

North Carolina Argus

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NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS

For the North Carolina Argus. CONTINUED. "Why don't you get ready? You wanted to fight just now. You are very slow in your movements, sir."

"I do not want to fight," said Zach. "You do not want to fight, you shall fight or acknowledge yourself a coward before the whole school. Just now you struck John, whom you knew would not fight if he could help it."

Thus far John had remained silent. Indeed, he was busily engaged in washing the blood from his face, and bathing his swollen lips in the cold water which had been brought by some of his school companions.

"If you wish it, John, I will not, unless I should attempt to strike you, in that case, I will beat him till he is black and blue." "Remember, I have your promise."

"Get up Zach and wash your face. I am sorry you got hurt. I forgive you for striking me, Zach, and I hope you are sorry for what you have said and done. Come, get up. Let me assist you—there—now come a little this way. Let me see your hand—never mind, I have one—there, now you look like yourself again."

"I feel very weak," he said, as assisted by John he sat up, resting his head upon his breast, for John had placed himself in a position to support him.

"Where are you, Jack," he asked, looking around. "I don't see you." "Here I am, Zach, behind you. Your head is resting upon my breast. Do you feel better?"

John and Zach had then to shift feet. The latter was still very weak, and looked very pale. He stood leaning his head upon John's shoulder.

The situation of things was becoming painful. All were in a state of suspense. The spell must soon be broken. Something was about to happen—they knew not what. It did not look as though there would be more fighting—yet some of the little fellows thought there might be, and looked askance upon Bill, who had astonished them by his sudden exhibition of temper as much as by his prowess, firmness and boldness, for he was always mild, so, so uniformly kind and indulgent toward them all, that they scarcely believed it possible that he could get angry.

And kneeling on the green grass, this little boy prayed that that peace which God and Christ alone can give, might be theirs—that this trouble might be made a blessing to them, and promotive of the coming of the Kingdom of God to all of them.

In the city of Washington, a few days ago, were congregated many thousands of persons, to witness the inauguration of a President. Many of these persons travelled hundreds, some thousands of miles, to witness the pageant, at an expense of much time and money.

"That, personally, I have nothing to forgive; and that I do most cheerfully forgive him, as far as I am concerned, all that he has done or said, to-day."

"I feel very weak," he said, as assisted by John he sat up, resting his head upon his breast, for John had placed himself in a position to support him.

"I do remember. I feel better now. Let me get up." This conversation was carried on in an undertone and was not distinctly heard by the boys, though they gathered enough of it to know that a great change had been suddenly wrought in the mind of Zach towards John. Bill stood there, his arms folded across his breast, looking for once in his life, solemnly serious. The color came and went in his cheeks. He was thinking. There stood Hal, too, with head erect—his lips curling over and anon with undistinguished smiles, and then becoming wreathed with smiles. He, too, was thinking. And there stood some twenty or more little wreathed wonderings, what it all was about. They looked serious. They, too, were thinking.

the charge he made, he had better not attempt it, but he contented with expressing his own sorrow and repentance, and proving his sincerity by his acts, promising, at the same time, to stand by him, in either case. In fulfillment of this promise, John now stood up and said—

"Boys, I am satisfied that the sorrow shown by our schoolmate here, is genuine, sincere, heartfelt, and I pray you all, and you especially, Bill, to give him credit therefor, and all of you to listen to what he has to say, and after the revelation is made, to act according to circumstances. This interruption has disconcerted, somewhat, my design; but, as it is impossible that Zach's story can be told this evening, for had we time, I do not think it would be prudent for him to do so—but as we have not time, I propose that we meet here to-morrow evening, if the weather is pleasant, in the school-room if not."

"Another thing, boys. This business ought to be kept private until after to-morrow. If I am not mistaken, we shall have to call upon our fathers to aid us in this matter, and upon our mothers to advise us how to bring it to a just and honorable conclusion. All I can now say is, 'God defend the right.'"

"Am I?" resolutely responded the boys. "I have a favor to ask of you, schoolmates," continued John. "We have had trouble to-day. We shall have more to-morrow. Our parents will have trouble. Do you love your parents?"

"That, personally, I have nothing to forgive; and that I do most cheerfully forgive him, as far as I am concerned, all that he has done or said, to-day."

"What do you think of all this, Hal," said Bill, "isn't it a pretty kettle of fish?" "I am more astonished at you, Bill, than at anything else. I did not think there was so much of the devil in you. Why, you are a perfect Hercules. You, so good natured and even tempered, suddenly transformed into the personification of vengeance and dealing punishment with unsparring hand! You are the last of whom I could have expected it."

"I could not stand idle and let Zach, or any body else, strike the Hermit. I tell you that I love that boy, and an insult offered to him, when I am present, is a personal affront to me. And no boy or man shall strike him with impunity. Would I were more like him. 'Ain't he an angel of goodness? God bless him.'"

this is but a second to a further end? Is it possible, supposing the worst, that it is the design to reach parents through their children, and that it is intended from motives of revenge to embroil our parents and cause them to hate and despise each other? You know how sensitive parents are—how easily they can be reached through their children. 'Ours there be any thing of this?'

"The Lord only knows. I declare I am becoming nervous. I long to know more about all this," said Hal. "If there be any thing of this nature, boys, there is another personage who knows about it."

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the North Lincoln Phoenix, a regimental paper, published at Graham's town. The writer after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and all quarters of the Globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described: Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish river, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home, after a somewhat fatiguing day's buck-shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called in this country, a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles, came in view, bounding along, with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniac sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us.

Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exulting yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into the muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger (now fearfully exhausted) clambered on the bank again, the largest and the strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight, behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen such hints are not uncommon when a tiger is such enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around, assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury, to its death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days, but invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

A Noble Society, The American Board of Foreign Missions in 1812, sent forth five Missionaries, this number has swollen to four hundred and ten; the first Board was composed of eight males and females; that has increased to a glorious army of twelve hundred and fifty seven. The income of the society forty nine years ago, was not quite a thousand dollars; last year it amounted to twelve hundred and fifty seven thousand dollars. It has twenty six Missions—some in Africa, some in America, some in Greece, some in Arabia, some in Ceylon, some in China, some in Brahmin; and the Cherokee Indians, the Nestorians, the savage nations of the Sandwich Islands, and the inhabitants of Madras are receiving the bread of life from the pious hands of this noble institution. More than a hundred and sixty Churches have been built in this extensive field. During the last ten years nineteen thousand children have been taught in the Mission Schools, and since the beginning of the work, one hundred and seventy five thousand children have been under religious instruction; fifty millions of pages are annually printed by the Board, and since 1812 over one thousand five hundred millions have been printed and circulated.

Eldon, the father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was joking and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second appeared. To her he gave the command. She attended herself and was made his bride.