

# North Carolina Argus.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV—NO. 35.]

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1862.

[WHOLE NO. 193.]

## GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recesses of thy spirit's chamber,  
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell?  
Let not thy heart forsake thee; but remember  
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well,  
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,  
And would'st do good, but evil oft prevails;  
O! think of auld the waves of tribulation  
When earthly hopes and earthly refuge fails—  
God knows it all!

And dost thou die, thy deed of shame concealing  
In some dark spot no human eye can see,  
Then walk in pride, without one sigh revealing  
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee!  
God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor, and heavy hearted,  
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,  
And woe'st thou crushed; a earthly thought imparted,  
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid!"  
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner; are thy tear drops flowing  
For one too early lost to earth and thee?  
The depths of grief no human spirit knowing,  
Which mean in secret, has the meaning seal  
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?  
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot!  
There's One who sees the end from the beginning  
Thy fear of penitence is unavailing—  
God knows it all!

Then go to God. Pour out your heart before Him;  
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;  
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—  
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal,  
God knows it all!

**GRATITUDE FOR OUR VICTORIES—HOW BEST TO EXPRESS IT.**—Gratitude, the fruit of love, is the noblest passion of the human soul. It brings happiness in the ratio of its depth and purity, and the dignity of the object towards whom it is exercised.

The citizens of Mobile showed true gratitude to God, for our late victories before Richmond, by a magnificent contribution of \$10,000 to relieve the wounded and sick soldiers who nobly fought and suffered on that occasion.

How full was the fountain of gratitude in the heart of that worthy Georgian, who gave so many casks of rice to relieve the wives and children of the soldiers who fought and won on the same occasion.

Now ran the contrasts between these expressions of gratitude and those extravagant feasts for the rich—grand balls—the waste of gunpowder and great consumption of wines and mean liquors, grand serenades, and brilliant processions, and speeches of fulsome flatteries of mere human prowess and skill. The former create a thousand springs of holy gratitude and joy, which shall flow as long as life and memory endure. The latter, evanescent as the fumes of wine, pass away in a few brief hours, leaving no moral or physical blessing to cheat life's toilsome journey.

Visiting the sick, feeding the poor, and healing the wounds of the patriot soldier, we not only do service for the cause of our beeding country, but we do it unto God.

It is a token of coming victories, and a cedy peace, to know that the leading officers of our army and our Government have an abiding sense of dependence and trust in God. Let all our people and our armies follow such noble examples. Let us be "a nation whose God is the Lord." Thus, having peace with God as a nation, He will make our enemies to be at peace with us. Let us show ourselves worthy of the boon we fight for, then our gratitude to God for victories and for peace will be a deep and parental fountain flowing on for many generations.

May God give us grace and strength to do our duty, and on shall the invader flee from our soil forever and our husbands, sons and brothers soon return to greet their loved ones at home.

J. P. C.  
Jackson, Miss., July 25, 1862  
[Jackson Mississippi]

## EPIGRAPH.

Here lies Fremont, a mighty sworder,  
Who never would obey an order;  
He killed his friends on every side,  
And then committed suicide;  
Let friends and foes both let him be,  
For he's resigned, and so are we.

[N. Y. Sunday Times]

**A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.**—One of the profession asks why it is that eye coffee is imposed upon boarders every morning, when the Confederate statute specially enjoining that substitutes shall be put upon the same company not allow them to be put upon the same company? We can answer:—From the

