

North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER.

This Argus of the People's rights doth an eternal vigil keep: No King's strain of Alair's Son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

Vol. II.

Wadesborough, N. C., Dec. 11, 1849.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS,
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
JOHN W. CAMERON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS OF THE PAPER.
Two Dollars in Advance.
Five Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid before the expiration
of the year. If not paid until after the expiration of the
year, the amount due shall be increased to Six Dollars.
No advertisements will be inserted unless accompanied by
the cash, or unless the advertiser has previously paid for
the same.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
All subscribers, who do not give express notice to
the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their
subscriptions.
If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers,
publishers may continue to send them until arrears are
paid.
If subscribers neglect or refuse taking their papers
from the office to which they are sent, they are held re-
sponsible till their bills are settled and their paper ordered
discontinued.
The Courts have decided that refusing to take a news-
paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leav-
ing it uncollected for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional
neglect.

POETRY.
John G. Whittier has written for Fredericka Bremer the
following pretty piece of poetry:
Welcome from thy dusky Norway,
Daughter of the Viking bold!
Welcome to the sunny Vineland
Which they sought and found of old!
Soft as lapse of Sign's waters,
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as winter from his mountains,
Roaring through the northern pines.
Swan of Abo! we have listened
To thy saga and thy song,
Till a household joy and gladness,
We have known and loved the long.

THE HONOR OF HONESTY.
A TRUE STORY.
When shall I get a new bonnet?" doubt-
fully inquired a young girl, who, in a dismal
street where a great baby was sleeping,
was deviously considering her head gear,
as she prepared to go out on Saturday evening.
She might be excused for reflecting on the sub-
stance of the coarse straw bonnet—which had
been in handsome—was now sunburnt and
with its soiled and faded ribbon, look-
ing, though it had been carefully kept,
like a dirty, she continued, as she turned
her hand; "though may be its a
wholly good and shawl; but come, they're
rather. I wonder whether mother can
buy a new one? Perhaps she
she was sure of work last Saturday
and on the shabby bonnet, and
up two shillings, which she took
from a window ledge, she put them into
and giving a last glance at the little bed,
her baby bedfellow was safely tucked
under the coverlet, and out of the
door on her weekly visit to her family.
Abbot was a pretty, pleasant-looking
man, about eighteen, strong, active and in-
dustrious. He was the daughter of a worthless
man. The teachings of the
water some good fruit in Bessie, who, though
only a girl in the family of a little shopkeeper,
was an excellent servant, as far as her
knowing; while her integrity and good
temper rendered her invaluable in any situa-
tion. In the receipt of what she consid-
ered a handsome income of two shillings a
week, with board and lodging, she did
her employer's house; for she dis-
tantly engaged in the shop, left her
five children, as well as all her
work, to "Pretty Bessie," and never
did a day's work for her. She was
did little for the support of his
spent half his time, and half his
beer shop; and the little money
did hardly more than supply his
needs, indeed, he even demanded
given no means of procuring
of his family of course fell whol-
ly, who was a quick and dex-
terous man, and who was glad to ob-
tain work by which she might earn
supply from the tailors, who
employers, was not very regular,
satisfied altogether for a time.
The oldest of a large family; the

two next in age to herself, a boy and girl of fif-
teen and thirteen, were both well placed, though
neither could contribute to the family income;
but there were seven still younger, entirely de-
pendent on their poor mother's exertions. Such
being the circumstances of the household, we
need not wonder that a girl so affectionate as
Bessie should have felt very doubtful of the pos-
sibility of buying a new bonnet; for unlike too
many in her situation, she never felt that her mo-
ney was her own if it were needed for her moth-
er's use, and was only happy in the thought that
she was able to contribute to that mother's com-
fort; and in this respect her natural feelings were
aided by higher feelings implanted by her
mother.

