

North Carolina Argus.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1863.

[WHOLE NO. 233.]

Adj. and Inspector General's Office,
Richmond, May 1, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER,
No. 62.

THE FOLLOWING ACT OF CONGRESS, approved by the President, is published for the information and direction of all concerned, in connection with the act relating to improvements heretofore announced in General Order No. 51, from the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, April 6th, 1863, and as supplementary to said act:

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to regulate improvements by officers of the army."

The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That in all cases of appraisement provided for in said act, the officer impressing the property shall, if he believe the appraisement to be fair and just, endorse upon it his approval; if not, he shall endorse upon it his reasons for refusing, and deliver the same, with a receipt for the property impressed, to the owner, his agent or attorney, and, as soon as practicable, forward a copy of the receipt and appraisement, and his endorsement thereon, to the board of appraisers appointed by the President and Governor of the State, who shall revise the same and make a final valuation, so as to give just compensation for the property taken, which valuation shall be paid by the proper department for the use of which the property was taken, on the certificate of appraisers, as provided in the act of which this is amendatory.

[Approved April 27, 1863.]

By Order,

(Signed)

S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General.

All parties taking appeals from the decisions of local appraisers, to the undersigned, are hereby notified that these appeals must be made up in due form and accompanied by suitable proofs and reasons, in accordance with the law, or they cannot be acted on.

E. V. BLACKSTOCK,

H. K. BURGWIN,

Commissioners of appraisement for N. Carolina.
May 19, 1863-34

Executive Department N. C.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, (Militia.)

Raleigh, May 9th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER,
No. 6.

THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE N. C. Militia are ordered to call out for local and temporary service, such portion of their Regiments as may be necessary for the arrest of deserters.

Any officer, non-commissioned officer or private, refusing to obey this order, will be reported to this office, in order that he may be punished according to law.

Furnishing a substitute in the Confederate service does not exempt from militia duty under this order. Commanding Officers of Regiments are required to report every fifteen days the manner in which this order has been executed.

By order of Governor VANCE:

DAN'L. G. FOWLE,

Adjutant General.

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Executive Department N. C.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, (Militia.)

Raleigh, May 14th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER,
No. 7.

MILITIA OFFICERS, WHO HAVE BEEN COMPELLED by the advance of the enemy, to leave their respective districts, are ordered to report for duty to the Commanding Officer of the Regimental District, in which they may be residing temporarily.

By order of Governor VANCE:

DAN'L. G. FOWLE,

Adjutant General.

May 19, 1863-34

Executive Department N. C.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, (Militia.)

Raleigh, May 15th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER,
No. 8.

EXEMPTIONS FROM MILITIA DUTY ON account of disability, will not be recognized, except upon the Surgeon's certificate endorsed by the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, and approved at this office.

By order of Governor VANCE:

DAN'L. G. FOWLE,

Adjutant General.

May 19, 1863-34

TOBACCO.

500 BOXES OF TOBACCO, OF DIFFERENT GRADES, for sale by J. F. FOARD.

Salisbury, May 18, 1863-232-36

BOOTS AND SHOES.

REPAIRING, &c.

HAVING MADE UP MY MIND TO GO into the manufacture of BOOTS, SHOES, and to do all kind of Repairing, &c., I take this method of notifying the public that I have rented Capt. J. C. CARAWAY'S Shoe Shop, at High Mount Tannery, where I shall be happy to repair and manufacture Shoes, Boots, &c., for all the old customers of the factory, and for the public generally. I will work cheap, taking into consideration, the times, and the cost of everything necessary to the support of man.

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J. C. STAFFORD.

RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!!!

WE WANT RAGS—GOOD CLEAN COTTON and LINEN RAGS. Save them and bring them to us, and we will have them made into paper to print the Argus upon. Save your rags, everybody, and when you come to town bring them with you, and we will buy them. They cost nothing but the trouble of saving them.

Bring them in! Bring them in!

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

A SONG.

Tune—"Bonny Blue Flag."

Oh! yes, I am a Southern girl;
I glory in the name;
And boast it with far greater pride,
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl,
Her robe of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South, so dear,
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

This homespun dress is plain, I know:

My hat's quite common, too—

But then it shows what Southern girls

For Southern rights will do!

We've sent the bravest of our land

To battle with the foe,

And we would lend a helping hand—

We love the South, you know.

The Southern land's a glorious land,

And her's a glorious cause;

Then here's three cheers for Southern rights,

And for the Southern boys.

We've sent our sweethearts to the war,

But, dear girls, never mind,

Your soldier love will not forget,

The girl he's left behind.

A soldier lad is the lad for me;

A brave heart I adore;

And when the sunny South is free,

And fighting is no more;

I'll choose me then a lover brave,

From out that gallant band—

The soldier lad I love the best,

Shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young men, a word to you,—

If you would win the fair,

Go to the field where honor calls,

And win your brightest smiles,

Remember that our true and brave,

Are for the true and brave,

And that our tears fall for the one

Who fills a soldier's grave.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South, so dear;

Three cheers for the sword and plume

The Southern soldiers wear.

