

DISSOLUTION.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between myself and Francis Pinkerton, is dissolved, by mutual consent...

Coach and Gig Making, &c.

Subscriber continues to carry on, by himself, as formerly, the above business, at his old stand, Main street, a few doors east of Mr. Slaughter's House of Entertainment...

- Coaches, Sulkeys, Carriages, Jersey Wagons, Stages, Road Wagons, Gigs, Windsor Chair, &c.

of the best materials, in a workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on more reasonable terms than such work was ever done for before in the state.

Repairing, of all kinds of work in his line of business, will be done on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms.

For Sale,

ON moderate terms, for cash, or on a credit, for approved paper, a new, well made Sulkey. Those who wish to supply themselves with such a vehicle, would do well to apply soon, as it is believed so favorable an opportunity to procure one, will not soon offer again.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

THE subscriber has just returned from the North, with as good an assortment of Jewelry, Watches, Silver-Ware, &c.

as was ever offered for sale in this place; his Jewelry is of the latest importations, and the most fashionable and elegant kinds to be had in any of the Northern Cities: elegant Gold and Silver Watches; plain Do.; &c. &c.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine these goods: their richness, elegance, and cheapness, cannot fail of pleasing those who wish to buy.

All kinds of Watches repaired, and warranted to keep time: the shop is two doors below the court-house, on Main-street. ROBT WYNNE. Salisbury, May 26. 1828.

Trotter & Huntington, Watch and Clock Makers and Jewellers.

CHARLOTTE N. C. HAVE just received an elegant assortment of articles in their line; which they will sell very low for cash, or to punctual customers on a credit.

All kinds of Watches repaired, and warranted to perform well. July 3d. 1828.

THE THOROUGH BRED HORSE AERONAUT,

WILL stand this season in the county of Rowan; at Salisbury, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays; at the plantation of the late Dr. Robt. Moore, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The season will commence the 1st of March, and end 1st August. Twelve Dollars will be charged for the season, payable by ten dollars before the season expires, Eight Dollars the leap, and Twenty Dollars to insure. For Pedigree and description of Aeronaut, see handbills.

STEPHEN L. FERRAND, CHARLES L. BOWERS. Feb. 12th, 1829. [54. 1st Aug.]

N. B. Great care will be taken to give general satisfaction; but we cannot be liable for accidents. Grain will be furnished, at the market price, to mares sent from a distance.

COME AND SETTLE UP.

ALL persons having papers in the hands of the subscriber, are requested to present their papers, as soon as possible, and take up their papers, as he has declined doing any more business as an officer, and wishes to make settlement. JACOB S. MYERS. Feb. 4th, 1829. 6161

WAGONERS, Driving to Fayetteville,

WILL find it to their advantage, to stop at the Wagon Yard, where every convenience is provided for Man and Horse, to make them comfortable, at the moderate charge of 25 cents a day and night, for the privilege of the Yard, the use of a good house, fire, water, and shelter. Attached to the Yard, are a Grocery and Provision Store, Bread Shop and Confectionary, and a House for Boarders and Lodgers, in a plain, cheap, wholesome and comfortable style. Fayetteville, 1st April, 1828. 05

Cotton Yarn.

FOR sale, wholesale and retail. Spun Cotton, Number 6 to 15, inclusive, at the Factory prices, from Fayetteville. Apply to J. MURPHY, Agent. Salisbury, May 5, 1829. [14]

POETRY.

From the Critic. THE SON OF NAPOLEON. By P. M. Wetmore.

Son of the mighty conqueror! Thy course is well begun; Thy home should be the field of war, Where noble deeds are done.

Thou hast a heritage for fame— Then bear thy crest on high; And be the lustre of his name, The light that fires thine eye.

Ay, smile: thy heart may well rejoice To mingle with the throng That heard the battle's earthquake voice, And peal the victor song.

Then lead thy sweeping squadron forth, The van of carnage dare; More than Dukedom's wealth is worth One hour of danger there.

