

The
Young American

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January 1858

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John M.L. Harrington
Editor and Proprietor

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The Young American

“No pent up ethic contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless Continent is ours”

Devoted to the News of the day poetry prose, Original and
selected pieces comical says of various persons & c-

Neutral in politics and Religion-

Jno M L Harrington
Editor and Proprietor

Terms. Two dollars in
advance. three at the end of the year

Vol 1 Buffalo Springs N.C. January 1st 1858 No 1

Terms
\$2 per year in advance
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10 “ “ 10 “ “

The club money
must invariably be paid
in advance—Ed.

Rates of advertising

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for the 1st and twenty five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Business & professional
of five lines & for one year longer ones in proportion.

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Miscellaneous

“Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie who cares for the crumbling of the pie.”

An incident of the French Revolution

Founded on Fact

The Countess Villeneuve de La Floret was of the most beautiful and accomplished women in France and the Count her husband, was the very followers of the old nobles. Before her marriage she had the misfortune to become acquainted with a young officer named Pierre Duhem, who at once conceived for her violent attachment. Her heart, however, had long since been bestowed upon the young Count de La Floret, and even had not that been the case, it is scarcely probable that Duhem's heart would have not with a more favorable reaction for there was nothing in either his appearance or attitude to win the regard of a young girl whose very thought had been from earliest youth associated with intellect and refinement for his manners were brusque and almost rude, and to would not have required a very shrewd psychomonical to read indelibly stamped upon his hard featured face unmistakable evidence of a cruel disposition and how true an index his countenance was of his heart the legend with will abundantly show. His attractions were of course discouraged by the lady, but nevertheless he insisted

upon making her a tender of his hand, which she declined with firmness, but at the same time with great kindness and consideration assuring him that she felt deeply grateful for his earnestly expressed admiration and hoped he would yet find one more worthy than her self to become his bride.

Duhem listened with apparent calmness to her words, but a keen observer would have comprehended by the deadly pallor that over spread his brow and the nervous withering of his thin bloodless lips for the fearful out break that followed.

“Is this your final irrevocable determination,” he asked in a low, hissing tone at the sometime seizing her arm roughly.

“It is,” she answered, and would have proceeded further in her attempt to conciliate him, but he interrupted her fiercely.

“Listen to me,” he cried and she shrank back trembling from his cold flashing grey eyes.

“Listen to me, you triumph now, but mark me, my day will yet come. I curse you from the bottom of my heart and my own hand and brain will work out the fulfillment of that curse. If you ever wed, I will gloat over the dying agony of your husband. If you are ever the mother of a child these hands shall crush its young life before your eyes.”

“Leave me; Leave me,” was all she had strength to say.

He only held her white arms together in his iron grasp and hissed closer in her ear;

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“You think that those are vile threats: but so sure as the sun is in the Heaven, will I make them a terrible truth.

Woman you have made a demon of me. Tremble, tremble at the fiend you have yourself raised up.” So saying she dashed her from him and rushed from the house.

Time passed on, and as the happy wife of the Count De La Floret. The terrible scene that shortly preceded her marriage was almost erased from her memory, and nothing occurred to mar the serenity of her every day life until the out break of the Revolution that fearful saturnalia of blood that spread terror and desolation over all Europe.

In common with others the young Count and his lovely wife were forced to fly before the exasperation populace. Assisted by a devoted friend who though warm Republican remained true to them and succeeded in effecting their escape from Paris. And aided by the papers he had procured reached unharmed the little village of Collure. After spending a night in this place, they once more set out on their journey towards the coast was suddenly, at the outskirts of the town the carriage was stopped by a platoon of soldiers drawn up before the horses’ heads.

Count De La Floret spoke a word of encouragement to his terrified wife and was about to spring out to enquire why they were stopped when they carried papers.

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from The National assembly when suddenly that carriage door was torn open a harsh voice commanding them both to alight.

Perceiving that resistance was worse than useless, the Count stepped out and assisted his wife follow. Almost instantly he was rudely seized by two soldiers, while he who had conducted the outrage approached close to the unhappy couple threw aside his plumed hat brushed the mess of tangled off hair back from his dark brow and standing full in the light of the rising sun demanded of her if she had any reflections of ever meeting him before? She looked up earnestly in his face for one instant and then with a cry of anguish fell on her knees before him “Yes, yes we have met before. Spare us! Spare us! Oh, spare us”!

