

North Carolina Argus.

John W. Cameron, Publisher. This Argus is the People's right doer on eternal vigil keep: No snuffing strain of Main's Son can fall his hundred eyes to sleep.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

New Series.—Vol. IV.—No. 10.

Fayetteville, N. C. Saturday March 14, 1857.

Whole No. 166.

JOHN W. CAMERON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
D. McNEILL, Assistant Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two Dollars in advance.
Five Dollars and Fifty Cents for the year.
Single Copies, if not paid during the year, will be sent on credit, and charged according to the above rates.
No paper sent out of the State, except the money accompany the order, unless in a known responsible order.

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W. P. ELLIOTT,
Commission Merchant,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Agent for Latham & Co.'s Steam Boat Line.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his charge.
October 21, 1856. 146-47

CORPORATION BONDS
Of the town of Fayetteville for Sale!

AGREABLE to an Act of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, ratified Dec. 26, 1856, authorizing the Town of Fayetteville to issue her Bonds to the amount of \$100,000, in the aggregate, for the purpose of paying her subscription to the Western Rail Road Company.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF RICHMOND,
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, January Term, 1857.

John G. Watson and others, Deceased of John Watson, deceased,
vs.
James Watson and others.
Petition for Partition of Land.

W. P. ELLIOTT,
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.

JOHN WINSLOW,
Attorney at Law,
Office on the South side of Hay street, opposite Fayetteville, N. C.

R. H. SANDFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street, Sept. 1857.

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.

Charles Banks,
CONFECTIONER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff,
GREEN STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.

J. S. BANKS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, North Carolina,
Jan. 5, 1855. 104-ly

DAVID McDUFFIE,
BRICK MAKER AND PLASTERER,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Respectfully tenders his services to persons in this and the adjoining counties wishing work done in his line.
July 18, 1856. 152-ly

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 147

POETRY.
For the Argus.

LITTLE GIRLS!
Little girls—how interesting!
Naught on earth so light and free,
Always sparkling—never resting
Never ceasing in their glee:
Sometimes, true, their joys and pleasures
To their little sorrows yield,
Smiles and gladness—
Tears and gladness—
Like the sunshine,
Chasing shadows 'neath a field.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Secured by two Copyrights.
A BRILLIANT ROMANCE.
SARY TOMPKINS.
By Lieut. A. Brick, B. F. A., (Rare Footed Ranger) Author of "The Specter Scull," "The Last of the Polynesian," "The Haunted Beer Barrel," &c.

CHAPTER I.—Count de Flunkey.
Deep night in New York! Night to the high and the lowly—the vicious and the worthy, to all it was deep night! The gas-lamps threw a pale and sickly light upon the now almost vacated streets—for it was dead night! Now and then a vigilant watchman crawled out of his favorite drinking saloon, though not very often, to see that nobody had carried off the city. (The author intends this as a joke, and the reader is requested to laugh.)

CHAPTER II.—Sary Tompkins.
Fifth Avenue! Time, night! Seven, Tompkins, the retired lobster dealer's princely mansion. Bright the gas lamps shone over fair women and brave men; this expression is original with the author, and all went merry as several marriage bells. The spacious and gorgeous furnished drawing rooms of the princely Tompkins were thronged with the beauty and civility of Fifth Avenue. Like a pure diamond among trinkets of brass, shone Sary Tompkins. The pen refuses its office. And the author must content himself by remarking that she was supremely beautiful. How truly and beautifully has Keats said:

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber has opened, one door West of the Cape Fear Bank, a good stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold on reasonable terms. He will also carry on the tailoring business in all its branches. An examination of his stock and prices is solicited from all customers and the public generally. Repairing garments done at short notice.
THOS. RHOADES.
Fayetteville, Feb. 7, 1857. 161-47

ENTERTAINMENT.
THE Subscriber is prepared to take boarders at the JACKSON HOTEL, Liberty Point, by the week or month. She will also entertain, upon reasonable terms, all such transient customers as may favor her with their patronage. She is provided with a good and careful hostler, and no pains will be spared to please those who may call.
JANET JOHNSON.
Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 10, 1857. 167-47

Second Stock.
B. F. PEARCE
I am now receiving, direct from New York, his second Stock of
Fall and Winter Dry Goods.
Among which may be found, the latest and most fashionable styles of Ladies' Dress Goods, Cloaks, Mantles, and all styles of Embroidery.
Also GENTLEMEN'S GOODS of every variety, which will be sold CHEAP at wholesale or retail. The Ladies are respectfully invited to give me a call.
B. F. PEARCE.
Hay Street, Fayetteville, Oct. 9, 1856. 144-47

New Crop Molasses.
A SUPERIOR quality. Also, SEED OATS, just received.
P. P. JOHNSON.
Jan'y 20. 168-47

