

North Carolina Argus.

New Series—Vol. IV—No 50

This Argus is the People's right daily or evening night paper. A soothing strain of Blain's Son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

Fayetteville, N. C., Saturday December 19, 1857.

Whole No. 206

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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Now receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
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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.

PORTLY.
THE MOTHER'S LAST GRUES.
She sits beside the cradle,
And her heart is ever straying;
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past—
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering lips
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy moments,
They but deepen her despair!
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there.

There are words of comfort spoken,
And then sudden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling brow of pleasure,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her sorrowing thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the same
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might befall.

Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there.

She sits beside the cradle,
But her heart no longer flows;
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgives all earthly woes.
Beneath eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea
Still her spirit with a whisper—
"Suffer them to come to me."
And while her soul is lifted,
Heavenly crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there.

ONE SECRET TO A HAPPY LIFE
We were in company the other day, says the Youth's Penny Gazette, with a gentleman apparently fifty or sixty years of age, who used in substance the following language:
"Were I to live my life again, I should make it a point to do kindness to a fellow being, whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my heart has been so hardened, that I have missed the opportunity to make those which led to such a course of life."
It has been too much my way to let others take care of themselves, while I took care of myself. If some little trespass was committed on my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language towards the offender. I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.
It was but the other day, continued the gentleman, that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into a coach house. He tried once or twice without success, and just as I came up the carriage occupied the whole sidewalk, and preventing my passing. The fellow looked as if it ought not to be exactly so, and there was something like faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, "In with your carriage, usual and not let it stand here blocking up the passage." But a better influence prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said—
"Now try again, my good fellow!" while with the end of my umbrella I gave a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant, "Thank ye sir—much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty dollar note for the streak of sunshine, that this one little act of kindness threw over and enlightened up the coachman's face.
And when I look back on my intercourse with my fellow man all the way along, I can confidently say that I never yet did a kindness to a being without being happier. So that if I were governed by mere selfishness, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precept, to do good unto all men, as I had opportunity.
All this was said with an air of sincerity and deep conviction which we cannot give to our report of it. And does the experience of the youngest of our readers confirm or contradict this statement? Is there a boy or girl among all of them who can say, "I did a kind act once to my brother or playmate, and was afterwards sorry for it—it should have been an unkind one." It is very likely that a kind act has been ill requited or misconstrued; but if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness, as sunshine is to produce warmth.
We counsel our young friends, then, to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Often, a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of an obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel, will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a reasonable and gentle admonition, and at others a suggestion of advantage to be gained, and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.
BY JEE PARTINGTON.
This is the greatest bird that has ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away upon the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the tops of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and the he starts out on the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over the land and the water, to pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird, he always prays before eating just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw which is an unfavorable habit; but it is supposed that he eats so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like a lion for his young, and steals chickens wherever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten dollar gold pieces and on the fifty cent pieces and pretty well on the dime, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broken out on the new cent and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of the 4th of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail cast a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip one wing to the tip of the other. His angry screams is heard ever so far, and he don't care a feather for any body. Take him every way he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mountain wave, with the star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.

WHAT GOOD PRINCIPLES DID FOR JOHN.
"Well John, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"
"No mother, I have been nearly all over the town and no one would take me."
"It was a cold bleak night, and John had been out all night, looking for a place. He had tried hard until it was dark and now weary and disappointed, he had returned to his home."
John's mother was a widow, poor, and sick; but she was a good woman, and had given her little son what is far better than wealth, a Christian education. So though sad and weary, he did not murmur, but kneeling down by his mother's bedside, clasped his little hands together, and asked his Heavenly Father to open to him some way by which he could earn the means of buying food for his sick mother, and himself. Then sitting the small dry crust that was all his supper, and kissing his mother, he sunk trustfully to sleep. Think you that prayer was not heard? I will tell you.
This was Saturday night. Sunday morning John rose early, did what he could for his poor mother, and making himself as tidy as his scanty wardrobe would allow, he started off for Sabbath School.
When the school was over, he lingered a moment, thinking he would ask his teacher if he knew of any employment he could get, but he had been in the school but a short time, and he felt diffident. Just then the Superintendent accosted him.
"My boy, did I not see you yesterday in Walter street looking for a place? Why did you not take the place the gentleman offered you, in the large shop?"
Because, sir, they keep open shop on the Lord's day, and mother would rather starve than have me to break God's holy laws."
"Why, if you are so poor, did you not keep the piece of money you found on the floor as you were coming into the street? It would have bought you bread for a week?"
It was not mine, sir, said John, looking with surprise at the gentleman; and I thought the man in the shop would find the owner sooner than I could."
"And so he did, my boy—the money was mine. Did you get a place yesterday?"
"No sir, nobody knew me, and so they did not like to take me."
"Well my boy, go now and tell your mother that you have found a place, and a friend, who knows you to be an honest, well principled boy. Come to me early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."
That Sabbath evening John and his mother knelt down together, and with tears of joy gave thanks to God, who had not forgotten the widow and the fatherless, and who will never forget any who put their trust in him, and amid all the temptations of life, implicitly obey his commandments.

