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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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## Poetry.

### MY BROTHER SLEEPS.

BY JAMES CHALLES.

"My brother sleeps!" O, wake him not,  
The gentle breaths still o'er him bearing;  
And sighs, or his dear breathings sound,  
The heavens their bestial deers are sending.

He was my pride, my only joy;  
No sister have I, father, mother;  
All these, and more than these to me—  
He was my kind, my gentle brother.

All day, though forests wild he roam,  
At night we sleep, our arms embracing;  
And now in dreams, the paths he trod,  
My eagles' spirit still is tracing.

The words, for him, seem doubly dear;  
The voice more clear the oak are breathing;  
The rays more calm his calm sleep;  
Beneath the stars now on him shining.

His spirit breathes in every sigh,  
His form I see in every action;  
His voice is heard in every gale,  
That sweeps the land, and stirs the ocean.

The rose was not more sweet of fruit,  
More gay the red-bud of the mountain;  
The music sweeter of his voice,  
Than laughing brook, or gushing fountain.

His paleness stole upon his cheek,  
And 'till he said, "I am a weary man!"  
And when the fatal moment came,  
It felt no very lone and dreary."

All day he looked upon my arm,  
All night, I gazed upon him sleeping,  
At morn he whispered, "brother dear,"  
And now beneath you shade he's sleeping.

"Now, KAN, BE, BE!" O, how sweet,  
The nightingale his bed adorning;  
His slumbers never will be brook,  
Until the resurrection.

## Miscellaneous.

### DARLING LOTTY; OR THE PERILS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

When a young couple in New York choose to bring their love affairs to the recognition of the minister or magistrate, and become man and wife, according to the statute made and provided, housekeeping does not follow as a necessary consequence. They live with the "Old Folks," or find a room in a "gentle boarding-house;" or, if able, take apartments at some fashionable "Family Hotel."

Had the country at large been supplied with these conveniences for young couples, our heroine would have avoided, and we should not have recorded, the perils of housekeeping.

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who settling in a thriving village, became in due time a builder, contractor, and a free-handed man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious; and among their other blessings they had one fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as amiable, as charming, indeed as was necessary to make the smartest and cleverest young man in the place fall in love with her—which he did.

Of course he did. He was a medical student, in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Miss Charlotte in the parlor or the garden. He could hear her play on the piano-forte, and sing; he could see her doing all sorts of wonderful work and crochets; and he came to think that parlor, one of the most delightful places in the world.

Well—it was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshines, music, billets, blouses, bouquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally, "Ask Pa!" and then a wedding—but of course the dilemma came first

and the potted child of the successful carpenter became Mrs. Doctor Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college rather young, and who thought it needful to raise all the whickers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Maccassar, and to mount a pair of spectacles beside, to make him look old enough, had decided to commence business in a small but growing village in a neighboring county; where, as it happened, Mr. Jones owned a neat cottage, of which, with its sore garden lot, he made his daughter a marriage present; and there, on the termination of the wedding tour, they took up the residence. The good Mrs. Jones had put everything "to rights." It was in the most exquisite "apple pie order," and no young couple, just beginning housekeeping, was ever any better fixed.

Mrs. Jones, good soul, had always done her own work. Help was dreadful bother. Charlotte had been carefully educated.—She could do everything; that is, everything that is ever taught to young ladies. She could do all kinds of fancy work. Her worsted sets, and waxflowers were wonderful; so were her water-color drawings, and her mono-chromatic sketches were "high art." Everybody said so.

But, somehow, Mrs. Jones, from the habit of doing everything herself, had not given Miss Charlotte a fair chance in kitchen and laundry, and in other housekeeping accomplishments; while Charlotte had a vague idea that all these common things were perfectly easy, and as they were not taught at school, she concluded that they came by nature. So she commenced her housekeeping in a dream of blissful anticipations.

They took possession of their own nice little house one fine summer's evening.—Mrs. Jones ran them all properly fixed, and had gone home.

She awakened with the early birds. Dr. Simmons dreamed that somebody was thundering on the door, to sell him up to see a patient. It was his horse, pawing to be fed.

"Well, Lotty dear," said the grave Doctor, who was in his twenty-third year, to his wife of seventeen, "shall we make a beginning now? rise early, and attend to business?"

"O, by all means! I'll jump up, and get breakfast."

"And I'll feed Pomp, and weed the garden."

So the Doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and took a peep into the neat little kitchen, to see how the "Darling Lotty" was getting on with her hands. Her face was very red, and her hands very black; her hair was powdered with ashes. It was plain that she had trouble; but she spoke pleasantly, for all that, when she said—

"Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be ready."

