

# North Carolina Argus.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Whole Argus is the People's Right to be heard.

Young man of Maine's Son can fall his hundred eyes to sleep.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

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Whole No. 180

**JOHN W. CAMERON,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
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**J. C. POE,**  
DEALER IN  
Maple and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots  
Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.

Particular attention paid to  
**LADIES' DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.**  
Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.  
May 25, 1856. 72-4f

**WM. H. HAIGH,**  
Attorney at Law,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.  
January, 1854. 1-1y.

**"Law Copartnership."**  
We, the undersigned, have this day formed a Law Copartnership, and will practice in the Courts of the following counties of this State: Chatham, Cumberland, Moore, Harnett, and the Supreme Court.  
J. H. HAUGHTON,  
JES. MANNING.  
Pittsburgh, N. C., Jan'y 1, 1856. 412-4f

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake, and Johnston.  
Address, Troner, Harnett Co., N. C.  
110-ly.

**W. P. BERTOTT,**  
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
June 18, 1854. 22-4f

**ANDREW J. STEDMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.  
Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.  
July 14, 1855. 79-4f

**JOHN WINSLOW**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office on the South side of Hay street, opposite the Fayetteville Bank.  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
February, 1854. 71y

**R. H. SANDFORD,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street.  
Sept. 1855. 1855-88y

**A. M. Campbell,**  
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,  
GILLESPIE STREET,  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
Feb'y 10, 1854. 6-Y

**Charles Banks,**  
CONFECTIONER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff,  
GREEN STREET,  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
January 10, 1854. 2-4f

**J. S. BANKS,**  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, North Carolina.  
Jan. 6, 1855. 104-ly

**DAVID McDUFFIE,**  
BRICK MASON 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. 132-1y

**COOK & JOHNSON,**  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.  
January 10, 1854. 11f

**T. C. & B. G. WORTH,**  
Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANTS,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
Usual advances made on consignments.  
74-1y-pd

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A large supply of the following Blanks just printed in the best style, now on hand and for sale at the Argus Office:  
Deeds for Land sold under Ven. Ex. Ct. Court.  
" Superior " County  
" Subpoenas Superior Court.  
Blank Warrants, (different forms.)  
Guardian Bonds,  
Appearance Bonds,  
Blank Notes payable at Bank,  
Marriage Licenses and Bonds.  
265

**Caution.**  
There is a certain man by the name of Isaac T. ... who has a Note for \$500.00 due to the ... This is to forewarn all persons from trading for said note, as I do not intend to pay it, for the reason that I have not received value for said note.

**DR. FRANK WILHELM'S**  
Celebrated Rye Whiskey.  
THE subscriber has made arrangements to keep a supply of the Genuine ... and is the only Agent for the sale of the above brand of a No. 1 Rye Whiskey in this place.

**For Sale or Rent.**  
The House and Lot ... is a large and good garden spot, with abundant water privileges. A bargain is offered in the sale. Apply to THO. J. JOHNSON.

**NOTICE.**  
THE Subscriber, as administrator de bonis non of Robert Hunter, Sen., deceased, hereby notifies the heirs at law and next of kin of said Robert Hunter, Sen., that he is now ready to settle said estate, and pay over to them so much of said estate as has come into his hands as administrator de bonis non.

**STEAM BOAT NOTICE.**  
THE Steamer JAMES R. ORIST, with lights, leaving changed owners, will continue to run between Fayetteville and Wilmington, stopping at intermediate landings. Prompt personal attention will be given to all freight entrusted to my care.

**New Goods & New Goods.**  
H. GRAHAM  
IS now opening a new and handsome Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING.

**Dr. H. R. EASTERLING,**  
Rockingham,  
WILL attend to professional calls at any hour, day or night.

**New Spring Goods.**  
ALEX. JOHNSON & CROW have just received a complete and well selected Stock of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.

**ECCLES'S MILL**  
HAS been newly repaired. Send your Corn and have it ground.

**Clothing! Clothing!!**  
THE Subscriber has just received his SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING.

**Negroes Wanted.**  
The undersigned will pay the highest cash price for Young Negroes. Letters addressed to either of us at Laurinburg, Richmond county, will have prompt attention.

**JOHN G. BLUE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.

**W. P. ELLIOTT,**  
Commission Merchant,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

**New Goods.**  
THE undersigned have received into Store their recent purchase of

**Worth & Utley,**  
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

**PROSPECTUS**  
OF  
THE NORTH CAROLINA  
PRESBYTERIAN

The Presbyterian Church in North Carolina long labored under a serious disadvantage, and that was a Journal to advocate her claims and present her interests. It is estimated that the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina has 200,000 members, and it is now in the hands of a few individuals, who are not in the hands of the people. The North Carolina Presbyterian is a paper for the people, and it is now in the hands of the people. It is a paper for the people, and it is now in the hands of the people.

