

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Slouthing Strain of Maid's Son can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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## Selected Poetry.

Selected Poetry. The wherewithal. My horse was fleet but the tall grass tangled his feet, and I had a long hard chase before I came up with my game. I paid no attention to Bob; his game had a different direction from mine, and we were soon widely separated. After a hard chase, I came near enough, I thought, to venture a shot—perhaps, if I did not kill him, I could cripple him and thus stop him somewhat in his mad career. I brought my rifle to my shoulder quickly; but as I fired my horse stumbled slightly, his feet having become tangled in the grass, and I missed my aim, but struck the beast in the shoulder instead of the heart; and the ball being large, made a terrible wound, from which the blood flew in a stream. This maddened him, and turning quickly, he charged with a terrible half snort and half roar upon me. My horse was taken by surprise and frightened; and in springing partly to one side, as if to turn suddenly and fly away from the mad creature, his feet caught in the tangled grass, and he fell, throwing me many feet over his head. The fall did not hurt me, and I was on my feet in an instant; but before I could reach my horse he was up, and bounding away over the prairie, leaving me to my fate. I had no time to think whether I fancied the situation or not, for the mad bull was upon me almost; and with a look of despair after my flying horse, I ran, I knew not whither, but with an instinct of self-preservation; all this happened in an instant. I had hoped the maddened creature would pursue my horse; but not so—the buffalo knows well who is his worst enemy. I was fleet of foot; for I had run my life many times—but the tall grass impeded my progress, and I knew I could hold out but a few moments. I saw not the slightest chance for my life. Here I was, upon this broad ocean of prairie; Bob was, I knew not where, nor had time to look; the grass tangling my feet and taking away my strength, and a wounded buffalo within a few hundred yards of and gaining upon me at every bound. I thought of my revolver, and that I would sell my life as dearly as possible. I always carried it in my belt, and perhaps I could throw it over my shoulder and shoot the bull in the eye. I had no hope of the ball doing him any hurt if it hit him anywhere else; for you must know that these animals always have a thick mass of hair on their foreheads, that is so matted together with sand and dirt, that no ball from a rifle will penetrate it. I knew if a ball from my rifle struck his forehead, it would have no more effect than the wind blowing against it. I put my hand to my belt; but my revolver was gone, the scabbard was empty. It had probably fallen out when I was thrown from my horse. It was with a feeling somewhat of despair that I found it gone. It seemed as if there was nothing but death before me; for how could I hope to escape from cope successfully with a wounded buffalo—wounded, as I knew, in a vital part, but sufficiently to madden him. I could hear more plainly his half grunt, and half snort close upon my heels—and could feel his breath upon my back—in another instant he would be upon me—would pierce me with his short stumpy horns—would grind me to the earth with his monster head, and trample me beneath his foot. I indeed felt that my time had come—that no earthly power could save me and instinctively I breathed a prayer to heaven. At that instant my feet became entangled and I fell; the maddened creature had just touched me as I went down, and was under such terrible headway that he passed directly over me without touching me. As

## Selected Story.

### BUFFALO HUNT.

On a beautiful morning in the month of October that my friend and myself mounted our horses and rode up the north bank of the Platte on a hunt after buffalo. You will understand that the river at St. Vrain's, makes a bend—the river above the fort almost due east, and turns almost due north, and turns almost due east at the foot. We would ride up the river a mile, and then, striking northward, we should be most likely to find game, return by a short cut to the prairie to the fort; though a little difference to us whether we should go to-night or to-morrow, as was our custom, to camping. We rode up the river until almost midnight, many deer and wolves could hardly ride through the grass a mile without seeing a sign of game, we paid no attention to them until nearly noon, when they were somewhat tired and Bob, who was an excellent hunter, made a fine buck; and, dismounting, we made a most delicious dinner of the young tender venison. We rode across the broad prairie, with the exception of the tall grass there was not a tree or shrub of vast extent, excepting a few willow banks. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were beginning to get tired, and we were thinking of our heads towards the west. They were two buffaloes feeding on a little rise of the first rise we had seen on the river. We were now from where we had left the river, but hoped we were on a direct route to the prairie, though we did not know whether of us having any gun before. I exclaimed Bob, put your horse and getting excited for some sport, and charges for supper," and at a reckless break-neck was a long distance off from the prairie, and was out to separate as soon as we were of the ridge, and each one and charge down upon the other, if possible. I was rushing up to the top of the ridge, and discovered us, and immediately to flight. Buffaloes can run, notwithstanding their great size, seem to gather momen-

