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DENTISTRY.

B. H. HORTON, DENTIST, WADESBOROUGH, N. C., with office on 2nd street at the following rate for persons who call at my office to have the work done or pay cash: Gold Plug, \$1.50; Teeth on Pivot, \$4; Teeth on Gold Plate, \$8 each up to six—above that \$5 each; Full Upper Set on Suction, \$25; Lower Teeth, the same. All other operations equally low.

So you who have beauty to HORTON should take it, and you who have none should go let him make it.

WOLLEY'S Unrivalled Healing Salve!

THIS IS NO HUMBUNG, SPRINGING UP AT THE EDITORIAL COLUMN OF THE PRESS, where it is deemed to be "puddled" back into merited oblivion.

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

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...

CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL BOOKS. Black and Fancy Silks, Brown and Red Sugars, Cashmeres, Rio, Java and Lag Coffee, Merino, and Ad. Sperm Candles, Kersey's Lamb's, Aids and Sperm Oils, Train and Lined Oil, Castor and Cod Liver Oils, White Lead and Zinc, Paris Green in Oil, Chrome Green in Oil, Coach Varnish, Window Glass, all sizes, Putty in Cans, Concentrated Lye, Kersey's Lamb's, Guts and P. A. S., Carpenters' Tools, Smith's Tools, Nails, 5d to 40d, Well Wheels, Hoes and Hoop Shovels, Well Books, &c.

CHICKERING & SON'S PIANOS!

THE SUBSCRIBER, BEING AGENT FOR THE sale of the above celebrated Pianos, informs the public respectively that he will be shown in Wadesboro' all persons wishing to purchase a good Piano will be shown FOURTEEN DIFFERENT STYLES. Every Piano warranted. PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED in a satisfactory manner or no charges.

Mr. R. carries with him letters of recommendation from gentlemen of Wilmington, North Carolina, where he resides.

A. E. BENNETT'S DRY GOODS, HARDWARE AND GROCERY STORE, WADESBORO, N. C.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY FALL AND WINTER Stock of DRY GOODS, Embroidered CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DELAINES, CALICOES, SILKS, &c., &c. Also, a fresh supply of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. And a large and well-selected stock of SCHOOL BOOKS. All of which I will dispose of for CASH, or on time to punctual customers.

BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, CHEESE, RICE, CIDER, VINEGAR, Smoking Tobacco, of superior quality. Just received and for sale by S. S. ARNOLD.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

(For the Argus.)

AMERICA—THE BIBLE.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

Text—Marcellus Hymn. The word of God! The Holy Bible! Lo! It is the message of our God! Shall Monk, or Priest, or Pope, or Sybil Insult, or dare, with impious rod, Deprive us of the Word of God!

Land of the free! baptised in glory! Hail! hail, America, to thee! Brave are thy sons! Shall despots hoary, Crimson'd with blood, with lustful tread Impress thy soil? Strike, strike them dead!

Land of the free! baptised in glory! Hail! hail, America, to thee! Brave are thy sons! Shall despots hoary, Crimson'd with blood, with lustful tread Impress thy soil? Strike, strike them dead!

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MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

(For the Argus.)

'Twas night. The moon was beautifully, gloriously bright, and the whole heavens were untraced with stars, dancing joyously in her peerless light.

But one was gazing on the beautiful sight. An erring mortal—a young girl—sat near the window of her room and looked out in silent admiration upon the magnificent scene.

Such nature as hers are always deeply, powerfully moved when beholding the grandeur of the works of God. She looked upon the moon and stars, but all her thoughts were not there.

Limbey did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it; there was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limbey Lumby.

Limbey grew up big and strong; he had every thing his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon a double chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drum on his plate with his mug.

MARRIED AT SEVEN-AND-A-HALF P. M., AND DEAD AT NINE P. M.—The former took place at the seventh-and-a-half o'clock on the evening of the 10th ult., and at 9 o'clock on the same evening, or an hour and a half afterward, the husband went beside the "bride of death." Here is the sad record from the N.-Y. Express.

The Okolona (Miss.) News hoists the name of John J. Crittenden for President, and Wm. A. Shaw, of Mississippi, for Vice-President, in 1860.

LIMBEY LUMBY;

Or, The Boy who was Spoiled by his Mamma.

Limbey Lumby was the only son of his mamma. His father was called the "pavlor's assistant," for he was so large and heavy that when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down with a large wooden rammer would say, "Please to walk over these stones, sir." And then the men would get a rest.

Limbey made a rare to-do when he was a baby. But he never was a little baby—he was always a big baby, nay, he was a big baby to the day of his death. "Baby big," his mamma used to call him; he was "a noble baby," said his aunt; he was "a sweet baby," said old Mrs. Tompkins, the nurse; he was "a dear baby," said his papa, and so he was, for he cost a good deal; he was "a darling baby," said his aunt; he was "a mother's darling," said his mother; he was "a fine child," said every body before the parents.

