North Carolina Argus.

This Argus o'er 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, JULY 22, 1869. NUMBER 25

North Carolina Argus,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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Miscellaneous.

SUSAN'S SISTER IN THE WEST.

Horrible Onslaught on a country Editor—He has a Prolonged Debate on the Woman Question—Lots Wife in the Editor's chair.

I was sittin' in my office, speculatin' in my own mind, whether on the whole it wouldn't be best for me to give myself away for the benefit of my family, when there came a knock at the door.

There, says I, is some one anxious to subscribe for the *El Paso Journal*, so I uttered in a loud voice, "come in."

She was dressed in a pair of store boots and an iron gray set of spectacles, and she walked up to me with majesty in her mein. I knew who it was the minute I set eyes upon her.

It was a woman.

I gracefully arose and said: "How are you ma'am; was you wishen tu' subscribe tu the *El Paso Journal*"? at the same time dippin' my pen in the ink, and openin' my subscription book. This always gits' em. It looks like biziness.

It didn't git her.

She fixed her glassy eyes on me and said:

"Young man, are you advocate for the holy cause of a woman's rights?"

"No ma'am," said I," "I am a Presbyterian."

"Air you," she said, "prepared to embark with us over the sea of equal suffrage?"

"Ma'am," said I, "I hain't no objection to takin' a quiet sail with you, provided the boat ain't leaky and you'll do all the rowin."

A smile pursued her features for a moment, and then she said, "I am willing to suffer for the cawse."

"Yes," said I, in a polite and soothin' manner, "it'll only cost two dollars, and we'll send it to any address for an entire year."

"Her you a wife?" she asked.

"I hev," said I, wondering what she was comin' at, "So you see I couldn't marry you ef I wanted to ever so much." I threw in the soother.

"Air you willin' that she should share with you the burdens and trials of life?"

I ain't no ways particular," said I, "an I'll let her shoulder the whole of 'em if she has a hankerin' that way."

"Wood you consent that she should go to the pole?" said she.

"She can go where she pleases," said I; "she generally duz."

"Yew sir a hole soled man," said she, an' throwin' her arms around my neck, left wildly.

"Git out," said I, "what are you up to? I ain't one of them men. Stop."

After much labor I succeeded in unloosing her hold and set her down in a chair. I judged from her conduct that she needed a few moral observations.

"You sir an impulsive femail," said I, "Your natur is at once spontaneous and outbreakin." You need a pair of martingails. Considder what would be your state of a mans wife was to catch you a huggin' of him, in this style."

She wiped her face with her dress. She had a dress. I forgot to speak of this fact in speaking of her spectacles.

"I am a worker in the caws of the women's rights."

"Yes," said I, "you sir. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I should judge you was one of them lubby women that the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent tells of. But you can't come your nefarious arts over me. I'm sealed against 'em."

"I should be plessed," she said, to go arm in arm with you to the poles.

"No you don't," said I, in alarm; not ef I have any thing to say in the matter. I won't go with you—not a single darned pole."

"Young man," said she, "hast thou any children?"

"I hev," said I, "seven of 'em. Can you show as good a record?"

"Would you," said she, "have your girls grow up and be married to base, sordid men, who would take their political rights and allow 'em no franchise?"

"Darn the franchise" says I in a rage; "they are the things that women put on behind to give 'em the Grecian bend. Ef my daughters ever go to wearin' 'em—"

"No, no," said she, "they are paniers"

"Well," said I, "paniers or franchises, or whatever you call 'em, I'm opposed to 'em. They are onnatural and bumpty. They degrade the human form into likeness of a camel, and bring lovely women down on their all fours like a cat."

"Then," said she, "come with me, and we will emancipate women from the slavery of dress."

"No," said I, with severity. "I have no wish to take the clothes away from any woman. Women without clothes would be a sad spectacle, particularly in winter, when the howling blast prevail. Who are you, any way?" I asked of my visitor.

"I am a pilgrim," she said; "I belong to the Agitator; a noospaper devoted to the cawse of femile suffrage in Chicago."

