



POETRY.

TIME

Chide not the lingering hours of life, Its toils will soon be o'er;

Chide not the lingering lapse of Time, Nor count its moments dull;

Chide not Time's slow and silent hours, Though heavy they may seem;

Chide not a moment's weary flight, Too soon it speeds away;

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE. I said to sorrow's awful storm That beat against my breast,

I said to Penury's meagre train, Come on!—your threats I brave;

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn, Pass on!—I heed you not;

I said to Friendship's menaced bow, Strike deep!—my heart shall bear;

I said to Death's uplifted dart, Aim sure!—Oh, why delay?

Domestic Economy. From the Charleston Courier.

COLD WATER—A CURE FOR THE CROUP. We last week copied from the Rochester Democrat, a case in which the Croup was very promptly cured by the use of cold water.

Sir: Our little son, now nearly three years old, has been subject to the croup from early infancy.

About four o'clock in the night of day before yesterday, we were awakened from our sleep by his distress.

We rose immediately and took him from his bed, and stripped him, and began to bathe him all over with cold water.

ly. We then rubbed him off briskly till the skin was dry and somewhat excited.

Almost immediately, when we began to apply the cold water, the symptoms began to subside very fast, and he said, with a grateful tone, that he felt better.

The foregoing statement being published in a Boston paper, led to the following experiment, and also the cure made in Rochester, an account of which we published last week:

Sir: In October, 1833, myself, wife and little daughter, then nearly three years old, took a journey of about thirty miles, to spend a week in the country.

Boston, March 20, 1840. If such simple means as these will so promptly cure the croup, that dreadful disease is disarmed of its terrors.

From the Farmers' Register.

CRUSHED CORN MEAL—WINTERING HOGS, &c. Indebted to the Farmers' Register for many valuable facts and suggestions, in relation to agricultural operations, I feel myself bound to endeavor to discharge the obligation I have thus incurred, by communicating, from time to time, for the benefit of your correspondents and readers, brief notes of such improvements in the prevailing modes of management in rural economy, as I can recommend to the adoption of my brother farmers, upon the authority of my personal experience and observation.

My stock consists of two large breeding sows, far advanced in pregnancy, (I design their pigs for pork next winter, and eleven shoats, eight about five and three about seven months old; all pronounced by my neighbors very fine animals.)

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bushels of sugar beet. As to whole corn, it is evident that four times the quantity I consumed in slop, that is, a peck daily, would hardly keep thirteen hogs in living order.

A neighbor informs me that he fattened an old cow last fall on crushed corn meal, that she fattened remarkably fast, made first rate beef, and yielded an enormous quantity of tallow for a cow of her size.

Crushed corn meal being so valuable for feeding all kinds of stock, every mill, and every planter and farmer having a horse power, either for a cotton gin or a threshing machine, ought to be provided with a corn crusher.

While I am writing, I would just caution your readers against throwing hog or beef lights to hogs: one of my neighbors having just lost two valuable sows by the carelessness of his negroes in this particular.

PLOUGHBOY. Rockbridge, Va., Dec. 28, 1840.

VARIETY. Selected from "The Percy Anecdotes."

Report Courtroom.—Judge R., who presided in the County Court of an American State, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counselor B., a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate and for whom he had a high regard.

Dreaming Match.—Sir William Johnson, who was superintendent of Indian affairs in America previous to the revolution, received some suits of clothes from England richly laden, when Hendrick, King of the five nations of Mohawks, was present.

The Hermit and the Vision.—It is told of a religious recluse, who, in the early days of Christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which, in the times of the Pharaohs, had been a depository for mummies, that he prayed there, morning, noon, and night, eating only of the dates which some neighboring trees afforded and drinking of the water of the Nile.

After this duty one day he fell asleep, and the vision of an angel appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to arise, and cut down a neighboring palm-tree, and make a rope of its fibres, and, after it was done, the angel would appear to him again.

Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree; and with much labor and assiduity for several days, prepared the fibres to make the rope; and after a continuance of daily occupation for some weeks, completed the command.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."—Much learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings, which, taking their origin in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet, in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c.

A rich man's son frequently begins the world where his father left off, and ends where his father began.—Pemmless. Give your son a trade, and let him be of some service to the world he lives in.

A yankee has just gone into Cuba with a 'hull ruff' of men and materials for constructing a rail road in that region.—Queer critters these same yankees.

and Uncle Sam"—alluding, exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had so lately labored to put in good order.

A Noble Child.—While the United States was drawing near the Macedonia, a child on board said to Deceatur—"Commandore, I wish you would put my name on the muster-roll."

Nautical Sermon.—When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

Franklin.—"Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, "thou knows almost everything; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? my neighbors are tapping it of nights."

