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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Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

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Poetry.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP!

As sung by Miss Ella Wren at the Columbia Varieties, and received with delight on each repetition.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the low silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of dinging my soul wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our loves between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to clasp for your presence again,
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows, once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Weariness-hood's years have been but a dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light kisses just awaking my face,
Never to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Miscellaneous.

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY GRAHAM.

"WELL, Annie," said my husband to me, one day, as he came in from visiting some patients, "the next house is rented at last; so your wish to have a next door neighbor is gratified."

"Oh! delightful," I exclaimed. "Who is it? Have you seen them? How large is the family?"

"The name is Norris. I have not seen them. The family consists of a son, two daughters, and two servants," he answered, gravely.

I smiled very laconic. "And now how did you find all this out?"

"Oh! knowing that I had a wife at home who is a bit of a gossip I took pains to inquire."

"For shame, Harry; but I will find out all you know, at least, so that you may not have your trouble for nothing."

"I know only one thing more, and that is, they will move in to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and brought the expected family, but I could not, of course, find out anything about them for awhile, I thought.

"I will not call till they have had time to get settled," I said to Harry, "but as they are moving, we might offer our assistance, as people are not very ceremonious in this little village."

Harry smiled. "You would like to know now what they have in their house, wouldn't you?"

I was indignant. But before I could give him a reply he deserved, our housemaid, who, Harry said, had her mistress' passion for becoming acquainted with strangers, ushered into the dining room a servant, whom she announced as belonging to the new comers.

"Missus sent me to ax you for some dinner," she said, staring round the room with mouth wide open. "She says she bin in such a hurry she hain't had time to cook nothin'."

I filled several plates, and put a loaf of bread on a waiter—fortunately Sally had baked that morning—and we had a ham boiled.

Harry looked at me quizzically when the girl had gone out, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "A pretty good beginning!"

Harry will tease sometimes, though he is the best creature in the world.

For the next three days it rained incessantly, and we heard nothing more from our new neighbors, but after that I went to see them. I was shown into a parlor so crowded with furniture, that it was with difficulty I made my way to a sofa.

There was a handsome rosewood piano, two small sofas, six large mahogany chairs, two large rocking-chairs and one small one, two ottomans, a mahogany centre table, an étagere filled with curiosities, and four small card tables. They are wealthy, thought I.

About two weeks after this, one morning, before I had risen, our neighbor's servant came to borrow some coffee. In ten minutes she returned, saying that her mistress wanted the parched coffee. I gave it rather unwillingly, as I was always exceedingly particular about the roasting, that every grain should be of a beautiful brown, and I feared that sent back would be spoilt to drink.

In the course of the day, Mrs Norris sent to borrow sugar, lard, and my scales to weigh butter. I found out that she sold butter, and my scales were in requisition twice a week.

"I don't think they can be rich," said Harry, and he was confirmed in his opinion a few days after, when he was called in to attend one of the young ladies. The furniture of the bed-rooms was of the plainest description. Everything was sacrificed to show, and there were no comforts. The parlor was elegantly furnished, and the kitchen almost empty.

Things went on smoothly, however, till one morning when I had made a cake, and put it in the oven, thinking I would have it baked by dinner time and served for dessert, I was about to leave it to the cook, when the yellow spirit of our neighbor's servant appeared in the doorway.

"Missus says she is going to have company, and wants you to lend her your oven."

"Tell her," I answered, "that I am using it to bake a cake." I was really glad to have an excuse to refuse it, for I was beginning to be tired of this constant borrowing.

But I was not to escape so easily. In a few minutes my tormentor returned.

"Missus says can't you take the cake out and let her have the oven? She will send it right back soon as she done with it."

I was fairly exasperated. "Tell her I can, but I won't," I answered, shortly, the blood mounting to my face.

The girl hastily retreated, and, on looking round, I saw Harry standing in the door, laughing with all his might.

"You would be provoked too," said I, "if you were tormented so. Day before yesterday she borrowed my scales, and my wafer irons, and she has them yet; then she borrowed oil, lard, and yesterday tea, and my lamp. Now she wants the oven. It is enough to provoke a saint."

