

# North Carolina News.

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[WHOLE NO. 238.]

## LIVE IN LOVE.

BY EDWARD CAFFERN.

Be not harsh and unforgiving,  
Live and love, 'tis pleasant living,

If an angry man should meet thee,  
And assail thee indiscreetly,  
Turn not thou again and rend him;  
Lest thou needlessly offend him.  
Show him love hath been thy teacher—  
Kindness is a potent preacher;  
Gentleness is e'er forgiving—  
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?  
Man was made to love his brother;  
Kindness is a human duty,  
Meekness is a celestial beauty.  
Words of kindness spoke in season;  
Have a weight with men of reason;  
Don't be other's follies blaming,  
And their little rices naming,  
Charity's a cure for railing,  
Suffers much, is all prevailing.  
Courage, then, and be forgiving;  
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Let thy loving be a passion,  
Not a complimentary fashion.  
Love is wisdom, ever proving  
True philosophy is loving;  
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,  
'Gendured by our hate's concealing?  
Better love; though e'er so blindly;  
E'en thy foes will call it kindly.  
Words are wind; O, let them never  
Friendship's golden love cord sever!  
Ner be angry though another  
Scorn to call thee, friend or brother.  
"Brother," say, let's be forgiving,  
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

## MESSAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY.

### GOVERNOR Z. B. VANCE.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, CALLED SESSION, 1863.  
Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Commons:

The reasons for my calling you together at such an unseasonable time after your adjournment will be found in the accompanying able and interesting report of the Public Treasurer. The gravity of the question whether considered in reference to its probable effects upon the finances and credit of the State, or upon the interests of the people and the success of our common cause, will, I trust, constitute an ample apology for my action in calling you together, in which I need not say I was unanimously sustained by the Council of State.

By a recent Act of Congress all non-interest bearing, Confederate Treasury notes were classified and a limitation put on the time of funding them as set forth in the accompanying report of the Public Treasurer.

By this action, intended to reduce the great volume of paper money in circulation by causing it to be funded, the notes of two issues referred to were rendered of less value than those of later issues, and though to that extent it was a repudiation of them, no action would have been necessary on the part of the Legislature had the matter ended there. But the Legislature of the State of Virginia, then being in session, immediately provided against these issues being received in payment of taxes with a view, as was said, to aid the operation of the Act of Congress by hastening the funding process.

And soon thereafter the Banks of the city of Richmond, actuated no doubt by the same patriotic but unfortunate motives, declining to receive them, it at once became a matter of serious concern with the Treasurer and myself whether some Legislative action would not be required in self defence. And if any were required it must be had soon, as the collection of Taxes begins in July. The Ordinance of the Convention

Feb. Session, No. 35, makes it the duty of the Treasurer to receive these issues; but if he were invested with power to reject them it evidently would not become him to exercise it under circumstances so different from any contemplated by the framers of the Ordinance. To continue to receive them after this partial repudiation of Congress and after the Legislature and the Metropolitan Banks of Virginia had refused them, would of course have subjected that officer to the danger of filling the Treasury with notes greatly depreciated it might be, or perhaps entirely uncurrent. There was no telling how soon the other banks of the country might follow the example of those of Richmond, nor what action other States might take. And of course it being impossible to fund it all and inconvenient to fund any so long as it would pass, it might be rushed into this State and paid into our Treasury,

such a result would be ruinous alike to her creditors her officers and her soldiers. This created a responsibility too great to be borne by the Treasurer without Legislative sanction, and the matter is therefore submitted to you.

After a careful survey of the situation I confidently recommend to you to provide for the continued reception of these notes as the safer and more honorable course. So far no State has followed the example of Virginia, and no banks outside of Richmond in the whole Confederacy have refused them. Our example may have a most happy influence upon the contemplated action of others. No more deadly blow could be stricken against our cause than the repudiation of our currency, and that the honest, old-fashioned debt-paying State of North Carolina should be among the first to dishonor the money paid her citizens for their subsistence, and her soldiers for their blood, is something I should regret living to see. If one issue of Confederate notes are good, then all are good, since the same honor is pledged for their ultimate redemption. It is exceedingly dangerous to take the first step towards dishonoring, in the slightest degree, our enormous volumes of paper currency. The action of one forces the action of another; when, if all stood firm, the public credit might be saved. A refusal to receive these notes from whatever cause, and however weighty the reason, would create among the non-commercial classes the most general alarm, and even distress, and the want of confidence would become universal. The danger can now be stopped; if we fail to check it, in my opinion, it will be beyond remedy.

