

# North Carolina Argus.

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

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1869.

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## North Carolina Argus.

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HAVE REMOVED TO THE NEW STORE WEST of the Court House, where they are now receiving one of the best stocks of Goods ever offered in this market, selected to meet the wants of the public. To our line of Ladies DRESS GOODS, we invite special attention which consists in part of GREENADINES, LENOX, MORANBICHES, PRINTED LAUNDS, and ORGANDIES &c. While it may be that we were particular in meeting the fancy of our Lady customers, we have not overlooked the Gentlemen. They will find CLOTHS, CASIMERE, DRAP D'ET, a FINE STOCK OF READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, and HATS, of all kinds; also, a GOOD STOCK OF GROCERIES, HARDWARE and CUTLERY, CROCKERY, and GLASS WARE; BRASS BANNED PAILS, BUCKETS, TUBS, and all such GOODS as are usually kept in a retail store. We shall sell exclusively for CASH and keep at the same class of Goods can be sold in any market. Wadesboro, N. C., April 29th 1869-12-17

CHEERAW MARBLE WORKS.

THEY UNDERSIGNED INFORMS HIS FRIENDS and the public generally that he has resumed his business, since the late fire and keeps constantly on hand a fine and select stock of

MARBLE,  
And is prepared to furnish and put up all kinds of work in his line, viz:  
Monuments, Tombs, Mantels,  
MURAL TABLETS, BAPTISMAL FONTS,  
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Of all descriptions at the lowest rates. Iron Railings furnished to order, and general satisfaction guaranteed. All orders will receive prompt attention. Advances will be required on all work.

Persons wishing anything in my line should consider the difference of freight between this point and any point on the line of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad.  
J. H. WILLENEUVE,  
Front Street.

## Miscellaneous.

GOING TO THE FAIR.

BY GIPSY GLENN.

Miss Tabitha Skinner stood in her own chamber putting the last touches to her toilet, and when it was completed, surveyed herself with evident satisfaction in the twenty by thirty looking glass. The effect was certainly immense. The Lady was an ardent votary of Fashion, but living in a sparsely settled country place, she often encountered difficulties in following the styles that would have made a less resolute spirit hesitate, if not entirely desist in the attempt. But not so with Miss Tabitha! She was not to be intimidated, and if she did sometimes interpret Jennie Jones or Madame Demorests description of the fashion in a most ludicrous manner, why she was none the wiser, and what need had she to complain! On the present occasion, she had attired herself in a stiffly starched, freshly ironed pink galles gown, decorated at the bottom with a deep yellow ruffle. (Florence Gale had just declared ruffles to be the style of the day in Wilmington) about her waist was a broad blue belt secured by a huge gilt emerald buckle; a green ribbon "bride" dropped its long loops over her left shoulder, and her obsequious was adorned by an orange bow with fringed ends, that was just visible beneath her delicately tinted primrose silk and illusion bonnet, which was trimmed with heavy jet beads, pendants, and bunches of various based artificial flowers. Her hands were covered with white kid gloves, and she held a palm leaf fan bound in magenta ribbon, a checked silk parasol with purple fringe, and a muslin handkerchief embroidered with red cotton.

"I do not but its a little extravagant of me going to Adams County Fair," she soliloquized, surveying her reflected image with the utmost complacency. "Lemme see! A quarter there and a quarter back with fifty cents to get in makes a dollar, and there's a side show that'll be a quarter more, besides I'll want to buy some ginger snaps and candy drops, and maybe a glass of lemonade; now that I've decided on going, I don't intend to stint myself. Altogether it'll cost me a party considerable sum of money, but we can practice economy to make up for it. If we do without extra butter for a week or so, at the rate old Cherry is a givin' milk now, the extra roll'd soon balance the expense, if butter will only stay fifty cents a pound. I shouldn't wonder if it would come down though, things alien do when I have any to spare. If it does, Susie can do without them linen aprons she's been wanting, she's got too many silly notions a' ready—gingham was good enough to make me aprons of when I was her age. Never fear, but I'll find some way of making it all up."

"Oh, nanty, how I wish I could go to the fair too. I never was at one," and a curly head was thrust in at the door, and the mischievous eyes looked a little covously, not at the spinster's outfit, but at seeing her prepared for the coveted jaunt.

"A child like you go to the fair! I see you've been getting more nonsense stuffed in that silly pate of yours. But I know you'd like to go so well. You think John Burnett'll be there, and you'd have a chance to try your wits, at captivatin' his attention agin; but let me tell you once for all, I don't choose to have you to bring the family into disgrace, and you'll thank me when you're arriv at years of discretion, for keepin you out of his way."