The witch answered with a brutal laugh. “So the beautiful and proud Countess De La Floret kneels, kneels to me! It was I who knelt when we last met.

She only replied through her tears “Do be generous. Forget the past and save us.”

“My name is Pierre Duhem, once a poor captain in the King’s Army, now General under the glorious republic. I swore an oath that if you ever married mortal man, except me, I would revel in his dying agonies. The time for the fulfillment has arrived.”

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“Oh, unsay those terrible words, have mercy! In Heaven’s name, have mercy!” shrieked the countess clasping his knees and turning her streaming eyes up to him.

“Rise love, do not debase yourself by saying to such a wretch” the count said struggling in vain to free himself as he spoke we are protected by letters from The National assembly let him violate them at his peril.

Duhem looked around at the speaker with a fierce stare. “That for yourself” he cried snapping his fingers. “Soldiers away with the aristocrat, obey the orders that I gave you an hour ago.”

At the word the wretches who panted for the blood of a noble dragged the count a short distance toward a frame barn and having torn his clothing from his body, they actually in broad daylight and before the face of his agonized wife, nailed or rather crucified him to the wall of a barn, and a company of soldier-citizens amused themselves by firing at him eight hours before death made them insensible to their atrocities. For by their commander’s stern orders they aimed only at the count’s leg thighs feet neck and right side of the breast and to make the agony more lingering ten men only were to fire during each hour, and at the distance of eight steps.

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During all this time Duhem remained seated
on a pile of stones exulting in excruciating
tortures he caused to be inflicted upon his victim.
Now he would deliberately smoke his pipe and
[word unclear] drink his wine, or eat his food which he
caused to be brought out to him in order that
he might not loose one thread; and to add to
the horror, the wretch caused the agonized
wife to be forcefully detained in full view of fear-
fulsight, until utterly prostrate both in mind and
in body she was borne insensible from the scene
and placed in the care of her faithful waiting
woman who did everything in her power to mitigate
her cruel suffering.

Observing at last that the unhappy nobleman was dead
Duhem ordered that body to be taken down and
a large fire to be kindled in the market place
upon which the corpse was placed until it was completely
roasted. After this horrible to relate all the
young ladies of the place were assembled together
although it was now quite late at night
and under pain of instant death obliged by Duhem
who did the honors of the table to give their
opinions of the flavor of the flesh of a
roasted aristocrat.

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No sooner was the fearful feast ended than a fraternal dance began, and twenty young women who from terror fell into fits, were only saved from becoming victims to another auto-da-fe by the liberality of their friends who for furiously immense [phrase unclear] qualities of twice to these monsters drowned them all at length in devious sleep.

During the night that succeeded this terrible day the countess gradually recovered her consciousness and appeared total, oblivious to what had passed.

Taking advantage of her temporary calmness, her maid having hired a faithful guide, conducted her mistress to Dijon where she secured [unclear] a house.

Nearly a week elapsed before the miserable wife seemed to recall any manner the horrors she had witnessed, but at length an awakening from a sound sleep, she related minutely all that had occurred saying that she had just dreamed in and thanked heaven that it was but a vision of her disturbed fancy. She then asked if any letters had arrived from her husband, who she said had been dispatched on a foreign mission, of great importance.

But her trials were not yet ended within a month after her return to Dijon she was with her maid arrested and shortly after in a convent,

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transformed by the republicans into a prison. During her confinement she was attacked by a brain fever and by this disease her life was preserved for during its continuance, the Committee of The Public Safety sent orders to transport her with other suspected aristocrats to the Concierge at Paris and thence to the guillotine. When however the members of the committee arrived at the Dijon they found her raving and yielding to the entreaties of her aid [unclear], contented for the present not to remove her, and she was then overlooked until the death of Robespierre took the national seal [unclear] of her prison, and she was permitted to return to her house.