Attorney at Law
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
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A CARD.
The undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and customers that he can be found at the Store of C. E. Lee, where he will be glad to see them.

MISCELLANEOUS.
"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lies
Who cares for all the trawling of the ship."

CUT BEHIND.
When General O'Hara was Governor of Gibraltar, he was said to be perfectly crazy on matters of military discipline. He went so far as to have the shoes taken off his mule for the purpose that he might go night rounds, and visit the guards in the most silent manner, without being heard until he was close upon the sentinel. But to our story:
As had been the long established practice, O'Hara always attended the grand mounting parade on the sands, at six or seven o'clock in the morning; and he took so much notice of the officers of the several guards that he could generally, during the remainder of the day, name them all. One day he was proceeding out of South Point in his carriage, when he passed an officer going into the town, and whom, at the instant, he remembered as having passed in review before him that morning, as commanding the south guard. Upon this the general immediately determined on satisfying himself as to the fact, and so convict him of the heinous military crime of quitting his guard; and ordered the coachman to drive with speed to the south guard. Away they went at the rate of ten to eleven miles per hour, along the saluting battery; and in a short time the horses, out of wind and covered with lather, reached south guard, a mile or more from the place where the general had passed the suspected officer. At the usual distance, the running sentinel called the guard to "turn out," which was obeyed with all the alertness desirable; and the officer advancing, unobserved by the general, at a quick pace from the carriage, drew his sword; then, opening ranks, presented arms, and saluted in the best manner. At the sight of this officer every doubt had been removed. "By Jove, it is he himself!" thought the general, as he ordered him to turn in the guard, and beckoned him to come to the carriage. "Pray sir," impatiently inquired O'Hara, "did I not see you but a very few minutes ago walking very deliberately into town near Smith Post?"
"Me, sir!" exclaimed the officer, pretending the greatest simplicity, and extreme surprise at the question. "I am guard here, sir."
"Well, well, I know that; you need not have supplied me with that valuable piece of information. Do I not, sir, I ask you again, did I not see you going into town as I came out by South Point?" his excellency said, raising his voice, and his face reddening with anger at the offender's attempt to conceal the fact by his evasive reply.
The officer, after a moment, in no way disconcerted, or showing any symptom of timidity, looked the general full in the face, and then, with great politeness, said:
"Will your excellency have the goodness to state to me whether that question is put to me by his Excellency, General O'Hara, Governor of Gibraltar, or from yourself in the capacity of a private gentleman?"
The off-hand manner in which this question was put to O'Hara struck the right chord; and, after a few minutes hesitation, he replied, with a smile on his countenance:
"Well, sir, as a private individual I wish to obtain the information."
"Then, sir, I freely confess that you did meet me at the South Point."
"Well, sir, that is honest. Now, sir, I want to know how you could get here on foot as quickly as I did in my carriage, and that, too, without any discoverable istigues?"
"Sir, I shall conceal nothing from you in the private capacity you have selected. On meeting you I strongly suspected that you knew me; and when you stopped the carriage to speak to your coachman, I guessed your motive; so, feeling that if my conjecture were correct, I had no means of arriving at my guard at the same time as yourself, I got up behind your carriage, the only means left me of securing that object."
"By Jove, sir!" exclaimed O'Hara, "like your candor, and still more, the dexterity

MARRIED LIFE.—The following beautiful, and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, Frederica Bremer, whose observations might well become the rule of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:—"Deceive not one another in small nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life—a small cause has often great consequences.—Fold not the arms together and sit idle.—Laziness is the devil's cushion. Do not run much from home. One's own heart is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like a rose morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath.—And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts.
Lavish not all your love to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, likewise, and day after to-morrow, too.—Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic task; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust to her the key of his heart as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this!—And you sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

J. A. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harriet, Wake, and Johnston.

Andrew J. Stedman,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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