The imperial bird again shall soar Its flight near glory's sun; Its banner of thy race once more Shall float where fields are won.

Then be thy flashing sabre drawn— Thy sword the grasp befit; Another Jena yet shall dawn, Another Austerlitz!

Speed, warrior boy in honour's race; Nor shun the conflict's wrath— When history gives thy name a place, Let glory light thy path.

Still be the page of life unread That speaks thy destiny; The muse may gather from the dead Enough for prophecy!

THE MIND.

Weep not for those, who tamper o'er a mist; A deathless thing— They know not what they do, Or what they do with— See, perchance, say they, The power his spirit hath, or light he know!

The torch he sparketh, or he kindles, while Agone the life straggles from his touch that flows— But for the soul— not trouble, and how? We lay our hands upon God's mysteries there!

TIME FLIES— AND WHAT THEN? How swift the pinion time puts on, To urge his flight away, To-day's soon yesterday— and To-morrow is to-day.

Thursdays, and weeks, and months, and years, Depart from mortal view; As, sadly, through this vale of tears Our journey we pursue!

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies, He hastes thee to thy rest: The virtuous man that soonest dies Is soonest with the blest.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN. A BACHELOR. Yes, I did love the creature— Long I strove To gain her sympathies, and wake her love; She seemed to listen to my earnest prayer, And I was happy— I could swear her fair And beautiful countenance and azure eyes, And worship heaven for the lovely prize.

My suit I urged again: I pleaded strong, That I myself might be enrolled among The jewels of her gentle heart— She vowed She surely wished me well; but, looking proud Whispered she was free, and would enjoy, A while, her liberty without alloy.

Since—thrice five years are gone, and I am free, and so is she!

Love called on me one morning, And sought my smile to win; But forward boys then scorned, I would not let him in; I thought that love would weep To be by me forsaken, But I took but one shy peep, And found myself mistaken.

I'll search through all the city, And hunt the field and grove; And ask the young and pretty If they have seen young Love, Love flies fast as the wind, For wings he has about him; And to my cost I find I cannot live without him.

MISCELLANY.

From the Massachusetts Daily Journal. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Who is she?—There is no question that betrays greater anxiety than "Who is she?" Any thing beautiful in a fair stranger instantly strikes, and enquiry is everlastingly hummed.

The ideas of beauty are almost as various, as the different lines of the human countenance. Feeling does not follow at all times those ideas, but the secret spell of sympathy influences the heart, and we are oftentimes in love without admiring. Some amateurs there are, who prefer the display of a well turned ankle to all other considerations, while many are in raptures at the "dignity and love" of action, the graceful step, the beaming eye, or the heavenly smile; but there are thousands whose sullen souls like "Lamps in sepulchres," are unmoved by either. Peace to all such! the power of attraction grows with the intensity of heat: and those that have it not, cannot expect to be entertained when they cannot contribute to enjoyment.

Who is she? rushes into the tender bosom when she views a dangerous rival. Who is she? glances from the eye of the gallant, when cheered by the prospect of an agreeable change, or a charming variety, and the fortune hunter, when a hut is dropped, tags you with importunities. "Who is she?" repeats the scandal bearer and the news-monger, that he may entertain the next acquaintance with his fresh acquisitions. "Who is she?" flashes from the poking stare of the dandy, when he pops his eye through the quiz-glass upon a strange charmer! and "Who is she?" rushes from the eager gestures of old Teazle, when his shrivelled up heart is subdued by graces that despise his imbecility. The rage to live and the love of sway, are passions that strongly interest the fair bosom. Age and despair are their only opiates. And though we are alternately tantalized by cold repulses and soft invitations, there is not an angel living, but who, in decorating herself, wishes to inspire the panting emotion of who is she?

