The North Carolina Whig.

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

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

Shadows on the Wall.

When busy day had sunk to sleep,
And gloom had veiled the sky,
And we in thoughtful vigil keep
While silent hours fleet by;
Then oft'ner 'fore the eye may we mark
Objects unseen in other hours,
Pourtraying fully and dark
Their shadows on the wall.

Then to our soul in musings come
The phantoms of the past;
Far in the youth, a distant home,
Hopes, joys, too sweet to last:
Bright as ever—no longer bright,
Obeying memory's spell—
They come, but show in memory's light,
As shadows on the wall.

And they, the parted and the dead,
Unfaltering dear;
Around them still Love's light is shed,
Smiling or Sorrow's tear,
But change's is everywhere—alas,
How dim—how short! ye
Across the paths we tread they pass,
Like shadows on the wall.

The radiant sun of glowing days,
The moon's gentler beam,
The social hearth's domestic blaze,
The watch fire's gleam;
Love's torch, and Memory's lamp, where'er,
In cot or stately hall,
They shine, to mock their image there
A shadow on the wall.

Lights of the world! since thus ye be
Associate with shade,
O for your realm, where to see
A better light displayed!
Then oft'ner shall the joyful ray
Of hope and comfort play away,
Like shadows from the wall.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Union.

BEECH GROVE,
OR
THE TWO COUSINS.

BY WILLIAM ROBINSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUSINS.

Early as Percival imagined he had risen from his couch, on looking through the diamond shaped panes of the room in which he had slept, in the garden beneath, he perceived he was a laggard in respect to the morning. Both were already busy amongst their pet flowers, seemingly culling from them something to form into a couple of bouquets. In a few minutes our hero joined them.

"Ladies," said he, on coming within speaking distance, "you do not know what a pang it gave me, to see you thus engaged."

"Last evening, when I beheld the rich bloom on both your cheeks, I could not but think what an immense sum it must cost my worthy host to keep you in coloring matter; I fear me —"

"There," broke in Grace, turning to her cousin, "did I not tell you he was a heathen Gibbeway, or at the best a Blackstone?"

"You did," returned Madeline, with an appeal to Percival, "and I think I had better not give him the bouquet, lest he gather red, for fear that this gratification will manifest itself in a war-whoop, or scalp dance?"

Percival assured them that no such an occurrence did take place, if they did honor him with the bouquet; and after a little playful banter, it was presented to him, by Grace.

Despite their exhuberance of spirits, it was for a short time to enable Percival to believe that the cousins could be serious and sedate; and that whatever madcaps they might be at times, they were both, in the world, elegant and accomplished ladies. Madeline, as we have seen, was not so buoyant as her cousin, and seemed rather apt to indulge in musing fits, and fits of silence. But transcendently fair, and soon giving way to her smiles, or sunny smiles, at a word or remark of her cousin's or Percival's.

Lightly he time passed with our hero at Beech Grove. Not a care or a disturbing thought could find the slightest lodgment in his heart, whereby he might endeavor or desire to change his Eden for a place where not riding, or fishing, or reading with the fair Grace, or accompanying his kindred in their visits to some of the neighborhood homes of the different fields; or lounging to pass judgment on the extraordinary merits of some new implement of agriculture—that the old gentleman had lately added to his stock. But wherever they started to, their journeys almost invariably ended in the picture-gallery, situated in the left wing of the Hall—and containing a double row of the portraits of goodly gentlemen and stately dames, all looking most grave and solemnly decorous.

Old Mr. Heywood traced his pedigree up to Sir Thomas Dale, the third Governor of the then infant State of Virginia, which had been incorporated and supplied with a charter by King James. The redoubted Governor was represented in a slashed doublet, stiff ruff, and peaked beard; while his right hand rested on the hilt of his sword—a quiet stroke of satire, probably, on the part of the artist, to express the nature of Sir Thomas's government, which was that of "martial law."