Bessie hurried along the streets to her mother's
house, which was on the other side of the town.
She cast many wistful glances towards the dis-
plays of bonnets and ribbons in the shop windows;
and even paused once or twice to bestow particu-
lar admiration; nay, she went so far as to de-
cide what shape she would buy, and how it
should be trimmed, if she could but get the mo-
ney for it; and she had strong hopes of being able
to do this, because she knew her mother had been
promised more work than she could accomplish
for several weeks to come. At last Bessie reach-
ed her home, which was one ill-lighted room,
with a dark closet adjoining, in a tumble down
old house, situated in one of the courts of a den-
sely populated neighborhood, and tenanted by five
or six families besides the Abbots. It was home,
however, and Bessie felt that it was so. After
running up the tottering stairs, she opened the
door of her mother's room, which if not very com-
fortable, was at least very clean.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie! here is Bessie!" cried a
posse of little ones as she entered. "Here is
Bessie come, mother. Come to mother, Bessie;
she's crying!" and two of the darling things seiz-
ed their dear sister by the dress, and pulled her
forward, as though at her coming their mother's
tears must dry.
"What is the matter, mother dear?" cried
Bessie, frightened, as she approached a neat, care-
worn woman, who, with her hands convulsively
pressed together, and silent tears dropping from
her eyes, looked absorbed in hopeless distress.
"Bessie, Bessie, what shall we do?" she ex-
claimed, as her daughter knelt, and drew her
arms round her; "what will become of us?"
"Oh, mother what is the matter? What has
happened?" returned Bessie, her own tears be-
ginning to flow in sympathy and alarm. "Oh,
dear, I hoped to find you all so comfortable to-
night."
"Ah, and so we might have been," answered
the mother, in a tone of broken dependen-
cy; "only for this—your father. How could
I have let him go!"

He has taken away my work, Bessie—my
work that I hoped to get so much for—and he
has pawned it for drink—I don't know where,
and he beat me when I begged him to tell me
where it was. And the master wanted it, and I
hadn't it for him; he was angry—and no won-
der; only it's hard upon me, Bessie. And he
says the waistcoats are worth two pounds, and
he'll have them, or their worth, if he takes my
bed from under me. Then I owe our landlord
for a fortnight's rent; for I didn't pay last week,
thinking I should be so much better off. And
I haven't a penny in the house for the child-
ren's food; they have been nigh famished as it
is, for the waistcoats were almost the first work
I did. And now where I am to look for money or
work I don't know, or how I am to pay this
dreadful debt; my poor little ones will all be
starving about me. How long shall I bear it?
And then to think who has brought all this upon
me. Oh, Bessie, it almost breaks my heart."
"This is trouble, indeed," sobbed poor Bessie,
as she leaned against her mother's shoulder. "I
little thought of finding you like this, as I came
along. But, mother dear, you mustn't be quite
cast down; put your trust in our Heavenly Fa-
ther, without the knowledge of whom not a single
sparrow falleth to the ground."
"Ah, Bessie dear! but it's hard to put such
trust in Him, when nothing but trouble is to be
seen. I'm sure I try; but it's very hard, my
child."
"Yes, it is hard, mother; yet who else shall
we trust in? And, mother, here are my wages
for to-day and to-morrow, and who knows what
Monday may bring? Ain't we bid in such times
as these to take no thought for the morrow, for
as sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?"
Mrs. Abbot pressed her child more closely
without reply, and those of her children who
were old enough to understand what passed gain-
fully began to listen to Bessie's words.
As she continued her attempts to console her
mother. Nearly an hour passed in this manner, and
at last Bessie's earnest, hopeful persuasions so far
prevailed on her mother, as to excite a feeling of
truthful resignation; and with lighter heart the
girl began the children's Saturday night's ablu-
tions, while her mother went out to make her
necessary purchases of food; and when on the re-
turn of the latter, the hungry ones were regaled
with a large piece of bread, trouble seemed for a
while forgotten. However, Bessie when she had,
as she expressed it, "cleared up," was obliged
to depart; and after a tearful adieu, she was once
more hurrying through the streets, which she
had so lately traversed with such different feel-
ings.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow," she mused,
as she reached her abode. "We may well always
remember that we little thought last week, when
we were so pleased about the work, what trouble
it would bring."
Sunday morning came, and the sound of pleas-
ant bells; but to Bessie it differed from other
mornings only so far as her own thoughts made a
Sabbath around her, for she could not go out
until evening! and she had ever more to do on
that day than on the other, especially as her
mistress, who rarely attended church herself, was
always on hand to find fault. Many were the
sad thoughts she bestowed on her mother's trou-
bles during the day; and when at last she was
able to set out for church, under strict injunctions
to return immediately on the close of the service,
she was depressed in spirits more than she had
ever before felt in her life.
The service close, and Bessie in a quiet
mind left the church, and slowly and thought-
fully walked homewards. She was one of the last

who came out; and as she walked across the wide
churchyard to the least frequented gate, she
struck her foot against something, which yielded
to her step, and returned a rattling sound. She
stooped to pick up the object, and it proved to
be a well filled purse; the bright beads and
glittering in the half light—an autumn evening,
and its weight and solidity showed it well sup-
plied. Bessie stood positively breathless for
a moment in the excess of her joy; she felt a dizziness
in her head, and for a moment all surround-
ing objects seemed to swim before her; she
clapped her hands in a mute aspiration of the
fulness, she recovered full possession of her
senses, and she examined the treasure.