"Well," said I, calmly, "the wimmin in Chicago need something of this sort. Where them that air married never know on going to bed at night but what, on waking up in the mornin', they may be divorced, and them that ain't married spend their time in battin' how many times they can be married and divorced within a month. The wimmin of Chicago need agitatin' powerfully. Keep a stirrin' on 'em up, if you please. The more you agitate, the better for 'em."

With these words I arose, and tellin' her to sit still until my return, I stole softly down stairs. I have not been back since. What will be the effect of leavin' agitator sittin in my seat the whole of the time I do not know, but if she waits till I go back, her patience will be of cast iron.

A Frontier Romance.

The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Press* relates that some months since a gentlemen who resides in the frontier town of Little Falls wrote to a banker in St. Paul for a competent female teacher for a school at Little Falls stating also that the boys were somewhat unruly, and that a "school marm" who could lick the unruly would be acceptable. The banker, other means failing, advertised for a teacher, when nearly a score of applicants presented themselves for the situation. Many of them were girls of from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who, after a brief inspection, were rejected. At last a tall, determined looking young lady, with rather sharp features, presented herself for inspection. She seemed to come nearer than any other applicant to filling the bill. She was told the salary would be $25 per month and board. She thought that satisfactory, and was willing to accept. The banker then produced the letter of his correspondent, and handed it to her to read. She mounted it through very carefully, and, looking up with a smile, observed that she thought she could lick the boys satisfactorily, and would like very much to go. The banker jocosely remarked that there was a greater inducement than $25 per month—women were scarce on the frontier, and in a few months she would doubtless get married. The lady was incredulous, but accepted, and went on her way rejoicing. That was three months ago. On the 15th of June she was married to a gentleman of Fort Ripley, and another teacher is wanted at Little Falls.

Violent Thunder Storms.

The extreme heat of the last few days has been attended with severe thunder storms in the vicinity of New York. The most severe was on Sunday afternoon, when the lightning struck repeatedly and caused the death of several persons, and much damage to buildings and vessels. Long Island suffered peculiarly. Houses were struck and damaged; telegraph wires literally burned; and many persons rendered insensible. The most remarkable incident of the storm was the wreck of the sloop John Wright. The vessels was sailing off Whitestone, when the fury of the storm burst forth; she was struck with immense force and immediately capsized and sunk. The mate was, no doubt, killed by the shock, for, when thrown into the water, he did not appear to struggle or make any effort to save himself, but sank immediately. At Fort Hamilton nine persons were severely shocked by lightning, some of them so badly as to need medical assistance. The Bay View House at Coney Isle was also struck, and the inmates suffered severely from the shock.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Reckless Gambler.

The London papers furnish some particulars of the beggary of the young Duke of Newcastle, which present a sad illustration of the fatuity of gamblers on the turf. The bailiffs are in possession of his ancestral seat of Clumber.—The mansion at Carleton House Terrace is in the like hostile occupation, and certain "heirlooms" of the splendid property of the Clintons are bones of contention between wercileas creditors. Mrs. Hope, the Duke's mother-in-law, claims a jasper-cup, valued at £10,000; but the cattle that browse on the Clumber meadows, and the growing crops that are almost ready for the reaper, and the pictures on the walls of his old home have all been lost and won. The Derby race plunges him deeper in debt by £3,000 pounds. His own life estate in the dukedom will probably be taken from him. Folly, like Wisdom, is justified of all her children.

☞ The New York *Sun* is out for Mr. Colfax as next President, and wishes the fact noted so that there be no controversy hereafter on the point, and that it may recieve all the benefit of the proceeding.

A Wild Man Captured in the Woods.

