

North Carolina Argus.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II—NO. 22.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 74.

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Single copies, Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.
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70-ly WILMINGTON, N. C.

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Refer to John Dawson, Esq., Mayor, and E. P. Hall, Esq., President Branch Bank State of North Carolina. [54-ly] J. S.

W. H. McRARY & CO.,
Commission Merchants and Dealers
in Guano, Salt, Grain, &c., &c.,
CORNER PRINCERS AND WATER STREETS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF NAVAL STORES, COTTON, TIMBER, FLOUR, &c., &c. LUMBER ADVANCEMENTS MADE ON ALL PRODUCE WHEN REQUIRED.

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COLCLOCK, McALLEY & MALLOY,
Factors and Commission Merchants,
OFFICE NO. 3 NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

C. J. COLCLOCK, T. S. McALLEY, D. MALLOY,
Charleston, S. C. [54-ly] [54-ly] [54-ly]

N. B. Offices kept at each place, where advances can be obtained on shipments of produce to Charleston, S. C. [54-ly]

HOPKINS, HULL & ATKINSON,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 258 BALTIMORE STREET,
(OPPOSITE HARVARD STREET),
BALTIMORE.

ROBERT HULL,
THOS. W. ATKINSON, [54-ly]

KERRISON & LEIDING,
—IMPORTERS—
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Wholesale and Retail,
RAEL STREET, ONE DOOR FROM KING,
CHARLESTON, S. C. [54-ly] [54-ly]

R. P. SIMMONS,
Watch and Clock Repairer,
ANSONVILLE, N. C.

Jewelry, &c., neatly and substantially repaired, and all work warranted twelve months. [54-ly]

ASHE & HARGRAVE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Practice in partnership in the County of Anson, except on the Criminal Docket in the County Court, (J. H. Hargrave being County Solicitor).

They will attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to them in Anson and the surrounding counties. T. S. Ashe attends the Courts of Richmond, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Union and Anson. J. H. Hargrave those of Montgomery, Stanly and Anson.

Office at Wadesboro'. THOMAS S. ASHE. J. H. HARGRAVE. 19-ly

NEW GOODS FOR FALL AND WINTER.
J. C. COX, TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING to his customers, friends, and the public generally, that he has received, and is now receiving, A MORE EXTENSIVE STOCK THAN USUAL OF FRESH AND FASHIONABLE GOODS—consisting, in part, of STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, BAGGING, ROPE AND TWINE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.

These Goods are of the best quality, and those wishing to purchase will be consulting their interest by calling and examining for themselves. They will be sold low, on the usual time, but accounts must be settled punctually. [54-ly]

WANTED,
RAGS—AT THE ARGUS OFFICE WADESBOROUGH.

LOOK AT THIS! CHEAP CASH STORE!

ON AND AFTER THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, 1859, the Subscriber will sell GOODS ONLY FOR CASH OR APPROVED NOTES.

He will always have in store Goods to suit this market, selected by himself. His stock will always be found to be exactly what he says it is, and will consist of

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
AND
DRY-GOODS,

A full and complete assortment, including SILKS, SATINS, WORSTEDS, PRINTS, COTTON AND WOOLLEN HOSE;

AND
A GOOD STOCK OF GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
BAGGING AND ROPE,

AND
ALL OTHER ARTICLES USUALLY FOUND IN A COUNTRY STORE.

PART OF THE STOCK I NOW HAVE ON HAND I WILL SELL AT COST FOR CASH.

A. E. BENNETT,
Wadesboro', N. C.

All persons indebted to me by Note or Account for 1856, 1857, and 1858, will save costs by calling and settling up. I mean just what I say, and I say just what I mean. [54-ly] A. E. B.

S. S. ARNOLD,
DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

HARDWARE AND SADDLERY,
GROCERIES,
PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS,

GUNS AND PISTOLS,
IRON, STEEL AND NAILS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS,

&c., &c., &c.

I have now in store a large and well selected stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, which will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH, or on time to prompt paying customers.

Those wishing to purchase will please call.

S. S. ARNOLD,
Wadesboro', Sept. 27, 1859-55-ly

1859. 1860.
FALL AND WINTER.

I AM NOW RECEIVING MY STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of the usual varieties of SILKS, POPLINS, TRIBLET CLOTHS, BOMBAZINES, DE LAINES, GINGHAMS AND CALICOES; CLOAKS AND SHAWLS; READY-MADE CLOTHING; HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c., &c., which are all of the latest styles and best quality. My stock embraces also the usual varieties of PLANTATION GOODS, HARDWARE, &c.

