

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

INSENSIBLE FLIGHT OF TIME.

(BY MONTGOMERY.)

This shadow on the dial's face, That steals from day to day, With slow, unseem, unceasing pace, Moments, and months, and years away, This shadow which, in every clime, Hath held its course sublime; What is it? mortal man!

It is the scythe of time;— A shadow only to the eye; Yet, in its calm career, It levels all beneath the sky; And still, through each succeeding year, Right onward with relentless power, Its stroke shall darken every hour, 'Till nature's race be run, And time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

VARIETY.

From the Antimasonic Advocate.

SPIRITS IN THE HAY AND HARVEST FIELDS.

Moving is heavy work—and so is pitching hay, and packing it away in a close barn with the thermometer at 80, is any thing but light work. Reaping and cradling grain is, if any thing, a little tougher still. If ever a man has need of spirits, to carry him forward in any undertaking, he certainly has in this. He is up at early dawn, and toils with little intermission—not "from six to six," but holds on until

"twilight gray, Has in her sober livery all things clad." He labors hard during the fourteen or fifteen hours—and he has need of spirits—without, he would be stowed away under a hedge, or, as we used to say in bye-gone times, "bushed," before mid-day.

It is a fact, plain and palpable, and we plant it down as a fact, without further prologue or argument—that every man, woman, and child, that labors all day in the hay or harvest field, has need of spirits.

But what sort of spirits does he need? We shall answer this question—1st, negative—and 2nd, positively.

1. He does not need that any new kind of spirits should be created for him, or made by him.—The Creator pronounced all things good, and yet he made no alcoholic stimuli. Such spirits, then, are either not good, or the wisdom of man has added a good thing to the perfect works of the Creator! The labors of the field were carried forward, for many centuries, before grand-father Noah, like too many professed friends of temperance in this degenerate age, took a little too much wine—and a much longer time before the discovery of the process of making alcoholic liquors. Ardent spirit contains no nourishment—not a particle—"no more," says a nervous writer, "than a flash of lightning." It is, then, of no use in the harvest field.

He does not need the spirits contained in wine, hard cider, porter, ale, &c. These are no more nutritious than ardent spirits. True, they do not "make drunk come" just as soon—but they do just as effectually, if persevered in. Hard cider makes crazy, and beer and porter makes stupid, much sooner than any man can afford to take leave of his senses or his energies.

All the spirits above alluded to are evil spirits—and while men use their senses, and sicken, and cradles, to gather in their crops, the Devil makes use of the jug of brandy, gin, whiskey, wine, cider, &c., to mow down his harvest, that he may bind them in bundles for that "day that shall burn us an oven." We say, then, positively—that the kind of spirits that are necessary in the hay and harvest field, are simply—1, the animal spirits with which man is endowed by nature; and 2, a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness for the pleasures harvest with which a bountiful Providence has favored him.

To say that man has not a quantum suff of animal spirits, is to say that he is inferior to the brute creation. Why do the lovers of whiskey give a little to their horses and oxen, to brace up their nerves, and assist them in hauling home the hay and grain?

The spirit of gratitude ought to be a sufficient stimulus in securing the fruits of the earth. Look abroad upon that verdant meadow—that beautiful field of clover and timothy—behold the waving grain—the fields whiting to the harvest—are they yours? By what power or art became they yours? True, you turned up the soil and scattered the seed—but did you bring down the genial showers, or the early dew? Who caused the vernal sun to shine upon the swelling seeds,—to invigorate the tender plants, and ripen all your crops? Think of the blessings you receive—the absence of all claim upon the Donor—think of the powers you possess, and your accountability to preserve them in health and vigor—and you will have spirits sufficient to support you amidst the severest toil.

From the Georgia Constitutionalist.

THE SABBATH BELL.

