



POETRY.

The following touching and beautiful verses are a just tribute of Poetry and affection to a loved and beloved child, recently called from scenes and expectations followed by every tie of love and fondness, to a "glorious walk with God."

THE EARLY DEAD.

Too bright, too beautiful for earth, Was she who gladdened every heart! The blessed emblem of each hearth, Her light seemed of our life a part! Weep for her voice will greet no more, Weep for her brow of love is dim! Where Heaven's eternal fountains pour, Her spirit breathes its glorious hymn. Mother of her, our loved and dead, Tho' many a fair plant round thee bloom, Long will thy bitter tears be shed, Where the pale roses shade her tomb: Yet as thou mourn'st, remember too, She hath been spared the toil and strife, The wasting grief, the dreams uncur, The thousand ills of human life. Remember, when mid your sweet band, Thou art offering up thy soul in prayer, That she who tread the "better land," Her view with thine is mingling there! Thou hast the memory of her worth, The future's shadowy veil to cheer; Tho' brief her pilgrimage on earth, 'Twas marked by virtues rare and dear. Father! rejoice that once thou'lt called So rich a treasure all thy own— Rejoice, ere thou'rt by cares enthrall'd, That one of thy path her love once shone, Speak of her oft to those who still Around thee shed hope's blinding ray: And, as with joy their young hearts thrill, "Bless them, who thus hath strewn thy way. Sisters, at noon of day who'll miss, As weaned from you balls ye come, Her bounding steps, her playful kiss, Her laughing glance to greet you home. New pleasures in your path will spring, New ties perchance will round you twine, Yet think not Time's orb'den wing Hath sought more fair than her we shrine. Brothers! it seemed a darkened hour When from this world your playmate pass'd! When on each tree and bursting flower Your idol sister gazed her last: The turf is on her! and for you Love's harp its sweetest chord hath lost— Brothers! prove to her memory true, As on life's wave your banks are tossed. The turf is on her! Weep not now— All blessings crown the early dead! She was called home, ere from her brow One trace of radiant mirth had fled: Knowing but Love's unclouded sun, Her dream of earth was bright as bride— Rejoice, that when the goal she won, Her crown had not a withered leaf! E.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG VOTARY OF THE WIVES.

Are we almost there—are we almost there? Said a young girl, as she drew near home— "Are those our poplar trees which rear Their forms so high 'gainst the heavens' blue dome?" Then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well Where the cold water splash'd o'er the large white stone, And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell, Could she shrink from that fountain when the fever was on. While yet so young, and her bloom grew less, They had borne her away, to a kinder clime, For she would not tell that "was only disease Which had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time. And she looked when they had her to look, At many a book and many a shrine— And marked from high places the sun's decline. But in secret she sighed for a quiet spot, Where she of old played in childhood's hour, Tho' shrub or flower marked it not, 'Twas dearer to her than the gayest bower. And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?" But her voice grew faint, and her blush'd cheek pale, And they strove to soothe her, with useless care, Ashy sighs would escape on the evening gale. Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on, But anxious hearts felt a chill despair; For when the light of her eye was gone, And the quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there!

COMMUNICATED BY A YOUNG VOTARY OF THE WIVES.

From the Richmond Whig.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOAK

The following sketch of Mr. Randolph is usually happy and faithful. It is said to have been written thirty years ago, although published now for the first time, and is ascribed to the pen of the Rev. James Milnor, now of New York, formerly of Philadelphia, a member of Congress, and particularly intimate with Mr. Randolph. How well he has described Mr. Randolph's style of oratory, all who have heard him will bear witness; and how felicitously his appearance, and the effect of that and his eloquence upon spectator and auditor, every one's recollection will equally verify. Still more happy is he in delineating the character of the disease which preyed upon Mr. Randolph, and made his life but a protracted death, while its slow progress, and the rapidity with which he rallied from its assaults, persuaded the world, and at last his friends, that it was imaginary.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke.

