

J. J. BRUNER,

THE RIGHT SIDE

"I COUNT ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE" - In

I see a light in everything, I know not if it's there, Or if my pleased imagining Makes every thing so fair; And being no philosopher It matters not a whit, Whether the beauty of the star Resides in me or it.

No long as I can see the light - And revel in its beams I care not if an Auroreite Can prove it all a dream! So long as I can see a smile And feel it warm to me too, It answers just as well the while As if it all were true.

Let others reason and explain - With faces long and sad - How all that's bright is 'false and vain,' And all that's pleasing bad. In such refined philosophies My soul can take no part - It seems all falsehood to my eyes, All treason to my heart.

And yet I do not quite forget Earth's glories soon are past, And that the brightest day may set In angry clouds at last. But - while it shines - I must, I will Reciprocate the glow, Suffice it unto me the ills That on life's surface grow.

"I only count the hours that shine," All others go for blanks, - At darkness I would ne'er repine, But for the light give thanks. 'Tis thus the birds and flowers obey Their instinct for the light, Breathing out songs and sweets all day, But hushed and closed at night!

HAVE WE A GOVERNOR AMONG US?

The experience of the last week in Raleigh though painful in the extreme had at least one redeeming feature. The fact has been made patent that we have a man in the gubernatorial chair. All must acknowledge that the citizens of this place, the people of the whole State, and the authorities of the Confederacy have found in Gov. Vance a friend who has served them fearlessly, faithfully and most efficiently. The reckless soldiers of another State pause in the midst of their lawless violence, to listen to his eloquent vindication of the dignity of the State and the rights of her citizens, and are awed into propriety by his burning words and gallant bearing. Forgetting for the moment the stinging rebuke which even their threatening bayonets had not restrained, their enthusiastic admiration breaks forth in prolonged and hearty cheers. Though engaged in a most disreputable work, they are still Southern soldiers, and delight to honor the chivalry and courage and the loyalty of a true man. Surely, a more sublime spectacle was never witnessed, than that a single citizen, unarmed and supported by no show of force, standing up in the midst of a crowd of angry soldiers, and by "moral suasion" alone restraining their excited passions, transforming their hatred of another into admiration of himself, and inducing them to return to their quarters without further demonstrations of violence. Can words estimate the service rendered to this city, to the State of North Carolina and to the Confederate cause by the restraining influence which Gov. Vance exerted on that memorable night when the work of destruction had commenced, and there was both the power and the will to complete it?

Again, when public indignation at the first act of violence sought to express itself in deeds equally as reprehensible, an appeal for succor is immediately made to Governor Vance, even by those who had once gloried in traducing him. How does he respond? Does he remember the injuries of the past? Does he stop to make terms with his enemies? Does he manifest anything of that "truculency and vascillation" which have been so basely attributed to him by corrupt partisans for their own unholy purposes? No, a thousand times, no! But on the other hand, he hastens to the scene of action. He commands the rioters to disperse in terms which carry obedience with them. He announces himself the champion of the law under all circumstances and equally against friend or foe. He declares his determination to restrain all further violence and retaliation, even if the coercive bayonets of "North Carolina soldiers" have to be brought into requisition. And, in a word, by his decision of character, his ready eloquence and his consummate tact, he succeeds in curbing the passions of the mob, in preventing the further destruction of property and in saving perhaps the effusion of fraternal blood.

Just as he had convinced the soldiers of his loyalty to the sacred cause of Southern independence and of his willingness to sa-

crifice his own life to secure its triumph, he assures the infuriated mob of his devotion to the laws of his State and of his determination to protect the rights of every citizen. All feel that they have a man to deal with whose heart is filled with the most noble and patriotic impulses, and who has the courage to do his whole duty in every emergency. Confidence is in a great measure restored; passion yields to more kindly sentiments; respect for their Chief Magistrate and an abiding faith in his determination to dispense even handed justice take the place of that distrust and resentment which had found their way into so many bosoms; and an era of better feeling is immediately inaugurated under the auspices of the only man who has the nerve and the genius to control the discordant elements of those tempestuous times.

Having thus succeeded in restraining the violence of the soldiers and in allaying the excitement of the people, we learn that he immediately communicated with the President - protesting in the name of an outraged and insulted State against the repetition of such lawless acts by the persons in the service of the Confederacy - and that, in response to his appeals, prompt and efficient measures have been adopted by the administration to prevent the perpetration of similar deeds of violence. If this be correct, and we are convinced of the accuracy of the information, we feel fully persuaded that, though there may be many among us whose bosoms burn with indignation and resentment at what they esteem the grossest of outrages, and the most unprovoked of insults, there will be no further developments of the "mob spirit" in North Carolina, and that her people, true to their instincts of loyalty and conservatism, will quietly submit themselves to the guidance of their wise and patriotic Governor.