"And my little wife does not pretend to be a saint," he said, catching me up in his arms. "Hurrah! little woman, I did not not know you had so much spirit."

The next morning, our little Ella was cross at the table, and I did not at first notice Harry, but when I did, I saw him making such grimaces over his coffee, that I put down my knife and fork to see what was the matter. When he saw that I observed him, he gave me a quizzical look, and said, "What is the matter with this coffee?"—True enough, it was horrible.

The cook was called in and interrogated. She was the best cook in the village, and was terribly mortified when I found fault.

"Well, Sally," said Harry, "is this coffee? I never tasted anything like it in my life."

"It is some coffee that Mrs Norris sent back, sir, and I thought you didn't want to waste it. I have kept it for three days."

"Well, Annie give her coffee next time. Don't lend it if we are to get back such a mixture as this."

He was in haste to visit a patient, so I could not have any more made; but I had some ready when he came to dinner, which he praised sufficiently to pacify Sally.—That day a man brought our weekly supply of butter. I left my sewing to weigh it, when, to my vexation, the scales were not to be found.

"Go over to Mrs. Norris, Jane, and ask her to please to lend me my scales for a few minutes."

This caused a slight rupture for a few days, and I thought our neighbor would give me up, for, as Jane expressed it, she was mightily put down by what I said.—Harry, however, doubted. His wife's temper was becoming so irritable, that he forbore to tease her as formerly, but he could not help laughing when I told him about the scales.

Two weeks passed, and Mrs. Norris seemed to have forgotten the matter, for she paid me frequent visits, and borrowed more and more.

One night the supper table was laid, and we sat by the grate, in which the glowing coals made the room so comfortable that we could not bear to leave it. I was in a good-humor, and had my little Ella on my lap, when a rap was heard at the door, which I knew so well that my indignation rose instantly.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter?" cried my husband.

"Matter enough!" I answered, shortly. "There is Mrs. Norris' servant again, perhaps she wants to borrow Ella this time."

"Me, mammas," cried the child, raising toward me. "I won't go to her."

"I will see what she wants, Annie," said my husband, going going into the next room where the servant was waiting.

She wanted our dining-table. Mrs. Norris had just heard that she was to have a surprise party, and she wished to make some preparations.

"You cannot have it," answered my husband, "we have got been to tea."

"Oh! she told me, if you was at supper to wait till you got through. I will go into the kitchen and you can call me."

"Tell your mistress that she cannot have it this evening," said Harry.

"She told me to ax for the lamp too."

"Tell her we are using that also," said he, shutting the door and going back to the fire.

"Annie," said he, "I am not very busy just now. We will go into the country for a few weeks and see your sister. We can then arrange what is best to be done, for I cannot live in this way. You are not the same person you used to be. I will not see you fretted so."

We went into the country, and the house was locked up for a month. Harry took the opportunity to go North, and see a brother who was in failing health.

At last we returned, and to our astonishment, we found our neighbors gone.

Our kitchen, however, had to be refurnished. Mrs. Norris had gone to a lady with whom I had left the key, and said that I had promised her the use of several things during my absence. The oven was gone, and my scales, two cake pans that I especially valued, and my wafer irons.

"I think, Annie," said my husband, "that I will buy the next house, so that we may in future be careful whom we have for neighbor."

A BLINKIN OMITS A STORY.—It would seem to be very plain from the concluding portion of Mr. A. Blinkin's message to the Abolition Congress, that he was about to indulge in one of his characteristic exercises, viz: telling a story. But somebody, probably, expurgated that most interesting feature of the message and interlined it with something else. As at present published it reads thus:

"I do not forget the gravity which should characterize a paper addressed to the Congress of the nation by the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Nor do I forget that some of you are my seniors; nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me, you will perceive no want respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

The last eight words of this paragraph are evidently the words interlined. It should have read thus:

"Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me, you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in "—the little story which I am about to relate.

"There was, once upon a time, a horse and a rooster quartered in the same stable. The latter, finding himself in danger of being trod upon by the horse, made the following sage proposition to that animal: 'Hol! neighbor let us agree not to tread on each other!' Now, gentlemen of the Abolition Congress, like the rooster in this story, I must respectfully say to you: 'Let us agree not to tread on each other!'"