But, as may well be conjectured, the greatest part of our hero's time was spent with the two cousins. And never was a young gentleman's heart more terribly harrassed as to where it should concentrate its whole affections, than that of Frederick Percival. Did he ponder on the bright flashing eyes of Grace, and fancy that a cottage cheered with her smile would be eternally mantled in sunbeams, as that the roof which re-echoed her laugh would indeed be melodious with music's self—another pair of eyes, most soft and dreamy, would pour in through his reverie with a witching sweetness, and another would shed as luminous a halo over whatever scene he fancied himself in with their fair owner.

It was impossible for him not to love either one or the other; but the difficulty was, which? Both treated him alike; neither being warmer, or more officious to attract his attention than the other; and tho' Madeline might be a little more sentimental than cousin Grace, she neither presented him with a confession of her love in a floral missive, nor perpetrated, as far as he could learn, one solitary stanza or sonnet to his eyebrows.

Three weeks of his intended month's vist to Beech Grove, had nearly expired, and still was Frederick Percival undecided in his choice; but he was not to remain long so, now. A Colonel, Arthur Murdock, like himself, the son of a friend of Mr. Heywood's, arrived at the Hall to spend a few weeks; and this circumstance, gave a definite and decided direction to the hitherto vaccilating affection of Percival.

The Colonel had hardly been installed in his new quarters, ere his attentions were at once and undevistingly directed to the fair Grace Heywood. To her were his remarks addressed. It was when she sung, that he alone joined the rich, deep bass of his own voice. And in their rides, it was at her side he might ever be seen, directing her attention to some fine points of view, some rich sunset, singularly shaped cloud, or ought else remarkable in the landscape around them.

Day after day he mounted himself, have her steed caparisoned, and brought round to the door as if by magic. Did they walk, despite the frowns (which were returned with interest,) of Col. Murdock, would he at her side, rattling away with the volubility of a Frenchman, and by his incessant loquacity, barely allowing his rival a chance of edging in a single word.

Grace seemed to enjoy this rivalry of her two suitors, hugely dispensing her smiles and favors to both, with the utmost impartiality; thus keeping them in a continual Castor and Pollux state of existence—half the time in Tartarus, the other half in Olympus.

And Madeline Mowbray, the lovely and timid Madeline, how did she comfort herself in this trying state of affairs? Poor girl! to the disgrace of both cavaliers be it said, that like the last rose of summer she was far too often left blooming alone; while her more favored cousin was being literally overpowered with their assiduous attentions and company. The neglect hurt her deeply at first; causing her to shed many bitter tears in secret. But at last she seemed to have made up her mind to bear it resignedly; and instead of accompanying, or rather following them in their rides and walks, she generally excused herself on the plea of a headache, a slight cold, or some other feminine objection.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM AND SUNSHINE.

The sun has just decked the earth in a robe of gladness, and awoke with his cheering beams the legion throngs of insect and feathered life that inhabit the woods, the green meadows, and the streams that environ the mansion of Beech Grove.

The squirrels are bounding from tree to tree, and chasing each other up and down the branches, or pausing for an instant in their merry career to discharge a beech-nut at some unsuspecting playmate, ensconced among the leaves. The songsters of the grove are flooding the air with their melody, and the very breeze itself, as it wantons among the clustering foliage, seems fraught with happiness. And yet, amidst all these jubilate sights and sounds, there is one heart enveloped in gloom and wretchedness, and one ear that is deaf to these melodies of nature. It is Frederick Percival—Percival the witty, the gallant, the gay!

He is seated on the trunk of a tree, a few feet from the edge of a deep and fearful looking ravine, that at this point divides the species of natural park surrounding Beech Grove House from the open country. A broad stream, which nearly encircles the whole park, here precipitates itself down the perpendicular face of a huge mass of granite, some two hundred feet in height, into the seething, cauldron-like hollow below, from which it again rises in clouds of drizzly spray, that, as they catch the rich beams of the morning sun, present to the eye of a spectator an iris of ever-changing and brilliant hues.

