The North Carolina Whig.

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

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Poetry.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely prime,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow lank on the wrecking bank—
Where the shadow is heavy, the whole day through,
Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crusted on the railing, one o'er one,
Like frozen icicles when the work is done!
While freely it sank and forth between,
The spirits awakened the silvery screen,
And the spirit-call, with the call "this time,"
Neither were—on the side of the old canoe.

The skiff, half sunk in the slimy water,
Glides slowly away in its rotting grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er the hull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the sky that matches the follies mower,
While many a blossom of love that lies
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The ripplelessness waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lightly in and out again,
It flirts the length of its rusty chain,
Like the wanty march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the mouldy chime;
And the chain is kinked of each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And sunning it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below on the broken tide,
To see that the form, and features were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe;

But now, as I look o'er the crumbling side,
And look below to the sluggish tide,
The form that I see, though is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossoms wore, or the green moss grew
O'er mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Miscellaneous.

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost useless so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced, "I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically. "I am not going to wear my back bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money!*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland; "but money isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't?" asked Lyman. "If you have money you can have every thing. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. O! give me a thousand dollars, and I'll be content!"

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid young cattle. They were of a pure English breed, or rather a cross between two of the best breeds ever imported, and came very high. Poland saw him passing and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price.—He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals were brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in his purchase.

"*Thrive!*" broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two year old bull and heifer! Why—what on earth could you have been thinking of, Poland? Why—I wouldn't have given anyway five dollars for 'em now. My cows will give as much milk and make as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you launch out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland, earnestly; "for those farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor cattle, when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have much better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," re-joined Lyman. "I can't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two-year-olds, and one of them a heifer at that, when for fifty dollars I can buy one of the best cows in the country."

"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my thousand dollars, too, laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it.

"Hadn't you better?" ventured his wife.

"No. We take the *Village Pickings*, published right in our own town, and that's enough. You know what I told you, Dolly,—I must have that *thousand dollars!*"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's my neighbor Poland—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on him, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were taking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—and paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars 'll come out minus;—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman said nothing, for she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of penuriousness which looked mean; but she did not say so.

"Halloo! what ye doing?" cried Lyman, as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasturing," returned Poland.

"What!" exclaimed Lyman hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half of your field? Why—that wood leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it,—and that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swinging a scythe over forty acres of land after five and twenty tons of hay when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a March hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

Ere long Lyman was met by another surprise. He was at the hotel in the village one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it wood, and butter, and cheese, and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what *do* you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you:—He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years! And he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go, to pay for it!"

On the same day he saw Poland, and asked what he meant.

"I mean to bring my farm up," returned the latter.

"But I get manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to manure more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity we must be prodigal of rich dressing."

"Well," said Lyman, with a sort of pitying expression,—"go ahead; but if you ever see your money, let me know."

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me.—We haven't got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms in the west. My land needs nursing now."

But Anson Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would first cut his tillage land down one half, and then go off and buy such a quantity of manure, must be little better than a fool. *He* wasn't such a fool, at all events.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood to the village for two dollars and a half per cord, "*poor*" Poland was hauling his to the tavern to pay for manure which he hadn't got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow a hundred dollars for six months, or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it?" asked Lyman.

"I want to make some improvements in my barn cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a tie-up, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

"I declare, Poland, it's too bad," said Lyman, pityingly. "Here I've laid up over two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt. By the jingo, John, I don't want to see you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double your land to empty into it. If I lend you a hundred dollars what assurance have I that I shall ever see it? I'd rather let it go where I know it is safe. I should want to see you, and I might not get it without. Your farm is as good as mine, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have,—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had yielded him, for which he had been offered within the week four hundred dollars. He owed that amount of stock over and above the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to hear no more reasons from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought this new stock, who lent him the money he needed readily.

"What a fool!" said Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbor's barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accommodating forty five "head of cattle." However, Poland worked on, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to some of his advice.