The countess was in 1801 as collected as at any period of her life, except when any question was discussed concerning the Revolution and its horrors which she considered but a fearful dream of her own. She believed Louis XVI still reigning upon the throne of his ancestors and her own husband, still absent on his important mission from his King. Bonaparte was in her opinion was a purely imaginary being and all the changes she perceived around her were supposed to be merely inventions or undertaking to delude her. When she heard any one complaining of her hopes of dear friends on the sequestration of estates

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by the Revolution she would exclaim “Mon dieu, I would I had never told that terrible dream; how many, many people it narration has made insane. One day however she insisted upon visiting Paris, in order that she might discover how much longer the count would be detained abroad. Nothing that could be urged by her friends could induce her to forego this journey, so she set forth. It was a glorious morning that on which the countess de la Floret approached Paris, the sun shone bright and clear and the verdure [words unclear] of early summer clothed the trees and meadows. Before reaching the gates however the vehicle was stopped by a long procession of soldiers followed by crowds of excited people. The countess looked forth in utter astonishment. Everything was new to her, the uniform of the soldiers the tri color banners, the soul stirring Marseillaise; and from the varying emotions depicted upon her still beautiful face, her friends began to fear pleasing delusion she had so long cherished was about to be dispelled. The carriage has become so embargoed in the crowd that either to advance or retire was impossible and therefore no alternative presented itself but to remain and watch their proceedings. It soon became apparent that a military execution was about to take place, and they were situated as

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to obtain a full view of it. The soldiers were formed into line the drums beat, and presently a man with head bare and dressed only in pantaloons and shirt was led by to the gen. de-arms into the field. As he passed the coach the countess started, passed her hand over her eyes and looked forth intently. "Great Heaven!" she murmured, "What does all this mean; that man; that I have seen that man before, was it not a dream then not a dream. With a wild heart rending shriek she broke away from her friends and sprang from the carriage, by this time the criminal had been forced to kneel down before the platoon of soldiers, and a bandage was being placed over his eyes. Breaking like a tiger through the barrier the countess darted forward and tore away the handkerchief from the doomed man's face! Then gazing at him for an instant with a fixed look [unclear] absolutely appalling, she cried. "Pierre Duhem is it thou? Heaven be praised we meet again!" Then without pausing she rushed [unclear] quickly to the commanding officer and asked in an excited voice, "Is he to die?" "He is Spare yourself the trouble for no entreaties can save him, thief and murderer that he is" "Save him—Save him!" she shrieked hysterically.

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“Oh leave him to my mercy and you will see how I will save him!”

“Fire!” cried the commander.

A volley of musketry echoed around the walls of Paris, and over a dozen bullets riddled the heart of Duhem.

“Avenged, avenged!” the countess murmured as she fell into the arms of her friends, and there from her lips poured a stream of crimson blood. Her dream and her life was over.~ML

Odds and Ends

“You have smart speeches of the four-year olds in the drawer; what do you think of this? My little ones had been amused themselves with a parcel of kittens. I did not suppose they were particularly attached to them, and finding them very much in the way. I had them drowned. John took on dreadfully about his kitten, Netty.

“Why Johnny said I you make as much fuss as if your father was dead.”

Oh boohoo! cried the chick I could get a new father any time but I shall never get another kitten like Netty.”

“Harpers Magazine”

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Foreign News- Steamship Atlantic

“He comes, the herald of a noisy world--

“News from all nations lumbering at this back”

The Collins steam ship Atlantic arrived at New York on the 6th bringing Liverpool dates to the 23rd all [word unclear].

President Buchanan’s message attracted great attention in England. It was telegraphed entire from Liverpool to some of the London Journals, being the longest dispatched ever sent by telegraphed in England.

Further attempts to launch the Leviathan were postponed until the spring tides at the commencement of January.

The hydraulic power was to be more than doubled.

The ship remained even and fair on the ways, and at high tide had nearly six feet of water under her.

The report of an intended alliance between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Alice of England is without foundation. Nothing from India has been received.

Three days later arrived of the Africa

she bring later dates from India Lucknow has been relieved after much hard fighting the Insurgents had been defeated at various points Sir Calvin Campbell was wounded.

The bank of Prussia has reduced the rate of [word scratched out] discount to 6 ½ per cent.

Hamburg Dec. 23rd. The aspects of monetary affairs daily brightens.

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“No pent up ethics contracts our power
For this bountiful continent is ours.”

Buffalo Spring. N.C. January 1st 1858
John M.L Harrington- Editor
Fayetteville, NC—

Terms

The terms of the Young American are \$2 in advance
or \$3 if not paid in advance. The first years
subscription must be paid in advance.

Editorials”

“our time to speak now.”

