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April 10, 1857.

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J. H. HAUGHTON,
JNO. MANNING.
Pittsborough, N. G., Jan'y 1, 1856. 112-4f

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Fayetteville, N C

Poblicky. WHAT I LOST BY KISSUM PLATE.

WHAT I LOST BY KIRSUP LATE.

BY, WILLIE R. TARON.

There quer lattic, Eate, and Mary,
All three terrations and young;
But the name of Mary ever
Lingered longest on my tongue,
And I hapes in secret cheriabed

Of a home where she was queen, But the day those sweet hopes perished. And left life a desert scene.

They and I were once together, Fralleting beneath the moon, In the mildest of mild weather-In the oderous mouth of June. And sweet Mary said, " Since kines In the mountight time are due, I would take this best of visces Prom Kate's lips if I were you.

Searcely had the thought been spoken, Ere, with heart and eye clate, I had claimed the honied token From the rosy lips of Kate. But, alack | in thus obeying, I had made a sad mistake ;

For in heart, the girl was saying,

"Kate will loose what I shall take." " King Kate !" this was what she told me ; But its meaning was -- Kiss me ! Oh, vain heart | and oh | eyes silly, Thus to fail the truth to see !

So we parsed ; I with sorrow She with scorn, purhaps with hate, And my heart grows sad by knowing What I lost by kissing Kate. FAREWELL TO VERSE. BARRY CORNWALL.

Sweet Muse ! my friend of many years-Farewell Sweet mistress, who did never do me wrong ! But still with me has been content to dwell Through summer days and winter evenings long; Sweet Name, whose murmer soothed my soul, fare-

I part with thee at last, and with thy song ! Never again, unless some Spirit of might, That will not be denied, command my pen, Never again shall I easny to write What thou (I thought !) did'st prompt :Never again Lose me in dresms until the morning light, Or sour with thee beyond the realms of men. Farewell ! the plumage drops from off my wing ; Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are mine! The lark no longer down from heavon doth bring-That music which, in youth, I deem'd divine : The winds are mufe, the river dures not sing : Time lifts its hand and I obey the sign.

FROM LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE BY MES. CAROLINE LEE HESTZ.

A pleasant little group was gathered round Uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite Aunt Mary, who, with her book in her hand watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occapied, but one, a child 'of larger growth, a young lady, who, being a guest of the family; was suffered to indulge in the pleasure of idleners without repreof. "O! I love a rainy evening," said little

Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance, "it is so nice to sit by a good fire and hear the rain pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no house to cover them, to keep off the rain and the cold." "And I love a rainy evening, too," cried gotten all about the rainy evening."

George, a boy of about twelve. "I can study so much better. My thoughts stay at home, and I dont keep rambling out after the bright moon and stars. My heart feels warmer, and I really believe I love everybody better than I do when the weather is

Uncle Ned smiled, and gave the boy an approving pat on the shoulder. Every one smiled but the young lady, who with a languid, discontented air, now played with a pair of seissors, now turned over the leaves of a book, then, with an ill suppressed yawn, leaned idly on her elbow, and looked into the fire.

"And what do you think of a rainy even-Elizabeth !" asked Unote Ned. should like to hear your opinion also.

"I think it over dull and uninteresting, indeed," answered she. "I always feel so stupid, I can hardly keep myself awakeone cannot ge abroad, or hope to see company at home ; and one gets so tired of seeing the same all the time. I cannot imagine what George and Ann see to admire so much in a disagreeable rainy evening like this."

"Suppose I tell you a story, to enliven you !" said Uncle Ned. "Oh! yes, father, please tell us a story.

exclaimed the children, simultaneously, Little Ann was perched upon his knee as if by magic, and even Elizabeth moved her chair, as if excited to some degree of interest. George still held his book in his hand, but his bright eyes, sparkling with unusual animation, were riveted upon his uncle's

"I am going to tell you a story, about rainy evening," said Uncle Ned.

"Oh! that will be so pretty!" cried Ann, clapping her hands; but Elizabeth's countenance fell below zero. It was an ominous annunciation.

"Yes;" continued Uncle Ned, "a rainy evening. But though clouds darker than those which now mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fell heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was drawn most beautifully on those dark clouds, and its fair color still shine most levely on the sight. It is no longer, however, the how of promise, but the realization of my fondest

dreams. Uncle cast his expressive Georg co the handsome matron in dancs

bly heightened, and he sould

"Ah! Aunt Mary is blushin stand uncle's metaphor. She bow, and be thinks life one for "Not exactly so. I mean

clusion. But don't interrupt and you shall bear a lesson which you are, I trust you will never When I was a young man I was oute handsome..."

"Pa is as pretty as he can be terrupted little Apu, passing her ly over his manly cheek.