The Ohio *State Journal* of June 29th, says: For some days there have been lurking in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, in this county, two wild or insane men, who, although they kept to woods, succeeded by their strange manners and their desperate acts in terrifying the inhabitants of the locality. they cut the throats of horses, cut off the ears of other animals, and would allow no human being to approach them. On Saturday one of the men was surrounded in the woods, and though he succeeded in defending himself with a fence rail, he was, after a struggle captured. He was bare-headed, bare-foot, and without coat. He refused to speak, would not tell his name, nor answer any question that was asked.—He refused to eat, and showed much violence in manner that he was yesterday transferred to the custody of the sheriff by W. Bashaw Mayor of Harrisburg, and lodged in the county jail. He gave the room close examination, seemed familiar with locks and cells and tried the strength of the bars. His inspection concluded, he proceeded to trounce one of the prisoners in the hall with a broom. This was a two handed game, in which the unknown, much to his astonishment, came out second best. He was finally locked in a cell much against his will, refusing before this, however, to touch meat or drink. Once in the cell, he commenced operations on the bed-clothes, and finally the mattress, stretching himself on the iron bedstead. It is thought the man must be insane, and escaped from some asylum.

Worse than the Spaniards.

The New York *Times*, in view of the fact communicated by telegraph that the cholera and yellow fever are raging in Cuba to such an extent as to have effected a fault trace between the contending armies in that island, not inopportunely suggests:

"As the Cuban Junta in this city has repeatedly proclaimed that it was not men but arms and other munitions of war that were needed to enable the Cubans to acheive their independence, common humanity requires that they should cease their efforts for the recruitment of men in the country, who, unacclimated as they are, will, in a majority of cases of those who succeed in reaching Cuba at all, fall easy victims to the twin epidemics which are now rapidly decimating both armies. We warn these gentlemen of the Junta that persistance in this reckless disregard of the lives of adventurous and enthusiastic young men will go far to deprive the cause of Cuban independence of that sympathy which it has hitherto received in this country. They must know that these recruits, entirely unaccustomed to a tropical climate, will be utterly worthless for military operations in Cuba for the next four months, and that the enemy they will have to meet is not the Spaniard, but death by cholera and yellow fever."

Murderer Pursued by his Victim's Ghost.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says:

There are few cases of mania exhibiting such peculiar feature as that of a Mr. Spencer, living on Louisa street in this city. Some years ago he engaged in a difficulty with a man named Hunt, whom he killed. They had been friends from their boyhood, and up to the day of the fatal affray had never felt for each other aught but friendship and kindness. It is said of them too that they had mutually shared many perils, and bonds of sympathy linked them by stronger ties than usually cement ordinary friends. But a trifling dispute occurred, and in a moment of intemperate passion the fatal thrust was given, and his old friend lay dead at his feet. His horror at the homicide threw him into a fever, of which he came near dying. For months he hovered on the verge of the grave, and, when he at last recovered, it was with the impression that the ghost of his friend, clad in grave clothes, was ever at his side. His mind, rational upon every other subject, clings to his delusion, and no persuasion or reason can remove the impression or cure him of the mania. It goes with him to his business, which he conducts with the same sagacity and skill that he ever did. It sits with him in his family circle; is by his side in the street, and lies down with him when he goes to bed at night. He often converses with it, and imagines that he receives replies to the questionings. He says for years the ghost maintained toward him a stern aspect, refusing all conciliation, but of late years it has assumed toward him a more friendly demeanor. He believes it will go with him through life, as a penance for his crime.—The law acquitted him, but this is a judgement from Heaven.

Hoar Balked of his Victim--Escape of Weaver.

The following is from the Austin *State Gazette*:

"Weaver, who was the much talked of radical decision of Attorney General Hoar, sustaining military courts on the ground that war still exists, is not very likely to be hung after all.—It must first be catching before hanging. Not long since, Weaver, who may deserve hanging for aught we know, if it could be legally done, took leave of the military at their camp near our city, and one of the guard went with him to keep him company. The noted decision, therefore, will not have any practical bearing on Weaver.

Mr. Sprouts in France.

