

# WAY OF THE WORLD.

WEEKLY.

SIX MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS.

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## WAY OF THE WORLD.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Thursday, November 26, 1863.

### Change of Terms.

From this date, the price of our Paper will be two dollars per annum. The paper on which it is printed now costs us at the rate of a little more than one dollar for each subscriber, leaving nothing to pay for printing, &c. We cannot therefore afford to continue it at the old price.

### Legislature.

The Legislature of North Carolina assembled on Monday last. Nothing of importance has yet been acted upon. The subject presented in the Governor's Message were referred to the various committees.

The excellent Message of Gov. Vance to the Legislature, which we publish this week, should command attentive perusal.

### WAR-NEWS AND RUMORS.

*Burnside and Staff and Seven Thousand men taken.*

It has been officially announced to the war department that Gen. Longstreet has captured Burnside and staff, with seven thousand men, at Knoxville, Tenn.

*God News from East Tennessee.*

Atlanta, Nov. 20.—An officer who left London on the 18th, reports that Longstreet captured 1600 and Wheeler 600 Yankees on the 16th. Longstreet was only a mile and a half from Knoxville encamping. In their retreat from London, the Yankees 5000 strong and greatly demoralized left about 100 wagons on the road loaded with Commissary and Ordnance stores. Robinson's brigade left London yesterday to repair the pontoon bridge over Little Tennessee river, left by the Yankees, leading into Blount county. Persons liberated at Chattanooga report that there was great suffering there for want of food and fuel.

One hundred and thirty six Yankees forming a part of Burnside's rear guard, who reached Dalton last night, say that Knoxville is another Harper's Ferry trap, and that Burnside must evacuate it.

*Official Dispatch from Gen. Bragg.*

Richmond, Nov. 25.—The following was received here this morning:

Mission Ridge, Nov. 25.—To Gen. S. Cooper:—We have had a prolonged struggle for Lookout Mountain to day and sustained considerable loss in one Division. Elsewhere the enemy has only maneuvered for position.

[Signed.] BRAXTON BRAGG.

*The Latest from Bragg's Army.*

Atlanta, Nov. 25.—The enemy yesterday made a desperate attempt to take Lookout Mountain. At twelve o'clock when our information left the battle still raged. His advance on Monday gained possession of two small hills in our front, and yesterday morning he opened all his batteries and there was heavy skirmishing along the entire line. At noon an infantry assault was made on Lookout and a vigorous attempt kept up by the Yankees for an hour without result, when they fell back, our troops holding their own. Our informant states when he was leaving the fire of the enemy on Lookout had opened again heavily.

The temper of our troops is described as full of grit and spirit. We have intelligence that the enemy were repulsed on our right by Patton, Anderson's and Hindman's divisions with heavy loss. Our loss twenty.

*A Prophecy Fulfilled.*—The following extract from a burlesque article in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821, (Vol. II.), entitled "Specimens of a Prospective Newspaper, A. D. 1796," is curious:

The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern provinces early next spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 1,400,000 picked troops. General Copgrove's new-mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1,120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the object fired

at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square. A subsequent article in this specimen states that by means of a new invention Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days. How little did the writer anticipate that in forty years these, to him wild fancies, would be almost realized.

### A Bird's-Eye View of Rosecrans' Retreat.

The Atlanta Confederacy has the following interesting paragraph in relation to the battle of Chickamauga:

An amusing circumstance—also equally historical—occurred on Monday morning, after the battle of Chickamauga, which we have not seen in print.

Forrest led the cavalry advance and with his command pushed boldly forward to the Missionary Ridge, driving the rear of the enemy before him, and receiving a few random shots as they scampered down the other side of the hill.

Upon reaching the summit, at a point not far from the present headquarters of Gen. Bragg, the party came to halt, and while taking a "horoscope" of things about them, discovered four Yankees concealed high up among the branches of a pine tree near them. Twenty guns were instantly levelled. "Don't shoot," screamed the blue birds "we'll come," and trembling in every limb, they clambered from their perch and rolled on the ground in front of Forrest. A brief investigation ascertained that they were sharpshooters, who had not had time to escape before the rapid advance and retreat.

The pine tree was one of the most conspicuous upon that lofty chain of hills, and without a branch from the bottom to a height of seventy feet. The Yankees had bored holes in its sides, and placed a row of pegs along its trunk. Forrest immediately mounted these, and with the eagerness and agility of a boy bounded to the green boughs far above, whence the view upon either slope of the ridge fell off in panoramic luxuriance. Moses, what a sight was there! Moses, when he stood upon Mount Nebo and gazed into the promised land beheld no fairer vision than swam before the delighted eyes of Forrest.

