

TO THE PUBLIC!!

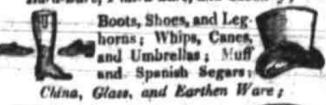
A. TORRENCE & Co.

HAVE now the satisfaction of informing the public, that they have received the balance of their GOODS...

- Blk. Blue and Olive Bloths Do. " Cassimeres Lavings and Circassians 3-4 French Bombazines Bombazines—Cotton Cassimeres Union Drill—Brown French Drilling English mix'd Do. Blk. striped satteen 4-4 mix'd camblet (a superior article) 3-4, 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Domestic Brown sheetings " Do. Bleached Superior Cotton Shirtings 7-8, and 4-4, Bed Tick 3-4, and 4-4 Apron checks Russia Sheetings and Drillings Osnaburghs and Ticklenburgs Very Fine Irish Linens A great variety of Calicoes Linen Cambrics—Long Lawn Plain and Tamb'd Book Muslin 4-4, and 6-4 Fig'd, Leno Fine Swiss Muslin Jaconet and Mull Muslin White bordered Cravats Swiss Do. Italian Do. (a superior article) Canton and Nankin Crapes Gros Do. Etc. Robes Col'd. Gros De Nap Batiste Dresses Italian and China Silks Silk Shawls and Hkfs. White and blk. Silk Stockings Do. and mix'd Socks.

And all other articles of Dry Goods that are usually in demand in this community.

A complete assortment of Hard-ware, Plaster-ware, and Saddlery;



Boots, Shoes, and Leg-horns; Whips, Canes, and Umbrellas; Muff and Spanish Segars; China, Glass, and Earthen Ware;

An extensive assortment of Groceries, of every description; also, an assortment of BOLTING CLOTHS.

All of which they offer very low for cash, at wholesale or retail.

Salisbury, May 23d, 1829. 68

Valuable Real Estate.

THE subscriber offers for sale that valuable Plantation, within four miles of Salisbury, on both sides of the Beaties Ford road, recently owned and occupied by Mr. George Locke...

JOHN LOCKE, Sen'r. May 23d, 1829. 68

THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE AERONAUT,

WILL stand this season in the counties of Rowan and Cabarrus; commencing the week in Salisbury, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays; in the town of Concord on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

STEPHEN L. FERRAND, CHARLES L. BOWERS. Feb. 12th, 1829. (34. 1st Aug.)

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

Estate of Mary Johnston.

THE Subscribers, Executors of the last will and testament of Mary Johnston, late of Rowan county, dec'd, request all persons having claims against said estate to present them legally authenticated, within the time prescribed by law...

THOMAS CRAIG, NATHAN CORNELL, Ex'rs. May 20th, 1828. 3mt71

Stop the Thief.

STOLEN from the subscriber on Thursday the 30th ultimo, while encamped, near Norwood's Store, in Montgomery county, a small dark bay mare, seven years old this spring. Her neck was considerably marked by the collar when taken away; there is no white marks about her except a few white hairs on her back occasioned by the rubbing of the saddle.

Any information relating to said mare will be thankfully received and reasonably REWARDED by the subscriber, living near Mocksville, Rowan county, N. Carolina. ENOCH M. LEACH. Mar 15th, 1829. 67

Fresh Goods, Cheap Goods!

THE subscriber is now receiving and opening at his Store in Salisbury, a large assortment of

Spring and Summer GOODS, HARDWARE,

AND GROCERIES;

containing almost every article usually to be found in Stores;—bought for cash, and selected by himself, with care, in Philadelphia and New York.

The Public are assured they will find a full supply, and as low for cash as any in the place, or otherwise, on accommodating terms. They are invited to call, examine and judge for themselves. JOHN MURPHY. May, 9, 1829. 1277

POETRY.

From the St. Augustine East Florida Herald. SONG OF MORAY.

Come forth, oh, ye breezes, From your cold northern caves, And speed my light pinnace O'er the tremendous waves— Let our breath be as chill As the bleak wintry day, And your voice be as strong As the soul of Moray.

