

North Carolina Argus.

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. I.

WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

NUMBER 20.

North Carolina Argus,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MERRILL & McDIARMID, Proprietors.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
For twelve months, Cash in advance, \$2.50
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(FORMERLY GREENWOOD'S.)
T. A. GRANGER & CO., Proprietors,
WADESBORO', N. C.
All Railroads centering at and passing this point have their Ticket Offices in this Hotel.
Passengers going South, East and West dine at this Hotel.
BAGGAGE taken to and from the depot free of Charge, and checked to any desired point.
G. H. HARRIS, MANAGER

HARGRAVE & McMILLAN, Attorneys at Law,

WADESBORO', N. C.
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF ANSON, STANLY, RICHMOND, BLADEN, AND CUMBERLAND.

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SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL AND OFFICE STATIONERY, Miscellaneous Books, Photograph Albums, Fancy Articles, &c.
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WILMINGTON, N. C.
12-6ms

Bundy's Hotel,

Laurinburg, Richmond Co., N. C.
THIS COMMODIOUS AND WELL KEPT Hotel is open to the public. The trains on the W. C. & R. R. stop at this Hotel sufficiently long to give the passengers ample time for their meals. Mr. Bundy is prepared to supply transient as well as permanent boarders with the best the market affords. He has a horse and buggy ready at all times to hire to persons wishing to go to Bennettsville or Cheraw. 16-4f

CHERAW MARBLE WORKS.

THE 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,
HEAD STONES.
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. VILLENEUVE,
Front Street,
Chehaw, S. C.-12-6ms

The Cosmic Dial.

WITH A ROTATING CENTRAL DIAL, ON OUR beautiful chart of the Northern Hemisphere, the present time may be obtained all around the earth, with the difference in time between any two points East or West. It is a necessity in the school room illustrating equation of time at a glance. Price by mail \$1. Address W. H. Gardner, Editor State League, Syracuse, N. Y.

COMMUNICATED.

LETTER TO NINA--ON SCHOOL TEACHING.

MY DEAR FRIEND:--I have just received your note in which you chide me rather severely for my long silence; but I do remember my fault this day, am sorry for it, and will try to do better in the future. Now, will this humble confession answer for an apology? I hope so, as I never could frame a genteel excuse in my life--it is hard to do, even for the most ingenious story tellers.

As it is not yet 8 o'clock--one of the hours to which I am a slave; for, whenever that faithful monitor of old Time peals forth eight strokes, I must up, and march right into the school-room and, no matter if my head, or my poor, tired heart, aches fit to kill, hear a monotonous round of lessons which I have heard over and over again until I almost loathe the bare sight of books--but, as I began to tell you, it is not yet eight, and I will fill up the intervening time with commencing a description of my yesterday's afternoon ramble in the woods:

When my school had closed, I was in a mood to shun society; so, donning cloak and sun-down, I walked slowly through the lawn, lying parallel with the public road, and between it and the house of which I am an inmate, a border,--having reached the road, I paused a moment, hesitating whether to go up or down it; for, wishing to seek some unfrequented spot where I might hold uninterrupted communion with my own thoughts, I would take the direction most likely to secure it;--the downward course has open fields on each side for several miles in extent, and consequently offering no occlusion, while the other is bordered with woods on one side, therefore I decided upon the upward course--and up the road I went. By the way, I entertained, and accidentally expressed, during my ramble, some thoughts which you may not consider as strictly orthodox, either religiously or socially; but the Rubicon is crossed, and the claims of veracity demand a faithful record of events as they really occurred, not as they might, could, would, or should have been.