The following sketch of this distinguished orator, written thirty years ago, but never published, is furnished by a gentleman who has been in the habit of intimacy with Mr. Randolph ever since. It was written off-hand after residing with him in the same hotel at Georgetown, for some weeks, in a constant, familiar intercourse, which has continued at intervals until the period of his decease. The writer bears his testimony that nothing in the life and conduct of Mr. Randolph, during all their subsequent acquaintance, gave him occasion to believe for a moment that his early impressions of his character were in the slightest degree erroneous. N. Y. Cour. Mr. Randolph is, beyond comparison, the most singular and striking person I have ever met with. As an orator he is unquestionably the first in this country, and yet there are few men who labor under so many physical disadvantages. He seems made up of contradictions. Though his person is exceedingly tall, thin, and disproportioned, he is the most graceful man in the world, and with an almost feminine voice he is more distinctly heard in the House than either Mr. D—, or R—, though the former is more noisy than a field preacher, and the latter more vociferous than a crier of oysters. When seated on the opposite side of the hall of Congress, Mr. Randolph looks like a youth of sixteen; but when he rises to speak, there is almost sublimity in the effect proceeding from the singular contrast in his height when seated or standing. In the former his shoulders are raised, his head depressed, his body bent; in the latter, he is seen with his figure dilated in the attitude of inspiration, his head raised, his long thin finger pointing, and his dark, clear, chestnut eye flashing lightning at the object of his overwhelming sarcasm.

Mr. Randolph looks, acts, and speaks like no other man I have ever seen. He is original, unique in every thing. His style of oratory emphatically his own. Often diffusive and discursive in his subjects, his language is simple, brief, & direct; however he may seem to wander from the point occasionally, he never fails to return to it with a bound, illuminating it with flashes of wit, or the happiest illustrations drawn from the sources of a retentive memory, and a rich imagination. Though eccentric in his conduct in the ordinary affairs of life and his intercourse with the world, there will be found more of what is common sense in his speeches than in those of any other man in Congress. His illustrations are almost always drawn from the most familiar sources, and no man is so happy in allusions to fables, proverbs, and the ordinary incidents of human life, of which he has been a keen observer. He is not that fungus species of eloquence which expands itself into empty declamation, sacrificing strength, clearness, and perspicuity, to the more popular charm of redundant metaphors, and periods rounded with all the precision of the compass. Mr. Randolph is a man of wit, and wit deals in comparisons; yet his language is perfectly simple and less figurative than that of any of our distinguished speakers. This I attribute to the clearness and vigor of his conceptions. When a man distinctly comprehends his subject, he will explain himself in a few words and without metaphor; but when he is incapable of giving it a precise and definite form, his language becomes figurative, and his ideas, like objects seen through a mist, have neither outline nor dimensions. Nothing is of more easy comprehension than the ideas and language of the great orator of Virginia. Though continually worried by the little ferrets of the house, who seem to be sent there for no other purpose than to bark at him, Mr. Randolph never becomes loud or boisterous, but utters the most biting sarcasm, with a manner the most irritatingly courteous, and in a voice that resembles the

music of the spheres. Such, indeed, is the wonderful clearness of his voice, and the perfection of his enunciation, that his lowest tones circulate like echoes thro' the hall of Congress, and are more distinctly understood than the roarings of M—, or the howlings of R—, or the bleatings of the rest of the scurrilous Robert Ross. In all the requisites of a great orator he has no superior, and in the greatest of all, that of attracting, charming, riveting the attention of his hearers, no equal in this country or perhaps in the world.

Mr. Randolph has fared as most distinguished political leaders have done, in having his conduct misrepresented, his follies exaggerated, and his peculiarities caricatured. The fault is in some measure his own. He speaks no adversary, and he has no right to expect they will spare him. In this respect his example may well be a warning, to inculcate among rival leaders the necessity of toleration in politics as well as religion. That he is irritable, capricious, and careless of the feelings of those for whom he has no particular respect or regard, no one will deny. That he is impatient in argument and intolerant of opposition, is equally certain, and the whole world knows that he is little solicitous to disguise his contempt or dislike. But much of this peevish irritability may find its origin and excuse in his physical sufferings. Almost from his boyhood, he has never known the blessings of health, nor ever enjoyed its anticipation. His constitution is irretrievably broken; and though he may live many years, they will, in all probability, be years of anxiety and suffering, embittered by the ridicule, instead of soothed by the sympathy of the world, which is ever apt to suppose that a man cannot be sick without dying. Men lingering under the slow consuming tyranny of a constitutional infirmity, and dying, not by inches, but the hundredth part of inches, seem to me among the most pitiable of the human race. The world, and even their friends, come at last to believe their malady imaginary; their complaints without cause. They grow tired of hearing a man always proclaiming himself a victim to disease, yet at the same time taking his share in the business, and apparently in the enjoyments of life, and living on like the rest of his fellow-creatures. "Tis just as scars that never felt a wound," and the very circumstance that should excite additional compassion, too often gives occasion to cold neglect, or flippant ridicule.

