

# WAY OF THE WORLD.

## WEEKLY.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS.

SIX MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR.

VOL. II.

GREENSBORO, N. C. DECEMBER 3, 1863.

NO. 101.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
Sterling, Campbell & Albright.

### Advertisements

Inserted at TWO DOLLARS per square for the first insertion, and ONE DOLLAR for each subsequent insertion. Ten lines or less counted as a square.

## WAY OF THE WORLD.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Thursday, December 3, 1863.

### N. C. Conference.

The North Carolina Conference, of the M. E. Church, commenced its sessions in this place on the second instant, Bishop Pierce presiding.

The attendance of Ministers appears to be quite large, but the outsiders are not so numerous as in times of peace.

As the sessions have only commenced, we can give no account of their proceedings.

### Daily State Journal.

Since the Journal was resumed but one number has made its appearance on our table. From this specimen we must say that its appearance is decidedly better than most of our dailies.

### Negro Parties.

We heartily endorse the following communication, which we copy from the Patriot, of last week; for while we are always in favor of granting our servants all proper liberties, we are opposed to allowing them to indulge in extravagances which their masters do not feel able to ford, in such things as these, and which cannot bring them no real benefit, but may be productive of much injury both to them and to us:

For years past, in this town, a round of negro parties has commenced in December, and continued through the winter. Contributions have necessarily been levied upon the smoke houses, hen roosts, sugar barrels, &c., of the masters and mistresses, in order to raise the "wherewith." In the plentiful seasons gone by this has been winked at; for in those days there was enough for all, and the fat of the land was in reach of poor and rich, bond and free.

But in the scarcity of the present season, it is hoped that these negro parties will not be allowed. Very few persons in town can afford the steatage necessary to support them; and those who can afford it, will do better service to humanity, by bestowing any surplus they may have upon the poor of their own race.

Uncle Jim and aunt Hannah "get round" master and mistress for permission to "give a little party." It is granted. The other negroes "get round" their masters and mistresses for permission to go—and if they don't get it, go anyway. One party is pleaded as a precedent for another—and there is no end of the matter, until the chickens give out.

These things ought not to be this winter. And if masters have not firmness enough to stop it the police (if there is any police) should take the matter in hand.

BOB SHORT.

**The Description in North Carolina.**—North Carolina has furnished during this war nearly 100,000 men for the Confederate army. For the year ending in July last she sent 11,874 conscripts, and between three and four thousand volunteers. In her quota there has been only 2,040 substitutes—a smaller number in comparison than any other State of the same population. The following is a list of the exemptions in the State: Asylum 23, apothecaries 18, black smiths 588, county and State officers 282, cadets at military institutes 13, soldiers 14, C. S. judicial officers 1, C. S. tax collectors 2, details 1,913, disabled 7,868, Ex. clemency 87, Express Co. employees 14, foreigners 117, factory employees 155, fire department 57, fundees 6, Government contractors 28, hatters 3, harness makers 1, militia officers 2,346, magistrates 497, millers 608, millwrights 123, mail contractors and carriers 72, miners 36, non-combatants 196, officers 120, operatives in iron works 17, preachers 150, physicians 204, paper makers 14, policemen 34, printers 94, postmasters and clerks 9, railroad employees 534, shoemakers 631, suit makers 67, school teachers 121, substitutes 2,040, State-ordained employees 258, three agents 2, seamen 11, steamboat agents 1, superintendent gas works 2, tanners 174, telegraph operators 18, wagon makers 212, watchmakers 13, powder powder manufacturers 3, Government agents 17, habeas corpus 31—total 21,538. *Richmond Dispatch*

### WAR NEWS.

The rumor published last week as official, in regard to the surrender of Knoxville and the capture of Burnside's, turns out to be not only unoffical but untrue. The condition of affairs there is rather uncertain. The following is perhaps as accurate as any information received.

### From Knoxville.

The editor of the Marietta Confederate conversed on Tuesday with a cavalry officer of Crew's Brigade, and a soldier of Kershaw's Brigade, the former of whom left our lines around Knoxville Saturday night, the latter Saturday morning. They say that our troops completely invest the city from the river above around to the river below it, the river side of the town being the only way of ingress and egress for the enemy. Our infantry lines extend a mile and a half from the river, and our cavalry the other third. The cavalry are on the side of the city looking towards Cumberland Gap, with the infantry, after a severe skirmish with the enemy, had been thrown across the Holston, near the mouth of French Broad, with a view of preventing the enemy from planting a battery on the South bank of the river, immediately opposite Knoxville, which, it was said, they were attempting to do. The enemy had positions across the river, and holding the heights, would be able to forage on the South side, if their attempts succeeded.