Well, he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he sneezed, then he wound up his clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he should cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.

The Darling Lotty was looking a little better, but still rather anxious.

"Have you had a hard time, darling?" inquired the Doctor, anxiously.

"O, not very. The fire did not kindle well at first, and the stove smoked."

"Did you open the damper?"

"Damper! why no. Has it got a damper? Well, I'll remember next time. Now have some coffee."

The Doctor took his cup, stirred it about, looked rather hard at it; and then at Darling Lotty.

"Well, what is it? I'm sure I don't know what makes it full of those specks, I boiled, and boiled it."

"Yes, it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin?"

"No, I forgot."

"No matter; it will do very well. Now, Darling Lotty, I'll try an egg. Why! it's as hard as a brickbat."

"Hard! Now, how can they be hard, when they were boiling all the time I was making the coffee and the toast?"

"Ah! toast; let us try that. A little burned, but very good; there, don't cry, darling, it'll be all right next time."

After showers come sunshine, and this one cleared off. The Doctor laid aside his dignity, and helped wash the dishes; and then put his horse in the new sulky, took the new saddle-bags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while Darling Lotty looked out a worried parrot, that bid fair to be the wonder of her next winter's parties. But this, like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner to make up for the breakfast. The Doctor liked a nice dish of boiled vegetables—so he made a fire, and peeled the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and put them with a nice spare rib or fresh pork into the kettle, and set them to boiling. There was a rousing fire; the water boiled furiously, and she went up stairs to put a few sticks in the parrot. Pretty soon she became conscious of and unpleasant odor; she snuffed, and wondered, and then put in the eye of the parrot. But the pleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction it seemed to come from; and that happened to be the kitchen. The stove was red-hot; so was the kettle of boiled vegetables; and a nice smother was rising from it. The Darling Lotty dashed a dipper of water into the kettle; bang! and sent a cloud of

steam! The kettle was cracked, but the Doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set, and the dinner was soon dished. The Darling Lotty took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed, and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysterics; but the Doctor was so cheerful, and tender, that she began to feel quite happy. But the poor dinner. It did not smell exactly right; it seemed to have caught on the bottom of the kettle, the Doctor said; then the potatoes were boiled into a pulp; while the beets and turnips were quite hard. The fresh pork rather wanted salting.

"Charles, dear!" said Lotty very sadly.

"Well, Lotty Darling, what is it?"

"I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice."

"Well, it is a little scorched; and not exactly managed all regular, and all that sort of thing, you know; but what signifies? We'll try the dessert."

"O!"

"Well, darling, what's the trouble?"

Lotty ran into the kitchen, and there was her poor, forgotten plumb-pudding in the stove oven, just burnt to a cinder.—It was as black as coal; a few carbonaceous specimens, as the Doctor learnedly remarked, as he finished or rather made his dinner on some bread and butter.

The Darling Lotty mourned over her disasters but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her parrot, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure she could accomplish. And when the hour drew near she made up a fire; and by this time she had learned how to manage that. Then she took some flour and milk, and butter, with plenty of saleratus, to make them light, and mixed up some nice biscuits, and put them in the oven, then she made tea, and when all was ready she rang the bell with great emphasis. And, truly to say the table was very richly arranged, and the tea service of gold-band china was beautiful.

Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto. He took a cake, and tried to break it, but it did not seem to break readily.—Then he tried his knife. It cut like cheese; also, it was very yellow, and smelt, and tasted rather strongly, the Doctor said, of free alkalis. So it did, in fact for there had been no acid to neutralize the saleratus, and set free its carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cakes rise.—The Doctor explained it all very learnedly; and then, as he felt dry, took a sip of tea, of which he was very fond. But he made a wry face.

Lotty was in consternation. "Is not the tea right? It must be! I put in a great deal, and boiled it ever so long. I'm sure, if it hasn't got the strength it soon will have."

My darling Lotty, tea is a delicate and odoriferous plant; and should be prepared as an infusion, and not as a decoction.—Bring me a little tea, darling, and some hot water; and I will soon make a good cup of tea," and he did.

The poor darling Lotty. It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honey moon, to keep her from down right despair. But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she had determined to have such a nice breakfast as should make up for all.

Morning came; and our young doctor gallantly offered to assist in getting the morning report; but no, Lotty was determined to do her own work. She mixed her cake according to the learned suggestions of the evening previous. She boiled the eggs three minutes by the clock. The coffee was clear—greatest comfort of all. She rang the bell, and sat down in triumph.