his tail brushed over my face I grasped it, and was dragged to my feet, as the buffalo, stopping suddenly, attempted to turn upon me. But I had a new lease of my life. I held on to his tail with a death grasp, and was dragged round and round. You may smile, dear reader, but the tailhold was my last chance now, and I held on with the grim determination while the bull wheeled rapidly round and round, roared, snuffed, snorted and pawed the ground in his terrible rage, but could not shake me off. But what should I do now? I knew I could not hold on to him long, as my strength was nearly exhausted, having run so far before I fell. I had nothing to kill him with—not even a penknife. His wound was bleeding profusely, and my hope was that he might become exhausted first; but he seemed far from that now, while I seemed very near to it. I knew my strength could hold out but little longer; and to let go was certainly death. The bull would suddenly take a freak and run and bellow with all his might, dragging me with velocity—then he would stop and with a terrific snort attempt to turn on me, and it was more than I could do with my falling strength to keep out of his way, and several times his horns rent my clothing. This state of things could not continue; I was jerked hither and thither, my arms nearly pulled from their sockets—worried almost to death and about to loose my hold—when, as the mad creature paused an instant, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge creature gave one plunge, and fell upon his side in the death struggle. I was safe, but it came not a moment too soon. I, too, fell to the ground, more dead than alive. The sequel is soon told. It was Bob who had saved me. He had been more fortunate than I, and after a hard chase had killed his game, and then looked round for me. The first thing he saw was my horse without a rider, and then he discovered me in the distance clinging to the bull's tail for dear life; and putting spurs to his horse, he rode up to me. I was sometimes before he could shoot, for fear of hitting me; but he finally succeeded in planting a ball directly in the animal's breast. After resting, capturing my horse, and securing my revolver, which I easily found where I fell from the horse, we sat down to smoke and relate our adventures.

considerable dispute as to the name of the fish that swallowed the gentleman above mentioned, some persons arguing that the throat of a whale is not large enough to swallow a man. This objection seems to be inconsequential. Jonah might have been made in a smaller mould than other men. Moreover, it was certain that he was cast over before being swallowed—cast over the rail of the vessel. There has been much speculation, also, as the cause of John's expulsion from the whale's interior, but the theory most generally accepted is that he soured on the whale's stomach. He was very fortunate in reaching land, since he had no pilot. If he had taken a pilot with him into the stomach of the whale, he would doubtless have selected Panchous Pilate as the proper man. Jonah was the first man who retired from the Department of the Interior, and Dolano was the last one. But we digress. Let us return to our fish. The cod-fish is the great source of all salt. In this respect Lot's wife was nowhere, however, it would be well to remember Lot's wife. The saline qualities of the cod-fish permeate and percolate the vast deep, and make the ocean as salt as himself. Weighed in his own scales, he is found wanting—wanting considerable freshening. He is by nature quite social, his principal recreation being balls—fish balls. The cod-fish was worshipped by the Greeks; but he is only half as well treated by the inhabitants of Cape Cod—he is simply shipped. Hence the difference between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Cape Cod. Small fish are usually harmless, but parents can't be too careful about permitting their children to play where large fish abound, as it is an established fact the big fish frequently eat up the little ones. The jelly fish is, perhaps, the best understood of all the finny tribe, because, being translucent it is easy to see through him. The greatest number of fish are eaten on Friday, and the next greatest number on Saturday, because those that are left over are argued to be persons are not of that kind; it is grammatical to say that the five loaves and three fishes were ate; since five and three were always eight. They should be treated with silent contempt. Fish are provided with air bladders; so that they can rise from the depths of the sea by simply filling these bladders with air. If any one is disposed to ask where they get the air for such inflation let him understand in advance that this article is not intended for the solution of petty conundrums. There are many interesting rumors about fish which might be mentioned, but the foregoing facts may be considered as fish-all.

### The God-Man.

A SHORT SENTINEL SERMON BY P. DONAN.

