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[WHOLE NO. 229.]

From the Standard.

A SONG.

THE OFFICERS OF DIXIE.

BY R. G.

Air—“Southward, hear your country call you!”

Let me whisper in your ear, sir,  
Something that the South should hear, sir,  
Of the war, of the war in Dixie;  
A growing curse—a “burning shame,” sir,  
In the chorus, I will name, sir,  
Of the war, of the war in Dixie:  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie,  
Alone! alone!  
The glories share—the honors wear,  
Throughout the land of Dixie;  
“Tis so! ‘tis so!  
Throughout the land of Dixie.

Swelling round with gold lace plenty,  
See the gay, “brass button gentry,  
Of the war, &c.;  
Solomon in all his splendors,  
Was scarce arrayed like these “defenders,”  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

In cities, sir, it is alarming  
To see them round the hotels swarming—  
Of the war, &c.;  
And at each little “one horse town,” sir,  
See the “birds” how they “fly round,” sir—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

On the steambomb—in the cars, sir,  
Deep respect is shown the “bars,” sir,  
Of the war, &c.;  
And if a “star” or two is sported,  
See how “the elephant” is ported—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

Should a grand soiree be given,  
The “braided lions” take the even—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Nal not the privates are not slighted,  
They can’t expect to be invited!  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

The ladies, bless the darling creatures,  
Quartered their pretty features—  
Of the war, &c.;  
And say (I know you’ve seen it done, sir,)  
They’ll have an officer or none, sir,  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

And if when death-shots round us rattle,  
An officer is killed in battle—  
Of the war, &c.;  
How the martyr is lamented!  
(This is right—we’ve not dissented)—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

But only speak of it to show, sir,  
“Privates” are not “honored” so, sir;  
Of the war, &c.;  
No muffled drum—no wreath of glory—  
If one dies proclaim the story—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

In Dixie’s land in every way, sir,  
“Fuss and feathers” “win the day” sir—  
Of the war, &c.;  
For with all axes, axes, axes,  
How the “gold lace fever” rages—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie, &c.

Let the moral of my song, sir,  
In Dixie there is “something wrong,” sir—  
Of the war, &c.;  
“As all that glitters is not gold,” sir,  
Read and ponder what I’ve told, sir—  
Of the war, &c.;  
Chorus—The officers of Dixie,  
Alone! alone!

The glories share—the honors wear,  
Throughout the land of Dixie,  
“Tis so! ‘tis so!  
Throughout the land of Dixie.

Fort Caswell, N. C.; April, 1863.

## MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

BY EDWARD BRANTHAWT.

It was not self conceit that made me believe in her fondness for me—it existed without doubt. Even when she scolded me for my high-flown speeches or laughed at my positively troublesome assidues, there was a kindly interest in tone and manner, which made my smitten heart beat wildly. She had a warm, loving disposition, which forbade her to shut up her heart with cold indifference, and my very evident devotion could not have been displeasing to her. Her seniority of three or four years and the relationship between us warranted her, she thought, in displaying her liking for me, so she spoilt and petted me to her and my heart’s content.

After a time I noticed that Miss Clinton kept an eye upon me, or rather I mean she gave me an undue share of her attention, for her eyes were upon everything by turns. One evidence of her watchfulness afforded considerable amusement to Garstin and Clara at least. Such was her interest in our

welfare, that she had recourse to spiritual agency to throw some light upon the future. But I must explain.

I had not been long free of the house when I noticed that any surface adapted for writing was often covered with the same irregular scrawl (very different from Miss Clinton’s usual rapid but neat hand) which had appeared so strange to me on my first visit.

I soon asked what this could mean, when Clara willingly enlightened my ignorance with her almost constant merriment, which always reminded me of a chime of bells, a delicious melody for a time, but apt to pall upon one’s ear.

Miss Clinton she said, had a strong belief in the power of spirits to make themselves manifest to us in various ways. But of all their methods of carrying on this communication one was by far the most singular. When she had some doubt to remove she sat with a pencil in her hand, which she abandoned to the impulse of a spirit, who caused it to write the required answer. Thus it was the assertion of our worthiness that insured us our invitation to dine at Belmont.