But Frederick Percival had eyes for none of this. The current of his own sad thoughts was coursing with too much fury through his brain to suffer him to note any other. All his cherished hopes have been rudely blighted, his Utopias dispersed, and his sunshine changed to gloom. Grace Heywood has owned her preference for his rival, and he is now wretched in deed.

Leaping to his feet, Percival hastily cast his eyes in the direction of an approaching sound, and at the next instant, a horse, with a female on its back, who seemed to be clinging with frantic tenacity to the pommel of her saddle, burst upon his view. A second glance told him this female was Madeline Mowbray.

On came the infuriated beast—on, still on, at that fearful pace, its course directly pointing to the yawning ravine. What was to be done? How could he save her? were the questions which now presented themselves to the mind of Percival, as this spectacle met his glance. But these were more easily asked than answered, and each instant, too, was fearfully lessening the distance between the maiden and destruction. O, the agony of that moment! What would he not have given to have been able to have seized the maiden's beast and hurled it on its haunches. But it might not be; he was compelled to stand and witness its headlong course, without being able to render the slightest assistance to the hapless damsel.

The horse was now within a few yards of the tree near which he stood, and still there was not the slightest abatement in its speed. Onward it came, and in another minute, both rider and horse would be lost forever in the deep and fearful gulf that seemed yawning, as it were, to receive them. Fate had ordained it otherwise, however. When within but a foot or two of our hero, Madeline suddenly raised her eyes, and beheld him as he stood gazing with horrified look on her approach, and no sooner did her glance rest upon him, than, throwing up her arms, she flung herself wildly towards him.

It was an insane act, but it proved eminently successful. With the quickness of lightning, Perceival had perceived her intention, and sprang forward with open arms, at the very moment she threw herself from the saddle; and though he did not indeed altogether prevent her from touching the earth, he was so far successful in breaking her fall, that she sustained not the slightest injury whatever.

The maddened steed kept on its course, and at the next instant disappeared from sight over the edge of the ravine.

"Dear, dear Frederick!" burst from the lips of Madeline, as she sank fainting in the arms of her deliverer.

"Dear, dear Frederick!" What a tone, too, of blendid love and gratitude these three simple words were uttered in! What a tale of fond affection, "subdued and cherished long," did they not unfold!—What a vast volume of gloom did they not dissipate from the heart of Percival, and what a rich flood of sunlight did they not pour in its place.

In a few minutes, though to Percival it seemed much more slowly, Madeline opened her eyes, and finding herself supported in the arms of her deliverer, and recollecting at the same instant, too, the expression, and the tone in which that expression was uttered, which had escaped her lips as she fell from her saddle, her neck and face were instantly suffused with crimson, and averting her head from his steadfast gaze, with the assistance of his arm, she hastily arose to her feet, and with downcast looks and heightened color, stood before him, the personification of maidenly confusion.

"Madeline," said Percival, at length, in a low, soft tone.

For an instant Madeline raised her eyes to the face of the speaker, and then as quickly veiled them again beneath their long, silken fringes; but she did not speak.

"Madeline," began Percival again, "will you permit a penitent to kneel down at your feet, to crave a pardon for his past conduct towards your own sweet self, and to entreat —"

"Nay, Frederick—Mr Percival, I mean —" said Madeline, correcting herself with hasty confusion, "kneel not; if an accident has revealed to you a secret, which would otherwise have remained forever locked up within my breast, do not make an unworthy use thereof, by giving utterance to hasty, unpremeditated, and—and—perhaps unmeaning vows."

"Madeline," returned Percival, with fervor, "you wrong me, indeed you do, if for one instant you imagine me capable of an intention to impose on your affections. I vow by all my hopes of heaven, that nothing was ever further from my mind. If you will oblige me by taking my arm, in our walk to the Hall I will endeavor to undeceive you, and place my hopes and feelings before you in their true light."

Madeline timidly complied with his request, and together they set forward on their return to Beech Grove.

