

North Carolina Argus.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1862.

[WHOLE NO. 179.]

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

KENTUCKY DOODLE.

Yes! that the Union as it stood,
Before the late uprising;
The South was all for giving,
And the North was all for getting.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The Savannah "News" of the 29th says that a dispatch received in that city from Baldwin Florida states that a gentleman arrived at that place from Gainesville on Sunday night, who says that he had seen a Captain of a vessel who, in attempting to run the blockade, was chased by the blockaders, and was compelled to blow up his vessel, the crew escaping in their boats.

The Captain had into Havana papers, in which it was stated that the Spanish Government had recognized the Southern Confederacy, and that ambassadors from that Government were on their way to Richmond with dispatches to that effect. We give the above as it comes to us from a reliable source, in the hope that it is true.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGES ON THE PENINSULA.

A gentleman of the highest respectability, just from Williamsburg, gives us information of a series of the most diabolical outrages recently perpetrated on the lower Peninsula by the infamous vandals now in possession of that portion of Virginia. We would fain hope, for the sake of humanity, that these acts of barbarity were untrue, but they come from a source that cannot be doubted. May a righteous God nerve the arms of Confederate soldiers to avenge the wrongs of the defenceless people now overrun by a foe far worse than the Goths and Vandals of historic infamy.

The first on the list given us, is Capt. Samuel Holley, who resides in the lower end of Warwick county, a gentleman about 55 years of age, of the highest respectability, and universally esteemed by his neighbors. His residence was invaded by a lot of Yankee officers, who introduced themselves by a brutal proposition to Capt. H.'s two daughters, both young and beautiful ladies. While endeavoring to accomplish their designs by force, the indignant father shot one of the demons dead, and had taken aim at another, when he was instantly killed.

Mr. John Patrick who resides near Warwick Court House, was killed last week, by a party of the invaders, while endeavoring to save an only and beloved daughter from a fate worse than death. Deceased was a pious and consistent member of the Baptist Church, and we understand had for a long time filled the post of deacon. He was nearly sixty years of age.

Mr. Edward Harwood, who also resides in the vicinity of Warwick Court House, was brutally murdered a few days since, while defending his honor. We were unable to ascertain the particulars of this case.

The fourth and last victim to the lusts of these worse than demons who now infest that section of Virginia, was Mr. Thomas R. Dunn, of York County, who resided near Harwood's Mill. He died in defence of his much beloved daughter, who was being outraged by a Yankee officer. He killed the monster but was in turn quickly killed himself. Mr. Dunn is represented to us as having been a gentleman of universal and deserved popularity. His age was forty-five years.

These are the scoundrels who profess to have come South for the purpose of restoring the Union and defending the old flag. The accursed calendar of their crimes exceeds in enormity any we have ever been called upon to record.

[Petersburg Express.]

OUTRAGES OF THE ENEMY IN FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.—Intelligence has just been received here of a most diabolical outrage committed a few days since by the Federals, the victim being Dr. Shumate, a well-known citizen of Fauquier, residing about nine miles from Warrenton. It appears that the Yankees in occupying Fauquier, selected the residence of Dr. Shumate as

his utter detestation of their country and their cause. Finding the Doctor obdurate they tacitly acquiesced in his remaining in his own house with his family. The Doctor has a daughter, a beautiful young lady, who very soon became the object of Yankee persecution. One of the vile wretches, who degraded the honorable rank of Major, made several vain attempts to enter the sleeping apartment of the young lady, when, the outrage reaching the ears of the father, he told the scoundrel that another such attempt would cost him his life, for he would shoot him like a dog. In spite of this fair caution the God-forsaken wretch again attempted to accomplish his diabolical design, when, true to his word, Dr. Shumate sped a ball through his craven heart. Hardly had this deserved retribution been effected, before the Major's companions—all officers—fell upon the Doctor, and slaughtered him instantly, fairly riddling his body with bullets.

Rich. Dispatch.

"Personne," the Western correspondent of the Charleston Courier, in his letter dated Memphis, Tenn. April 16, has too touching incidents which we transfer to our columns. The first incident was related to him by Dr. Keller, of Memphis, concerning a lad fifteen years of age, named Charlie Jackson, who was wounded in the recent battle, and is now lying hopelessly at the point of death.

