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I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE BEST STOCK of Watches and Jewelry that ever was offered for sale in Wadesboro. I have the real JOS. JOHNSON WATCHES in fine GOLD and SILVER CASES. These Watches will keep time and give satisfaction. I will guarantee that fact. And if you want Spectacles, I can suit every eye. And if you want to write, I have Gold Pens and Silver Cases. And if you need Gold Watch Chains, come along. I have Gold Cuffs and Bosom Buttons, and Bracelets, and Necklaces, and Gold and Silver Trimbles, and Coral, and Revolving Box Pins, and Finger Rings. I have many articles too numerous to mention. This is no humbug. I will sell you fine Gold Jewelry, and make the price suit the times. Take notice, I do all kinds of repairing in the neatest and the most durable style at the shortest notice. All orders sent by mail or otherwise, will be promptly attended to, and cash always on delivery of work. 104-ly

**\$50 Sewing Machines.**

THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR THE **PARKER AND CAMPBELL SEWING MACHINES**, the best in use for FAMILY and PLANTATION PURPOSES. They may be seen at the Cheraw Carriage Factory, opposite Moore's Hotel. [90-ly] A. RACE.

330. N. CLARK.] [WM. H. TURLINGTON

**CLARK & TURLINGTON,**  
Commission Merchants,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.,

WILL GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ALL consignments of

COTTON, NAVAL STORES, FLOUR, BACON, TIMBER, &c., &c., and other Country Produce, either for sale or shipment.

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LIME, PLASTER, CEMENT, HAIR, &c.  
Refer to H. A. Savage, Cashier Bank of Cape Fear, Wilmington, N. C.; John Dawson, President Wilmington Branch Bank of N. C.; W. H. Jones, Cashier Raleigh Branch Bank of Cape Fear.  
November 18, 1860-97-ly

## A REMARKABLE SPEECH.

When we consider the man, the place and the doctrines, the following speech of Wendell Phillips will be pronounced by all the most remarkable and noteworthy. It was delivered on the 9th inst., at New Bedford, Mass., and is thus reported by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript:

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., April 10, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture before our Lyceum, last evening, intensely political in its character, in the course of which he took occasion to comment on the news just received from Charleston. I send you a specimen of his brilliant and erratic ideas, in his own language. The lecture was interrupted by frequent hisses:

"The telegraph is said to report to-night that the guns are firing either out of Fort Sumter or into it—that to worrow's breeze when it sweeps from the North will bring to us the echo of the first Lexington battle of the new revolution. Well, what shall we say of such an hour? My own feeling is a double one. It is like the triumph of sadness—rejoicing and sorrow. I cannot, indeed, congratulate you enough on the sublime spectacle of twenty millions of people educated in a twelvemonth up to being willing that their idolized Union should risk a battle, should risk dissolution, in order, at any risk, to put down this rebellion of slave States.

But I am sorry that a gun should be fired at Fort Sumter, or that a gun should be fired from it, for this reason. The Administration at Washington does not know its time. Here are a series of States girdling the Gulf, who think that their peculiar institutions require that they should have a separate government. They have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or me. A large body of people, sufficient to make a nation, have come to the conclusion that they will have a government of a certain form. Who denies them the right? Standing with the principles of '75 behind us, who can deny them the right? What is a matter of a few millions of dollars or a few forts? It is a mere drop in the bucket of the great national question. It is theirs, just as much as ours. I maintain, on the principles of '76, that Abraham Lincoln has no right to a soldier in Fort Sumter.

But the question comes secondly, "Suppose we had a right to interfere, what is the good of it?" You may punish South Carolina for going out of the Union. That does not bring her in. You may subdue her by hundreds of thousands of armies, but that does not make her a State. There is no longer a Union. It is nothing but boys' play. Mr. Jefferson Davis is angry, and Abraham Lincoln is mad, and they agree to fight. One, two or three years hence, if the news of the afternoon is correct, we shall have gone through a war, spent millions, required the death of a hundred thousand men, and be exactly then where we are now—two nations; a little more angry, a little poorer, and a great deal wiser; and that will be the only difference. We may just as well settle it now as then.

