

# North Carolina Argus.

VOL. 1—NO. 17.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY  
FENTON & DARLEY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.  
No subscription received for less than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
SIXTY CENTS per Square for the first, and THIRTY CENTS per Square for each subsequent insertion, except for

Three months, when the charge will be \$4.00  
And for six months, \$7.00  
To yearly advertisers a liberal discount will be made.

Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding five lines in length, will be inserted for \$5 a year; longer ones in proportion.

Advertisements must state the number of times they wish their advertisements inserted; otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Ten lines or less (Brevier) make a Square.

## WOLLEY'S

### Unrivalled Healing Salve!

THIS IS NO HUMBUG, SPRINGING UP AT THE North, and placing its merits and destiny in the editorial columns of the press, where it is deemed to be "puffed" back into merited oblivion. It is presented to the public as the achievement of years of unmitigated labor in the investigation and proper combination of its constituent elements, and as being, if nothing more, ALL THAT IT PROFFERS. And in presenting it for popular adoption and patronage the undersigned yields to the frequent and repeated persuasions of friends and scores of once prostrate invalids, who have happily and thoroughly tested its virtues. If deemed expedient or required, ample and indisputable testimony of the almost miraculous cures it has effected could be produced; but this would be superfluous if it were once introduced into a family. IT HAS EFFECTED A SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF SORE LEGS OF TWENTY YEARS STANDING. IT HAS CURED CANCER IN ITS FIRST STAGE. AND FOR BURNS, BRUISES, CUTS, WHITLOWS, OLD SORES, ULCERS, AND INFLAMED BREAST, it is before the world as

"The Unrivalled Healing Salve."

Applied by directions, as given on the box, and a cure is not effected, the money will be refunded.

Sold wholesale and retail by

J. C. CARAWAY, Agent, Waidesboro, N. C.

Also, by SMITH & LINDSEY, Druggists and Apothecaries, Waidesboro.

## S. S. ARNOLD,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, Crockery, Saddles, Paints, Oils, &c.

AT THE OLD STAND.

I HAVE NOW RECEIVED THE MOST OF MY late purchase of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising a much larger assortment than usual, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:

Black and Fancy Silks, Brown and Red & Sugar, Cashmeres, Rio, Java and Lag. Coffee, Merinos, Adm. and Sperm Candles, Pupins, Kerosene and Spent Oils, Delaines, Train and Lined Oils, DeBelges, Castor and Cod Liver Oils, Jacobet Mullins, White Lead and Zinc, Swiss Mullins, Paris Green in Oil, Barred Mullins, Chroma Green in Oil, Brillantes, Coach Varnish, Stella Shawls, Window Glass of all sizes, Wool Shawls, Putty in Cans, Cloaks, Concentrated Lye, Kid Gauntlets, Kerosene Lamps, Cashmere Gauntlets, Gun and Pistol, Gloves and Hosiery, Carpenter's Tools, Clothing and Cassimere, Smith's Tools, Verrings, Nails, 24 to 40, Merino Vests and Pants, Well Wheels, Hoops and Hoop Skirts, Well Baskets, All of which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms. Please call and examine before making your purchases.

S. S. ARNOLD.

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## NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

[From the New York Journal of Commerce.

### WHAT CHEER?

The daylight is dying—how weary and wan  
Looks to its sleep on the sea's purple breast;  
While its last robe of beauty is folded away,  
One funeral star rises out of the West.

What cheer, prophet star! that with sweet human eye  
Beamed down on this and world so pitifully?  
Thou canst read all the mysteries of darkness and light,  
And each shadow is changed in thy mystical light.

O heart!  
Did an angel whisper? or was it the star  
That wafted a voice through the silence afar?  
"Good cheer, doubting spirit, the red rose of dawn  
On the breast of the desolate midnight is born!"

O heart!  
To the muffled music of wind and of rain,  
The dreary November is passing away,  
There is gloom on the forest, the hill and the plain,  
And wild ocean foams like a lion at bay.