In this painful situation is Mr. Randolph at present, and it seems to me that an apology, at least, for his self-disregard of the feelings of others, may be found in his own hopeless sufferings, and the want of sympathy. I know of no situation more calculated to make a man a misanthrope; and those who are foremost and loudest in their condemnation of Mr. Randolph would do well to look into their own hearts, place themselves in his situation, and then ask whether it does not naturally lead to, though it may not justify, occasional irritation, or even habitual ill temper. I here speak of this distinguished man as the world speaks of him. But so far as I saw him, and this was at all hours, he is full of benignity and kindness. His treatment of servants, and especially his own slaves, was that of the kindest master, and he always called his personal attendant "Johnny," a circumstance to my mind strongly indicative of habitual good will towards him. To me, from whose admiration or applause he could, at that time at least, anticipate neither honor or advantage, his behavior was uniformly kind, almost affectionate, and it will be very long before I lose the recollection of his conciliating smile, the music of his mellow voice, or the magic of his gentle manners.

We passed our evenings together, or, I may perhaps rather say, a good portion of the night, for he loved to sit up late, because, as he was wont to say, the grave, not the bed, was the place of rest for him. On these occasions, there was a charm in his conversation I never found in that of any other person. Virginia was the goddess of his idolatry, and of her he delighted to talk. He loved her so much, and so dearly, that he sometimes almost forgot he was a citizen of the United States. The glories and triumphs of the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and the ancient hospitality of the aristocracy of the Old Dominion, were also among his favorite subjects, of which he never tired me. In short, the impression on my mind is never to be eradicated that his heart was liberal, open, and kind, and that his occasional ebullitions of spleen and impatience were the spontaneous, perhaps, irrepressible efforts of a suffering and debilitated frame, to relieve itself a moment from the eternal oppression of its own unnecessary worry.

But, whatever may be the defects

of Mr. Randolph's temper, no one can question his high and lofty independence of mind, or his unsullied integrity as a public agent or a private gentleman. In the former character, he has never abandoned his principles, to suit any political crisis, and in the latter, he may be emphatically called an honest man. His word and his bond are equally to be relied on—and as his country can never cease him of sacrificing her interests to his own ambition, so no man can justly charge him with the breach of any private obligation. In both these respects he stands an illustrious example to a country in which political talents are much more common than political integrity, and where it is too much the custom to forget the actions of a man in our admiration of his speeches.

It is with regret I add, that this brilliant man, who has already attracted the attention, not only of his countrymen, but of the world, will in all probability, survive but a few years. His health appears irretrievably lost, and his constitution irreparably injured. A premature decay seems gradually creeping upon all his vital powers, and an inevitable unseen influence appears to be dragging him to the grave. At the age of thirty, with all the world in his grasp, wealth in his possession, and glory and power in perspective, he is, in constitution, an infirm old man, with light glossy hair, parted over his forehead and tied loosely behind with a black band; teeth white as ivory, an eye sparkling with intellect, and a countenance seamed with a thousand small wrinkles. At the distance of a hundred yards, he will be mistaken for an overgrown boy of premature growth; approach him, and at every step his appearance changes, and he becomes gradually metamorphosed into an old man. You will then see a face such as you never saw before, never will see again; if he likes you, a smile, such as you never beheld on the face of any other man; and when that smile passes away, a countenance bearing an expression of long continued anxiety and suffering, that will make your heart ache.

Such is Mr. Randolph, as he appeared to me at the age of thirty years. He may be wayward, eccentric, self-willed, and erratic. His opponents sometimes insist that he is mad; but this is nothing more than the whispers of party malignity. Would to heaven there were more such mad men among our rulers and legislators, to make filly silent and wickedness ashamed; to assert and defend the ancient principles of our revolution; to detect quack politicians, quack lawyers, and quack divines, and to afford to his countrymen an example of irreproachable integrity both in public and private life. But he is original and unique in this as in every thing else; and when he departs this scene, in which he has suffered the martyrdom of sickness and detraction combined, if living, I will bear this testimony, that he will not leave behind any man that can claim superiority over him, as a glorious orator, a sagacious, high-minded, independent patriot, and inflexibly honest man.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE GOLD MINES.

