

Valuable Real Estate.

THE subscriber offers for sale that valuable Plantation, with four miles of Salisbury, on both sides of the Beatties Ford road, recently owned and occupied by Mr. George Lockett, on which there is a large, new and commodious dwelling-house, with all the necessary out-houses. There is only about 30 acres of this land under cultivation; two-thirds of the tract is as good upland as any in the neighborhood; with a good portion of best kind of swamp land, for either grass or grain;—it is in the midst of a hospitable and social neighborhood. For terms, &c. apply to the subscriber, in the neighborhood. JOHN LOCKE, Senr. May 23d, 1839. 68

NOTICE.

THIS day, a Negro Man, who says his name is ISAM, and that he belongs to a man by the name of William Thompson, of Chester district, South Carolina, was committed to the jail of Mecklenburg county, N. C. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away. JOHN SLOAN, Sh'ff. of Mecklenburg county. August 5th, 1839. 81

Law Notice.

THE subscriber having removed from Lincoln to his farm at the Buffalo Shoal Ford, on the public road leading from Lincoln to Stateville, nine miles from the latter place, and twenty from the former; begs leave to inform the public, that he will continue the practice of Law in the County and Superior courts of Lincoln, Irredell, Rutherford and Mecklenburg. He may be found at home, at all times except when necessarily absent on his circuit. All letters on business, may be addressed to him in Stateville. RICHARD T. BRUMBY. July 28, 1839. P. S. The Editor of the Journal is requested to insert the above five times, and forward his account to Stateville.

To Cotton Ginners.

THE subscriber having been frequently solicited by his old customers, again to establish the Gin Making Business, has opened his shop in Salisbury, where he is prepared to make and repair Gins, of the very best materials, in a superior style of workmanship, and on terms the most accommodating, even in these hard times. Having been engaged in the business six or seven years; employing a part of his time for three or four of the last seasons in picking cotton, for the express purpose of more fully acquainting himself with the principles and practical operation of these useful machines; and having recently visited South Carolina, where the most improved Gins are in use, with the view of examining them, and making himself acquainted with the plan on which they are constructed, &c. he therefore feels assured, that by his enlarged experience, thus acquired, in making and repairing Gins, and picking cotton, he can construct Machines superior to any ever done in North Carolina. Those wishing work done in this line of business, are respectfully invited to call on the subscriber, witness the plan and execution of his work, examine and judge for themselves. He will spare no pains in supplying himself with the best materials to be had in the country; and will make and repair Gins, according to orders received, on short notice and reasonable terms. All those who may please to call on him, will find him either at his shop or dwelling in Salisbury, ready to execute any job with which they may be pleased to favor him. SAMUEL FRALEY. Salisbury, Aug. 6, 1839. 79

Medical College of SOUTH CAROLINA

THE annual Course of LECTURES in this Institution, will be resumed on the second Monday in November, on the following branches: Anatomy, by JOHN EDWARDS HOLMROSE, M. D. Surgery, by JAMES RAMSAY, M. D. Institutes and Practice of Medicine, by HENRY DICKSON, M. D. Materia Medica, by HENRY R. FROST, M. D. Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, by T. G. PRYOR, M. D. Chemistry, by EDMUND RAYBURN, M. D. Natural History, and Botany, by STEPHEN ELLIOTT, L. L. D. Surgical Anatomy, by JOHN WAGNER, M. D. Demonstrator of Anatomy, by J. WAGNER, M. D. HENRY R. FROST, Dean. Charleston, Aug. 19, 1839. 890

THE Proprietors of all newspapers now taken by this Department, are requested to discontinue sending the same after the first day of October next—and to render their accounts to that date. And notice is hereby given that no paper will be paid for after that time, except such as may be specially subscribed for subsequent to this notice. W. COVENTRY H. WADDELL, Agent. The publishers of the Laws of the last Session of Congress, are requested to publish the above notice three times, and forward their accounts for settlement. Aug. 27, 1839. 183

Taken up and Committed

TWO jail in Salisbury, on the 15th inst. two negro men, named Patrick and Watson; the former says he belongs to Allen Watson, and the latter says he belongs to Capt. Benj. Watson of Prince Edward county, Va.; Patrick is about 24, and Watson 29 years old; the former is 5 feet 6 or 7, the latter 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high; they are of common size, rather dark complexioned, and likely fellows; they had a pass to go to Alabama, probably forged; no particular mark on them. The owner is desired to prove property, pay charges, and take them away. F. SLATER, Sh'ff. August 19, 1839. 81