Weary year—dying year! let it haste to the tomb;  
And its beauty is vanished, its strength and its bloom;  
Who would keep the pale spectre a guest at his hearth?  
But what cheer for the heart, as it fades from the earth?

O heart!  
With utterance sweet, comes that voice from on high,  
Giving back to my sighing its blessed reply—  
"Good cheer! a new life, a new year shall arise  
And fill with its glory the earth and the skies!"

Good cheer!  
Answer once more, O thou beautiful star!  
Chase the last doubt from my spirit away—  
I, too, like the year, must be gathered to dust;  
My youth, in its brightness, will fade like the day.

Shall my beautiful visions lie down with me?  
Shall my hopes in the grave bear me company?  
And all that I yearned for, of glory and bloom,  
Go out, like a lamp, in the chill of the tomb?

O heart!  
Whether angel answered, or only a star,  
Of joy and of promise the tidings are true,  
For thy feet there are paths which no mortal hath  
For thy feet there is room in the gardens of God!

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lory tone of voice, "I admit that there are many foolish people hereabouts, and foolish people often indulge in foolish superstitions; but men of sense, my dear sir—men of the world—like you and me—"

"Stop a moment," said Samson Brown; "don't put you and me together. You and I see the matter from precisely opposite points of view. You want to get as much as you can for the cottage, and therefore you disbelieve the report that it is haunted; I want to give you as little as I can, and therefore am a firm believer in supernatural influences."

This logic was too much for the agent, and in a few seconds Samson Brown had signed an agreement by virtue of which, on his own terms, he obtained possession of the cottage, together with sundry articles of shabby furniture, which, probably left by the last frightened tenant, still lingered in deserted rooms.

At about a quarter before midnight, Samson Brown was sitting alone in the dreaded first floor back of the cottage, regaling himself with a glass of tolerably strong brandy and water, and inhaling the fragrance of a mild cigar. A small loaf and half a Dutch cheese stood upon the rickety table against which he sat; also a pewter pint-pot, carefully covered with a small plate. These articles had been brought in by Samson Brown with his own hand when he took possession; for there was not a cheese-monger's assistant or pot-boy who would have approached the door of the troubled house.

His mind was once more absorbed in the Economist, which he read through the fumes that gracefully curled about his well-defined nose.

As the hour of midnight approached, the plate began to clatter terribly on the top of the pewter-pot. Samson Brown, roused from his studies, quietly removed the noisy utensil, placed it on a soft piece of baize, which rendered abortive every attempt to clatter, and was once more deep in the Revenue Returns. Presently the door of the room opened with a creak and closed with a bang. Samson Brown rose from his seat, turned the key, and resumed his reflections on the proceeds of customs and excise. The clock of the village struck twelve, with a dreary solemnity that would have awed every other occupant of that dismal, scantily-furnished room; but Samson Brown was pondering over the probability of an increase of the income tax.

However, at the final stroke of twelve, a sound in the room like the rustling of still silk caused Samson Brown to suspect that he was not alone. Raising his eyes from the fascinating paper, he perceived a short female figure, in an old-fashioned dress, bustling about the room, and apparently unconscious of his presence, unit, suddenly turning round, it fixed upon him two glassy eyes. Then darting forward, it planted two pointed elbows on the table, and rested upon two skinny hands one of the most evil faces that ever beheld. Never were earthly wickedness and spectral repulsiveness more aptly combined.

Nevertheless, with this most hideous countenance thrust into his countenance; with those eyes of glass pointed against his eyes; with that smile of indescribable malignity forced on his vision, Samson Brown simply said:

"Well, madam?"

The countenance remained where it was, without moving a muscle—the eyes were still fixed beyond the power of twinkling—the smile was stereotyped, and Samson Brown, after a pause of a few seconds, reiterated:

"Well, madam?"

A strange expression came over the horrible features; and its meaning was divined in a moment by Samson Brown. The ghost had been used to scare all the world with a mere rustle of its silken robe. Now here was a man who could return its stare with another stare far more piercing. The eye of glass had met the eye of a hawk.