On the following morning, Frederick Percival neither started on his intended "travels," nor commenced the great "work" that was to benefit mankind so much, and immortalize his own name.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREAT BELL OF VIENNA.—For a birth-day excursion, I yesterday ascended the tower of St. Stephen, which rises up to the enormous height of 439 feet. About 200 feet above the floor, we reached the Cathedral Bell, the largest in Germany, weighing 35,000 pounds. A small family could live conveniently under the immense structure. It is 11 feet high and 1-4 wide. Eight men are required to ring it, as the clapper alone weighs 1400 pounds. It was cast in 1711, by the Emperor, Joseph I, from 180 Turkish cannon taken by the Austrians. At the height of 250 feet is the clock. In the room with the latter is stationed a man to watch for the breaking out of fires in the city and suburbs. He takes an angle by means of a fine telescope, and on a chart prepared for the purpose finds the street and house. The alarm is then given. I ascended to the top of the tower, but as it inclines three feet from a perpendicular, and trembles at the slightest blow, I did not remain long at so dizzy a height.

[*Cor. of Northern Advocate.*

Communications.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

Some time early in April, I was informed by several gentlemen, that the Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., of Greensboro', had sent a message to the official members of the M. E. Church, in Charlotte, informing them that he would visit this place on the 25th of that month, and that his visit was connected with the question of boundaries between the North and South Carolina Conferences. This information I received, among others, from gentlemen who held official stations in our Church, and who had received it directly from Dr. Deems' messenger. A few days after this, the gentleman who had brought the message, called on me, with, I presume, the intention of acquainting me with it; but anticipating his wish, I informed him that I had already learned his business. I then made such remarks as I judged proper. This gentleman, during our conversation, did not object to my understanding of Dr. Deems' message in any particular, I therefore concluded I was correctly informed. So much for the source from whence I received this message, and my knowledge of its contents.

Now, Messrs. Editors, for the last twelve or sixteen years, if I do not mistake, the delegates from the N. C Conference, have been making violent efforts at each session of the General Conference, to wrest from the S. C. Conference her entire territory in the North State. These efforts, though sometimes attended with some encouragement, were entirely unsuccessful, until the session of the General Conference of 1850. Previous to the meeting of this Conference, some of the preachers of the N. C. Conference so far forgot themselves, in their zeal to accomplish their object, in person and through their agents, commenced agitating the question of the boundary, and by appealing to the State pride of the people along our borders, induced many to petition the General Conference in favor of the N C Conference By these means they were partially successful, and a large part of our territory was added to the N. C. Conference. The result of this was most disastrous, especially in the Fayetteville, Bladen, and Wilmington charges, resulting in the latter place, in the withdrawal of a number of the most wealthy, intelligent and influential members from the Church. These facts are well known here; and hence, is it at all surprising, that we should regard with distress, any attempt to disturb the peace of our Church by introducing this vexed question?

Is it surprising that we should, on the receipt of this message regard Dr Deems as an agitator? Can we be charged with action [illegible] when we immediately took steps to prevent Dr. Deems from accomplishing his purposes? Surely not by disinterested persons. The message was borne to us by one we did not hesitate to believe; there was no ground for disbelieving; it harmonized with the past history of this dispute—the question had been agitated by the N. C. preachers on our territory, and why might they not do it again.

Reasoning in this manner, the official members of the Church, including the two who had made me acquainted with the messenger, met, and appointed a committee to express to Dr Deems their "disapprobation of the object of his visit, and to dissuade him from coming among us on this errand." Acting in obedience to the wish of the Church, the committee addressed Dr. Deems, and received an answer, in which he denies "ever having had the *slightest* intention of addressing the people of Charlotte, upon any subject whatever, unless he had time, *upon his return from General Conference* to speak upon the great question of the legal prohibition of the traffic in ardent spirits." Since then, the General Conference has met and adjourned, and the hopes and labor of the agitators have been lost. But this is not enough; the Church in Charlotte must not be permitted to enjoy repose yet. Hence, a few weeks since, Dr. Deems, on his return from the General Conference, called through your columns on me and Mr. J. R. Daniel, members of the above named Committee, to publish the correspondence between us and him. This I have declined doing until now, for the following reasons:

1st. I was informed a few weeks since by Dr. Whitefoord Smith and Rev. W. A. McSwain, that Dr. Deems had, when the memorial from the Church in Charlotte was presented, tried to make the impression on the minds of the members of General Conference, that he had a letter from me from which he could prove me of doubtful veracity. I was likewise informed, that the Dr. intended calling on me on his return through Charlotte, relative to this matter. Having thus at a distance, and in my absence, assailed my character, I felt that it was due to me, that he should call—but he did not: and yet, strange to say, while he failed to call on me, (for want of time, perhaps,) he did not fail to leave at the offices of the "Whig" and "Democrat," a card for publication, which the most ordinary mind could not fail to perceive could do *nothing but harm*—setting at variance a pastor and his people. In this card, he attempts to prove, that the Rev. J. M. Bradley, has also been guilty of falsehood. Surely, Dr. Deems ought to have a new office given him by his Conference, and be called the "Discoverer of Clerical Rascals," in the S. C. Conference, and be entitled to all the honors connected with it. Surely he deserves this as his reward!—Surely he does!

2d. I consulted with some of our oldest, most pious, as well as most intelligent Methodists, and their advice was adverse to the publication of these papers.

3d. I cannot comply with Dr. Deems' request, in justice to myself, without adding a few remarks, as I have in several instances been misrepresented. But should I make any remarks, I might give offence, and other publications would follow, and thus the unhappy state of things now existing, would be continued. Owing to this circumstance, to a great extent, I have remained silent—and would gladly have remained so, had I been permitted. Dr. Deems, says, I "remind him of the harm done by the South Carolina preachers in their discussions four years ago." I hardly know what he means by this. Nothing in my letter, as will be seen by referring to it, is the least suggestive of any thing of the kind. This reminiscence is wholly gratuitous. What I wished, however, particularly to notice here, was an error originating in this vicinity. Mr. D. M. Lee informed Dr. Deems, in his published letter, that he (Dr. D.) had been here represented as saying "the people have no right to petition the General Conference." A short time after I received Dr. Deems' letter, Mr. Lee called on me, and inquired if Dr. D's letter contained the above sentence, adding, that Rev. J. M. Bradley had told him, that I had so reported. I informed Mr. Lee, that Mr. Bradley was mistaken, and handing the letter to him, bade him read for himself. I will here remark, that Dr. Deems never wrote to me in the above language—I *never* so quoted him. Mr. Bradley denies having so informed Mr. Lee. In his published letter in the "Whig," he says "this is not my language," and in his letter to the Rev. A. M. Shipp, written *before* he had heard that Mr. Lee gave him as his author, and published by Dr. Deems, he quotes the Dr. correctly as I had informed him, viz: "the people have no voice in it." This latter circumstance, independent of his denial, satisfies my mind. From this it will be seen, if injustice has been done Dr. D., I am not the author of it, and Mr. Bradly clears himself.

4th. I consider some of the remarks of Dr. Deems, calculated, from their unguarded nature, to do the Methodist Church harm, and I would very gladly have prevented their publicity. He says "The whole matter of boundaries, according to the Constitution of our Church, is one in which the laity have no voice. The only proper place for its discussion is the Annual Conference or the General Conference. While our Discipline excludes the laity from any decisions upon this matter, as a member of the General Conference, and for the good and prosperity of the Church, I should vote in this particular, as I believed a majority of the preachers and *people* desired." I cannot conceive of a paragraph better calculated to strengthen the hands of persons unfavorable to Methodist discipline. Here it is declared, that in matters intimately connected with the welfare of the Church, and involving the happiness of the laity, they have no voice,"—"the only proper place where such subject can be discussed is the Annual Conference or the General Conference," and it is entirely optional with "a Member of the General Conference," whether he votes in concert with the wishes of a majority of the *people*," or not; he is to be governed by *his* views of what would be "for the good and prosperity of the Church." The conclusion of the matter is this: a member of the General Conference is entirely an irresponsible being, and may vote with or against the wishes of a majority of the people, as *he* sees proper. He may, if he pleases, disregard the petitions of the people. He is under no obligation to act otherwise than as *he* is disposed. This, Messrs. Editors, is the doctrine of the above extract—a doctrine I have often heard charged against us, but never heard admitted by an intelligent Methodist before.—Bear in mind, that our General Conference are composed entirely of Clergymen, and you will perceive, that, if they are as irresponsible a body as is above represented, our people are in the grasp of a power, capable of becoming as unchecked and absolute as that of Rome. All that is necessary to remove these checks which our laity hold, would be, for the members of the General Conference "to believe," that it "was for the good and prosperity of the Church," and "vote" them all away, and the laity who have "no voice" in such matters, could, of course, have nothing to say.