What-er the envy of baffled rivals or the malice of disappointed politicians may urge against Governor Vance, in the future, no right minded man will deny, that in this emergency, he acted the part of a pure patriot and an able statesman - that he saved this city from the torch of the incendiary, rescued his State from the horrors of civil war, and proved himself the faithful friend of the Southern cause in the darkest and most fearful hour of its destiny. It is true that our people have been driven almost to desperation by the insults they have received and the wrongs they have suffered at the hands of the Administration, and it may be that some of them in an hour of irritation have been betrayed into indiscreet words and deeds of doubtful propriety; but, that the great heart of North Carolina is still loyal and true, no discerning man will deny. With an unprejudiced impartiality, and a sagacity which does them the greatest credit, the citizens of this State believe in Governor Vance and are willing to trust in all that concerns their honor and their interest. - Let the Administration show the same appreciation of his character and intentions - let them listen to his suggestions, respect his counsels, and strengthen his hands, and all will yet be well. We shall not attempt to paint the other side of the picture, but will only say that its back ground is a dark one, and that its outlines are traced in crimson. - *Ral. Progress.*

Duel Between Ladies

We find the following paragraph in the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 2d: On Monday forenoon several ladies, while on a visit to a friend's house, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, were amusing themselves by singing and dancing, when one of them a resident of Baltimore, sang a verse of the Bonnie Blue Flag; one of the other ladies jestingly said, "You are a rebel," at which another commenced the Southern Marseilles; when it was finished, the lady who had been called a rebel, said "I wish we had pistols, I'd fight a duel with you for calling me a rebel." At this a daughter of the gentleman at whose house they were, said: "We have pistols in the house, but they are not loaded." They were brought, and, in order to give it the form of a duel, distances were measured in the room, the ladies took their places, word was given, one two, three, when the lady who had called the other "rebel," said "I will sit in this chair, as I wish to die easy." Word was again given, and the Baltimore lady, who had a self-cocking pistol, pulled the trigger and bang went the pistol; a piercing scream was heard, and in an instant the room was filled with the members of the family, when it was discovered that two of the ladies had swooned; the Baltimore lady was standing motionless, and the one who wished to "die easy," sitting pale with terror in her chair; one ball had passed through her dress on the left side, grazing the skin, while in the leaf of a table on which she had rested her arm were eight distinct shot holes, and one bullet embedded in the wood. The pistol had been loaded by a boy on the 4th of July; but the charge had not been fired. The ladies were soon restored to consciousness, and commenced to realize the danger of meddling with fire-arms, a warning, it is needless to say, they will not disregard for the future.

From the Charleston Courier. The Assault on Fort Sumter.

GLORIOUS REPULSE OF THE ENEMY

The news of the assault on Fort Sumter and the repulse of the enemy announced Wednesday morning, was the subject of general congratulation among our citizens. The greatest enthusiasm was exhibited. The capture of one hundred and fifteen Yankees, including several prominent naval officers, will have an important bearing on the future progress of the siege and the conduct of the enemy under flags of truce. It will also add another to the lessons they have learned, that however much superior to their antagonists, they are in weight of metal and force of projectiles, the contest whenever it comes down to an actual trial of individual pluck, always plants the victory on our banner. Perhaps, however, in this instance they were deceived, and although prepared to fight, they did not expect to meet more than an insignificant guard, who were to be speedily overpowered. Be this as it may, they were egregiously mistaken, and when with a thousand men and a score or more of barges, they arrived at the base of Sumter, it was to receive a punishment at the hands of our brave troops that will add to, if not illustrate, the already disgraceful record of Yankee defeats.

The good book tells us that "the battle is not to the strong" - and the Scripture was verified by the events of Wednesday night. Fort Sumter was garrisoned by the Charleston Battalion, Maj. Julius A. Blake, Commanding, and perhaps one or two other companies, whose names we have not learned - the whole under the command of Maj. Stephen Elliot, Jr. whose gallant heretofore has already made him familiar to all who watched the progress of events in this State.