Some months ago his father raised a company, in which Charlie was permitted to drill with the privates, and finally became so expert in the manual of arms that young as he was, he was chosen the drill master. In due time marching orders were received. Then, the father consulting the age of his boy and probably his own paternal feelings, gave him to understand that it was his wish he should remain at home. To this Charlie strenuously demurred, and plainly told his parent that if he could not go with him, he would join another company. Yielding to his obstinacy, a sort of silent consent was given, and the lad left Memphis with his comrades. The regiment to which they belonged was detached to Burnsville, several miles distant from Corinth, and there it remained until the Friday or Saturday preceding the battle. Orders were then received that it should repair at once to the field and take its position. Charlie was asleep at the time of his departure, and the father, unwilling that one so young should undergo the fatigues of the long march of twenty miles, and the dangers of the coming fight, gave orders that he should not be disturbed. Several hours after the boy awoke of his own accord.

At a glance, his eye took in the condition of affairs, and his knowledge of coming events satisfied him of the cause. With him to think was to act. He seized his little gun—a miniature musket which his father had made for him, and alone started on the trail of his absent regiment. Hour after hour he trudged along, and finally just as they were about halting preparatory to going into battle, he succeeded in joining his company. He had traveled more than fifteen miles. His father chided him, but how could he do otherwise than admire the indomitable spirit of his boy. The battle commenced. Charlie took his place by his father's side, and was soon in the thickest of the fight. A bullet struck him in the body and tore an ugly wound. Still he pressed on, firing, cheering and charging with the remainder of his regiment. He seemed not to know the sensation of fear, and his youthful example on more than one occasion was the rallying point from which the men took fresh spirit. Suddenly, at a late hour in the day, the little fellow fell, shot through the leg a few inches below the hip. He gave a cheer and told his father to go on. "Don't mind me," said he, "but keep on; I'll lay here till you come back." This of course the feelings of the parent would not permit him to do, and picking him up in his arms he carried him to the nearest hospital. Within a day or two Charlie was brought to his home in Memphis, feeble, yet full of hope and

ification had set in, an operation would only increase his sufferings without prolonging life. The lad noticed the sober countenance of the physician as he turned away, and went to an adjoining room to break the mournful intelligence to the weeping father and mother. Nothing could be done, but to relieve him of pain by means of opiates. A few moments afterwards he returned to the bedside of the sufferer, when the young hero abruptly met him with the question—

"Doctor, will you answer me a straightforward question, and tell me the truth?"

The physician paused a moment, and then said: "Yes, Charlie, I will, but you must prepare for bad news."

"Can I live?" was the response.

"No! Nothing can save you now but a miracle from Heaven."

"Well, I have thought so myself. I have felt as if I was going to die. Do father and mother know this?"

"Yes," replied the surgeon, "I have just told them."

"Please ask them to come in here."

When the parents had done so, and taken their places on either side of the bed, Charlie reached out, grasped their hands in his, and said:

"Dear father and mother, Dr. Keller says that I can't live. And now I want to ask your forgiveness for all wrong I have done. I have tried to be a good boy in every way but one, and that was when I disobeyed you both and joined the army. I could not help that, for I felt as if I ought to be right where you were, father, and to fight as long as I was able. I'm only sorry that I can't fight through the war. If I have said anything wrong or done anything wrong won't you forgive me?"

The afflicted parents could only weep their silent.

"Now, father," continued the boy, "One thing more. Don't stay here with me, but go back to camp. Mother will take care of me, and your services are more necessary in your company than they are at home. I am not afraid to die, and I wish I had a thousand lives to lose in the same way. And father, tell the boys when you get back how I died—just as a soldier ought to. Tell them to fight the Yankees as long as there is one left in the country, and never give up! Tell them, too, to kill just as many as they think will avenge the death of Charlie, and whenever you fill up the company with new men let them know that besides their country there's a little boy in Heaven who will watch them and pray for them as they go into battle."

And so is dying one of the bravest spirits that was ever breathed into the human body by its Divine Maker. The scene I have described is one of which we sometimes read, but rarely behold, and the Surgeon told me that inured as he was to spectacles of suffering and woe, as he stood by this, a silent spectator, his heart overflowed in tears and he knelt down and sobbed like a child.

