The North Carolina Whig.

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

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

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☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly to thy fellow man.
He may have griefs thou canst not see;
A thousand cares his heart can wage,
Although he gives a smile to thee.

Speak kind to all—it is their due;
And ask not who or what they are,
Heaven demands the same of you,
Who looks with eye as cold as ice.

Wound not with bitter words
The feelings of another;
Break not the tender cords
That bind thee to a brother.

He may have faults—but how thou know?
He may not merit thy regard;
But if thou go one step,
Where then is thy reward?

Speak kindly, to thy brother man,
They will not overcome the stoney
Perhaps one gentle word of thine
May smith a troubled one.

Speak kindly from the heart
The words of Holy Joy,—
The music of the harp
Text swells the soul to bliss!

Sweet as the breath of prayer,
They'll cheer thy dying bed,
And angels will return with love
The blessings which you shed.

G. H. S.

Miscellaneous.

THE WHITE WAR-CHIEF.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Paul Bourrejolie, or as his name is more familiarly anglicized by his American neighbors,—*old Jolly pure*,—is an eccentric mountain man, who some years ago settled down upon the right bank of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of St. Louis.

Paul's earliest recollections were of the old trading post of Mackinaw, which was his native place. His father was a voyageur in the employ of the fur company, of which this place was an important depot; and being but rarely with his family, the care of Paul, and his only brother, Jean, devolved entirely upon his mother, a half breed Chippewa woman. But when Paul had arrived at the age of twelve, and his brother at ten, their good mother died, leaving the young lads to shift for themselves as best they could.

Of course, being thus early forced upon the world, they naturally sought the only occupation that offered, by which to obtain a livelihood; and in a few years they had become expert trappers and hunters upon the wild rivers of the west.

Together they propelled the same canoe; and together set their traps, and shared the same blankets; while the profits of their labors were mutually divided; and nothing was undertaken by one brother without consultation with the other.

But at length, strong as was the cord of brotherly love that bound them together, a separation took place; and this circumstance forms one of the stories that the old trapper most delights to narrate.

"It is now about fifty years" the old Frenchman would begin, "since Jean and I, who were stout young men, and could carry a pack with the best of the Company's men, left our last post on the Missouri, in company with eight other trappers, and started with our two canoes for the head of Milk River.

"We had heard that among the mountains, far in the Northwest, was a large lake, upon the shores of which much game abounded; and that its outlet into Milk River was the resort of immense numbers of beavers. This region, at that time, had never been visited by any white man; and it was through the Blackfeet we obtained all the knowledge we had of the region.

"A band of these Indians had visited the post and had agreed to permit us to trap on the lake, and the stream in its vicinity, in consideration of a dozen rifles, and a small lot of ammunition, which we were carrying with us.

"Well, after a journey of two months and a half, during which time we stopped occasionally to trap, we reached the lake the Blackfeet had told us about, and set at work establishing our camp and preparing for a season's hunt.

"The Indians had not deceived us about the beavers, for there were plenty of signs; but we had not been settled more than a week, when we were attacked by a party of Black feet; and lost two of our men in the fight. But we were too strong for the Indians, being well fortified, and soon drove them off. These Indians were not of the band with whom we had made agreement to deliver the rifles; but the next day the latter made their appearance, and protesting that the attack had been the result of a mistake, demanded the fulfilment of the contract.

"No sooner, however, had they obtained possession of the much coveted arms, than with their characteristic treachery, they began to molest us, by robbing our traps.

"We knew that during the fight with these fellows we had wiped out a number of their bravest warriors and were satisfied that they would not rest content till they had full revenge. We, therefore, gathered up our remaining traps as secretly as possible, with the intention of leaving the lake on the morrow, and trying our luck farther down the river, at a point where we had halted while on our upward voyage.

"But in the night, those of us who were turn it was to sleep were suddenly awakened by a fierce, wild yell, from a crowd of Indians that fired the timber about our little stockade; and before we could snatch up our weapons the place was filled with a shower of arrows, mingled with the rifle bullets we had just furnished them. The Black feet, somehow, had attained a knowledge of our intentions, and determined to cut off our retreat, had secreted at least three hundred warriors against us.

"But the death of our two companions, our little number was reduced to eight men; a pretty, as well stated as even we were, too small to contend with such vast odds. But we determined to resist them to the last; for it was better to die fighting in defence of each other than to fall alive into the hands of the bloodthirsty savages, to be tortured to death.

