

to the worship... the worshipper of... dwelling in the... mythology... Every where we...

poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

NEW CHEAP Spring & Summer GOODS.

THE firm of HACKETT & LEWIS having been dissolved, the business in future will be conducted by S. LEMLEY & SON.

Of the latest Importations consisting of Dry-Goods, & Groceries, Hats, Bonnets & Shoes, Hard-Ware, Cutlery, and PLATED WARE, Saddlery, Crockery, &c. &c.

TO THE PUBLIC. ON the night of the 4th of July inst. some persons entered my house and stole out of my pocket a calf-skin or sheep-skin pocket-book containing about one hundred and eighty dollars in bank bills, and also sundry judgments, executions and notes, among which the following are recollectored, to wit:

Administrator's SALE.

WILL sell at Auction, in Wadesboro, on Monday the 24th of September next, (it being the week of Anson Superior Court,) on a credit of twelve months, all that valuable

Stock of Goods Relonging to the estate of Thomas Y. H. z., dec'd., consisting of DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware and Cutlery, AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING: SUPERFINE BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Lancens, Cassinells, Silks, Circassians, Satins, Bombazetts, Muslins, Domestic, (A Variety,) Hats, (Figs and Common,) Flannels, Boots, Blankets, Shoes, (Gentlemen's and Ladies,) Vestings, Coffee &c. &c. Together with an assortment of all the Fancy Goods

Usually kept by village Merchants ALSO, at the same time and place, all the Household and Kitchen furniture, several head of Horses and Cattle, and several VALUABLE NEGROES. The sale will continue from day to day, until all is sold.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Executor 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.

E. S. CALDWELL, Ex'r. Davidson Co. 31 1833. 78 6m

NEW BINDERY.

WITH a view to the more efficient prosecution of their business, the Subscribers have established a BOOK-BINDERY. Having procured the best materials from the North, and employed a Workman who comes well recommended, they are prepared to execute on moderate terms, all orders in this line.

A CARD.

G. WALTER JASON, M. D. SURGEON DEN. 257, OF RICHMOND, VA.

NOTICE.

THE Certificate for Four shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, subscribed for in the name of J. S. Locks, and transferred to Philip Hanes late of Rowan county, N. C. dec'd., being lost or mislaid, Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof.

NOTICE.

THE Certificate for thirteen shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, issued in the name of Francis Locks, (late of Rowan County N. C.) dec'd., being lost or mislaid, Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned, that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof.

Blank Warrants.

Nicely Printed on Fine Paper. FOR SALE HERE.

Blank Deeds.

Every description, neatly printed, and respectfully for sale at this office.

The aboriginal Germans buried their dead in groves consecrated by their priests. The Egyptians gratified their pride and soothed their grief, by interring them in their Elysian fields, or embalming them in their vast catacombs, or inclosing them in their stupendous pyramids, the wonder of all succeeding ages.

"Well wife, did you get the fish I bought?" "Yes my dear." "I should like to know how you have cooked it—will be any thing you have spoiled it for my eating."

"Bury me not, I pray thee," said the patriarch Jacob, "bury me not in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place."

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also."

"Such are the natural expressions of human feeling, as they fall from the lips of the dying. Such are the reminiscences that forever crowd on the confines of the pangs to the grave. We seek again to have our home there with our friends, and to be blessed by a communion with them. It is a matter of instinct, not of reasoning. It is a spiritual impulse, which supercedes belief, and disdains question.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Blessed fish!—Chips and porridge. It you had not been one of the most stupid of woman kind you would have made it into powder."

"But it is not chiefly in regard to the feelings belonging to our two mortality, however sacred and natural, that we should contemplate the establishment of repositories of this sort. There are higher moral purposes, and more affecting considerations, which belong to the subject. We should accustom ourselves to view them rather as means than as ends; rather as influences to govern human conduct, and to moderate human suffering, than as cares incident to a selfish foregrief.

"I will not dwell upon facts of this nature. They demonstrate, however, the truth of which I have spoken. They do more; they furnish directions suitable for our own thoughts on the present occasion.