WILL be positively sold, at public auction, in the town of Millidgeville, on the 15th day of July next, the following Lots: Lot No. 1031 12th district, 1st section, 1033 12th do 1st do 1195 2d do 1st do 646 12th do 1st do 861 12th do 1st do 859 12th do 1st do 893 12th do 1st do 830 12th do 1st do 922 12th do 1st do 817 12th do 1st do 999 4th do 1st do 974 4th do 1st do 1039 4th do 1st do 20 13th do 1st do North 40 13th do 1st do North 598 3d do 2d do 845 21st do 2d do 944 21st do 2d do 638 2d do 3d do 677 4th do 3d do (being Dawson's Ferry)

In the above list are comprised the most valuable Mines, both for vein and deposit, in the whole Cherokee country. They are those which have been purchased during the Lottery, and are sold for the purpose of settlement among the companies. Capitalists are assured that the sale will be positive and without reserve. The terms will be one third, cash down—one third, in two months—and the remaining third, in four months from the date of purchase. Notes, with approved security for the payment of the instalments as they become due, will be required. The titles will be undoubted. THOMAS J. PARK, JACOB PAGE, JASON H. WILSON, U. J. BULLOCK, WILLIAM WARD, Z. B. HARGROVE, SAMUEL TATE, ROBERT S. PATTON, THOMAS B. WARD, WILLIAMS RUTHERFORD, HENRY M. CLAY, Millidgeville, Ga. May 6, 1833. 883

NEW CHEAP Spring & Summer GOODS.

GEO. W. BROWN, I am now receiving from New York & Philadelphia, a large and extensive assortment of Fresh and Fashionable GOODS.

Selected with great care and bought at the lowest cash prices, all of which, he is determined to sell at a very small profit for CASH, or on time to punctual dealers. His stock consists of every variety usually found in Stores in this section of the country.

Persons wishing to purchase, will do well to call and examine his Stock; for he thinks from the lowness of his prices to induce purchasers to buy. The usual kinds of produce taken in payment. 14-87 Salisbury, May 1, 1833.

NOTICE.

BY order of the Court of Equity for Rowan County, the Clerk and Master will sell on the 17th day of July next, in the premises several Tracts of Land lying on Buffalo Creek in said County, belonging to the Heirs at Law of Francis Gibson, dec'd. One of 174 acres adjoining the lands of John Baker and others; one Tract of 5 acres, and one of about 25 acres adjoining the land of George Gibson and others. The sale will take place on the largest tract; A credit of 12 months for one half and of 18 months for the other half will be allowed, and the purchasers required to give bonds with good security for the purchase money on the day of sale. SAML. SILLIMAN, c. m. e. June 8th, 1833. 5 83

Negroes Wanted.

THE subscribers wish to purchase YOUNG & LIKELY NEGROES, Of both sexes. For such, the CASH will be paid, by making application, either personally or by letter, at Lexington, Davidson County, N. C., to HARGRAVE & HUMPHREYS, May 24th 1833. 77-1

Treasury Department.

IN the late conflagration of the Treasury building, nearly all the correspondence of the Secretary of the Treasury, from the establishment of the Department to the 31st March 1833, was destroyed, including, as well the original letters and communications addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the records of the letters and communications written by him. With a view to repair the loss, as far as may be practicable, all officers of the United States are requested to cause copies to be prepared; and authenticated by them, of any letters (excepting those hereinafter alluded to,) which they may at any time have written to, or received from the Secretary of the Treasury, and all those who have been in office, and other individuals throughout the United States, and elsewhere, are invited to do the same. That this correspondence may be arranged into appropriate books, it is requested that it be copied on folio foolscap paper, with a sufficient margin on all sides to admit of binding, and that no more than one letter be contained on a leaf. It is also requested, that the copies be written in a plain and distinct or engrossing hand. Where the original can be spared, it would be preferred. The reasonable expense incurred in copying the papers now requested, not exceeding the rate of ten cents for every hundred words will be defrayed by the Department.