After walking about half a mile, I came to a creek, and stopped a while to rest, as well as to enjoy the handsome scenery presented in the bridge with its natural arch formed by interweaving branches of the graceful trees standing on each side of it; and here I could have been content to sit for hours together, for, to me, there is something peculiarly attractive about bridges, particularly when the surroundings are picturesque as in this case--many interesting stories, historical and poetical, are, in my mind, associated with them; and, while sitting there, these presented themselves, their characters rising up, one by one, before me, almost as vivid as living dramas. But, charming as was this place, it did not afford the retirement I sought, being subject to interruption from travellers at any moment; so I got up and began to look around me again, and, seeing a by-path winding along the left bank of the creek, I turned into it and soon came to a mill, or, rather, the ruins of what was once such. One could scarcely conceive of anything more beautiful than the scene which here appeared as if by the touch of magic, to my enraptured view. The mill house, and the surrounding ledges of rock rising above and flitting out from the embankments of the creek, were robed in luxuriant vines of the yellow jessamine, now in full bloom, impregnating the whole atmosphere with the most delightful odor, which blended harmoniously with the exquisite melody of woodland choristers, rejoicing in their flowery abode. Sweet little birds! I thought, well may ye feel so happy, and sing so blithely all the day long; ye have no cares, nor sorrows; no Past; no Future; but one bright, blissful Present, and this is your paradise! Sing on, ye pretty, innocent creatures of the feathered race--I would not mar your bliss nor hush the anthems of praise ye are sending forth to the good Being that made you happy! I stood for sometime in a state of dreamy consciousness till admonished by a sense of physical weariness to procure a seat, and, going around to the opposite side of the mill, I saw a pile of rocks, separated from the main ledge, and so arranged as to make a kind of grotto. This was sheltered by a clump of willows whose interlacing boughs formed a canopy which greatly enhanced its comfort and gave to it a right royal appearance, fit for a very Queen. Like the celebrated Selkirk I was monarch of all I surveyed, at least, there was no one present to dispute my right to my temporary occupation; and so, in lieu of a better queen, I ascended this would-be throne with an air that would have graced a Pharaoh of the realm. What a nice, little, cosy corner to think in! and I did think--rapidly, as if borne on the wings of the wind, thought flew backward into the dimly-lighted halls of the past, and memory explored every nook and corner there, brushed away the accumulated dust

and cobwebs of time, and called up, from their cold, dark graves, the beloved faces and scenes that gladdened the days of my childhood! Oh! happy past! cruel memory! why mock us with the shadows of things that were, bringing them almost within our reach to grasp them and fold them to our warm, beating hearts? Were it not better to dwell in oblivion than be tantalized thus? Ah! what am I doing? Cease, murmuring spirit, be still, and know that I am God! And, now, thought flew on tired wing toward the Future, at whose portals she droops and flutters while vainly attempting to lift the mystic veil that hangs between mortal vision and the great unknown. Oh, for one look beyond this impenetrable barrier, for one glimpse of the glory that there awaits the redeemed!

Wearied at length with the effort, my mind sought relief in the realms of imagination. There I reared magnificent temples and palaces, and splendid mansions, with beautiful lawns, decorated with velvet carpets and graceful trees, and sheeny lakes, on whose limpid waters glided pleasure boats, freighted with gayly-dressed ladies and gentlemen; and, in the distance, green-robed hills, with fine cattle, lazily browsing upon their gently undulating slopes, the faint tinkling of their bells, sounding like far off music to the pleasure seekers below; and, in the midst of all this splendor and comfort, was one spot dearer to me than all the rest beside, because I called it--"Home!" But where is it all? Its foundation was air, and a more breath blew it away.

I heard a rustling noise in the dried leaves near me, and, looking up, saw a hound closely followed by a gentleman in hunting garb. My first impulse was to run, for the man's sudden and unexpected appearance startled me; but a second glance told me he was an acquaintance and perfectly harmless.