"Oh, what a find!" she exclaimed, "Oh, what a
find! how delighted she will be! why this will
pay all, and I can't tell what beside. Oh, how
happy I am! And what is this?" she contin-
ued, as she took from the other end a roll of soft
paper. "Why, these must be bank notes, like
that miss gave change for once; why, these are
one, two, three, four of them, and that one mis-
sive got was worth five pound itself. What shall
we do with so much money? I'll read what's
on these notes, however." So approaching a
lamp just inside of a gate, she with some diffi-
culty deciphered the amounts of the notes, of which
two were fifty pounds, the other two respective-
ly for five and twenty. "It's quite a fortune,"
she murmured, in a low reverential tone, as she
tried to grasp the idea of so many pounds. "What
a happy thing for me, and how sad for the per-
son who lost it!" Here the current of Bessie's
rapturous thoughts received a sudden check; the
smile faded from her lips, and she remained si-
lently looking on the pretty purse with a per-
plexity amounting to distress. "Oh me, but it
is not mine!" she continued, her thoughts find-
ing vent in a half articulate form. "This belongs
to somebody, who is as sorry to lose it as I am
pleased to find it. Oh! what must I do?—I
wish I had never seen it. Must I give it up just
when we want it so? And then it was lying in
my way, and nobody near who could have drop-
ped it." Poor Bessie! the struggle between
conscience and want was very severe. She tried
hard for a little while to convince herself that she
had a right to what she found on the highway,
but her principles were too strong to allow of
such self-deception; and besides, in testing the
matter by the golden rule, she felt that if she had
dropped her two shillings on the previous night,
she should have been very indignant with any
finder claiming a right to them. "No, I have
no business with it," she murmured, "but the
fear of disappointment started to her
heart, however, surely I may keep just one of
them;—the one for five pounds!"

She took out the poor man and his wife, a little
old man and his wife, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so fast,
said the boy; 'I shall not eat till after you
have been working hard all day, for small
wages; to support me; and you must be very
hungry; I shall wait till you are done.'" "You
speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father.
"Your love to me does me more good than
my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of
your dear mother who left us, and who told you
to love me as she used to do; and indeed
my boy, you have been a great strength and
comfort to me, but now that I have eaten the
first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to
eat." "Thank you, father, but break this piece
in two, and take you a little more; for you see
the loaf is not large, and you require much more
than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my
boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance;
and let us thank God for his great goodness in
giving us food, and giving what is better still,
cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us
the living bread from Heaven, to nourish our im-
mortal souls, how shall he not give us all other
things which are necessary to support our mortal
bodies?" The father and son thanked God, and
then began to eat the loaf in pieces, to begin to-
gether their frugal meal. But as they cut one
portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces
of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout
of joy, and was springing to grasp the unex-
pected treasure, when he was pulled back by his
father. "My son! my son!" he cried, do not
touch that money, "it is not ours!" I know not,
as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was
put there by the baker, through some mistake.

He received it accordingly, and gave
her the officer for the amount, taking down her
address at the time, which she thought nothing
about; then, with a thankful, happy heart, and
clear conscience, she hastened home.
Frequently, during the labors of the next day,
Bessie wondered whether the owner of the purse
had regained it, and pleased herself imagining the
pleasure its recovery must have caused. Then
her thoughts sadly turned to her poor mother
and she would speculate on the possibility of
receiving a reward. Some one she knew had
been rewarded with ten shillings for finding a
pound note; perhaps she might have a penny
given her. However, she sedulously endeav-
ored to withdraw her thoughts from the subject,
occupied them in the attempt to devise a
method of carrying them through this week's
trials. So passed Monday and Tuesday was pass-
ing in a similar manner. Bessie was busy wash-
ing the kitchen floor—talking to amuse the baby,
who was tied on a chair in one corner of it, and
thinking over a brilliant plan which had just oc-
curred to her, of proposing one of her brothers
as errand-boy to the grocer round the corner,
when her mistress looked in, and sharply said
surprise, Bessie started up, and as quickly as pos-
sible wiped her wet hands, threw off her apron,
settled her gown and cap, and hurried into the
shop, where she found a middle-aged gentleman,
of very pleasant demeanor, leaning carelessly
against the counter. He turned as she entered,
and advanced a step as she curtsied and looked,
as if to inquire the object of his visit.
"Your name is Elizabeth Abbot?" he asked;
is it not?"
"Yes, sir," was Bessie's reply.
"You found a purse on Sunday night, I be-
lieve?"
"Yes, sir," she replied, coloring as she spoke.
"Did you get it?" "I hope it was all right sir!
I got a note of the money at the police," contin-
ued Bessie, speaking rapidly, and as if half-fright-
ened; for just then she remembered the possi-
bility of some money being missing, which might
be demanded of her.
"Oh, yes, all was right," returned the gentle-
man, smiling. "I only came to see what made
you return my purse so honestly and quickly.
Were you not in want of money?"
"Oh, indeed sir, yes!" she emphatically re-
plied, as tears filled her eyes, "but that money
was not ours."
"Perhaps you were afraid to take it?"