"Don't talk to me," cried Lyman, at the end of the second year. "I've got four hundred dollars at interest. How much you got?"

"A thousand or so, returned the other.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is on interest."

"Oho—ah, ha, ha, ha,—and now how much interest have you realized?"

"So far I've let it all run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principal, and there it lies."

"Yes, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."

"You are right, Lyman—I could not raise it without selling something which I do not wish at present to part with."

"I thought so. But take your own way."

Ere long Anson Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third paper, besides buying a lot of books for his children.

"What's the use?" he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. "I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when our school is open."

"So I mean that my children shall learn to work," returned Poland; "but that shall not prevent them from becoming well educated. I would rather leave them with good health, good characters, and well educated, than with thousands of dollars each, minus the education."

"Oho! That's the way you meant to lay up a thousand dollars; to have it in books, and papers, and new tie-ups, and such like."

"You shall see when the time is up."

"We shall," returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr Lyman had not fully realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heavily and so carefully; and on the second year he only noticed that his neighbor had "extraordinary *good luck*" with his wheat getting about ninety bushels from three acres.—But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men were just finishing raking up the three acre piece where the grain had been the year before—the first piece the present owner had plowed up and dressed.

"Been poling some hay on here," said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

"No—this was all cut from these three acres," returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and upon reckoning up he found that the land had yielded not far from *four tons to the acre!* He had just got in the *two acres* which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tons per acre! He knew that Poland had got ten bushels more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think; but yet he would not let his money go for any such "*experiments*" upon his place.

The five years came around, and Anson Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn in order to get fourteen dollars to put with nine hundred and eighty six dollars which he had at home.

"Well Poland, I've got the prize!" said Lyman, entering the former's barn in the afternoon. It was early spring, just five years from the day on which they bought. "I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got?"

"Well—I have not far from four hundred dollars in money."

"Aha—I thought so."

"But Anson Lyman," said Poland almost sternly, "are your eyes not opened yet?"

"Opened! What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean that my farm, to day, will sell for one thousand dollars more than yours will. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tons of hay; you have not ten. And mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you know my hay is worth far more a pound than your hay is. I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For these five creatures I can within six hours take seven hundred dollars cash; but no such money can purchase them of me."

"Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm without returning anything for it."

"Never mind—I've got my thousand dollars, and I've got my farm, as good as it was the day I bought it."

"Not quite, Lyman."

"How so?"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood!"

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from my wood-lot I put back upon my field. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Time passed on, and at the end of another five years the eyes of Anson Lyman were wholly opened. Poland had now raised quite a stock of noble cattle from his first purchase, and commenced to sell to the best market. Two hundred dollars was the least any one of them brought when fatted; and one bullock, four years old, brought him three hundred and ten dollars. His twenty acre field was like a garden, yielding, each all was mowed, an average of three tons to the acre. In short, his whole farm was under the best of tilling and improvement, and now yielded him back a heavy interest upon all that he had expended. During one fall he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce; and he was offered five thousand dollars for his place, while Lyman could not have found a purchaser at fifteen hundred!

"Dolly," said Anson Lyman, sinking into a chair, "I've been a fool!—a fool! I say."

"Why—Anson—what do you mean?"

"Mean? Look at Poland's farm."

"I have looked at it from the first, Anson."

"You have? And what have you seen?"

"Why—I saw that John Poland was making a comfortable home for himself and family, and increasing the value of his farm tenfold."

"And why didn't you tell me so?"

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well—never mind.—Don't too late now."

On the next morning Mr Lyman went over to his neighbor's and frankly said,—"Poland, you must help me. I want to learn to be a farmer."

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."

And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly all expended in the work, but in the end he found himself the gainer, and his dollars came back to him with interest twice told. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

DEPLORABLE.—Washington letters to the Northern press depict the condition of the emancipated negroes there as terrible.—They are literally starving, and still the numbers are increasing. Without the assistance of the government, they would all die like murrained sheep, they are so lazy and helpless.—*Petersburg Express.*

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

LETTER I.

