The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

From the Charleston Courier.

A SONG.

The ring, dear girl, you gave to me,
With wishes kind and true,
I'll keep and treasure it highly, love,
And wear it for you,
I'll pray that all thy days may be
A ring of blue string—
A golden wreath of flowers, love,
Where joy shall bloom and shine.

When gallants gay, their tales shall tell,
And sing of loved ones fair—
When each flattering pride shall boast
The beauty of his [illegible]
And give Love One, and ninth rose high,
Another for a throng,
I'll toast the girl who gave the ring—
The queen of all my songs!

Ah! when roamed from thee afar,
Though happiness I be,
How sweet 'twill be to dream of love,
And think, dear girl, of thee!—
Of all the rapture that I have felt
Within thy burning kiss,
And all the magic I have known,
Of sweet and perfect bliss.

Not angels up in heaven above,
Nor demons down below,
Shall cheat us of that happiness
Which only lovers know!
Then vain the art of cruel hands
Our loving hearts to sever,
That loop of gold shall bind our souls,
Forever and forever.

Miscellaneous.

DEACON SMITH'S BULL, OR MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davie Crocket and his equal in all things appertaining to human prowess; it was even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange though true he was but little known beyond his immediate "settlement."

When we knew him he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs, yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except upon one occasion. To use his own language, he never 'gin in, used up to anything that travelled on two legs or four,' but once.

'That once, we want,' as'd Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of the only tavern in the 'settlement.'

'Gin it to us now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you are old now, and needn't care,' continued Bill.

'Right, right! Bill,' said Mike but we'll open with a *licker* all around first; it'll kind o' save my feelin's I reckon—'

'That, that's good. Better than tother barrel, if anything!'

'Well boys,' commenced Mike, 'you may talk o' your scrimmages, tight places and sich like, and subtract 'em altogether in almighty, big'un and they hain't no [illegible] compared to the one I war in, then a dead kitter to wo'rit the bar? I've rag and tube in a 'mighty of wind and good all a while.' So when we got round to a tree that stood there he was fully killed.

'Now, sezzs I, old boy, your home can pay wages yarnin'. So I jis clum upon a branch [illegible] to count them till I observed, afore I'd got well around in that we 'may say low-er'.

'I was makin tracks to the top o' the tree when I heard a rustlin' a makin an awful kinnin over head. I kinder looked up, and if that warn't—well, there's no use, a swearin now, but it was the biggest bar-cub I ever seed.

'Don't get in, sezzs I, makes, Mike, here comes to see how the you! But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a-follin the old Bull than where I war.—Sezzs I, 'old fellow if you'll hold on I'll ride on to the next station,' sezzs he, 'do that he whops to sell.'

'So I jis dropped shroud him spin; and looked back to see what I'd gained in change in quarters, well gentlemen, I'm a live if there warn't nigh half a hundred of the sing-gin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin.

'Well I reckon they got in, for all hands around the war company.' Some on 'em had the dogs—and about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle.

'This time the dogs had off first. And here for the old Deacon's, and to save all old brindle and I could get under way we followed. And as I was only a dark passenger, and had nothing to do with steering the craft, I reckon if I had we should'nt have run the channel, any how.

'But as I said afore, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets close big astern. The dogs yelps—Brindle bellows and the hornets hisses and singin. I didn't say nothin, for it warn't no use.—Well, we'd got about two hundred yards from the house, and the Deacon here us and cum out. I used him hold up his hand and wave back. I reckon he was praying, then, for he didn't manage to be called for no more, and it wasn't long, neither when the whole congregation, men, women and children, took out, and them all hands went on yelling.

'None of 'em had the first notion that Injuns and I belonged to this world. I perceived my head and passed the dull congregation. I used the term would be up a [illegible] as a usual headboard.

'Well, we reached the house, and I went inderer, near the old critter's bed, landing on indian with another there stunned. In warn't long afore some of 'em as was native started cum round to see what I was. For all hands believed that the Bull and I belonged together. But when he'n he realized all by himself, they knew what it was, and cum out to me said, Mike Fink has got the worst of the long-gin varmints his life.'

Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the varmint business, and never spoke to a gal since. And when my beard up to this month, there was no any more Deacon Smith's Bull.

