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 THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

North Carolina Argus.

This Argus is the People's right duty and...

October 24, 1857.

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JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER.
New Series.—Vol. IV.—No. 42.
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
DANIEL CLARK
 is now receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
 Consisting of every variety of Coats, Pants and Vests, of the latest and most approved styles.

W. H. CARVER
 is now receiving his
Fall Stock of Goods,
 which is large and well selected. A call from old friends and the public generally is solicited. My stock is too varied to enumerate; every one can find something that they want by calling. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Countryman after all!
 "I thought much, said I; so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake."
 "It's not likely air," said he, looking very confident; "but about the warm water, sir!"
 "There's plenty to be had in the kitchen," said I, with a grin. "I'll give her no harm," I said, and with that, Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my hand and leaning her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking, when she remarked:

"What you would go into the kitchen, George. I am afraid there is something wrong about that fishman of yours and the old cook, Phillis. They seemed to be quarrelling as I crossed the hall, and I heard him say something about its being your orders."
 "These words, my dear," I replied, "I understand well. Patrick requires some warm water, which Phillis, I presume, who bears him no good will, has probably refused to give him."
 My wife said nothing more, and I returned to my reading, looking for some passage that I thought would please her, when we were both startled by a crash or crockery, as if the end of the world had come, and then a suppressed shriek, which told us too plainly that something unusual was to pass in the kitchen. I hurried out of the room, and soon heard the voices of the parties in a desperate struggle. First came the squeaking voice of Phillis, as if she could hardly speak for being choked.

ALEX. JOHNSON & CROW,
 DEALERS IN
SILK AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
 are now in receipt in full (or nearly so) of their Fall and Winter Stock for 1857.

Fayetteville Hotel
FURNITURE & FIXTURES
 For Sale.
 The above named property will be sold to any responsible person upon fair terms if applied for before the present time, and the 15th of December next. If not sold by the 15th of December, they will be sold at Auction on the first day of Jan. next, in lots to suit purchasers. Any information wanted will be cheerfully given by applying to

\$100 REWARD.
 My room was forcibly entered on Sunday night the 15th of October, by some unknown person or persons, who took from my desk \$352 in Bank Bills and \$50 in Gold and Silver. I will give the above named reward for the apprehension of the thief and recovery of the money, or \$50 for either. G. P. LYDER, Rockingham, Richmond Co., Sept. 25.—194-191

W. P. ELLIOTT,
 Commission Merchant,
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
 Agent for Lutterloh & Co's Steam Boat Line. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

P. TAYLOR,
 is now receiving his
STOCK OF GOODS,
 suitable for the Fall and Winter Trade, and invites those to want to call and examine before buying.

WILLIAM C. ELAM,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
 Oct. 9, 1857. 196-47

ROBERT D. GREEN
 Watch Maker, Jeweller, &c.,
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

LUMBERTON
 ADVERTISEMENT.
 The Subscriber is now receiving his Stock of

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

Book Bindery
 P. W. HARDIE, carries on the Book-binding business in the second story of Clark & Woodward's Building in any style desired.

GEORGE ALDERMAN,
 INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

WM. H. HAIGH,
 Attorney at Law,
 FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Dr. H. R. EASTERLING,
 Rockingham,
 RICHMOND CO., N. C.

OSTRICH FEATHERS,
 ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS,
 Fancy Ornaments And Lace Trimmings for Bonnets.

J. A. SPEARS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 At the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake, and Johnston.

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

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

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

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 Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
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J. S. BANKS,
 COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
 MERCHANT,
 WILMINGTON, North Carolina.

COOK & JOHNSON,
 IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
 English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
 Commission and Forwarding
 MERCHANTS,
 Wilmington, N. C.

DR. FRANK WILLIAMS'S
 Celebrated Rye Whiskey.

Book Bindery
 P. W. HARDIE, carries on the Book-binding business in the second story of Clark & Woodward's Building in any style desired.

GEORGE ALDERMAN,
 INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
UNCLE JOLLY.
 BY FANNY FERN.

"Well, I declare! here it is, New Year's morning again, and cold as Greenland, too," said Uncle Jolly, as he poked his cotton night-cap out of bed; "frost and ice thick on the windows, water all frozen in the pitcher, and I an old bachelor. Heigh! nobody to give any presents to—no little feet to come patting up to my bed to wish me 'A happy New-Year.' Miserable piece of business! Wonder whatever became of that sister of mine who ran off with that poor artist? Wish she'd turn up some where with two or three children for me to love and pet. Heigh! he! it's a miserable piece of business to be an old bachelor."