The suggestions of the Treasurer in regard to the manner of providing against any probable loss are well worthy of your consideration, and I have no doubt will have great weight in your deliberations.

Desiring to detain you but a few days at this busy and inconvenient season, I refrain from bringing before you various other matters which might well claim your attention at a regular session. I will therefore only call to your notice one more subject. The President of the Confederate States having called upon me for seven thousand militia, it becomes important to amend the existing militia laws in certain particulars both to facilitate their raising and equipment with all possible speed, and to enlarge the lists of exempts for the proper protection of the State. In regard to these amendments I will take pleasure in consulting with and assisting your Military Committee.

Permit me to thank you for your prompt assembling at my call and to congratulate you upon the improved condition of our affairs, State and National. Since your adjournment our gallant armies have again won great victories and driven back, with slaughter and confusion, the vast forces of the enemy. The danger of suffering for lack of food has happily passed away, and the goodness and mercy of God has visited us with a harvest almost unparalleled, while the growing crops everywhere promise equal bounteousness.

Let us gather fresh courage from these Divine blessings, and struggle with renewed strength for the honor and independence of the country.

Z. B. VANCE.

## BEAST BUTLER HAS A FIGHT.

We have received from the best authority the facts of the encounter at Lowell, alluded to in our paper of yesterday. We conceive it proper that they should be laid before the public, because very important consequences may be dependent upon the relations to the public of a man who might again be called to high command, and who is put forward already in various quarters for eminent political station. We have several communications upon the subject, entering much more into detail than we purpose to do; we prefer to give the more important parts of the narrative as we obtain it from the lips of the relator. As we learn the facts, they are as follows.

Mr. Russel, who is a mason in Lowell,

was employed by a Mr. Eastman, the agent of Gen. Butler, to lay the pipes in a drain which Eastman had dug on the General's premises. The laying of the pipes was nearly completed, one only of the sections lying by the side of the trench. At this time General Butler came toward Mr. R. and ordered him to remove a large stone within the side of the drain, and some distance beneath the surface of the ground, saying it would interfere with the plow. To this Mr. Russell objected, stating that it was his business to lay the pipes, and not to dig the drain, which had been prepared for his work by Eastman. Thereupon, General Butler, with violent and profane language, ordered him to leave his premises. Mr. Russell told him he was employed by another person, and did not look to him for his pay, and should finish his work. General Butler kicked the section of the pipe into the drain, which Mr. Russell picked up, and placed again in its former position. Repeating the offensive language, General B., kicked the pipe over again, and as Mr. Russell was attempting to replace it, he received a violent blow in the face. We understand that subsequently, Gen. B. alleged this to have been an accident; but statements upon the other side do not correspond with that view of the case. Mr. Russell immediately jumped from the ditch, and as quickly Gen. B. was flat upon the ground, and Mr. Russell had him by the throat and held him there. General Butler is alleged to have made no resistance; but after holding him as long as he thought necessary, Mr. Russell allowed him to rise, and accompanied him a hundred or two rods out of the field.

We learn that Mr. Russell told the General that he was an old man over sixty years of age, and had never before been assailed in this way; the General must remember that he was in Massachusetts, and not in New Orleans, and that such conduct as his would not be tolerated on England soil. He also told him it was no wonder that we were beaten by the rebels when such officers led our men; that, for his own part, he was the grandson of a revolutionary patriot, who was killed by the British in his own house, (at Lexington) and he himself and the other descendants of that man had been true to their Democratic principles. Reminding the General of his action at the Charleston Convention and of his political tergiversations in general. Mr. Russell then left him. We are not disposed to make any comments on this transaction. We give the facts as they were detailed to us; and, as we are informed, the affair was witnessed by a number of persons.