TURNERSBURG, IREDELL CO.
July 31, 1862.

MRS. EDITOR,—This town is situated on Rocky Creek, one mile from its confluence with the South Yadkin. North by East of Statesville and 10½ miles. It takes its name from its wealthy and enterprising proprietor, Mr. W. Turner, who, some fifteen years ago, built a Cotton Factory on the creek at this point. Oft repeated efforts had been made by others, to erect a dam over the creek here, but all had proved unsuccessful, in consequence of the large volume of water which pours through its channel, the rapidity of its current, and its great fall, there being a gradual succession of shoals, very much resembling stair-steps, extending for half a mile above the foundation of the dam, a part of which its waters now entirely conceal. Below the dam, the creek flows over a succession of high shoals, until at last, it precipitates itself, rapidly and violently over the highest, which is six feet high, into a semicircular basin, the depth of which has never been ascertained, until recently by a young man named Patterson, now a volunteer in the Confederate Army. To an intelligent observer placed at the stand point which I have selected, a grand view, of great beauty, presents itself, sufficiently attractive to almost bewilder the imagination. From the bottom of the basin, a natural semi circular wall of rock rises, almost perpendicularly, to the height of more than one hundred feet. It is such as no human hand could frame, and no mere human mind devise; for it was made by the great Architect of the universe, "Who spake and it was done; Who commanded and it stood fast." You may well suppose, therefore, that Turnersburg and its vicinity abound in scenery highly picturesque and beautiful. Pollock speaking of the literary capacity of Lord Byron, said: "He drank draughts that might have slaked the thirst of common millions; And yet he died of thirst, because he had no more to drink." An area of two miles square, including Turnersburg containing a sufficient number of pure fountains of cool natural water gushing forth, in many places in highly romantic "jets de eau" to quench the natural thirst of millions, and thus prevent them from "dying of thirst because they could have no more to drink," and the channel of the creek, for a distance of six miles, or more, has mill-seats enough to establish a Southern Lowell, which could be settled by Southern Manufacturers, altogether free from the fanaticism, and the fiendish, disorganizing notions, civil and religious, of the Yankees. Mr. Turner, in addition to his Cotton Factory in which he manufactures large quantities of Cotton Thread of a superior quality, and Cotton Domestics very fine, strong and durable, which he sells to the volunteers in the Confederate Army from Iredell county at the extremely low price of sixteen and two-third cents a yard, he has recently built on the same site, a Flour, Corn and Saw Mill in which he manufactures Flour, Meal and Lumber of a quality such as have never been surpassed, if equaled, in Iredell county. The entire channel of Rocky Creek, from within a few miles of its source amid the gorges of the Brushy Mountains, which are spurs of the great Alleghany range to its mouth, a distance of more than one hundred miles with the various meanders of the stream, furnishes thousands of sites for the erection of all the kinds of machinery usually propelled by water power; and the whole of the scenery on its banks, consists of a succession of hills and dales covered all over with the most gorgeous scenery, and interspersed with waterfalls. At the distance of every few miles on its margin are grottoes of great beauty, reminding the classical reader of the following lines to Virgil's Æneid:

"Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt,——
Intus equos nuptas, vinoque sodalia ex so:
Nymphaeum domus."

which when translated into English, according to the narrative style which always selects the present tense, signifies:

Dido and the Trojan leader arrive at the same grotto;
Whose rocky, green moss covered roof dissipate their fear;
Within are blooming flowers and waters pure and sweet;
The blessing Nymph's shady and cool retreat.

AN IREDELLIAN.

SOME WORK FOR THE "290."—It is reported that Commodore Wilkes will be assigned to a new and important command in West Indian waters, with a flying squadron of a dozen Yankee vessels, intended to watch and seize the ships sent out with arms or goods for the Confederacy.

We are officially informed that the Express Company will resume business over the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad on the first of October, when it is expected passenger trains will go to Murfreesboro'.