To me, there is something exquisitely sweet and edifying in the notes of the Sabbath Bell; and I often think, and indeed feel, that I hear better music and better preaching while walking to church, than while there. In all places, at all times, and in all seasons, I take infinite delight in hearing it; and when in a place where the solemn stillness of

the Sabbath morning is not wakened into lively, pure, and relieving reflection by this sacred music, I feel as if I had lost a dear—a bosom friend.—And especially at the present season, when nature is arrayed in her freshest and finest robes—when all her care is rising up—and all her energies are exerted to give beauty and perfection to the work assigned her, the bell has a double effect upon my mind. It carries me away to childhood's earliest scenes, when I first rejoiced in its cheering melodies; and from the dim confusion of the past rolls back again that current of tender emotions, which, in early years, caused my little heart to throb with love to all beneath, around, and above me. And in this case it is edifying both in a religious and philosophical sense. In a religious, because it teaches me the sensations that children, trained with a reverence for sacred institutions, whose minds are early-embued with a love of God and his works, a love of their parents and all they see, are apt to experience. Their minds are not strong or far expanded, and not yet tainted with the moral corruption that surrounds them; consequently, they are not capable of converting into impurity that which is pure; and, as far as they do comprehend, see nothing but goodness and love. They indeed have an idea of power, but for them that power exists only to protect and bless. Crime, injustice, and cruelty, have not yet perverted their feelings, and at such times as their affections are exercised on subjects of devotion, charity, or love, the heart of man ceases to be more disinterested, warm, and tender. I see in them religious purity, without guile or dissimulation; they have no double meaning, but act out their thoughts in the eye of heaven and earth.

The recollection of childish religion is beneficial in a philosophical sense, by teaching the impressions the young mind most readily receives and lastingly retains. For myself, there is nothing that has transpired, for the last fifteen years, which I more distinctly remember than the first lessons of piety I learned of my mother.

But this is not all the influence the Sabbath-bell exerts on me; it not only brings the past to mind, but inclines me to beautify the present, by devoting my whole time to useful acting and thinking.—When its sounds first greet my ear, I always think that my life is shortened one week, since I last heard its hallowed peal. Then I ask myself, what testimony that week has carried to eternity for me; and if, upon reviewing my actions, day by day, I find that I have left any duty undone, I feel that there is one blank in my life which I never can fill; for I do not burthen to-day with the duties of yesterday. To every portion of my time I allot some particular employment; and if I fail to fulfill my engagements with a single hour, I never expect that the next will be long enough for its own business and that of the past too. I am not of the opinion that to-morrow's duties are lessened because I have done much to-day, or augmented because I have done little; for time carries all things with it, sparing neither duties or those who should perform them.

And while the Sabbath-bell is bringing the past to my view, it never does me the unkindness to neglect the future. It tells me that if I will improve the present, and judge of the future by the past, I shall lay up for coming time, if not all the luxuries and comforts of life, the greatest of all its luxuries and comforts—a well regulated and contented mind. But it does not stop here,—it points forward to another world more pure and bright than this; and bids me consider this one day of seven, the assemblage it convenes, and its own soft and sacred music, as but faint hieroglyphics of that day and assemblage, and celestial song, when the happiness man seeks on earth shall be found in heaven.

A PHRENOLOGIST'S STUDY.

CASTS, BOXES, AND SKULLS ARRANGED AROUND THE ROOM.

DR. BRAIN, MRS. ATKINS, AND A CHILD.

Dr. Brain.—Well, my good Mrs. Atkins, I see that you have brought your son to be examined. Mrs. Atkins.—Yes, sir, if you will have the goodness. Children are a great pleasure, but then they are a great care, and a widow, especially a lone woman, cannot help feeling anxious about setting them out in life. To be sure, I have only my twins, a girl and this boy—but still it is a great trouble. One does not know what is fittest for them, poor things!

Dr. B.—Phrenology is precisely what will ease that trouble, Mrs. Atkins. Our discoveries are particularly to that point, by observing and following the natural indications. My friend, Mr. Howson, I think, sent you to me?

Mrs. A.—Yes, sir; he told me that by looking at the boy's skull—take off your hat, William—and feeling the bumps—

Dr. B.—Organs, my good madam! Call them organs.

Mrs. A.—I beg your pardon, sir, I will. Mr. H. said, that feeling his bump—organs, I mean—you would be able to tell me what to do with him. I should like to bring him up to the grocery line, like his father, and take him into business at a proper time; but the boy, it seems, has read a foolish book, called Robinson Crusoe, and is wild to go to sea. Why don't you take off your hat, William, and let the doctor look at your bump—organs? He won't hurt you, child. For all he is so bold and full of tricks, the boy is as shame-faced before company as his sister. Hold yourself up, William.