"I was eighteen day before yesterday, nanty, and I've heard you say yourself, that John Burnett was a steady, industrious, promising young man."

"Law, how consequential you be a gettin'! Why, when I was your age, I'd as soon thought of flyin' as lookin at a young man."

"It was so long ago probably you've forgotten," pouted Susie in an aside.

"What's that you're sayin, Susie Skinner? Haven't I told you never to mutter to yourself so? It is the height of ill manners! But I must be goin', and don't you forget to feed the chickens, and little pigs, keep Cherry out of the garden, and don't let Bloss into the back lot. You can then sew the fluff on my musreen dress, and hunt eggs, and scrub out the milk house, and then hem the ruffin for my new wrapper, it'll only take fifteen yards. Now see that supper is ready when I come back."

"Not much danger of my idling if I do half she's left for me," said Susie, petulantly, as she watched her aunt's tall, gaunt figure passing out at the front gate.

"Well, I should rather think not!" and Susie turned at sound of the hearty but now indignant voice, to see a broad shouldered, sturdy young fellow, whose tanned cheek, contrasting with the whiteness of his brow when he took off

his wide straw hat, and began fanning himself vigorously, at once breaking his occupation as tiller of the soil. "The stingy old maid! I was in the back hall, and could hardly keep still when I heard her giving you so many orders, when everybody knows she never does anything but gad about, and half starves you, so she can have ribbons and gew gaws a plenty. Tell you what, Susie, don't you do a single thing she said, but get ready and I'll take you to the fair."

Now, it was undoubtful the duty of the young lady to indignantly refuse the charges made against her aunt, and make a display of her loyalty and allegiance by refusing to entertain his proposition for a moment, but truth compels me to state that she did neither. The expression of her countenance while he delivered the heringue against Miss Tabitha, indicated that she agreed with him entirely, but she appeared to doubt the propriety of accepting his proffered kindness.

"She'd be in such a passion with me if I did, John."

"I'll take care of that; never you mind.—Just do as I tell you, and it will be all right!" and John Burnett drew her to a seat beside him, forgetting to remove his arm from her taper little waist, while he unfolded his plan.

Meantime, Miss Tabitha, blissfully unconscious of the conspiracy brewing at home, wended her way down the dusty road to the railway station, where she invested twenty-five cents in a ticket, and took her seat in the car which was to carry her to the place where the Adams County Agricultural Fair was annually held. She was not accustomed to travelling by rail; every thing was new to her, and when a small boy passed through the car throwing small packages of candies, done up in tinted papers, right and left, she at once opened the one that fell to her lot and began munching the contents.

"I must say it's generous of 'em to treat folks so. I did think that a quarter was most too much for six miles' ridin', but I had no idee that they threw so many goodies into the bargain."

At this moment the youthful distributor of the confits touched her on the shoulder saying, "It's only twenty cents, ma'am."

"Only twenty cents! why, I paid twenty-five. But just give me another paper of them lozengers, and you needn't mind the change."

"That'll make forty cents," said the boy, delivering the lozengers, his hand outstretched, awaiting the money. Miss Tabitha looked at him wonderingly, and he inquired sharply, "Ain't you going to pay for 'em? I told you they'd be forty cents."

"I thought you give them to me!" exclaimed the astonished spinster. "I sha'n't pay no such price when I could get as many for a shillin' at John Smith's grocery. I reckon you can't make me pay when I didn't ask for them."

"I'll have you put off the train for attempting to swindle a feller out of his rights, if you don't fork over instant. It's fifty cents now, and it'll be seventy five if you don't shell out in less'n three minutes," said the boy, discovering he had a green one to deal with, and very reluctantly the obdurate Miss Tabitha handed him the half-dollar he demanded. It went hard, this counting out of the currency, when she had determined before leaving home upon the amount to a fraction that she should expend, and so careful was she during the remainder of her trip, that when the conductor volunteered to assist her in alighting from the steps she declined his help, fearing that she might be charged for what she supposed was an extra attention. Arriving at the fair ground she paid the admittance-fee and was passed within the gates.

