for I know the amount of goods which has been sold, and I know how much cash I have received. I began to be watchful four months ago. Two months ago a man paid me, in the afternoon, five hundred dollars. I put it in the drawer, and on the next morning, before you came, I looked at my cash account, and found only two hundred of that set down. From that time I have been very watchful, and have detected a dozen similar cases. I have noticed every dollar that came in after the bank account was made up, and have also taken note of the amount entered upon the book; and during that time there has been a leakage of over seven hundred dollars! Now who has access to that drawer, and to the safe?"

"I was astonished. I could only assure my employer that I knew nothing of it; and I saw that he wanted to believe me.—I asked him if he had spoken of this to any one else. Not to a living soul, but he, he replied. I pondered a few moments, and then I said—

"Mr. Warton, could I be made to believe that even ignorantly I had wronged you to the value of a dollar? I should not feel the perfect consciousness of honor. I feel that his own son was the guilty party.

"Ask me no more, I said, with tears in my eyes—for the father's agony deeply moved me. The secret is locked up in my own breast; and neither to you, nor to any living being, will I ever call the name of the one whom I suspect."

"The stricken man grasped my hand, and with sobs and tears, he begged my pardon for the wrong he had done me, and blessed me for the assurance I had given him.

Sometimes not until the next morning. In the latter case I generally put the money-drawer into the safe, and locked it up.—The key to this safe was kept in a small drawer to which there were two keys, one of which I kept, while Mr. Warton kept the other. The only other person who ever helped us in the store was Henry Warton, our employer's only son—a youth twenty years of age. He was preparing for college, under a private tutor, found time to help us when business was driving. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, and a strong mutual attachment had grown up between us. At first I thought of getting him to assist me in finding the thief; but as Warton had promised to speak to no one else upon the subject, I concluded to keep silent also.

"That night I counted my money, but made no entry of the account. There was three hundred and forty odd dollars. I put it in a new calf skin pocket-book placed that in the money drawer—and locked the whole up in the safe. On the following morning I found fifty dollars missing! I counted the money over carefully, and was not mistaken. I began to feel unpleasantly. My suspicious took a very unusual turn.

"During the day I pondered upon the subject, and finally hit upon the following expedient: When I had looked the safe up for the night, I spread upon the knob of the door, and upon the money drawer, some pale red lead, being careful not to get on either side of the door. I had left the cash account open, to be closed up in the morning. When I next opened the safe, all was as I had left it. The next night I fixed the knob in the same manner, and on the morning following I found forty dollars gone! Upon the pocket-book I found finger-marks of the red lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found the same kinds of marks there! So I had learned one thing; the thief knew enough to see whether any account had been made of the money before he took! I felt more apprehensively than before, for my unwelcome suspicions were being confirmed. I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger-marks which told me a sad story.—Still I wished to try further.

"For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I entered seventy five dollars, and I had now set my trap more carefully. The red pigment was not only used, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket-book and the cash book were fingered as before, and the marks were clear and distinct.

"When the week was up Mr. Warton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," he said, as he noticed the sorrowful expression upon my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

"Alas! I wish I could say so," I replied. "I have discovered too much. In the first place, the money has been taken from the safe, and the key left in its proper drawer, and locked up as usual. Also the cash-book has been examined each time to see if any entry had been made of the money. There has been one hundred and sixty five dollars taken in all."

"But how do you know the cash book has been examined?" Warton asked.

"I will show you," I said, producing both the cash and the pocket books. "You see these red marks: I fixed a red pigment upon the edges of the money-drawer. You see these finger-marks?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"And now," I continued, "just examine them carefully. See how the leaves of the cash-book were turned over, and also see how the strap of the pocket book was tucked into its place. Do you see anything peculiar about it?"

"Only that the finger-marks are very plain."

"But can you not distinguish the thumb marks from those made by the fingers?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then tell me this," I said: "Which hand did the thief use most dexterously in his work?"

"I kept my promise, and lived to see the old man smile again; for when Henry saw the deep agony of his father, his heart was touched, and he not only acknowledged all his wrongs and humbly begged for pardon, but he became a true and good man, and an honor and ornament to society."

THE PEOPLE NORTH AND SOUTH—SUBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES. CITIZENS IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—In the address of twelve Northern Governors of States to President Lincoln, the result of their late formal meeting at Altoona, Pa., we find that they designate the people of United States as subjects—using deliberately that term, applied in monarchies and despotisms to the people, as contra-distinguished from that of citizens, by which the people of free Republics are, and have always been called. Lincoln, speaking of that which heretofore was called the Government of the United States, and of its armies, now says "my Government," "my armies," McClellan, in general orders to the army under his command, discontenances "insubordination" and determined upon by the Government, the "my Government" of Mr. Lincoln, telling them plainly that the Chief Executive; that is Mr. Lincoln, is the "proper and only source" for them to obtain their views of Government from, and that any political views conflicting with his will not be permitted, as it "tends greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of the troops, by sustaining the spirit of political faction." So we see that the North, in their endeavor to fasten the chains of despotism on the South, have surrendered their own liberties.