Uncle Ned was not displease compliment, for he pressed her him, while he conti-

within its legitimate channel; never over- ing partially from her embarrassment; but flowing into boisterous mirth or unmeaning the evening was so rainy, and no one but levity. She was the only daughter of her mother, and she a widow. Mrs. Carlton, an exhibition of gallantry as this."

harmed me most that was always warming to wight up her] countenance. To be shee up sometimes said she, sportively; "I am always so countenance. To be she min so musical, and her testic so white, it was wretchedly dull. I believe I was born to impossible to belove her quity of rudeness, live among the aurheams, the moonlight the social circle, so braidant and smiling, me, the life and charm of everything around -what brightness she would impart to the of Istning, a passionate exclamation from fireside of home-what light, what joy, to Theresa,

the darkest scenes of existence!" "Oh! uncle," interrupted George, laughyou praise any other lady so warmly. You not been completely caught ! are so taken with her beauty, you have for-

the hidden springs of her woman's heart, forever. for she looked down and said nothing. Don't be impatient, said Uncle Ned, and

you shall not be cheated out of your story. secrets. began it for Elizabeth's sake, rather than The rain still continued unabated, but

on my nose, another danced upon the top moreover, a shrewd suspicion that the of my head, one pinched my ear, and anoth-daughter who thought it a sufficient excuse of my head, one pinched my ear, and another turned somersets on my chin. You laugh little Nanny; but they are terrible creatures, these blue gentlemen, and I could not endure them any longer. So the third band's prosence. While I pursued there toned it up to my chin, and taking my umof Mrs. Vane's. 'Here,' thought I, as my fingers pressed the latch, 'I shall find the moonlight smile, that will illumine the darkness of my night, the dull vapors will disperse 'Shall I be a welcome guest?' said I to my. before her radiant glance, and this intermi- self, as I crossed the threshold. 'Shall to a mere vernal shower, melting away in that feminine beauty and grace are incomsunbeams in her presence. My gentle patible with a rainy evening? I heard a knock not being apparently heard, I step sweet voice reading aloud as I opened the ranged my hair in the most graceful man- my entrance, laying her book quietly on the ner, and claiming a privilege to which, per- table, and greeted me with a modest grace

"Pray, go on." "How was she dressed!" "And was she glad to see you?" assailed him on every side.

"How was she dressed &" repeated he. "I am not very well skilled in technicalities of a ladys wardrobe, but I can give you

lovely girl—with a current of cheerfulness dingy silk, with trimming of sallow blonde, running through her disposition that made and a faded fancy handkerchief was thrown music as it flowed. It was an under cur- over one shoulder. "You have caught me rent, however, always gentle, and kept completely en dishabille, said she, recover-

such was ber mother's name, was in lowly circumstances; and Mary had none of the with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs. appliances of wealth and fashion to decor- Vane evidently shared her daughter's chaate her person, or gild her home. A very modest competency was all her portion, and size wished for nothing more. I have seen her, in a simple white dress, without a single ornament, unless it was a natural rose, transcend all the gaudy belles who sought by the attractions of dress to win the admitted of the heavy field and the control of the multimate. But also for page ration of the multitude. But, alss I for poor throned her, despoiled of the beautiful dra-human nature. One of these dashing bel-les so fascinated my attention, that the loveliness I knew that I was a favorite in les so fascinated my attention, that the loveliness I knew that I was a favorite in gentic Mary was for a white forgottan—the family, for I was wealthy and independent of the family fo

or want of grace. Ones when I saw her in and he stars. Clouds will never do for *Amen, I silently responded, as I closed her. I thought how happy the constant com- the cour. While I was putting on my coat, panionship of such a being would make me loverheard without the smallest intention

"Good heavensmother! was there ever anything so unlucky ! I never thought of secing, " if I were Aunt Mary, I would not let | ing my neighbor's dog to night. If I have

Thope you will mind my advice next time, replied her mother, in a grieved tone. Aunt Mary smile I, but it is more than I told you not to sit down in that slovenly than probable that George touched one of dress. I have no doubt you have lost him

