

would listen, also thrilled even to pain by the melody; and then when he saw the tears stealing silently down my cheeks, he would say, "Come, Helen, put away your music, now, it is not good for Lucy any longer," uttering the command in a calm kindly tone, as if somehow she belonged to him.

He was forty now, and his dark hair was thickly streaked with silver, and yet Helen, who used to annoy me, by calling my master the ugliest man in the world, insisted now that somehow he had grown handsome.

I saw all this with a strange sense of heart crushing pain, such as I had never experienced before. I had always thought of the vicar as one who would never marry. I had accustomed myself to believe that I should always be his friend, his pupil, nearer to him than all others; and now a wall seemed springing up between us.

It was a most beautiful morning in summer. Once more I sat down by the window, and looked forth. I could see the church-yard in the distance where my father and my mother lay buried.

"Oh, how happy they are!" I murmured. "Their lives were short but sweet, for they loved each other, and they sleep now in one grave. Oh, father! Oh, mother! why may not your crippled, helpless child come home to her rest beside you?"

A low, gleeful laugh came from the garden. Duncan Clavering was helping my sister to tie up the very same rose-bush Charles Stanley had helped her to tie five years before, on the morning after their betrothal. Had she forgotten, that she could laugh over its crimson blossoms with another now? I could not see his face, but he was bending eagerly forward, and once more his hand touched hers.

In that moment my own soul's secret was revealed to me. I fell upon my knees, then I threw myself prostrate on the floor, and buried my face in my hands. A cry, a wail of anguish went up from my breaking heart.

"I know not how long I lay there; it might have been moments. A voice roused me, which could almost have summoned me from the sleep of death.

"My poor Lucy," it said, "my little darling!"

Oh, I knew then that he loved me. I needed no more. Never before had such tones fallen upon my ears; such cadences of protecting, tender absorbing love. He lifted me in his arms. No other had ever done this since my father died. He carried me across the room, and sat down, still holding me. Then he kissed me. It was the first kiss any man save my departed father, had left on the poor cripple's lips.

"You are weak, my pupil," he said, gently; "let me be your support. Will you be my wife?"

I raised up from his shoulder; I looked at him. "Would you take me, my master?" I faltered, "me, a cripple!"

"Listen to me my pupil. I love you. I have loved you for years; but I would not ask your love, for I thought your vivid fancy; your exacting nature; would never be satisfied with one like me: plain, poor, and no longer young. Heaven only knows what I suffered when I saw that Charles Stanley wished to marry you. I thought, with his gifted, sensitive nature you must love him. He married Helen, and I was content; but still I could not ask your love, I would not give you the opportunity of refusing me; of blasting all my hope. While I did not know your heart I could still hope. But you have not told me yet; do you love me, Lucy?"

"You know I do, my master," I replied. "But I shall shock your taste. You will blush for me." A painful glow overspread my own cheek.

"Listen, my pupil," said he. "You were a very obedient little pupil, Lucy; listen, and never left the subject be mentioned between us hereafter. To me, your face is the fairest and sunniest among women. I am proud, oh, how proud of your genius which I have helped to cultivate. Your lameness I regard, under Providence, as a blessing. Without it you never would have been the woman that you are; so gifted, yet so humble. There is another reason why I am thankful for it: I am a jealous man; I could never bear that my wife's person should possess the same charms as other men as it had for my own eyes. This will prevent it. Forgive me, Lucy. We were created for each other."

He answered me with a look that

"That was but your fancy," said he; "Helen is your sister."

"One more question my master; forgive me for asking it," said I. "Is this your first love? Crippled as I am, do you indeed love me with all the dreams of your youth?"

"I do, it is my first love," he replied; "I love you with all the dreams of my youth; with all the hopes of my manhood. Lucy, you are as my own life."

We were married in a few days, for I had no preparations to make. In a few months Helen was also married to one who loved her, and she is happy. I am now fifty years old; for just half my life I have been his happy wife. He has indeed been my support in the hour of need. **LUCY.**

[For the Argus.]
[By request.]
LINES
Respectfully inscribed to Miss S. A. C., by
WILLIAM R. TERRY.