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, 1838. 09

POETRY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK COURIER & ENQUIRER. The following is an ungenerous libel on the ladies. Music is an accomplishment of the highest order—perfection in the science speaks a delicate and refined understanding. It is an old adage, that we may get too much of a good thing; but if a thing be really good, it is a long time before we get too much of it. Had not the name of Bayley been attached to the libel, we would have set Hood down as the author. "Oh! No, we never mention her," is one of the sweetest songs, and is sung to an air of surpassing melody—both the words and the air are by Bayley, whom we must now set down as an ardent libeller.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

(From Bayley's Ballads.) My wife is very musical, She tunes it over much, And teases me with what they call Her fingering and touch! Her fingering and touch! She's instrumental to my pain, Her very Broadwood quakes! Her vocal efforts split my brain, I shiver when she shakes! She tells me, with the greatest ease Her voice goes up to C! And proves it, till her melodies Are mad as the wind to me: She's "lute-like" if I stir, From where my books lie hid; Or, "Oh! no, we never mention her," I wish she never did. Her newest turns turn out to be The same as heard last year: Alas! there's no variety In variations here: I see her puff, I see her pant, Through ditties wild and strange, I wish she'd change her notes, they want Some silver and some change!"

WHAT IS LIFE? a bubble vain!

An interval of toil and pain. A period spent in sullen gloom, Betwixt the cradle and the tomb— Whole years of woe, with hours of joy, That only lighten to decoy The spirit into keener grief, And mock us when we seek relief, A season spent in anxious strife With all the world—and this is life! But what is life? It is to see Around us scenes of misery— It is to see the fading cheek That suffers, though it cannot speak. It is to see the dim eye close On friends that press around; while flows The bitter tear for Comfort lost When Death affection's path hath crossed— It is to see each promise rise With all the world—and this is life. Then what is life, that we should cling With so much fondness to a thing That yields not happiness—we know Full well, and sadly, that the glow Of joy, but gimmers in our skies A moment, e'er it fades and dies— Our sun sets darkly, and the cloud Of gloom, our fondest hopes enshroud— We linger here, then yield our breath; And all is still—and this is Death. E. H.

FROM THE ARRIE. AN ACROSTIC.

Joy's cloudless sun forever round thee shine As bright and glorious as the live-long day; Nor grief nor sorrow, with a bright malign, E'er cast a shadow o'er thy flowery way. When storms assail thee, or when griefs oppress, Or earthly friends be cold to thy distress— O! may that Power whose goodness none can Defer, from anguish her I love so well! (tell, By him protected, in this vale of tears, Unknown to ill shall pass away thy years; Rewards unthought of may He give to thee; No seraph brighter—no redeemed more free! NON POETICUS. Newville, Pa. Aug. 10th.

TO DANDIES.

Ye mincing, squinting, smok'd face pretty things, With corsets laced as tight as fiddle strings, Choked as a toad, and supple as a cat; About the waste D sharp, the pate B flat; Ye cringing, super-servicable slaves, Ye self-complacent, brainless, heartless knaves, Ye lizard-looking apes, with cat-fish gills, Ye scoundrels, go and pay your Tailor's Bills.

I love to hearken to the simple chat Of prating infants. From the lip of youth I draw a sweeter pleasure to remark How reason dawds towards her perfect day, How passion kindles and impels the soul, To all the useful purposes of life. Burdick.

MISCELLANY.

Whoever men do, or think, or dream, Our wittier paper writes for us them.

'Have I come to this?'—How painful must be the reflection of a young man who has enjoyed the privileges of society, moral instructions, and faithful admonition, to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crime, while comparing his advantages with his present circumstances. Indeed he may say 'have I come to this?' This is not altogether an imaginary case. It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our State penitentiaries. Among the number was a young man of about the age of 24 years, of goodly appearance and well dressed. On going into the prison he involuntarily exclaimed, 'have I come to this?'—Alas! too late to avoid the punishment justly due him for his crimes. What instruction such a scene

and such a language are calculated to afford to youth. It should teach them to obey the first command with promise; to honour their parents; to avoid vain company; is a word to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scene of active life; who knows the evil propensities of the natural heart, and the exposedness of youth to the snares of the world, a scene like this must occasion a degree of anxious solicitude, lest on some future day he may have occasion to hear from that son the melancholy reflection, 'have I come to this?'