A NEW YEAR'S CALL TO ONE AND ALL.
W. P. ELLIOTT respectfully tenders his thanks to a generous public, for the liberal patronage he has received from them since he has commenced business on his own hook, and hopes by strict attention and assiduous industry, to merit a continuance of their favors.
He has now on hand and will constantly keep a good assortment of Saddles, Breeches, Harnesses, also, Carriage, Buggy, and Sulky Harness of all varieties and of his own manufacture. Having in his employ first-rate workmen in the different branches of the business, he is not under the necessity of keeping Northern work for sale. He has also on hand for sale Wagon and Carriage Collars; Wagon, Carriage, Buggy, and Drivers' Harness of every description, and every other article usually kept in his line.
Repairing attended to as usual—done neatly and with dispatch.
N. B. He earnestly requests all those indebted to the late firm of Henson & Overing to call and settle the claims he holds against them, as the settlement of the partnership requires it without delay.
January 5, 1857. 166-3m

And Sary threw the money at the Policeman's feet and fell into a swoon. She was pulled out by three servants in livery and the policeman. Tompkins was an attentive spectator to this heart-rending spectacle. Tompkins had a heart. Thirty years intimate association with lobsters, had not entirely crushed the finer feelings in his bosom. Tompkins was affected. He wept—sobbingly starting up, he bounded, like a gazelle towards Count Alfred Flunkey.

"Come to my arms, my noble fellow," cried Tompkins, and the Count was locked in his (Tompkins') arms. It was a moving spectacle. Some of the guests were moved to tears, while others moved to the anti-room, where the brandy and sugar were.

A DOG STORY.
From "Humors of Falconbridge."

While "putting up," 't'other day, at the Irving House, New York, I heard a good dog story that will bear repeating. I think a sporting gent from the country, stopping at the Irving, wanted a dog, not particular whether it was a spaniel, hound, pointer, English terrier, or butcher's bull. So a friend advised him to put an advertisement in the Sun, and Spirit of the Times, which he did, requesting the "fancy" to bring along the right sort of dog to the Irving House room.

The advertisement appeared simultaneously in the two papers on Saturday, there were but few calls that day, but on Monday, the "Spirit" having been freely imbibed by its numerous readers over Sunday, the dog men were awake, and then began the scene. The occupant of room number—had scarcely got up, before a servant appeared with a man and a dog.

"Believe, sir, you advertised for a dog?" quoth he with the animal.
"Yes," was the response of the country fellow, who, by the way, it must be premised, was rather green as to the quality and prices of fancy dogs.
"What kind of a dog do you want that?"
"A greyhound, full blooded, sir."
"Full blooded!" says the country sportsman.
"Well, he don't look as though he had much blood in him. He'd look better; wouldn't he, mister, if he was full blooded—looks as hollow as a flute!"

"That's the best greyhound you ever saw, sir."
"What do you ask for him?"
"Seventy-five dollars."
"What! Seventy-five dollars for that dog?"
"I guess you're a fool any way," says the dog man; "you don't know a hound from a tanyard cur, you jekass! The pew-dog come along, Jerry!" and the man and dog disappeared.

The man with the hollow dog had not stepped out two minutes, before the servant appeared with two more dog merchants; both had their specimens at hand, and were invited to "step in."
"Ah! that's a dog!" ejaculated the country sportsman, the moment his eyes lit upon the massive proportions of a thundering edition of St. Bernard.
"That is a dog, sir," was the emphatic response of the dog merchant.
"How much do you ask for that dog?" quoth the sportsman.
"Well," says the trader, patting his dog; "I thought of getting about fifty-five dollars for him, but I—"
"Stop," interrupted the country sportsman; "that's enough—he won't suit, no how; I can't go them figures on dogs."
The man and dog left growling, and the next man and dog were brought up.
"Why, that's a queer dog, mister, ain't it? 'Taint got no hair on it; why, where in blazes did you raise such a dog as that? been scalded, ban't it?" says the rural sportsman, examining the critter.
"Scalded?" echoed the dog man, looking no ways amiable at the speaker, "why didn't you never see a Chinese terrier, a fore?"
"No, and if that's one, I don't care about seeing another. Why he looks like a singled possum!"
"Well, you're a pooty looking country jake, you are, to advertise for a dog, and not know a Chinese terrier from a singled possum!"

Another rap at the door announced more dogs, and as the man opened it to go out with his singled possum, a genius who evidently "killed for Kayser," rushed in with a pair of the ugliest-looking—savagely snout-nosed, slaughter-house pups, "the fancy" might ever hope to look upon! As these meat-axeish canines made a rush at the very boot tops of the country sportsman, he "shied off," pretty perceptibly.
"Are you de man advertised for dogs, sa-a-y! You needn't be afraid o' dem come a-here, lay da-own. Balty-day's de dogs, mister, vot you read of!"
"Ain't they rather fierce?" asked the rural sportsman, eyeing the ugly brutes.
"Fierce? Better believe dey are—show 'em a f-fight, if you want to see 'em go in for de chances! You want to see 'der teeth!"