FIGHT AT FRANKLIN.—At an early hour yesterday morning the city was filled with rumors of a severe fight at Franklin, Southampton county, Va. These rumors give it that the Confederates had been badly worsted in the affair. Having been so frequently deceived by rumor, we applied to Headquarters for correct information, but were told that nothing could be made public. It was conceded, however, that there had been an engagement, and, as it was not considered discreet to give the result publicly, the irrepressible inference is, that rumor for once, at least, has told the truth, and that we have been soundly thrashed.—The public so conscious it, and will continue to so construe all attempts on the part of military officials to keep from the people results of engagements which have transpired, and the suppression of which cannot in any possible way subscribe the public good.

We have good reason for believing that the Yankee forces are now on this side of Blackwater. Their ultimate aim is Weldon, of course, where they can effectually cut off the Confederate Government from the use of the great lines of railway which concentrate at that point.—*Petersburg Express.*

INDIAN TROUBLES IN FLORIDA.—The balance of Sam Jones's tribe of Seminole Indians in South Florida have been persuaded by the Yankees on the coast to commit all manner of depredations upon innocent and helpless men, women, and children, living near Charlie Popka, a branch of Pea's Creek, in South Florida, The Gainesville (Fla.) States says: "They, it is said, have murdered four families; and all who could make their escape are flying eagerly before the tomahawk of the barbarous marauders employed by a foe equally cruel. Now, there are two remedies; one is to make, if possible, a treaty of peace with these Indians; and if that fails the alternative is to raise five hundred Florida 'cow boys,' as some call them, to take these Indians out of Florida, sparing none to tell the tale. It is believed that they have about one hundred warriors.—The chief object of the dollar loving Yankees is to get the savages down in that portion of the State to murder as many as possible, and run off the balance of the cattle, so as to be able to get all the cattle they need."

SOUTH CAROLINA TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.—The Cincinnati Gazette gravely publishes the following despatch, dated Washington, October 20th.

Dr. Win. Henry Brisbane, formerly of Cincinnati, and three others, of Wisconsin, have been appointed Tax Commissioners for South Carolina, and are here awaiting final instructions before sailing for Port Royal. It is understood in some quarters that they are to proceed to open offices and assess taxes on the whole taxable property of the State. If the planters through the part of the State under rebel control come forward and pay their taxes, all will be well. If not, the Commissioners will proceed to sell their estates for the taxes; and, in the event of there being no bidder at rates sufficient to pay the taxes, will forfeit them to the government. If this plan is really to be adopted, it is, of course, but another name for confiscation.

Gen. Ewell, we are glad to learn, is gradually improving from his wounds received in the last battle of Manassas. Gen. E. is a modest man, but we have but few officers more entitled to promotion than he. We judge he was "Stonewall" Jackson's right hand man.

FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.  
STATESVILLE, N. C.,  
October 10th, 1862.

Mrs. EDITRESS:  
Charlotte on the 6th inst., I left and arrived at this beautiful town about 8 o'clock, P. M. We had a college about 1000 young men and several clergymen from two law schools of the country who were returning to their homes from the Fall Session of Concord Presbytery, and among them, the Presidents of Davidson College, and Concord College for young ladies. We had a pleasant and social journey. The railroad is in good running condition; and the Conductor is as polite and attentive as could be desired. As we approached near Statesville, my mind was filled with the memories of by gone years which, although they may be pleasant, are often mournful to the soul. The Academic grove seemed to arise before me, with all its stately oaks clad in the fresh green liver of Spring, and its purling brook of pure, bright, sparkling water which the oaks covered with their ever grateful shade. The enchanting scene thus presented to my imagination, forcibly reminded me of the following beautiful moral sentiments so happily expressed by a highly gifted author: "All Nature is an open book; there is a lesson written upon every one of her groves. Each purling brook has a tongue; there are voices in every whispering grove. There are sermons in stones; and good in every thing." They all speak of, and show forth the wisdom, love, providence and glory of their great and beneficent Creator. On the following morning, I visited the scene which furnished the subject for my reflections of the evening before. The old oaks, the solemn monuments of the past, stood as stately as ever; and the purling brook with its rippling waves glided on as merrily as in days of "Auld lang syne;" but the spirits that animated the youthful, and the manly forms that so often walked through this grove, have gone, many of them, to "that bourne whence no traveler returns;" and their bodies shall rest in their graves until the morning of the resurrection, when they shall be raised up at the summons of that omnipotent voice which shall proclaim that solemn commandment, Awake ye nations from the dead, and come forth to bow down to life: ye that have done good to glory honor and eternal life; but those that have done evil to shame and everlasting contempt. Where is the highly gifted B. . . . (of S. C.) a giant in intellect as well as many who survive, are occupying positions of high honor in this and neighboring States, in form and stature, who often walked through this grove while a student in the Academy, and whose thrilling voice during many years afterwards, was often heard to echo in the U. S. Senate in tones of manly eloquence, when side by side with John Q. Calhoun, he boldly denounced inquiries of a corrupt Federal Government? A solemn voice from the grave replies, He now sleeps that sleep which knows no waking in this life. But, in order that my subject may be more fully understood, I must recapitulate. About the year 1820, the leading citizens of the County of Iredell, and the Town of Statesville, resolved to contribute funds to erect in Statesville, a large and suitable building. To this benevolent enterprise, J. I. and J. N., two wealthy merchants in Statesville were the most liberal contributors.—An edifice beautiful in its classical proportions, was thus erected in the centre of the grove which has just been described. A competent Board of Trustees was then appointed, and a Classical Institution of a high order was organized, of which the Rev. John Muskat was elected Principal. The high character of the teacher for Classical attainments and the respectability and influence of the Board of Trustees soon attracted to the Academy, a large number of students from North Carolina and the neighboring States of Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia; a majority of whom were grown young gentlemen, the sons of wealthy well educated and intelligent parents; so that in a few months, from sixty to one hundred students daily visited the Academy to receive instruction. Many of these have, since that time, filled high posts and of honor in our Southern country. One of them has been twice elected Governor of North Carolina, once U. S. Senator, and for four years, occupied the office of Secretary in the U. S. Navy Department. Another has been elected Governor of South Carolina. Among whom I must not omit to mention our present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of N. C., who illustrates the high office which he occupies, by his distinguished talents as well as by the justice