"Lawdy, what a crowd! I've heard that there's allers pocket-pickers at such places, so I'll make sure that they don't get much from me, and removing her portmionia from her pocket, she pinned it securely in the lining of her dress and then sauntered off in search of the sights—but walking about in the sun on a hot September day, with nothing more interesting to draw the attention of the beholder than huge pumpkins, gigantic potatoes, specimen apples, and all conceivable species of squawking fowls, and squealing porkers, is certainly tiresome employment, and Miss Tabitha was owing to a feeling of disappointment, when her attention was arrested by a little man mounted on a box before a closed tent, who was vociferating at the top of his voice.

"Most surprising sights on the ground! Three wonderful objects! The shades of our Fore-Fathers, 'Flowers of the Family,' and the 'Light of other Days,' all to be seen for twenty-cents. Walk this way, ladies and gentlemen! Only a quarter to see these three incomparable objects, shown without the aid of Magic Mirror or any other humbug. Who wishes to behold them? You, sir? Change—all right! Pass in, pass in!" And the same rignarole was repeated with every new addition to the group gathered about him.

Among others, Miss Tabitha laid down her quarter, and was admitted within the tent, where the three wonderful objects presented to view were a pile of old umbrellas, a barrel of flour, and a two penny tallow dip. Egaspenated beyond description, the spinster indignantly left the spot, and wandered to another part of the enclosure. The crowd attracted by some age wonder, a moment later, made a rush in her direction, and in the jam that succeeded, she lost her fan, broke the handle of her parasol, and had her bosom hopelessly crushed.

"Oh, Lorry! I'm washed to a jelly, all my bones are broken, and it'll be a mercy if I escape havin' eternal (she probably meant internal) mortification, arter sich a collapse of my inards." And with a dismal moan Miss Tabitha reached for her handkerchief; then as her hand touched the depth of her pocket, she exclaimed:

"My purse! I've been robbed, feloniously pick-pocketed, and my money's gone. I say I have been robbed, and you—you're the thief," she screamed, laying violent hands on a richly dressed lady standing near her, for she had read that the most expert pick-pockets often were attired as belles of society.

"What do you mean, woman, by attacking this lady. Here officer, arrest this person for unprovoked assault!" and before Miss Tabitha recovered her breath, she was delivered into the charge of a policeman.

"Pray do not hurt her. She is some poor demented creature, I should judge from the eccentricity of her dress; probably perfectly harmless, only a little excited now. Let me entreat you, not to arrest her on my account," said the lady, in pitying accents.

"She stole my purse, I know she did," reiterated Miss Tabitha, attempting to escape from the detaining grasp placed upon her arm.

"Come, none of that!" growled the officer in her ear. "Forward march! We haint got no room for rich ones as you in these here grounds."

"Oh, here it is now," said the spinster in a tone of relief, slipping her hand to her bosom as she suddenly remembering having deposited her portmionia in that safe receptacle.

"You can't come none of them games on me," said the policeman, gruffly. "You'll git out of this quick as possible, and be thankful you ain't sent to the lock-up."

"You don't mean to put me out?" she exclaimed. But this was precisely what he did mean, and proceeded to carry his intention into effect despite all her entreaties, and she had lapsed into despairing silence on finding that her words produced no result in her favor, when as they neared the entrance, her eyes fell on two familiar figures—John Burnett and her niece.

"Susie, John," she exclaimed, "come here and make him let me stay." But they passed on, either not hearing or not heeding, and she was rudely hustled out at the gate. As may be supposed, it was in no very amiable frame of mind that she pursued her journey homeward, where she arrived, tired, hot, dusty and hungry.

"To think of that minx, 'Susie, agoing without my permission. Wont she catch it, though, when she comes back?" and Miss Tabitha smiled grimly as she thought of the manner in which she would vent her wrath on the head of the offending Susie. But even this satisfaction was denied her, for on the table in her room she found the following note:

"AUNT TABITHA—I am going to be married to John Burnett. After the ceremony is performed, we will go to the fair, and if you should see us there, this will explain our presence. John says you may keep the old clothes made from your cast away garments, which are all I ever had, in return for any trouble you may have taken on my account.

Your niece,  
SUSIE."  
Miss Tabitha has ever since cooched fairs of all kinds.

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with Love. No other thing that can give, by itself, unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love is blessed, though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without the love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling nor inspiring that strong, enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, and toil pleasant, any burden light, so that it benefits the well-beloved, is to be poor indeed, so poor that even the pitying angels have no aims to give that can do any good. And yet, how many know nothing of love—or only understand the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in such presence. How many, more pure than these, sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame, flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since heaven itself is love.]

[From the Missouri Republican, 17th.]

"Home, Sweet Home"—All about the Famous Song.