The day was bright and clear. The clouds of smoke which floated like a swarm of gnats over the battlefield, was far in rear. The woods below were not yet incruited with the deep layer of dust which settled upon them later in the day. The sky was still penetrable; and as the keen gray eye of the enthusiast surveyed the scene, new beauties mantled themselves, one by one, until the heart swelled with the pride and glory of a conqueror who beholds the spoils of victory almost in his grasp. This valley was one moving sea of panic-stricken Yankees, hurrying towards Chattanooga. The debris of the battle, ambulances, trains of ordnance, artillery, and herds of cattle, were huddled together in a confused mass. Officers were hurrying hither and thither. The groves were thick with retiring blue coats—far beyond the bright waters of the Tennessee river, spanned by a wide pontoon, were being rapidly crossed, whilst the hills on the other side were thickly veiled in dust. There were no fortifications erected or being erected. All was haste and fear.

Forrest called from his elevated position to an officer: "Write back to Gen. Bragg and tell him he has it all his own way. The whole country is covered with Yankees. Tell him they are crossing the river, and he has only to press forward and finish this thing. Every hour he loses is the loss of a thousand men." Such were the words of Forrest, and they were duly dispatched. Again and again did he send back the same message before the morning was over: "Come on; for God's sake, come on." The field was ours, the fruit had but to be gathered.

*A Shower of Blood.*—A correspondent of the *Chattanooga (Marietta) Rebel*, writing from Gen. Lee's army, November 10, says:

Soon after our arrival at camp, the first snow storm of the season commenced, and it was accompanied with a phenomenal appearance, which is often spoken of, but seldom seen; I allude to a shower of so called blood. This reddish substance fell over a spot about four or five acres in extent, spattering the tents with large splashes of a fluid resembling poke juice in color, and collecting in considerable quantities in the cups of dead leaves, &c. There was a singular appearance in the north at the same time, resembling the "silver rain" of pyrotechnists, and which lasted but a few minutes. These facts can be attested by hundreds of persons, officers and men; and I enclose you some of the leaves dotted with this peculiar red substance.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

MR. EDITOR: A communication appeared in your columns a week or two ago, asking for information in regard to School books. A brief statement of what has been done in the State, will probably be of service to teachers and subscribe the general interests of education.

Soon after the war commenced, a convention of teachers representing the leading schools in the State was held at Raleigh to take into consideration the means of furnishing text books for our schools.

After a full consideration of the subject it was determined to encourage the production of books by our own teachers and to discourage the importation or republication of any foreign text book, whenever a suitable book could be produced at home. Several of the teachers in the State at once took up the task, and commenced publication as soon as the materials could be obtained. The work has been a slow and harassing one from the delays and accidents which have occurred. The following works have been prepared and published:

Our Own series, consisting of a Primer, three editions; Speller, three editions, First Second and Third Readers, by Richard Sterling and J. D. Campbell; Primary Grammar for Common Schools, and High School Grammar (second edition of School Grammar) by C. W. Smythe; and a Latin Grammar by Wm. Bingham.

These are all published by Sterling, Campbell, and Albright, of Greensboro, N. C. S. C. and A., have also in press, Our Own School Arithmetic, by Samuel Lander, and A First Latin Book, by C. W. Smythe. They have in preparation an elementary Arithmetic, combining mental and written exercises by Mr. Lander, and a Primary Geography. Other books are also, I believe in progress, including a Logic and Latin Reader, a Cæsar and an Algebra.

Branson, Farrar & Co., Raleigh, have also published several original works, a Primer, English Composition and a Geographical Reader. From what has been done it is evident that if our people will sustain these enterprises and throw down all attempts at importation and republication, the necessary books for our schools can be produced at home.

The State Educational Association has thrown around the enterprise all its influence, and resolved repeatedly to discontinue and disown all teachers who resort to any other source when suitable books can be furnished them, written, printed, and published at home.

The external appearance of such books must at present be poor and the cost high, but the real friends of education will not complain, knowing, as they do, that those things can be made better hereafter. Let all strive together that our educational independence may go hand in hand with our political struggle for freedom. D.