So Limbey grew bigger and bigger every day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill. So his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him, told his mamma there were no hopes, the poor child was dying of over-feeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him a dose of castor oil.

His mamma attempted to give him the castor oil; but Limbey, although he liked cordial and pap, and sweet-bread and oysters, and other things nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor oil, and struggled and kicked and fought every time his nurse or mamma attempted to give it to him.

"Limbey, my darling boy," said his mamma, "my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take it as sweetly as there's a ducky deary, and it shall ride in a coachy coachy." "O, the dear baby," said the nurse, "take it for nursey." It will take it for nursey that it will.

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine spoon, so contrived that if you could get it into the child's mouth the medicine must go down. Limbey, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth, and when the nurse tried the experiment for the nineteenth time, he gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down wack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses. "O, my dear baby," said she, "it shan't take the nasty oil—it won't take it, the damming; nagny nurse, to nursey! It shan't take the nasty physic!" and then she kissed him again.

Poor Limbey, although only two years old, knew what he was at. He was trying to get the mastery of his mamma; he felt he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, and at the same time planted a blow on his mother's eye. "Dear little creature," said she, "he is in a state of high convulsions and fever; he will never recover."

"Limbey, my darling," said his mother; and the servant was called to whip Limbey's mug, and pick the pudding up from the floor. Limbey wouldn't have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the cruet-stand and the mustard on the table-cloth.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limbey saw this, he set up a crow of delight. "Limbey ride," said he, "Limbey ride," and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish. "Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton," said his mamma; and immediately gave him a slice, cut up in small pieces. That was not it. Limbey pushed that on the floor, cried out "Limbey on meat! Limbey ride on meat!"

"Limbey on, Limbey ride on bone!" said the child, in a whisper. "Did you ever hear?" said the father. "What an extraordinary child!" said the mother; "how clever, too, to know it was like a saddle, the little deary! No, no, Limbey, greasy frock, Limbey."

The truth was, Limbey made such a roaring that neither father nor mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

"It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton," said his father, "quite impossible!" "Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him; you can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy," said the mother.

"Any thing for a quiet life," said the father. "What does Limbey want? Limbey ride? Limbey on bone? Limbey ride on meat? Shall I put him across?" said Mr. Lumby. "Just for one moment," said his mamma; "it won't hurt the mutton."

The father rose and took Limbey from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that they might hang on either side of the dish without touching it, "just to satisfy him," as he said, "that they might dine in quiet," and was about to withdraw him from it immediately.

But Limbey was not to be cheated in that way; he wished to feel the saddle under him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but feeling it rather warmer than agreeable, started, and lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soured in melted butter, cauliflower, and gravy—floundering, kicking and screaming, with the danger of glasses, jugs, dishes, and every thing else on the table.

"My child! my child!" said his mamma; "O, save my child!" She snatched him up and pressed his greasy garments close to the body of her silk gown.

Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after that. As to Limbey, he was as frisky afterward as if nothing had happened, and about half an hour from the time of this disaster, cried for his dinner!

THE ROUTES TO THE PACIFIC.—The poor way-worn foot traveler over the Isthmus during the pristine days of California gold discoveries, if he could have looked into the future some six or eight years ahead of his weary journey, if he had possessed the milk-of-human-kindness, or an atom of philanthropy in his soul, would have rejoiced at the facilities which would be afforded his fellowman in accomplishing a journey which compared with his, seems at the present time of writing a pleasant jaunt, bearing about the same comparison to his tedious and dangerous travel of thousands of miles, as does the journey from here to New York with what it was thirty or forty years ago.

Scarcely a dozen years since, the only highway to California, Oregon, the Pacific coast of South America, and in fact all the vast regions of this continent, whose shores were laved by the waters of that mighty ocean, was by way of Cape Horn, than which a more dangerous route could hardly be conceived.

How great is the contrast now! Panama, clasped in the strong fetters of her own railway, offers easy facilities for inter-communication. Nicaragua, temporarily closed, will soon, it is to be hoped, be stretching her arms for a portion of the rich return from the constant stream of travel passing to and fro. The Tehuantepec route, recently opened, offers increased facilities and a shorter trip to the business man whose time is money.

GEN. SCOTT'S BRAVERY.—In a speech delivered at Newark, Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against General Scott, produced a document, which was sworn to several years since, as part evidence on a pension claim. This was the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affirmation that General Scott, after he was wounded, rode to the line where the soldier was stationed, "his neck, breast and arm in a gore of blood, which ran down his leg and trickled down his foot upon the ground, and said to the commander of the line, 'I am wounded and very weak. I want one of your men to get up behind me and hold me on my horse.' A young man threw down a musket, and at one spring leaped upon the horse, and they slowly galloped away to the main body of the army. The excitement produced by reading this document was thrilling in the extreme. The hundreds present rose to their feet and gave most vehement cheers, so that it was minutes before the speaker could proceed.