But, perhaps, it may be said I have attached a meaning to Dr. Deems' words which they will not legitimately bear. Let us see. If we take the first sentence in the above extract, it is certain I have not strained his words, "According to the constitution of our Church, the whole matter of boundaries is one in which the laity have *no voice*." What can be more explicit? Suppose we take the second sentence, "the only proper place for its *discussion* is the Annual or General Conference," and let it interpret the first, and we learn from it that the laity's having "no voice" in such questions, means they have no right "to discuss" them. This does not mend the matter much. Now let us examine the remainder of the extract. Perhaps having "no voice," and no right "to discuss," simply mean "the laity are excluded from any decisions in such matters"—perhaps the words are used synonymously. But here, unfortunately we meet with a difficulty fatal to such an answer, for it is a fact no Methodist will deny, that *Annual* Conferences are also "*excluded* from any *decisions*" in such matters, while the above extract *admits* they have the right to "discuss" them, which the *laity* have *not*. Let Dr. Deems' words, however, mean what they may, one thing is clearly evident, they are extremely unguarded, and I would not have them given to the world as the admission of a Methodist. But I am sorry to say, the course pursued by Dr Deems inclines me to believe that the conclusions I have drawn from his words are legitimate, that he is sincere in their use, and that where the wishes of the people are opposed to *his* will—the latter will control his vote. "Upon the showing of documentary evidence obtained from the Quarterly Conference and Society meetings, in the territory" belonging to the S. C. Conference, "thus claimed," by the N. Carolina Conference," and which was duly exhibited to the General Conference, the transfer asked for was contrary to the wishes of a large majority of the membership most particularly concerned. These documents were official, obtained in pursuance of instructions given at the last" session of the South Carolina Conference (1850.) This was the language of nine ministers, who were members of the General Conference when our territory was wrested from our hands. The territory was composed of six circuits and two stations. From these two stations went up petitions in favor of the claims of the North Carolina Conference while the six circuits, containing a membership more than *ten* times larger than the stations, expressed themselves adverse to those claims, through their "Quarterly Conferences and Society Meetings." These "documents," containing these expressions, "were *official* statements," and "were duly exhibited to the General Conference"; and hence were well known to the Doctor. Now Dr. Deems did vote for the excision of our territory when he *knew*, from the "documentary evidence" before him, that a *very large majority* of the "preachers and *people*" "particularly concerned" was opposed to it!! Of course Dr. Deems "believed" that compliance with the wish of the people would not be for "the good and prosperity of the Church," and the *wish* was the *father to the thought*. Hence his willingness to be governed by the wishes of the people as above expressed are only flourishes, and the people of old Mecklenburg cannot be deceived by them.

There is much more that I wished to have said; but as these remarks have already extended beyond the usual limits, I must be content to say no more. But I must be allowed to add, I exceedingly regret that you should be troubled with a matter in which you, nor but few of your many readers, feel any interest—a matter which can do no one any service but our enemies, and no one any injury but those engaged in it. I am sorry Dr. Deems should have supposed the publication of these letters due to himself, when it could not, under the circumstances fail to harm the Church. I am grieved to think a minister of the Gospel of peace, should so far forget himself, as to engage in magnifying the faults of his brother, for the amusement of the world, and exert himself to destroy his usefulness in the Church. I will not trouble you again, Messrs. Editors, if I can honorably prevent it. T. M. FARROW.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. April 6th, 1854.