Ella would not join in our laughter, for though she gave no credence to Miss Clinton’s marvels, she said we knew too little of the spiritual world and its manifestations to jest on the subject, to which it seemed to her much reverence was due. I talked the matter over with her alone one day, and obtained further particulars. Miss Clinton was remaining single entirely from her own choice. Nearly twenty years ago she had been engaged to the young rector of the parish, who was carried off by a fever caught by the side of a deathbed. This lover it was whom she believed to communicate with her.

“I think,” said Ella “it is the delusion of an over-active and over worked brain, but I can hardly regret it, for it is a great consolation to her.”

One morning I had given Ella some music, and in the evening we found scrawled across it: “Do not fear. They will both be happy. ‘Alls well that ends well.’” There was no doubt of the application, for Miss Clinton, having her mind set at rest, no longer troubled herself to watch me and Ella.

How Garstin and Clara laughed, and twitted me with having thus disturbed the repose of Shakespeare. And Garstin must needs take it to the barracks, where I got a similar roasting from the major.

I would not have owned it for the world, but from this time I began to think there might be a little more in this spirit-writing than we were at first inclined to allow. Who would be bold enough to say what was possible or impossible, when life itself was an unfathomable mystery?

One morning, as we sat at breakfast, De Wilton threw a letter across the table to us.

“Read that, and then be off to your lady-loves,” he said; “what red-eyes there will be.”

It was a letter from our colonel containing the unexpected intelligence that the regiment had received orders to hold itself in readiness to sail for the Cape, where those amiable Dutchmen were stirring up one of their favorite Caffre wars, to enable them to find a profitable market for their cattle. They would be less warlike, I fancy, if they had to provide the blood and money as well as the beef.

I was hardly so pleased as I thought it necessary to appear, for really there was little glory to be gained, and the idea of leaving Whitecliffe was terrible. But my mind was soon set at rest, for the next day came news that the Major and Garstin were to go with the service companies, but that I was to remain at the depot which would probably be stationed at Whitecliffe.

We went up to Belmont full of this news, which caused some sensation. Garstin and Clara got up a little burlesque sentiment for the occasion, but neither of them seemed in despair. However, it was settled that as it might be his last day with us, we must both return and dine at Belmont, for we were too busy to stay.

Entering the drawing room we found a stranger there, a military man evidently, of about thirty. I was surprised when Miss

Clinton introduced him as Captain Merrivale, for I recognized the name as that of Ella’s guardian, who was expected down for her twenty-first birthday the very next morning by the by on some business, I suppose, connected with her coming of age. I had anticipated seeing a far older man and certainly he was full young for so responsible an office.

Ere the evening was over I thought him better fitted for it—in the first place thirty was, on second thoughts, a tolerably mature age, and in the second place he was steady and grave enough to be a hundred. He was decidedly silent and reserved, and had a peculiarly quiet, even manner. But this evidently was not the calm of insensibility—twice that evening I saw his eyes flash; once as he described in a few words some plucky action of De Wilton’s, whom it seemed he knew, and again while he listened to an account of a cowardly attack by a crusty farmer on a pilfering schoolboy he had caught in his orchard. There was little tameness of spirit or coldness of heart in him I imagined, though he made no parade of his feelings.

But in spite of the fancy I had taken to Captain Merrivale, I gave him very little of my attention that evening. The narrow escape I had had of being separated from Ella made me feel more infatuated than ever, and she was looking lovely enough to excuse any amount of folly.

How joyfully my heart beat when I fancied that something similar must be passing in her own mind. Yes, there was a change, which could not be overlooked. There was a glow upon her smooth cheek, a softness in her eyes, a sweet gentleness and even timidity in her manner, which I knew must be love. And was it strange that I should feel sure it was I who was so blessed? Nothing was said to cause my conviction; indeed she was unusually silent, but her sweet smile shone upon me, and there was a tender light in her beautiful eyes as they met mine which filled me with rapture.

All that night I was in a fever, a delirium of happiness. But amid the vagaries of fancy one idea took full possession of my mind—that the next day should make my glorious hopes a still more glorious certainty.

In the morning inexorable duty chained me, and it was late before I could get to the Hall. But I forgot any vexation when I saw Ella sitting in a summer-house in the garden waiting for some one—was it not for me?