"I shall always, like you my father, trust
God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will
never put us to shame."—*Edinburgh Chr. Mag.*

A GALLANT SOLDIER.
At the funeral honors paid to Worth, Duncan
and Gates, John Van Buren delivered an oration,
in which he related the following anecdote of the
former:
While General Scott was under charges by
order of General Jackson, and a court of inquiry
was investigating his conduct in Florida, a party
of gentlemen met in this city, and after dinner
the conversation turned upon the late general.
One of the party was describing the part which
he had taken in the battle of Niagara. He said that Scott's brigade
was advancing, towards evening, under cover of
a wood, from which they were to deploy into the
open field; Scott had already had one horse shot
under him, and as the column was deploying, his
second horse fell and he became entangled
under it. The column wavered, and Worth,
then his youngest aid, rushing to his assistance,
dismounted and tendered him his horse, saying,
"General can you mount, the column falters for
a leader?" Scott immediately mounted, and rid-
ing to the head of the column, cried out, "Ad-
vance men! the night is our own," and Worth fol-
lowed Scott, as his aid, on foot. At this moment
a discharge of grape from a single cannon pro-
strated Scott, the horse which he rode, and his
aid, Worth. Scott and Worth were immedi-
ately carried to the rear, Scott seriously, and Worth,
as it was supposed, mortally wounded. Attention
was, of course, first paid to the commanding
officer. After some time a deep groan was
heard apparently from the adjoining tent, and
Scott, with that forgetfulness of himself which
distinguishes him on such occasions, begged the
surgeon to repair to the quarter whence the sound
proceeded, and attend, as he said, "to poor
Worth, who must be dying." Instead of this, as
Scott concluded, the cry of agony proceeded
from his faithful dying charger, who had man-
aged to drag himself upon three legs to the edge of
his tent, where he had laid down to die. "Pass-
ing for a moment, while there was hardly a dry
eye in the company, he added—I beg your pardon,
gentlemen, I find that in defending Gen. Scott,
I have been incidentally led to describe
my own service.

REMARKABLE ROCK.
One of the most remarkable rocks of which
we have any knowledge, has lately been discov-
ered in the middle of the inland sea, Lake Superior.
By a gentleman who has lately returned
from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of
granite, of the surface of which, a
stone of not over four feet. We readers it more
extraordinary is, that it stands alone, and all
around so far as examination has been made,
no bottom has been reached by any of the lead-
lines used on the lake; and the point of the rock
itself does not exceed an area of more than six or
seven feet square, and observation of it
has extended, it does not appear to enlarge in
size as it descends. It has already, he states,
become a source of alarm to the mariners who
navigate the lake; who take special care in pass-
ing, to give it as wide a berth as possible.
It is too small—too remote and dangerous to
admit of a light, and therefore its removal will
doubtless pertain to the duty of government. A
single blast from a bore of sufficient depth, would
probably do it; but the surface of the rock being
so near that of the water, and the space so nar-
row as to forbid any regular lodgment for work-
men, they would have to be attended constantly
by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden
storm on the lake; and would also have to be
kept constantly under way, as no harbor, or even
bottom for an anchor is within a day's sail.
The discoverers relate that the rock appears to
be a place of general resort for the salmon trout
of those lakes, as they found them in almost in-
calculable numbers, having, during their short
stay, caught several barrels with no other in-
strument than a rod of iron, on one side of which
they turned a hook. They tried, with all their lines
on board, for soundings, immediately around the
rock, but without success. Such a vast column,
could it be exposed to view, would laugh into
ridicule Cleopatra's needle, Pompey's pillar, the
Colossus of Rhodes, or any production of ancient
or modern art.—*Detroit Free Press.*

As a proof of the religious toleration enjoyed
in Turkey a firman has been issued at Constanti-
nople, inviting the communities who do not profess
Mahomedanism to choose their own mem-
bers for the divan (municipal council). Jews and
Christians are to be admitted, and the divan is to
be held in the city of Constantinople. The firman
is to do to others, as we
do to this one.

