

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 20, 1838.

NO. VI, OF VOL. XIX. (NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT, 917.)

STEAMBOAT ANSON.

This new and substantial Steam Boat, Copper and Copper fastened, built expressly for the trade between this place, Georgetown and Charleston, will in a very short time be in readiness to receive freight.

Shippers are confidently assured that in cases of a low river their goods will not be detained, as a sufficient number of lighters have been provided to secure the delivery of goods, directed to be shipped by this boat.

J. ELI GREGG, President of Merchants and Planters S. B. Company. Charon, July 4th, 1838.

NOTICE.

State of North Carolina, Montgomery county. PURSUANT to notice previously given, a respectable number of the Citizens of several districts met at the house of George Cagle Esq., on the 18th of May, 1838, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of petitioning the Legislature for a division of the county of Montgomery.

The Committee having taken into consideration the local situation of the County, as being nearly equally divided in territory and population by the great Yadkin or Pedee River; and also, the location of the County Seat as being placed two and a half, or three miles East of said River, thereby imposing an annual tax of little less than \$500, for ferrage, on that portion of the County on the West side of the River in attending Courts, &c., reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it would be greatly to the advantage of the Citizens to have said County divided, and that application will, therefore, be made to the next Legislature of North Carolina, for a division of Montgomery county, the Yadkin, or Pedee River to be the line. July 6, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

In the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the traveling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musician, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed to the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner hanged him to the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger: "Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report; you have got laurels; beware, then, of erring; in a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of the canary birds, as you certainly are." All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever words were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. "That's good," said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. "Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honor. Give us a tune;"—the canary sang. "Pshaw! that's no business;"—the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him; something pathetic. The canary whistled as if his little throat were changed to a lute. "Faster," says the man—"faster—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head! No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man!" All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humored the variations both of tone and movement; and "the sound was a just echo of the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it might be) of musical composition. "Bravo! bravo!" re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musician declared the canary bird was a greater master of music than any of their band. "And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir?" cried the bird-catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, "My poor Bijou," says the owner, "you had hard work, and must be a little weary; a few performances more, and then shall repose. Show the ladies how to make a courtesy." The bird here crossed his paper legs, and sunk, and rose with an air and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush. "That's my bird!"—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the stipplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. "Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—

keep it up, keep it up." The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings,) in the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and caroled an *Allegro*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. "Thou hast done all my bid-dings bravely," said the master, caressing his feathered servant; "now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place." Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the pop-pied god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady position, whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honor to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking, which he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again; the owner called him a surly fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The forte of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been, no doubt, on the watch, from some unobserved corner, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such a manner, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissimulated sorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing; well may I grieve; more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee, what will become of me!—Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity; had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I have contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. Oh, Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!"

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be translated, such was the language and sentiment of the former bird-catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrappings of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn," and making a cough, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effort to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathized with him; but none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whistling, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, debate one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his heart." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he had brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor Bijou! no; thou canst not pick any more out of this land that has been thy feeding-place so many years; thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee! Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it!" "It shall be filled—and with gold," said the master of the house, "if I could afford it." The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver, saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbor, "who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophisticated, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—ought to be rewarded."

THE AGE OF THIRTY.

It seemed to me, that to reflective and lofty minds—accustomed to survey, and fitted to comprehend the great aims of life—the age of thirty is particularly solemn and important. It is a spot on which we ought to rest for a while from our journey. It is the summit of the hill from which we look down on two great divisions of our journey. We have left behind us a profusion of bright things; never again shall we traverse such fairy fields, with such eager hopes; never again shall we find the same— "Glees in the grass or splendor in the flower, The dew upon the herbage are dried up. The morning is no more, We made a pony while the time ran by. But time did beckon to the flowers, and they, By noon must cunningly did steal away. And wider in the hand, Farewell, sweet flowers, sweetly your time ye spent! We ought then to pause for a while—to review the Past—to gather around us the memories and the warnings of experience—to feel that the lighter part of our destinies is completed—that the grave has begun—that our follies and our errors have become to us the monitors of wisdom; for since these are the tributes which fate exacts from mortality, they are not to be idly regretted, but to be solemnly redeemed. And if we are penetrated with this thought, our past becomes the mightiest preacher to our future. Looking back over the tombs of departed errors, we behold, by the side of each, the face of a warning angel! It is the prayer of a foolish heart, "Oh, that my time could retro-act; oh that this had been done or that could be undone!"—rather should we rejoice that so long a season of preparation yet remains to us, and that experience has taught us the lessons of suffering which made men wise. Wisdom is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us. For no one is taught by the sufferings of another. We ourselves must have felt the burning in order to slum the fire. To refer again to the beautiful poem I have already quoted, the flowers that were— "Fit while they lived, for smell and ornament, Seize after death for cures."