Now, my sweet friend, do not, I beseech you, set yourself up to hear a bit of romance, as the introduction of this *genus homo* may lead you to expect--if so, you will be sadly disappointed; for my hero, if hero he may be called, was quite a common-place specimen, and not at all disposed to fall in love on first sight, no matter how prepossessing the object, nor how auspicious the circumstances under which seen; he was, however, inclined to talking, as I discovered during the walk homeward, whither he escorted me, his destination being in the same direction as mine. But, like a great many others, he took it for granted that I, being a teacher, had neither capacity nor taste for conversing upon any subject except that of schools, my own more especially; and, accordingly, he began by putting that first and most important question in the teacher's catechism, "Do you love to teach?" With my usual frankness in such instances, I gave him the positive, round answer, "No!" I then made a remark, altogether foreign to schools, to which my incorrigible companion briefly replied, and returned to his favorite topic by asking, "Why don't you like teaching?" I declare, Nina, it provoked me, and I answered, almost savagely, "because there is nothing loveable about it; I hate it, but I must do something for a livelihood, though I sometimes feel as if I would rather starve than earn my bread by that thankless occupation."--I am aware, my dear friend, that it would have been better policy in me to pretend to be delighted with my profession; for instance, had I said in reply to the gentleman's question, "Oh, yes; I love it, and I love my pupils, and feel sure that they love me in return," besides the consciousness of benefitting one's race in this way is very gratifying, he would have thought me quite an amiable and sensible lady; but then I should have told a lie; for I do not like to teach, neither do I love all of my pupils--how can I when the ways of some of them are positively hateful!

I--love--a mulish, (thus I ran on to him, half in jest, half in earnest.) Axen-headed archipelago whines, draws and yaws over his everlasting A, B, C, offending my aristocratic nostrils, meanwhile, with the disgusting odor of onions, garlic, or whatever mess he may have crammed into his mouth, behind his book, before coming to recite; and then the nail of the index finger, with which he continually points to the martyred letters, an inch too long and black with the accumulated dirt of weeks--I--love such a creature? Bah! it were worse than preposterous to say I do. Now, are you satisfied? or perhaps you would like another illustration: A pert miss, just entering her teens, who fritters away the time that should be devoted to her lessons, in whispering pretty non-sense to her *vis a vis*, or in scribbling on the margin of her books the name of some imaginary hero whom she fondly denominates, "my sweetheart," and when called up to recite, she can't even send a clause in prose without torturing the nerves of Webster, annihilating all the rules of elocution, throwing harmony into fits and butchering the king's English generally. Yet I, forsooth, must call it a

pleasure "to teach young ideas how to shoot," because Comper, in one of his genial moods, sang so sweetly:

"Delightful task to rear the tender mind,
And teach young ideas how to shoot--"

Fiddlesticks! theory is one thing and practice quite another; and, though all the poets in the world, both ancient and modern, call teaching delightful, I must--pshaw! it's abominable!--in the first place it requires the patience of Job--ah! now I have it: His Satanic Majesty never presented himself to Job in the shape of pupils, otherwise that patriarch might have lost his reputation for being the most patient of men. Just imagine Job in an oriental school-room with fifty or twenty little Arabs or Israelites, which ever they were, seated in a row against the wall, eyeing him over the tops of their books, and nudging at each other's elbows, silly, as they think; but poor Job sees it all, while one curly-headed, pug-nosed tyro stands beside him, balancing first upon one foot and then the other, as if trying to illustrate the equilibrium of the body, whilst drawing out, in a half sleepy, half peevish tone, "D-o-g eat, e-at dog." Methinks I hear the patient man exclaim, in a perfect fury, "Confound the little rascal! in it gumphness or the devil that makes him call dog eat, and cat dog?" Ah! Job, thou hadst many trials and bore them like a true saint; yet little didst thou know how much cause for gratitude thou hadest in not being a "teacher." But, after all, these animadversions do not apply to my present school which is nearly exempt from the more prominent objections I have raised--true, one little fellow ate some garlic one day, but I told him he must not touch it again, and, so far, he has obeyed; and another came to school with his pockets full of "anjelico," (I suppose that's the way to spell it,) which he esteemed a rare delicacy, and, in proof of his respect and good will toward myself, he offered me some of it; but I told him I disliked it, that the scent of it reminded me of snakes and hogs, at which he laughed heartily saying "hereafter he would hide it out." By this time we had reached the gate, where the gentleman bade me good evening, and I have not seen him since.