REV. C. F. DEEMS:

Dear Brother—The Official Members of this Station, received, a few days since, an informal notice, that you would be in Charlotte, the 25th inst, for the purpose of discussing the subject of the boundary between the North and South Carolina Conferences. A meeting of the Official Members was immediately and publicly called, for the purpose of considering your message, and taking such action as they deemed proper.—The members present, (being with one or two exceptions, the entire officiary) unanimously expressed their admiration of your talents, and the pleasure with which they would extend to you the right hand of brotherly affection whenever it may suit your convenience to visit us as a *Minister of the Gospel*, directly engaged in discharging the proper duties of your sacred office; but they, as unanimously, appointed the undersigned, a committee, to express to you their disapprobation of the object of your visit, and to beg you to desist from coming among us on that errand. At no period of our existence as a Church, have we enjoyed more peace than at the present time, and having before our minds the painful state of things produced in Wilmington and other parts of the excluded territory by the agitation of this question, we wish firmly but respectfully to discourage every attempt to introduce the subject here. In this we believe we act in harmony with the feelings of a large majority of our members. Your message has already paralized an effort, which, but for it, would have been successful in obtaining a parsonage. This, we cannot but regard, as a significant fact. We trust you will receive this with Christian kindness, as it is intended.

With sensiments of respect,
(Signed) THOMAS M. FARROW, L. E.
RICHARD DANIEL, Steward.

GREENSBORO COLLEGE, April 10, 1854.

My Dear Brethren: I have been very much surprised by a letter from you this morning. You will readily imagine my surprise when I inform you that I have *never* had the *slightest* intention of addressing the people of Charlotte, upon any subject whatever, unless I had time *upon my return from the General Conference* to speak to your citizens upon the great question of the legal prohibition of the traffic in ardent spirits. If every man, woman and child in your county should sign a petition to me to discuss the question of the boundary publicly I should respectfully decline. The whole matter of boundaries, according to the Constitution of our Church, is one in which the laity have no voice. The only proper place for its discussion is the Annual Conference or the General Conference.—While our Discipline excluded the laity from any discussion on this matter, as a member of the General Conference, and for the good and prosperity of the Church, I should vote in this particular as I believed a majority of the preachers *and people* desired. You remind me of the harm done by the South Carolina preachers in their discussions four years ago. I am aware of all that, my brethren, and I should scarcely now do what I so much censured in them. You do not know me, my brethren, or you would not imagine that I could entertain such a thought. I have never made a speech or published a line on this subject, out of the General or Annual Conference. I know my place too well.

Excuse me if I say I fear that you have been too hasty in this matter. You speak of the harm done by the mere announcement of my coming. Remember that I am innocent of all this. But you "publicly and immediately called" a meeting of the official members to consider a message I had never sent. Your action is known, and I have a letter before me showing that a portion of your Church and citizens oppose your action, &c. I will have nothing to do with the affair. When two gentlemen were here a short time ago I mentioned to them that I would pass through Charlotte on my way to General Conference, that being my nearest route. I also remarked that I would like to become acquainted with as many of the Methodist brethren as practicable, and inquired what was the state of public sentiment in the County upon the question of making State lines the boundary. But I am sure they have made an innocent mistake, if they supposed that I intended to address your people on the subject of boundaries, and you have made a greater mistake by the publicity you have given to your views. I accept your letter, however, in great kindness, and am,

Very truly, yours,
CH: F. DEEMS.

P. S. I write this from a room of sickness to which I have been confined several days. I hope, however, it will be comprehensible.

I shall expect you to make this letter as "public" as the call for the meeting to consider the question of my visit to Charlotte; so that the people may know to whom to attribute the loss of your parsonage.

