

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS

WRIGHT & SON,  
Proprietors.

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Soothing Strain of Music's Son can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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## Selected Poetry.

### No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sects till late one eve,  
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,  
That night I stood in a troubled dream  
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.  
And a "churchman" down to the river  
Came,  
When I heard a strange voice call his name,  
"Good Father, stop: when you cross the  
side,  
You must leave your robe on the other  
side."  
But the aged father did not mind,  
And his long gown floated out behind,  
As down the stream his way he took,  
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book,  
"On board for Heaven, and when I'm there  
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;  
And though I put on a starchy gown,  
I shall feel quite lost without my gown."  
Then he fixed his eyes on the shining  
track,  
But his gown was heavy, and held him  
back;  
And the poor old father tried in vain,  
A single step in the flood to gain,  
I saw him again on the other side,  
But his silk gown floated on the tide,  
And no one asked in that blissful spot  
Whether he belonged to "The Church" or  
not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,  
His dress of a sober hue was made;  
"My coat and my hat must be all of gray,  
I cannot go any other way."  
Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his  
chin,  
And staidly, solemnly walked in;  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled  
down tight,  
Over his forehead so cold and white,  
But a strong wind carried away his hat;  
A moment he silently sighed over that,  
And then, as he paced on the farther shore,  
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.  
A fair entered heaven his suit of gray  
Went quiet floating away, away;  
And none of the angels questioned him  
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of  
psalms,  
That nicely up in his aged arms,  
And hymns as many—a very nice thing—  
That the people in heaven "all round"  
might sing.  
But I thought that he heaved an anxious  
sigh,  
As he saw that the river ran broad and  
high.  
An I looked rather surprised, as one by one  
The psalms and hymns in the waves went  
down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of all goodness;  
But he cried: "Dear me, what shall I do?  
The water has soaked them through and  
through!"  
And there on the river, far and wide,  
Away they went down the swollen tide;  
And the saint, astonished, went through  
alone,  
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

When he was walking, two salubrious names  
Down the stream together came;  
But as they showed at the river's brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.  
"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you,  
friend,  
How you attained to life's great end?"  
"Tis, with a few drops on my brow."  
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me  
now,  
And I really think it will hardly do,  
As I'm 'dusk communion,' to cross with  
you;  
You're bound, I know, to the realms of  
bliss,  
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."  
Then straightway plunging, with all his  
might,  
Away to the left, his friend to the right—  
Apart they went from the world of sin,  
But at last together they entered in.

And now when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian church went down;  
Of women there seemed an innumerable  
through,  
But the men I could count as they passed  
along.  
And concerning the road they could never  
agree,  
The old or the new way, which it could  
be,  
Nor ever a moment paused to think  
That both would lead to the river's brink;  
And a sound of murmuring, low and loud,  
Came ever up from the moving crowd,  
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,  
That is the false and this is the true;  
Or, 'I'm in the old way, and you're in the  
new."  
That is the false and this is the true."  
But the brethren only seemed to speak,  
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,  
And if ever one of them chanced to say  
What troubles she met with on the way,  
How she longed to pass to the other side,  
No fear to cross over the swelling tide,  
A voice arose from the brethren then:  
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men!'  
For have ye not heard the words of Paul:  
'Oh! let the women keep silence all!'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,  
But all the brethren were talking yet,  
And would talk on, till the heavenly tide  
Carried them over, side by side;  
Side by side—for the way was one—  
The holy journey of life was done;  
And all who in Christ, the Saviour, died,  
Came out alike on the other side,  
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,  
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,  
No creeds to guide them, or "MSS."  
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.  
May, 1866.

### "One Glass More."

One glass more; ah! think again,  
Within that cup serpents hide;  
With venomous sting and pain  
More bitter than else beside.  
One glass more; ah! say not so,  
'Twould mar thy immortal mind;  
In dust of shame, lay thee low  
And make thee unlike thy kind.  
One glass more; 'twill be too much  
The wine cup's red heating glow.  
Spurs restraint or wholesome touch  
And shortens life's even flow.

One glass more; the ruby cup,  
Will mock with delusion wild,—  
Will drain all life's sweetness up  
And crush thy wife—thy sweet child.

One glass more; a mother's tears  
Shed for thee ere her life fled,—  
A father—a sister's fears  
Will hang—a curse—o'er thy head.

One glass more; ah! touch it not—  
A fellow brother watches thee  
Thy example may cause a blot  
On life's page, to him and thee.