If it were possible it now appropriately concludes the story comes to just at the point to create it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE DREAM OF LIFE.—How few of us at the close of life can say, "I have lived and occupied the position to which I looked forward when a boy!" In the onward progress of life, new aims, in some stray moment of thought and reflection, do we not find ourselves inquiring:

"Is this as I hoped—have I enacted my dream?"

The answer is invariably—No.

We look forward in childhood—and only look forward without reflection. We build up gorgeous palaces, we sketch a career of life all good and sunshine—where are they, and where are they, when years sower us!

One million dollars for the relief of the famishes have been raised in New York, and the corporation is about commencing on the third appropriation of $500,000.—The expenditure is $70,000 per month.

ARREST OF A MINISTER.—Yesterday detective Cashmeyer, from General Winder's office, lodged in the Castle, Rev. J. J. Graves, of Orange county, North Carolina, on a charge which remains with the authorities. The Reverend gentleman is the same, we believe, who returned from the North some months since, and gave his experience of immense resources and preparation of the Lincoln government to crush out the South at all hazards, which experience appeared in a paper published in Richmond, and which drew forth a rejoinder.—His arrest, it is surmised, grew out of that communication, coupled with other facts, derogatory to the gentleman's loyalty, as of late being dispatched to North Carolina to bring him on.

When admitted into the Castle, turnkey Allen, as is customary with prisoners asked him if he had any weapons about his person. "No," he replied, "I am an ambassador of peace; all my warfare is spiritual." The prisoner is of commanding presence and seems to possess more than ordinary abilities. He was confined in the citizens' ward.—*Richmond Examiner.*

RECONNOITRING.—A gentleman of the highest reputation for talents and foresight, returned to this city some months ago, from a residence of several years in Paris, from which point he had watched with intense care the movements in the political world on both sides of the Atlantic. As the result of his observations, he predicted six week ago that the Emperor of the French would in a short time propose to England to offer the joint mediation of France and that country, with the view of bringing about an armistice, preparatory to a final settlement of the difficulties between the belligerent parties in the present war. He was sure it would be rejected by Earl Russell in the name of Great Britain, and he predicted that the Emperor would then proceed on his own responsibility to make the offer in his own name. This far he has proved himself to be a true prophet, and a very little time will determine whether he is so throughout. Of course it was understood by both himself and those to whom he spoke that recognition was to be the result of mediation.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

LIEUT. SMITH of the Black Horse Cavalry, (says the Richmond *Enquirer*,) while lately scouting beyond the Rappahannock fell into a Yankee force and was captured. Being left in charge of a single guard he waited his chance and knocked him down. The surprised Yankee cried murder and fled in one direction while the Lieutenant with equal diligence took the other, and swimming the river made good his escape.—Lieutenant Smith is the same officer who by his address and gallantry, with a small squad intimidated and kept back a large force of the enemy at Ashland last summer—an account of which was published in the papers at the time.

A SUGGESTION.—It has been suggested, says the Richmond Whig, in view of the fact that the Abolitionists have stolen and carried away the old cannon stones at Jamestown, that the Legislature cause to be erected on the spot, at some future day, a monument inscribed with a record of the atrocious vandalism perpetrated by those who profess to be fighting for a "restoration of the Union."

An applicant for office of more than ordinary preference, lately urged his claims upon Lincoln, declaring among other things, that his efforts were instrumental in making Old Abe President. "You made me President, did you?" said Lincoln. "I think I did," was the reply. "Then a previous man you've got me into, that's all," said Mr. Lincoln, and closed the discussion.

One of the London journals expresses surprise that while Abraham Lincoln had his hand in at abolishing, he did not abolish slavery in Africa, which he might have done by a proclamation as effectually as in America. It would have been no more a *brutum fulmen* in one case than the other. The London editors are entirely right.

