THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

This Argus o'er the people's rights doth an eternal vigil keep: No soothing strain of Mixia's son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

NEW SERIES—VOLUME I. WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1869. NUMBER 6.

North Carolina Argus.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

W. S. McDIARMID, D. McNEILL, } Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For twelve months.....$3.00.
" six months.....1.50.
" three months (13 weeks).....75.

For clubs of ten, when delivered to one office, $2.50 per annum.

The cash must in every instance accompany the order for the paper.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 to 3 sqs., from 1 to 3 ins., $1 per sq. for first ins., and 50c. per sq. for each subsequent insertion.
1 to 3 sqs., from 1 to 6 ins., 75c. per sq for first insertion and 50 per sq. for each subsequent insertion.

1 to 3 sqs., 3 mos., per sq					$5.00
1 to 3	" 6	"	"	"	7.00
1 to 3	" 12	"	"	"	10.00
½ column.	6	"			35.00
"	12	"			50.00
1	" 6	"			50.00
1	" 12	"			80.00

[Ten lines Brevier or less counted a square.]

Announcements of candidates for any office, and articles relating exclusively to personal matters, at the above rates.

Notices of marriages and deaths free. *Obituaries*, 75 cents per square.

The cash must accompany all advertisements inserted for less than three months. The pay for quarterly and half yearly advertisements must be forthcoming on demand after first insertion; yearly advertisements, payable quarterly beginning with first insertion

I. Y. WESTERVELT & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, BROKERS & AUCTIONEERS,

No. 35 Broad Street,

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO BUYING AND SELLING REAL ESTATE in City or Country, in any section of the South.

Real Estate, Securities, Stocks, Specie, &c., bought and sold on commission to best advantage.

Refer to John Ferguson, Wm. A. Aiken, Esq., Ingraham & Son, W. E. Mikell, and Seriven & Nisbet, Charleston; and Messrs. E. J. Waddill and Wm. G. Godfrey, Cheraw.

☞ Parties in Anson, Union, Stanly, Montgomery, Richmond and other counties in North Carolina, who have lands, mill sites, mines, &c., to dispose of, will please address as above, or apply to Col. E. R. Liles, of Lilesville, who will give every information, or attend to receiving descriptive lists of property for sale.

3-tf

Hoes! Hoes! Hoes!

LARGE LOT

SCOVILLE and other HOES,

at

OATES, WALTER BREM & CO.'s

NEW HARDWARE STORE,

Mansion House Corner,

3-1mo *CHARLOTTE, N. C.*

OATES, WALTER BREM & CO.,

New Hardware Store,

Mansion House Corner,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC

HARDWARE, CUTTLERY, GUNS,

and

CARRIAGE and HARNESS HARDWARE.

3-3mo

LARGE LOT OF

HOLLOW CASTINGS,
ALL KINDS IRON and STEEL,
NAILS—all SIZES,
HORSE and MULE SHOES and NAILS.
AXES, FORKS, SHOVELS and SPADES,
TRACES, HAMES,
COLLARS and SADDLE TREES,
GLASS, all SIZES,
FULL SETS BLACKSMITH and CARPENTER'S TOOLS,
and EVERYTHING else usually kept in a

First-Class Hardware Store.

at

OATES, WALTER BREM & CO.'S

NEW HARDWARE STORE,

Mansion House Corner,

2-1m *CHARLOTTE, N. C.*

591

Poetry.

TWO PICTURES.

I.—LOOKING OUT.

Rosy and warm the fire-light falls
In the rich man's home to-night,
On the pictures hanging against the walls,
And the children's faces bright,
They have parted the curtain's crimson folds
Away from the window high,
And their eyes look at the whirling snow,
And the dull and stormy sky.

Their dainty garments are rich and rare,
Their faces are fair to see,
And the golden gleam of their shining hair
Is bright as a crown might be;
And many a stranger stops to smile
At the picture, warm and bright,
The beautiful children, looking out
On the dark and stormy night.

II.—LOOKING IN.

With tattered garments, and faces thin,
Abroad in the bitter cold,
The poor man's children are looking in
Through the curtain's crimson fold.
The bleak wind tosses their rags in scorn,
Their feet are aching and bare,
While they gaze at the beauty and light within,
And the children's faces fair.