Dr. B.—How old is the young gentleman? Mrs. A.—Twelve, come next Micah's. He's but a shrimp of a thing, in spite of his great spirit—too puny by half for a boy. Fanny and he are so much alike that if it were not for their clothes we should not know them asunder. But I suppose, doctor, that's only their faces! I take it their bump—I beg pardon—organs are quite different?

Dr. B.—Undoubtedly, my good Mrs. Atkins; difference of sex is attended with difference of faculty. The perceptive organs, for instance, are usually more developed in women; the reflective organ in man. This is quite a boy's forehead.—Come, sir, let me feel! I shall do you no harm. [The doctor feels of the child's head.—Mrs. Atkins walks about the room, looking at the casts, and talking to herself.] A large distinctness—a prodigious combativeness!—firmness strongly developed—adhesiveness small. Really, Mrs. Atkins, this boy is the most striking instance of the truth of our science that I ever met with in the thousands that I have examined. I never saw the propensities so strongly indicated. Let him go to sea by all means—in fact, it would be of no use if you were to try to keep him at home: with such a firmness and sensitiveness he would certainly run away. Besides, it would be thousand pities. Here are all the organs that make a great warrior—a superb distinctness—a finer combativeness than

Lord Nelson! I should like to have a cast of the boy.

Mrs. A.—Ah! well-a-day!

Dr. B.—Acquisitiveness strong, too!

Mrs. A.—Ay, ay—what's that?

Dr. B.—Why, it means a desire to possess, which, in a boy, probably shows itself in a love of marbles, and apples, without being very scrupulous as to the means by which they are acquired.

Mrs. A.—O! it's a wonderful art! See, William, how the doctor finds you out! Yes, he—I take shame to say it—stole all the apples off our nonpareil tree, last year, and we can't keep a gooseberry in the garden for him. I can trust his sister any where, she's such a good little quiet thing—but William—

Dr. B.—Never fear, Mrs. Atkins—it's an excellent organ under proper government, and will turn to a desire to capture Dutch spice ships and Spanish argosies. You must send him to sea.

Mrs. A.—Ah! well-a-day! But doctor how is it you can tell all these things?

Dr. B.—Why, look here, my good madam, do you see that projection on the side of—just here, Mrs. Atkins; here my good lady. If I had another child I could show you in a moment what I mean.

Mrs. A.—Run and fetch your sister, William.

Dr. B.—Ay, then I can explain the difference—I'll venture to say there is not such a combativeness—why don't you go for your sister, my little man, as your mamma bids you?

Mrs. A.—Why do you stand there like a simpleton! Go for Fanny, this moment!

Child.—Pray, mamma, don't be angry, I am Fanny.

Mrs. A.—Oh dear! dear me! this is one of William's unlucky tricks! Get out of my sight you good-for-nothing hussy. What will the doctor say, to be made such a fool of?

Dr. B.—Make a fool of me! Mrs. Atkins, I should like to see the person that could do that.—It is not all the tricks of men, women, and children that can put down Phrenology. But I give you warning, my good madam, that whatever trouble you may have with your son, you will have more with your daughter. I was never mistaken in my life, and there are organs in that little noddle fit to belong to a Joan of Arc. Good morning, Mrs. Atkins. She'll follow the drum, I tell you—or go to sea. Good morning madam! Make a fool of me indeed.

A Canine Police Officer.—The following extraordinary instance of sagacity, was the subject of much conversation at Paris, during the last summer: A gentleman, followed by his dog, went to Vauxhall; the gentleman at the door refused to allow the dog to follow his master.

Some dispute ensued, and the officer came up.—He found the visitor pleading, with all his eloquence, for permission to be attended by his old faithful friend. "All I can do," said the officer, "is to take care of your dog till you leave this place; you will find him safe on your return." The gentleman reluctantly left his dog, and entered among the gay company. Pickpockets are as dexterous in Paris as in London, and he was robbed of his watch. He went out and complained to the officer. "I have been robbed," said he, "and the misfortune was occasioned by your refusal to let my dog follow me. Had the dog been with me, my property would have been safe." The officer ordered the police to make search for the depredateur, but the person who had been robbed said he had not the least doubt his dog would be able to detect the thief. The officer was incredulous upon that point, but permitted the dog to go with his master.