For the dark tide of sorrow Has swept from his breast The hopes that were shining, And fondly cherished— The love of his bosom Is crushed in his dawn; Its flowers have perished, And left but the thorn.

Yet his soul is unmoved As the ocean-girt rock, Which a thousand white billows Are striving to shock, And stern as the storm cloud, When venting its ire, His heart in the battle Shall breathe its wild fire!

The shout of the warrior Is ringing afar, And thrills his proud bosom With clang of the war— And his soul o'er its fetters Is soaring on high, On the red field to join In the fierce battle cry.

Yet thy splendor, oh, Mars! Burns vainly for him; The bright sun of glory Is faded and dim; No charm may re-hallow Life's buried perfume— The prayer he would claim, is A warrior's doom!

Then come, oh, ye breezes, From your cold northern caves, And speed his light pinnace O'er the tremendous waves— He'll rush to the battle As a whirlwind's breath, To greet with fond pleasure The angel of death!

D. W. DAWN.

Throw up the window. 'Tis a morn for life In its most subtle luxury. The air Is like a breathing from the rarier world; And the south wind seems liquid—it o'rcrsteals My bosom and my brow so bathingly.

It has come over gardens, and the flowers That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts With its invisible fingers my loose hair, I know it has been trifling with the rose, And stooping to the violet. There is joy For all God's creatures in it—The wet leaves Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing As if to breathe were music, and the grass Sends up its modest odour with the dew, Like the small tribute of humility. Lovely indeed is morning. I have drunk Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt Its delicate touch, and 'tis a kindlier thing Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

SONG ON A FADED VIOLET.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The odour from the flower is gone, Which like thy kisses breathed on me; The colour from the flower is flown, Which glow'd of thee, and only thee.

A shrivell'd, lifeless, vacant form, It lies on my abandoned breast, And mocks the heart which yet is warm With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not! I sigh—it breathes no more on me: Its mute and uncomplaining lot Is such as mine should be.

FROM THE NEW-BEDFORD MERCURY.

A friend has handed us the following lines with permission for their publication. They are the production of George Washington Adams, the circumstances of whose fate have awakened a peculiarly melancholy interest.

There is a little spark at sea Which glows 'mid darkness brilliantly, But when the moon looks clear and bright, Emits a pale and feeble light; And when the tempest shakes the wave It glimmers o'er the seaman's grave.

When ocean's storms roar wild and high, Most brightly we this light descrie, Amid the billows sparkling foam Onward it sails to seek a home; Despite the elemental war, The wave is its triumphant car.

Such Friendship's beaming light appears, Through the long line of coming years; In sorrows' clouds it shines afar A feeble, but a constant star, And like that little spark at sea Burns brightest in adversity.

MISCELLANY.

The following extract from Willis's Monthly Magazine, is very beautiful. In these days of common-place writing, such a passage is almost enough to redeem a whole book.

There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their sweetness was likened by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strongest trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all,—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass, shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of nature's causing, which can be in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the trenches of wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky,—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of winds and waters,

and the exquisite ear of the musician, else doest no jar.

"Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, and the leaves hang motionless in the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the sea has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly.

"But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hugg leaves, at its moanest breath will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and the deep tone comes sullenly out like echo of a fir off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

FARMERS.

Those who labour on the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire, which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth. Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example. It is the mark set on those, who not looking up to heaven, to their own soil and industry, as does the husbandman, for their subsistence, depend for it on the casualties and caprice of customers. Dependence begets subservience and renality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition.

Jefferson.

THE MECHANIC.