"We, of course, were supplied with a good stock of ammunition, and could give them a good fight. But, unfortunately, in constructing our stockade we had built it too far from the water to stand a long siege. The rising ground of the river and lake bank commanded the approach to it, and long before noon we began to suffer for want of the precious element.

"All this time, however, the Indians were about us; and many of their numbers were shot down, as they ventured to expose any part of their bodies from behind the rocks and trees. Occasionally an arrow entered our enclosure and wounded some of our men; but Jean and myself escaped as yet unhurted.

"At length our wounded comrades began to suffer for water to such a degree, that Jean proposed to go outside the palisades for some. But this I would not consent to, telling him that, if either of us went, it should be myself.

"'No, Paul,' he replied; 'you are a better shot than I am; you can, therefore, better cover me with your rifle than I can you. I will go!' and snatching up our only bucket, he ran out in the direction of the stream.

"No sooner had my brother disappeared below the bank, than a score of the painted Blackfeet, that had been secreted among the rocks, rushed out upon him like so many pointers. This I could not see, but by the infernal noise the cut throats made I could judge of their numbers.

"Almost beside myself with passion, I leaped over the stockade to his assistance, shouting to the men barely to cover us, should we regain the top of the bank.—Amid a hail-storm of arrows I sped along till I reached the edge of the ravine, where I once more caught sight of the brave boy, gaining his way through the cowardly Indians, with his knife in one hand, while with the other he grasped the bucket full of water. Already he had been wounded, for I perceived his face and breast were covered with blood, and a long, red gash extended across his forehead, from the roots of the hair to middle of his nose.

"Frantic at the sight, I rushed to his side, and with my knife drove the fiends from his path, and fighting our way step by step, gained the entrance to our little fort. The noble lad, though deeply stabbed and blinded with blood, still kept good his hold upon the water bucket, and reached our comrades with it in safety, and then sank exhausted upon the ground, with the blood still streaming from his wounds.

"I had not escaped uninjured, for, besides having an arrow shot through my right cheek, I carried another deeply buried in the top of my right shoulder.

"Out of our little party, six of us were now wounded; but Jean soon revived, and after his wounds were dressed (for, beside the knife gash in his forehead, he had received a deep wound in his thigh) he was able to use his rifle, even better than myself.

"Three of our men, however, were too badly hurt to be of any assistance to us, and one shortly after died from loss of blood.

"From their position on the high bank above us, the Blackfeet could easily see our crippled condition; and after a hurried consultation among themselves, made a simultaneous rush upon our frail works.

"The fight now became a desperate struggle; and scarcely had we given them a half dozen shots, than they were upon us. They poured a in stream over enclosure, and with knives and clubs quickly dispatched our wounded comrades, and forced the rest of us into a corner. Here, for a while, we fought with desperation; and my brother performed feats of valor and strength, crippled as he was, which never before or since have I seen equalled, and I have been in several quite as desperate fights as that. As fully occupied as I was, I could not but observe with exultant pride the noble bearing of the gallant youth. Armed only with a long bladed knife, the savages fell before his blows, till they formed a rampart breast high about us.

"But what availed the strength and heroism of my brave Jean—what availed our united efforts—five wounded men—opposed to the hundreds of howling and maddened fiends about us! As redskin after redskin was piled about us, others, fresh and panting for revenge, leaped over the bloody barricade upon us; and in less time than it takes to tell it, all save Jean and myself were stricken down among the dead and dying Indians; and then we two stood alone, side by side, and with our backs to the wall, while that yelling host pressed hotly upon us. Quickly overpowered by numbers, my poor, noble Jean fell bleeding among our dead comrades, when a stalwart savage, with a howl of exultation, leaped upon him, and grasping the hair of his head, was about to whip off his scalp, when, with one fierce, maddened effort, I plunged my knife through the side of the fellow, into his flinty heart; and leaving him it there, and springing upon his carcass, with a desperate bound leaped over the enclosure, and flew with what still strength I had left to the cover of the thicket beyond. The savages, who were all crowded within, were so intent on scalping my murdered companions, that they scarcely noticed the act till I had gained one of our canoes; and launching it upon the river, made my escape down the rapid current.

"From some inexplicable reason, the savages did not pursue me, or, if they did, I was not aware of it; and after weeks of suffering I reached the post, so changed by hunger and exposure that no one there could recognize me, and for months after was not able to lift even a rifle to my shoulder.