Perhaps, 'tis useless to remember;
But oh, I can ne'er forget
The gay night in December,
When you and I first met.
Many, many years it has been,
For I was but a boy—
An innocent child, free from sin—
Happiness was mine without alloy!
And you, sweet girl, had not yet known,
The sad realities of life;
For you, too, was then not grown—
Unacquainted with the world's great strife!
And oh, then, how happy were we,
As onward we were borne,
O'er life's great uncertain sea;
Unmindful of the coming storm;
The fierce storm which o'er
Life's uncertain sea,
Sweeps and wrecks us on the shore
Of vast eternity.
But let's not murmur, my friend,
Over our sorrowful lot;
But continue cheerful till the end,
And let not old times be forgot!
Oh, no, let's ne'er forget
The happy hour that we,
Strangers, each other met
On life's tumultuous sea!
And oh, let's endeavor to act so,
That when this life is o'er
We'll meet on heaven's happy shore—
There to part—nay, never more!
Rockingham, N. C., March 24th, 1863.

NEWS GENERAL AND STATE.

The Enquirer says that it has been rumored on the streets that a thousand barrels of the flour recently seized in that city belonged to one of the city editors. If this allegation prove true, it would seem that the press itself—the engine that should elevate and reform—is giving way to the mania for speculation. For the credit of the profession we hope it is not so.

They have a new way of "running the blockade" in the army. They wrap a bottle of Whisky in a lump of dough and bake it into a bread loaf—and so passes without the countersign.

There seems to have been some impressments of bacon in Wake County, which has resulted in bringing down the price from 90 to 75 cents.

CONFEDERATE BONDS.

RICHMOND, March 30.—At auction to-day Confederate bonds 15,000,000 loan, sold at 134½, and bonds of 1,000,000 loan, long date, at 105.

BACKED DOWN.—The Virginia Legislature have backed out from the transfer of the State Line to the Confederacy. The Examiner says:

It is said that both Houses of the Virginia Legislature, on Monday last, in secret session, repealed the act transferring the State line to the Confederate authorities, and then disbanded the line unconditionally. This action is said to be most agreeable both to the officers and men who formerly composed that corps.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—The Court Martial which tried Captain A. C. Webster, (holding a commission under the Pierpont Government,) on the charge of a breach of his parole of honor, has found him guilty, and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he is dead. The sentence having been approved, it was further ordered that the prisoner be executed at Camp Lee, on Friday, the 31 day of April, between the hours of 8 A. M., and 3 P. M. Webster has been incarcerated in the military prison, in this city, for some time past, and has made a number of desperate efforts to escape. [Richmond Whig.]

EXTORTION EXTRAORDINARY.—We learn that a short time since, a preacher, we will not say of what denomination, exposed for sale, at a Railroad station, near the Edisto river, or a branch of it, a few small hickory shad and a large mudfish, and had the conscience to demand one dollar each for the shad and ten dollars for the mudfish! The Holy Bible classes extortioners with adulterers and murderers. Further comment is unnecessary.—Char. Courier.

Mr. M. Brown, ten barrels of whose flour was taken by the women week before last, says it is not correct that he gave it free of charge. He consented that they might take that quantity rather than submit to a heavier demand; but did not mean to be understood as giving it free of charge. Neither his circumstances nor his duty to others would admit of such liberality on his part.—Watchman.

A den of thieves was discovered near this place on yesterday. There have been several smoke-house robberies in this neighborhood. These Johnstons was swept very clean of meat Saturday night, and yesterday morning he found the trail

of the thieves and tracked them to their cave. Two of them, one a woman, were arrested and committed to the County prison. Two, one of them a runaway negro, made good their escape. [Sals. Watchman, 30.]

CAMP HOLMES.—Col. Peter Mallett having sufficiently recovered from the wounds received in the battle of Kingston, has resumed his former position as commandant of Camp Holmes the rendezvous for North Carolina conscripts.

Col. August who has filled this place since the disability of Col. Mallett, has given great satisfaction to all who have been brought in contact with him, and as he leaves us for duty elsewhere, we assure him that the good wishes of our people go with him.

Col. Mallett, though not recovered from his wounds, will be able to discharge the duties of the position. [Progress.]

A TRUE MAN.—The Asheville News says: Thomas S. Edwards, of Haywood county, made last year a surplus of 2000 bushels of corn, for which he was offered \$3 per bushel. He refused to take it, and is now selling it to the families of soldiers at 75 cents a bushel. Look at him, reader? Don't it do you good in the midst of a world of extortioners and thieves to find one man with a soul in his body? We understand also that Col. Cathey of the same county is furnishing the families of soldiers flour at \$5 a hundred, while almost everybody else is asking \$20. Well may Haywood be proud of such sons. May Heaven bless them!