A world lay dying in its sins. The brightest sphere in all the wondrous planet-brood, stunk to creation's farthest bounds, with festering rottenness, pollution, lust and crime. The sun, in all his wide wanderings, beheld no foot of soil on earth's fair face, unstained by blood or tears. From pole to pole, on land and sea, envy, slander, lawless ambition, falsehood, treachery, fraud, robbery and murder, held the high carnival of fiends. Over continent and island, over mountain and valley and plain wherever a human foot had trod, the very air was heavy-laden, sick with sin. Cain, first-born of all the sons of men, was a fratricide. Noah, the second head of our whole hapless race, became a sot. David was an adulterer; Solomon a polygamist and idolater; and Socrates a suicide.—From Adam, skulking and laying the blame of his transgression upon his wife in Eden; to Herod, smitten with putrefaction and swarming with maggots, on his throne; there was none that wrought righteousness, no not one. All mankind were sinners, steeped in guilt's deepest, blackest, most hopeless dye. Death was the Dity-affixed penalty for every offense. Inexorable Justice demanded its infliction. But Mercy plead for the doomed and helpless victims; and Omnipotence heard the plea. But how were Justice and Mercy to be reconciled? The fat of Jehovah had gone forth; "He that sinneth shall surely die." How could the sinner be saved, without falsifying the threats of Infinite Truth and Holiness? A mediator, a substitute must be found. Some one must die. If he were all human, his death would be but the penalty of his own sins, and would afford no expiation. If he were

all divine, he would be incapable of suffering or dying and could render no atonement. He must be both human and divine. Human to suffer; divine, that his sufferings might be efficacious, and infinite in extent. Jesus Christ was this Mediator, this Savior. He alone, of all the beings who ever trod, or ever will tread, the surface of our sin-cursed globe, possessed this double nature—was this God-Man. As a Man born in a stable, at Bethlehem;—As a God, whose birth hailed by legions of angels, whose refulgent splendors and heavenly harmonies dazzle and astound the shepherds on Judea's lonely hills. As a Man cradled in a manger;—As a God, receiving the adoration and gifts of the Eastern Magi, led to his lowly couch, by a gleaming world of meteoric light. As a man, wrapped in the deep sleep of the weary, in that frail, tempest-tossed bark, on Galilee's Lake;—As a God, calming the raging winds and lulling the billows to sleep, with the omnipotent words: "Peace be still." As a Man, pitying the fainting multitude, in the wilderness of Decapolis;—As a God, feeding the famishing thousands, with miracle-created bread and fishes. As a Man, weeping at the grave of Lazarus, his friend;—As a God, commanding the Dead to come forth, and restoring him to his rejoicing sisters. As a man, paying tribute to Cæsar;—As a God, compelling the fish of the sea to discharge the needed coin. As a Man, suffering hunger, thirst, weariness, poverty and abuse; As a God, healing the sick, eviscerating the lepers, casting out devils, restoring the limbs of the halt and the maimed, giving sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, making the dumb to speak, and raising the dead to life. As a Man, groaning in unutterable agony, and sweating great drops of blood, beneath the dark olive trees of Gethsemane's Garden;—As a God, felling the armed rabble to the earth, by a look; and replacing the ear of the high priest's servant, with a single touch. As a Man, bleeding, gasping, dying upon Calvary's Cross;—As a God, bestowing Paradise upon the repentant thief at his side. As a man, pouring out his agonized soul in that piteous cry: "Eloi! Eloi! I lama sabachthani!"—As a God, praying for his murderers: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." As a Man, meekly having his head, and shoulders smitten, and saying: "It is finished;"—As a God, all Nature convulsed with mortal terror at his death; the sun hid behind a pall of funeral woe; the solid earth trembling to its center, with mysterious awe; the very graves yawning forth their sheeted tenants; and the veil of Judah's proud temple rent in twain, to show that it no longer screens the Holy of Holies. As a Man buried in Joseph's tomb;—As a God, bursting the bars of death, on the morning of the self-appointed third day and rising triumphant over hell and the grave, with a glory which prostrates even the pagan soldiery about his sepulcher, as dead men, upon the ground. As a Man, eating a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb, with his doubting disciples; and permitting Thomas to thrust his fingers into the nail-prints in his hands, and the cruel hole torn by a Roman spear in his side;—As a God, swept up in a cloud, from the gaze of his adoring followers, to the right hand of the Father in Heaven, "where he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Reader, friend, what interest have you in the intercession of this wondrous Redeemer, this only God-Man?

