

# NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV—NO. 3.]

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1861.

[WHOLE NO. 159.]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY  
**FENTON & DARLEY.**

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, ONE DOLLAR and fifty cents per year  
invariably in advance.  
No subscription received for less than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ONE SQUARE, TEN LINES OR LESS BREVIER.  
One insertion..... 70c.  
Three insertions..... \$1 50  
Two months, or six insertions..... 3 30  
Three months, or thirteen insertions..... 4 00  
Six months..... 6 00  
One year..... 9 00

Advertisers must state the number of times they  
want their advertisements inserted; otherwise they  
will be continued till forbidden, and charged accord-  
ing to the above.

Agreements will be made with yearly advertisers  
on liberal and advantageous terms.

Notary notices free when not exceeding twenty  
lines, all above twenty lines at advertisement rates.

Support your

COUNTY PAPER.

**\$1.50**

For the ensuing Year, is  
all that is asked

For the

**"ARGUS"**

IN ADVANCE.

It contains

THE LATEST NEWS,

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE

**WAR,**

Up to the hour of going  
to press.

And all other matters of  
interest to the general  
Reader.

WHO WOULD BE WITHOUT  
**THE NEWS?**

We design making the Argus more  
of a family paper than we have been  
enabled to do heretofore. There is  
no question likely to arise to disturb  
the harmony existing among us. We  
have confidence in our President, in  
our Generals, in our soldiers, in our  
people. We have confidence in God.  
So long as we have this confidence,  
we are invincible. We shall give the  
news—the news first, and then fill up  
with matter interesting, instructive,  
profitable. Come and subscribe; and  
stop borrowing your neighbor's pa-  
per.

**Rags! Rags!! Rags!!!**

WANTED AT THIS OFFICE—RAGS—ANY  
amount of clean linen and cotton rags—no wool.  
We will not purchase woolen—they are of  
no account. We want clean rags. Wash them clean  
and bring them to us—and we will buy them.

ANSON COUNTY OFFICERS.

Special Court—S. W. Cole, (Chairman), P. Rich-  
ardson and S. V. Simons.

Finance Committee—Stephen W. Cole, Miles W.  
Mask and John Broadway.

Clerk of Superior Court—Robert T. Hall.

Clerk and Master in Equity—R. H. Battle, jr.

Clerk of County Court—Patrick J. Coppedge.

County Solicitor—W. M. Hammond.

Sheriff—G. B. Threadgill.

County Trustee—George W. Little.

Public Register—Eli F. Kendall.

Coroners—Arch. Niven and G. W. Willoughby.

Wardens of the Poor—John Robinson, G. W. Little,  
J. White, Wm. Allen, D. Carpenter, J. R. Barber,  
W. H. Cox.

Superintendents of Common Schools—W. P. Kendall,  
L. D. Bennett, P. Richardson, H. B. Hammon, H.  
A. Crawford, G. W. Little, John Broadway, Jas. A.  
Leak, J. White.

Examining Committee—R. H. Battle and W. M.  
Hammond.

WADESBORO' TOWN OFFICERS.

Intendant—H. A. Crawford.

Commissioners—A. E. Bennett, E. Hutchinson, and  
Jesse Edwards.

Constable—J. Bruner.

THE MAILS.

Postmaster—W. H. Patrick.

The Northern and Southern Mails close daily (ex-  
cept Sunday) at 8 o'clock, a. m.

Western Mails close at 11 o'clock, a. m., Mondays,  
Wednesdays, and Fridays.

County mails close Thursdays, at 12 m.

BANK OF WADESBORO'.

President—H. B. Hammond.

Cashier—H. Beverly.

Clerk—Thomas Smith.

Directors—H. B. Hammond, J. A. Leak, W. C.  
Smith, Thomas Robinson, S. W. Cole, J. White.

Wednesday, discount day.

SPIES.

It seems to us, says the Richmond *Whig*, that  
a subject making urgent demand upon the im-  
mediate attention of Congress, is a systematized  
plan of Passports and Police to circumvent or  
guard against the machinations of the emissaries  
of the Yankee Government in our midst—yes  
even in the Departments themselves. This can  
be done, and it should be done quickly, or else  
incalculable injury may be inflicted on the cause  
so bravely defended by a people determined to  
be free. It is asserted by gentlemen of approved  
judgment, that every demonstration which has  
been attended by the least glimmering of success,  
might be easily traced to the instigations of spies  
and traitors who have been industriously engaged  
in the work of imparting intelligence to the Yan-  
kees. The death of Gen. Garnett, and the dis-  
aster to his command, may be in great part at-  
tributed to the perfidy of men too easily trusted  
within our lines. In the same way have the op-  
erations of our army in western Virginia been  
embarrassed. The capture of our men at Hat-  
teras, by the acknowledgment of the enemy, was  
owing to information conveyed to the North by a  
released prisoner. The attack at Port Royal  
never would have been made had not the secret  
agents of the Yankee Government first made a  
careful inspection of its defences; and the pusil-  
lunious invasion of the Eastern Shore of Vir-  
ginia, was undertaken when assured that there  
were only 800 Confederates to confront 8000  
Lincolnton robbers. The points to be ravaged  
next, and what other information may be in pos-  
session of the enemy, furnished by the secret  
agents who are allowed to pass with impunity,  
will be developed in due process of time.