Raising her face from her hands and her elbows from the table, the ill-looking old hag moved towards the empty grate, and began to scratch the wall above the chimney-piece, uttering at the same time a low, wailing sound, which was the more horrible from being accompanied by no corresponding effect in the face, which was again expressionless, and completely corpse-like. Samson Brown stepped up to the old lady and examined the wall over her head, stooping for that purpose till his chin almost rested upon her antiquated cap.

"Ha! I see," said he, "that spruce piece of paper has been pasted on after the rest—allow me"—and taking hold of a loose corner of the paper he pulled it off, thus disclosing a small aperture in the wall, at the sight of which the ghost, rushing from the hearth, flew about the room with the most frantic gestures, till at last, apparently exhausted, it squatted down in a corner, repeating the low wailing noise.

"Compose yourself, madame," said Samson Brown, and taking from the recess a miniature portrait and a piece of faded paper tied up with narrow green ribbon, he placed them on the table at which he resumed his seat.

The miniature represented a lovely girl, of about twenty years of age, with her hair dressed after the fashion of a hundred years back. While Samson Brown was examining it with all the admiration of which his mind was capable, the ugly old ghost rose from the corner and pointed its forefinger with great earnestness, first at the picture, and then at the pit of its own stomach.

As Samson Brown had a friend who often allowed him a seat in his opera box gratis, he was rather an adept in the language of the ballet.

"Do you mean," said he, "that this is a portrait of yourself in your youthful days?"

The ghost nodded.

"Then," said Samson Brown, "you must have altered considerably as you advanced in years."

The expression assumed by the ghost, on the occasion of this remark was certainly ungenial. Every feature was distorted with rage, the glassy eyes looked like red coals, the skinny right hand took a sweeping gesture, and for a moment Samson Brown felt as if he had placed his head in a violent draught. He received a spectral box on the ear.

"I see," he observed, "the cuffs of a ghost, like hard words, break no bones."

Laying aside the portrait, he untied and opened the folded paper, when the worst spelling and worst handwriting he had ever seen were revealed to his astonished eyes.

Every crime that could possibly be perpetrated by mortal in transmitting his thoughts to paper with the aid of a pen, was apparent in that vile manuscript. There were adjectives beginning with capitals, and a little "i" to denote the first person; and the verb to "write" commenced with an "r," while certain rights that had been violated were spelled wright, with a "w." Even Samson Brown could not avoid something like a sensation of awe when he saw how many sins against every law of grammar, orthography, and calligraphy had been committed within the confined space of a single sheet of paper.

"Good heavens, what a list!" he exclaimed. Then addressing the ghost, who had returned sulkily into the corner, he said, "Is this your handwriting, madam?"

The ghost nodded.

"Did you learn writing at school?"

The ghost nodded.

"And your parents paid the schooling-bills regularly?"

The ghost nodded.

"Then," said Samson Brown, "if ghosts are condemned to walk the earth on account of wrongs committed in their lifetime, I think you must very often meet the ghost of your writing master."

[To be continued.]

A HARD JOKE.—The Mobile Advertiser, tells the following good story of a notorious practical joker in that city, yeelp "Straight Back Dick."

Dick was at the wharf one day last week, when one of the up river boats arrived, looking, doubtless, for some unvary individual upon whom to exercise his talent. He watched closely the countenance of each passenger as he stepped from the plank upon the wharf, and at length fastened his gaze upon an individual who, from his appearance and manners, was considerably nearer Mobile than he had ever been before. He was evidently ill at ease, and had probably heard the reports which were rife in the country relative to the hundreds who were dying in Mobile every hour from yellow fever. The man started off toward Dauphin street, carpet sack in hand; but had not proceeded far when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he suddenly stopped. Upon turning round he met the cold, serious countenance of Dick, and it seemed to send a thrill of terror throughout his whole frame. After looking at him steadily for about a minute, Dick slowly ejaculated:

"Yes, you are the man. Stand straight!"

With fear visible in his countenance, the poor fellow essayed to do as commanded.