"Years passed by after the bloody event I have just related, and though the memory of my beloved brother, and only true friend of my wandering life, was still as fondly cherished as ever, I had long since ceased to mourn his untimely death, and still pursued my hunting and trapping occupations, and passed through the many and various adventures and accidents attendant upon such a life. From my long experience, and the services I had rendered the company, I was offered promotion to the enviable position of a *bourgouse*, in command of a new post, and a large force of trappers and voyageurs. But so accustomed had I become to my wandering life, and I loved so well to measure my fighting qualities with the thieving Blackfeet, that I refused the tempting offer, and remained a simple hunter.

"Many a Blackfoot scalp has been hung in the smoke of my camp fire, as a tribute to the memory of my brave Jean, which not all the blood of the red race was sufficient to wash from my heart.

"I was becoming an old man, for already my head was as white as you now see it, when I took charge of a trapping party, away up the Big Horn branch of the Yellowstone. We had been there most of the season, unmolested by the Indians, when one evening some of the men came into camp and reported signs of our old enemies, the Blackfeet. But these were of the Sioux band. It was not long before they were upon us in a greatly overwhelming force.—It was not a casual party of hunters, but a large war party decked in all the savage finery of paint and eagle feathers.

"A bloody fight ensued, and the Indians would have wiped us out as effectually as they had done my little party on the head of Milk River, but for the circumstance I am going to relate.

"Already several of my party had been killed, and as many wounded. There was among the Indians a brave fellow, the chief of the band, who, tho' leading his warriors fearlessly to the assault, and recklessly risking his own person to our shots, appeared utterly careless of his own life, though armed with a beautiful rifle. His body was covered with war paint, like the others, yet his hair was white, and I could see he was an old man from the deep wrinkles of his face; and there was something about his bearing, as he moved fearlessly from place to place, that unaccountably attracted my interest. Why it was I know not, but I was reminded of my father—for such I remembered was at times his peculiar manner. Several times I had brought my rifle to bear upon the brave fellow, and as often some strange misgiving would seize upon me, and cause me to turn my aim upon some one else of his people.

"At length the old chief, advancing from the cover of the trees into the strong light of the sun, exposed his whole person to my view; and then, banishing all other thoughts but the long-cherished one of revenge against all of his hated tribe, I deliberately aimed at the centre of his forehead, intending to make a sure shot of it. My finger was already pressing the light trigger, when my eye fell upon a long straight rear, reaching down from the hair almost to the end of his nose, which instantly recalled all the circumstances of that bloody struggle, years ago, at the head of Milk River; and I knew at once that my long lost, and, as I had till that instant supposed, long buried brother, my beloved Jean, stood before me!

"Dashing the weapon to the ground, I sprang towards him, and shouted his name—

"'*Jean!—Jean Bourrejolie!*'

"The old chief, startled by the sound, dropped his own rifle, and gazing wildly towards me for an instant, uttered the words—

"'*Paul!—my brother Paul!*' and then rushing to meet me, threw himself sobbing into my out stretched arms!

"Astonished by so strange a sight, the Indians ceased their hostile demonstrations, and gathered us. A few words from their chief sufficed to explain it, and at his command an end was put to the fight, and the Blackfeet leaving Jean for a time, retired from the spot. Even the red savages, with all their stoicism, respected the feelings of the long parted but now restored brothers.

"It is only necessary to add, that the gallant conduct of my brother at the Milk River fight had saved his life, and taken prisoner, he was finally adopted into their tribe. Doubting not that I had fallen with our comrades, and having no tie to bind him to his people he cheerfully remained among his captors; and in course of time became the most famous chief of the Blackfeet nation, from whom not even his old love for me could induce him to depart; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he is still living—like myself, an old man, whose fighting days are over now, ready for the grave."

ON SIGHT AND ON DEMAND.—One of Porter's staff is responsible for this anecdote:

Judge C——, a well known, higly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening by a mess of four or five and twenty, for not taking another wife; she urged that he was hale and hearty and deserved a matrimonial mate. The Judge acknowledged the fact admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had been thus far very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out to him his heinous offence.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so amply advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; but there was one, to her, a serious obstacle.

"Well," says the Judge, "Name it.—My profession is to surmount all such impediments."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever marry a widower, he must have *ten* children."

"Ten children! Oh! that's nothing," says the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my *notes* on demand in instalments for the balance." Fact.

A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL PARTY.—A country magistrate, noted for his love of the pleasures of the table, speaking one day to a friend, said: "We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent.—stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of high flavor. We left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" asked his friend, "Two," replied the magistrate. "Two?" "Yes, the turkey and myself."

