

South Carolina Argus.

This Argus &c. the people's rights both an eternal vigil keep: No soothing strain of Mata's son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1869.

NUMBER 43.

South Carolina Argus.

Miscellaneous.

WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION.
For one year, in advance, \$2.00
For six months, in advance, \$1.25
For three months, in advance, \$0.75
For one month, in advance, \$0.25

ADVERTISEMENTS.
For one square, first insertion, 25 cents
For each subsequent insertion, 10 cents
For one square, first insertion, 50 cents
For each subsequent insertion, 25 cents
For one square, first insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, 50 cents

THE DUELIST.
FROM THE LONDON TEMPLE BAR.

In the year 183—there lived at Bordeaux the last, or one of the last, of a long line of swordsmen who had made their name of France in the arena of the sword. His name was Comte de V—, a man of great physical strength, imperious and unyielding, and temperance strictly. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit, the dwelling fit, was not on him; but this came on him in about every six months, and then he would have blood, it matters little whose. He had killed, and wounded boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, savants, and peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one—always contriving that, according to the code of honor, he should be the injured party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France, just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire, only the less noxious vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed, than was dealt out to the human sort.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V—, previous to the story I am about to tell, was to send a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to concede the combat, he replied that "fools sometimes mistake me with pistols," and the next morning he was through the judge. The evil fit was on him, but the blood that shed quieted him for another fortnight, and rather more, for the public opinion was for him.

But the trouble him over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with a heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the head which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him, consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

As a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-natured. He was engaged reading a journal, which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call for any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. de Comte de V—, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Comte approached this table, it became sufficiently well known who he was about to honor with his incursions, and the circle narrowed again. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited, especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which, the weather being warm, he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the crowd. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garçon!"

"Garçon," he said, when that functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garçon was embarrassed.

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to you?"

"A hat, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to you?"

"A hat, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to you?"

"A hat, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

This he said, in a voice sufficiently loud for the crowd to hear, and the circle parted right and left, the angry Comte, as the two walked towards the house.

With a low bow to call "police," no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent?

Now a soul? The divided duellist had his will done, and every one breathed freely, now that they knew the victor's name.

"The Count and his friend (?) ushered into the apartment prepared for the lavender, who, as soon as the garçon had left, took off his coat and proceeded to rearrange the furniture, saying he would leave the room free for what was to follow—the Count standing with folded arms, gazing at him the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger unlocked the door, placed the key on the mantel-piece behind him, and said—

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees I should, perhaps, have acquired more book-knowledge; but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of another to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of another's strength, against the weak or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind for what you came; be content with what you get. For example, to follow what I have observed, if a man killed with the small-sword, he would be a coward and a knave."

"I shall not be killed," said the Comte, with a slight smile.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur le Comte, that he is a coward and a knave."

"And that?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know us would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith, what sure I what they think?"

for many a long day, that number one" found him to see fifty men leaning in the fragment with his right eye, that number two produced a smaller phenomenon with his left, than number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had done. And when one or two other "birds" had completely covered him, and he threw open the window, and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and—well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the street-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master, as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes, the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared, being thrown out of the hotel window, and—ridiculous—so awful to a Freebrian—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

The following "thrilling story," although not of the highest order of merit in a literary point of view, may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of "puzzles" to exercise their ingenuity:

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

the following "thrilling story," although not of the highest order of merit in a literary point of view, may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of "puzzles" to exercise their ingenuity:

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

We once saw a young man going at the "ry heavens, with a 7 in 12 and a 7 of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by angling 2 a 7 in a paper we held in our hand, relating to a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a state of exasperation. He dropped the 7 and 7 of pistols from his hand, with the "It is I of whom I read." I had left home 64 my friend's name, and called at the name of the man who had been called

ASHE & BENNETT,
Attorneys at Law,
WADESBORO', N. C.

ARON REINSTEIN,
Dry Goods, Clothing,
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
CARPETING,
OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, RUGS, &c.
No. 23, Market Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

HARGRAVE & M'MILLAN,
Attorneys at Law,
WADESBORO', N. C.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF ANSON,
Staley, Richmond, Bladen, and Cumberland.
11-17

SUTTON & CHILD,
Tin and Sheet Iron Workers,
Corner Princess and Front Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

KEEP ALWAYS ON HAND AN ASSORTMENT
of Stoves, Grates, Pumps, Lamps, Locomotives,
Lansons and Solons Oil, &c., &c.
All kinds of METAL ROOFING executed in the
the approved style, and on terms to suit the times.

FALL AND WINTER IMPORTATION.
1869.
RIBBONS,
MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS.

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,
No. 125 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBER OF BONNETS AND
CRIMMING RIBBONS, VELVET and BASH
RIBBONS, BONNET SIDES, SATINS and VELVETS,
ILLUSTRATIONS, BLONDS, LACES, BLOUSES,
NETS, and CRAPES, FRENCH FLOWERS and
FRATHERS, STRAW BONNETS and Ladies' HATS,
trimmed and untrimmed, SILK, VELVET and FELT
BONNETS and HATS, SUNSHADES and SHAKER
BOARDS.

Cotton Notice.
COTTON INTENDED FOR SHIPMENT OVER
the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Rail-
road, for Wilmington or New York, will be received
at Edenville by Col. R. B. Little, and at New Forest-
ville by Col. W. O. Smith, and loaded to Head of
old Road free of charge.
Freight only \$2.00 for bale of 450 lbs.
Wm. I. EVERETT,
Asst. Eng' and Sup't.