The animal dashed among the company, and followed a dandy, whose air and appearance entitled him at least to the respect due to a Duke. The gentleman who had lost his watch pointed out the person to the Police. "It is impossible that that elegant young man could commit the crime," said the gentleman; "I am certain my dog is not mistaken," replied the owner of the watch, "he has traced the property." The Police arrested the party; he was searched, and eight watches found in his possession. They were laid upon the floor of the room, and the dog sagaciously selected his master's watch from the rest. The initials of the owner were on the case. The pickpocket proved to be a notorious offender, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment by the Paris Tribunal.

QUITE PROBABLE.

The Monthly Magazine, in its notes for the month, after noticing some of the wonders which are so constantly related in the daily papers, and especially that of a drover who fell asleep by the side of a lime kiln, and slept while his leg was burnt off, and then got up and asked a man by whom he was roused from his slumbers, to assist him in looking for his shoes, gives the following fact, which is equally credible: A hypocondriac, who occasionally took odd fancies, at last imagined himself a tea-kettle, and sending the servant on some needless errand, took an opportunity, in her absence, to seat himself on the kitchen fire, where, on her return, she found him singing. He then cautioned her to be careful how she took off his lid, lest she should be scalded by the steam, and would not consent to her removing it till she procured the kettle holder, to save her fingers from the heat of the handle.—He was at length rescued from his pleasant position, and a surgeon was sent for, if possible, to remedy the ill consequence of his vagary, when he received additional pleasure from a persuasion that the son of Esculapius was a tinker, who had been called to mend his bottom!

A furious wife, like a musket, may do a great deal of execution in her house; but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife will, like an air gun, act with as much power without being heard.

Miss London.—Fraser's Magazine says, "she is a very nice, unbluestockingish, well dressed, and trim looking young lady, fond of sitting in neat and carefully arranged costume at her table, chatting in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her."

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront all the rest.

A worthy lately remarked, that if one would seat himself in a strong draft of air, place his feet in a bucket of cold water, and jingle the shovel and tongs, he might enjoy all the pleasures of sleigh-ridings, at a great discount from the lively stable prices.

A Splendid Line of Hacks, FROM Salisbury, (N. C.) to Raleigh, (N. C.)

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

ANXIOUS to afford every facility to the Travelling Public, now announce that they have completed all their arrangements and can with truth say, We present you with a Line of Hacks possessing advantages over any other, if you wish to get on with ease and despatch—having obtained that great desideratum with all Travellers—no detention on the road. It is so arranged as to correspond, in its arrivals at Raleigh, with the departure of the following Stages, viz: The Great Daily Line to Blakely, North-Carolina, passing through Louisburg, Warrenton, and Halifax; at the latter place a Line of Stages communicates with the Portsmouth Rail-Road for Norfolk; by continuing on to Blakely, you strike the Petersburg Rail-Road; and on your arrival at that place you have the choice of two Lines—either by land to Washington City, via. Richmond and Fredericksburg, or by Steam-Boat to Norfolk. There is also a Line of Stages from Raleigh to Norfolk, via. Tarborough, Murfreesborough, Winton, &c., over one of the best Natural Roads in the United States. At Norfolk there will be no detention, as there is a line of Steam-Boats for Baltimore in connexion with this line. This line also connects with one from Raleigh to Newbern. The arrivals at Salisbury is regulated altogether by the departure of the Piedmont Line South, and the Great Western Line for Nashville, Tennessee, via. Lincolnton, Rutherfordton, Asheville, Knoxville, &c.

Leaves the Mansion Hotel, Salisbury, TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, A. M.—after the arrival of the Piedmont Stage from the South—arrives in Raleigh next days at 9 o'clock, P. M.—Leaves Raleigh TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 o'clock, A. M., arrives in Salisbury next days by 4 o'clock, P. M.—allowing sufficient time on the road for SLEEP.