and impartiality of his decisions. I could enumerate many others who have occupied, and who now occupy the most prominent positions at the Bar and in the Pulpit, but I must hasten to close this letter.—Our teacher, the Rev. Mr. Muskat was a strict disciplinarian, and had that happy faculty, which few teachers possess, of inspiring his pupils with an enthusiasm for the attainment of classical lore, similar to that which I have just described. He permitted the students to prepare their recitations under the shade of the beautiful wide spreading oaks, upon the condition that none of them should was impossible limits of the grove. It was the notice of vignettes without attracting pondent was a member. Your correspondent, one of whom was class composed Justice to whom I have already Chief I have just visited and beheld (uded.—big oak under which we daily propraer recitations. The successful spangier hexameter verse, has ever been considered one the most difficult task of every tyro in Classical lore. Well do I recollect the day when, having committed to memory, and recited through the Latin Prosody, we were required, in addition to our ordinary recitation, to scan the first six lines in Virgil's first Baccolic, the first line of which is the following:

"Tityrus tibi resonante subagmine pascas: fagi: which is thus rendered into English: Oh! Tityrus! reclining under the wide-spreading beech trees; and is thus scanned:

Tityrus dactyl, tupaus, dactyl, [ae roos, dactyl, bane sub, spondeo, tegmine dactyl, fagi, spondeo. After studying three hours, we accomplished, successfully, what was to us a difficult task, while we were waiting to be called to recitation one of the members of the class proposed that we should change some words in the line so as to adapt it to the circumstances under which we were placed. We substituted Pueri for Tityrus; sedentes for recumbens; and queros for fagi; and thus translated it into English: Boys reclining under the shade of a wide-spreading oak.

On another occasion, we were required to prepare for recitation, that beautiful Eclogue of Virgil beginning with the following line:

"Canamus paule, majora, &c."

Which when translated into English, signifies, Let us sing in strains a little more elevated. While we were waiting to be called in to recite, our Christian L., who was very indolent, and invariably neglected to prepare his lessons, until a few minutes before the hour of recitation, always giving as an excuse for his idle conduct, that he was rich, and it was therefore entirely unnecessary for him to learn Latin, came running in a hurried manner, and exclaimed, Follows, do, some of you, translate for me a few of the first lines of the lesson.

A member of the class, through spirit, translated the lines which I quoted, incorrectly thus: Canamus Let us sing majora paulo, Major Paul. We immediately went to recitation, when as L's ill luck, or evil genius would have it, Mr. Muskat asked him to translate the first five lines, which L translated as he had been taught to do. Muskat immediately sprang from his chair, seized the rod, and applied it forcibly to his shoulders, exclaiming with each blow of the rod, Canamus let us sing majora L. Major L. And L. was called by his fellow students Major L. ever afterwards, as he continued to be a student in the Academy. A few years ago, I read in one of the Alabama newspapers, an obituary notice of the death of our venerable teacher who, at the time of his death, had the charge of a flourishing Classical School at Haynesville Alabama, composed of forty Classical Students. In the many vicissitudes of life through which I have passed, I have never met with such an accurate Classical Scholar; or such an accomplished instructor as the Rev. John Muskat of the Sander Church. Peace to his remains!

"Let's sing in strains, he says well!" For we must be true to God, to our Country, and to our Duty.

About a quarter of a mile from the site of the Academy which I have described, in a Western direction, stands Concord College for Young Ladies. It is a magnificent edifice, surrounded by a large grove, interspersed with tastefully selected flowers and shrubbery. From the dome of this beautiful building, there is a charming and extensive view of the Alleghany Mountains. This College is under the immediate patronage of the Concord Presbytery. Scarcely five young ladies are now daily receiving instruction within its walls. The well established ability of the worthy President, Professor and corps of teachers, in imparting