You cannot go through Massachusetts and recruit men to bombard Charleston or New Orleans. The Northern mind will not bear it. You never can make such a war popular. The first ones may be borne. The telegraph may bring us news that Anderson has bombarded Charleston, and you may rejoice. But the sober second thought of Massachusetts will be, "Wasteful, unchristian, guilty." The North never will endorse such a war. Instead of conquering Charleston, you create a Charleston in New England. You stir up sympathy for the South.

Therefore, it seems to me that the inauguration of war is not only a violation of principle, but it is a violation of expediency.

To be for disunion in Boston is to be an Abolitionist. To be against disunion is to be an Abolitionist to-day in the streets of Charleston. Now that very state of things shows that the civilization of the two cities is utterly antagonistic. What is the use of trying to join them? Is Abraham Lincoln capable of making fire and powder lie down together in peace? If he can, let him send his army to Fort Sumter and occupy it.

But understand me. I believe in the Union exactly as you do in the future. This is my proposition: "Go out gentlemen; you are welcome to your empire—take it." Let them try the experiment of cheating with one hand and idleness with the other. I know that God has written "Bankruptcy" over such an experiment. If you cannonade South Carolina, you cannonade her into the sympathy of the world. I do not know now but what a majority there is on my side; but I know this, that if the telegraph speaks true to-night, that the guns are echoing around Fort Sumter; that a majority is against us, for it will convert every man into a secessionist. Besides, there is another fearful element in the problem. There is another terrible consideration. We can then

no longer extend to the black race at the South our best sympathy and our best aid. \* \* \*

Driven to despair, the Southern States may be poor and bankrupt, but the poorest man can be a private, as long as New England's tonnage is a third of that of the civilized world, the South can punish New England more than New England can punish her. We provoke a strife in which we are defenceless. If, on the contrary, we hold ourselves to the strife of ideas, if we manifest that strength which despises insult and bides its hour, we are sure to conquer in the end.

I distrust those guns at Fort Sumter. I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln means war. I do not believe in the madness of his Cabinet. Nothing but madness can provoke war with the Gulf States. My suspicion is this: that the Administration dares not compromise. It trembles before the five hundred thousand readers of the New York Tribune.

But there is a safe way to compromise. It is this: seem to provoke war, cannonade the forts. What will be the first result? New York commerce is pale with bankruptcy. The affrighted seaboard sees grass growing in its streets. It will start up every man whose livelihood hangs upon trade, intensifying him into a compromiser. Those guns fired at Fort Sumter are only to frighten the North into a compromise.

If the Administration provokes bloodshed, it is a trick, nothing else. It is the masterly cunning of that devil of compromise, the Secretary of State. He is not mad enough to let these States rush into battle. He knows that the age of bullets is over. If a gun is fired in Southern waters, it is fired at the wharves of New York, at the bank vaults of Boston, at the money of the North. It is meant to alarm. It is policy not sincerity. It means concession, and in twelve months you will see this Union reconstructed, with a Constitution like that at Montgomery.

New England may indeed never be coerced into a slave Confederacy. But when the battles of Abraham Lincoln are ended, and compromises worse than Crittenden's are adopted, New England may claim the right to secede. And as sure as a gun is fired to-night at Fort Sumter, within three years from to-day you will see these thirty States gathered under a Constitution twice as damnable as that of 1787. The only hope of liberty is in fidelity to principle, fidelity to peace, fidelity to the slave. Out of that God gives us nothing but hope and brightness. In blood there issue to be ruin!

## The Gulf Stream.

As the best known and longest studied of oceanic currents, the Gulf Stream affords us a perfect picture of the other, perhaps greater, but less appreciated rivers of warm and cold water which traverse our seas. Heated in a tropical furnace to about 86 degrees Fahrenheit, a current of hot water, with a sharply defined edge on either side, and flowing over a cushion of cold water running down from the Arctic zone, rushes with a force equal to that of the Gulf of Mexico, along the shores of the Florida. Then curving upon a great arc to the northeastward, it flows three thousand miles, into the 40th degree of north latitude; yet such is the volume of that water, that its temperature through, so long a journey only falls 83 degrees or 84 degrees. In that latitude the Gulf Stream overflows its banks, and flaring out over many thousand square leagues, diminishes much in heat and velocity, yet reaches our shores, retaining enough of the former to rescue us from the horrors of a Labrador climate—to keep our seas open up to the 60th degree of latitude, when on the opposite side of the Atlantic, the American continent is sealed up with ice, 960 miles south of the Orkneys; and that warm current of water causes the vapor-laden atmosphere of Britain, which, although much abused, is still, we believe, preferable to six months of frost to which Canada and Russia are subject in similar latitudes. Such a torrent of hot water traversing the Atlantic wastes naturally occasions great perturbations of the atmosphere, and the Gulf Stream may justly be called "a foul weather breeder."