**VOICE OF NATURE.**  
A voice is heard in the winds and waves, in the hum of the ever rolling sea; it whispers and the gloom of grave, and it speaks from the hill top loud and free, murmuring in every breath of air, and it passes not when the leaves are still, though the waters are falling it grieves there, and it whistles along the heathery hill.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
A PRINTER.  
A TALE OF VIRGINIA ARISTOCRACY.

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a plentiful sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Governor F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host:

"La me, what impertinence!" exclaimed Lizzie K., as she scanned a beautiful colored note handed by a servant.

"What occasions your surprise, my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Rather say indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged, to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's, the tanner's wife."

"And why should you not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper mother, for the daughter of Judge K., one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low-bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if they are mechanics, they are people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy of your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, "I do not think differently, and so far from encouraging, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns? Quite an intellectual *tele-a-tele* would it be, mother, dear."

"Oh! fie, Lizzie, fie! But I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoilt; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out weeds and tares ere it be too late."

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I will give you your first lesson of worldly experience by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride, my daughter, is but a droning, easy creature, but one with two much is haughty, niggardly, and selfish; both the extremes are contemptible and mean. Be then neither too fashionably dressed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too worldly. A mere butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure, making but small pretension to religion, is a character bad enough, but worse to my mind is the fiery zealot, on the other hand, who has so many rigid virtues, who is continually railing against the world, displeased at anything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing, or any amusement that the heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then, avoid extremes of every description. But to the story:

"Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages imaginable; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The village contained no buildings of note save two—one of them a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the 'Old Virginia aristocracy'; the other, the only inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house, nestled in the centre of the town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter, and distinguished officer of the State; the other a poor widow, whose only living depended on the profits of her table, which were but scant, as there was little travelling done, at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger was always a subject of curiosity and interest to the good townfolks, as it is always so in the secluded villages and inns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

To this little inn a gaily dressed, yet weary worn traveler picked his way one evening in the autumn of 18— The buxom hostess and her tidy daughter were all life, and frisked about bestirring the savory viands, delicious cakes and eggs much to the satisfaction of our hungry traveler who appeared to be a young man of some twenty summers, tall, commanding, of fine appearance and pleasant manners. He soon, by dint of frankness and suavity of manner, insinuated himself into the good graces of the hostess and her daughter, with the latter of whom he appeared to be much struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat and graceful.

"Possessing charms not unlike and almost equal to one I adore," exclaimed the young traveler admiringly, as he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the altar, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives only in the mansion above the village as I understood."

"What! Emma White?" inquired the hostess.

"Even so, my good dame, I met her at the springs some months ago, became enamored with her, wooed, won, and now come to claim my bride."

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed!" interposed Augusta, the hostess's daughter, "but somewhat proud as is her father."

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augusta; if she has pride of nothing but nature's graces, she is quite well; well, I will let this pleasing intelligence restrain me to-night, and to-morrow I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning as etiquette would permit, the young man set out with buoyant heart and high hopes to the mansion. But we will preclude him, and look in on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion sat Emma White and her mother, the one thumping a piano and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sanbo, he lodged last evening at the inn?"

"Yes, miss, de cook say he dare now."

"Well, you can retire—and so, ma, it is even as I expected. I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

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"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off; I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business."

"Shameful, indeed! When Attorney Logan introduced him to me at the springs, he brought him forward as one of the law students, and not as a poor printer, as he is—I'll never forgive Mr. Logan."

"He is not to blame, my dear, he is his pupil; didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A—, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the bar?"

"Well, for all that, I'll never marry a poor printer. I did have a tender regard for him once, and when I gave him my hand I deemed him somebody, so I acted from the promptings of the heart, but now I will be ruled by my better judgment."

"Well, please yourself in that matter, my dear—I'm disposed to think honorably of—but la, me! if he isn't at the door now!"

"Necessity had she done speaking what our hearts entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to greet the object of his idolatry; but imagine his surprise and dismay when he received only in return a cold, distant courtesy, which froze his blood and rooted him to the spot. Bewildered and astonished at such greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for explanation to the mother, who explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement that had been made between them.

The ruddy cheeks of the suitor became of an ashy paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly exclaimed—

"And wherein is my offence? have I merited this? good heavens! and is this the gentle, tender, the confiding Emma White?"

"Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre, to enact scenes; now spake up the daughter, 'let it suffice to know we are ever to be strangers to each other. You attempted to deceive me and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are one of the working class, only a printer, a portionless journeyman, a fortune seeker. If you had an honorable profession, sir, and was of a good family, as I once fondly thought, would be united, but as it is, I cannot and will not descend so low!' and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly sailed out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room.