The correspondence which has been saved, and of which therefore, no copies are desired, are the records of the letters written by the Secretary of the Treasury to Presidents and Cashiers of Banks, from the 1st October, 1819, to the 20th February, 1833; all the correspondence relating to the revolutionary claims under the act of 15th May, 1828, and to claims of Virginia officers to half pay, under the act of 5th July 1832, and to applications for the benefits of the acts of the 2nd March, 1831, and 14th July, 1832, for the relief of certain insolvent debtors of the United States. Copies of some circular letters and instructions, written by the Secretary, have also been preserved; and it is requested that, before any copy be made of any circular, letter or instruction, written by the Secretary of the Treasury, the date and object of the circular be first stated to the Department, and its wishes on the subject ascertained. LOUIS McLANE 74-3m Secretary of the Treasury

JOB PRINTING EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AT THIS OFFICE.

Notice

It is HEREBY given, that the firm of E. Dickson and Cha. where is dissolved by mutual consent. All persons against whom they may claim arising before the 1st instant, are cautioned to come forward and settle the same, either by cash or note, before the 1st of August next, or they will find their account in the hands of Woodson Monroe for a Partner.

ENLARGED SHOE STORE.

Ebenzer Dickson I have purchased the entire interest in the above mentioned firm; the stock of which was very good and extensive. But in addition to that, he is receiving from the North a large and Splendid Assortment of articles belonging to his line of business in all its branches. For Neatness, Cheapness and DURABILITY, he is confident that his assortment is equalled by none in the Southern Country. It consists (among other things) of Gentlemen's BOOTS, SHOES AND PUMPS, of the best quality and latest fashions. Also, a general assortment of Ladies' Shoes & Pumps, of all kinds, such as Seal-Skin, Calf-Skin, Morocco and Prunella, of the newest style and best workmanship and materials; all of which, he will sell low for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. Five per cent will be discounted in purchases who pay on demand. Mr. Dickson, makes his acknowledgments to the citizens of Salisbury, and the neighboring country, for the liberal share of custom extended to him, and he hopes by a strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of their favors. He will carry on the business of manufacturing BOOTS, SHOES, &c., which he pledges himself to do in the best style, out of the best materials, in the shortest notice. He has furnished himself with a stock of excellent Northern Seal Leather, and Calf-skins, which he intends to have worked up in his shop. He hopes the Ladies and Gentlemen one and all, will come and examine his assortment, for he can confidently recommend it as the most tasteful, useful and desirable of any ever brought to the Western part of the State. P. S. Orders from the country will receive the strictest attention and be filed with as much precision as though the person himself were personally present. Salisbury, N. C. May 1833 76f

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Ex. cutrix of the Estate of Alexander R. Caldwell, deceased, gives notice to all persons having demands against said Estate to present them for payment within the time prescribed by act of Assembly, otherwise they will be barred of recovery by the operation of said act. All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and pay, or secure their debts without delay. E. S. CALDWELL, Exr. Davidson Co. 31 1833. 78-1

NOTICE.

THE certificate for Four shares of the Capital of the State Bank of North Carolina, subscribed for in the name of J. L. L. L. and transferred to Philip Hanes, being lost or mislaid; Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that I will apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof. 77-3m GEORGE HANES, Secy. Salisbury, May 24th 1833.

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State of North Carolina.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS, April Term 1833.

BURTON & CLAYTON vs. WILLIAM MARTIN; Plaintiff vs. Defendant.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that William Martin the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court that he appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Lincoln, at the Court House in Lincoln, on the third Monday in July next; Reply and plead to issue or Judgment by default will be entered up against him. Ordered by the Court that publication hereof be made six weeks successively in the Western Carolinian. 6182 V. McBEE, c. c. c.

New Tailor Shop IN LEXINGTON, N. C.

Mr. Theophilus M. Simpson MOST respectfully informs his Friends & the public at large that he is now carrying on the Tailors' Business, in all its various branches in the town of Lexington, N. C. in the shop East of the Court House, formerly occupied by P. Fowler. He regularly receives the latest New York and Philadelphia fashions, which will enable him to make any gentleman A fashionable suit of Clothes in short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship. He hopes by assiduous attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. April 12, 1833. 71f