The English trader knows this well, but it must come much nearer home to the American navigator, because, on either quitting or sailing towards his shores, he has invariably to traverse the Gulf Stream, and stretch across a belt of cold water, the arctic current, which intervenes between it and his home. There, and especially in the winter season, the storm, cyclone, and cross-currents raise such a sea as shatters the best found bark, and tests the skill and hardihood of the seaman. From New York to the bay of Chesapeake, snow storms and gales are encountered which mock all human skill and nerve. The trader from the Pacific or China find herself in a few hours an ice encumbered wreck, with the crew paralyzed by cold, and, but for the beneficent Gulf Stream, would assuredly be lost. The cunning master mariner, undismayed by the battle of the elements

occasioned by the contact of the Gulf Stream with the arctic current, turns his ship's prow again towards the former, and confidently steers towards its well-defined limits. His bark reaches its edge, and almost at a bound, passes from the midst of winter into a sea of summerheat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel: the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid water. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes, out there at sea, the fable of Antaeus and mother Earth. He rises up and attempts to make his port again, and is again, perhaps, as rudely met and beat back to the northwest; but each time that he is driven off he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, he at last triumphs and enters his haven in safety, though in the contest he sometimes falls to rise no more, for it is terrible.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## Extra Soup.

A young acquaintance of ours 'puts up,' at a \$2.50 boarding house, relates the following incident, which may afford a useful hint to those ladies who undertake to provide nutriment for boarders with strong stomachs and weak purses.

One day last week (says our friend) the soup produced for our noon tide meal was uncommonly rich and unctuous, possessing a flavor proved very conclusively that an extra quantity of meat had been used in the preparation. The boarders were all very much surprised and delighted, but the landlady seemed to be less pleased with their frequent draught upon the tureen. A short time after dinner, our friend happening to pass by the kitchen, overheard his hostess rating the cook for putting too much of the shin of the beef in the soup kettle. Half of it said the economical provider, 'would have been quite enough for eight boarders, that pay no more than they do for their vittles.'

'I didn't put half the shin in ma'am,' says the cook.

'Ye needn't tell me that story,' cried the excited old lady. 'I know you've been wasting the meat: so just take a ladel and dip up the bones, and then we'll see whether I'm a liar or you are mistaken.'

The cook obeyed, and after diving the ladel down two or three times in the kettle, brought up something which explained the mystery.

'Lor, ma'am, I see how 'tis,' she said, the kitchen has been jumping about the kettle and dropped into it, and it's all biled up in the broth.'

'Bless me!' cried the hostess, 'sure enough it is!' Then, after a considerable pause, she added, 'cook, have you any more kittens? We have a soup dinner. You wouldn't believe how the boarders seemed to like it.'

Our friend paused to hear no more: started out to seek another boarding house.

YOU ARE A BRICK.—A certain College professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling answer.

"Sir," said the professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly; "sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the Professor, his face reddening. "Beware young man, how you attempt to insult me."

"Insult you," said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the Professor, with stilled indignation.

"No, sir; you asked me my name, and I answered your question, U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the Professor sinking back into his seat in confusion. "It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem! Mr. Brick?"

## Fashionable Millinery Store.

I WOULD INFORM MY FRIENDS AND THE public generally that I am receiving my SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FANCY GOODS, consisting of BONNETS, RIBBONS, and FLOWERS, DRESS GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, besides many other articles too tedious to mention. BONNETS MADE AND TRIMMED, and DRESSES MADE on the shortest order.

Thankful to the kind people of Wadesboro' and Anson for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon me, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

All persons indebted to me for 1859 and 1860 will please call and settle or close their accounts by giving good notes. I am obliged to have the money or good notes. AGNES HORNE.

April 18, 1861-1y