Alas! how crushed were his hopes now. Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence betrayed, by one whom he adored and loved, alas! too well, and for being a "low bred, base mechanic?" And rushing madly to the inn, he sought his room and threw himself desperately on his humble cot, from which he did not rise for two long, weary months; for the unwonted disappointment and excitement of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morn till night, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigned him to the care of the gentle Augusta, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kindness and soothed his irritable spirits by the gentlest words and treatment.

Finally after the lapse of several weeks, he began slowly to recover, and reason returned once more. When having entirely recovered, he thanked the kind hostess and daughter with tearful eyes and heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness in watching over him in his weakness and infirmities. He called Augusta his preserver, his guardian angel, and told her he owed her his life, and that he would ever hold her in grateful remembrance, and though he was then about to depart and would not

see her again for years, yet when fortune smiled upon him again, she should hear from him. Till then he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and departed.

Years passed and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of and almost forgotten by the good gossips of Salem, and even by the one who caused his misfortune, Emma White, herself; yet there was one in that little village who still gave him a place, not only in her memory, but also in her heart. It was the hostess's daughter.

Five years from the events just related, Richmond was crowded to overflowing for the Legislature. It was for the day and pleasure seekers. It was for the day and pleasure seekers. It was for the day and pleasure seekers.

Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of windows of one of Pearl street's stately mansions, and sounds of music and revelry are heard within. Luscious and syphlike forms skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave gentlemen sit comfortably in the back ground talking politics, gossiping and admiring the light-hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. We will draw near one of those small groups that one near the chandelier, consisting of two gentlemen and a young lady and listen—and as we are inog, in matters, but little harm will ensue if we are caught eaves-dropping.

"It is just as you say, Colonel White; the Legislature has done but little as yet, still I think they have redeemed themselves somewhat by one judicious act in appointing our young friend K—, to the fifth judicial judgeship."

"A very proper appointment sir, very; but yonder he is now—see, the servant is just ushering him into the room."

"La me! pa," exclaimed the young lady audibly, "how interesting he looks, and so young too, to be a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and able too, or he would not have been honored with the responsible office just conferred upon him."

"Introduce me, pa?"

"Most assuredly I will do so, and here he comes now."

"A pleasant evening to you, gentlemen—Col. White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you, Judge. Permit me to present you to my daughter, Judge K—, Miss White."

And with a low deferential courtesy the lady greeted the gentleman and seated him beside her. With many an art and well did she attempt to amuse, please, and insinuate herself into the good graces of the promising young judge. But her efforts were in vain, her arrows were aimed against a heart of steel, and the countenance of the judge the while, wore a contemptuous and sneering expression that baffled all her arts and penetration.

"Heavens! what a face! how lovely, how angelic! But methinks I should know that countenance!" exclaimed the judge, as he caught the beautiful black eyes of a lovely lady in a distant corner of the room, riveted upon him.

"Who? the young lady in the black velvet mantilla? ha! ha! that's my protegee, she is an orphan; her parent was a *Maitre de Hotel* in Salem, Virginia, so being left alone I took her under my charge, and right useful I find her; she answers both for a companion and maid. I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melancholy, that Pa would make me bring her, thinking it might somewhat revive her drooping spirits."

"It is, it is, the pure, the gentle hearted Augusta! How fortunate! Pray Miss White, excuse me—but I know you will, when I inform you I am 'only a printer'—the poor mechanic you scorned, jilted and derided many years ago in the little village of Salem," and rising unceremoniously, the young judge hastily crossed the room, leaving the haughty girl covered with confusion and shame to weep over her folly.

It was the lovely Augusta, and with doating heart, eyes sparkling with joy, and countenance suffused with blushes, the fair being welcomed the happy and excited young man.

Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraided herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disappointment, her punishment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Judge K— led the happy and envied Augusta to the altar, she could but acknowledge that her punishment was just, and that it was merited.

Judge K— and his lady have lived happily together ever since, but Emma White—nobody girl—is still a spinster an old maid.

"So now, Lizzie, my story is ended, all but the denouement."

"Denouement!"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the hero, and I the heroine; he the 'base-born mechanic,' the 'poor printer,' and I the 'hostess's daughter.'"

"Pardon, pardon, mother!—and, as the young Miss threw herself into her mother's arms, she vowed never to be so selfish, so proud again.

"And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this evening?"

"Oh! that I will, mother, with pleasure." The company began loudly to applaud Gov. F—, as he concluded his reminiscence, when he bid them cease, as he too had finished all but the denouement.

"What is it! what is it!" rang around the circle.

"Why, nothing more nor less than that the hero of my story has just entered this room, replied the Governor, as he pointed to his distinguished and astonished friend, amid the pious and the assembly.

THE END