ANOTHER FEMALE RAID.—We learn that a number of women, some twenty, more or less, made a raid on the corn crib of Dr. Goellet, at Boon Hill, Johnson county, last week. The women were mostly the wives of soldiers and offered one dollar a bushel for the corn, which was held, we learn, at fifteen dollars a barrel, and a large quantity on hand. Certainly one dollar a bushel is enough for men to pay for corn who only get eleven dollars a month, and sleep on the ground at that.

These mobs are greatly to be deprecated, but people will not starve if they can help it. We fear they are but the beginning of the mob violence we shall witness if the war continues. The times are sadly out of joint and the masses are becoming demoralized. We see no way to arrest it but to stop the war, and we see no way to do this as all power is vested in the rulers and the people are powerless. We suppose if we wait patiently something will turn up.—Progress.

MOVEMENT FOR THE IMPEACHMENT OF LINCOLN.—The special Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times learns from a distinguished gentleman from New York, that a movement is on foot in that city, looking to the impeachment of Lincoln at the opening of the next Congress, as provided by the Constitution. The movement originated with the most eminent Constitutional lawyers of the country, including two from the West. He says "every intelligent man must be aware that the crimes of the Executive and his inability to conduct the affairs of the nation, even in time of peace, have furnished ample ground for his impeachment, and every true patriot will rejoice to learn that he is to be brought to punishment. The first draft of the articles of impeachment are already drawn up. It embraces charges, which if proved against Queen Victoria, would bring her to the untimely end of Charles I. English people would not have endured the outrages on their rights to which American people have patiently submitted. No English King would have dared violate the English Constitution as the President has violated the Constitution of the United States."

N. C. BONDS.—N. C. Sixes, (old issue) sold in Richmond last Saturday at 175.

Two peaceable citizens of Manchester, Va., have been murdered during the last few days by Confederate soldiers.—Ral. Progress.

Webster, a desperate character, who is to be hung at Richmond on Friday next, made a desperate attempt to escape from Castle Thunder on Friday night last.

The Sharpe's Rifles manufactured at Richmond seem to be rather a poor weapon. In a trial of a lot recently, seven out of nine bursted the first fire.

In an editorial on affairs in the Southwest, the N. Y. World says "darken counsel with words as we may the campaign on the Mississippi, is so far a failure." It expresses doubt as to the result of every one of the movements now under way.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, April 1.—In the Senate to-day the House bill to abolish flogging in the army passed with an amendment; also House bill to reconsider Navy and Senate bill to increase the number of Military Courts to attend army in the field. A message from the President vetoing the act relative to the first regiment South Carolina volunteers entitled an act increasing the efficiency of heavy artillery for coast defenses. Nothing important done in the House. Members drawing for seats in the Hall of Virginia House of Delegates vacated yesterday by adjournment sine die of the General Assembly.

Tobacco is the speculative staple of Northern North Carolina and Southern Virginia, and it has received such an immense boost upwards in price as to have stimulated its culture in all the border counties. Among others we hear that in Franklin county in this State, the great rage is for planting tobacco, irrespective of the cry of the country for food. Surely this is not only wrong but impolitic and short-sighted, and we trust the planters will think better of it while there is yet time.—Ral. Progress.

SALE OF STATE BONDS.—The bids for the bonds offered for sale by Kemp P. Battle, Esq., Pres't of the Chatham R. R. Company, were opened yesterday at the office of the Public Treasurer. We learn that \$5000 of the bonds exchanged with the city of Raleigh brought 30 per cent. premium, and \$5000 exchanged with the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company, 25 per cent. The residue 40,000 was taken at 19½ per cent. premium. Of the successful bids some were for 19, some 18, some 16½ and large numbers at 15 per cent. premium, and numbers at lower premiums.—Progress April 1st.

INQUEST.—Yesterday afternoon, Coroner H. R. Perkins held an inquest over the body of a white man found in Smiths Creek near the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and about a mile from the depot. The body was that of a stevedore, dressed in black broad-cloth coat, doeskin pants and cut velvet vest. He had sandy hair, a short nose, was about five feet seven

or eight inches high, and had a plain flat gold ring on the little finger of one of his hands, we think the right hand.