The Hacks are Albany make, entirely new, and cannot be surpassed for comfort and ease; the Teams are excellent, the Drivers careful and attentive, and the Fare low—only SEVEN DOLLARS—all intermediate distances 7 cents per mile.

Passengers from the South who wish to take our Line will be careful to enter to Salisbury only.

All Baniets and Packages at the risk of the owners.

WILLIS MORING, JOSEPH L. MORING.

April 11, 1835.

The Fare from Raleigh to Washington City amounts to \$19 50, as follows: From Raleigh to Blakely, Stage Fare, \$7 Blakely to Petersburg, Rail-Road Fare, 3 Petersburg to Richmond, Stage Fare, 1 50 Richmond to Fredericksburg, Stage Fare, 5 Fredericksburg to Washington City, Steam Boat Fare, 3

The Steam-Boat Fare from Petersburg to Baltimore, via. Norfolk, is cheaper.

Valuable Stand for a Tavern FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber, desirous of removing to the South-West, Offers for Sale the large and commodious TAVERN which he occupies, situated in the Town of Charlotte, North Carolina, three doors west of the Courthouse. This establishment has all the necessary conveniences for carrying on the business for which it is designed. The Kitchen, Stables, Crib, &c., are in good repair. Its present patronage liberal. For the purposes of a Tavern, this House affords many advantages from its situation. The village of Charlotte is generally healthy, and its condition flourishing. It is situated in a populous and wealthy community, and is the thorough-fare of the travelling from the North and Eastern sections of the Union to the South and South-west. Having determined to remove, the premises will be afforded at very liberal terms. If they are not sold before the first of September, they will be offered for rent or lease. W. M. S. W. HAYES, Charlotte, June 27, 1835.

Emporium of Fashion.

Mrs. S. D. Fendleton, MILLINER AND MANTUA MAKER.

Has just received from New-York the Latest Spring and Summer Fashions FOR 1835.

EMBRACING LADIES' MORNING, DINING, AND EVENING DRESSES.

LADIES' CAPES, CAPS, BONNETS, &c., &c.

She flatters herself that, from a knowledge of her business acquired in ten years, and having made arrangements with one of the most fashionable Millinery Establishments in the City of New York, to supply her regularly with the latest fashions, she will be enabled to have her Millinery made up in a Superior Style, and on the most reasonable terms.

Mrs. P. respectfully invites the Ladies of Salisbury, and the adjoining country, to call and examine, and assures them she will sell every article in her line on accommodating terms. She is prepared for Cleaning and Pressing Tuscan, Leghorn, and Straw Bonnets in the Northern Style.

Specimens of her work, both in Dressing and Making of Bonnets, and Dresses, may be seen at her Shop—Sign of the GREEN BONNET, two doors above Messrs Wheeler and Burns' Apothecary and Drug Store, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N. B. Mrs. P. always keeps an assortment of Fashionable Ribbons on hand, and can supply, on reasonable terms, those who may wish Bonnets trimmed.

April 11, 1835.

TILFORD'S Patent Straw-Cutter.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased the exclusive right for Making, Using, and Vending the above valuable Machine, for the Counties of Rowan, Ireddell, and Cabarrus, offers the same to the Farmers of those Counties at a very low price; the right of making single Machines can be had at any time. He will have a number of Machines made in a very short time for sale.

JAMES COLES, Rowan County, March 21, 1835.

SALISBURY HOTEL, Salisbury, North Carolina.

(Situated on Main Street, a few doors above the building formerly occupied as the Branch of the State Bank of North Carolina.)

By THOMAS A. HAGUE;

WHO informs his Friends, and the Public generally, that he has lately purchased of W. H. Slaughter, Esqr., the Buildings, &c., which have been long occupied by him as a Hotel and advantageously known by the name of "OLD POINT COMFORT." He is now prepared to accommodate Boarders and Travellers. The location is convenient to the business of the place, and still sufficiently retired to make it pleasant. The house is conveniently arranged for the accommodation of families, or single persons, either as regular or transient boarders. Clean and well-aired beds, honest and obliging servants, well furnished Table and Bar, first rate Cooks, a full Grainery, and an Ostler to attend to his spacious and well constructed Stables, whose character for attention and care in the management of Horses, is unimpeached. The Landlord will do all in his power to give general satisfaction to all who will be kind enough to patronize his establishment. The friends of his predecessor, he hopes, will extend to him their patronage, as he will devote the whole of his time to promote the well management of his concern.