Ourselves

We have got out the first number of the
Young American. We are rather late but as
the old time worthy [unclear] saying “Better late than never”
and to tell you the truth friends we feel
proud to look at our sheet, we think it
is the best published in the old “Rip Van
Winkle” state and you owe all this
to us. We intend to devote ourselves
to the advancement of pure and sound literature
from Frolic and amusement and we

do not intend to let any subject pass unnoticed our paper will give a true and fair statement of the policies of the day, but will not for the present take sides with any particular party but we expect to exercise the rights of a Freeman and vote for whom we please, and that is the way I hope every true friend to American Freedom will do and also subscribe to the Young American.--(Editor)

North Carolina-

North Carolina has long been termed the 'Rip Van Winkle' state of the union but I think she has waked up her interests. North Carolina is advancing with rapid strides towards the topmost rounds of the ladder of this great Confederacy. We are independent of the other state in almost everything. We have just as good coal as any other state just as good from Copper and in fact anything. Passing Mr. Hales book store the other day I just stepped in and saw a young man folding something which I thought was the minutes of proselytizing [unclear] or something of that sort. I asked him what it was and he told me that it was the advance sheets of the North Carolina Justice. A large book as large as the Revised code. He is going to get me all telegraphs so it will be days with it [word unclear] of Fayetteville all of it.—Ed.

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Well kind reader! Of the Young American we
have put this number right through as we told you
we would do in our prospectus. We said that
it should be done “up Brown” if we
think we have done that thing “satin” [unclear] well without joking
we think we have done pretty well considering
it was now the first piece in this new we
rather long longer than we thought it would
be but in our next issue we intend to
have that piece filled up with something funny
our next will have more pages better selections
and in fact it will be better if possible than
this our first number, and now kind friends
one and all you may look for us about the
first of February. Until then we bid you a kind adieu.—Ed

Reader—

One word in your ear—

All those of you who have sent in your names as
subscribers will do us a kind favor by remitting your
dues. \$2 to this office and help your kind friend
with his enterprise addressed J.M.L Harrington Fayetteville
N. Carolina—and one and all we will tip
our thread bare Beaverⁱⁱⁱ to you once more—Ed

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The Leviathan

As the sixth trial to launch the 'Leave-her high-and-dry-athan' has failed in England about \$75,000 having already been expended in vain.

Some gentleman of Philadelphia have taken pity in John Bull's perplexity have sent out by the Persia proposals for the launch in question.

The machinery which the design using in their proposals, are excepted was patterned by Mr. Dick of Pennsylvania. The sum stipulated for is not to be paid unless the launch is brought is a successful termination. x x x

Though we are afraid that the thought of American ingenuity doing that which the greatest British engineers have failed to do will be an insurmountable obstacle it's the Exceptions of the Pennsylvania proposition.

This notation is part of the graphic look.

The Book of Job asks ironically as our readers remember "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" So far the answer seems to be as made by English science.

"We cannot even tame the artificial sea monsters which our own hand have made"

When it was first proposed to christen this huge vessel Leviathan instead of the "Great Eastern" certain religious journals of Great Britain were very much shocked seeing in it. —

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(We do not exactly understand why “Something
savoring of irreverence, of course the journals
in questions now are tempted to cry aloud
“We told you so”

Death of an Editor.

Talcloth Burr Jr. editor of the Wilmington Herald
died of typhoid fever at the residence of his
father. In Wilmington on the evening of the 5th
January aged 35 years and 3 months
Mr. Burr was best loved but those who
knew him best and was respected by all, though
for seven years an Editor of a paper he died
without a personal enemy. He was born
he lived in North Carolina, and
was ever true to the interests of his native State.

“Yet half I hear the farthing sign
Tis a dread and awful thing to die”

How Long

With this present yearly income it will take the
Bible societies more than 600 years to sup-
ply a copy of the sacred scriptures to each
of the seven hundred millions in the heathen
world. The same assembly spent in Great Britain
for intoxicating liquor would do it in one year

N.C.A. [word unclear]

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Poetry

“Ranged on the hills, harmonious daughters swell
the mingled tones of the home and harp and shell.”

Oh Sing Again.

By Finley Johnson.

