

WAY OF THE WORLD.

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WHOLE NO. 99.

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WAY OF THE WORLD.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Thursday, November 20, 1863.

Congressional Election.

In the 1st District Hon. W. N. H. Smith is re-elected.

In the 2d it is stated that Hon. R. R. Bridgers has four majority, with the army vote not in.

In the 3d Dr. J. T. Leach is elected.

In the 4th Lt. T. C. Fuller is elected.

In the 5th Capt. Josiah Turner is elected.

In the 6th Hon. John A. Gilmer is elected.

In the 7th S. H. Christian, Esq., is elected.

In the 8th Dr. J. G. Ramsay is elected.

In the 9th Hon. B. S. Gaither is re-elected.

In the 10th Gen. G. W. Logan is elected.

The Confederate Debt.

A writer in the Columbia South Carolinian, whose article is copied into the Richmond Sentinel, sums up the Confederate debt as follows:

Present debt, as last reported,	\$840,000,000
Say will be required by the 1st January 1864,	380,000,000
And by 1st July, 1864,	400,000,000
	\$1,620,000,000
Deduct from this sum the amt rec'd from taxes to January, 1864, say,	120,000,000
	\$1,500,000,000
The amount now funded,	387,000,000
	\$1,113,000,000

This, according to the calculation of the writer, is the amount that will be due by the government on the first of July next. It is to be hoped, however, that our Congress will do something to stop this vast accumulation of debt; and that the amount will have reached its maximum by the first of January.

Fire in Wilmington.

On last Saturday evening, the warehouse used by the State for storing cotton and other articles, was destroyed by fire. It contained a considerable amount of cotton; and rumor said also a portion of the last cargo of the Steamer Advance. We are glad to learn, from a state officer, that the rumor is not correct, but that the entire cargo had been removed to Raleigh.

Large Corn.

We saw an ear of corn, a few days since, 13 inches long, 9 1/2 inches in circumference, having 16 rows of grains and numbering about 900 grains. It was grown by W. K. Lee, Esq., on the plantation of Judge Dick, dec'd. Who can beat it?

The Progress of yesterday says:

Twelve blockade running steamers have run the blockade and arrived at Wilmington within the last few days. This don't look much like the entrance to the harbor was corked up.

Biblical Conundrum.

Why are Yankee Greenbacks like the Jewish nation?

Because they are the issue of Abraham and are waiting for a Redeemer.

Another Yankee Lie.—General Thomas follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors. An official dispatch from Rosecrans' successor "announces the capture of Bragg's forage train with its escort." No truth in it. No train of Gen. Bragg of any kind has been captured. Our force seized a Yankee train, but were unable to bring it off; and it was retaken by the enemy—and this is the whole of it.—Knoxville Register.

Now the Autumn Wind is sighing.

Now the Autumn wind is sighing
Through the bare, leafless bough,
And with the old year is dying
Many a solemn vow;
Yes, fond hearts that were light and gay—
Scarce one short year ago—
Lie mouldering beneath the sod,
Or on the blood-stained snow!

Many a lone heart weeps to-day
That never wept before,
For loved ones in the battle slain,
Who will return no more;
And many a maiden heart is wrung
With woe it dare not tell—
For him who held her pledged troth,
But for his country fell!

She listens for his well-known step—
Hopeless waits his coming—
The autumn wind alone she hears,
A wild, sad dirge humming;
Her wounded heart she feels
Her falling tears would stay—
But her only hope save Heaven,
Lies buried far away!

And when she gazes on the wood,
And hears the wind's sad moan,
The leafless tree a semblance bears
To her sad heart and lone;
The Spring will bring the tree new life,
The soft wind, sweet perfume;
But, her tender heart now blighted,
No more can love bloom!

WAR NEWS AND RUMORS.

From Northern Virginia.