"Straighter yet!" said Dick. "There, that will do," and taking from his pocket a small tape measure, he stooped down and measured him from the toe of his boot to the crown of his hat, took a pencil and carefully noted the height in his pocket-book, to the utter amazement of the stranger; after which he measured him across the shoulders and again noted the dimensions. He then looked the stranger firmly in the face and said:

"Sir, I am very sorry that it is so, but I really will not be able to finish it for you before morning."

"Finish what?" asked the stranger, endeavoring in vain to appear calm.

"Why your coffin, to be sure! You see, I am the city undertaker, and the people are dying here so fast that I can hardly supply the demand for coffins. You will have to wait until your turn comes, which will be to-morrow morning—say about 9 o'clock."

"But what the—do I want with a coffin I have no idea of dying!"

"You haven't, eh? Sir, you will not live two hours and a half. I see it in your countenance. Why, even now, you have a pain—a slight pain—in your back."

"Y-yes, I believe I have," replied the trembling hoosier.

"Exactly," said Dick, "and in your limbs, too!"

"Yes, stranger, you're right, and I begin to feel it in the back of my neck and head."

"Of course you do, and unless you do something for it, you'll be dead in a short time, I assure you. Take my advice, now, go back aboard the boat, swallow down a gill of brandy, get into your state-room and cover up with blankets. Stay there till you perspire freely, then leave here like lightning!"

Hoosier hurried on board that boat, and followed Dick's instructions to the letter. On Monday he was met by a gentleman at Citronelle, to whom he related his wonderful escape from death by yellow fever, even after preparations were being made to prepare his coffin. He says he will never forget the kindness of the tall man in Mobile who gave him such good advice.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER finding that in eight weeks his cash receipts were \$8.20, while his expenses were \$380, announces his determination to turn over a new leaf, and while he will accept of cash when it can be had, he will receive anything that men, women, child, horse, cow, hog and dog, can eat, drink or wear. Wool, brick, shingles, stone coal and saw logs will be acceptable.

Tobacco.—A triple memento mori—dust for the nose, ashes for the mouth, poison for the stomach.

THE CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO.—ACTUAL STATE OF THINGS.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writing from Minatitlan, Dec. 4, gives the following, on the authority of Col. Enrique Mejia, of the Liberal party in Mexico, as the actual state of things in that country at latest dates:

On 24th October, the city of Guadalajara was taken by storm by the Liberal forces under Gen. Degollado, Minister of War of the Constitutional Government. Gen. Blancarte, who commanded the garrison, and his officers and some men, retreated to two churches in the suburbs, but finally surrendered, on the 27th, on the guarantee of their lives being spared, provided they took oath not to take up arms against the Constitutional Government. Cols. Palapo and Manayo, who refused to take oath, were hung in the Archbishop's Palace; and the next day Gen. Blancarte was taken out and shot by a Col. Rojas. He was immediately outlawed for this, but made his escape.

The Zuloaga party were much disconcerted by the fall of the second largest city of the Republic, and were much alarmed by Blanco's attack on Mexico. Zuloaga had an omnibus and four horses attached to it, to fly before the attack, but his officers compelled him to stay. Gen. Cobos, who was on the way to attack Vera Cruz, was ordered to the city with all the force which could be spared from the siege of Perote. Gen. Miramon was sent for, from San Luis, and all operations on Vera Cruz were suspended. Two decrees were given out, imposing, first, a tax of twenty-five cents on all persons, and another on capitalists, to fortify the city of Mexico.

Gen. Echegaray had most emphatically refused to obey any orders of the Government, and with him was Gen. Robles, concealing a plan—probably the Constitution of 1824.