The doctor broke a biscuit—it was capital. The egg was just right. They he tasted the coffee—and it came out of his mouth as soon as it was in. And such a face!—Doctors are not squeamish—young doctors particularly. They know what bad tastes and bad smells are; but this—

"Why Charles?" cried the darling Lotty, "what is the matter with the coffee?"

"That is what I would like to know.—Lotty Darling, I know you do your best, and the biscuit and eggs are beautiful; but what did you put in the coffee?"

"Why, Charles, you said it must have some fish-skin to settle it; and the fish in the house is some herrings, so I skinned two of them, and put the skin in the coffee!" and poor Lotty burst into a paroxysm of tears.

But there came sunshine soon, that made it all pleasant weather. Lotty had invited an old school friend to visit her. She came soon after breakfast, and as it happened, her house-keeping education had not been neglected. She absolutely knew everything. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, even Mrs. Glass, or Mrs. Russell could not excel her. She was a walking-cook-book, and a lively little treatise on domestic economy.

Never was a visitor more welcome, and now the darling Lotty learned every possible thing—to wash and mend, and bake, and cook everything; and became the nicest little housekeeper extant, while the Doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance, and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into an extensive practice, and never was tired of boasting of the excellent cookery of his darling Lotty.

## OUR DANGER AND OUR DUTY;

BY  
REV. J. H. THORNWELL, D. D.

(Continued from last week.)

Public spirit will not have reached the height which the exigency demands, until we shall have relinquished all fastidious notions of military etiquette, and have come to the point of expelling the enemy by any and every means that God has put in our power. We are not fighting for military glory; we are fighting for a home, and for a national existence. We are not aiming to display our skill in tactics and generalship; we are aiming to show our selves a free people worthy to possess and able to defend the institutions of our fathers. What signifies it to us how the foe is vanquished, provided it is done? Because we have no weapons of the most approved workmanship, are we to sit still and see our soil overrun, and our wives and children driven from their homes, while we have in our hands other weapons that can equally do the work of death? Are we to perish if we cannot conquer by the technical rules of scientific warfare? Are we to sacrifice our country to military punctilio? The thought is monstrous. We must be prepared to extemporize expedients. We must cease to be ehary, either about our weapons or the means of using them. The end is to drive back our foes. If we cannot procure the best rifles, let us put up with the common guns of the country; if they cannot be had, with pikes, and axes, and tomahawks; if anything that will do the work of death is an effective instrument in a brave man's hand. We should be ready for the regular battle or the partisan skirmish. If we are too weak to stand an engagement in the open field, we can waylay the foe, and harass and annoy him. We must prepare ourselves for a guerrilla war. The enemy must be conquered; and any method by which we can honorably do it must be resorted to. This is the kind of spirit which we want to see aroused among our people. With this spirit, they will never be subdued. If driven from the plains, they will retreat to the mountains; if beaten in the field, they will hide in swamps and marshes, and when their enemies are least expecting it, they will pounce down upon them in the dashing exploits of a Samter, a Marion, and a Davis. It is only when we have reached this point that public spirit is commensurate with the danger.

In the second place, we must guard against the temptation of a temper of presumptuous confidence. The cause is not ours, but God's; and if we measure its importance only its accidental relation to ourselves, we may be suffered to perish for our pride. No nation ever yet achieved anything great that did not regard itself as the instrument of Providence. The only lasting inspiration is the inspiration of religion. The Greeks and Romans never ventured upon any important enterprise without consulting their gods. They felt that they were safe only as they were persuaded that they were in alliance with heaven. Man, though limited in space, limited in knowledge, is truly great, when he is linked to the Infinite as the means of accomplishing lasting ends. To be God's servant, that is his highest destiny, his sublimest calling. Nations are under the papillage of Providence; they are in training themselves, that they may be the instruments of furthering the progress of the human race.