THE RUNNING OFF OF THE STEAMER PLANTER FROM CHARLESTON.—An association of negroes called the "Freedmen's Society," met in New York last week, many whites being at the meeting. Several speeches were made, in one of which it was stated that a negro woman who had earned $50 at Hilton Head, S. C., was had robbed of it by a Yankee while on her way to New York. Robert Small, the negro who ran the steamer Planter from the wharf at Charleston, and who is quite a lion at the North, gave the following account of his exploits:

He said I feel proud to stand before a congregation of white folks. I suppose I Charleston to tell the story of my escape from sure in [illegible] I do it with the greatest pleasure in the world. A man from a neighboring I thought so without making my escape; told my dream to dreamed about it. I with me. We had a and he agreed and all agreed to be lying at my house 12th of May, we had another. On the agreed to start the next day. ...ing and heavy guns on board. I wished ... four more to make the boat sail easier. ...d night we came on board the Planter one at a time, so as not to create suspicion. Abraham, my friend, carried the trunk as though he was taking it to his boat. The women and children were hid away in the engine-room of another boat. Abraham kept watch that night, and called me about 12 o'clock; the moon was shining right up and down. About three o'clock the fire was started, and the wind blew the smoke over the city. I was scared. I feared the people would think there was a fire near the wharf, but nobody came. We moved out of our position, but had to return to take the woman on board, and the boat moved so nicely up to her place we did not have to throw a plank or tie a rope. It was easy, so we steamed slowly down to Fort Johnston. I didn't want to appear in front of the fort in the dark, for fear they might suspect us. At the right time I gave the signal—two long blows and a short one. I put on the captain's straw hat and stood so that the sentinel could not see my color. When beyond the range of the guns we put on plenty of steam. I hoisted a white sheet, taken from the bed, and reached the blockading vessels in safety, and we were received with cheers. A man and his wife, who had escaped from Charleston in rice barrels, were next introduced. A handsome collection for the Freedmen's Society concluded the exercises.

FROM NORFOLK.—We saw a gentleman yesterday who left Norfolk on Tuesday last. He represents matters there as without alteration since previous reports. News of the great fight in Maryland reached Norfolk Tuesday morning. The Yankees conceded a reverse, and since they have had nothing else for some time past, do not seem to expect anything else in future.

General Viele is said to be in constant dread of an attack upon Norfolk, and keeps a steamer fired up all the time for the purpose of leaving hurriedly should the exigencies of the case require it.—*Petersburg Express, 29th inst.*

ONE OF SHAKSPEARE'S PALL BEARERS BURIED AT FREDERICKSBURG.—In an old burying-ground at Fredericksburg, Va., is a tombstone with the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Edward Holder, practitioner in physic chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers to the body of William Shakspeare. After a brief illness, his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 16..., aged seventy-six.

DESPERATE FROM MISSOURI.—A letter received by a member of Congress from Missouri, dated the 5th instant, gives the most encouraging account of affairs in that State. The State militia to the number of 60,000, are said to have declared for the Confederacy, the Lieut. Governor of the State at their head. The Confederates are in possession of Springfield, and the Federal Governor has retired to St. Louis.

MATCHES.—We have seen specimens of matches made by machinery in this city, and find them upon trial equal to the best of foreign manufacture. They light readily and with certainty burning with but little odor. The price for which they are sold, 10 cents a bundle, is a great improvement upon the late prices, 75 cents and $1 per small box. The manufacturer deserves credit for his ingenuity and for accommodating the public.—*Enterprise of 11th.*

Lincoln has authorized the Governor of Minnesota to let the Sioux go by default, and attend to the Indians. The troops belonging to that State are, therefore, to be sent to the frontier. The Manchester Record gives an appalling account of the massacre at Lake Shetek. Seven of the survivors have reached that town, among them several women.

A conductor on one of the railroads terminating at Wheeling, Virginia, was recently dismissed for complimenting a lady on the smallness of her feet. The company held that if the lady had a pretty foot she was aware of it, and it was no part of the conductor's duty to inform her of the fact.