

TO THE PUBLIC!!

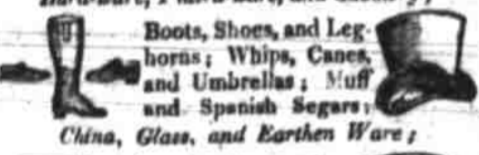
A. TORRENCE & Co.

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;



An extensive assortment of Groceries, of every description; also, an assortment of China, Glass, and Earthen Ware;

ROLLING 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...

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...

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

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...

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...

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...

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.

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;

SONG ON A FADED VIOLET.

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.

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.

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.

and the exquisite ear of the musician, etc. do not seem to 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.

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.

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.

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.

sinners 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.

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.

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.

A WOULD BE FELLOW.

A would be FELLOW. 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.

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."

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.

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.

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 anything 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.

At the tables of the first families, both in Germany and Poland, though wheaten bread was always to be seen, I 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.