All the above goods will be sold on as advantageous terms as they can be purchased elsewhere. Call and see.

Those indebted to me for notes and accounts for 1856 and 1857, are requested to call and settle soon as possible. I must have my old debts. I have waited as long as I can. I shall expect all my old debts to be settled this fall. [54-ly] J. S.

Millinery and Dress Goods.

MISS A. HORN has returned from Charleston where she selected, with great care, her STOCK OF GOODS consisting in part of BONNETS, HATS, CAPS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS AND RIBBONS of all kinds; SILK ROBES AND OTHER FANCY SILKS; ROBES DE AQUILA, EMBROIDERED ROBES, DOUBLE SKIRTS, FRENCH DELAINES, CLOAKS AND SHAWLS; GINGHAMS, FANCY PRINTS, &c., &c.; HOOP SKIRTS, SILK HOSE, COLLARS AND UNDERSLEEVES; VEILS, GLOVES AND GAITERS, &c., &c.; also PERFUMERIES and FANCY SOAPS, and many other articles for Ladies. All of which will be sold for cash or on time to punctual customers. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine her stock.

BONNETS MADE AND TRIMMED in a superior manner in a short time. DRESSES CUT in the latest fashion upon an improved plan by measurement. [54-ly] A. HORN.

NEW STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING, IN THE BRICK STORE recently occupied by Daniel A. Horn, A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS, suited to the trade of this market, comprised in part of

DRY GOODS,
Prints, De Laines and Dress Goods; Bleached and Brown Goods; Hosiery; Negro Goods, Blankets, &c., &c., &c.

HATS AND CAPS,
All styles, colors and qualities.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Calf, Kip, Wax, Seal, Goat and Kid; Black and Rust-colored Brogans.

HARDWARE,
Pocket and Table Cutlery; Pins; Tacks; Locks; Wood Screws; Saws; Coffee Mills; Hoes; Shovels; Spades; Traces, &c., &c., &c.

HOLLOW WARE,
Pots, Ovens, Spiders, Skillets, &c., of all shapes and sizes.

IRON AND NAILS,
Broad and Narrow Bar-Iron; Band, Rod and Square; Nails, 4 to 40 penny.

LEATHER,
Sole and Upper, Kip and Calf.

BAGGING, ROPE AND TWINE.
LIME AND PLASTER PARIS.

GROCERIES,
Loaf, Crushed and Coffee Sugars; Java, Laguayras and Rio Coffee; Tea; Cheese; Mackerel; Bacon; Lard, Salt, Soda, Potash, Molasses, Rice, &c., &c.

And every other article called for in this market; all of which will be sold on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in this market, for cash, or on short time to those who will pay when they promise. All orders strictly attended to. J. M. THREAGDILL. [54-ly]

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

[From the Southern Field and Fireside.
SONGS FOR THE SEASON.

WOODLANDS, January 2, 1860.
My Dear Mr. Editor: I send you two Songs for the Season, meant to inculcate faith and hope, and moral lessons in maxims and new music, for the benefit of that million who, at this time of each year, are naturally inclined to mourn over departed expectations. They are simple, and though not exactly impromptu, are yet so very nearly such that I should not strain conscience a tittle in so declaring them. Of course they are unambitious performances. The texts are—
"Better Luck Next Year." 2. "Patience, and Shalt thou be the Giver." It is for you to decide whether they shall be warbled in your Field or at your Fireside. Be the smiles of a new dawn upon you and yours at the opening of the new season!

Yours truly, W. GILMORE SIMMS.

"BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR."
Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And 'front her fairly, face her down—
She's only sterner to those who fear!
Here's "better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye—"better luck another year!"
We'll have her one, instead of frown,
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad, with goodly cheer,
And "better luck another year!"
Another year!

The daisy Fortune still denies,
The plea that yet delights her ear;
Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear!
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize,
But spite of frown, and scorn, and sneer,
Be firm, and we shall win and wear,
With home made glad, and goodly cheer,
In "better luck another year!"
Another year!

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.
[Written for the Argus.]

BY KEARAG ORVILLE.

"And nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her 'prentice hand' she tries on man,
And then she makes the ladies, O."—*Burns.*

Having written an essay on man—which appeared in the Argus a week or so ago—I now proceed, at the request of a fair friend of mine, to pay the same compliment to WOMAN, in manner and form following, to wit, that is to say:

Woman is a compound of two antagonistic principles—a terrestrial and a celestial element—and is the connecting link between man and angels, partaking alternately of both natures. This is the reason why we always find her so "variable"—as the almanac-makers would say of the weather—to-day frowning and looking as dark and cold as hell; to-morrow bright and smiling as an April morning, or blushing with the warmth of the early rose of summer. This variability in their temperament will account, too, for our "fond hopes" being so often "knocked into pie," and for our otherwise blessed country being infested with and overrun by that useless class of bipeds, the *backsliders*, who, with long faces and woe-begone countenances, go moaning about the streets, refusing to be "comforted."