A young soldier, in Stonewall Jackson's army corps, writes as: "Our General was heard to say the other day that the prospects of the Confederate cause never were brighter to his vision, and that the end was near at hand." "This is a great deal, says our correspondent, "to come from the reticent and reticent Stonewall."

ATTACK ON PORT MORGAN.—We learn, from a perfectly reliable source, that the Yankee fleet made a vigorous attack at several hours on one week Monday last, but finally retired without doing the slightest damage. The Mobilians are in excellent spirits from the result, and inspired with renewed confidence.—*Savannah Republican, 9th.*

THREE HUNDRED INDIANS TO BE HUNG.—Over 300 Indians have been condemned by the military commissioner, at the lower Sioux agency, as participants in the late horrible massacres, and condemned to be hung. Whether they live or die, rests with the authorities at Washington. The people of Minnesota, to a man, are in favor of their immediate execution.

☞ E. P. Hall, Esq., a venerable and highly respected citizen of Wilmington, N. C., died in that city on Friday last.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

BETHANY CHURCH, Iredell Co., N. C.
Nov. 10, 1862.

In the neat graveyard near to the place where the old Church formerly stood, I beheld the tombstone of the Rev. James Hall, D. D., who was for half a century the beloved pastor of the large congregation which assembled, every Sabbath in the Church, for the solemn purpose of devoutly engaging in the religious worship of Almighty God. Near their honored pastor have quietly repose also, the mortal remains of many of the elders deacons and members of the congregation on earth, whom "he pointed to heaven and led the way;" and who will be "stars in his crown of rejoicing in that great day when the Lord of glory shall come to make up his jewels." The following anecdote related to me by my grandfather, forcibly illustrates Dr. Hall's energy and decision of character: The American Revolution of 1776, was in progress. Then, as is the case in the present war, events the most exciting and important, were of daily occurrence. The sudden news arrived by mail, that Cornwallis at the head of his army, was advancing upon Charlotte, N. C. It was then that he immediately raised a volunteer cavalry company, composed of the young men of his congregation. After he had fully organized his company, which did not require a longer space of time than one week, so eager were they to engage in the defence of the liberties of their country, he ordered them to meet at Bethany church, on the following Sabbath, prepared to enter upon the campaign, that they might, then and there, invoke the blessing of God upon their solemn undertaking. When the appointed Sabbath had arrived, the company, without the absence of a single individual, met at the Church, ready for military service, when Dr. Hall dressed in the uniform of a Captain of Cavalry, with a sword buckled to his side, ascended into the pulpit, and announced the following text: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," at the same time, drawing from its sheath and gracefully waving his sword. He then delivered a sermon suitable to the occasion, in which he eloquently and boldly denounced the tyrannical conduct of the King and parliament of England, in exacting oppressive taxes too cruel to be borne. At the close of his sermon, he encouraged the cavalry company to resist unto blood; for, said he, "The Lord of hosts will be with us, the God of Jacob will be our sure defence. On the same evening, they marched to Statesville, bearing the Rev. Capt. Hall for their leader, and camped there that night. During the campaign, they carried on a kind of guerrilla warfare, greatly annoying Cornwallis and his troops often suddenly and unexpectedly, rushing upon, cutting their way through, and destroying many of them in every skirmish. After the achievement of our national independence, Dr. Hall frequently traveled on missionary tours in the Southern States, going, on one occasion, to the city of New Orleans, traveling through what was then called the great wilderness, in passing over which, I often heard him say during my boyhood, that he had frequently to get out of his carry, and cut his way through for several miles at a time, with a hatchet, which he always carried with him, on such occasions. He was an accomplished mathematician, and always had a pocket compass by which he steered his course when in the pathless wilderness. He was so successful during these missionary expeditions, "in turning many to righteousness," that he gained the honored soubriquet of "The Apostle of North Carolina." "He was a man, take him for all in all, we never shall see his like again." Having arrived at the old homestead, I met and conversed with a volunteer only sixteen years of age, who was absent from the Confederate Army on furlough, in consequence of a wound which he received while fighting in the battle at Sharpsburg, under the following circumstances which he related to me: "Orphan, were we driven the Yankees from their