One glass more; ah! dash it down,  
And shun its forbidden gleam,  
Nor thus risk thy starry crown  
At the crossing of life's stream.

## Selected Story.

### AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

#### A TRUE INCIDENT.

One afternoon in the month of June,  
—, a lady in deep mourning, and  
followed by a child, entered one of  
the fashionable saloons in the city of  
N—. The writer happened to be  
passing at the time, and, impelled by  
curiosity, followed her in to see what  
would ensue. Stepping up to the bar  
and addressing the proprietor, who  
happened to be present, she said:  
"Sir, can you assist me? I have  
no home, no friends, and am unable  
to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the  
child, with a mingled look of curiosity  
and pity. Evidently he was some-  
what surprised to see a woman in  
such a place begging, but, without  
asking any questions, gave her some  
change; then turning to those present,  
he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in dis-  
tress. Can't some of you assist her a  
little?" They all cheerfully acceded  
to this request, and soon a purse of  
two dollars was raised and put in her  
hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who  
gave her the money, "why do you  
come to a saloon? It isn't a very  
proper place for a lady; and why are  
you driven to such a step?"  
"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place  
for me to be in, and you ask why I  
am driven to such a step. I will tell  
you in one short word," pointing to a  
bottle behind the bar labelled  
"Whiskey," "that is what has driven  
me to this—WHISKEY. I was once  
happy and surrounded by all the lux-  
uries that wealth could procure, with  
a fond and indulgent husband. But  
in an evil hour he was tempted, and,  
not possessing the will to resist that  
temptation, fell, and in one short year  
my dream of happiness was over, my  
home forever broken and desolated,  
and the kind husband and the wealth  
some called mine lost, lost, never to  
return; and all by the accursed wine-  
cup.

"You see before you only a wreck  
of my former self, homeless and  
friendless, with nothing left me in this  
world but this little child." And  
weeping bitterly, she affectionately  
caressed the golden curls that shaded  
a face of exquisite loveliness. Re-  
gaining her composure, and turning  
to the proprietor, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally en-  
ter a place like this is to implore those  
who deal in the deadly poison to de-  
sist, to stop a business that spreads  
desolation, ruin, poverty, and starva-  
tion. Think one moment of your  
own loved ones, and then imagine  
them in the situation I am in. I ap-  
peal to your better nature, I appeal to  
your heart, for I know you possess a  
kind one, to retire from a business so  
ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money  
you receive across this bar is the same  
as taking the bread from out of the  
mouths of the famished wives and  
children of your customers? That it  
strips the clothes from their backs,  
deprives them of all the comforts of  
life, and throws unhappiness, misery,  
crime, and desolation into their once  
happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore,  
beseech, and pray you to retire from  
a business you blush to own you are  
engaged in before your fellow-men,  
and enter one that will not only be

profitable to yourself, but to your fel-  
low-creatures also. You will excuse  
me if I have spoken too plainly, but I  
could not help it when I thought of  
the misery and happiness it has caus-  
ed me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he  
answered in a voice tremulous with  
emotion, "but thank you from my  
heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who in  
the meantime had been spoken to by  
some of the gentlemen present—tak-  
ing hold of her mother's hand, "these  
gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little  
Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"  
"Yes, darling, if they wish you  
to."

They all joined in the request, and  
placing her in a chair, she sang in a  
sweet, childish voice the following  
beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,  
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home,  
No one cares for me, no one would cry,  
Even if poor little Bessie would die,  
Weary and tired, I've been wandering  
all day,  
Asking for work, but I'm too small they  
say;  
On the damp ground I must lay my  
head—  
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

We were so happy till father drank rum,  
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;  
M other grew pale and wept every day—  
Baby and I were too hungry to play;  
Slowly they faded, till one summer night  
Found their dead faces all silent and  
white;

Then with big tears slowly dropping, I  
said,  
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

Oh! if the temperance men would only  
find  
Poor wretched father, and talk very  
kind;

If they would stop him from drinking,  
why then  
I should be so very happy again!  
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try  
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve  
and die;

All the day long I've been begging for  
bread  
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left un-  
finished, the cards were thrown aside,  
upon the counter; all had pressed near,  
some with curiosity, some with sadness,  
and some with pity beaming from their  
eyes, entranced with the musical voice  
and beauty of the child, who seemed  
to be better fitted to be with angels  
above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my  
dying day, and the sweet cadence of  
the musical voice still rings in my ears,  
and every word of the song, as it drop-  
ped from her lips, sank deep in the  
hearts of all those around her.