Polybius, the historian, traces the secret of Roman greatness to the profound sense of religion which constituted a striking of the national character. He calls it, expressly, the foremost pillar of the Roman State; and he does not hesitate to denounce, as enemies to public order and prosperity, those of his own contemporaries, who sought to undermine the sacredness of the convictions. Even Napoleon sustained his vaulting ambition by a mysterious connection with the invisible world. He was a man of destiny. It is the relation to God, and His providential training of the race, that imparts true dignity to our struggle; and we must recognize ourselves as God's servants, working out His glorious ends, or we shall infallibly be left to stumble upon the dark mountains of error. Our trust in Him must be the real spring of our heroic resolution to conquer or to die. A sentiment of honor, a momentary enthusiasm may prompt and sustain spasmodic exertions of an extraordinary character; but a steady valor, a self-denying patriotism, protracted patience, a readiness to do, and dare, and suffer, through a generation or an age, this comes only from a sublime faith in God. The worst symptom that any people can manifest, is that of pride. With nations, as with individuals, it goes before a fall. Let us guard against it. Let us rise to the true grandeur of our calling, and go forth as servants of the Most High, to execute His purposes. In this spirit, we are safe. By this spirit our principles are ennobled, and our cause translated from earth to heaven. An overbearing confidence in the righteousness of our cause, as if that alone were sufficient to insure our success, betrays gross insensibility to the Divine dealings with communities and States. In the issue between ourselves and our enemies, we may be free from blame; but there may be other respects in which we have provoked the judgments of Heaven, and there may be other grounds on which God has a counter-

claim with us, and the swords of our enemies may be His chosen instruments to execute His wrath. We may first use them as a rod, and then punish them in other forms for their own iniquities. Hence it behooves us not only to have a righteous cause, but to be a righteous people. We must abandon all our sins, and put ourselves heartily and in earnest on the side of Providence. Hence, this dependence upon Providence carries with it the necessity of removing from the midst of us whatever is offensive to a holy God. If the Government is His ordinance, and the people His instruments, they must see to it that they serve Him with no unwashed or defiled hands. We must cultivate a high standard of public virtue. We must renounce all personal selfish aims, and we must rebuke every custom or institution that tends to deprave the public morals. Virtue is power, and vice is weakness. The same Polybius, to whom we have already referred, traces the influence of the religious sentiment at Rome in producing faithful and incorruptible magistrates, who were strangers alike to bribery and favor in executing the laws, and dispensing the trusts of the State, and that high tone of public faith which made an oath an absolute security for faithfulness. This stern simplicity of manners we must cherish, if we hope to succeed. Bribery, corruption, favoritism, electioneering, flattery, and every species of double-dealing, drunkenness, profaneness, dissoluteness, selfishness, avarice, and extortion; all these material ends must be banished by a stern integrity, if we would become the fit instruments of a holy Providence in a holy cause. Sin is a reproach to any people. It is weakness; it is sure, though it may be slow, decay. Faith in God—that is the water-work of martyrs, whether in the cause of truth or of liberty. That alone enables and sanctifies.

"All other nations," except the French, as Burke has significantly remarked, in relation to the memorable revolution which was deemed to failure in consequence of this capital omission, "have begun the fabric of a new Government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality." To abolish the State, which is the society of rights, from a strict responsibility to the Author and Source of justice and of law, is to destroy the firmest security of public order, to convert liberty into license, and to impregnate the very being of the commonwealth with the seeds of dissolution and decay. France fell, because France forgot God; and if we tread in the footsteps of that infatuated people, and treat with equal contempt the holiest instincts of our nature, we, too, may be abandoned to our folly, and become the hissing and the scorn of all the nations of the earth. "Be wise, now, therefore, O ye kings! be instructed, ye Judges of the earth. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little.—Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him."

In the third place, let us endeavor rightly to interpret the reverses which have recently attended our arms. It is idle to make light of them. They are serious—they are disastrous. The whole end of Providence in any dispensation is to be presumptuous for any one, independently of a special revelation, to venture to despise. But there are tendencies which lie upon the surface, and these obvious tendencies are designed for our guidance and instruction. In the present case, we may humbly believe that one purpose aimed at has been to rebuke our confidence and our pride. We had begun to despise our enemy, and to prophesy safety without much hazard. We had laughed at his cowardice, and boasted of our superior prowess and skill. It is strange that, while indulging such a temper, we ourselves should be made to turn our backs, and to become a jest to those whom we had jeered. We had grown licentious, intemperate, and profane. Is it strange that, in the midst of our security, God should teach us that sin is a reproach to any people? Is it strange that He should remind us of the moral conditions upon which alone we are authorized to hope for success? The first lesson, therefore, is one of rebuke and repentance. It is a call to break off our sins by righteousness, and to turn our eyes to the real secret of national security and strength.