position, and they were speedily retreating, throwing away everything which might retard them. I picked up a new tin which had been thrown away, and fastened it to my belt. The Yankees being reinforced, soon afterwards, returned, outnumbering our command, so as to take advantage of a house in front of us, from which we discharged deadly shots at our foes, which greatly thinned their ranks, causing them hastily to retreat in utter confusion, leaving a very large number of their slain and wounded on the field. While they were thus flying, I felt a severe, stinging pain in my ankle and thigh, and upon examination, I discovered that a minnie rifle ball had passed through the edge of the bottom of the tin, which very much weakened the force of the ball which had glanced on my ankle, inflicting a severe wound, and then passed through the fleshy part of my thigh. Our commander then ordered all the wounded who were able to walk, to leave the field and go, if possible to a place where they could have their wounds dressed. I and my comrade M, who was also severely wounded, walked sixty four miles to a place where we could have our wounds dressed. We were four days engaged in performing the journey. When we arrived at our place of destination, a kind surgeon dressed our wounds. Immediately after my wound was dressed, my uncle came into the room where I was, and also an assistant commissary, who resided in the neighborhood in N. C., where my father lived, and who was acquainted with my uncle and father, and he gave my uncle and myself furloughs. An infidel would say this train of circumstances "a fortuitous concatenation of events," a true christian would refer them all to the kind interposition and merciful Providence. The youth wise and has since returned to the Confederate soldier Army. The oldest inhabitant at the old homestead, is a faithful old servant, between ninety five and a hundred years old, named Peach, who said to me, Master B., I is so long since I last saw you, I was afraid the Yankees had killed you. They are no better than a band of robbers. You know what a good marksman I used to be, and how I brought down the squirrels and wild turkeys at every fire of old master's rifle, To which I replied in the affirmative. Well, said he, my sight is dim now, but I have been thinking to myself, that if the mean pilfering Yankees should ever come prowling about on this good old plantation, as I have heard they are now doing in "Old Virginia," I will shoulder the old gun, and I think I could shoot down a dozen or two Yankees with it, yet. In all probability, I cannot live much longer, and if in trying to drive off the Yankees from the old farm, as I know old master would do if he were living, I should lose only a few years of my life, I would die contented. You know old master, when on his death bed, said to you all, his children, that no matter who should buy the old plantation, I must be allowed my cabin, golden fruit trees; for they must be reserved from the sale of the farm; and I think that any person who will not fight the Yankees, should they try to steal his property from him, does not deserve the name of man. In the old Revolution, I was a boy about nine years old, at one of the hotels in Savannah; and my business was to ride the travelers' horses to and from the stables. Well do I recollect Tarleton and his horse. Tarleton was a tall well-formed, fierce looking man, with black hair, and large, sparkling, black eyes, his spanistte were of gold, he had golden bridle bits, and golden spurs, his bridle leathers were plated with gold, and his bridle reins of gold also, leaving only space enough of leather to hold on with his hands, his stirrups were heavy, and were of solid gold, the front part and the housing of the saddle were covered with gold. But what I admired most of all, was his beautiful, active and spirited horse. He was the fastest running horse I ever saw, and seemed to know when his master, who was the best and most graceful rider I ever saw, was riding him; for he would curvett all the time, thus gaily prancing about until Tarleton would say, "Down, sir," when he would in a moment, become as gentle as a lamb, and would walk along quietly. I was always trying to get permission to ride him, but his owner a white servant, dressed nearly as splendidly as his master, would not let me. I often looked at Tarleton, and thought to myself, Well, there is the man who will fight, he he who he may that will not. But, notwithstanding all this, Tarleton was not a circumstance to our brave General George Washington, who whipped with our troops, Cornwallis, Tarleton, and the British Generals, and the whole British army; and so, he added, Master B., will Gen. Lee and his troops whip all the Yankees.

Yours, most respectfully,
AN IREDELLIAN.

The Columbus papers say all the cotton bags, shirting, cotton yarns, woolens leather and shoes in merchants' hands in that city, were seized for the State authorities, Friday last.

A schooner reached Charleston last Saturday, after a tedious passage from Nassau, with 108 sacks of Liverpool salt.