A good story is "told" of Captain Atkins, of Wheat's celebrated battalion. Atkins who is well known as the "Wild Irishman," being six feet two inches in height, and of the Charley O'Malley school, was formerly of the British Legion in the army of Italy, where, meeting Colonel Wheat, he became so attached to him that he afterwards came over to this country to join him. It was Captain Atkins who led Wheat's battalion at Manassas, after the noble Wheat fell wounded, leading the celebrated charge of the Louisiana Tigers with a bare shillelagh. In the late battle, in which the glorious Wheat fell, Atkins says, on colling the roll of his company the next morning, but one man answered to his name! "Share," says Atkins (for thus the story was told me,) "that was a sorry report! Devil a man left but meself and the one! However, I immediately proceeded to an election of officers, and the only solitary individual in the ranks was unanimously elected first Lieutenant. The next day General Dick Taylor, the chip of 'old Zach,' ses to me—'Atkins, me boy, I noticed ye's yer terday; yer men did splendidly! Didn't they, says I. 'They did, but he, and deserve promotion.' Well, then, says I, they've got it, for ivery mother's son of 'em have been put on the staff of Colonel Wheat in heaven, and the only man left was unanimously elected a Lieutenant this morning! With that the General orders me to Richmond to fill up me company with conscripts, so, calling me Lieutenant, I gave him strict orders as to the discipline to be observed in me absence, and left him in charge of the company until me return!"

There is a striking story told of a Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it had increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe the larger portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose in the night. After one of those nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed she approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied on returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "look again—it must be there." He examined again, but returned again saying it was not there. "Do look once more!" "Do look once more!" The angel was moved to tears by her entreaty, and again left to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy. "We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it." The good woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never again indulged in smoking.

"Bridget bring me the castor oil, the baby is sick."

"It's all gone warm, not a drop left."

"All gone! why, we have not opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day on you salad."

"Why, you don't say we have been eating castor oil every day the salad season?"

"Shure you have."

"But did you not see the bottle was labelled castor oil?"

"Sure and I did, marm; and didn't I put it into the castor every day?"

On the night of the 3d of July the secessionists of Middletown, Delaware, hoisted a Confederate flag on a pole which had been erected by the Unionists, and early on the morning of the 4th the "Stars and Bars" were saluted with forty rounds, by the supporters of the Abolition Government. When they discovered their mistake they were so enraged that they immediately hauled down the flag and tore it into shreds, and vigorously applied themselves to washing the pole with soap and water to cleanse it from the polluting effects of the Confederate banner.

**FATAL AFFRAY.**—An affray occurred at a house of ill-fame, near the Central Depot in this city, on Friday last, by which two men lost their lives. A man named James Robinson, a conscript substitute, ripped out the bowels of a soldier named Willoughby Davis, a member of the 56th Regiment, when he, in turn, was instantly shot dead by one of Davis's companions. Davis fled but was shot while being carried to the hospital.

**A TRUE GIRL.**—A correspondent of the Atlanta Confederacy writes:

A most touching incident occurred at the cars when we reached Wytheville. They were crowded with wounded soldiers returning to their homes from Richmond. A young lady on our arrival at the aforesaid place, of elegant manners and of bright, philanthropic face, appeared in the cars, bearing in one hand a large basket filled with pies and other refreshments, and in the other bandages and lint, for the wounded, accompanied by a young clergyman with two large buckets full of buttermilk. As she passed along she inquired of each soldier if she could administer in any way to their relief. They were perfectly overcome by her kindness, and asked her who she was. She replied, "Never mind my name, the only compensation I ask is the consciousness of having relieved the sufferings of the soldiers who have been fighting the battles of my country." With one voice they exclaimed, "God bless the good Samaritan," and many an eye was bedimmed with tears as she passed through the cars on her errand of mercy. How true the lines of Campbell: The world was sad! The garden was a wild; And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

**A PATRIOTIC OLD MATRON.**—A lady correspondent, writing to the Augusta Constitutional from Edgefield District, S. C., says: "On Saturday last, as I was going to the Relief Society I saw an old lady, who has three sons and several grandsons in the army—two of the latter were wounded in the recent fights. The old lady said: 'I am very poor, Miss B., and cannot give you anything for your good undertaking; but I will make six shirts and six pair of drawers without charge.'"

I told her that I could not expect her to give anything, and that she was too aged to work—she was seventy years old. But she insisted upon contributing her work, as she was not able to contribute money.

This patriotic matron is only one of thousands like her in the Southern Confederacy. Heaven bless them all!