A Dutchman married a Yankee wife, who thrived not to be an inestimable virtue. One day, when irritated beyond all endurance by her tongue, the poor fellow began to rail a little in turn. He tried, indeed to call the woman in that very offensive but expressive epithet which signifies the female of the canine species, but checked at the thought of using so unbecoming a phrase to a lady, he gave vent to his wrath by an opprobrious circumlocution, swearing that she was "the wife of a dam dog."

The Difference.—A gentleman riding a very sorry horse, asked a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro looking at the animal under the rider, with a broad grin of contempt upon his countenance, replied, "Why dat ar hoss, massa, is a jackass, massa. If a good chunk of a mule, massa mine; but if you'se had Massa Jimmy's hoss—you'se one ass!"

A negro miller was offering a yankee clock, finely varnished and painted, with a striking piece in front, to a certain lady, not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why is a clock like a beautiful lady?" said the vender.

"Beautiful, indeed!" a look as it almost deserves one," said the lady.

"Dem answer, replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better take one has dat got no looking glass."

Sad Waggon.—The other day, while a minister was leaving a long route his horse, the following passage occurred:—"The wages of sin is death." The minister was trying to get wages out by deduction, when down went your horse; got on Saturday night." The boy answered, "He got drunk."

A young minister in a country parish, who prided himself on speaking the purest English, said his servant in ordering such the candle. "What's your will, sir," said Jonathan. "Put out the candle," said the minister. A few days after, when he was entertaining some friends at dinner, Jonny asked him if she should extinguish the ash.

A wet from a hat is a healthful for a head.

"I am heart of wood," as the butter said to the churn. "And I am strong and salty," as the churn replied to the butter.

A COON HUNT IN A FIERCY COUNTRY.

"I'm really astonishing what a monstrous night obstruction is to a pint of rum. If one of 'em was substituted to swallation, as the doctors call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the heart of man, from stealin and stealin up to murder and whippin his own mother, and nuthin would do then, all the men in the world out of their senses. If a man's got any ballence in him, it'll bring it out just as ravenfrom ten does the meanest; if he's a good for nothin sort of a feller, whiskey no bad critter in particular, it'll bring out all his greenness. It affects different people in different ways—it makes some men monstrous brave and full of fight, and some it makes cowards; some it makes rich and happy, and some poor and miserable; and it has a different effect on differ men's eyes—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blind that they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum-foolery that I've heard of for along time, took place on Pineville last fall.

Bill sweaty and Sam Culpepper is the two greatest old shoys in our settlement for coon hunts. The fact is, they don't do much of any thing else, and when they can't catch nothing you may depend coons is scarce. Well, one night they hed every thing ready for a regular hunt, but owing to some extra good fortin, Tom Bull got a pocket pistol, as he called it, of regular old Jimmicky, to keep off the varmints.—After takin a good martin horn, they went out on their hoss, with their little wood torch a blazin, and the dogs a barkin and yelpin like forty thousand. Every now and then stoppin to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very comfortable, and finally they shaw run thing and another, 'bout middin much which way they was goine. Bimby they come to a treen. Well, over they got 'bout much difficulty.

'Who's fours is this?' sez Bill.

'Taint no matter,' says Tom, 'less take somethin to drink.'

After taking a drink, they went up, wonderin what on yeth they had come to; It was a terrible muddy branch, after pullin through the briers and gettin on nother side, they took another drink, and after goine a little ways, they come to another branch, and a little farther they come to another hoss—a monstrous high one this time.

'What upon the yearth have we got to, Culpepper?' says Bill; 'I never recollect a heap of branches and fences in these parts.'

'What,' says Sam, 'it's all old Scarlin's doins—you know he's always buildin fences and makin infernal improvements, so he calls 'em. But never mind, we'll through 'em now.'

'The devil we is,' sez Bill; 'here's the all fenciest tallest fence yet.'

Shore or nuff, that they was right ugin another fence. By this time, they began to be considerable timber in the jints, and it was such a terrible high fence—Sam dropped the last piece of torch, and then they was in the dark.

'Now you is done it,' sez Bill.

Sam knowed he had, but he thought 'twas no use to grieve over spilt milk, so he 'never mind old hoss—come ahead, and I'll take you out,' and went ahead dershash he went into the water.