There is but little of interest from Gen. Lee's army since our last report. The reverse met with, near Kelley's Ford, some ten days since, was much exaggerated. We did not lose two Brigades, as first reported, nor 1500 men, as afterwards reported; but only some 400 were captured. The Richmond Dispatch, of the 17th, says:

Yesterday morning a report was received by the Central cars that Meade's army had crossed the Rapidan river at Morton's, Sommerville, and Raccoon Forks in large force. This report subsequently proved untrue. By the train yesterday evening we get the following facts of the affair, which gave rise, doubtless, to the report mentioned:

On Sunday morning about daylight the enemy appeared in large force at Morton's Ford and commenced crossing. They crossed a considerable body of men and then stopped. As they apparently intended to send over no more just then, our forces attacked those already across, and after a short fight drove them back to the other side. The affair was a short and almost bloodless one, our loss being reported at one killed and three wounded. It was of such short duration that the troops engaged in it were back in their old camp by 4 o'clock P. M., preparing supper.

At the same time that the demonstration was made at Morton's Ford the enemy appeared at Raccoon Ford and planted a battery. A brisk fire was opened, which was replied to by the Confederates, and in a short time the fire from the other side of the river ceased.

Five or six prisoners, captured in the skirmish at Morton's Ford, were brought down on the Central train last night. They speak of Meade's army having been much strengthened, and say that he has a "big lot" of men with him.

Up to 11 o'clock yesterday there had been no renewal of the attempt to cross by the Yankees and no further fighting.

From the West.

At Chattanooga, there seems to be nothing transpiring that is worthy of being published.

Handsomeness near Bayou Sara.
Richmond, Nov. 14.—The official dispatch was received yesterday:

Mobile, Nov. 12.—Gen. S. Cooper:—The following dispatch from Tennessee, Miss., was received yesterday, dated 10th inst., from Col. Harry Maury, commanding 15th cavalry regiment: "We dashed in yesterday, above Bayou Sara, on a plundering party of Yankees, 300 strong, and drove them to their iron clads, with great slaughter. We brought off their wagon trains and 25 prisoners, from under the broadsides of their gunboats. Only 3 wounded of ours."

DABNEY H. MAURY,
Major General.

Large Sale of Cabbages.—One of the largest sales of cabbages was made at Danville, Va., recently that was ever heard of. Mr. Jno. Clark, of Halifax, sold to the Surgeon in charge of the hospitals there 100,000 heads of cabbage at twenty-five cents each, making an aggregate of \$25,000 worth of this nutritious vegetable. Mr. Clark planted his entire tobacco ground in this vegetable, and hence the immense quantity raised.

Things We Don't Like to See.

We don't like to see original secessionists dodging the army themselves or getting their sons in bomb-proof and lucrative places.

We don't like to see Christians forgetting their religion, when an object of charity knocks at the door. Remember the reward of charity.

We don't like to see a man of wealth charging all that famine will enable him to get for his corn, wheat, meat and potatoes. He is helping to cut his own throat.

We don't like to see merchants making a big fortune on a few rags—especially if they were original secessionists.

We don't like to see soldier's families neglected, who had assurance that said families should be well cared for.

We don't like to see a fire-eater, out of the army himself and no son in it to represent him, complaining of other people being out. He ought to shoulder his gun and "pitch in."

We don't like to see people professing to be good Southern men charging big prices for the necessities of life, in view of the fact that high charges tend to subjugation. 'Tis thought that all such carry their patriotism in the pocket-book.

We don't like to see people no better than they ought to be presuming on their "blood" or family connections. 'Tis the best evidence that there's "something rotten in Denmark," and their pedigrees won't stand tracing. (We never boast of such things ourselves, but the world is invited to investigate.)

We don't like to see people hiding their Tax in Kind, and lying and cheating and defrauding the Government when they give in their taxes. An honest man is the noblest work of God.

We don't like to see a man arrogating to himself too much self-consequence and dictatorial power. He must be "taken down."

We don't like to see people meddling with gentlemen's private affairs. The manners only become the hogs of Ireland or Yankeeedom.

We don't like to see men of big estates scrambling after all they can get from the suffering people for what they have to sell. It is a poor way to whip Lincoln and save their fortunes.

We don't like to see wounded soldiers treated as if no one cared a straw about their losing an arm or a leg, or getting a ball for their Country. It is poor encouragement to the men in the army.

We don't like to see people in these soul trying times taking advantage of peoples' misfortunes, to make money.—Honesty is the best policy.