N. C. Presbyterian.

*Capture of the Robert E. Lee and Other Vessels.*—The New York Herald, of last Saturday, sets the question of the capture of the Confederate steamer Robert E. Lee. The Herald says:

Admiral Lee has communicated to the Navy Department the particulars relating to the recent capture off the North Carolina coast, from which it appears that the cargo of the Robert E. Lee consists of two hundred and fourteen large cases and boxes of shoes and blankets, some of the bales weighing two tons; one hundred and fifty cases of Austrian rifles; two hundred and fifty bags of saltpetre, and sixty-one barrels of salt, provisions, pig lead, &c. Of sixty-two persons comprising the officers and crew only fifteen were natives of the United States. Among the passengers are C. E. Stewart, Belgian Consul, and Horace H. Webber and H. W. Rooke, Lieutenants in the British royal artillery. The vessel and her ship's papers.

The Robert E. Lee was discovered by the James Adger on the morning of the 9th inst., and chase was given, which resulted in the capture of the vessel at half past seven the same day. The Lee left Bermuda five hours after the Cornubia.

The cargo of the Ella and Anna consists of 450 sacks of salt, 500 sacks of saltpetre, 281 cases of Austrian rifles, 500 bales and 42 cases of paper. She had no ship's papers. Of 35 persons on board only one was a native of the U States.

The cargo of the Cornubia consists of munitions of war, arms, saltpetre, and lead, and was solely owned by the C. S. Government. A quantity of official dispatches—military matter and private and public papers—some of them of considerable interest and value, were picked up in the surf by the boats of the Nippon having been thrown overboard or dropped by the enemy.

### The Worth of Woman.

From the German of Schiller.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,  
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;  
Scatters around her wherever she strays  
Roses of bliss on our thorn covered ways;  
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,  
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,  
Tossed by surges mountain high,  
Court's the hurricane's commotion,  
Springs at Reason's feeble cry,  
Loud the tempest roars around him;  
Lodder still it roars within,  
Flashing lights of hope confound him,  
Stuns with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile,  
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile,  
Whispering soothingly, "Cease thy noisy toils;  
Go not in search of the phantom of power;  
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!  
Happiness dwells in the temples at home."

Man, with fury stern and savage,  
Persecutes his brother man,  
Reckless if he bless or ravage—  
Action! action! still his plan;  
Now creating, now destroying,  
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;  
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying,  
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, content in silent repose,  
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,  
And waters and feeds it with innocent heart,  
Far richer than man's with his treasures of art;  
And wiser by far in her circle confined  
Than he with his science and flight of the mind.

Coldly to himself suffering,  
Man disdains the gentle arts,  
Knoweth not the bliss arising  
From the interchange of hearts,  
Slowly through his bosom stealing,  
Flows the genial current on,  
Till by age's frost congealing,  
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,  
As the high-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,

Responds to each impulse with steady reply,  
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try,  
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,  
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the ruling of man's dominion,  
Terror is the range of his word,  
And the standard of opinion  
Is the temper of the sword.  
Strife exalts, and Pity, blushing,  
From the scene departing flies,  
Where the battle madly rushes,  
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands by a milder control;  
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul;  
As the glances around her the light of her smiles,  
The war of the passions is hushed for awhile,  
And Discord content from his fury to cease,  
Reposes entranced on the pillow of peace.

### Yankee Cruelty.

We call the attention of the Confederate and State authorities, says the Richmond Sentinel, to the facts so touchingly set forth in the following letter. They are confirmed by another letter from Washington, Rappahannock, which denies the plea set up by the Yankees in justification of their conduct. Surely our enemies must have lost every attribute worthy of humanity:

WASHINGTON, Rappahannock Co., Va.

Mr. Editor:—With a trembling hand and aching heart have I retired to my lonely chamber in feelings of the deepest gloom, to inform you of one of the most cruel deeds of this war. On Saturday, the 24th of September, I walked out a short distance from my dwelling, where my husband had been busily engaged during the day grinding his sugar cane. I became so much interested that I had almost forgotten about my little girl, who had spent the day from home. Night fast approaching, I concluded I would walk on a short distance and meet her. I did so, meeting her a short distance from my residence.