Gen. Degollado was organizing, with great energy, a division of 60,000 men, the State of Michoacan 2000, and old Gen. Alvarez, of Guerrero, had already sent 4000, under his son Don Diego, against Iguala, afterwards to combine with Degollado. Garza's troops, under Carvajal, from Tampico, had taken Pachuca, a large mining town, forty-two miles from the capital. To sum up, the only places in the hands of Zuloaga's party are San Luis, Guanajuato, Queretaro, Puebla, and Mexico, without a single sea port, and the whole population rising against them. The church can give no more money, and they dare tax no further. The struggle will, at the utmost, last a couple of months; and it is to be hoped it will be the last revolution, as the Liberal, or Puro party, have shown that the majority of the people are in their favor, and they are determined to leave the clergy without any means to foment further revolutions.

THE AFFAIR OF THE WANDERER.—We find that the Government officers in this city, under whose official cognizance the affair of the yacht Wanderer properly comes, are satisfied that though she brought no negroes herself from Africa, she made the voyage as a tender to a vessel, since scuttled and sunk, that did bring the cargo, numbering 350, recently landed on the coast of Georgia and run up into the interior, and already scattered on different plantations in Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama, so as effectually to defy pursuit and recapture, as that is defied by the current system of spiriting off fugitive slaves by and through the agency of the underground railroad organization throughout the North.

The Wanderer's part of the affair, as understood from what has reached the Government officers here, was, on the voyage, to act as the slave's tender and decoy—a decoy whenever it was necessary to spread sail and draw off from the ship conveying the forbidden cargo the attention of pursuing vessels, her appearance at a distance being just that of a slave; while, on being overhauled, nothing whatever to identify her with the slave trade could be found upon her. On reaching the coast of Georgia her mission was understood to have been that of landing the negroes from the other ship.

While we have no doubt whatever that such is the history of her connection with the slave trade, believing that the community—that of Southern Georgia—among whom her offence is cognizable to the law, entertain pretty much the same opinion of the law under which those concerned in her operations must be tried, as New England generally entertains of the fugitive slave law, we are inclined to think that the effort to execute the anti-slave trade law in her case will be as abortive as efforts to reclaim fugitive slaves, by operation of law, in New England are, now, notoriously. All this is eminently suggestive of "food for reflection."

DEATH OF GEN. JAMES GADSDEN.—The Charleston papers announce the decease of this distinguished gentleman—one of Charleston's most highly respected and esteemed citizens. His death took place on the 26th ult. The Courier says "the name of General James Gadsden is honorably and indissolubly connected with brilliant chapters in the military history of the South and Southwest, and he will be remembered in history for the qualities of action and the readiness of resources which commanded the regards of the lion hearted chief, Andrew Jackson, who numbered James Gadsden within the inner circle of his tried and truest friends and counsellors. His name will be specially preserved in our sister State of Florida for services rendered on her soil at a critical stage of progress." His name was intimately associated with what is called the "Gadsden's Purchase"—which was his last public act of federal commission. Gen. G. had completed his threescore years and ten.

Washington Irving has made a donation of \$500 to the Mount Vernon fund.

PIKE REDIVIVUS.—We, with others, have been shedding tears for Albert Pike, on a "false alarm" of his death, which emanated from the Lord knows where.

A Memphis paper says he has only gone out on a buffalo hunt, and adds that this is the third time, this year, that the accomplished orator and poet has been "done to death" by the newspapers. Right glad are we that the rumor turns out to be false; that death has not booked our glorious Pike; and that he has not been summoned to present, in person, his "Hymns to the Gods." A most excellent resurrection this; and Albert should immediately adopt for his motto, *Resurgam*.—*Montgomery Mail*.

We were most agreeably surprised, this morning, on meeting, on Pennsylvania avenue, Col. Albert Pike, of Arkansas, of late so universally bewailed as one "down among the dead men," by the American press, with few exceptions. A glance at him will convince any one that he is even yet worth a hundred thousand of "the departed." So universally have the press elected him, as that we fancy he feels as one who has narrowly escaped the jaws of death; for he looks as happy as a man may be expected to feel under just such circumstances. Having been killed off by the same fashion three times in the last eighteen months, we begin to believe that his fine physique is to be as immortal as his bright literary fame surely will be while good taste in such matters continues to abide among his countrymen.—*Washington Star*, 29th ult.

Some time ago, two rival shoemakers lived in a Northern town,