Marriage.... There is one circumstance, one event of human life, and that by no means of a trivial nature, over which the influence of Fortune's pipe is considered supreme. It is agreed that "marriage goes by destiny." Here "luck" reigns paramount, and "good guidance" is useless. No precautions can insure a man against a faithless wife, or a woman against a faithless husband; while unions contracted under the most apparently unfavorable auspices, sometimes afford very edifying examples of conjugal felicity. A ten years' courtship will not prevent quarrels in the honeymoon, while an affection sown suddenly at a ball, and of which the harvest follows in six weeks, shall endure unchangeable all the buffets of life.— Couples at years of discretion, have proceeded gradually and steadily thro' the grammar of love, and when duly qualified for a matrimonial degree, have advanced most decorously, and after the most approved method, to the altar of Hymen. Cupid and Minerva preceding them hand-in-hand, and plenty of congratulating relations following in bridal attire: and a life a la cat and dog has been the result; while boys and girls, scarcely half-way in their teens, have fallen in love at battledoor and shuttlecock, galloped off the next morning to Gretna-Green, been married by a blacksmith, and thrown two whole families into hysterics, who have afterwards passed their youth like turtle-doves, their maturer years like the tenderest of friends, and their age like Earby and Joan. English paper.

Intemperance..... Committees have ascertained by careful inquiries of all the retailers and taverns in Troy, N. Y. that 74,636 gallons of ardent spirits are annually consumed in that city. The population is about 11,000. The number of habitual drunkards and tipplers is 583, and the number who have adopted the principle of entire abstinence is about the same. The rest are women, children and those denominated temperate men. The city coroner states that in three years he has holden inquests over 33 persons found dead, and that 29 were suddenly precipitated into eternity by intemperance. The keeper of the house of Industry reports that since October last, 224 persons have been received as inmates, and that 95 of these are intemperate, and 82 are children of intemperate parents. There are in the city about 50 widows, and 300 orphans, of deceased drunkards. Wide spread as the evil is, an evident check to its progress has been effected in the city. Some people affect to believe that the pictures of the evils of intemperance are overdrawn; but the truth is, that the half has not been told. Hampshire Gazette.

Nightingale..... The editor of the Boston Palladium in the account of his late visit to the Shakers, remarks that "the nightingale was pouring a plaintive song through an adjacent grove." Is he not mistaken? Is not this bird, so celebrated for the softness, mellowness and duration of its warble, a stranger to the United States? The name of nightingale may have been improperly applied to other species of birds, whose tuneful notes are somewhat remarkable; but we believe that the real nightingale (motacilla luscima) is limited to the old continent. The ancient and modern Europeans have related many wonderful things of this little songster. It is said to sing in unison with the flute or the lyre, to fill a circle a mile in diameter with its melody, and to change its notes with so much judgment as to produce the most pleasing variety. Hampshire Gazette.

The Tea Shrub has been naturalized in Asia with complete success, so that sooner or later, the Chinese monopoly will come to an end, and with that end, probably, the Celestial Empire will break in pieces.

Atheism.... At New York, last week, P. H. A. Smith, a young man of respectable connections, was convicted of stealing money from persons who boarded with him at the Eastern Hotel. After the Recorder had charged the jury, the prisoner uttered the following blasphemy, which struck the persons present with horror. "I defy any one to say that I did commit the crime, and even if God had said so—if there was a God, but there is no God—I say if God adjudged me guilty, I would impeach him upon his throne." The Keeper of Bridewell was ordered to confine him so that he could not commit suicide. Smith is doubtless one of Miss Fanny Wright's disciples; it is evident, however, that he has some misgivings, for before he was taken from the Court he said, "my only hope is that the bowels of hell will open and receive me." Witnesses testified that he was an atheist, and that there was no appearance of any other insanity. N. York paper.

A New Barometer.—Observations on a Leech, made by a gentleman in England, who kept one several years for the purpose of a weather glass. A phial of water, containing a leech, was kept in the lower frame of a chamber window sash, so that, when I looked in the morning, I could know what would be the weather on the following day. If the weather prove serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rain before or afternoon, it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard.—If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually without the water, and discovers uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive motions. In the frost, as in clear weather, it lies at the bottom. And in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. The leech was kept in an eight-oz-phial, about three fourths filled with water. In the summer, the water was changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight.

A NEW SYNOD.