Throughout the fierce bombardment of the day they had remained silent spectators of the fight going on around them, and patiently endured the steady shelling from the fleet. At night, however preparations were made for the anticipated assault. Companies were posted at various points within the ruins, and with watchful eyes, they commenced their careful vigils over the true honored old pie confined to their keeping. Such was the condition of affairs until about half past one, when suddenly from the South face there was espied advancing through the gloom, a number of barges, estimated about thirty, each one, in the language of an eye witness, "black with men." The alarm was instantly given, and in a moment more Forts Moultrie, Johnston and the gunboat *Thicora* opened fire in the direction of the approach. And as the Federals landed on the rocks, received them with sharp volleys of musketry, which added confusion to their already bewildered movements. A strong party of the enemy now hastily gathered and made an attempt to climb over the ruins of the sally port, which had been torn down by the tremendous fire of their land batteries. Our men received them breast to breast, pelting them with brick-bats and pointing in a splattering shower of balls. Some bolider than the others, dashed forward, and seizing Yankees, one in each hand, dragged them by main force inside. Thus the fight raged for twenty or thirty minutes, when the Federals, finding themselves overpowered, and likely to be cut to pieces, threw down their arms, retreated to the shelter of the walls and surrendered. Those who remained in the boats, not already landed, made their escape under the cover of the night, followed, however, by the spiteful balls of the batteries above named.

Thus the engagement brief but decisive, ceased. The remainder of the story is told in a few words. On our part, not a man was hurt. On the part of the enemy one was found killed and nineteen wounded. These were all found lying outside the fort on the rocks. Some of the Federals, at any time, penetrated the work, until brought in as prisoners of war. The effect of our fire on the barges is unknown, but from the sound of crashing boards and the outcries of men, as well as from the fact that two or three barges were subsequently seen floating off Morris's Island, it is believed that the loss has been very great.

Our captures, besides thirteen officers and one hundred and two men, consists of four barges and three flags. One of the latter compensates for all the bricks and bullets thrown, being no less than the identical gridiron carried from Fort Sumter in 1861; exhibited to a monster mass meeting in New York shortly after, talked, cheered and prayed over until almost sanctified, wrapped around the gouty limbs

of old Scott, and finally brought back under oath that it should be victoriously repainted over the walls where it was first lowered in recognition of the Southern cause. The armed guard of a thousand men, it was brought to Fort Sumter on Wednesday night. For this reason we prize the relic thus restored to its rightful owners shall be religiously preserved among the mementoes of this remarkable struggle. The incident, simple as it is, shows that there is a Divine Providence carving out for us our destiny, and may be ominous in these our dark hours of the glorious success which will eventually reward our cause.

The enemy were quiet all day yesterday. The monitors were lying behind Morris Island, evidently undergoing repairs. Most of the firing done was by our batteries on James's Island, which annoyed the workers on Cummings' Point by a steady stream of round shot and shell at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes.

During the day a large number of empty ammunition boxes, thrown overboard by the enemy during the engagement, were picked up in the harbor. A portion of a vessel was also found badly marked by a shell. It had evidently been torn off from one of the members of the fleet.

The enemy sent in a flag of truce yesterday morning and was met by a boat from Fort Sumter. The bearer of the Yankee flag of truce was informed that no flag of truce boats could be received until satisfactory explanation was given why they fired upon our flag of truce. We learn that the enemy's boat brought a letter bag and dispatches for Gen. Beauregard. A proposition was made by the Admiral to send a Surgeon to attend to the Federal wounded, which was declined, a Surgeon having been already detailed for that work.

The following is a list of the officers captured in the assault on Fort Sumter.

- E. P. Williams, commanding gunboat *Wissahickon*. Robert L. Meade, Lieut. U. S. Marines. C. P. Hovey, Master's Mate, U. S. steamer *Powhatan*. Benj. H. Porter, Ensign U. S. New Ironsides. Edwin T. Brewer, Lieut. U. S. sloop of war *Housatonic*. Lieut. S. W. Preston, U. S. Admiral's Flag Ship *Philadelphia*. Lieut. Geo. C. Romney, gunboat *Canandaigua*. Ensign S. C. McCauley, gunboat *Canandaigua*. Lieut. Charles H. Bradford, U. S. Marines, wounded. E. G. Dayton, Executive officer on board the *Wissahickon*. The prisoners were all brought over to the city last evening. They were taken in charge by Capt. W. J. Gayer, Provost Marshal, who entered their names, &c., after which they were lodged in jail.