To Messrs. Farrow and Daniel, Charlotte, N. C.

The following article has been in type for two or three week, but never had room for its insertion until the present issue.—ED.

From the Rowan Whig.

DREADFUL CONFLICT—PARTIAL LOSS OF THE SLOOP OF WAR "NORTHAMPTON."

Messrs. Editors:—On Saturday last, the 17th inst., as the light, draft, trim built, and fine Sailing Sloop of war, Northampton, was quietly wending her way up "Salt River," (the position assigned her, on and after the third day of August next,) when off Statesville, Lat. 36,30 Longitude unknown, she encountered the Stauch built ship of the line, Old "Pee Dee," carrrying 74 Guns, all properly mounted and ready for action.

As soon as the "Pee Dee" hove in sight, she brought her spy glass to bear; and at once recognized a *suspicious craft* bailing from a belligerent power, although she bore aloft the glorious banner of the stars and stripes and gave other evidences of a friendly character.

Her true character being *unmistakable*; the "Pee Dee" at once, had her men prepared for action, and ordered the match to be applied: The result was a broadside from her batteries, which shook the "Northampton" to her very centre, and caused her to leak very badly. After the fragments and smoke were cleared away, the Northampton ordered a 24 pounder let off, which slightly affected one of the sails* of the "Pee Dee."

The action now became general and steady; and in a short time the scene was truly terrific!—a steady fire was kept up for *five and a half hours*; and plank after plank was torn from under the sloop! and soon it became apparent that she was greatly riddled and disabled. But notwithstanding her crippled condition, she continued to fight with great desperation to the end of the engagement; and was finally towed off (without surrendering) into the port of Salisbury for repairs.

It is understood that in the contemplated repairs, it will be necessary to use several planks of a wholly different kind from those which had been used in her construction on the 10th April last; most of those having proved rotten and worm eaten, and offering comparatively no resistance to the heavy cannonading of the Old "Pee Dee."

After completing her repairs it is supposed that she will resume her trip up "Salt River," as far as the head of navigation, which point it is expected she will reach by the 3rd day of August.

AN EYE WITNESS.

June 19 1854.

*This sail was made out of "Nebraska" hemp, and was considered defective.

☞ We are personally acquainted with every neighbor that Gen. Dockery has. We have known them long, and we know them well. We have been at their houses, we have met them at every place of public resort to which they are in the habit of repairing: and never yet have we heard one of them designate him as "tyrant of the sand-hills," or any other sort of a tyrant. What propriety would there be in such an appellation? Gen. Dockery does not reside in the sand hills: nor does he any where, that we are aware of, hold rule or empire among them. It is true that he once traversed the sand-hills, over and over, with his compass and chain, at his own costs and charges, laying off the county of Richmond in school districts, with a view of carrying the blessing of education as near as possible to the door of every poor sand-hill farmer in the county. Tyrants do not do such deeds as these. It is true that with his own hands and at his own expense he built a schoolhouse, to which his poor neighbors might send their children to a free-school to learn to read the annals of their country's glorious achievements, and thus be enabled to appreciate the blessings of liberty. Do men acquire the title of tyrant from their neighbors by conduct like this? No: and he never got it. The third day of August will show the appreciation in which the old farmer of Pee Dee is held by those who know him. His generous hearted neighbors will not suffer him to be slandered with impunity by the supple menials of office-begging aristocrats. With a full knowledge of his character, and an inflexible purpose to vindicate that character against the malignant assaults of partizan mendacity, no matter from whence they come nor by whom they are made, they will march to the ballot-box in solid phalanx and deposit for him such a vote as no man ever yet received in that region of country. They know the integrity of him in whom they are to repose their trust. They know the prestige of victory that his name carries with it—and they will neither stop nor falter in their course.

"A hero commands them, who never did yield:
Nor will his last battle be lost on the field!"

Fayetteville Argus.

A young lady was told by a married one, that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin below, than to marry. The young lady replied, "Well, I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."—did you ever!