We have more than once had our indignation roused against a certain class of community who affect to despise that portion of their neighbors who obtain an honest livelihood in mechanical employments. We have known many worthy young men mortified and pained to the heart, by the unceremonious and purseproud haughtiness of their superiors—in wealth and impudence only...crowded into the back ground to give place to idlers, and gentlemen at large, merely because they happen to be vulgar enough to choose industry, rather than idleness and dependence. But let not the mechanic relax his praise-worthy exertions. He can give back the sneer of the conceited fop with interest. He can stand up in the strength of an independent spirit—in the proud sense of superiority and real worth over tinsel and borrowed ornament. He fills an honest place in society, and it is time the true merit of his services was appreciated. It is time for republican America to cast off those fetters of prejudice, forged by the aristocracy of the old world, and awaken to her peculiar and legitimate interests. The industrious mechanic may be ranked among her firmest supporters, and the time is not far distant when he shall be placed in his just station in the scale of society.

American Manufacturer.

HEAVEN.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares, When this celestial flame I feel; In all my hopes, in all my fears, There's something kind and pleasing still.

To the Christian, how unspeakably sweet it is to meditate on Heaven, and to think of retreating in Heaven with God to all eternity. To think of leaving all the cares and perplexities and sorrows of this world, and especially of leaving these corrupt bodies of sin, and all that makes us uncomfortable, and unhappy, and unholy. To think that instead of having our ears grated by profane swearing, and filthy communications, we shall hear the sweetest harps of angels, and the grateful songs of all the redeemed. That for our company, instead of noisy and hardened sinners, we shall have cherubim and the spirits of all the just made perfect. That instead of hearing of toil and sorrow, and disappointment—our weary souls shall rest—we shall have access to the Tree of life, and be filled with the fulness of God. That instead of having pained heads and bodies exposed to wasting disease, we shall no longer say 'I am sick,' for 'there shall be no more pain'...but we shall rest upon the bosom of Him, who 'from everlasting,' was the sinner's friend, and behold his glory with 'pure and immortal eyes.' That we shall have all our doubts removed, and all our infirmities made whole. That from Heaven, every ransomed

sinner will look backward upon the path thro' which God has led him through this world—and joyfully exclaim:

Thy dealings, Oh! my God, were right; Thy wisdom chose the thorny road, As better fitted in thy sight, To lead my wayward soul to God.

How sweet too it is to reflect that in Heaven the character of God—and his government—and all his perfection will appear perfectly lovely—and that it will be amongst the sweetest of our joys to know that we are to remain under the government; and at the disposal of this God to all eternity, to be with him where he is, to be filled with his fullness, and to behold his glory. Yes, fellow Christians, by whatever name we may be designated on earth, if we but bear the impress of that heavenly seat—our garments shall be purified by atoning mercy. Each raging tempest, and each succeeding wave, shall waft us but the nearer to the port of peace. Our treasure, too: Oh, our treasure, it is hid with Christ in God, and no unhalloved hand can reach it there—even 'an exceeding and an eternal weight of Glory laid up in heaven.'

FROM THE AMERICAN ADVOCATE. SECRETS IN TRADE.

Not long since we chanced to be in mixed company, several of whom related some anecdote connected with his individual calling. Among the rest was a Tin Pedlar, who had all the craft and shrewdness for which that class of society are so much celebrated. How is it, inquired one, when there are so many pedlars travelling in all directions who hardly make a living, that you contrive to make peddling profitable; why do not others of your craft succeed as well as you? O, replied he, they do not understand the secrets of trade. What secret in the name of wonder, except cheating, said the first, can there be in tin peddling? I do not gain my living by knavery, I assure you, said the pedlar, I intend always to deal honestly; but the secrets of which I spoke, are simply those of making people know and feel their wants. Why, said the first, when you call at a house and ask if they wish to buy any of your wares, and they tell you no, I cannot see but that you must take their opinion instead of giving yours on their wants. No such thing, said the pedlar; people never know what they want till they either see it or hear it particularly described. This is a principle in human nature, and it is true in more trades than mine. How often do we see people sending for a physician who would never have dreamed of being sick, if some careful friend had not told them so? Every body knows how thirsty it makes men to see others drink,—so true is it in this case that temperate people are persuaded that when children do not see their parents and neighbors swallowing intoxicating liquors, and when they are not met at every corner by a grog shop, the evils of intemperance will cease in our land. But intemperance has not much to do with tin peddling, I will acknowledge, so I will relate an anecdote in point, and leave you to judge of the truth of my remarks. A few days since, in my travels, I called at a house where I suspected the family had money, and I determined before leaving it to obtain some of it in an honest way in exchange for my wares. Upon inquiring of the good lady if she wanted any thing in my line, I met with an indignant frown and an emphatic No! But I knew better. I replied, my ware is very superior, I will bring in some of it and you shall judge for yourself. Nothing daunted by her exclamations that she would not buy any, and that I might spare myself any further trouble, I deliberately walked to my cart and filled my arms with an assortment of articles, which were forthwith deposited on the floor of the house. Then taking them one by one, I explained their use, their beauty, their cheapness, and the lady's absolute want of them. In the course of half an hour she was fully convinced she could not do without certain articles, actually paid me thirteen dollars in cash; besides all the paper rags, old pewter, &c. she had on hand.