Longstreet's lines were close up to the city. He drove the enemy from their position on the high hill, just beyond College Hill, going from the city, and the enemy attempted to charge and retake the position on Friday night last and were repulsed by Kershaw's Brigade, who followed them, and on Saturday occupied the valley at the foot of College Hill, only about a hundred yards from the enemy's battery, of about eight guns, on College Hill. The enemy had not fired a gun from the battery. Prisoners said they were short of ammunition.

One of our batteries was within 350 or 400 yards of the railroad depot. The enemy had burnt the Humphrey's House, and the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad Depots and Machine Shops, but had not burnt the East Tennessee and Georgia Depots or shops.

Four thousand of the enemy were said to be at Strawberry Plains, (fifteen miles from Knoxville,) and Gen. Jones and Ransom were shelling them from the opposite bank of the river. This is the only part of Burnside's force outside of Knoxville, except the remnant of Bird's cavalry, which are beyond the river below Kingston. The remnant of Woodford's cavalry are in Knoxville. Burnside's force in Knoxville is represented by prisoners to be from 10,000 to 15,000 and on half rations.

There was a rumor of Wheeler having captured a battery and 400 prisoners, but it lacks confirmation.

Brownlow, Maynard and Baxter are said to have left Knoxville for Cumberland Gap on Tuesday last, Burnside having issued an order advising all non-combatants to leave the city. It was rumored that the Texas rangers had captured his press, type, &c.

### From Virginia.

It is quite probable that a general battle has commenced between Lee and Mead. The enemy crossed to the South side of the Rapidan, on Friday last, and on the same evening a heavy skirmish occurred between Johnson's Division and two Divisions of the enemy. The fighting was severe and just before night the enemy were driven back to their entrenchments. On Saturday nothing was done. On Sunday Gen. Lee announced that both armies were forming in line of battle.

### Chattanooga.

We have nothing definite yet from the fight at this point, which occurred almost two weeks since.

The Atlanta Confederacy, of the 27th learns from a general officer just down that skirmishing began on Saturday. There was intense firing on Sunday and Monday, and continuing continuous along the whole line at daylight on Tuesday.

The battle began, the enemy charging impetuously on Lookout with forty thousand strong, and at the same time occupying the attention of our right wing at the foot of Mission Ridge. The onset at first was not impetuous, but increased in vigor as the day advanced.

Hill's corps, commanded by Breckinridge, in a the shock with unflinching courage. Late in the afternoon the enemy ceased, and by repeated attacks made an impression on our lines. At 4 P. M. the day's combat gave way—the

enemy pouring through the valley like a flood. Our troops on Lookout, seeing themselves cut off, got confused, retreating in disorder.

During the night, the enemy not pursuing, the remnant of our left was withdrawn to Mission Ridge, where our troops were massed for the morrow's battle. Some of our commands on the left were captured.

On Wednesday before sunrise the enemy advanced his whole force with ardor upon the works at the foot of Mission Ridge. Hardee, commanding, then met the attack with wonderful vigor and success. Charge after charge was repulsed. Five hundred dead lay in front of our works. Our right stood firm. The battle ceased at dark on Wednesday. After nightfall the enemy improved his position on Lookout, posting batteries to enfilade position on Mission Ridge, necessitating its evacuation, when our line fell back eastward of Mission and behind Chichamunga, where it now stands. The battle was not renewed on Thursday. Our loss in killed and wounded is not a thousand; the enemy's is at least twenty thousand. Our loss in prisoners is not known—we have six hundred prisoners. Grant commanded in person. Washington and Cobb's artillery lost all their guns. General Waltham is not seriously wounded, and is now here. Governor Harris, who fought through the battle, is also here. Our wounded are beginning to arrive.—Bragg's headquarters are now at Ringgold.