TO CURE HAMS.
If people will pursue the following method of
curing hams, they will have them rich, juicy, and
of excellent flavor.—Take quarter pound of salt-
petre, two pounds fine salt, one quart molasses,
and incorporate them well together; rub the
mixture on the hams thoroughly, then pack them
in a barrel, or tub, and let them lay one week;
take them up and place the upper layer at the
bottom, and lay another week. Make a pickle
strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour on
until the hams are covered; keep them in the
pickle four weeks; take them up, and after drain-
ing they are ready for smoking.
I have prepared hams in this manner, and
they are excellent.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS.
As the season for colds is approaching, I give
you a remedy I have never known to fail.—three
cents worth of liquorice; three cents worth of
rock candy; three cents worth of gum-arabic;
put them in a quart of water, simmer them till
thoroughly dissolved, then add three cents worth
of pargoric, and a like quantity of antimonal
wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough
is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap
and good. Its cost is fifteen cents.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—WONDERFUL
DEVELOPMENTS OF RESOURCES IN
THE PLAINS AND DESERTS.
The greatest impediment to the construction of
a railroad from the Mississippi, overland to the
Pacific, has been considered to be in the nature
of the country over which the road must be con-
structed. From twelve to fifteen hundred miles in
the selection of any route north of Mexico must
be traversed over plains, mountains, and deserts,
without timber, without population, without ma-
terials or supplies, and thought to be almost
anything to contribute to the support of the road,
and the Pacific.

It is known, also, that iron is found from the
frontiers of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains;
and with the coal on hand, the means are on the
ground for the manufacture of the rails required.
Of the wonderful capacities of the Mormon quar-
ry of the Salt Lake, the reports from that quar-
ry would be incredible if they were not all con-
sistent. In a few years more, at this rate, they
will be able to raise broad and cattle for the sub-
sistence of 100,000 souls. Their valley is the
half-way station on the great central route; and
thus all fears on the score of provisions for the
workmen are obviated.
With the road finished to the Salt Lake, an-
other important commercial article comes into
market—the article of Salt. It exists in the heavy
brine of the great lake to an inexhaustible ca-
pacity of supply; it exists in a crystalline forma-
tion at the bottom, and forms an incrustation of
salt for a hundred miles along its shores. Rock
salt exists in the surrounding mountains, and
copper and gold. But with the completion of a
railroad to the Pacific, the value of such a
regular salubrious climate, the valley being
4,000 feet above the sea—and particularly on ac-
count of the number of its medicinal springs.
Such are some of the intermedial advantages
in favor of the construction of the Pacific
route to the Platte, the South Pass, and the
Rocky Mountains. The completion of the work to the
Sacramento will give the road the exchanges be-
tween Europe, America and Asia.—What are
a hundred millions to the consumption of such a
work?—*N. Y. Herald.*

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.
I lay back under the palm leaves, looking out
of the stern of the canoe on the forests of the Cha-
gares river. There's nothing in the world com-
parable to these forests! No description that I
have ever read contains an idea of the splendid
overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The
river, broad, and with a swift current of the
sweetest water I ever drank, winds between walls
of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the
gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so
mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye
is bewildered. From the rank jungles of canes
and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange
shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the
mango, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the
superb palm. Plants take root in the
banks, hiding the soil with their leaves, shaken
and split into immense plumes by the wind and
rain. The zepot, with a fruit the size of a man's
head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable won-
ders, attract the eye on all sides.—Blossoms of
crimson, purple and yellow, of a form and mag-
nitude unknown in the North, are mingled with
the leaves, and flocks of paroquets and brilliant
butterflies circle through the air like blossoms
blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flow-
ers is thrust forth, like the tongue of a serpent,
from the heart of some convolvulus unfolding
leaves, and sometimes the serpents and parasites

of the stream only disclose another and more
magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom.
All outline of the landscape is lost under this de-
luge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be
seen; lowland and highland are the same; a
mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of ver-
dure. As on the ocean, you have a sense, rather than
a perception, of beauty. The sharp, clear lines
of our scenery at home are here wanting.
What shape the land would be if cleared, you
cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you
with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches
with the sensation, and you close your eyes,
overwhelmed with the thought that all these
wonders have been from the beginning—that year
after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is
not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth
and decay is renewed forever.

example. Although those who have succeeded from
Christianity are Count F. Borsadowski and Lieut.
Col. Flamme, formerly Imperial officers. Gen.
Benn's name does not appear on the official list
of renegades.

Out of the
the poor father bent his head to
the ground, and wept.