A MANIA FOR INDIANA.—We are told that at a certain point on the North Carolina Railroad, there lives a crazy man whose one great idea is to go to Indiana. Several times he has started on foot and by the cars, "to go to Indiana," but every time his friends have caught him and brought him back. The other day he got a way with his relatives, however, and boarded the train. He was horribly clad, and the best he could do in the way of a coat, was an old linen duster, the smallest hole in which was the arm hole. The conductor came along, "Tickets!" The crazy man had no ticket. "Money?" He had no money, either. "Well, my friend," said the conductor, taking in the situation by this time, and laying his hand on the lapel of the old duster, which the man wore, "you must get off." "All right sir," said the poor fellow, "I'll get off, but for God's sake don't tear my coat!"

It is always sad to look upon one whose mind is obscured by the mists of insanity, and this was a singularly sad case, but when our informant looked at that so-called coat, which the insane man was so particular not to have torn, he could not repress a smile; no one could, if it occurred just as he told it.—Charlotte Observer.

Masked men appeared at the Bloomington, Indiana, jail before daylight Tuesday morning, overpowered the sheriff, secured the keys and shot and killed a prisoner named O. A. Marshon. Marshon was convicted of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life three years ago, but the Supreme Court recently granted him a new trial.

## The Farm.



Manure Making. Farmers who expect to thrive must learn the habitual art of making manure. An exchange says: The farmer who has plenty of stock will find manure making both simple and easy. For the land there is nothing better than good barnyard manure. But in cases where there is not stock enough on the place to yield a full supply, it is best to resort to compost. And it is best to get at the business composing without further delay—go at it now. True, you may be very busy with your crop, but you can certainly catch time enough to start a compost heap or two. Don't start a slight concave in the earth, under the barn or stable, throw a few oddshoes and ends into it, with the loose manure lying about, and the heap is started. Then, from that day on, cast all your refuse rubbish, such as green weeds, rotten vegetables, rotten fruits and the like, upon the pile. Have your women folk to give it all the kitchen slops and soap suds. If it gets to smelling badly, throw on a little finely pulverized earth—dry swamp muck is better, if you have it, but if not, earth will do answer. Thus gather into your pile what you can through the summer, and when fall comes on go to the woods with your wagon, if you live in a woods country, and haul in leaves and substitute straw and grass for the leaves. Let your stock tramp it all under foot, and mix it with their manure until pretty well cut up, then away with it, altogether, to your compost heap, and down with a new supply of straw or leaves. Keep the work up at odd spells, and when early spring comes, haul and spread upon your lands what you have accumulated, and turn it under at the breaking. Don't be afraid of getting your land too rich, and don't for a moment think that what you are doing will be labor lost, even though you do happen to have a soil that is reasonably productive, naturally. It might feel now, but unless you feed it, the time will come when it will refuse to feed you—or your children. And it will pay you a good return for what you now. Not long ago, and enjoy without murder or of man culture, a Mississippi bottom farm, in Charles county, Missouri, told the writer of this article that he manured his rich lands every season, and found it to pay better than any other work done on his place.

BEES-KEEPING.—Bees-keeping is not unprofitable in the way of dollars and cents, but the presence of bees in and about orchards and vineyards tends to increase the yield from vines and trees. Bees carry pollen from petal to petal and cause more fruit to set than would otherwise be done. Bees are also a very desirable and profitable occupation, not only pleasant but profitable occupation, and also gives out-door work, and thus benefits their general health; and there is no other business which offers such strong inducements to those who wish to make money.—[Mrs. E. S. Tupper.

APPLES VS. COTTON.—The Hot Springs Advertiser very sensibly remarks: It occurs to us at a mere glance, without giving the matter mature deliberation, that a farmer can raise 12 apples with less labor than he can raise 4 pounds of cotton, which is about its equivalent in value. One thing is certain: He does not have to work the year around to raise his apples and he does have to put in the whole year on the cotton scheme.