We don't like to see people making out that they have "nothing to spare" just to get a price they are ashamed to ask.—'Tis mean, and very unpatriotic.

We don't like to see people laying the blame of their extortion to Confederate money, and at the same time scrambling worse than a dog after a bone to get it all. If such folks were half as good as Confederate money they'd have some soul.

We don't like to see hogs on two legs. Just now they are abundant, but the d— only has a use for them.—Milton Chronicle.

Woman's Task.

Under this heading an exchange has the following:

Great indeed is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom the laws are made, and armies led and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of possible infirmity, the frail yet spotless creatures, whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue, by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense, to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be the compensation for the hopes that are blighted; for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation—the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a rejected Saviour; these are the scenes of woman's excellence, these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny, to visit the forsaken to attend to the neglected, when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit on this lower world a type

of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which, in another, we are taught to believe the best of virtue.

The Rams.

A correspondent of a London paper protests lustily against allowing the rams now completed in England to leave port. He describes them as inconceivably formidable, and declares that two such vessels in combat might hammer away indefinitely without doing each other injury. As against the mercantile navy they would be terrible. In speed they will be unapproached by most vessels, &c. In short, this Yankee sympathizer trembles at the very thought of such destructive instruments getting to sea. They would end the Lincoln commerce. There are two of them at Messrs. Lairds' yards at Birkenhead. One of them (E. Tonnson) is thus described by a London paper:

"The two rams are not unsightly in their bulk, but seem as well designed for swiftness as for strength. The length of each is 220 feet, the beam 42 feet, and the extreme depth less than 20 feet.—The burden is but 1,500 tons register, and the draught of each vessel when loaded will be some 15 feet, the deck being about 6 feet above the water line, all the intermediate surface being protected, first, by a coating of teak over the iron skin of the ship, and then by armor plates over that, each massive scale being 5 1/2 inches thick. All this armor is dovetailed together so accurately that the joints are scarcely perceptible. The deck is of 5 inch teak, covered with iron, and the bulwarks are almost of iron, being so made as to let down outwards, and thus to clear the decks during action. Two revolving turrets, on the well known principles invented by Capt. Coles, are apportioned to each ship, one turret being before and the other abaft her engine room. There is also a pilot house strongly built of teak and iron plated. Each turret carries two guns, placed in close proximity, so that they can be brought to bear nearly in the same position at one time. In the case of the Mounassar, one turret is being fastened on a spot situated at some little distance from the hull, and the plan of construction is at present laid bare.—Its wall is a series of cellular spaces, like the chine of a shell fish, and all these iron cells are to be filled up with teak, making one solid and uniform mass, which is to be again strengthened and rendered well nigh impregnable by armor plates. At each end of the vessel is a raised deck, forming tolerably commodious quarters for officers and men; and the fore-castle is made to carry one or two heavy guns, if they be needed. In the Captain's cabin are port holes for two 32-pounders; and each ram has a capacity for 300 tons of coal. The machinery, as a matter of course, is all below the water line. The sterns will be so formed as to protect the screw and rudder from shot or collision."

Charleston Safe.

It is evident that the Yankee game at Charleston is pretty well "played out." We felt sure of the result after the second bombardment of the city, and so stated at the time, even though Morris Island entire might fall into their hands. They were too far from the city to do any material damage, the last fight with the iron clads had proved that the Yankees had no confidence in them, the south side of Sumpter proved that the fort was stronger the more it was demolished, and, after all, the ironclad fleet, inside the harbor, would certainly fall a victim to our works, as no transports could be taken to their relief.

These considerations induced us to believe, eight weeks ago, that the expedition to Charleston had then proved a failure. Time is daily demonstrating the fact. The notes of their monster guns are getting almost as feeble as those of the dying swan. Last night there was no firing at all, and this morning the shots come at intervals of a half to three quarters of an hour.— Besides all this, the famous Ironsides, which is worth all the monitors put together, is a wreck. We think there is no doubt of this. She still lies where she was stuck by the torpedo a month ago, with all hands busy to keep her afloat. She has lost all aggressive, and what is worse, locomotive power. She will be beat to pieces when she floats.