How true are the lines of the poet—

"The good die first,

And they whose hearts are dry as Summer's dust
Burn to the socket."

The second incident was related to him by a Captain in one of the Kentucky Regiments, concerning the dying moments of Lieut. Col. Holbrook, his superior officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Holbrook was severely wounded in two or three places; in one mortally, but he fell at the head of his regiment in one of its proudest moments—a victorious charge. He was conveyed at once to the hospital, and there learned that his injuries were of a mortal character. After the battle several of his officers paid him a visit. They found life fast ebbing, though he was still able to converse. He desired to be propped up in bed, and then he talked to them like a Christian soldier.

"In the course of my official duties with you, gentlemen," he said, "I have had little or no occasion to speak with you upon the subject of religion, but this is a time, when, as fellow men, we

blessings of religion. I know I am not prepared for death as I ought to have been, and as I hope you may be, but I feel safe in reposing upon the strong arm of God, and trusting to Him for my future happiness. Before this war is closed some of you may be brought upon the threshold of the eternal world, as I have been, and my earnest prayer is that the messenger of death may find you waiting. Throughout my existence I have found nothing in my experience that has afforded me more substantial happiness than Christianity, and now as I lie here conscious that life is waning, I desire to bear testimony of a peaceful mind, of a firm faith in the grand scheme of salvation.

"Farewell, my comrades, and may we all meet in a better world."

ADDRESS AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE BIBLE TO THE JACKSON GUARD, OF WAXHAW, N. C., 4th JULY, 1861.

Officers and privates composing the Jackson Guard.

Gentlemen: We have arrived at a point in the history of our country, where we find our soil invaded by a foe once our brethren. In days gone by, their fathers and ours fought side by side on the field of contest, both in the icy North and in the sunny South. After seven long years of struggle with a powerful nation, the broad winged eagle of victory perched upon our banners and screamed in triumph, America is free—America is free—the tall mountains as they stood in their majesty, overlooking hills, plains and battle-fields, drenched in the blood of the warrior foe, shouted as from heaven's height—America is free. Old Ocean, with his swift-winged tides, sped the shout to distant lands—America is free! while from her ever-rolling waves the echo came upon the soft-floating breeze—America is free!

It has been our privilege, gentlemen, to breathe its delightful atmosphere, and to rejoice under its cool refreshing shades. But hark! a peal of fanatical thunder bursts from the Northern skies, and a cloud, dark and heavy, rises over us, and amidst the perpetual roar, may be distinctly heard in clarion tones—Subjugation! Confiscation! Extermination! They of the North, doubtless, fancy that we, at the South, would frighten, fall upon our knees before them, and kiss the dust under their feet. But no, gentlemen, in the name of God, we have stood firm, relying upon his word and his spirit. The storm is upon us! Torrents of fanatical enemies are poured upon our borders.

We are comparatively without cities, without arms. Our population does not compare in numbers with theirs, and yet the uprising of the South more than equals that of the Athenians, against the Persian Generals who came with orders to burn down Athens and Eretria, and to carry away themselves, their wives and their children as slaves.

Miltiades did not form a more intrepid body on the plains of Marathon, than chased the foe from Great Bethel to Hampton, leaving their hundreds dead upon the field and strewn along the road. Old Rip bore the wreath from the field of glory. You are as brave as they, for you are their brothers and neighbors.

Leonidas did not wait at the heights of Thermopylae, with braver men, or more resolute hearts than now beat at Manassas Junction, Harper's Ferry, all over the South, and here under this shade.

Your country, your homes call you to battle, and here you are, obedient to the call. The Old Union was, for a time, a glorious one; but the Southern Confederacy, by the blessing of heaven, is destined to be the brightest star in the constellation of nations—the greatest political fabric ever built upon earth. Your noble deeds of heroism are the stones upon which it is to be erected, and may be, with the blood of some of you, it may be sealed. Your chief guide and director in all this, is the Word of God, accompanied by his spirit.

That inestimable Word is contained in this book—the Bible—which I have the honor and the pleasure to present you in behalf of the ladies of Waxhaw.

Take it, gentlemen—soldiers—let it be your daily companion; and may the God it reveals, be your God, and your everlasting defence. And while the affections of our hearts are entwined around you—patriotism bids us say to you—Go, brave boys, go—and heaven's protection and