It might, indeed, read well in history that a  
magnanimous Southern Government repelled the  
host of John Brown invaders without hanging a  
single spy, or incarcerating a single political of-  
fender; but at what a fearful price would such  
a result be bought? The question is, shall we  
disregard the experience of ages, and reverse the  
rules and usages of warfare, involving, as this  
policy necessarily must involve, the loss of many  
precious lives, the irremediable sufferings of help-  
less women and children, and the unnecessary  
destruction of vast amounts of property, in an  
heroic and Quixotic attempt to make a unique  
record in history, and when the failure of the in-  
sane attempt might drape in mourning the page  
which recounted the futile efforts of a brave and  
patriotic people to accomplish an impossibility?  
No! Let us keep the enemy in profound igno-  
rance of our condition and purposes, and then his  
marauding bands will not venture within striking  
distance of our avenging forces.

There are scores of persons of equivocal calling  
now travelling at pleasure within our limits and  
across our lines protected by passports granted  
months ago. These should be recalled and can-  
celled. Others are daily going over to the ene-  
my, with orders from this or that head of Bureau,

for "chemicals" or "surgical instruments," of  
whom nothing more is known than that they  
do really return with the articles sent for. But  
would not Lincoln himself send us a few such ar-  
ticles for the value of the information returned  
by his messenger? How did the North obtain  
a copy of our muster-rolls? How is it that the  
Herald, the Tribune, and the Times publish maps  
of all our fortifications? How do their corres-  
pondents repeat all the conversations heard  
nightly at the Spotswood? There are bridge-  
burners in our midst. The Government is not  
safe, the President himself, the Cabinet and the  
Congress cannot be exempt from danger so long  
as the emissaries of the enemy are permitted to  
roam about the country at pleasure. In times of  
revolution there are always dangerous men near  
the persons in authority: and in such a revolution  
as this there are those "to the usinor born"  
whose sympathies have not yet been sufficiently  
weaned from the old flesh-pots at Washington to  
be fully trusted.

Let Congress look to this matter in time.  
There should be a perfect system of passports  
and police during this internecine war. Undue  
liberality to such an enemy as we are contending  
against, while it may be beautiful in history,  
may prove destructive in reality.

Scene with a Pirate.

In the month of July 1831, I was on my way  
from New York to the island of Curacao on-board  
the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by  
Captain Tuttle. We had a fine passage, and  
were looking forward to the end of our voyage in  
about a week. I was the only passenger, and of  
course was thrown in a great measure on my own  
resources for amusement, the chief of which was  
testing the powers of an admirable glass of Lon-  
don manufacture, upon every vessel that showed  
itself above the horizon. Our Captain was kind  
and civil, but there appeared a mystery about  
him that he did not like to have peeped into, and  
our communication had in consequence been re-  
served.

In about latitude twenty degrees and longitude  
sixty degrees and fifty minutes, we were running  
along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our  
weather studding sails set. I was sitting alone  
in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of so-  
ciety into which I had been forced so contrary to  
my own inclinations, and wondering whether the  
quiet and happiness of a domestic life was ever  
to be my lot, when the captain came down and  
told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass,  
there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon  
to windward, and that I might go and see what  
she was, for he could not make her out at all. I  
went on deck, and mounted into the main top and  
began my scrutiny.

"Well, what is she?" asked the captain from  
the deck.

"I can hardly make her out—but I think she  
is a schooner."

"Aye—what's her course?"

"Southwest by south, I think; about the same  
as ourselves."

I remained in the top a few moments, and con-  
tinued looking at the stranger.

"She seems fonder of the sea than I am," I  
continued, for she might have her top sails and  
top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot all set, in-  
stead of slipping along under her lower sails."

The captain made no answer, but was looking  
hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through  
the glass a white speck above her foresail, flap-  
ping against the mast.

"Well, she must have heard me, for there goes  
her foretop-sail."

The captain now went to the companion for his  
glass, and after looking attentively for a short  
time—

"What's that?" he asked; is that her square  
sail she's setting? I can't see from the deck."

I looked again.

