

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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THOMAS J. HOLTON,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.



IS SLEEP, THEN, LOST TILL?

We have often asked ourselves this question, says the Home Journal, and it seems answered in the negative by the following beautiful poem of Miss Browning's, on the text: "He giveth his beloved sleep."

—Of all the thoughts of God, that are  
Born mortal unto sensible men,

Along the Pastor's music deep,

Saw tell me there are any

Fair gift of grace surpassing this—

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

—What would we give to our beloved?

—The heart to be unbroken?

—A little rest in my sleep—

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blest for our sake?

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

—Stay, what would we give to our beloved?

—Our hearts to be unbroken?

—The soul turned here to sleep—

The soul's about to partake forever,

The morn's about to light the brow?

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

—Our soul so full of earthly noise?

—Our soul, the mother's heart!

—Our heart that e'er it fell,

For never a sleepless through you all,

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

—His dew drops mostly on the hill;

—Tossing up its slope, more tall and steep?

—More slant than the dew is slant,

Or shadowed overhead,

—He giveth his beloved sleep.

—Yet still may wonder, while they see,

A long thinking, feeling heart,

In such a rest has to keep;

Angels go— and thir' the word,

When their blessed smile is heard—

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

—My heart that first did go;

—My heart which still abides,

—Tosses through here the jangler's leap;

Would now no wretched vision clear;

Would,childlike, on a love repeat,

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

—And friends! dear friends!—when shall it be

That this low breath is gone from me,

And this life, which still abides,

—Tosses through here the jangler's leap?

—Say! Not a tear must e'er you fall!

—He giveth his beloved sleep?

Miscellaneous.

THE DATE IN THE CHEST,  
BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Here is a shirt bosom I wish you to stitch, Emma," said Mrs. Harvey to her daughter, "it is for your father, and as he is in a hurry for his shirts, I must get you to help me."

"Oh, mother," said Emma, reluctantly taking the piece of linen, "you know well enough you have some pain in the chest."

"But, my daughter, this is a case of necessity. Your father has to go South next week, on business, and these shirts must be finished for him to take. I really cannot do them myself by that time."

Emma said no more. Bucifully sitting down, she began to stitch the shirt bosom; and, for a while, worked with something like real industry. But this did not continue long. Soon she began to fidget; then to glance at the windows; and finally she laid down her task, under pretence of wanting some water. It took her a full quarter of an hour to satisfy her thirst; at least it was that period before she returned to her work. Several times, during the afternoon, she repeated this behavior. At tea she sat stooping over her plate, and when her father asked her what was the matter, she complained of a pain in the chest.

"What have you been doing?" he said.

"Oh! I thought I would stitch one of your new shirt-bosoms," replied Emma, hastening to answer before her mother could speak. "But it had made me quite sick."

"Never mind the shirt bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern—"I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always were delicate, my dear."

The mother gave a glance of silent reproof to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means. I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can my love."

Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying, in reply, that Emma could stand as much, if she would; but, on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many

a mother has, to think how the inconsiderate fondness of the father was spoiling the daughter.

Mrs. Harvey sent for a seamstress that evening, and, accordingly, the next day, Emma had nothing to do. In the morning she made calls, and then came home to read a novel, over which she strolled until dinner time. In the afternoon, having finished the novel, she had recourse to her worsted work, over which she strolled until it was too dark to see. All this time she made no complaint of the pain in the chest, though she had strolled for a period twice as long on the preceding day. Her mother, who watched her with a meaning look, for some time, at last said,

"Emma, how long have you been engaged on that bit of work, my dear?"

"About six months, isn't it?" replied Emma, looking up for a second only, and resuming the counting of her threads. "One, two, three; it was just past New Year's I began it; one, two; wasn't it?"

"And what do you expect to do with it?"

"Make a chair cover of it to be sure—Why you know that, mamma?"

"But we have no chairs to cover."

"Oh! it will come in use sometime, or if it don't, I can give it away, you know."

"How much do you suppose your worsted have cost?"

"Three dollars. I believe that was it—But you know as well as I do, ma, for you were with me when I bought it."

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Harvey.—And she mentally added, "all I have more important things to remember."

"There was silence for a short period, when the mother quietly said,

"Don't it sometimes give you a pain in the breast, my dear, to stop, hour after hour, over this sort of work?"

Emma looked up, crimson with shame—She was a sensible girl, and felt the home thrust. Dropping her work, she said,

"Give me a shirt bosom, mamma, and I will stitch it indeed. I will. I was wrong last night to say what I did."

"Well, no," said Mrs. Harvey, with a dash of irony in her tone, for she wished to make Emma thoroughly ashamed. "You had better go on with your worsted work; for there is no hurry for that. And besides it is not for your father, nor, even, for me; for yourself, but for somebody, you don't exactly know who, or perhaps for nobody at all. No, my dear, I could not think of taking you away from your useful employment, and putting you to one so worthless as assisting to stitch shirt-bosoms for your father."

"Now, mamma," said Emma, with the tears in her eyes, "don't, please don't. I have been very foolish. Oh! do let me help on your shirt-bosom."

"No, my dear," replied her mother, gently, but firmly, and dropping her tone of irony. "I have hired Susan for the week, and it should help us now, there will not be enough for her. And I am afraid, my child, that you would soon tire of this sort of work."

"You don't mean so, ma," humbly said Emma; "now do you?"