I think, as I hasten along the street,
Of the beautiful home above,
Where the rich and the poor alike will meet,
And share in the Father's love.
The Lord will open the shining door,
And gather his dear ones in;
The rich, with their soft and dainty robes,
And the poor, with their garments thin.

SEED AND HARVEST.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
[illegible]
And false and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

Miscellaneous.

Dan Jenkins and His Breeches.

BY P. O. MUDD[illegible]RK.

"Dandy" Jenkins, as his name implies, is the dandy of our town. Although he has no visible means of support he always goes dressed in the tallest height of fashion. Work he never does, but one would think he was worth thousands if that one judged by appearances. Dan's high-heeled, calf-skin, thin soled boots are always bright and no spot of earth is allowed to dim their lustre. His vest and coat are of the latest and he wears the most approved hat or cap. The paper collars and cravats that encircle his neck must be perfectly finished and "up to the notch." His watch chain and fop are of pure gold and of good size. He carries a rattan cane with him about the size of a pipe stem, and he understands how to twist it about his body in the most graceful fashion. His moustache is killing, though diminutive. He smokes the best cigars and drinks the best wines; scents his linen handkerchief with the most fragrant perfume, and oils his locks with the most delicious "bear's grease." He is in fact a perfect loafer.

Dan is always "up to snuff" in the fashions. If a new style of vests is invented Dan is the first to introduce them into our village; if small pants become the fashion to day, Dan will be out to-morrow in a pair of "tights." Last summer the "hip breeches," i. e. pantaloons without suspenders, became the rage. It is well known that these "pants" depend upon the waistband button for support. Dan was the first to get a pair of these "inexpressibles" in T——. I remember them well. They were made of broadcloth, and had straps at the lower end. Dan put on lots of style with them. He would hardly notice us gentlemen of the town. "He felt his oats" like other animals of his kind do when they've had plenty to eat. About a week after this a party was given by Squire Brown, and, as a matter of course, Dan was on hand in his new "pants." There were many present. The *elite* were there. Miss Spriggins, the rich heiress, was there. Miss Spriggins on whom Dan expected to cast his fortune at some future day. Dan was in his glory. But Dan—this is not written in malice—Dan, the happy Dan, was doomed to disgrace and shame that evening. While waltzing with Miss Spriggins—triumphantly waltzing with Miss Spriggins, the heiress—he felt something give way, and oh, horror! he found that his waistband button had broken off! With a frantic movement he clasped his hand upon that place where boys do when they have eaten too many green apples. Dan was too fastidious to confess the truth, so he finished the dance and led Miss Spriggins, the heiress—this is not written in malice or jealousy—to a seat, still holding his unfortunate breeches up with his left hand. He was about to excuse himself for a few moments when Miss Spriggins, the heiress, suddenly shrieked: "Oh, look there, Mr. Jenkins, the lamp is going to explode!" Forgetting his own mishap for the moment, he sprang into a chair to fix the refractory lamp, but he held on to his breeches. Dan's misfortunes were not to end here; for, while working with the lamp, the chimney tipped off, and, in his vain endeavors to catch it, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, he so far forgot himself as to let all holds go, when his pants, no doubt drawn by the guttapercha straps at the bottom, came down to his knees with a rush, leaving poor Dan standing there in that position in the midst of a room full of young ladies, including Miss Spriggins, the heiress, who fainted away in a swoon.

We left just then; but it is a remarkable fact that Dan has never worn that kind of pants since, nor does he ever speak to Miss Spriggins, the heiress, who knows that this is not written in malice.

Moral.—Beware of "hip breeches" at parties where lamp chimneys are likely to become refractory.

Justice from Heaven—a Startling Instance of Retribution.

We have seldom, if ever, seen a case wherein justice has been dealt out so honestly as in the case of the murderer, Brown, who assassinated Bolmeyer, the editor of the Dayton, Ohio, *Empire*. The Bucyrus *Forum* of a recent date, speaks of the case in this manner:

The retributive justice of heaven has never been more clearly shown or exemplified than in the fate of the jury who acquitted the murderer of the lamented Bolmeyer.