### Perfidy among the Blockade Runners.

"Dixie," the Richmond correspondent of the Atlanta Appeal, writes:

The loss of the Venus a week ago at the mouth of Cape Fear river, was a severe blow to the Quartermaster General, and the casualty was the more lamentable because it was the result of treachery. I have seen and conversed with a gentleman who came passenger on the Venus, and he tells me that the vessel had nearly got through the blockading squadron without discovery, and in five minutes more would have been safely out of range of the enemy's guns, when some traitor among the crew rang the steamer's bell, thus giving the Yankees the alarm, and indicating in the darkness, the exact direction in which they should open fire. This they did with such fatal accuracy that three men on the deck of the Venus were killed by the first shot. Two other shots successively struck the vessel. At the moment of firing, signals were made to all the other ships of the fleet, several of which moved rapidly across the mouth of the river to intercept the Venus, and nothing was left the captain but to run her upon the beach. The vessel had no sooner struck than she was surrounded by the launches of the blockaders, and the passengers and crew were descending one side of the ship as the Yankees were swarming over the other. Twenty-two only made their escape.—Twenty-eight were taken prisoners by the enemy. The fate of the Venus should be a warning to the captains of Government vessels to be exceedingly careful in the selection of their crews, especially in shipping men in Bermuda and Nassau. The Yankees, well enough convinced by this time that they cannot effectually close the port of Wilmington by their blockade, are resorting to strategy to compass the capture of our steamers. Beranda and Nassau are overrun with the agents of Seward, and these men will lose no opportunity of getting their hirelings on board Confederate vessels, by offering to pay them enormous sums to betray the ship on which they take service into the hands of the blockaders.

Rev. Mr. Fiske, at St. Paul, Minnesota, in a sermon declared that "John Brown was a second Jesus Christ;" whereupon a copperhead caucus resolved: "That Rev. Mr. Fiske has made himself a second Balaam's ass; provided, however, nothing herein contained is intended to slander the original ass, by intimating that Mr. Fiske is a linear descendant."

**Died on the Cars.**—John B. Sutphin, a private belonging to company D, 54th Virginia regiment, died on the cars on the North Carolina railroad, just below the company shops, on Wednesday night, Nov. 18th. He was on his way to his home, in Floyd county, Va., en furlough. The body was carried to Raleigh and left at the Wayside Hospital for interment.

**Sorghum Syrup.**—A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, stating that Mr. B. F. Adams, of Georgia, had lost fifteen negroes from eating this syrup. Mr. Adams says it is a fabrication, and that he looks upon it as so nutritious that he intends to extend its cultivation.

### The Legend of the Snow-Drop.

Far away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow, and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labors; but he loved to sit under the vines, and see the rich purple clusters of grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her son, and often seating him upon her knee after the labor of the day was over, she told him of his father: how he was a good man and a brave soldier who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked marching to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one of that gallant band ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was lying still in a distant province; but though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him to plead again for the pardon so often denied.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sun beams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long dark journey alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted her child, murmuring, "I will not leave you for ever, my son; we shall meet again—in my father's house." She spoke no more—and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer; but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "She will not leave me for ever, my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail they left him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would overcome his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no change, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the grape gatherers as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie weeping at his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and bare, and the snow rested upon the hill; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his wife nursed him tenderly, but during the tedious hours of illness, his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, "We shall meet in my father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the valleys, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down at the grave and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen, appeared a tiny blade struggling to pierce the crusted ground; the boy tenderly scraped aside the snow that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his last mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a beam of hope beamed on his sad, pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers. But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had

never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears; see how each snow-white drop quivers upon its stem like a tear about to fall; his mother knows his sorrow and would console him thus.

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more; he loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending towards the earth.

The cure, who dwell among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still the words of his mother seemed ever present with him.

"We shall meet in my father's house!" And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the cure, said firmly,

"My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good cure drew little Renie towards him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house where his mother awaited his coming; and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all-wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted, and dared not wish his mother back to the home of that earthly father who had cast her off.

As the kind teacher went on and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears, and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him; they are messengers sent to console us both; and when I tell him my mother is gone home to her heavenly Father's house he will not be angry with her any more, but will love me for her sake."

The good cure blessed the little boy—the peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes, and then Renie after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them; he regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him kindness was rewarded by a little tuft; and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and softly opening a wicket-gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. "The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man, who with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and with mournful voice and shivering hand constantly murmured to himself;

"My child, my child! I have driven you from me, and now am broken-hearted. I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words; a gleam of joy illumined his heart: lifting his basket of flowers he stood before the old man, saying as he offered them,

"Grandfather, see, I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he heard Renie's story, and read the letter of the good cure, he clasped the child in his arms and shed over him tears of mingled penitence and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie with his grandfather went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the foot-prints of angels leading them on, and each one to which Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them as they passed.

When the next spring time came, the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them, "Renie's consolation."

Miss A. J. Harrington  
THE FLOWERS COLLECTION  
Harrington  
etc