Nina do you think it probable that I frightened him? Please write and tell me candidly just what you think about it--and now, lest you become wearied of my nonsense, I will close, hoping to hear from you very soon.
Adieu. *Votre ami,*
FLORENCE LILLIBRIDGE.
WOODLAWN, ANSON.

Miscellaneous.

Sins on Women.
At a recent dinner in New York, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast on "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of his speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours."
The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.
This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words which we have for a long time had in our mind to say.
Of the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effect than the tendency to speak slightly of the virtues of women.

Stormy Days.
Let these be employed by the farmer to good advantage, cleaning up the barn, setting the barn and house cellar in order, mending tools and other things that may be broken; helping the good wife, if possible, cutting up roots, cutting hay, and many other things that will suggest themselves. Some farmers that we have known remind us of the old Dutchman, at whose house a traveler stopped one rainy day for shelter. The house leaked badly, and the traveler asked the owner why he did not repair it, when he said, "You surely would not have me go out into the rain to do it, would you?"
"But why not do it in fair weather?"
"Why it does not leak then!"
So some persons are always putting off and putting off, never quite ready to do the job. This is a bad way.

A Good Newspaper.
Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plenty. Nobody who has been without these private tutors, can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table; the important public measure with which this early, our children become acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unobtrusively, their attention is awakened; and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Any thing that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty--thins the haunts of vice and the thousands and one avenues of temptation--should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great social and moral light.
Emerson.

Let your Wife know your Circumstances.

It is a custom too common with the men of the world to keep their families in utter ignorance of the situation of their business. The wife knows nothing; has not even an idea of the amount of her husband's fortune, whether it is to be counted by hundreds, or thousands. What can a woman, kept in such ignorance learn? She spends as a matter of course all he gives her to spend, with full confidence that when that is gone if she asks for it he will give her more.

If an unmarried woman works, she may go with a bold and unblushing face, and demand her wages. But a wife can demand nothing, her claim is a bare necessity; and generous men, on that account, are often too often indulgent, too fearful of letting the wife know the exact state of finances. It is all wrong.
Husband and wife have a mutual interest; every woman should know the exact state of her husband's finances, understand his plans, and aid him, if possible, with her counsels; and then these terrible catastrophes would not so often happen. Many a wife who is often plunging her husband deeper and deeper into debt from ignorance would, if she knew his embarrassments, be the first to retrench, the first to save, and with true womanly sympathy and generosity, help him to reinstate his falling fortunes.

What to Read.
Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth.
Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Barke, and Shakespeare.
Are you deficient in power of reason? Read Chillingworth, Bacon, and Locke.
Are you deficient in Judgement and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.
Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe, and Muskenzie.
Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the *Federalist*, Webster, and Calhoun.
Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the life of Washington.
Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edward's works.
Are you deficient in piety? Read the Bible.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.--The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, written when he was twelve years old,
"I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."
Not long before the death of Mr. Adams, a gentleman said to him,
"I have found out who made you."
"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.
The gentleman replied,
"I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If" this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have beamed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said,
"Yes, sir, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."
Is not this incident very touching and beautiful?

Grant is the youngest man ever elected President. He will be forty-seven on the 22nd of April. Washington was fifty seven, John Adams sixty one, Thomas Jefferson fifty-seven, Madison fifty eight, Monroe fifty-eight, John Quincy Adams fifty eight, Andrew Jackson over sixty, Martin Van Buren fifty seven, William Henry Harrison sixty-seven, James K. Polk forty nine, Zachary Taylor sixty three, Franklin Pierce, forty eight, James Buchanan sixty five, and Abraham Lincoln nearly fifty one, when they were elected.

Lady Jane Gray, being once asked by one of her friends, how she could consent to forego the pleasures of the chase, and prefer sitting at home and reading the Bible, smilingly replied, "All amusements of that description are but a shadow of the pleasure, which I enjoy in reading this book."

"Mother, I shouldn't be surprised if our Sue got choked some day." "Why, my soul?" "Because John Wipoy twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her."
"John why don't you stop crying, and go to sleep? What do you want?" "I've got the toothache--that's what I want."