"No, I guess not," timidly responded the sportsman; "they are not exactly what I want," he continued.
"What," says Jakey, "don't want 'em? Why look a here, you don't go for to say dat you 'spect I'm agoin' for to fetch d-dogs clean down here, for nuthin', do you sa-a-y! Cos if, you do, I'll jis drop off my duds and lam ye out o' yer boots!"

Jakey was just beginning to square when his belligerent proposition was suddenly nipped in the bud, by the servant opening the door and ushering in more dogs; and no sooner did Jakey's pups see the new-comers and they went in; a fight ensued—both of Jakey's pups fighting on and able-bodied, big boned sorrel dog, who appeared perfectly happy in the transaction, and having a tremendous jaw of his own, made the bones of the pups crack with the high pressure he gave them. Of course a dog fight is not for a man fight, and in the way of a decent family man, Jakey and the proprietor of the sorrel dog had a dispute. Jakey was attitudinizing a la "le fancy," when the sorrel dog man—who, like his dog, was got up on a liberal scale of strength and proportions—walked right into Jakey's calculations, and whirled him in double flip-flaps on the wash-stand of the rural sportsman's room. Our sporting friend viewed the various combatants more in bodily fear than otherwise, and was making a break for the door to clear himself, when to his horror and amazement, he found the entry beset by sundry men and boys, and any quantity of dogs—of every hue, size and shape. At that moment the chawed-up pups of Jakey, and their equally used-up master, came rushing down stairs—another fight ensued on the stairs between Jakey's dogs and some others, and then a stampede of dogs—mixing up of dogs—tangling of ropes and straps—cursing and hurraing, and such a time generally, as is far better imagined than described. The boarders hearing such a wild outcry—to say nothing of the yelps of dogs, came out of their various rooms, and retired as quickly, to escape the stray and confused dogs, that now were ki-yiling, yelping, and pitching all over the house! By judicious marshalling of the servants—broom sticks, rolling-pins and canes, the dogs and their various proprietors were ejected, and order once more restored; the country sportsman seized his valise, paid his bill and "vamosed the ranche," and ever after it was incorporated in the rules of the Irving, that gentleman are strictly prohibited from dealing in dogs while "putting up" in that house.

GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION IN WILLIAMSTON,—great many people in Town,—spectator Court—The Balloon was a monstrous curiosity with some of the inhabitants of Baregrass, Flat Swamp, and visitors from Lee's Mills &c.

It was formally announced on Friday evening last, by the sending around Town, of a dinner Bell, that there would be a grand Balloon ascension at night. As a matter of course, those who had heard a great deal about Balloons, &c., and had never seen anything of the kind, were on tip-toe, and particularly anxious that the Western Hills should obscure the light of the great luminary that ruled the day on that particular occasion, for they were outrageously pleased at the idea of seeing sights and wonders in the shape of a Balloon ascension!

After the light of the longest day in the year, to some, had been turned into darkness, crowds of all sorts of folks were seen wending their way in the direction of where the Balloon was to take its everlasting departure at an early hour. Great and wonderful were the surmises, especially of the low ground and back woods men, who had not even seen the "helephant." Of course, the Balloon was of an enormous size, and according to the figures of a lank staid long-legged youth of about twenty-nine, who resembles the picture of old Paddy Pat's son Lankey, which may be found in a Comic Almanac, for 1850, and awkwardly pat up at that, the monster cost a powerful sight of money, and could swallow an alligator and several live sturgeon, large enough to ground in the Roanoke during a heavy freshet, without getting steam-up! During this recital of what the monster Balloon could do, which took place in a group, little distant from the main crowd, the younger ones showed symptoms of alarm, while the older ones thought there was danger in being too near the thing. All was excitement in this group, a six footer from now excitement in that group who had been listening all the time to the yarns of the lank staid youth, was heard to grunt, and commenced rolling-up his trousers to his knees, exhibiting a couple of panicles! About this time some one touched off a powerful rocket, which accidentally made its way in a crowd of girls, and blew out fire like fury in every direction; the girls screamed, boys yelled and children squaled. Our six footer concluded that unless he could make Boston time, the dog was dead, and without hesitation or mental reservation, he bolted, and just as he was in the act of turning the first corner, a second rocket happened to pass near him, and when it burst, he thought his time was near at hand; but without looking back, or turning to the left or to the right, he spread himself, and so smoothly did he travel, it was thought that the tip-end of his cot-tail would have supported a cat saddle, and Phillip thinks that his shadow did not overtake him until late the next morning!