She started as she heard my footstep and looked up still with that soft almost loving look. She blushed too, and the sight dispersed to the winds my little remaining self-control, so that, casting aside my studied introduction, I plunged into the midst, pouring out an absurd rhapsody, which I could not now recall to save my life, and certainly would not pen if I could.

What words she used I know not, for I felt stunned by them, but somehow she made me understand that she did not love me—that she was even engaged to another.

“Why did you not tell me so when you saw my growing love?” I raved. “I owe the misery of my life to you. But doubtlessly with all the heartlessness of a coquette you rejoice in your work.”

I can give no better idea of her kindness of heart than by stating the simple fact that she did not laugh in my face on hearing this tirade.

“I could not tell you,” she said; “for Captain Merrivale did not ask my hand till this morning. He was my guardian.”

I learned at a later period, when I was far more disposed to do justice to him, that though he loved her and knew her heart was his, he had never even spoken of his affection till he had given an account of his stewardship, and had relinquished all control over her actions. His father, old Admiral Merrivale, Ella’s original guardian, exercising the power given to him by Mr. Clancy, had by his will appointed his son to succeed him in this office. So Captain Merrivale had authority to sanction or forbid any engagement, and he had shrunk from taking the slightest advantage which his position towards her gave him.

With the greatest kindness and patience

she soothed me, frankly owning her cousinly liking for me, and as I became calm, giving me that good advice, which we take more readily from the lips of a young and pretty woman than of any man, and allow greater weight. Not that I paid much heed to her counsels at the time, but afterwards I recalled them to memory, and I feel that I am a wiser and better man for having acted in some degree in accordance with them.

She saw that I was overcoming my excitement, and fancying that my feelings were of no great depth, thought she might venture on a little bantering, hoping perhaps to cheer me by it.

“If we could have married,” she said, “You would have lived to repent it. Why, I shall be an old woman while you are in your prime. I have a sister ten years younger than myself, and she will be of a more suitable age. They say she is growing very like me; if your taste does not change she will do admirably for you six or seven years hence.”

“You may laugh at me and call me a boy,” I replied; but my love for you is as great as any man’s could be, and you will see it will not quickly change. I could not bear to stay here and see you making another so happy. I shall volunteer to go to the Cape at once.”

Garstin was delighted to hear of my resolve, and De Wilton showed his approval by strongly backing my application, which was acceded to.

Ella’s kindness and sympathy softened the pain of our parting; but after that came a weary time, when I felt there was little pleasure left for me in this life, though I was only standing on the threshold. It was, I thought an incurable wound, for I knew not the renovating powers of nature.

Soon after landing, constant occupation came to my relief, for we had a full share of the fighting. In one skirmish I got a Caffre spear through my arm and another in my side, inflicting severe but not dangerous wounds.

I was still on my back from the effects of these when a letter was put into my hand. I recognized the hand-writing, and my old love-fever returned as I tore open the envelope. With a sharp pang I read the contents:

BELVALE ABBEY.

DEAR COUSIN HARRY:—I should not like you to have heard of my marriage till I told you of it myself. I can assure you I felt proud of my cousin when I heard of your gallant conduct, which is rewarded as it deserves, for with this mail you will get the Gazette with your appointment as lieutenant to the Rifles. I trust, however, you are not too rash—do not be foolish and risk your life unnecessarily.

When you return to England covered with laurels you may reckon on a warm welcome at Belvale Abbey; and, whether at home or abroad, you will always have the best wishes of your affectionate cousin and friend,

ELLA.

So it was over. Her very signature, intended to spare my feelings, galled me, for how ought that blank to be filled up?

By the rules of the service I should now have gone home to the depot of the Rifles, but as soon as my wounds were sufficiently healed, I easily obtained leave to join the service companies in India. I was not yet prepared to look with tranquility upon her happiness with another.

Now came several years of cantonments—then followed the campaign of the Punjab, where I had something worse than Caffre spears to contend against.

Nearly nine years had elapsed since I left Whitecliffe, when I set sail with my regiment for England. Time and constant occupation had done their work. I still cherished a warm affection for Ella, but I looked back to those bygone days with pleasure rather than pain, and I felt I could now enjoy her friendship.

But would it still be offered to me? That was a question which I put to myself with considerable anxiety. My uncle was dead; I had no near relations, and my former friends were scattered over the face