Bill hung to the hoss with both hands like he thought it was elevin round up, throw him off.

'Hollow, Sam,' sez he, 'where in the world has you got to.'

'Here I is,' sez Sam, spoutin the water out of his mouth, and feelin like he'd swallowed somethin—

'Look out—ther's another branch.'

'Name o'mem, what is we?' sez Bill—'If this ain't a fancy country, shet fasin my buttons.'

'Yes, and a brandy one too,' sez Sam; and the highest and deepest and muddiest that I ever used in my born days.'

'Which way is you?' sez Bill.

'Here, right ennz the branch.'

'The next minit in went Bill up to his middle in the branch.

'Cum ahed,' sez Sam, 'and bring hoses.'

'Cuss shed,' sez Bill, 'and bring hoses.'

'Cuss thunder! in with a place as this, was a man hain't got his eyes well unbutched from a fence fore he's head and ears in the water.'

After gettin out and feelin about in the dark a little they got together again. After takin another drink, they was out for home, cussin the fences and the branches, and helpin one another up now and then, but they hadn't got over's twenty yards fore they brung up all standin in the middle of another branch. After gettin thro the branch and gwine about ten steps, they was brung to a halt by another fence.

'Dad blame my pictures, if I don't think we is bewitched. Who upon yearth would build fences all over creation this way?'

It was about an hour's job to git over this one, but after they got on top, they found the ground on nuther side, about neuh truthin. This time the bottle was broken, and they cum monstrous near havin a fight about the consarn'ry. But it was a very good thing, it was, for after crossin three or four more branches, and climin as many more fences, it got to be day-light, and they found out that they had been climin the same fence all night, not more'n a hundred yards from war they first come to it.

Bill Swaney was he coon account for it no other way but that the liquor sorto turned, their heds, and he see he does really believe if it had'nt give out they'd been climing that same fence and in that same branch, till yet. Bill promised his wife to join the Temperance Society if she wouldn't never say no more about that Coon Hunt.

INCIDENT WHICH ENDED THE COURTSHIP OF MR. NIPPERS.

BY MAJOR JONES.

Absolom Nippers was a widower, and had been courting Miss Nancy Parker, who lived about ten miles from his plantation, for some time. And in a matter, such as he had in hand, it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday best on clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a bandbox. This was a happy expedient, and what nobody but a widower lover would think of. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a spoiled handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of Chinkapin bushes and there make his toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at his dressing ground. It was an important occasion. Everything was promising, and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man, and he was [illegible] himself the ruler of three hundred plantations and niggers, while he was within an hour's ride of three.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, what was bruzzin about, makin up his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in the woods, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as was feedin on him in return.

"I'll fix this business this time," said Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll fling things to a gum this time," sez he, as he untied the bundle containing his clothes and spread them on the saddle horn.

"Wo, Bill," sez he—"I've jist got to say the word, and—wo," sez he to his horse, which was kickin' and rearin' about.—"Wo, you cussed old fool!—and the business is settled jist like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin his shirts over his head, when Bill gave a sudden spring, what like to made him lose his balance. "Wo!" sez he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves, Bill was wheelin' and kickin like wrote, something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean shirt, and all, on the ground.

"Blast you infernal pictur!—wo, now!" sez Mr. Nippers grabbin at the reins. But before he could get hold of 'em Bill was off like a streak of greased lightnin', with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop his horse, but it was no use. Away went the infuriated Bill, and the road he was used to traveling, another moment bring him to the house.

The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck, hollerin'—"Stop, him! horses! horses!" as loud as he could.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house, scatterin the chickens and sheepings, and terrifyin the little niggers out of their senses. Their noise drowned the wimmin in the door.

"Hush them, Miss Nancy! hornets! no! [illegible] him!" shouted the genial Nippers, as with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate again, with the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switchin' in every direction, like a young hurrycane. Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight, while the last remains of some, sayin "Hornets! stop him!! hornets!!" still rang in her ears.

How Miss Nancy never got over the excitement of that eventful Sunday morning. She took her bed and refused to see company, and finally went off in a fit of hysterics, caused by somebody mentioning the name of the unfortunate Nippers in her presence.