Oh sing again that melting strain
That love delights hear;
For still my heart those sounds retain
Which are to me so dear,
And as I listen to the times,
To distant years I fly
When every hour was filled with joy
Ere sorrows weakened a sigh

Ah, me! Ah, me! The happy past
Can never come again;
And thought I often wished it back
That wish, alas! is vain
Me sun is set, my hopes destroyed,
And garlands, pale and dead
Are wreathed around the blighted hopes
That are forever fled

North Carolinian Argus

One line to fill this page

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Littles on nothings

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel
with his intimate friend, became he vocally
asserted that he was born
without a shirt on his back.

A young sprig went courting in California
lately and when he went to go to bed he
put his Buckskin pants in the crack of
the house during the night the calves pulled
them out and chewed about half of the
legs of it says the old man brought them in
the morning and he put them on and left—
we don't blame him

Epigram

What a treasure I have called from the garden
today.
Exclaimed Jennie to me in a casual frank way.
And she placed in my hand such a charming
bouquet.
That I thought it had borrowed its hue
from her cheek.

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Poetry

“Ranged on the hills, harmonious daughters swell
the mingled tones of the home and harp shell”

Spitting on the Floor–

The men they chew tobacco,
While working out of door,
And then corner in on purpose,
To spit upon the floor.

A spittoon in each corner,
The hold not any more,
Than they do the filthy habit,
Of spitting on the floor.

They ought to live alone,
Far in some lovely moor,
Where the ladies could not see them,
Spitting on the floor.

Women are obliged to scrub,
Til scrubbing makes them sore,
Oh! Dear how I hate this
This spitting on the floor

For What.

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For what is more repulsive,
What can, be disgusted more,
Then to see the men forever, spitting on,
Spitting on the floor.

If you wish to please the ladies
Those being you adore,
Do avoid that dirty habit,
Of spitting on the floor.

From the dollar news paper
Thantos~ By James A. Bostly arn [word unclear]
Yes she has died—her balmy breath,
That 'scaped her gentle breast,
Her young heart pulses's former play
Has erased in endless rest.
Earth now receive her gentle form,
A thing itself divine.
And fold in love the sweetest clay
That ere may must with thine.

Heaven open thy golden gate again,
And let her spirit pass.
To mingle in championship,
With her own fittin clasp,
Unfold the gale of amethyst,
And take to worthy home,
The gentlest soul that God ever gave,
Brief days on earth to roam.
Halifax County, NC 1857

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Humorous—

“A little nonsense now and then
is relished by the wisest men.”

“Did you attend church yesterday?” I was so confined
to my room was the reply. “Oh! You had the
room atism there said Dick—

We have a bachelor friend that we think
much if, who was cunningly entrapped an evening
or two ago. He was industriously plying with his with atten-
tions a young and very handsome widow, when some
one remarked that Miss Blank, a very lovely young
lady by the way, was without our attendant.
I can’t leave said caleb [word unclear] I’m engaged
Oh! Exclaimed the widow, with a charming
naivete, I did not think we had gone as far as that.

On last Sunday Evening I was enjoying
myself at a neighbors house among some young
ladies where when who should step in but (Taylor) Shaw
who was sport enough for the girls— Some young
children were working with matches close by Shaw when
the Lady of the house ordered them a way. She said go away
with your matches you will burn Mr. Shaw. Oh! says one
of the girls, he is too green to burn.

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Poetry

Hard Times

“Hard Times” is now on every lip,
And breathed from every tongue,
The banks are cursed by one and all,
The aged an the young,
The merchant has to close his doors,
And throw his Ledger by,
Such times he vows were never seen,
By any mortal eye,
The shopman quit the counter’s side,
For customers are so few.
The times are now so very “tight”
It makes then all look “blue.”
The citizens in vain essays,
To make more than has bread!
A pound of which he now declares
Won’t weigh a pound of Bread!
There’s not a day but someone fails,
Some house that goes to smash,
And names that once stood high on change;
Are out for want of cash,
Those whom we thot were millionaires,
And rich in shares and stocks.
Their “Million Heirs” now disappoint,
Fail and leave no “Rocks.” [word unclear]

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“Hard Times! Hard Times! was ever seen
Such hard times as hard as these?”
This is the cry from morn til night,
In which each one agrees:
A remedy I think I’ve found—
Say, how do you think “twill do”
“Pull of your coat Roll up your sleeves,
and work these hard times through!”.