A Joke on the Quartermaster

A correspondent of the *Mobile Tribune* tells the following: The following good story is told on my good looking friend, Maj. M., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana. Shortly after the evacuation of Jackson, Major M. was ordered to Demopolis, and whilst on the cars en route, he was showing to some friends a magnificent watch which he had lately purchased. All were loud in their praise of the elaborate chasings and general appearance of the watch. "What did it cost you?" asked one of the party. "Fifteen hundred dollars," replied the Major. A dilapidated looking Georgian, who had his "furlough" in his pocket, and was making tracks for Hall County, had been sitting quietly listening to the conversation spoke up, saying: "Master, will you please let me see that watch?" "Certainly," replied the Major, handing it over. After looking at it very attentively, as if lost in amazement for some time - which had caused the Major to nudge several gentlemen and call their attention to the manner in which he was examining it - Georgia, suddenly looking up, asked: "How much did 'youans' give for it, did you say?" "Fifteen hundred dollars," replied the Major. "Then 'youans' must either be a d-d fool or a quartermaster," replied Georgia, handing it back. If the Major did not stand the drinks, we shall always think he ought to have done so.

Price of the Watchman. From and after this date, and until there is a change in the prices of provisions, paper and other articles required to carry on business, the subscription rates of this paper will be two dollars for six months, and three dollars for a year. Advertisements, two dollars for the first, and one dollar for each subsequent publication. April 20th, 1863.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE! At Morganton, N. C.

In order to close our business, we will offer for sale on Thursday the 24th of September next, the following valuable property, a No. 1 Blacksmith, John Brown, formerly the property of George W. Brown, Esq., of Salisbury. He is one of the best Coach Smiths in the State, and can do any kind of work in iron and steel. As a horse shoer, he has no equal in this State. He is a boy of excellent character, honest, industrious and obedient. We will also sell the thorough-bred

MORGAN STALLION YOUNG AMERICA.

He was seven years old on the 4th of July last, is a jet black without a white hair - Without fear of contradiction, we pronounce him the finest-looking and most perfect formed Morgan Horse in the Confederate States. As a foal getter, he is safe, and can produce in this county some two and one year old colts, that cannot be surpassed in any country. He is perfectly broken to harness, and his walk and harness work will be sold with him. Also, on the same day, will be sold two full setts Blacksmith Tools. Also, two large

CONCORD, N. H. COACHES.

14 passenger, 1 do. small 9 passenger, 2 six passenger Hacks, and one six passenger Troy Coach, one Rockaway, one two horse Buggy, one one horse do, and

TWO ROAD WAGONS.

The attention of Coach and Wagon Makers is called to this sale. The running works of all these coaches and hacks are in good repair, and can easily be converted into good wagons. Two large coaches, by some repairs to the bodies, can be made good use of for several years on a stage line. We will also sell a good Corn Sheller, a large size Thompson's Straw Cutter, and a large Cast Kettle, 120 gallons, which is nearly new, having been but little used. Terms of sale - Cash, or, if desired, six months time will be given. Note and approved security, with interest from date. BROWN & M'CONNAGHEY, Morganton, N. C., Aug. 24, 1863. 4615

Notice. CONSCRIPT OFFICE, CAMP HOLMES, Aug. 27th, 1863.

Those persons enrolled or liable to enroll, who can furnish horses with, for the present, be accepted with their horses, and receive cavalry pay, to be employed as mounted men while the necessity continues, remaining for the time on duty in this State, for purposes of guard and patrol. It is desired that they report with their horses without delay at this Camp or Camp Vance, near Morganton, as may be most convenient. Citizens who desire to promote the safety and interests of the army by discouraging desertion, or who desire to save their neighborhoods from the inevitable mischiefs of marauding, terror and insecurity that must grow out of the presence of lawless deserters and skulkers, can be made useful by tendering their aid to the enrolling officers. They can render service as guides and in swelling the numbers of patrols sent out by authority. A few days absence, at most, only would be required of them - There is no provision of law under which pay can be given them, but all their expenses of subsistence, lodging and forage will be paid, and a liberal hire allowed for the use of their horses. By order of Col. PETER MALLET, Commandant of Conscripts for N. C. J. W. MALLET, Adjutant. Aug. 28. 3:16

TREASURER'S OFFICE,

Western N. C. Rail Road, Statesville, N. C. 10th Aug. 1863. THE BOARD of Directors of the Western N. C. R. R. Co. have this day declared a dividend of four (4) per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Confederate money at this Office on and after the 21st Sept. next. Stockholders must present their certificates of Stock. Those sending power of attorney will make the same to T. H. McKorie, Clerk. 3:15 R. F. SIMONTON, Treas.

Administrator's Notice.

The subscriber having at the August Term of the County Court of Rowan, taken Letters of Administration according to law, on the estate of Christian Bringle, dec'd., hereby gives notice to all creditors of said estate, to present their claims duly authenticated within the time limited by law, for that purpose, otherwise the debtors will be paid in bar of their recovery. Debtors to the estate will also please make payment immediately. D. L. BRINGLE, Adm'r. Aug. 29th, 1863. - 4615