

Valuable Real Estate.

THE subscriber offers for sale that valuable plantation, with... in four miles of Salisbury, on both sides of the Beatties Ford road...

Six Cents Reward.

JOSEPH SAMPOL, an apprentice bound to the subscriber, ran away on the 24th inst. the above reward will be given for his delivery...

Navy Beef and Pork for 1830.

SEALED Proposals will be received at this office until the first of September next, for the supply of 3000 lbs. Navy Beef, and 2400 lbs. Navy Pork...

The Pork must be corn fed and well-fatted, all the skulls, feet, and hind legs entire, must be wholly excluded from the barrel...

All the said Beef and Pork, on delivery at the respective Navy Yards must be subjected to the test and inspection of some sworn Inspector of the State, within which it is to be delivered...

State of North Carolina, Mecklenburg county: SUPERIOR Court of Law, May term, 1829: Berry Steward vs. Harriet Steward, petition for divorce...

State of North Carolina, Mecklenburg county: SUPERIOR Court of Law, May term, 1829: Robert Bigham vs. Mary Bigham, petition for divorce...

State of North Carolina, Mecklenburg county: SUPERIOR Court of Law, May term, 1829: Marion Tanner vs. John Tanner, petition for divorce...

POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE. The following piece is excellent. After attending court so long, our fair readers will be at no loss to understand the spirited legal double entendres introduced...

JURISPRUDENCE.

'Twas fashion once for Men alone To seek judicial places; But Ladies now, impatient grown, Are looking into cases.

Tho' some the novel plan deride, Still others disagree; Men are by women sometimes tried, Without a special plea.

Tho' some would have their better parts Known merely by report, Yet we would have, with all our hearts, E'en Ladies go to court.

Their eloquence is all divine, We give it our applause; Their arguments are always fine, And sure to win their cause.

In Hymen's Court the Graces long Have o'er our claims presided; 'Tis there among the t'wining throng, We'd have them all decided.

There's no appeal from their decree, Tho' actions are laid over; The case must always final be, Asumpit or in trover.

But we'll not have our case demurr'd, If trial it will bear one; We're sure to have, when we are heard, A liberal and a fair one.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER. ETERNITY.

Increasing Time! dread years that roll In cycles on, without control, Of measure'd seasons, that may blend In some one point, and have an end: Vast tide of years! unfeeling sea!

Oh! who can sound Eternity. Wild fancy caught the feeble span, Of days, that bound the life of man, Each hour he liv'd, from first to last, Romance long ages in the past, Millions of ages still to be, But these made not Eternity.

If drops that fill'd each ocean wave, And grains of dust, from every cave Of countless worlds, that shine at night, Thro' azure fields, as specks of light, Were years to mark their destiny, They would not make Eternity.

Earth, Sea and Stars must all decay; Faith saw them changed and pass away; With out-stretch'd wings, it skim'd the wave That onward swept beyond the grave; And then it rang'd 'mong spirits free— Their life-time is Eternity.

A TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

THE mountains are God's altars, on whose sides Silence, the parent of deep thought, abides; His matins sing the hour when morning breaks, And the glad heart to gratitude awakes; And he who from the world's temptations flies To his own mad, retired solitudes, Erects a temple to God, more holy Than any built by human pride or folly.

SONG BY T. E. HENRY, ESQ.

Come touch the harp, my gentle one! And let the note be sad and low, Such as may breathe, in every tone, The soul of long ago; That smile of thine is all to bright— For aching hearts, and lonely years; And dearly as I love thy light, To-day I would have tears!

Yet weep not thou, my gentle girl! No smile of thine has lost its spell; By Heaven! I love thy sweetest curl, Oh! more than fondly will! Then touch the lyre, and let it wail, All thought of grief and gloom away, While thou art by with heart and smile, I will not weep to-day.

MISCELLANY.

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE. From Dr. Mason's Sermon in Nat. Preacher. Every real believer has direct and confidential transactions with the Lord Jesus Christ. Like Paul he has committed all that he is, and all that he has—whatever is most precious for time and for eternity—his body, his soul, his hope, his reversion in heaven, to the hands of his faithful Redeemer.

who of them would not grasp the paper, and let go the truth and the oath of God, who cannot lie, among the uncertainties of life?—And can any man with such practical feelings, really dupe himself with the persuasion that he trusts in the Lord Jesus for the kingdom of the just? That he believes in that most generous sacrifice which Jesus Christ made for him—the blood of his cross? Not a word! Not a single word! He is as absolute an unbeliever in the Captain of Our Salvation, and as absolute an idolater, in his own way, as any poor wretch that ever threw himself under the wheels of Juggernaut.