There was a cut on the top of the head four or five inches long, extending from the front to the back, apparently inflicted by an axe. Also a horizontal cut on the left side of the forehead. The chest and abdomen also bore the marks of numerous cuts and stabs, as though done by a knife. The clothes were cut, and pockets rifled. There was neither shoes nor hat.

Near the creek, and at a short distance from where the body was found, were distinct traces of blood, and some indications of a struggle, although it had rained heavily on the night before (Monday). The body evidently had not been long in the water, probably between one and two days, say thirty-six hours.

Evidently there had been foul play. The man must have been killed and thrown in. There were many footprints on the margin of the creek at the point where the body was found.

The jury found that the deceased had come to his death from wounds, inflicted by some person or persons to them unknown. As yet, the matter is a complete mystery, there being no clue whatever to the perpetrator or perpetrators.—Wil. Journal.

INQUEST.—On Thursday last, Coroner H. R. Perkins, held an inquest over the body of a white man found on shore, on the East Bank of the Cape Fear River, near Pickett's Landing about fifteen miles below Wilmington. The verdict of the jury was "supposed to be accidentally drowned."

The body was considerably decomposed. It had on a pair of English boots, two red flannel shirts and one blue jeans shirt. There was a portemonnaie, with about fifty-five dollars, and a two bladed knife,—white handle.

The following marks were inscribed on his left forearm with India Ink:

(Palmetto tree,)
J. H. W.
M. Wood.

A. E. W. Wil. Journal 1st.

ANOTHER.—On the 29th instant, Coroner Perkins held an inquest over the body of a man, supposed to be a negro, found near the Confederate Road and about three miles from town. The body was found in a dense thicket, to which fire had been set, whether accidentally or otherwise could not be ascertained. The body was so much burned as wholly to preclude the chance of recognition, and no part of the clothing was left uncombed but part of the shoes and the portion of the socks protected by them. The jury found that the deceased came to his death from causes unknown to them.

The matter looks mysterious, and, indeed, not a little suggestive of foul play, as though the party had been murdered, then dragged or cast into the thicket, and the thicket fired to hide all traces of the deed. Wil. Journal.

\$200 Reward.

RANAWAY FROM THE SUBSCRIBER ABOUT the middle of August last, JACK, a bright mulatto, about 36 years of age, five feet 8 or 9 inches in height, spare built, slow-spoken, has a large scar on the left cheek extending from the corner of the mouth two thirds of the way towards the ear, and 's by trade a carpenter. One hundred dollars will be paid for his delivery to the Subscriber living 8 miles south of Wadesboro', Anson county, N. C., or for his confinement so that he may be had, and \$100 more, for evidence sufficient to convict any white person or persons, for harboring the said slave Jack. **JAMES C. BENNETT.** Wadesboro', December 18, 1862. 212-5m.

Dentistry.

B. B. HORTON, RESIDENT DENTIST. B. B. HORTON, Resident Dentist, N. C., is fully prepared to perform any operation on the TEETH. He has now on hand a good supply of GOLD FILL, TEETH, and all other materials to a successful practice of his profession. Teeth mounted on Gold or Silver Plate, from one to a full set, or suction, or clasps. All work warranted for 5 years. After 23 years practice, I have no hesitancy in saying, I can give entire satisfaction to those who patronize me. N. B.—I will attend to all calls from home; but shall have to charge mileage, in addition to my other fees. **B. B. HORTON.** Wadesboro', Jan. 27, 1863—215-tf.



NEW

Livery Stable

IN WADESBOROUGH.

THE SUBSCRIBER TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING that he has at last effected arrangements in establishing a long needed institution in this place—A LIVERY STABLE. His building is large and commodious, and every means will be taken by him and those under his charge, in giving satisfaction to the public.

HORSES AT LIVERY, will receive every attention. Horses, Buggies, and Hackes, ready at all times to convey parties to any point they wish to go, and Horses taken to board either by the FEED, DAY, or MONTH. The patronage of the public is most earnestly solicited, either in putting up their horses with me for the Feed, or Day, or in hiring my Horses, Buggies, or Hackes. Mr. JAS. THREADGILL, Superintendent, will be on hand at all times, to attend to the wants of those who may honor me with their patronage. Proprietor. N. B. I wish to purchase several good DRAUGHT HORSES. Reasonable offers known to persons of world de well to give me a call. October 23, 1862 2055t A J. G. CARAWAY