Mortality among Peaches.—I remember the time, nearly forty years ago, when I could boast nearly as many varieties of the peach; I even said I would fatten or feed hogs on the yellow clingstone. There has been since that time a lamentable reverse.—The peach trees of that plantation and of the neighboring region have been doomed to linger and perish. The disease has been considered by Mr. Prince as contagious, and communicated by morbid flowers; and by Mr. Adriance, as caused by a malign influence shed upon them by the Lombardy poplar. Other discreet observers have ascribed the mortality to the ravages of the insect Egeria exilosa, infesting the trunk between air and earth, at the point where the ascending and descending caudex unite. Some again think there is an epidemic influence, which has not yet reached the end of its destructive term, invading the health and destroying the life of the peach tree. Whether the mortality is owing to either of these causes, or to any other it is quite a calamity in the region around New-York and every place where its visitation extends. The most approved rules against the disorder seems to be these: to raise trees from the seed; to cull out the best varieties of natural growth; to destroy disordered trees and plant new frequently, say once in five, or other term of years according to circumstances. N. Y. Farmer.

ON MAKING BUTTER.—The last part of the milk drawn from the cow is richer and yields a greater proportion of cream than that which is first drawn. If the first third and the last third be kept separate, it will be found that the last will yield six times as much cream as the first. There is a greater difference in the quality of the cream obtained from these two parcels than in the quantity, that from the first being thin and white, that from the last thick and of a fine butterous richness of colour. That portion of cream which rises first to the surface is richer in quality and greater in quantity than that which rises in a second equal space of time. Milk which is suffered to partly cool before it is put into the pans to settle for cream never yields so much or so rich a cream as if put into the pans immediately after it is milked.

From these premises it follows, that to make butter of the best quality the first drawn milk ought to be kept separate from the last, and that to make prime butter of superior excellence, the cream that first rises should be used. Western Tiller.

Manufacture of Diamonds.—It will be recollected that two or three years since Professor Silliman succeeded in producing a substance from charcoal resembling the diamond. A memoir has lately been read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris by M. Gannet, stating the result of his inquiries into the action of phosphorus brought into contact with carburet of pure sulphur. The substance of his account is, that having occasion to prepare a large quantity of carburet of sulphur, he conceived the idea of separating the sulphur from the product in order to obtain a pure carbon. He used phosphorus in this process, which combining with the sulphur, the carbon was set at liberty in the shape of small crystals, possessing all the properties of the diamond, particularly that of scratching the hardest bodies. After several experiments, and allowing three months to the process of crystallization, he procured twenty crystals large enough to be taken up on the point of a penknife, and three others of the size of a grain of millet and exceedingly brilliant. They were submitted to the inspection of an experienced jeweller in Paris and by him pronounced to be real diamonds. N. Y. Eve. Post.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER. HENRY BROUGHAM. The ordinary subject of marvel with reference to Mr. Brougham, is the variety of his powers and at attainments; and he is undoubtedly entitled to be considered as an orator, an economist, and a person of scientific information, as well as a lawyer and a statesman. The mind that has thrown itself actively into these various lines of exertion, and has earned a just reputation in most of them, though it need not be a mind of the highest character, must obviously be one of no common stature; and in truth Mr. Brougham is distinguished by several very remarkable qualifications. His class of powers is neither that distinguished by reason, nor by imagination. His great peculiarity is energetic feeling. But as his mind is far more discursive than creative, his feelings habitually dis-

play themselves in a dress of logic. He is therefore especially fitted to excel as an orator; and unquestionably the most extraordinary efforts are rhetorical. He is deficient in no one of the abilities necessary to eloquence, and possesses many of them in the highest perfection. He has of wit abundance, of fancy enough, both ingenuity and vigor of argumentation, and a quickness and strength of sarcasm overpowering and tremendous. His greatest defect is merely of style. In the present age, it is extremely difficult to select a phraseology for oratory. As the rich and masculine language of our early literature has fallen into neglect, and is scarcely intelligible to the many, and the meagreness of our present diction is utterly insufficient for large purposes or powerful effects, Mr. Brougham has attempted to remedy this partly by drawing the materials of his style from the great authors of the 17th century, but chiefly by recurring to Greek and Roman writers from whom he has derived no small variety of phrase—sinewy indeed, and impressive, but not very well harmonizing with the other elements of his language, or sounding very native to English ears. It is an error, however, into which he has been driven, in company with many of the greatest orators of our country. Chatham imitated and sometimes plundered Barrow; Burke collected and heaped up his brilliancy from almost every accessible store-house; from elder poetry and modern science—from the Libraries of Academe, and the workshops of Sheffield; and Grattan, whose style belongs more peculiarly to his age, was obliged to enrich the barrenness of the 18th century with exuberant metaphor, and to point its feebleness with redundant antitheses.