The second end may be one of trial.—God has placed us in circumstances in which, if we show that we are equal to the emergency, all will acknowledge our right to the world what manner of spirit we are of. If our courage and faith rise superior to the danger, we shall not only succeed, but we shall succeed with a moral influence and character that shall render our success doubly valuable. Providence seems to be against us—disaster upon disaster has attended our arms—the enemy is in possession of three States, and beleaguers us in all our coasts. His resources and armaments are immense, and his energy and resolution desperate. His numbers are so many superior, that we are like a flock of shee before him. We have nothing to stand on but the eternal principles of truth and right, and the protection and assistance of a just God. Can we look the danger undauntedly in the face, and calmly resolve to meet and subdue it? Can we say, in reliance upon Providence, that, were his numbers and resources a thousand fold greater, that interests at stake are so momentous, that we will not be conquered? Do we feel the

moral power of courage, of resolution, of heroic will, rising and swelling within us, until it towers above all the smoke and dust of the invasion? Then we are in a condition to do great deeds. We are in the condition of Greece when Xerxes hung upon the borders of Aitolia with an army of five millions that had never been conquered, and to which State after State of Northern Greece had yielded in its progress. Little Athens was the object of his vengeance.—Leonidas has fallen—four days more would bring the destroyer to the walls of the devoted city. "Then the people were, a mere handful. Their first step had been to consult the gods, and the ascending reply which they received from Delphi would have driven any other people to despair." "Wretched men!" said the oracle, which they believed to be infallible, "why sit ye there? Quit your land and city, and flee afar! Head, body, feet, and hands are alike rotten; fire and sword, in the train of the Syrian chariot, shall overtake you; nor only your city, but other cities also, as well as many even of the temples of the gods which are now sweating and trembling with fear, and foreboding, by drops of blood on their roofs, the hard calamities impending. Get ye away from the sanctuary, with your souls steeped in sorrow." "We have had reverses, but no such oracle as this. It was afterwards modified so as to give a ray of hope, in an ambiguous allusion to wooden walls. But the soul of the Greek rose with danger, and we have a succession of events, from the desertion of Athens to the expulsion of the invader, which make that little spot of earth immortal. Let us imitate, in Christian faith, this sublime example. Let our spirit be loftier than that of the pagan Greek, and we can succeed in making every pass a Thermopylae, every strait a Salamis, and every plain a Marathon. We can conquer, and we suffer. We must not suffer any other thought to enter our minds. If we are overran, we can at least die; and if our enemies get possession of our land, we can leave it a howling desert. But, under God, we shall not fail. If we are true to Him, and true to ourselves, a glorious future is before us. We occupy a sublime position. The eyes of the world are upon us; we are a spectacle to God, to angels, and to men. Can our hearts grow faint, or our hands feeble, in a cause like this? The spirits of our fathers call to us from their graves.—The heroes of other ages, and other countries are beckoning us on to glory. Let us seize the opportunity, and make to ourselves an immortal name, while we redeem a land from bondage, and a continent from ruin.

MYSTERIOUS.—We find the following paragraph in the local column of the Vicksburg Wagon, of Tuesday:

"Two brothers, named Tift, were arrested here on Sunday, at the instance of the Provost-Marshal of New Orleans, charged with burning the ram Mississippi. They were sent out to Jackson yesterday, to Governor Parrott."

Since the above was received we learn that Mr. Tift, one of the gentlemen referred to in the above paragraph, arrived in this city, yesterday, having been discharged from custody by the Court of Examination before which he was taken. Mr. Tift was the contractor for the Mississippi, and applied the torch when only it was found that it was necessary to save her from the enemy. This statement is corroborated by other gentlemen from New Orleans, and it led to Mr. Tift's discharge from arrest in Mississippi. We further learn that on the night previous strong efforts were made to tow her to a place of safety. One tug boat was attached but was not strong enough to hold her against the current of the river, as she fell down stream about a mile, when another tug was procured, but with both together could only get her back to the old position. If she could not be saved, of course it was wisdom to burn her rather than permit the enemy to obtain such a valuable prize.—Mobile Register.

THE EVALUATION OF NORFOLK.—It will be seen by reference to an extract from the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, of May 5, which we publish this morning, that our troops are evacuating Norfolk. There is nothing disheartening or discouraging in this movement. On the contrary, the policy which has dictated it is a wise one, as it withdraws our forces from the water-combat, to concentrate them in more defensible spots. The loss of our seaboard cities is certainly a severe blow to us, but it is only in the nature of a cautious affection; the body is still in a strong condition. 400,000 men are in field, and will every one of these be destroyed, there can be no such thing as subjugation and no necessity for any dependency. All indefensible points should be evacuated, and the enemy be forced to fight us away from his gun boats, and upon ground of our own choosing. This seems to be the policy of our Government, and should meet with the support of our people.—Augusta Constitutionalist.

CIVIL AND MILITARY SERVICE.—The Richmond Enquirer understands that an order has been made by the President, to be obeyed in all the Departments of civil service, that no future appointment shall be made of any citizen between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, who is able to perform military duty. The country will applaud such a step.