Riddle

I often murmurs, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but, never sleep;
My mouth is wide and larger than my head,
And much disgorges though it ne’er is fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more full I get move further on,
(Answer in next paper)^{iv}

Conundrums-

What part of a ship is a man like who supports a
family? A—The main stay.
Sam? Why are de hogs de most intelligent
folks in the world? Because they nose everything.
Why is a ladies hair like the latest news?
Because in the morning, it is found in the papers.

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Literary Notices

The dollar news paper is received it is
a very good journal. Send one dollar to
Wm. M. Swain Jr. [unclear] Phila—

The Saturday Evening Post is one of the
best papers we have had the pleasure of seeing in
a long time. Send \$2 to Deacon [unclear] Fellison [unclear] Phila.

The Fayetteville Observer is better worth
the subscription price than either--
price 2 per [unclear] year. Semiweekly 3 EJ Hale and Son.
Fayetteville, NC—

We could go on and on enumerate more
but will wait until next issue. Our thanks
are [unclear] due to several of the Southern exchanges for
sending in their paper in advance of our publication.

Curiosities

Freshly Imported

I am epistle written with a Hog Pen.

A tooth from the mouth of a river.

A feather from the wing of hen [word unclear].

A pillow from the bed of a river.

K.M. Murchison

Commission Merchant

No 104 Wall Street

New York

Usual Advances on Consignment #1 3 mo.

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New Advertisements
Change of Firms

The business heretofore existing under the name of J. Worth Hans was dissolved on the 1st day of January 1858 with the view of settling the interests of Jno McNeill died [unclear] a partner in that firm.

The business will be conducted in future under the name and style of J. F. D. Worth Persons having claims against J. Worth & Sons are requested to present them for payment. Those indebted must come forward immediately and settle as the business must be closed up.

Buffalo Springs, Jan. 1th, 1858.

#1,-1 time

S.R Strand
D F Stetson & Co. [word unclear]
Shipping and Commission Merchants
Philadelphia
D.F. Stetson

G. P. Longhead

#1—6 mo

W.F Cushing

Wheedbee & Dickinson
Commission Merchants
In Naval Stoves Yellow Pine Lumber
Cotton & C.
Baltimore
#1-4 Ts

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Dibble & Bunce

Commission and Forwarding

Merchants

Calvin H. Dibble

Late of Wilmington, NC

New York City J.B Bunce

#1—2Ts

Late of Kingston, NC

Just Received this day

1 Hd [unclear] New Crop Molasses

5 Sacks. Coffee—we will

Sell cheap for cash J. & D. G. Worth

Buffalo Springs, NC Jan. 17, 1858.

#1—1t

J C & B. G Worth

Commission and Forwarding

Merchants

Wilmington, NC

Jan. 1th, 1858

#1

Worth and Utley

Commission & Forwarding

Merchants

Fayetteville

NC

J.A. Worth

#1--3ts

Jos Witey

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Wanted! Wanted!

20,000 White Oak Staves

The undersigned will pay \$15 per 1000

for Rough White Oak Staves

delivered at this Shop in Harnett

County Will pay cash or goods.

Buffalo Springs, NC January 28th 1858

#1---1t

Look out

A Scoundrel named Elkins Jones has

left our work but was in debt, the public

are warned to keep a look out for the scoun-

drel as he will be apt to try some bad

deals If he thinks he can get in debt to them

Jan. 30th 1858

J. & D. G. Worth

R. R. Contractors

#1—1 t

Wanted

2 likely mules.—apply to

J & D G Worth

#1—

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Academy

Pine Forest

The Second Session of this Institution

Commences on the Second Monday

in January. It is beautifully situated

In Harnett County near Harrington P.O.

In a Society, Second to none in the State.

Persons sending children there can get them

Boarded for \$6 per month within one

Mile of the Academy.

for further particulars address Jno Harrington

Jas L. Harrington Daniel M. McCormick

Or the principal.

Pine Forest, N.C. Jan. 1st, 1858 Duncan Sellers,
Principal

1---#

Wanted

A first rate hand to work at turpentine

Jan. 1st, 1858 # 1---# James L. Harrington

Randall Sheetings and Son

For sale by J. & D. G. Worth

Jan. 1st, 1858 # 1---#

ⁱ This page is misnumbered in the original.

ⁱⁱ This page is torn and the page number is missing.

ⁱⁱⁱ A beaver is a slang expression for a hat.

^{iv} The answer: A stream.