SOUND CRITICISM.—There was some sense in the remark of a Scotchman, who, in reading the saying of Solomon, "Snow is beautiful in its season," exclaimed:

"Ay, nae doubt it was beautiful, to you, sitting with the vines and lassies o Jerusalem inside you; but had you been a poor stone mason, ye hae said nae sich a thing."

A husband and wife while traveling through the woods in Maine, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded in the following felicitous strain:

"A wolf was stalking through the woods,
And through the long green fern,
He here his master's mortion 'cuse,
And had to put us here!"

SLANDER.—"Donald," said a Scotch dame looking up from catechism to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, guid mither!" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "a-weel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap, an ower true tale wutch ours gude woman tells of auither."

A shoemaker intending to be absent a few days, furnished a shingle with the following without date, and nailed it upon his door. "Will be home in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

Our devil would like to have a dime from the moon when she gives change from the next quarter.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

LETTER II.

TURNERSBURG, IREDELL CO.
August 7, 1852.

MRS. EDITOR:—The Laurel Hill, so called on account of its superior eminence, as Mount Mitchell range, is now in full view from the Alleghany stand point which your correspondent occupies, presents the appearance of a magnificent rose, furnishing an apt quotation of the following passage from our Virgil's Bucolics:

"Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ablimite sepes
Hybleæ apibus florem depasta salicti,
Saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurrans;"

which can very easily, be Americanized; or, rather, as I should more properly say, under present circumstances, adapted to the locality of our Southern Confederacy, by substituting, instead of the Latin word sepes, the Latin word collis; instead of Hybleis, Septentrionalibus; and instead of salicti, lauri; and then it might be translated thus:

"Hence! The Laurel Hill whose fragrant flowers round,
Upon which, when in full bloom, we've always found
Swarms of industrious Southern bees flying round,
Shall off, by the falling, gently hoarsing sound
Of the bees, eager on its luxurious stores to feed,
You to the dissolving shades of Somnus lead:

and, by the substitution of mihi, instead of tibi, the passage can be made to bear a personal application: a sort of "argumentum ad hominem," and may be freely rendered into English thus:

Ye bees! while I listen to your falling gentle humming;
While Spring has passed away, and Summer is on its coming,
The shower of oblivion o'er my fettered senses creep,
And I, almost involuntarily, yield to refreshing sleep.

A contemplation of the romantic scenery of Turnersburg and its vicinity, suggested the following poem:

Clear-swiftly flowing Rocky Creek,
Thy laurel hung on I seek!
Th' rose a mild beauty on thy lonely shore,
Health in thy pure waters, and mildness in their roar.
Oft, while life and hope were young,
Ere disappointment's gloom has flung
Its long mourning shadows o'er my mind,
Have I been thoughtfully reclined,
Contemplating Nature's works all
Spread over this terrestrial ball,
And, musingly, "My Father more than all,"
Before the corrupting dreams of the world
Had, in my view, its gay scenes unfurled
Before "age and sinew wipe from the limb,"
Time "Life's fresh enchanting cup,"
Crowned with the cordial of hope,
Aye "sparkles at the brim."
This most delightful scenery,
So full of winning witchery,
O'er my soul diffuses tides of joy,
Unmingled with care's alloy;
While songs composed of the bird's notes,
Through the air in soft music float.
My Muse would sing of the refreshing air;
"Of winds as new as pure as fair;
Of unclouded grottoes, and twilight caves;
Of whatever fair beautiful, serene;
Each purling brook and story-telling glen,
Should give simple enjoyment to my pen!
I may resume the pleasant task again,
On some future, more auspicious day,
When these clouds of grief shall pass away!
For, now, dark melancholy hovers o'er,
When I think of all my friends of yore,
Who oft met me on this lonely shore;
But, who, ah'er, on earth, will meet me more
May we all, at last, together meet,
And each other kindly greet,
On celestial Canaan's happy shore,
Where parting and grief are known no more.

Here, your correspondents lucubrations were interrupted by one of those violent storms which frequently occur in this country, and he was forced to retreat speedily to the Cotton Mill for shelter. On the following morning, I revisited the scene. The channel of the creek had been filled to overflowing by the rapid mountain torrents, and my stand, point of the evening before was submerged under the foaming waters, to the depth of twenty feet, whose "huge surges issued the sounding shore." "Tis subjectious individual, the oldest inhabitant," informed your correspondent, that about fifty years ago, when his father was "the oldest inhabitant there was the greatest flood that had ever been known by his generation to occur; and that, during its prevalence, he saw a tall pine tree borne onward by the resistless current, commence a series of revolutions at the beginning of the shoals, there being no obstructions of the data, or any thing else in the way, and performing a succession of summer saults, at last, precipitate itself over the highest shoal, and disappear in the abyss of the basin below. A contemplation of the scene which is now presented to my vision, reminds me of the following lines by the highly gifted poet Campbell:

"A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.
Now who be ye would cross Lochin
This dark and stormy water?
Oh! I am the piper of Ulva's isle,
And this lady is Ulva's daughter."