As I turned my steps homewards, I heard the clattering of horses' feet. I looked around the road, and the fields were covered with Yankees, riding in great haste in the direction of my house. I quickened my step, knowing that they had robbed me last summer, while absent from home, of a great deal—my clothing and my little child's, and the most of my table ware. I walked in great haste, and as I approached the house, oh! the scene, can I ever forget? There stood my husband in the midst, with his uplifted arm to catch the blows that these demon like faces so heartily enjoyed. I rushed to his side, fearless of all danger. I asked them why it was that they were treating my husband in so cruel a manner; that he was exempt from military duty by law. They heeded not a word I would say; even the pleading of my little one availed nothing.

Seeing that my pleading and my little child's had no effect, that they then intended carrying him off, I sent in the house for his hat. As he placed his hat on his head, I bid him farewell. I then turned to my husband, and told him if justice is not done you on earth, it would be in the world to come. The Yankee being infuriated at my few words of consolation to my husband, immediately drew his pistol, and placing it to my breast, told me a d—d speech, if I did not go in the house, he would blow my brains out.

As I turned, the ruffian deliberately shot my husband, who fell at my feet.

After the horrible affair was done, they immediately placed out pickets, to arrest any one who might aid the helplessness of my condition or relieve my dying husband.

A. S. BOWERS.

*The Enemy in the Valley.*—The Staunton (Va.) Vindicator, of yesterday, has the following about the movements of the enemy in the Valley:

From the lower Valley we learn that a Yankee cavalry force, about 1,000 strong, came upon Monday last as far as the bridge, a mile this side of Mount Jackson. On their way up they captured a Lieutenant and four men on picket, belonging to Major White's battalion. At the bridge they met Major White's battalion and a section of artillery belonging to Capt. McClanahan's battery, under command of Lieut. Berkley, and were driven back, with no loss on our side. The enemy's loss—seven killed, eighteen wounded, and four captured. They were pursued that night by Major White, and attacked in their camp near Woodstock, and driven precipitately down the Valley.

A friend informs us that he has reliable advices of another bold enterprise of that fine partisan officer, Capt. McNeil. A few days ago he made a descent upon a Yankee train at Burlington, Hampshire county, eleven miles west of Romney, on the Northwestern turnpike road, captured eighty wagons, (which he destroyed, with contents,) and brought out two hundred and forty good wagon horses.

*A Grand Cavalry Review.*—A correspondent from the army of Northern Virginia describes a review of Stuart's cavalry by General Lee.

A grand review of two Divisions—Hampton's and Fitzhugh Lee's—of Stuart's cavalry, took place Thursday in a large field near Brandy Station, the spectacle represented being more imposing than the review of infantry, had some time since at Orange Court-House—Gen. Lee, as usual, first passed along in front and rear of the extensive lines of horses and men, and then coming back to the General's stand point, the two Divisions passed in review before him, the men presenting a good appearance, and the horses, considering the service they have lately undergone looking remarkably well. But the grandest feature of the day was still to come off, for general Stuart desiring to show the knowledge that this branch of our service had gained in their many encounters with the enemy, ordered the column to pass a second time in front of General Lee. As the head of the column arrived within a given space of the stand point, a bugle was sounded, and General Stuart and staff, with swords drawn, dash with impetuous speed—in memory of the Knights of ancient days—past General Lee, the gallant Stuart as he passes, giving a cut and pass with his sword that would have done justice to the best swordsman of the age. And now as each column arrives at the same point, the bugle is sounded, and with sabres, drawn the men dash in a grand charge past, yelling like demons the meanwhile.

The Richmond correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says that there is a whisper about charges being preferred against the Confederate agent in England for the purchase of arms, who is said to be a Northern man. A clue to the affair is, that he is charged with living at the rate of twenty thousand dollars a year on a small salary—nothing unusual these war times.

This is nothing. There are quartermasters and clerks in Richmond, whose salaries are but fifteen hundred dollars, living at the rates of fifty thousand dollars a year. They think nothing of paying three hundred dollars for a supper or a couple of thousand for a gold watch.—They live on the fat of the land and throw their money about as if they had unlimited credit on the Confederate Treasury.—*Examiner.*

*Capture of a Yankee Regiment.*—Corinth dates to the 29th ult., telegraphed to the Chicago Times, state that the 1st Alabama cavalry (loyal) about 800 strong, recently sent to destroy the railroad communications of the enemy, when near Talladega, were surrounded by a largely superior force, and most of them captured.

The use of the magnetic telegraph is now being introduced into Montreal for private convenience, as it has been for public advantage. A firm in that city, largely engaged in wholesale drugs, have established a line between their store in the city and their mills in the country.—The wires are similarly used elsewhere.