"It is to the living mourner—to the parent, weeping over his dear dead child—to the husband, dwelling in his own solitary desolation—to the widow, whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow—to the friend, who misses at every turn the presence of some kindred spirit—it is to these, that the repositories of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction, and, slowly, but surely, of consolation also. They admonish us, by their very silence, of our own frail and transitory being. They instruct us in the true value of life, and in its noble purposes, its duties and its deatification. They spread around us, in the reminiscences of the past, sources of pleasing though melancholy reflection.

"I have spoken of but feelings and associations common to all ages, and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian & the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry

"A GENTLE REPROOF. There is no sound which grates more harshly on the ear of a man of feeling, generous disposition, than to hear a brutal husband speak harshly to an amiable wife. The wretch who can treat a woman ill, deserve the contempt of his fellow creatures—but when that woman is one who looks to him for support, for kindness and protection—some whose path through life, he is bound by every noble principle to strew with flowers, the brute who plants the thorns instead, like Cain, should have a mark set upon his forehead, that he may be known and shunned by every honest man. But there is many a worthy woman, who could tell an affecting tale of patient suffering under nominated abuse.

"I have spoken of but feelings and associations common to all ages, and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian & the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry

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Eye no more from eye retracting, Heart with heart in concert beating, Lip with lip in rapture meeting:— Bleas'd be the Gondola. On a bank enriched with flowers, Charming vines, and fragrant bowers, Lovers rest the sultry hours:— Safely moor'd the Gondola. Converse sweet all care dispelling, Love no ill, no change foretelling, Heaven within their study dwelling:— Offert rests the Gondola. Evening skies are purpling over, Glim'ring stars their fires recover— Arms entwining maid and lover Ling'ring seek the Gondola. From the grove a vesper stealing, Reckless of the rhymer pealing, Thirst of blood his blade revealing, Hastes to the Gondola. Dark! those shrieks to Heaven pleading, Prayers and pious masses needing!— Peasants weep o'er lovers bleeding:— Lifeless in the Gondola. While the moon is fondly playing, With the stream, in silence straying, Love in death the tide conveying, Slowly floats the Gondola. Pensive boatmen speed allighted, As the moonbeams coldly lighted, Do to forms that lay united, In the fatal Gondola.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Address of Judge Story, at the consecration of Mount Auburn Cemetery.

"MY FRIENDS,—The occasion which brings us together has much in it calculated to awaken our sensibilities, and cast a solemnity over our thoughts. We are met to consecrate these grounds exclusively to the service and repose of the dead. The duty is not new; for it has been performed for countless millions. The scenery is not new; for the hill and the valley, the still, silent deth, and the deep forest, have often been devoted to the same pious purpose. But that which must always give it a peculiar interest is, that it can rarely occur except it does, it must address itself to feelings intelligible to all nations, and common to all hearts.

"The patriarchal language of four thousand years ago is precisely that to which we would now give utterance. We are 'strangers and sojourners' here. We have need of 'a possession of a burying-place, that we may bury our dead out of our sight.' Let us have 'the field, and the cave which is therein; and all the trees that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about; and let them be made sure for a possession of a burying-place.'

"It is the duty of the living thus to provide for the dead. It is not a mere office of pious regard for others, but it comes home to our own hearts, as those who are soon to enter up is the common inheritance. If there are any feelings of our nature, not bounded by earth, and yet stopping short of the skies, which are more strong and more universal than all others, they will be found in our solicitude as to the time and place and manner of our death; in the desire to die in the arms of our friends; to have the last sad offices to our remains performed by their affection; to repose in the land of our nativity; to be gathered to the sepulchres of our fathers. It is almost impossible for us to feel, nay even to feign, indifference to such a subject.

"Poetry has told us this truth in lines of transcendent beauty and force, which find a response in every breast. For why, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned, Left his warm precincts of the cheerful day; Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind? On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some kindred spirit, who e'en in our agonies, Pours into our eyes the promised light."