The New York Saturday Press says that three extensive publishing houses in Boston, New York and Philadelphia have united for the purpose of bringing out a new encyclopedia, the first volume to appear in April or May.

[From the Richmond Whig.] PARTIES INEVITABLE.

We again and earnestly invoke a concentration of all the Opposition forces, a unity of action and a determined and organized resistance to the misrule of the present dominant party in the Union and in this State. It is done not with the feelings and in the spirit of a mere partisan, but from the settled conviction that it is a course dictated by the soundest policy, and prompted by the suggestions of true patriotism.

In the moral world, the great antagonistic principles of Good and Evil are ever warring for the supremacy. Man is engaged in a daily warfare, in which victory purifies and chastens, and defeat is expiated and atoned for by a noble struggle; it is a necessity imposed upon our moral being; it is the penalty paid for the priceless benefits of civilization and religion. An avoidance of the conflict is disgrace and dishonor, for not to struggle is to lapse into the bestiality and debasement of the savage.

In the political world, there are two hostile and defiant principles, noiselessly working upon and moulding the opinions of men—the conservative and the destructive. From the one or the other of these sources flow "the thoughts that mure and the trials that color" every political organization; and its principles, however mystified by subtlety, or enclosed in the platitudes of generalization, will still bear marks of their origin; and the paternity of the party may be traced to the good or evil. Touch it with Ithuriel's spear and, perforce, it will assume the frightful and hideous deformity of disorder and disunion, or the angelic radiance with the beauties of conservatism, law and national progress.

In our country, where independence of action and freedom of thought are so happily guaranteed and guarded, a clash of views and a conflict of opinions are inevitable. With the high aspirations that Liberty nurtures, the noble ambitions, the self-sacrificing deeds of heroism it incites, self-seeking craft, low partisan cunning and dark malignity of purpose, will unavoidably be engendered. But, far better the struggles, although accompanied with turbulence and excess, of living freemen in a land of light, than the apathy and gloom of the dependent subjects of a Despotism.

Error ceases to be dangerous, when reason is left free to combat it. But reason must combat error, and to that struggle we now invite all honest and patriotic citizens. We invoke them, by the love and reverence they bear the memory of the Father of his country, whose dying words warned his countrymen against sectionalism and all its evils—by the memory of that gallant spirit, who scorned the dark and tortuous windings which lead to promotion, and who had rather be right than be President.

We believe that of late years many of our best citizens have abstained from any active participation in political matters, even from voting; they see in the pettifogging tricks and low appliances resorted to for success—in the corruption of the suffragans and the riots at the polls—so much to disgust the good and appal the patriotic. This difference is a shrinking from duty—a shunning of that struggle upon whose issue hangs the fate of the dearest blessing of life. Error is insidious in its approaches, and we regard with indifference at first what we finally submit to. We have yet to learn that our country holds from Heaven any charter of immunity from the influence of those causes, which history tells us, lead to the decline and fall of the mighty nations of the by-gone ages.

Conscious of our duties as men and citizens of a great and enlightened republic, we cannot be lukewarm—if thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth. There is a great body of sound conservative men who are determined to act according to their convictions. They cannot do so by uniting themselves with either the Republican or Democratic party; hence another party must be formed, and now is the time to form it. The Democratic party and Republican party each boasts of its nationality, and affects to be united by principles eternal as the hills. What is the difference between them? Mr. Letcher tells us, he belongs to this "Democratic States-rights Republican school."

Mr. Sumner, no doubt, would tell us he was of the Democratic Northern Republican school. Tweedledum and tweedledee! They are each sectional, and looking to the same end—disunion. Apply to each the test of truth, the touch-stone of the Constitution and the Union, and they will be found to be destructive to the peace and glory of our country, and to the cause of human freedom in the world. They do not meet, the exigencies of our position as a people endowed with the fullness of hope and largeness of faith of chosen instruments for a great work and a high mission. They are unfit custodians of the blood-bought treasures bequeathed us.

We cannot help believing that the Republican party will soon dissolve, or else be but a small faction, headed by Seward, and based upon a single idea, and that a selfish, narrow, and bigoted one. There then will be left the Democratic party, sole representative of all that is evil—of all that is destructive. This party, which Dean Swift described more than a hundred years ago, as "being patched up of heterogeneous inconsistent parties, whom nothing served to unite but the common interest of sharing in the spoil and plunder of the people," arrogantly demands to rule the destinies of the country by a claim not de facto but de jure and of divine right, while in truth they have not the shadow of right to the confidence and support of the people.