Here I made good my retreat, not wishing to enter the penetralia of family

yours, and I see she is wide awake. She my social feelings were very far from being thinks I was by this time more than half damped. I had the curiosity to make anin love with Theresa Vane, and she thinks other experiment.—The evening was not more than half right. There had been a very far advanced, and as I turned from great many parties of pleasure, riding par-ties, and talking parties; and summer slip-modest light glimmering in the distance. ped by, aimost unconsciously. At length and I bailed it as the shipwrecked mariner the autumnal equinox approached, and hails the stars that guides him o'er the gathering clouds, northeastern gales, and ocean's foam, to the home he has left bedrizzling rains, succeeded to the soft breez- hind. Though I was gay and young, and es. mellow skies and glowing sunsets, pe- a passionate admirer of beauty, I had very culiar to that beautiful season. For two exalted ideas of domestic felicity. I knew or three days I was confined within doors there was many a rainy day in life, and I by the continuous rains, and I am sorry to thought the companion who was born confess it, but the blue devils actually get with for sunbeams and moonlight, would complete possession of me—one strided up out aid me to dissipate their gloom. I had rainy evening I put on my overcoat, but reflections, my feet involuntarily drew nearer and more near to the light, which brella in my hand, set out in the direction had been the loadstone of my opening mannable equinoctial storm he transformed in- find her en disabille, likewise, and discover ped into the ante-room, set down my um- door, and I knew it was the voice which brella, took off my drenched overcoat, ar- was once music to my ears. Mary rose at haps, I had no legitimate right, opened the and self-possession peculiar to herself. She door of the family sitting room, and found looked surprised, a little embarrassed, but myself in the presence of the beautiful very far from being displeased. She made no allusion to my estrangement or neglect; Here Uncle Ned made a provoking expressed no astenishment at my un'amely her mother, and not anticipating visitors, It was done so quick, so accurately, and last the great duty of man? One of them contained a delicate reproof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him at and powerful, that it at once gave him tended, with success, that it was to pay the hand of the Grace. Her dark-

beauty wasted because a mother any above period and from whom he might go to period on its bloom. A beautiful classes of the table, performed the apartment and any the table, performed the apartment and any the table, performed the apartment and a comble commencer in the art of avarice, bright state on the hearth diffused to the great master as any the table, performed the apartment and a comble commencer in the art of avarice, bright state on the hearth diffused to the great master as any according to the sarthy diffused to the great master as any according to the sarthy diffused to the great master as any according to the sarthy diffused to the great master as any according to the art of avarice, any according to the great master as any ac

the scene I bad just quitted ! How I loath- Iwo, as we can only consume a small quanthe daire, at the ebest-board, of the event in the daire, and I had reason to think several of the other. Where was the graceful of them would have made no objection to take me as a partner for life. Among all my young acquaintances, there was no one whose companionship was so pleasing as that of a maiden whose name was Mary. Now, there are a great many Marys in the world, so you must not take it for granted I me to prefer the artificial graces of a belle to this pure child of nature! I drew my chair to the table, and entreated that they would not look upon me as a stranger, but as a lifend, anxious to be restored to the old acquaintance. I was understood in a world, so you must not take it for granted I mean your mother or aunt. At any rate, you must not look so significant till I have linished my story. Mary was a sweet and lovely girl—with a current of cheerfulness of the folds of the control of the control of the control of the control of the infatuation which had led me to prefer the artificial graces of a belle to this pure child of nature! I drew my chair to the table, and entreated that they would not look upon me as a stranger, but as a lifend, anxious to be restored to the old acquaintance. I was understood in a moment, and, without a single reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hour I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric stumber, of the latter."

They next went to the small therefore act more wisely and shall therefore act more wisely and shall therefore act more divised with the seam of the most of the hour products of the myself to the infatuation which had led in the control of the myself to the infatuation which lad led in the property and the control of the myself to the infatuation which lad led in the property and the control of the myself to the infatuation which lad led in the property and the control of the myself to the infatuation which lad led in the property and it to this pure child of nature! I drew my let to this pure child of nature! I drew my Where was the graceful et myself for the infatuation which had led tity of that, it will also be chedper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingwas admitted again to confidence and fa- guest, "oil is compared with the best butber, a blank in my existence, or at least, a feverish dream. 'What do you think of a rainy evening, Mary?' asked I, before I "I love it of all things,' replied she, with

animation. There is something so home stra to the one of Kufa: "By this rule drawing, so heart-knitting, in its influence. The dependencies which bind us to the have a pailful, and most hospitably thereworld seem withdrawn; and, returning with will I entertain you," within ourselves, we learn more of the deep mysteries of our own being. 'Mary's soul beamed from her eye as it

heaven. She paused, as if fearful of un- than bread. scaling the fountains of her heart. I said that Mrs Carlton was an invalid, and consequently retired early to the chamber, but | in vain !" I lingered till a late hour, nor did I go till I had made a full confession of my folly. repentance, and awakened love; and, as Mary did not shut the door in my face,

Ann, in a disappointed tone; "I thought kiss as ever swain deserved. In utter my dear young friend how much might depend upon a rainy evening. Life is not made all of sunshine. The happiest and from whose souls no rays of brightness emanate to gild those dankened flours. I bless the God of the rain as well as the sunas well in the tempest, whose wings, ob- to the light, could not conceal the deep in the splendour of the rising sun, or the diance. I began with a metaphor. I said a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that is added that they held discourse together for still continued .- Woman, my children, was sent by God to be the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of that love which warms and gladdens his existence, to the violet melting into the blue of heaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her bleading virtues, mingling with each other in beautiful harmony are a token of God's mercy here and an earnest of future blessings in those regions where no rainy evenings ever come to obscure the brightness of eternal day."