This is the "state" of woman—to-day we find her wreathed with smiles, and clothed in the paraphernalia of an angel, to which class of beings we unhesitatingly declare her to belong. To-morrow we meet her with a cloud upon her brow, (and I might say a broomstick in her hand!) wearing the garb of a "hannibal," looking cold as a winter's evening, and arriving at the conclusion that we may possibly have "reckoned with our host" when we took her to be an angel. This, however, is owing altogether to our not understanding the peculiarities of her composition—in other words, to our being too green to know how to "take her."

I had intended dividing my subject into three heads, viz: *girls, young ladies, and women*; but recollecting that there be no *white* "girls" now-a-days, and but few women, I will only speak of *ladies*—I'll call all I have to deal with *women*, and risk the consequences! There are a vast number of peculiarities belonging to the sex, of which I will like to speak, but my "space" will not admit of an elaborate disquisition; besides the Argus's whole set of eyes would succumb to the arduous task of reading them, and fall asleep. I will give but one or two for the benefit of those concerned.

A leading trait with women is a disposition not to be "taken." This will especially apply to the "ladies, O." It is morally impossible for one of the uninitiated to keep up with a woman. They are like a certain little insect, (no disparagement!) you put your finger down, and it is not there! When a woman (to my bachelor friends) takes a notion to evade you, you need not try to catch her by a regular chase. As well attempt to follow a jack-o'-lantern through a bamboo swamp, or to

"Stand upon your head,
And peel a bag of taters."

The only way to come at her is to stand still and wait till she comes around—which, if let alone, she will be pretty apt to do—and then make your grab. But I am wandering, and instead of writing a treatise on woman, I am at my old trade again, telling how to "court." I will return.

I have said that woman is the connecting link between man and angels, or between terrestrial and celestial beings. I will now explain the reason why she is so, and prove my position. Well, it may be accounted for somewhat after this manner: Out of clay God made first all the animals of the brute kind, and then made man, whom he endowed with a *soul*—thus refining the clay out of which Adam was made. Out of this living mass of refined clay the Creator cut a slice, which he moulded into a woman. The clay having thus gone through two processes, becomes what we term *double refined*. The lower order of animals, then, were made out of unrefined, or clay in its natural state; man out of refined and woman out of *double refined* clay. Thus, animals of the brute order are one degree advanced from their original element, man two degrees, and woman three—making the brute the connecting link between man and the earth; man the connecting link between woman and the lower order of animals; and, as stated above, woman the connecting link between angels and man.

Thus, too, we see that women are made out of finer material than we of the sterner sex, which will account for their being possessed of nicer feelings and a quicker perception than men.

Women are—*pshaw!*—'twere impossible to tell what women are or what they are like. Suffice

it to say that they are a part and parcel of our very existence. By and in their presence we "live, move and have our continual being." They are like—sometimes an angel, and—sometimes not.

In conclusion, notwithstanding their little foibles, and proneness to tease and "try the souls" of the sterner sex, I can exclaim (in the beautiful and classic language of—somebody, I forget who), "I love them, O Lord, yes I do!"

Thus Edgar Orville finds a climax to his *Essay on Woman*.

January 21, 1860.

THRILLING CAVE ADVENTURE.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M—. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff of rock about one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass or shrub was to be seen, and across any inequality was visible, whereas the climber might find a resting place. In fact, it was considered unuseful for a distance of two miles, when it sank down gradually at either end to the level of the plain. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on its summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, clear under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and old circumstance which had happened about a year before in our family. My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early one summer morning to shoot player on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff, from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained any further information. To speak of our family distress, and my own heart-grieving for my well-beloved young brother, it is not now my purpose; but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works was hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and looking down at its smooth sides, I thought how terrible fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his mangled body, at least, would have been found.