VALLEY FORGE.

A THRILLING SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farmhouse rose darkly over a wide waste of snow.

It was a cold dark winter, and the snow began to fall—while in the broad fireplace of the old farm-house, the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat by the fire—a father and child. The father, who sits yonder with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes bloodshot, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze, opposite her father—a slender formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in a coarse linsy skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

She was not beautiful—ah, no! Care—perhaps that disease of consumption, which it makes the heart grow cold to name—have been busy with that young face, sharpened its outlines, and stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. The brown hair is laid plainly aside from the pale brow. Then tell me what is it you see when you gaze into her face.

You look at that young girl, and see nothing but the gleam of two large dark eyes, that burn into your soul.

Yes, those eyes unnaturally large, and dark and bright; perhaps consumption is feeding them.

And now then, as the father sits there, so moody and sullen, or the daughter sits there, so sad, and silent and pale, tell me, I pray you, the story of their lives.

That man Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man, before the Revolution. Since the war, he has become drunken and idle;

driven his wife, broken-hearted, to the grave; and worse than all, joined a band of tory refugees, who scour the land at the dead of night burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this tory band will lie in wait at the neighboring pass, to attack and murder the rebel Washington, whose starving soldiers lie yonder in the haunts of Valley Forge.

Washington in his lonely journeying, is wont to pass this farm-house; the out-throats are in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock of night.

And the daughter Mary—for her name was Mary—they loved that name in the good times—what is the story of her life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and gone home, to revere this man Washington, who will to-night be attacked and murdered; to revere him next to God. Nay, more, that mother, on her death bed, joined the hands of a partizan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and cold at Valley Forge.

Well might the maiden's eyes flash with unnatural brightness, well might her pale face gather a single burning flush in the centre of each cheek.

For, yesterday afternoon, she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Capt. Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his long journeys: so this night at twelve o'clock, the partizan company occupied the rocks above the neighboring pass, to trap the trappers of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that in a faithful daughter's heart. She had betrayed his plot to his enemies stipulating

And now, as father and child are sitting there, the shouts of the tory refugees echo from the next chamber, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven. Hark? there is a sound of horse's hoofs within the farm-yard, there is a pause; the door opens, and a tall figure wrapped in a thick cloak white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose.

Why does the tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of the stranger's blue and gold uniform? then mumbling to his daughter about getting some food for the traveller, he rushed wildly into the next room, where his brother tories were feasting. Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with the blue eyes and kindly smile?

Ah, if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terrors of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington exhausted with a long journey, his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold; it was the rebel of Valley Forge, who, returning to the camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmers house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands. In a few minutes behold the stranger with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, eating the food spread out there by the girl, who stands trembling at his side.

And look! her hand is extended as if to warn him of his danger, but makes no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl is preparing the hasty supper, opening yonder closet, adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots for who should stab Washington in his sleep!

And now the words, "Beware, on this night you die!" trembled, half formed upon her lips, when her father came hastily from the room, and hushed her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary," (how calmly polite a murderer can be,) "that chamber at the head of the stairs on the left. On the left, you mind."

Mary took the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farmhouse, composed of two rooms divided by thick walls from the body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber, on the other, the chamber of the soldier, to him a chamber of death.

For a moment Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazed upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is to warn him of his danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into that room on the left. And look ye, girl, it's late and you had better go into your room and go to sleep."

While the tory watches from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the one on the right.

An hour passed. Still the storm beat on the roof; still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farm-house, are seven half drunken men, with that tall tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst, the murderer's knife in his hand; for the lot has fallen on him. He is to go up and stab that sleeping man.

Even this half drunken murderer turns pale at the thought; how the knife trembles in his hand; trembles against the pistol barrel; the jeers of his comrades arouse him to the work; the light is in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up stairs, he listens, first at the door of his daughter on the right, and then at the door on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor; he enters the chamber on the left; he is gone for a moment. Silence! there is a faint groan. He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, stands there before the fire with the bloody knife in his hands.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red of the traitor Washington.

His comrades gather around him with yells of joy; already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be theirs for this deed, when lo, the stair door opens, and there, without a wound, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullets harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound in your uniform?"

The apparition drives him mad. He starts forward; he places his hands tremblingly upon the arms and breast of Washington. He then looks at the bloody knife, still clasped in his right hand, and stands there, quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is thrown open; the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room with the gallant and bronzed visage of Capt. Williams in their midst.

At this moment the old clock in the room struck twelve.

Then a hurried thought flashed through the brain of the tory Manheim. He seizes the light! rushes to the room of his daughter, on the right hand. Some one has just risen from the bed—the chamber was vacant. Then toward the chamber on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Lo! now the knife quivers in his hand. He pauses at the door—he listens. His blood curdles is his veins. Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. Toward the bed, through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago. Again he pauses—not a sound—stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains.

There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter Mary.

And do not look upon the face of her father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in his pause of horror, listen to the mystery of the deed.

After the father had gone down stairs an hour or two, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right, her soul shaken by a thousand fears. She opened the door on the left and beheld Washington sitting at the table. Then, though her existence was in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm

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