"Indeed I do, my daughter. I have noticed, ever since you came home from boarding-school, that you like old work which is real work, though you will sit all day at some trifles more prettily than useful. Now, while I don't mean to say that making worsted patterns is always a waste of time, I do say it is so when things more immediately claim our attention. Moreover, habits of industry and self-denial are to be acquired in youth, if ever; and if girls do only such work as they please, these habits they will never get. Young ladies don't like to do plain sewing, but are ready to stitch forever at fancy work; yet when they become wives, they will find that they must do more or less of the former, unless they happen to marry very rich men. And so work becomes a real trial; because they are unused to it. Far a husband to find that he has a wife, good for nothing except to spend money, one who can't even sew without having a pain in the chest, is one of the most disheartening things he can experience; and will go very much farther than what would seem, at first, more important things, to undermine his love."

Emma was now fairly subdued. She had never thought of the subject seriously before. Just from school, and as yet undisciplined in household affairs, she had unconsciously allowed her indisposition to use for work to lead her into her late folly.

She saw that her pain in the chest was merely, and not really, else it would have attacked her also when strolling over her mother, or her worsted. She felt that it was a willing mind she wanted, instead of bodily strength, of which she had enough.

Her mother continued inexorable. The shirts were made without her help, much as she desired to assist on them. Her worsted-work had now really grown distasteful to her; but her mother would not permit her to idle; and so she had to persevere until it was finished.

The lesson was not over yet, however.—One day Emma wished a new ribbon. It was not absolutely necessary for her to have, though it would have been a gratification that her mother graciously refused to allow the expenditure.

"No, my dear, you must go without the ribbon. I paid Susan, for helping me make those shirts, just what this will cost; and your folly indicated that expense on your father, I think it but right you should make reparation. Here is an opportunity where, by a little self-denial, you can do so. You know, my child, I have no faith in repartees without work."

Mr. Bull said that he wanted time to examine them. He did not know now whether he was opposed to the resolutions or not, but desirably opposite to examine them.

The motion to postpone was not agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Merriman, of North Carolina, the name of Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, was inserted in the resolution after the name of Mobile, Alabama.

The resolutions as amended were then adopted.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—Experience shows that the human voice under favorable circumstances is capable of filling a larger space than was ever, probably, enclosed within the walls of a single room.

Laurent Foster, on Parry's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,000 feet, or about one and a quarter miles. Dr. Young says that, at Gibraltar, the human voice has been heard at a distance of 10 miles. It sound be prevented from spreading and losing itself in the air, either by a pipe or an extensive flat surface, as a wall or still water, it may be conveyed to a great distance. Boat heard a flute clearly through a tube of cast iron—the water pipes of Paris—3,120 feet long. The lowest whisper was distinctly heard.

The mother, we believe, has finally concluded to abandon the name she had first selected for it and to christen it "Justitia," according to the suggestion of Gov. Daly.

"Never mind the shirt-bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern—"I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always were delicate, my dear."

The mother gave a glance of silent reproof to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means. I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can my love."

But alas! when there is anything useful to be done, anything that is real work, a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can my love."

Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying,

in reply, that Emma could stand as much, if she would; but, on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.—The Register and Whig gives the minutes of the first two days' proceedings. The following States were represented by the numbers annexed, at 3 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday: Tennessee, 184; Georgia, 125; Alabama, 116; Virginia, 123; South Carolina, 70; Mississippi, 22; Florida, 6; Louisiana, 11; North Carolina, 4; Maryland, 9; Arkansas, 2; Arizona Territory, 1; Kentucky, 1.

THE KNOXVILLE CONVENTION.—The Register and Whig gives the minutes of the first two days' proceedings. The following States were represented by the numbers annexed, at 3 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday: Tennessee, 184; Georgia, 125; Alabama, 116; Virginia, 123; South Carolina, 70; Mississippi, 22; Florida, 6; Louisiana, 11; North Carolina, 4; Maryland, 9; Arkansas, 2; Arizona Territory, 1; Kentucky, 1.

ENORMOUS TUMOR.—On Wednesday the 20th of July, we witnessed the removal of a large tumor from the body of a negro woman belonging to Dr. A. Holmes of this place.—

The tumor was first noticed about 8 months previous to its removal. The patient was placed under the influence of Chloroform and Ether combined, and an incision of 15 or 16 inches made upon the distended abdomen, when an enormous fibro cartilaginous tumor was exposed, and removed. The tumor after being dried off of a considerable amount of water and blood, weighed 24 lbs. Had it been weighed before dipping it would doubtless have gone to 26 pounds.—

The patient though extremely weak at the operation, sustained the operation well, and at this writing five days after, doing well.

Drs. A. Holmes, H. A. Bozell, J. A. Bizzell and W. G. Micks performed each their part in the service, Dr. Holmes doing the cutting.

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. E. B. Bryan, of South Carolina, submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention the eighth article of the treaty of Washington, ratified on the 11th of November, 1842, ought to be annulled, under the provision of the first clause of the eleventh article of said treaty.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be sent, by the President of this Convention, to the Senators and Representatives in Congress from each State, representing the request that it be laid before the Legislatures of their respective States for their consideration.

The eighth article above referred to, provides for the keeping of a squadron on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade; and the eleventh article provides that after five years from the ratification of this treaty, it shall continue in force until one or the other of the parties shall signify a wish to terminate it.

This question was then taken by States, upon laying the resolutions upon the table, and it was not agreed to as follows:

Tenn.—Kentucky,