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Headache.....An English paper states, that three or four lumps of citric acid dissolved in cold water, are a cure for sick headache, arising from deficiency of acid in the stomach. Another paper adds, that if there be an excess of acid, a tea-spoonful of finely powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water, will perform a cure. This (remarks the Philadelphia Aurora) we know to be the fact, from long experience. "We will also add, that we believe charcoal will do all that medicine can do to correct any dyspeptic irregularities in the stomach. With exercise it will perform a certain cure unless the constitution be previously destroyed. We will remark, also, that members of the bar who have whispering clients, would do well to recommend its use, for in our opinion it is the most effective corrective known for offensive breath, whether arising from the teeth or the stomach."

The wife.—At a time, alas! when every thing displeased me; when every object was disgusting; when my sufferings had destroyed all the energies and vigor of my soul; when grief had shut from my streaming eyes the beauties of nature, and rendered the whole universe a dreary tomb, the kind attentions of a wife were capable of conveying a secret charm, a silent consolation to my mind."

Judge Jefferson once said, pointing to a prisoner—"there is a great rogue at the end of my cane." "A. which end, my Lord," asked the culprit.

Altit Stories.—The Chinese have an abhorrence of lofty houses. Some of the Missionaries, on showing the model of an European house, several stories high, to the Emperor Kung-hi, were asked by that prince, whether in Europe they were straightened for room below, that they were forced thus to take up their lodging in the air.

Useful advice.—We almost every week see accounts of persons burnt to death by means of their clothes taking fire. There is a remedy for this evil, which is so simple that it is despised for its simplicity. Let a person whose clothes are on fire, immediately lay down and roll over until the blaze is extinguished. This will be done instantly, or at any rate will stop the progress of the blaze, and save the throat and head, where the greatest injury is commonly received. Only try the experiment, and teach your children to do the same. Let two pieces of cotton be ignited at the bottom, so as to blaze half way up; continue to hold the one perpendicular, and lay the other horizontally on the floor or ground, and roll any thing over it, you will see the effect. If this notice should even save one person, the writer will think himself richly rewarded for his writing it.

The following, slightly altered from the original which was published many years ago, is not inapplicable to the fair patronizers of false curls, bucks, and other artificial appendages to the modern built lady: MAN'S MISFORTUNES; OR A MODERN FINE LADY. False rimp, false teeth, false hair, false faces; Alas, poor man! how hard thy case is; Instead of woman's—heavenly woman's charms, To clasp cork—backram—varnish—in thy arms.

West Indian Ladies.—When the young ladies in the West Indies fancy themselves too much tanned by the scorching rays of the sun, they gently scrape off the thin outside of the stone belonging to the cashew tree, and then rub their faces all over with it. Their faces immediately swell and grow black; and the skin, being poisoned by the caustic oil of the nut, will, in the space of five or six days, come entirely off in larger flakes, so that they cannot appear in public in less than a fortnight; by which time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new-born child.

A Mr. Mitchell describes, in the Nashville Republican, the manner of obtaining fire, by the help of ice alone, as follows: Provide a piece of ice clear and transparent, an inch thick, and three inches in diameter. Shape the edges so as to leave the sides convex, and as near as possible resemble a double convex burning lens. Then polish the ice by rubbing it between the palms of your hands until you produce a smooth and regular surface; and it will readily draw a focus from the sun, and ignite any matter which is moderately combustible. He wants no company who hath Christ for his companion. Why is an oak tree light a tight shoe?—Because it produces a-corn.