With her golden hair falling care-  
lessly around her little shoulders, her  
face almost ethereal beauty, and look-  
ing so trustfully and confidently upon  
the men around, her beautiful blue  
eyes illuminated with a light that  
seemed not of earth, formed a picture  
of purity and innocence worthy the  
genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were  
weeping; men who had not shed a  
tear for years now wept like children.  
One young man who had resisted with  
scorn the pleadings of a loving mother  
and the entreaties of friends to strive  
to lead a better life, to desist from a  
course that was wasting his fortune  
and ruining his health, now approach-  
ed the child, and taking both her hands  
in his, while tears streamed down his  
pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emo-  
tion:

"God bless you, my lit'le angel!—  
You have saved me from ruin and dis-  
grace, from poverty and a drunkard's  
grave. If there ever were angels on  
earth you are one. God bless you,  
God bless you!" And putting a bill  
in the hand of the mother, said, "Please  
accept this trifle as a token of my re-  
gard and esteem, for your lit'le girl  
has done me a kindness no wealth can  
ever repay. And remember, whenever  
you are in want, you will find in me a  
true friend," at the same time giving  
her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she  
turned to go, but, pausing at the door,  
said:  
"God bless you, gentlemen! Ac-  
cept the heart-felt thanks of a poor,  
friendless woman for the kindness and

courtesy you have shown her." Before  
any could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued,  
which was at last broken by the pro-  
prietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and  
I have sold my last glass of whiskey;  
if any of you want more, you will have  
to go elsewhere.

"And I have drunk my last glass of  
whiskey," said a young man who had  
long given up as utterly beyond the  
reach of those who had deep interest in  
his welfare—that he had sunk too low  
to reform. "There is a temperance  
organization in this city, and at their  
next meeting I shall send up my name  
to be admitted. Who will go with  
me?"

"I—I—I—I, and I!" several ex-  
claimed in a chorus, and fifteen names  
were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the  
saloon where the strange scene was en-  
acted disposed of his entire stock the  
next day, and is now engaged in an  
honorable business. Would to heaven  
that lady with her little one could have  
gone into every hamlet, town, and city  
throughout our country, and met with  
like results! MCG

## Miscellaneous.

Letter from Hon. W. M. Robbins—Com-  
mittee to be Appointed, and Informa-  
tion Wanted about Revenue Irregulari-  
ties.

[From the Winston Sentinel.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
Washington, D. C., March 25, 1876.

EDITOR SENTINEL:—You remember,  
that in speeches at the Fall Courts, I  
promised the people to ask this House  
to send a committee into my District  
this year to investigate the illegal, op-  
pressive, and corrupt conduct of Re-  
venue officials. That promise I have  
not forgotten; and I think the House  
will give me the committee. Messrs.  
Asha and Vance, and others of our  
delegation here, whose constituents  
are interested in this matter are ready  
to co-operate in securing success to  
this investigation.

My object in writing this is to in-  
vite all persons in my District, as well  
as the 6th and 8th Districts, who know  
of any illegal, oppressive, or corrupt  
conduct on the part of any Revenue  
official, or any Judicial officer in aid  
of such, to forward to me without de-  
lay the names and places of residence  
of responsible witnesses who can tes-  
tify to the facts, and also as full a  
statement as possible of what each  
witness will prove. I do not wish the  
committee to have to go groping after  
information; but I want to be able  
to tell them to look and whom to call.

This is of the utmost importance to  
the efficiency of the inquiry.

Let everybody take notice of this re-  
quest and act upon it at once.

Fellow-citizens, it is fit time that  
the oppressive, intimidations, and  
fraudulent and outrageous practices of  
the big and little tyrants who have  
lorded it over the honest people for  
years should be exposed and punish-  
ed.

Will the newspapers of Western  
North Carolina especially, and all oth-  
ers friendly to the inquiry, please pub-  
lish this and call the attention of the  
people to the object?

Very respectfully,  
W. M. ROBBINS.

In answer to the question, "Why are  
farmers so liable to rheumatism?" the Sci-  
ence of Health says: "Because they wear  
wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the  
body, over eat after very hard work, and  
because they do not keep the skin in a  
vigorous, clean and healthy condition. If  
farmers would avoid sudden cooling the  
body after great exertion, if they would be  
careful not to go in wet clothing and wet  
feet, and if they would not over-eat when  
in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily,  
using much friction, they would have less  
rheumatism."