Woman's Laugh -A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear. sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it positively we shan't tell. feels bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh -now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or He says: "The women clothed from head irksome business; and then we turn away to foot in white sheets with their faces conand listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare ghouls just risen from their subtearanean away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns fancy for cemeteries, where they daily conthe prose of our life into poetry; it flings gregate to howl. No sound of youth, there flowers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams, that are the shadows of mortality.

FRANKLIN AFKING POR WORK .- When quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and enquired if he could get employment as a printer. "Where are you from?" inquired the

fore nan. "America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Pranklin stepped to one of the cases; and,

in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel of John : "Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good

thing come out of Nazareth ! Phillip saith

unto him, come and see?"

THE TWO MISERS.

ying to Kula had heard that is sors also there dwell a miser more mily than biraself, to whom he might go to ool, and from whom he might learn the He forthwith journeyed thinker and mented himself to the great master as an able commencer in the art. of avarious to learn and hader him to become

had been. When a contrast to pared with bread as being the better of the

They then went to the buster merchant,

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as

"Mark this also," said the host to his ter, and therefore by much sught to be pre-

They next went to he of yender.

" Have you good on? "The very best quality; white and trans-

parent as water," was the reply. "Mark that too," said the miser of Baswater is the very best. Now at home I

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better turned, with a transient obliquity, towards | than oil, oil better than butter, butter better

"God be praised !" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance

KISSING

Our readers shall have the benefit of a good story that we lately heard. Traveling into a town about dusk, Mr K. had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed friend who had among other worldly possessions, two or three fine daughters .-He had scarcely knocked at the door when it was opened by one of these blooming maidens, who quick as throught, threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say; 'Oh, don't !' pressed her warm How they waved and rippled down her two supplet she never could do any thing "You haven't done, father?" said little delicate lips to bis and gave him as sweet the delicate lips to bis and gave him as sweet and its pressed with the one sain even and is appointed tone; "I thought him as a way on a disappointed tone; "I thought him as a way on a disappointed tone." you were going to tell a story. You have tonishment, the worthy gentleman was enhas "I have been comething of an egotist, to the damer exclaimed, On mercy, mercy! be sure, my little girl, but I wanted to show Mr. K. is this you! I thought certainly it am. in might was my brother Henry.

"You don't think any such thing." - But takmost prosperous must have their seasons of ing her hand he saids in a forgiving tone, gloom and darkness, and woe be to those there is no harm; don't give yourself any uneasiness, though you ought to be a little more careful.

After this reproof he was 'ushered into shine. I can read His mercy and His tove the parlor by the maiden who as she came scure the visible glories of his creation, as blush that glowed apon her cheek, while the boquet that was pinned upon her bosom soft dews that descend after his setting ra- snook like a garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it fell upon her to wait upon him to the door; and it may be several minutes-on what subject it is not for us to say. As the warm hearted youth plodded

homeward he argued with himself in this "Miss J. knew it was I that knocked at

the door or how did she recognize me betore I spoke f And is it possible that her brother would knock before entering?-She must be desperately in pshaw!-Why if she loves a brother at that rate. how must she love a husband ! for I never felt such a kiss in my dife. Three weeks after the accident above de-

scribed, Mr K. was married to Miss J. Now don't ask us if Mrs K. ever confessed that her kissing was not a mistake, for

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF JERU-SALEM

The Jerusalem correspondent of the Boston Post graphically describes the ruined and desolate condition of the Holy City. ceated by a black veil, resemble so many abodes, more especially as they have a great are no boys in the streets-no sound of wheels-there are no carriages-the dogs. mangy and wolfish, snari and snap when you disturbed them in their daily work as scavengers, and make the livelong night hideous with their contentions-the very birds do not sing, but cry to each other with a dissenant chirp, or complain with a harsh murmer. From the horrows of the city, if we pass to the environs, we find nought but bare rocks around-stones and dust beneath-the eright sun, reflected from every object, burns into the brain, no grass no trees, no green thing-the promenades are cemeteries, the seats are whited sepulchers. Here have been buried whole generations of Jews; here are the bones of the Assyrian, the Egytian, the Chaldean, the Persian, the Greek, the Syrian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Crusader, the Turk In fine, Jerusalem is naught but a 'heap' of mouldering bones and shattered houses.

A company of ladies, the other day, dis-