**GRUMBLERS.**—The most troublesome, ungrateful and detestable character with which good or bad society is afflicted, is the grumbler. Many are given to repining and complaint, but have occasional movements of complacent satisfaction with themselves and all mankind. But the chronic grumbler sees everything through black spectacles. If he looks at the sun, it isn't as bright as he thinks it should be; if he has a good crop, it isn't as good as he expected; if he makes a good trade, he is vexed because he made no more; if the doors of plenty are thrown wide open to him, he is dissatisfied, and clamors for more. This spirit shows itself in times of public distress, when gloom overspreads society, and suspense weighs down the public spirit. Then these grumblers swarm out like bees, and seem to find pleasure in recounting their grievances. If they would confine their dolorous reflections to their own miserable circle, no harm would result, for the more miserable such creatures can be made, the nearer do they receive a reward for the indulgence of their sinful and unmanly passion. But when they recount imaginary distresses, and forebodings of evil to others, it has an unfavorable effect on popular opinion—just as throwing a bucket of dirty water into a spring affects the whole fountain. Therefore grumblers are a nuisance, and ought not to be tolerated. They should be put under the ban of popular opinion and kept there. [Southern Field & Fireside.]

**HOW MUCH WAS A PENNY A DAY.**—Much better wages than it sounds to us. An agricultural paper says that in the time of Christ a penny was about equal to fifteen of our cents, and as money was ten times as valuable as now, the penny a day was as good as 150 of our cents; so that the men that worked in the vineyard for that, got as good wages as good men now generally have in harvest time. The gift of the good Samaritan of two pence to the land-lord to take care of the man who fell among thieves in addition to the raiment, the oil and wine, was equivalent to about three dollars of our currency, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country where wheat bread was very cheap.

## A POLISH WEDDING.

As soon as the parties were properly prepared, the service commenced, and the public ceremony, which had filled the church, died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in no essential from the usual form in all Roman Catholic countries, except that, instead of a plain gold cross set on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity, and of the intention of both parties to keep forever the solemn covenant into which they have entered, before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words, "With this ring," &c., and then one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and placed two rings on the open book which he had held in his hand. He took them up one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers and pronouncing a blessing over them.

He then gave the small one which had engraved on it the bridegroom's name Mauritiues Mochuski, and the date of the year, to the bridegroom; and the large one, having the name Jahasie Zaitvianski, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and then Jahasie lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's as if to gather strength and firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one, having his name, shone on her finger—while the large one encircled his. Immediately on entering the chateau, the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady, and replaced by a cap ornamented with orange-blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime the bridesmaids had been flitting around her, laughing, whispering, blushing. Presently she took the wreath, which one of them had disengaged, from her veil, and flinging it amongst them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding."

Just then several beautiful children, of about ten years, having on their arms small filagree baskets filled with tiny bouquets of choice exotics, entered the saloon, and going around through the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each of the sides of which was delicately engraved. On one side were the initials of the bride; on the second those of the bridegroom; on the third, the day of the week; the fourth, the day of the month; fifth, the date of the year; sixth, the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, in a speech nearly a year ago, said:

"My friends forget not the soldier—send him contributions to make him comfortable while he is in the service. Take care of his family while he is absent. Employ your hands and your substance in doing works of charity in this time of your country's trial. If any should fall in battle remember the orphan and the widow, and take care of them. God will bless your noble performance of a patriotic duty."

**THE PRICE OF NEGROES.**—The following statement of the prices brought at a late auction may be interesting, especially in view of the fact that the first five were sold by order of the Government as the property of alien enemies:

One woman 37, and two girls 12 and 7 years old, \$2,325; one woman 19 and one child 6 months old, 1,400; one woman 39 and three children 7, 5 and 3 years old, 2,350; one man 37 years old, 1,220; one man 50 years old, 800; one man 35 years old, 1,160; one man 40 years old, lame, 875—\$10,255.—Wil. Journal.

The "National Intelligencer" and Baltimore "Sun" of a late date, announce the resignation of Seward.

The Governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut refuse to send more men to the field.

The "National Intelligencer" accuses Seward of having been engaged for the last sixty days, through England, in endeavoring to bring about an armistice.