A mother was telling some lady visitors  
the other day about her intention to cel-  
brate some anniversary of a son's event, and  
her plug-ugly of a boy came into the room  
and asked: "Maw, what is an anniversary?"  
"I'll tell you some time," she replied.  
"I know," he wickedly replied; "you are  
going to pick up a shovel and chase pa  
down the cellar again!" After the ladies  
had departed the mother took the boy up  
a stairs and removed his false impressions.—  
Torch Light.

## The Drummer's System.

How many of our readers have ever  
thought of the immense tax imposed upon  
them by the present mercantile "drummer"  
system? We have talked with several in-  
telligent commercial travelers recently  
one of whom especially gave some very  
interesting figures. The army of drum-  
mers in Missouri, upon an average, em-  
braces in its rank and file 10,000 men. The  
annual average salary and expense of each  
of them is about \$1,200. The aggregate  
cost of this army is therefore \$12,000,000.  
Who pays it? Certainly their employers  
are responsible to these travelers, but just  
as certainly they are only agents to make  
the payments. The people who use their  
wares pay the bill in the enhanced prices  
for which they must be sold to meet this  
enormous expense of getting them into the  
market. Is it wonderful that the farmer,  
the mechanic, the laborer, the professional  
man cry out hard times? All of this vast  
army of non-producers, (who add nothing  
to the general wealth) are fed and clothed  
out of the profits or per cent. commission  
charged by the merchant for his goods.—  
This is a glaring outrage upon the people  
of the country, the alarming growth of  
which demands a remedy. This immense  
tax should be taken off the merchant,  
which we buy. Honest merchants as well  
as other honest men, should frown the cus-  
tom. If our merchants will not, by com-  
mon consent, abandon this "drummer"  
practice, our legislature at its next session  
should take the matter in hand and relieve  
the people from such robbery.—Macon  
(Mo) Examiner.

## A Rustic Courtship.

I hitched my cher clo to her an' s'het  
my eyes and said:

"Sal, you're the very gal I've been han-  
kerin' arter for a long time. I luv you all  
over, from the soul of your foot to the  
head of your crown, an' I don't keer who  
knows it, an' if you say so we'll be joined  
in the holy band of parlock. *Epluribus on-  
ibus, sickenpurg tarantula, non compiamen-  
tus, wold without end.*" sez I, an' I felt  
as thou' I had throw'n up an alligator, I  
felt so relieved."

With that she fetched a scream, an' ar-  
ter a while she said:

"Peter!"

"What is it Sally?"

"Yes," sez she, hidin' her face.

You may depend upon it, I felt orful  
good."

"Glory!" I most holler, Sal, or I'll bust  
wide open. Ho-ray! hooray! I can jump  
over a ten rail fence; I can do anything a  
fellow could or ort to do."

With this I sort o' rashed myself down  
beside her an' clinched the bargain with a  
kiss. Talk about your molasses, about your  
oats-brooming serious, they want no where;  
you couldn't have got me n' 'em, they  
would have tasted sour arter that. O,  
broom straws with laces on 'em.

If Sal's daddy hadn't bawled out, "It's  
time all honest folk's wuz in bed," I do  
believe I'd stayed all nite.

DON'T.—Don't burn the mouth of your  
horse for "Lampas"—it is nonsense, to say  
nothing of its cruelty. Read the following  
by one of our most distinguished veterinar-  
y surgeons:

The symptoms of this imaginary disease  
are, the horse quids his hay or refuses his  
feed. It is most common in young horses;  
the groom looks into the mouth of the ani-  
mal and perceiving the bars to be almost  
on a level with the incisor teeth, he pro-  
nounces his charge to have Lampas, and  
takes the poor creature to be burnt within  
its mouth accordingly.

It is true the animal has recovered its  
appetite by the time the effects of the burn  
have passed away, but so it would have  
done had no hot iron been cruelly em-  
ployed. The fact is, the young animal is  
then cutting a molar tooth, and a day or  
two having elapsed, all the fever and pain  
occasioned by the process would have been  
over. No man should allow his horse to be  
burnt for the lampas. It is a torturing,  
an idle and a wanton operation, and tends  
rather to do harm than good.

If an old horse be reported as having  
the lampas, examine his mouth, and some-  
thing may be found wrong with his grin-  
ders, or to a certainty, the cause is to be  
sought in another part of the body than  
the roof of the mouth. It is some times  
indicative of a disordered stomach.