And Uncle Jolly broke the ice with his frost-nipped fingers, and buttoned his dressing-gown tightly to his chin; then he went down stairs, swallowed a cup of coffee, an egg, and a slice of toast. Then he buttoned his surtout snugly over them, and went out of the front door into the street.

Such a crowd as there was buying New Year's presents! The toy-shops were filled with grand-pas grandmas, and aunts, uncles, and cousins. As to the shop-keepers, what with telling prices, answering forty questions in a minute, and doing up parcels, they were as crazy as a bachelor tending a crying baby.

"Who is Uncle Jolly?"
 "Well, he is uncle to all the poor little children who have no kind papa."
 "Now, where do you live, little piggeons? got far to go to toes all out of your shoes; come in here, and let's see if we can find anything to cover them. There, now, (fitting them both to a pair,) that's something like; it will puzzle Jack Frost to find your toes now. Cotton clothes on? I don't wear cotton clothes; come in here and get some woollen shawls. Which do you like best—red, green, or blue? plaid or stripes, hey?"

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE DANDY.
 An old, plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Helldenberg, in pursuit of dinner, the other day dropped in at a restaurant. Taking a seat alongside of a dandy in a top hat and a fellow—all perfume, moustaches and shirt collar—our honest Myntjeer ordered up his dinner.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.
 It would be hard to match the following for truthfulness of Irish Character, and for the unfortunate experience of some who have had Irish help. We are indebted for it to an Eastern correspondent.

"Patrick, do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm wash this evening?"
 "Pat stared for a minute or two without reply, and I repeated the question, when he broke silence and said:
 "Is it a wash, sir? Sure, an I'd like to be plazin yer honor any way; that's no lie." As he spoke, however, I fancied that I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.
 "I beg your pardon, sir, but tis bothered entirely I am. Will I give her and Old Countryman wash or an Ameriky wash?"
 "Look here, Patrick Muirony," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of water, and after stirring it well give it to the black filly. Now, do you rightly understand me?"
 "Good luck to your honor," replied Patrick, looking very much relieved, for he had just the information he was fishing for, "good luck to yer honor; what would I be good for if I didn't? Shure it's the Old

"I'm not at all," said I, "but I'm not at all." "It's not likely air," said he, looking very confident; "but about the warm water, sir!" "There's plenty to be had in the kitchen," said I, with a grin. "I'll give her no harm," I said, and with that, Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my hand and leaning her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking, when she remarked:

LOOK UP.
 A ship, becalmed at sea, lay rocking lazily. A sprightly lad, the captain's only son, not knowing what to do, began mischievously to climb the mast. He had got half way up to the top, when turning his eyes below to see how far he was from the deck, he suddenly grew dizzy. "I am falling, I am falling," he cried. "Look at it!" shouted his father, who at that moment was leaving his cabin. The boy, accustomed instantly to obey that voice looked up to where the main-truck swung against the sky, recovered heart, went on, was saved.

Do not give the anecdote as new. Doubtless every one of our readers has heard it before. But this story has a significance not always noticed. Others, besides the captain's son, have been saved by looking up. In the dizzy ascent of life many a man has been on the point of falling, when some sudden thought, the bird's-eye view of his position, has preserved him, has won the prize. Bruce, when he saw the spider fall six times, yet succeeded at the seventh, was of this class. So was Washington, when Cornwallis had driven him across in the Delaware, and when, instead of giving up in despair, he suddenly collected all his resources, led on the British lines and achieved the victory at Trenton.

There come times in the experience even of the bravest when the heart is ready to give up. Affliction after affliction, for example, has assailed him till he himself despairs. Perhaps a favorite child has been suddenly stricken down. Perhaps a terrible epidemic, has destroyed more than one little one. Perhaps the wife of his bosom is no more. Perhaps, by one of those catastrophes which occasionally occur, his entire family has been swept into eternity in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye. He feels as if there was no longer any object for him in life. In the first shock of his agony he would not care even if news were brought to him that his fortune was bankrupt, that he was a disgraced beggar. But, by and by, a still, small voice within whispers "look-up." He sees that the sky is still as bright as ever, the breeze as blessed, the trees as beautiful. He hears the waters run, leaping and laughing down the hill side, glistening in silver as they go. The earth is not less lovely than before, the stars are as numberless, the ocean and mountains as sublime. His fellow-creatures have the same kindly hearts towards him. He owes them the same old duties. Gradually he realizes that he has much yet to live for. In time even he regains a subdued and quiet happiness. He has learned to "look up."