Mr. Sprouts has been abroad, and it's fashionable, you know to indulge *cacoethes scribendi*—the itch for scribbling to a public print. Here are some of his impressions of France:

Calais, ——, 1869.—"Je suis arrived," meanin' of the abuv in English, "I've got among 'em" I came by the boat of steam from Dover, and was considerable upset by the malady of the sea. This are not playful banter, but a passige adopted from the French, which langwige is put together very much like a certain pusson's prayers.

The sea is allus on a bile in these parts, bein' narrer, and glad we was after simmerin for an hour to ketch site of the steeple of a Frenchman's hat. The mane difference between French people and other people is that French people does things and other people overdoes 'em. For instance, other people wears a hat—French people carries the idee out to its nateral conclusion, and wears a steeple; other people wears collars, French people wears blinkers that keep the eyes warm, besides inflictin' the usual torture on the neck. Agin, other peoples daughters stuff out their brak hair with a pincushin; French peoples daughters puts a piller there, till there's no sayin' whether the gal was made for the shignon or the shignon for the gal.

The French nation is divided into two great classes—waiters and other fellers. If a feller isn't one of the other fellers, he's a waiter, and vicey versey. I never see sich regiments of waiters in all my born days. It's the only other great path to honners open for a young feller besides the army, and they change about from one to 'tother—first a waiter and then a soldier—with beautiful confusion. From this comes the sayin' so often kwoted, that "every French soljer is born with a silver spoon in his napsack"—the meaning of it bein' that he is sure to be one or the other. A large number of patriotick French citizens go around to the restorants and eat a purpose to employ 'em. This must not be confounded with gluttony. When a man eats a purpose to revel in the fecree pleasure of addin' to his heft, that's gluttony; but when he eats simply to keep the waiter out o' mischief, that's patriotism, and, in this sense, the French is the most patriotic nation alive. Providence smiles on sich a man's efforts to serve his kind, and his smile makes fat, which is a sign of patriotism in these parts. I saw one of these self-denyin' Romans come into a place one mornin' and begin on bread and butter and radishes, after which he flirted a bit with kold fowl, and then had a pair of little fishes, then remonstrated with a beefsteak, then triumphed over something between a jam tart and a mutton chop, and finished up with several sorts of vegetables, and a half a pound of grapes and a peach and a cup of coffy. After havin' done this he folded his hands with a look as if he had done enuff for humanity this trip, and went off for a walk to git a appetite for his dinner.—*XIX Century.*

Another Horrible Outrage Frustrated.

Instances of attempted outrages by negroes upon white girls are becoming quite common in this vicinity. On the 5th of July while a negro picnic was in full blast near the Virginia end of the Long Bridge, a stout negro, who had wandered from the picnic grounds, seized a respectable white girl who was accompanied by a younger sister, and tried to outrage her. As reported by Mr. John Eskridge, a carpenter, of South Washington, he was gathering blackberries near the designated point, when suddenly he was attracted by the screams of a white girl, who, running towards him from the old entrenchments on the hill overlooking the springs, said that there was a "colored man over there beating her sister." Eskridge had arrived just in time to prevent the accomplishment of the hellish design of a powerful black man upon the person of a respectable young lady of South Washington, whom he had seized by the throat, thrown down and was about violating. The villain, as soon as Mr. E. appeared at the brink of the hill, gave up his purpose and, springing to his feet, rushed down the hill into the midst of the picknicing party, where recognition was out of question. Subsequently Mr. Eskridge escorted the outraged young lady and her sister across the Long Bridge in order to prevent further molestation.—*Washington Star.*

☞ We clip the following pig-tail from the *North Carolinian*: "One of the most singular freaks of nature we ever saw has been on exibition at the Post Office, at this place, during the past week. It is a pig with a human face! Its shape and structure are natural up to the ears, but from the ears to the top of the head and down to the chin the shape and features are those of the human, excepting that it is covered with hair like the rest of the body, and has no nostrils, being obliged to breath out of its mouth. The pig is about two weeks old.

"A passive verb," said a teacher, "is expressive of the nature of receiving an action; as 'Peter is beaten.' Now, what did Peter do?" "Well, I don't know," said the scholar, deliberately, "unless he hollered."