FROM THE WESTERN REGISTER.

MR. Editor: I am a housewife, and my husband's a farmer. I have frequently asked him why he did not subscribe for your paper. We know half a dozen boys and as many girls, growing up in ignorance of the daily transactions of life at home and abroad (altho' most of them can read well enough) and I insist that it would be a good school for the rest—and not one of them could tell if asked whether our nation is at war or at peace—whether Jackson or Adams is chosen president—whether the Greeks had yet gained their independence, or whether Bolivar is hailed as the liberator or disclaimed as the tyrant of the South, and all this for want of a newspaper in the family.

Respectfully Yours, CHARITY PHILOM.

Newspaper Reading.—Who would not take a newspaper? Why it is worth more than all the travelling from Cape Cod to the Stony mountains, and from the Lake of the Woods to Terra-del-Fuego. Seated in your old-fashioned arm chair, you can look out upon the world as a mirror, and observe the busy scene, passing in ever changing review before your mind's eye. A newspaper, friend, is the camera obscura that brings the objects abroad within the narrow compass of vision. What a world of articles it contains! All amusing, instructive, and enlightening.

Aside from trifling, gentle reader, let us make a mathematical calculation. Are you aware how much food for the mind you get, in the course of a year, from a volume of newspapers? Here is a paper containing 16 columns of reading matter per week, exclusive of advertisements; each column comprises, at least, as much as 5 moderate pages of a volume. Here you have 80 pages per week, and 4160 per year, sufficient to form a work of 8 large volumes, quite a snug little library, and all for a mere trifle of 2 dollars.

And then only think of the vast fund of entertainment which you and your family derive from it, how it adds to your consequence among your neighbors. Friend A's a very intelligent man, (they will say,) and his children are all chips of the old block; who knows but some of them may be fit to send to Congress at some time or other? Think of this once, and who would not take a paper, which costs no more than one paper of tobacco, or a glass of grog per week.

New Brunswick Times.

Excellence of Religion.—In a late Liverpool paper is the following paragraph, credited to "Sir H. Davy's Salmonia." The author is one of the most celebrated of living philosophers; and it must be gratifying to the humbler classes of Christians to perceive one so rich in talents, accomplishments, and the pride of learning, paying so eloquent a tribute to that religion which is their all: "I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe the most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and

throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarantus, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic only view gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!"

Empress of France.—The stiffness of Maria Louisa was very unfavorably contrasted with the easy grace of Josephine; it was only in her intimate society that the secret of her amiability was known. Her coldness was considered so constitutional that it was even said to extend to her child. The fact is, she had never been in the habit of seeing children, and she scarcely dared to touch her own boy, lest she should hurt or injure him. He, of course became more partial to his governess than to his mother. It was different with Napoleon, his father, whose affection for him was of the most lively description; he took him in his arms, teased him, carried him before the mirrors, and made all manner of faces at him. At breakfast he put him on his knees, steeped his finger in sauce, and let the child suck it, and daubed his little face all over. The governante grumbled, the Emperor laughed, and the infant, almost always in good humor, appeared to receive with pleasure the noisy caresses of his father. Whenever any one had a favor to ask, this was the time to ask it; they were sure to be favorably received.

Liverwort.—A. P., a young man between 25 and 30 years of age, has been apparently in consumption for two years, or more. In the winter of 1827-8, he was confined to his room with every symptom of confirmed consumption; pulse 110 to the minute; hectic fever, incessant cough, with expectation of matter which in March amounted to full a pint daily, night sweats, debility, and great emaciation. After having tried the usual means in such cases to no effect, the Liverwort was resorted to. It was first taken in decoction without apparent benefit; a concentrated syrup was then taken, and to the astonishment of all his friends, he rapidly recovered so far as to be able to attend to business, and the summer following worked a small garden, and has continued mending gradually in health and flesh to this date.

New Lebanon, April 16, 1829. N. B. The above account is taken from the case book of the physician to the Society of Shakers in New Lebanon, and may be relied on as correct.