I was recalled to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of the cliff, upon whose utmost verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I became aware, at last, that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt pervaded the atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom, and the loose earth and stones have fallen over me. That, too, I soon found equally unlikely, and after groping about some time on my hands and knees—every movement one of intense agony—I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent. Too weak to move any farther, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in the salt rocks, and sometimes found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen—it might be but a few feet, it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light during which one would last. I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot; then, harder, then furiously; but it would not ignite! Then I tried another, with no better success. They were too damp, everything was damp—the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. What with my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all, it became clear to me that, instead of falling over, I had fallen through the cliff—strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near to the edge without the external wall of the cliff caving in towards it. The space through which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body had been bruised, and the skin was torn from my sides, with strips of my clothing—that I could feel. Oh! for a light to examine better into my miserable position; but after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the idea that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape; if I only could get the matches to ignite, and show me the size and form of the cave.

Worn-out with pain and thought, I must have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst, and, almost at the same time, I became sure that I heard the dropping of water. I dragged myself towards the sound, stretched out my hand, and, lo! above me fell upon it; eagerly I swallowed a few, which burned my throat; they were distilled brine—salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly. I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again, in vain; this time, however, they gave forth a light smoke. In time the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope—I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I would it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight-and-twenty hours would have gone by. Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and, as I continually approached and receded from the spot where the salt-water dripped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square. Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute.

lute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot—earth and stones must have fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst, and faint with bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voices of men; then a bell rang, and, with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Would they search for me! Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—this double bereavement would kill my poor mother; but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow-men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet I could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock. It could not be thick. I knew that, by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite unequal to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt-rock, which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe, on the wagon road during my Sunday walk. It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out, and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights, when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I made any visible progress; the sounds were not nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin and excoriated my throat; and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad; but I worked on. I had wound up my watch five times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—delirium as far as I was ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which seemed somewhat detached from the strata (this I could only judge of by feeling). If I succeeded I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point; but I had to stop and rest before the final trial. I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and but few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a light blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully and bled plainly the cavern in which I was imprisoned. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object, on a projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and, by its last ray, I saw a human face!

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it over the sand paper; it burned only for an instant, but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor, lost brother Henry!

I was again in darkness, with the dead body and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it, and the large mass rolled inwards, and from the fissure in the rock which lay behind it came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad; or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my purpose.

By the aid of my ox shoe I soon increased the hole till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me till I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE OF 1860.—The Northern States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

Maine	3	Nicholas	3
New Hampshire	3	Indiana	13
Vermont	3	Illinois	11
Massachusetts	11	Iowa	3
Rhode Island	3	Wisconsin	3
Connecticut	3	California	4
New York	35	Minnesota	3
New Jersey	7	Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	27	Kansas	3
Ohio	23		

Total 186
The Southern States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

Virginia	15	Louisiana	6
Delaware	3	Arkansas	4
Maryland	8	Tennessee	12
North Carolina	10	Kentucky	12
South Carolina	8	Missouri	9
Georgia	9	Florida	3
Alabama	9	Texas	4
Mississippi	7		

Total 120
Total vote of the Northern States.....186
Total vote of the Southern States.....120

Majority for Northern States.....66
Aggregate vote of Northern and Southern States.....306
Number necessary to elect a President.....154

A DAY OF STATE CONVENTIONS.—The 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth of Washington, will be a great day this year for the holding of State Conventions. The Opposition Convention of Tennessee will meet in Nashville; the Democratic Convention of Iowa will meet in Des Moines; the Democratic Convention of Michigan, will meet in Detroit; the Whig Convention of North Carolina, will meet in Raleigh; the People's Party Convention of Pennsylvania, will meet in Harrisburg; the Opposition Convention of Virginia will meet in Richmond; and the Republican Convention of Indiana, will meet in Indianapolis.

The Secretary of the Interior, having applied to the Sac and Fox Indians for a full Indian war dress, to be presented, through the Minister to Louis Napoleon, the tribe generously responded with a splendid equipment, including a tomahawk, peace pipe, and various other articles of savage warfare. No expense has been spared by way of ornament and decoration.

BIG BRINDLE.—In Tennessee, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and, though uneducated, possessed of hard knot sense. Col. W. had been elected to the Legislature, and had also been judge of the county court.

This elevation, however, made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a large, mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle ox," which frequently broke down his neighbors' fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning, after breakfast, in the presence of some gentlemen who had stayed with him over night, and were now on their way to town, he called his overseer, and said to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle in order that I may hear no more of the animal's depredations on the fences."

Allen bowed and walked out, sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant.

So, after Colonel W. left for town, he went to his wife and asked her what the Colonel meant by telling him to impound the ox.

"Why," said she, "he meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, which was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was wild and vicious, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation, he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, soliloquizing, "this is impounding, is it? Now, I'm dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I have impounded Big Brindle, and I'll puzzle him as he has done me."