An exchange gives the following as a  
sure way to drive bed-bugs from old bed-  
steads: "Take tomato vines, put them into  
a basin or tray, pound them to pieces as  
fine as possible, then strain the bedsteads  
where they inhabit with the juice, fill the  
crevices with the pieces of vine; lay leaves  
under the ends of the slats." If this is  
practised twice a year not a bug will re-  
main in the bedstead.

"SLEEP ON, FAIR FRIEND.—A few  
days since a Whitehall called to pay his  
respects to a lady. He was obliged to wait  
in the parlor some time for her to arrive.  
As the gentleman had been broken of the  
rest the previous night, he unconsciously  
fell asleep. The lady entered the parlor  
soon afterwards, and, comprehending the  
state of affairs, and wishing to enjoy a joke  
at the gentleman's expense, she sat down  
in a chair on the opposite of the stove to  
await the awakening, and enjoy the aston-  
ishment of her caller. In a few moments  
a feeling of drowsiness began to creep over  
the fair one. She finally dropped off, fast  
asleep. The gentleman awoke, and tiki-  
ng in the situation, thought he would  
turn the joke on his fair joker. Taking a  
card, he wrote on it: "My dear Miss—  
As this is sleep year, I willingly accord  
you the privilege that your sex is entitled  
to once in four years. Sleep on, fair  
friend. Yours,

THE FARMERS WHO WIN.—The farm-  
ers who win rely upon their brains as well  
upon their muscles. They read and study  
closely. They keep posted as to all that is  
going on around them which concerns their  
business. They unite with their brother  
farmers to carry out their plans.—  
They see and comprehend the means by  
which the agricultural and industrial tri-  
umphs are wrought, and they work and  
study to be abreast with the  
foremost in the race of progress.—  
The loose screw in the farming machinery  
is ignorance. Apply the washers and  
tighten the screw and there will be no  
more rattling and breaking to pieces of the  
machinery.

Read more, brother patrons and farmers,  
study more; go out and see and talk with  
your enlightened neighbors. Place more  
thought in your business, with your man-  
ual labor, and you will do better—your  
farming will pay. Remember that "know-  
ledge is power."—Vindicator.

DOING NOTHING.—The Radical edi-  
tors and correspondents are daily cry-  
ing, "the House is doing nothing." You  
needn't be alarmed. But the House  
has done a great deal.

It is saving from \$30,000,000 to \$40-  
000,000 from the grasp of thieves.

It is unearthing the Emma mine-  
frauds.

It is exposing the Indian robber-  
ies.

It is bringing Belknap and his  
War Department to an account.

It brings Schenck in a hurry "to ex-  
plain."

It is getting at the Navy Depart-  
ment swindles.

Coming together in a new Congress,  
many of the members never having  
served before, they have in ninety  
days made great progress in the work  
of retrenchment and uprooting the  
worst of corruption and frauds. What  
has the Senate done?—Hartford  
Times.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—Our  
neighbor, the Democrat, calls attention  
to a late important decision of the Su-  
preme Court, as follows: "It is stated  
that the Supreme Court of this State  
has decided (in a case from Pasquotank  
county) that County Commission-  
ers have no power to levy a tax of  
more than 66 2/3 cents on the \$100 value  
of property for State and County pur-  
poses that being the limit fixed by the  
Constitution. As that is a fact, how  
can any town or city authorities levy a  
greater tax than 66 2/3 cents on the \$100  
value of real or personal property? It  
would be well for city authorities to  
look into the matter before again levy-  
ing taxes."

TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.—One pint warm  
milk, half a pint of yeast, and flour to make  
a thick batter; when light add three quar-  
ters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of  
butter; add cinnamon or nutmeg accord-  
ing to the taste, and flour to make them  
stiff as biscuit dough. Let them remain till  
of a spongy lightness, then mold them into  
cakes of the size you mold biscuits; lay them  
on buttered tins; let them remain half an  
hour in a warm place before setting them  
in the oven. They should be baked quick.  
Mix a cup of sweet milk with a large tea-  
spoonful of sugar and rub over the tops as  
soon as baked with a cloth tied on the  
end of a stick.

Common cents—pennies. Where to  
look for an eager crowd. At a darky  
ancton. The man who tried to bor-  
row an umbrella was given to under-  
stand that it was Lent. What letter  
of the alphabet if lost would soon make  
you sick of mischief? The letter M. A  
coat of male. An Ulster. Charging a  
pretty girl a penny for crossing a bridge  
is rather a quiet way of toiling the  
baire. When is a man not a man?  
When he makes a goose of himself.