Stage Passengers are informed, that the Great Northern and Southern Line of Stages—the Merchant's Line—Peck & Wellford Contractors, arrive at and depart from the Salisbury Hotel tri-weekly. Seats secured in all other Stages leaving Salisbury. T. A. HAGUE, Salisbury N. C., May 2, 1835.

Spring & Summer Fashions, FOR 1835.

HORACE H. BEARD, Tailor.

BEARS leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that orders in his line will always be thankfully received by him, and executed in the most Neat, Fashionable, and Durable manner—on terms as reasonable as any in this section of country. H. H. B. hopes, from his long practice of his business, (a number of years of which time he resided in the city of Philadelphia,) and from the general satisfaction he has heretofore given to his numerous respectable and fashionable customers, to merit and receive a portion of the patronage of the public in general.

He flatters himself that his CUTTING is really superior to any done in this State, as may be tested by the undisputed elegance of fit which attends garments made in his establishment. He is in the regular receipt of the Reports of the Fashion as they change both in the large cities of this country and of Europe—so that gentlemen may be satisfied that their orders will always be executed in the very latest style.

Orders from a distance will be attended to with the same punctuality and care as if the customer were present in person. Salisbury, May 9, 1835.—ly.

CATAWBA SPRINGS, Lincoln County, N. C.

THE Subscriber, grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon his establishment, begs leave to announce to his former patrons and the public—especially invalids and gentlemen or families who may desire a pleasant Summer Retreat—that his establishment is now ready for their reception, and that he is prepared to accommodate them in a style, he flatters himself, that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction; at least, no efforts shall be wanting on his part to render his guests comfortable.

WILLIAM S. SIMONTON, Catawba Springs, June 6, 1835.

Land For Sale.

PURSUANT TO A DECREE of the Court of Equity for Rowan County, the Clerk and Master will sell, at the House of Isham P. Ellis, on the 25th day of July next, on a credit of Twelve Months, the Lands, belonging to the heirs at Law of David Smith deceased, in three separate lots:

One Tract, of 173 Acres;

One of 80 Acres,

And EIGHT ACRES, on which is situated the Methodist Camp-ground, called Smith Grove.

The Land lies on Cub Creek, and on both sides of the Public Road leading from Mocksville to Oak's Ferry. Purchasers will be required to give Bonds with approved Security for the purchase money on the day of sale. SAM. SILLIMAN, C.M.E. June 13, 1835.

Stone Cutting.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public that he is now carrying on the above business, in all its various branches, six and a half miles South of Salisbury. He assures Gold-miners, Millers, and all interested in his business, that he will, on the shortest notice, furnish them with GOLD-GRINDERS and MILL-STONES, of the very best grit, and on cheap terms, executed in a style surpassing any other work of the kind done in this State. Also, Tomb-Stones, Window-Sills, Door-Sills, &c., kept constantly on hand. Mill-Stones, heretofore costing from \$35 to \$40, he will now make for \$25 or \$30. Gold-Grinders heretofore costing \$25 he will cut for \$20. Window-Sills costing \$4 for \$2. Door-Sills the same. He only asks a trial of his work—being assured that he can give the most entire satisfaction. JOHN HOLDSOUSER, May 23, 1835.

Lincolnton Male Academy.

THE Examination of the Students of the Lincolnton Male Academy will commence on the 25th day of this month, and terminate on the evening of the 29th. Parents, Guardians, and Patrons of Education are respectfully invited to attend.

The Exercises will be resumed on the 1st Monday in July next. The price of Tuition per Session, (in advance,) for the Ancient Languages, Algebra, and Geometry, \$12 50. For English Grammar and Geography, \$8. Board \$7 per month. G. W. MORROW, Principal. Lincolnton, N. C., May 23, 1835.