The Woodpecker.—An Irishman was observed one day attentively watching a redheaded woodpecker, while it was tapping a beech tree. On being asked what attracted his attention, he said, "I'm speering at that strange haste upon yonder tree—'tis sure enough the silly creature has knocked his face against it, till his head is a gow of bluid."

Revolutionary.—One day in the middle of winter, General Green, when passing a sentinel who was barefooted, said, "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold." "Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain. I know I should fare better, had our General the means of getting supplies." They say, however, that in a few days, we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes.

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The vision that night appeared to the hermit, as promised, and thus addressed him: "You are now no longer weary of life, but happy. Know, then, that man was made for labor; and prayer also is his duty: the one as well as the other is essential to his well-being. Arise in the morning, take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world; and let it be as a memorial to thee, of what God expects from man, if he would be blessed with happiness on earth."

At an assembly a gentleman entered into conversation with a young nobleman who was near him. Being a stranger, he made several inquiries respecting the company, which were answered with great politeness. At length he said, "Who is that fat sow at the other end of the room?" "That, Sir," replied the young nobleman, "that fat sow is the Countess of D—, and I have the honor to be one of her little pigs."—On the danger of personalities in Company—from "Instructions in Etiquette."

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am searching," said Diogenes, "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

A rich man's son frequently begins the world where his father left off, and ends where his father began.—Pemmless. Give your son a trade, and let him be of some service to the world he lives in. Train him up to some honorable profession, and in due time he will doubly repay for the labor and the pains bestowed on his youth.

A yankee has just gone into Cuba with a 'hull ruff' of men and materials for constructing a rail road in that region.—Queer critters these same yankees.

Jugs.—The Jug is the most singular utensil; a pail, tumbler, or decanter may be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that the thing is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in purifying the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses, but you can judge of its purity or impurity only by what comes out of it.

City Habits.—A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended \$50 for a habit. His friend replied, "here in the country we don't allow our wives to get into such habits."

Grace.—Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long graces made by his father before and after meals very tedious; one day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say Grace over the whole cask once for all—it would be a vast saving of time."

A New Town Affair.—The inhabitants of a certain town in Connecticut, it is said, have voted that, whereas the selling of rum is profitable to the seller and unprofitable to the town, the town will take the business into their own hands. They accordingly appointed a man to sell spirits for them, voted him a salary, ordered the selectmen to furnish the rum, and directed the agent to register every man who bought the rum and the quantity bought.

Pomposity.—A factious gentleman, travelling in the interior of the States, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed, "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him; denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and when the Aurora of the morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amicable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying,—"Mausser, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

DR. P. G. CALDWELL. INFORMS his friends, that he has resumed the practice of Medicine, and will be happy to attend all their calls. His Shop is on main street, a few doors below Major Smith's Tavern. Charlotte, March 16, 1841. 2-4

Book-Binding. WILLIAM HUNTER would inform his customers and the public generally, that he still continues the BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS at his old stand, a few doors south-east of the Branch Mint. He will be happy to receive orders in his line, and pledges himself to spare no pains to give complete satisfaction.

Good Beef. THE Subscriber respectfully begs to leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte, that he has made ample arrangements to furnish them for another year with first rate B. E. F. He has been in the business now nearly five years, and the quality of his Beef, and the moderate prices at which he has hitherto sold it, he hopes will insure him a continuance of liberal patronage. He will butcher and offer in market none but Beef of the very best quality, and nicely dressed. THOMAS GOODLAKE. March 16, 1841. 2-F

CONCORD COFFEE-HOUSE. THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country, that he has opened a Grocery Store in the Town of Concord, where he will keep constantly on hand a large supply of SUCH AS Wines and Liquors, imported and domestic. Also, Sugar, Coffee, Bread, Crackers, Cheese, Lemons, French Prunes, Cakes, Raisins, Candies of all kinds, Toys, prime Cheering and Smoking Tobacco, Spanish Segars of the best quality, Garden Seeds of every kind, Indigo, Copperas, Madder, Gieger, Spice, Pepper, Almonds, Cloves, Cinnamon, English Walnuts, Macaroni, Vermaselli, Sardines, Herrings, Essence of Cinnamon, Cloves, and Peppermint. And a variety of other articles too tedious to mention.

TO THE PUBLIC. JOHN O'FARRELL announces to his customers and the public generally, that he has disposed of his entire stock of Groceries, Liquors, &c., to Mr. John E. Roueche of Lincoln, and will close his business in Charlotte on Thursday of the ensuing April County Court. Until then, however, he will continue in business at his old stand, and be glad to accommodate his customers with every article in the Grocery line, on the most reasonable terms.

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