America, as yet, has produced no song writer. No one has done for her what Burns did for Scotland, Moore for Ireland, and Beranger for France. Not even the popular enthusiasm which shook the nation to its centre during the late civil war could give birth to the North to any finer inspiration than "John Brown's Soul" and "Kelly—Round the Flag, Boys." In "Maryland, My Maryland" we recognize a spark of the same spirit for which flashes forth in the "Maryland" and "Scots who have all Waller-bled." The country, therefore, owes no ordinary debt of gratitude to John Howard Payne, who, if he did not write enough to entitle him to a recognized place among the authors of this class, has at least given us one song which is already beyond the reach of chance or change—a household word sacrificed and secure.

If fame is to be estimated by wide spread popularity, we had rather be the author of "Home, Sweet Home," than all the verses of all the poets our land has known from its earliest ages to the present hour. There is little in the ballad when we subject it to critical analysis, and yet this very simplicity is the precious gem which has snatched it from forgetfulness, and blended the familiar lines with the holiest associations of the friends. How curious that this humble daisy, this "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" should grow and blossom into fair renown when so many monuments of the forest lie prone in the dust, unnoticed and unknown!

The more important facts of Payne's life require but brief mention. He was born in New York, June 9, 1792, and, at an early age, manifested decided literary and dramatic talent.—When only thirteen years of age he conducted a small periodical called the *Theatrical Mirror*, which attracted the attention of a gentleman named Seaman, who generously offered to defray the expenses of his education at Union College.

Peccunary difficulties, which involved his father, forced him to leave this institution before the completion of his studies, and in order to support his impoverished family Payne went upon the stage, making his debut at the Park Theatre, February 24, 1809, in the character of "Young Norval." His success was so unmistakable that he continued his new profession, performing in the principal Eastern cities, and in 1813 went to England, where he received a cordial welcome, and becoming a great popular favorite. He remained abroad for nearly twenty years, leading a Bohemian life, and figuring alternately as an actor, playwright, and manager, gaining some reputation, but little money.

"Home, Sweet Home," was penned in a garret of the Palais Royal, Paris, when poor Payne was so utterly destitute and friendless that he knew not where the next day's dinner was coming from.

It appeared originally in a diminutive opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The opera is seldom seen or heard of now, but the song grows nearer and nearer to us as the years roll away, for "it is not of an age, but for all time." More than once the unfortunate author, walking the lonely streets of London or Paris amid the storm and darkness, hungry, homeless, and penniless, saw the cheerful light gleaming through the windows of happy homes, and heard the music of his own song drifting out upon the gloomy night to mock the wanderer's heart with visions of comfort and of joy, whose blessed reality was forever lost to him. "Home, sweet Home" was written by a homeless man.

In 1832 Payne returned to this country, and, after pursuing literary avocations with indifferent success for a few years, was finally appointed Consul at Tunis, where he died, June 5, 1852. One passage in his ill-starred career tinges it with a hue of melancholy romance, and perhaps explains the secret of his restless, erratic career.

Maria Mayo, afterwards Mrs. Gen. Scott, was a queenly beauty in her youthful days, whose charms of person and of mind made her the acknowledged belle of that venerable State whose soil has been so less prolific of fascinating women than of gallant men. The legend prevails in Richmond that Payne met Miss Mayo, and fell madly in love with her. The homage of a poet could hardly be other than flattering even to one whose shrine was worshipped by scores of richer devotees, and possibly he mistook the smiles she gave him for the evidence of reciprocated passion; but, be this as it may, the same old, old story was enacted. He staked his happiness, his peace, on woman's love, and—lost.

Thenceforth life had no attraction for him, and he sought an exile to the barren shores of Africa as a welcome relief from the bitter disappointment which had crushed out hope and ambition here. The sands of the desert have long since covered the grave of John Howard Payne, and the place where, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well, and is unknown; but "Home, Sweet Home" is a monument which will carry his name and fame to remotest posterity, and stand firm when effigies of marble and of bronze shall have sunk into indistinguishable decay.

A country paper is responsible for the following story: A short time since a man appeared at the police station, requesting an interview with the superintendent. "What can I do for you?" inquired the official. "Are you the sure permanent?" "Yes." "Can I speak to you privately?" "Yes, speak out." "Will no one hear us?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Well then listen. As I was crossing the common last night, about twelve o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed, and then, when right at the edge, stooped, and—" "Threw the child into the pond!" exclaimed the appalled officer, his face white with horror. "No," replied his visiter, "washed his face!"