Depend upon it, if you show people your wares, you seldom fail of convincing them they are in pressing need of them. Yes, yes, I know that's the way, said a merchant who sat near him, you pedlars are going all over the country showing your wares and telling your stories; and although you pay little tax, trade more in proportion to your capital than the honest merchant who keeps an assortment of articles to accommodate the public. I wish the law would put a stop to your unjust traffic. I have no means of showing my wares to all the neighborhood, for I cannot put my store into a cart and draw it round from place to place. I do not like the plan of giving pedlars such an advantage over a regular dealer.

There you are wrong, said the pedlar. I have no advantage over you whatever. 'Tis true you do not put your goods in a cart, and tumble them over every time you wish to sell an article, wearing them out, or spoiling their beauty; but you can, for a trifling expense, show them to the whole neighborhood without. You can show them, not to one or two in a family, as I do mine, but to all, men, women and children; and, after you have shewn them (to the mind's eye, I mean) they know exactly where to find you, and will buy of you of course, while we, poor pedlars, would starve. The merchant appeared doubtful. How is it, said he, that I have lived so long, and have not yet found out this secret in trade? I cannot imagine what you mean! Why, said the pedlar, advertise in the Newspaper; every decent family takes it; and you may be absolutely certain, if you specify particular articles, that the children when they read it, will persuade their parents to buy so much of what they would not otherwise think, that your extra profit for a month in consequence of advertising will be greater than the expense would be for a year.

At this the countenance of the merchant brightened with that peculiar expression, which seems to say, "see if I do not make more money next year than I did the last!" The company were well satisfied with the pedlar's reasoning; and we retired in the full persuasion that all who have any thing to sell should immediately profit by his wholesome advice.

Arab Women.—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths, when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and the forehead. Ear-rings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets various and multiplied—the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms, tattooed with blue; the eye-lashes tinged with black; such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness produce an original and graceful ensemble.

A would be FLEO DE SE...A sailor who was "half seas over," yesterday threw himself into the river; and when dragged out (Sam Patch-like) exhibited a disposition to renew the feat, but was prevented by his comrades. It was not so with an honest Patlander, who upon observing some person attempt to commit suicide by drowning, plunged into the stream and brought him ashore; notwithstanding which the same individual was discovered, shortly afterwards suspended to a tree; when, a person passing by, asked how it was possible that such an act could have been perpetrated in the presence of witnesses, to which TEAGUE replied, that he had once pulled the man out of the water and supposed he had only hung himself up there to dry.

At the tables of the first families, both in Germany and Poland, though wheaten bread was always to be seen, it remarked that the natives scarcely ever tasted it; and I have met many Englishmen, who, after a long residence in those countries, have given the preference to bread of rye.

Dying and Scouring.—Mr. Sedley Woodward, of Georgetown, D. C. who dies for a living, appears in a ghostly train of verse, which expires with the following touching stanza: "I'll do my work right neat and grand, Only for ready pay in hand. I have to work for food and raiment, Therefore must have a speedy payment." There is reason as well as rhyme in the above, and it would not be applicable to other callings.