After this scene, the crowd began to "smell a mice," and several of a sudden, deemed it imprudent to remain in the night air for any length of time, but it wouldn't do, they had to acknowledge the corn, they were baldy sold. The hoax was a capital one, the thing was managed handsomely, and we must say, that the individual who could attract the attention of, and call out the whole Court and Jury to witness a grand Balloon ascension in the town of Williamston, with only half an hour's time for operation, is a right peart fellow, and will never die for the want of sense, if he is a Bocheana man.—N. C. Times.

The New York Mirror thinks that some stage proprietors have adopted the classic motto from Cæsar, "Jam facte in omibus!"

It is said that the personage who first wore hoops is lady Saturne, one of the ladies in waiting upon the sun. High authority for fashion, that.

WHAT A MAN COSTS.—VALUE OF EDUCATION.
In a recent number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, there is an interesting calculation on the subject of raising and educating men. It presents a new striking argument in favor of education. It is to be regretted that there should be any necessity for using such an argument; but as there are in the world a great many men who measure all things even their professed religion—by the "almighty dollar," the article will do good. Aside from that, it is one of great interest, from its calculation—and will be read with pleasure. We have only room for a brief extract, which goes to show how much a man costs—what he is worth—what is his real money, or commercial value—and what per centage an education if given him, pays on the original investment. Mr. Hunt says:

The average cost, with interest, of raising a boy proper to the age of 21, will equal \$1,000. This is invested—what is the investment worth? It will cost \$100 a year to support him. To this add a mind, and in what an extraordinary ratio has the person's value been raised! He can now earn, supposed \$500 a year—that equals \$400 above the idiot, which is to be set down to the credit of mind.

Now, add education perfecting him from birth to maturity, and what can he earn? Is \$1,000 a year too much to allow! That is \$600 more than the uneducated man is allowed; and how highly must we rate the expense of education? It could not average \$700, which therefore yields 100 per cent. People usually count the cost of growth and sustenance of the body as part of the expense of education; but this should never be done; a clear distinction should always be made between the expenses to be charged to the body of those to be charged to the mind; and as clear a distinction should be made in case of the credits, for at once some very practical truths would be exhibited. Perhaps the following table will present the truth in a conspicuous manner:

B-ly costs up to 21 years,	\$1,000
Mind costs up to 21 years,	1,000
Education up to 21 years,	700
Body costs after that (per year)	10
Mind gains after that (per year)	300
Education gains after that (per year)	10/0

It is also to be noticed, that the uneducated man is more valuable in middle than in advanced years; but the educated man grows more valuable as years increase, so that if he begin life with a sum representing the interest of \$10,000, he will find his capital to double quite as soon as it has expired to gold.

These figures are not fanciful; they are of course a certainty, and merely for illustration; they may be exchanged for any other to please any caviller; but any fair test of the truth will prove that education will pay more than 100 per cent upon its cost.

It would appear, then, that any man who would recoup his investment, must to what he has in lands, cattle implements, &c., add at least \$1,000 for every mature child he has raised; and if he has added to the child a good education, he has changed this otherwise unprofitable investment into a fortune of not less than \$10,000. Now every principle of commercial economy would dictate that we should add a little investment if we can thereby save the whole, and much more readily should we do it if we can turn the whole into the most profitable of all investment, and what investment is there will pay as well brain, mind, and education combined!

AN AFFECTING SCENE.
Lieutenant Parsons, in his Nelsonian Reminiscences, relates the following:
"Richard Bennett, when mortally wounded in one of Nelson's great battles, had requested that a miniature and a lock of his hair should be given by Lieutenant P. to his sweetheart Susette, in Scotland. The gallant lieutenant thus describes the interview:
"It was at the close of a day, when a bright July sun was setting, that I arrived at the pretty cottage of Susette's mother. Tremulously stated who I was to the most respectable looking man I ever saw, of French extraction. In broken, bitter accents of heartfelt grief he told me that her daughter's death was daily expected, and requested time to prepare her to see me.
"At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennett; and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve. And I found the world unequal to her charms. She was propped up with pillows, near the open lattice of her bedroom that was clustered with roses. Her white dress and the dexterity of the room accorded with the angelic vision who now turned her lustre over upon me, veiled in long, fringed eyelids—She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine as I stooped to kiss it, and as she felt my tears drop on it, softly murmured: 'I wish I could cry; that would relieve my poor heart.' She gasped for breath, and expired with difficulty. The lock of hair—quietly, let me see it.' She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted; but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God—God who gave it."
CONCLUSIVE.—The best and most conclusive reason for an effect that we ever remember to have heard was given by a "one idea" Dutchman, in reply to a friend who remarked, "Why, Hans, you have the most feminine-east of contentment I ever saw." "Oh, yaw," was the reply, "I know the reason for dat—my mother was a woman."