Sensible.—It has been remarked that two persons of good dispositions and steady habits, never torment their fellow lodgers by snoring when asleep. The act of snoring consists of the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings, which the other had not the opportunity to vent while awake.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, or he will tell her—she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell every body.

Battle of Chickasaw Bayou.—Speaking of this brilliant engagement, the Jackson *Mississippian* says:

It is not going too far, perhaps, to say that it is by far the most signal defeat the enemy has yet suffered, and, in proportion to its magnitude, by far the most important in its results of any engagement which has yet taken place.

Just think of it. Two skeleton regiments, numbering not more than 600 men, met and utterly routed a force of 8,000, with a loss of 1,200 killed, wounded and missing, and over 500 captured prisoners and 600 stand of small arms. The largest estimate we have seen of our own loss falls below 75; it is generally believed, however, in official circles, that our loss in killed, wounded and missing is less than 50. Truly have we abundant reason for confidence in the impregnability of our works at Vicksburg and the scientific generalship of Lieutenant-General Pemberton. Such a result as the late battle of Chickasaw Bayou is calculated to give renewed confidence to our gallant troops, and produce a powerful depression in the ranks of their enemies.

Evidently, the Abolitionists have been completely baffled, and from late intelligence, it would seem that they had given up the fruitless effort to reduce Vicksburg. Whether they will return or not, is a question which will not admit of long delay. If they conclude to do so, we have every assurance that we are prepared for them.

Master Joseph Thompson, a lad of eleven or twelve years, has reached this city from Richmond. He left Norfolk under a pass dated 6th January, 1863, from the Yankee Governor, and came under flag of truce to Richmond. He had been at school in Norfolk, and now desires to receive information concerning his mother, from whom he has had no tidings for some time. He says that he was sent to school by a gentleman named John Johnson, an engineer, who was very kind to him, and spoke of adopting him. Any information will be gratefully received by this lad, and will be communicated to him if left at the Courier office.—*Charleston Courier*

Cotton Purchased by Government.—The total amount of cotton purchased by the Government in the State of Mississippi reaches about one hundred thousand bales, and much more is in negotiation. Our planters cannot do better than offer their crops, which will be taken at a fair price, and the bonds will soon be at a premium.—But little of the Government cotton has yet been burnt, and none has fallen into the hands of the enemy. If there is to be any loss of the kind, however Government is better able to pay it than the planter. What remains will reimburse the loss.

China Berries for Horse and Cow Feed.—The writer has fed China berries to horses and cows for the past two seasons, and can perceive no bad effects from them—on the contrary, horses with this feed seem to improve better than when fed on corn alone. In these times of scarcity and high prices it is worth while to give this feed a trial. In my opinion a bushel of China berries are nearly, if not quite, equal to a bushel of corn. The crop is very abundant, and now, before the winter rains, is the time to gather them. I give my horses a half a bucket full of the berries, with a small feed of corn, three times a day, and I boil the seed with peas or other feed for my cows. Horses are particularly fond of the berries.—*Columbus (Ga) Sun.*

A Roll of Honor—Twenty Volunteers in one Family.—D. N. Bute, Esq., of Bladen, has in the service of his country two sons, (all he has,) and eighteen nephews, all the grandsons of the late Archibald Bute, of Bladen. All of them are volunteers, and all able bodied efficient soldiers. They are of the Cape Fear District of Bladen.

We trust that the day is not distant when these youthful patriots will return to share with their families the liberties for which they fight.—*Fayetteville Observer*

Nashville or Murfreesboro' to be Given up.—The Baltimore *Gazette* of the 2d instant, in an editorial in regard to the campaign in Tennessee, and the movements of Rosecrans, says "the district of country through which he has marched is swept nearly, if not quite bare of supplies, there can be no doubt, and it is equally certain that he cannot divide his forces and hold both Nashville and Murfreesboro."

One of Lincoln's Paymasters.—Major Isaac N. Cook, Paymaster in the United States army, was arrested at Cincinnati on the 3d inst. for a defalcation of $250,000—money lost in gambling. Simultaneous arrests have been made of gamblers in Cincinnati, Louisville and other places, and about $70,000 has been recovered at Cairo.—*Whig.*

A Tart Reply.—A lady who presumed to make some observation while a physician was commanding her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make paradise a purgatory.—'And if some physicians,' replied the lady, 'were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert.'