Chinese Murderers.—Seventeen Chinese were executed at Canton in January last, for the murder of 14 Frenchmen, on board a junk near the Ladrone Islands. The culprits were placed upon their knees, and held in a fixed posture, and the executioners, at a signal given by an officer, severed their heads from their bodies by a single stroke with a heavy sword about three feet long and two inches wide. The executioners seemed to exult in the opportunity of exerting their skill, and their cool indifference, their words and gestures presented a disgusting scene of butchery, rather than the infliction of the sentence of the law. They are Chinese soldiers, and receive half a dollar for every criminal they behead. One of them has been an executioner upwards of 30 years, and he declares that he has in his life time put to death upwards of 10,000 criminals! The heads of the 17 murderers were conveyed to Macao, and suspended in small cages at the tops of poles stuck in the ground. The Frenchmen had a quantity of merchandize and money, and it was the cursed thirst of gold that led the Chinese to murder them.

Milk and Milking.—The practice of milking thrice a day, especially when cows are in good pasture, is recommended; each milking will give almost as much as if only done twice, for, when the udder is full, the milk begins to be absorbed into the body of the animal. This practice will be found not only to increase the quantity of manure, but of milk. Milk should be poured into pans as soon as possible, and if carried far, or much shook, never gives abundant or good cream.

An Interesting Fact.—Silliman's July No. of the American Journal of Science and Arts, contains two letters from Dr. Joseph E. Muse, of Cambridge, Maryland, which gives an account of the resuscitation of a valuable Hound, from drowning, by means of oxygen gas. The dog was cold, stiff, and to all appearance perfectly dead, when Dr. Muse applied a small stopcock with a long beak, attached to a large bladder filled with the gas—(that is the pure part of the atmospheric air.) As soon as he had thus forced into the lungs a copious dose of the gas, the dog made a convulsive and solitary yelp, to the full pitch of his usual and shrill voice in the chase. The process was repeated till the gas, which Dr. M. happened to have prepared, was exhausted—the dog was then wrapped in blankets replaced by the fire, friction was constantly applied, and after a great deal of trouble and skillful management the hound was fully restored to the use of his physical faculties, in 8 or 10 days.

This case suggests, therefore, a problem of an important character, viz. how far the inflation of the lungs with oxygen, instead of common air, is calculated to resuscitate drowned persons. May not a sufficient quantity of the air be preserved in glass bottles with ground stoppers, in institutions which are designed for the recovery of the drowned—and thus the experiment be fairly tried.

Business is the salt of life; which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it.

Spanish Ladies.—The dress of the Spanish lady, is remarkably elegant, and generally adorns a very perfect shape. Black is the universal color, and the robe is most tastefully worked and vandyked. A mantilla, or veil thrown over the head, and leaving the face uncovered, falls gracefully over the head and shoulders, and is confined at the waist by the arms of the wearer. They are both expensive and particular in dressing their feet with neatness, and their little shoes fit closely. The large black eye, the dark expressive glance, the soft blood-tinged olive of their glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty of Spanish beauty, and feel that tho' the soft blue eye, and delicate loveliness of his own countrywomen awaken more tender feelings of interest, he would deny or dispute, in vain, the commanding superiority of these dark-eyed and finely formed damsels.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence. There is no sufficient court of judicature against the venom of slander, for though you punish the author yet you cannot wipe off the calumny.

New Patrol.—The Boston Traveller of Tuesday gives the following humorous incident which took place in that city a few evenings since. "Who goes there?" said one of our citizens who was on duty as a patrol, on Friday evening, to a red-headed Irishman busily engaged in rolling along a hoghead through the mud. "By J— the self same as yourself," quoth Pat. "How so?" said the watchman. "Pat-rolling, to be sure."

The Editor of the Salem Courier has invented an instrument, to which he has given the name of "Consel-rowler." By this instrument one can ascertain how tight the waist of a lady may be drawn without occasioning ruinous and irremediable injury. The Editor of the Courier is of opinion that "it is the duty of every man, if he sees the ladies squeezing themselves to death, to tell them of it." We would go one step further, and draw them out of the vice.

EPICRAM, from BOILEAU. Your Brother cure me of a fever! He was not my Physician ever: The surest proof that I can give, Is, Boaster—I am still alive.

At a late dinner at the Old Bailey (London) city Alterman volunteered grace, and thus delivered himself: "God bless the meat, And them as eat."

GRATITUDE. It flows from the soul, it springs from the heart: The child of nature, not the offspring of art.