A Conference of a number of the Ministers and Lay Delegates of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Virginia, has been recently held in the Lutheran Church of Woodstock, in the county of Shenandoah. There were eighty Ministers present. The Rev. N. Schmucker was called to the Chair; and the Rev. J. Kehler appointed Secretary. The principal business of the Conference was the formation of a new Synod within the bounds of Virginia, distinct from the Synods of Maryland and North Carolina.—The Conference was remarkable for the animated and active preaching which it put forth. Though the object was to lead to a separation of the Churches, yet the whole affair went off with the utmost harmony. No jarring interests appeared to interrupt the concord of the meeting.—All seemed to admit the necessity of a new organization, for advancing the good of the Church. Rich. Compiler.

A New Fashion.

The last number of the "Petit Courier des Dames" of Paris, contains prints of the fashions for June, which leave all large sleeves worn since the American Revolution, quite in the back-ground. It is the Bishop's sleeve. The tight wristband and bracelet too, are dispensed with. The hem is slightly turned back by a loop and button above the wrist, and is broadly pendant below, exhibiting the arm in an under sleeve. The dress is a wrapper of plain muslin, surrounded by a broad hem, embroidered. A similar hem ornaments the lower part of the sleeve. As to the waist, it is comparatively a small matter.

Logic.—Give me that logic that will prove black to be white, and white no colour at all.—Many are they who wield the weapon that can do it, and that too, despite of reason. "I will prove to you," says the logician, "that every cat hath three tails." "And how?" inquires the gaping multitude. "Why thus: No cat hath two tails." "Granted." "Every cat hath one tail more than no cat." "True." "Two added to one are equal to three—ergo, every cat hath three tails."

Suicide. Mr. Wm. M'Farlane Saul, Cashier of the Bank of Orleans, put an end to his existence on the 5th ult, about six o'clock, by shooting himself with a pistol. The ball entered the left side, passed through the heart and was extracted from his right side. At the moment he committed the act, a Committee of the Board of Directors was occupied in examining the quarterly accounts and counting the cash. On the table in the direction where he committed the suicide, a letter was found, addressed to the board, in which Mr. Saul stated himself to be a defaulter to the Bank in the sum of eight thousand dollars, and that he had no means of paying it.

During the reign of Lewis XV, a prince of the blood returning, one day from hunting, perceived a poor boy upon a tree; when with the greatest sang froid imaginable, he instantly fired at, and killed him. The affair was mentioned at court, according to the etiquette of which it was necessary that the prince should repair to the king and solicit his pardon. The king, sarcastically smiling, answered, "yes cousin, I grant your pardon; and to whomsoever may fire at you, I will grant the same favour."—The sarcastic manner of his most christian majesty's answer, was, at that time, thought a sufficient punishment for the enormity of the crime! Mém. de la Cour de Louis XV.

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of an instance I knew of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a very great calf."

Pictures of Father and Son.... An old woman, who showed the house and pictures at Towcester, expresses herself in these remarkable words:—"This is Sir Robert Farmer; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house, and paid for it; managed well, saved money and died rich. That is his son; he was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar."

Paste for stopping Teeth.—A cement, composed of powdered sulphate of lime, made into a paste with water and a small portion of the acetate of morphine, is now used by some dentists for stopping painful carious teeth, in lieu of gold leaf or silver. After cleaning out the tooth with lard and warm water, the cavity is again washed with a weak solution of acetate of morphine, by means of a camel's hair pencil; the anodyne powder is then mixed with a little water, and instantly introduced, so as to fill the cavity about half full; after which it is filled up with powdered sulphate of lime, immediately on its being formed into a thick paste with water, which rapidly becomes solid. The practice, where the cavity of the tooth will admit of the cement being retained, has proved very successful.

Fancy.—The vagaries and transitions of fashion, are extremely singular. Old and young dandies now wear blue striped and checked shirts, like sailors.—Coloured shirts must be vulgar; yet dipped in the crucible of fashion they become purified. Had master Jacky, some years ago, been compelled to wear a check shirt, he would have considered it a symbol of disgrace, and wept accordingly.

Dr. Brown had long courted a lady, who was his constant toast. One day after dinner, having given another lady, he was asked why he did not give his old toast. Because, said he, for as long as I have toasted her, I cannot make her Brown.

Polishing.—A person in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

A good day's work.—Miss Ann Davis, of Maden county, lately, during one day in the month of July, wove twenty-seven yards of good Cotton Cloth, in a common loom. The fact is attested by such respectable authority, that it cannot be doubted. Who, among the ladies of North Carolina, can beat this? Oh.