Thus has the mightiest expedition the world ever saw been brought to an inglorious end by Confederate bravery and skill.—Exchange.

"Degenerate Yankees."

The Richmond Dispatch says: We saw the expression "degenerate" applied to the Yankees in an exchange the other day. Now, we hold it as impossible for a Yankee to degenerate as for a born idiot to make a fool of himself. The Yankee is already as low as he can get. If he wishes to get lower, he must dig for it.

Gen. Forrest a Rail-splitter.

Many plantations have been ruined and much unnecessary damage done to farms all over the country where troops have been encamped, in consequence of the too thoughtless and often real wanton burning of fence rails.

Not long since, Gen. Forrest's command encamped near a nice and well-enclosed farm. After night the General, as is his custom, took a little stroll around and among the camp fires, where he discovered large piles of good rails brightly burning, and that, too, in the immediate presence of two Colonels and all the Captains. He observed it all, but said nothing. A significant smile played over his stern features, which the boys interpreted to mean pile 'em on, and the rails were brought with alacrity, and the cheerful blaze was much enjoyed.

Early the next morning the old farmer came out, and discovered his rails were nearly all gone, and were still being offered up as a burnt offering. He sought the presence of Gen. Forrest, and being justly indignant, exclaimed, "I have heard of you a heap, and that you was a good General and a good farmer, but you are neither. No good man would burn his neighbor's rails."

The General said but little, and all his boys were surprised at his not pitching into the old man, who used language plainer than was common for anybody to use to the great fighting man of the army.

After exhausting himself, the old man returned indignant and disgusted to his residence.

On the third morning the last rail of a twenty-acre field was in ashes, when an order was issued for a detail of men to press axes from the surrounding country. It was a strange order, but was obeyed, and by 12 o'clock hundreds of axes were in camp. Order No. 2 then came, which ordered every man and officer, under the immediate supervision of the two Colonels, to take a hand in felling trees and splitting rails. In twenty-four hours a brand new ten-rail fence, well put up, enclosed the plantation.

Since that big rail splitting, the General's command always look around in the woods for fuel.—Atlanta Confederacy.

Matters in Knoxville.—Trade regulated.—In the Knoxville Daily Bulletin we find, under the glaring caption, "United States Trade Regulation," and exposition of the proposed plans of the "Board of Trade for the Department of East Tennessee."

By section first, a "Local Agent" is appointed, whose headquarters are at the "Custom House," on Gay street. Knoxville is declared to be the only "port" to be furnished with goods, wares and merchandise in the Department of East Tennessee.

Samuel Rogers is made the Local Agent, who will grant all permits for bringing in goods. All goods brought in without his sanction are forfeited.

By the next section, a fee of three dollars is exacted for each permit to import, and the tradesman must take the following oath:

"You do solemnly swear that you are in all respects loyal and true to the Government of the United States; that you will faithfully conform to the Proclamation and Orders of the President of the United States, and of the Military Governors and Generals exercising authority under him, and to Departmental Regulations authorized by law; and that you will at all times, by your conduct and conversation, and by every other means you can properly use, aid in suppressing the rebellion and restoring obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, so help you God."

This is a joyful oath. At Greenville this oath is amended to the effect that, such tradesmen shall not sell to secessionists, nor associate with them, nor wed a woman of secession proclivities. If the Yankees should overrun the whole South, the people will have been so thoroughly sworn and to so many purposes, that we fear the obligations of an oath will lose their binding force. The above is not more absurd in its terms than that administered at Athens, Tenn., which imposed the obligation to obey the United States in preference to any State, county or other corporation.

At Knoxville, merchants can only engage in the retail business. The wholesale trade is Brownlow's and his appointees. Brownlow must approve the sale of every bill of goods exceeding \$5 in value, and for each approval he receives 20 cents.—Cotton shippers must pay four cents per pound export duty and \$2 per hoghead on tobacco, "before either can escape the vigilance of the treasury officers." Manufactured tobacco pays five per cent. export duty. Disloyal persons cannot trade, "nor Union men who do not approve Lincoln's war policy."