Pledged to a philosophy as false in its teaching as it is dangerous in its tendencies, this party has subordinated all its professed and boasted principles to the higher law of party rule and party success. Pretending to be the peculiar friends of

slavery, they agitate and alarm the minds of the people, tamper with their sensitiveness on this delicate question, with no end for its further security or protection, but to obtain all the offices. With the hidden purpose to distract the Whig and strengthen the Democratic party, they unite with Northern men to pass the Kansas bill, and virtually barter away, for all time, the rights of the South in any hereafter acquired territory—their pretext, the maintenance of the great principle of self-government—the right of every people to control their domestic affairs in their own way—a principle established and recognized long before the birth of this bastard progeny. It is the very embodiment of States-rights and Southern rights, when State offices and their sweet prerogatives are to be ejected out of the dear people, and purely and entirely national when Federal plunder is the gerdon of victory—such the motives that actuate, such the spirit that guides the so-called Democratic party. This party denounced Gen. W. Sumner, for opinions entertained in common with many of the wisest and best men of the Commonwealth—at whom were some of the Rhode-Island notes—at a time of peculiar excitement—when Northern Abolitionism and Free-soilism were unknown—and elected Mr. Joe, Johnson—a Northern man by birth, whose early education and associations and antecedents might well have raised a doubt as to his fealty. In vain the Whigs pleaded their rough identification of Mr. Sumner with Southern interests—for he was a large slaveholder—his recantation of the "positions of '32, as an atonement for the past and a pledge for the future.

In 1858, they nominate for the office of Governor John Letcher, an avowed Abolitionist in 1847, a man of mature age, and presumably mature intellect at the time, a time when the question of Southern slavery had been thoroughly sifted and examined in every point of view, moral, religious, social and political, by the best minds in the country; and, surely, no man with half sense could have formed any but an enlightened opinion. It was at a time when the North, through its pulpits, presses and politicians, was waging a bitter, uncompromising and furious warfare against this peculiar institution of the South, at a time when incendiary pamphlets were scattered over the South— itinerant abolition preachers were sneaking among the slaves, to excite a servile insurrection—is it possible that a Southern man should have adopted lightly and expressed hastily, opinions hostile to his own section? But he has, they tell us, recanted. Is it so? It is not so in the views of Mr. Letcher on the question of slavery that we now call attention to, as to the cant, hypocrisy and dishonesty of the party that nominated him. Did they honestly believe Mr. Sumners unfit to be trusted, because of his past views, after his recantation? Why then did they nominate Mr. Letcher, who with his recantation, is ten times worse than Mr. Sumners, judged in the same spirit? No—it was no fear of slavery; slavery had none of their thoughts, and had no value, except the trifling one it acquired by the exigencies of an election. Verily arrogance has no limits to its pretensions, and the credulity and gullibility of the people are infinite in the eyes of Democracy.

A HUMAN LIONESS.—M. Duray, in The Rev. de l'Instruction Publique, publishes an account of a human lioness which is called a catrope, a carriage moved by the feet of those riding in it, acting as treadles. The motion is said not to be difficult (it is similar to that of walking). Two men with it made 5 miles in 35 minutes on the Boulevard Mazarin at noon when the street was most crowded. At another time the men made 13 miles in 56 minutes; and the exercise being so easy that they offered to keep it up alternate hours-day after day, and thought they could without difficulty average 50 to 60 miles per day. A singular thing about it is, that it beats the best turnout on steep grades, if they present a compact or paved surface.

The God's (Ohio) Republican says that Mrs. Barney, of Tippicanoe, Harrison county, a highly respectable lady and a member of the Presbyterian Church, during a peculiar condition of her physical and mental organization, has preached in sermon half an hour long every other Sunday, at 10 o'clock, for eighteen years. While preaching she reclines upon a bed. Her instructions are generally excellent and abound in scriptural quotations, but when she recovers her consciousness she has no recollection whatever of what she has been saying. Several years ago her case excited the attention of several medical gentlemen, who, while they had the utmost confidence in her sincerity, could give no satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

How my Horse.—About twilight, the other evening, just as our Governor was passing down street to his residence, a stranger rode up to the side walk between one of the stores and bawled out to His Excellency: "I say stranger, won't you be so kind as to hold my horse while I step in here and do a little trading?" "Why, my dear fellow," said a bystander, "that is Gov. Ellis." "That? He the Governor?" "Yes." "Well, who cares if it is! Didn't I vote for him!" We are not informed whether the Governor held the horse or not.—Giraffe.

The New Orleans Picayune expresses its satisfaction that a recent attempt to get up a prize ring exhibition in that city—quite a failure of success. The principle parties interested were Aaron Jones and the "Benecia Boy."