"Yes," 'tis her square sail; as I'm alive, she  
has changed her course, and is bearing down  
upon us."

But by this time the captain had mounted the  
rigging and was standing beside me; he was  
eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having  
apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go  
with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with  
me alone. We descended to the deck, and I  
followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to a  
seat, and after carefully shutting the door said:

"I rather expect that fellow's a pirate."

"Pirate?" I asked in alarm.

"Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In  
the first place, you see he'd no business to be  
sneaking along in that do little sort of a way as  
when we first saw him; who ever that had any  
honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze  
to go by, without showing more canvas than a  
powder monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next,  
you see, what the mischief has he to do with us,

that as soon as he elapped eyes on us, he must  
alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his  
square sail. Again he looks just like one of  
those imps of mischief, with his low, black hull,  
and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking;  
I tell you she's a pirate, and that's true as my  
name is Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is,  
what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a  
Baltimore clipper, and that 'ere crew will walk  
up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what  
strikes me; if we let them rascals aboard it's most  
likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'll try to  
keep 'em out. We hain't got but an old rusty  
cannonade and two six pounders, and I don't be-  
lieve there's one ball on board, we came in such  
a hurry. Then there's two muskets and an old  
regulation rifle down in my state room, but they  
hain't been fired, I don't know when, and I'd as  
lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's  
as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and  
couldn't we look wicked like now and try to fright-  
en that cut-throat rascal?"

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's  
opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left  
me hardly a hope that his judgment was not  
correct; but his cool and collected manner im-  
pressed me with confidence in his management,  
and I told him he knew best what we should do,  
and I would second as best I could. He walked  
up and down the cabin twice; then rubbed his  
hands together as if pleased with his own idea.

"I have it," he cried, "I'll just go on deck  
and put things in order, and in the meantime  
you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pis-  
tols, if you have any; for if he wont be content  
with a look at us, we'll have to fight."

I hurriedly took my fowling piece and pistols  
from the cases, for I somehow refused to allow  
myself to believe there would be any occasion for  
their use, yet I loaded them all with ball and in-  
stead of the pistols put a brace; with done I went  
on deck, where I found the captain surrounded  
by his crew, telling them his plan of action.

"But," said he, "maybe we'll have to fight.  
If them villians have a mind to try us they'll  
send a boat on board, and I want to know if  
you'll help me to keep them off. You see it's  
most likely they will make you walk the plank  
whether you fight or not, if they get on board  
and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll  
frighten 'em."

There was a hearty "Aye, aye, sir," to this  
short harangue.

"Thankee, thankee, boys," said the captain,  
"now we'll not show another stich of canvas but  
seem to take no more notice of the fellow than  
if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come,  
on board, then we'll show 'em what we can  
do."

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather  
short and stout, but muscular; his face was  
bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks  
which had once been black, were grizzled by the  
same causes. He was an old sailor and a staunch  
republican; and as some of his men told tales  
of fights in which their captain had borne a part,  
I presumed he had served, when a young man  
in the navy of the States.

The crew were busy in obedience to his orders,  
cutting up a square top-gallant mast into logs of  
about four feet long; these were immediatly  
painted black with a round spot in the centre of  
each end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance  
of pieces of cannon, and with two old six pound-  
ers were placed, one at each part on our deck,  
five on a side, but the ports were to be kept closed  
until the captain gave the order to open them,  
when they were to be raised as quickly as possible  
and the logs thrust out a foot. A platform was  
then made on the top of the log boat, which was  
fixed between the fore and main masts, and the  
cannonade or fourteen pounder was hoisted up.  
These things being arranged, the captain went  
below, and the crew mustered in knots to wonder  
and talk about what was to be done.

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Hurrah for the South! the glorious South!  
The land of song and story,  
Her name shall ring, and the world shall sing  
Her honor, fame and glory!  
For the skies above, that have smiled in love,  
Are dark with heart-fires burning;  
She rises in might, to defend the right,  
On her treacherous brethren turning.  
Ye sons of the South, arise! arise!  
For never shall fall upon her,  
The land we love, all the earth above,  
One stain of dark dishonor.  
Hurrah for the South! the gallant South!  
With her great heart proudly beating,  
She takes her stand in Freedom's land,  
And dreams not of retreating.  
No, Southern boys for their fireside joys,  
With hearts so brave and tender,  
Will relentlessly fight, and to death's dark night  
Alone will they surrender.  
Ye sons of the South, &c.  
No Northern band shall rule this land;  
To the breeze give Freedom's banner,  
As its glowing folds o'er our land enroll  
From mountain and savannah;  
O'er river and lake the sound shall break,  
And swell with thundering glory.  
Hurrah for the South! the noble South!  
The land of song and story.  
Ye sons of the South, &c.