A visit to the graves of Capt. A. Simonton and his first Lieut, Waite of the 4th Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, who fell near Richmond, Va., nobly fighting for the inalienable rights of our Southern Confederacy; and whose bodies repose in their last resting place on earth; the near Village Graveyard of Statesville, suggested to my mind the following sincere though feeble tribute to their memory:

Lock the two soldiers rest in peace,
Where war's alarms and war's tumults cease.
They don't fear something mortal to crave;
Each rests on the rewards of each grave;
Light be the sod on the manly bosom of the brave.

Yours most respectfully,
AN IREDELLIAN.

A Bl[illegible] the young ALLEGHANY.—Night kissed blushing morn and it bent softly upon its bier. Morning watched its pure slumbers, and in awe with her dancing Liquity it danced to music and smiling, nurse of health and youth in the lovelines. Then came the ardent sun-beam from the East, and he smote the weeping with the golden shaft, and it fainted, sorrowed and a mock heart broken, it drop, to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

The gentle breeze which had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the light bateau, sweeping over hill and dale—by new cottage and the still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and lowering the cares of innocent childhood—came tripping along on the errand of mercy and love; and when she kissed and kissed it, and fondly pathed its forehead in cold, refreshing showers, the young rose reviving, looked up and smiled, flung its ready arms as if in gratitude to encircle the fairy; but she hurried quickly away when her generous task was performed—yet not without regard, for she soon perceived that a deep-felt gratitude had been poured on her wing, by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus chastity, like the fairy which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously drops a reward in the performance of offices of kindness and love, which stand through the heart like a fine perfume to bless and to cheer.

There was quite a brilliant little affair on the Blackwater River in Southampton county, Virginia, on the morning of the 3d inst., between Gen. Mansfield, who commanded the Confederates, and the Yankee gunboats. Three gunboats opened the attack by discharges of shot and shell. They were replied to with shell by Graham's battery. Our sharp shooters commanded by Col. Ferrebee, and who were concealed along the bank, also fired upon the crews with such effect, that not a man could show himself. After suffering heavy loss, the gunboats fell down the river.

On the afternoon of the same day, the enemy's forces at Suffolk renewed the attack on Gen. Mansfield, but were repulsed by Graham's battery and Wright's rocket battery.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

NORFOLK.—The *Raleigh Standard* regrets to learn that the people of Norfolk, who are still devoted to the South, are in a starving condition. A number of women and children, it is said, have left, and gone as far as Elizabeth City, in order to obtain bread. The Yankees at Norfolk have thrown out their picquets as far south as South Mills, in Camden county, in order to prevent the slaves from being carried beyond the Yankee lines.

An Irish recruiting sergeant, in New York, met Henry Ward Beecher on Fulton street, on Monday, 23d ult., and urged him to enlist in Corcoran's Legion. Beecher asked the sergeant if he intended to insult him. He replied negatively. Beecher then said, "You sure, sir, I do not want to enlist; you are accountable for asking me to do so." The sergeant, who was a coward in the *Herald*, giving the name of the affair, says that Beecher took particular care that he was inside two block door before he expressed the word aboundred."

RESISTANCE TO THE PROCLAMATION.—A meeting of about 1000 persons was held in the Democratic headquarters in New York on the 26th, at which the speakers, Hon. James Brooks, Rollins of the Express, and M. [illegible] emphatically denounced the act of blood-hound proclamation.

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.—Dissolve one drachm of asafoetida in two pint of domestic rum; take with a tablespoonful of syrup, and take a teaspoonful after each paroxysm of coughing until three or four have been taken during the day.

One day, as a strong wind was blowing, a little boy was standing at a window.—Suddenly he raised his hands and exclaimed gaily;

"Mother, listen to the wind, making music for the leaves to dance by."

An old bachelor of sixty eight, who is hale and hearty, owing to a flowing hair and youthful appearance, that he has ever remonstrated against having anything to do with that which tended to rear age.