[Boston Courier.]

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—The London Times contains a letter from Charleston, dated March 4th, from which the following extract is taken:

I brought out from Nassau a box of goods for Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and he asked me when I was at Richmond to come to his camp and see him. I left the city one morning about 7 o'clock, and about 10 landed at a distance some eight or nine miles from Jackson's, or, as his men call him: "Old Jack's" camp. A heavy fall of snow had covered the country for some time before to the depth of a foot and formed a crust over the Virginia mud, which is quite as villainous as that of Balaklava. The day before had been mild and wet, and my journey was made in a drenching shower, which soon cleared away the white mantle of snow. You cannot imagine the slough of despond I had to pass through. Wet to the skin, I stumbled through mud, I waded through creeks, I passed through pine woods, and at last got into camp about 2 o'clock. I then made my way to a small house occupied by the general as his headquarters. I wrote down my name and gave it to the orderly, and I was immediately told to walk in.

The general rose and greeted me warmly. I expected to see an old untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome and powerfully built, but thin. He has brown hair and a brown beard. His mouth expresses great determination. The lips are thin and are compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and

searching expression. I was told that his age was 33 and he looks about 40. The general who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his own hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the dinner hour we went out and joined the members of his staff. At this meal the general said grace in a fervent, quiet manner which struck me much. After dinner I returned to his room and again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor.

As I rose to retire, the General said: "Captain, there is plenty of room on my bed; I hope you will share it with me." I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said "Good night," and slept in a tent, sharing the blanket of one of his aids. In the morning at breakfast time, I noticed the General said grace before the meal with the same fervor I had remarked before. An hour or two afterwards it was time for me to return to the station; on this occasion, however, I had a horse, and I turned up to the General's headquarters to bid him adieu. His little room was vacant, so I stepped in and stood before the fire. I then noticed my greatcoat stretched before it on a chair. Shortly afterwards the General entered the room. He said: "Captain, I have been trying to dry your greatcoat, but I am afraid I have not succeeded very well." This little act illustrates the man's character. With the care and responsibilities of a large army on his shoulders, he finds time to do acts of kindness and thoughtfulness which make him the darling of his men, who never seem to tire of talking of him.

As one of the hospital wagons was proceeding slowly toward the grave yard the other day with a load of coffins, the driver was disturbed in his chant, (he was whistling "Dixie" to the time of a dead-march) by a rattle in his rear. He turned and looked in some trepidation upon the long, narrow boxes. *Rap! Rap!* The reins fell from his hand. *Thump! Thump!* Then a voice cried out: *Hallo! ho there!* Driver was sorely frightened and replied: "What's the matter? Can't you rest quietly and peaceably? What's the use of takin' it so hard for?" "But I'm not dead!" returned the voice, making a desperate effort, and wrenching out two screws from the lid. "The devil you say!" No I'm not, let me out of this." "Oh, go long! You'd better be quiet we'll be there presently." "Be where?" Why to the grave." Another prodigious plunge and three more screws out. Lid by this time half off and one arm and part of a leg protruded. "Oh, Lord," roared the terrified driver, "don't! they'll lay the whole of it to me." Well let me out then." The driver cracked his whip, the horses dashed forward and away went the dead and the semi-dead and the wouldn't-stay-dead and all, at a gallop, the coffin of the obstreperous corps croaking and rocking to and fro, and the voice of inmate crying, "Wait till I get out o'here and if I don't give you —!" At length the grave yard was reached, where the poor fellow was relieved by the workmen and sextons present. He was full of fight and swore roundly against the "dam'd rascal that wanted to bury him dead or alive," but on explanation and expostulation he agreed to be pacified, and rode back to town sitting upright in his own coffin. He is now well and will join his command in a day or two.

Chattanooga Rebel.

Edie, who absconded with over \$18,000 of the funds of James H. Taylor, of Charleston, after an investigation before the Mayor, was discharged. This is upon the plea that Edie's offence was, by the laws of South Carolina, only a breach of trust, and not a criminal offence, and therefore could not be remanded to the State for trial on requisition.

Remember what a world of gossip and slander would this be, if it was only borne in mind that the person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.