The circumstances surrounding the case are too well known to justify rehearsal at this time. Briefly, a brutal beast, bearing the name of Brown, in cold blood, and without the slightest provocation, assassinated Bolmeyer on a public street in Dayton, in broad daylight, in the presence of numerous witnesses, for the only reason that Bolmeyer was the editor-in-chief of the Dayton *Empire*, a Democratic paper.

Brown, being fearful of the just indignation of the people of Montgomery county, prayed for a change of venue, had his case transferred to the loyal county of Miami, and, after a mock trial was acquitted by a jury organized for that purpose by a loyal court and sheriff, notwithstanding the proof of guilt was incontestable and overwhelming.

This was the judgment of man. Now witness the judgment of Almighty God! Every Jurymen of Bolmeyer has since been bereft of reason, met unnatural death, or committed suicide; and, as a fitting capstone to this arch of retributive justice, Judge Parsons, who presided over the mock trial, died a few days since a horrible death in the lunatic asylum at Dayton.

Verily, those who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind!—*N. Y. Democrat.*

Anecdote of Sam Houston.

Old Sam Houston, of Texas, used to make it a point to stop at Cairo, some times for three or four days, on his way to and from Washington. He usually employed his time in fishing from the stern guards of a wharf boat. On one occasion of this kind he had a set to with a Cairo youth, which will bear telling about.

The youth, like himself, was fishing—Houston on the wharf boat, and the boy on a wood boat moored just below. At the interesting juncture of a bite at the boy's bait, Houston threw out his line, which became hopelessly entangled with that of the boy. There was a pause. Neither seemed to have a word fit for the occasion. At last Houston broke the silence.

"Sonny, go elsewhere and fish, and then we'll avoid entangling alliances."

"You blasted old short coat," retorted the bud of promise, "go elsewhere yourself and fish."

"I apprehend that you are a very saucy boy," returned the Senator, "for whom there are by no means enough rods in pickle."

"Now, look here, old Skeezicks," cried the boy, fully agitated, "I don't want to quarrel with you, or anybody like you. Your name is Sam Dawson, and you live in Texas; and, like everybody else, you stole a hoss and had to go there; and now you are putting on a big shine, you old thief, and calling yourself Sam Houston."

Saying which, this very amiable young creature gave a sudden lurch, and pulled the honorable gentleman's rod from his hands into the river.

I subsequently heard Houston detail the "set-to" and he did it in a style decidedly characteristic. Concluding the story he said:

"I have met men in debate at the bar, upon the floors of Congress; but never was I so completely discomfitted. The boy had decidedly the better of me, and from his heart of hearts he believed it."

Representations For the South.

Among the *on dits* of the day is, that the South, once an honored portion of the Union is to have *one* position in General Grant's Cabinet, and that this is to be conferred on some one who is a bitter, malignant hater of the great body of the Southern people; and *thus* the South is to be represented. Surely this is a more grievous insult and mockery than the "representation," so called, by carpet-baggers in Congress. Until the Southern people can receive a representation of their own choice in the national Government—until the day comes that ten millions of American people can be put on a different footing from Poland—it would be well, we think, to forego this wretched sham and imposture. Let us have none of it. Better to own the truth at once, and announce boldly that the American doctrine of free and representive government is not intended to apply to the South. That will, indeed, be tyranny, but no worse than what we have, and we will at least have this merit—that it avoids deliberate and shameless falsehoods.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

The New Issue of Greenbacks.

A dispatch from Washington says:

The treasury plate printing office has nearly ready for printing a new emission of the fifty dollar greenback notes, to take the place of the present issues, which have been largely counterfeited. The hundred dollar notes will bear a likeness of Mr. Lincoln, with a vignette symbolical of reconstruction, and the fifty dollar notes will bear a likeness of Gen. Grant, with a vignette symbolical of the restoration of peace.

☞ A correspondent of the *American Entomologist* says that a few sliced onions, buried in the ant hill, will cause the ants to leave. Kerosene oil, poured into the orifices of the nests, it is said will secure the same result.