At the age of thirty, most men's characters experience a revolution. The common pleasures of the world have lasted to the full, and begin to pall. We have reduced to the sobering test of reality the visions of youth—we no longer expect that perfection in our species which our imagination of first foretold; we no longer chase frivolities, or hope chimeras. Perhaps one of the most useful lessons that disappointment has taught us is a true estimate of love. For at first we are too apt to imagine that woman (poor partner with ourselves in the frailties of humanity) must be perfect; that the dreams of the poets have a corporal being, and that God has ordained to us that unclouded nature, that unchanging devotion, that seraph heart, which it has been the great vice of fiction to attribute to the daughters of clay. And, in hoping perfection, with how much excellence have we been disappointed; to how many idols have we changed our worship! Thirsting for the golden fountain of the fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust! The experience that teaches us at last the due estimate of woman, has gone far to instruct us in the claims of men.

Not less important is the lesson which teaches us not to measure mankind by ideal standards of morality; for to imagine too fondly that men are gods, is to end by believing that they are devils. The young pass usually through a period of misanthropy, and the misanthropy is acute in proportion to their own generous confidence in human excellence. We least forgive faults in those from whom we the most expected excellence. But out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again; we find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice; many acts of disinterested friendship where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud; and so, gradually, from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and feeling that no human being is wholly good, or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope. Without this proper and sober estimate of men, we have neither prudence in the affairs of life, nor toleration for contrary opinions—we tempt the chaster, and then condemn him—we believe so strong in one faith, that we would sentence dissenters as heretics. It is experience alone that teaches us that he who is discreet is seldom betrayed, and that out of the opinions we condemn, spring often the actions we admire.

At the departure of youth, then, in recollecting and investigating our minds, we should feel ourselves imbued with these lessons for our future guidance:—viz: a knowledge of the true proportion of the passions, so as not to give to one the impetus which should be shared by all; a conviction of the idleness of petty objects which demand large cares, and that true gauge and measurement of men which shall neither magnify nor dwarf the attributes and materials of human nature. From these results we draw conclusions to make us not only wiser, but better men.—The years through which we have passed have probably developed to us whatever capacities we possess, they have taught us in what we are most likely to excel, and for what we are most fitted. We may come now with better success than Rameau to the riches of his And in that I incline to believe, that we ought to prefer that career from which we are convinced our minds and tempers will derive the greatest share of happiness—not disdaining the pursuit of honors, or wealth, or the allotments of a social career—but calmly balancing the advantages and the evils of each course, whether of private or of public—of retirement or of crowds,—and deciding on such according, not to abstract rules, not to

vague maxims on the nothingness of fame, or the joys of solitude, but according to the peculiar bias and temper of our minds. For toil to some is happiness, and rest to others. This man can only breathe in crowds, and that man only in solitude. Fame is necessary to the quiet of one nature, and is void of all attraction to another. Let each choose his career according to the dictates of his own breast; and this, not from the vulgar doctrine that our own happiness, as happiness only, is to be our end and aim, (for in mind rightly and nobly constituted there are aims out of ourselves stronger than ought of self) but because a mind out at seas is rarely virtuous. Happiness and virtue rest upon each other—the best are not only the happiest, but the happiest are usually the best.

A POUND OF COTTON.

The following nice calculation, from a British Journal, shows the importance of the cotton trade to Great Britain in a very conspicuous manner: There was sent off for London, lately from Paisley, a small piece of muslin, about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows: This wool came from New Orleans to London; from London it went into Lancashire, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven; it was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tanned; afterwards it was conveyed to Dumblarton, where it was hand-sewed, and again returned to Paisley, when it was sent to a distant part of the county of Renfrew, to be bleached, and returned to Paisley; whence it was sent to Glasgow and was finished; and from Glasgow was sent per coach to London. It is difficult precisely to ascertain the time taken to bring this article to market, but it may be pretty near the truth to reckon it three years from the time it was packed in America, till in cloth it arrived in the merchant's warehouse in London, whether it must have been conveyed 3,000 miles by sea, and 920 by land, and contributed to reward no less than 150 people, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton; by which the value has been advanced 2,000 per cent. What is said of this one piece, is descriptive of no inconsiderable part of the trade.—N. O. Picaune.

Education.—The American parent does an injustice to his child, which he can never repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him an education because he is not intended for a learned profession. Whatever he may intend, he cannot know in what his son may come, and if there should be no change in this respect, will a liberal education be lost upon him, because he is not a lawyer, a doctor, or a divine? Nothing can be more untrue or pernicious than this opinion: It is impossible to imagine a situation in which the discipline and achievements of a liberal education, however various and extended, will not have value. They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure; they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never-fading source of honor, virtue, and lasting enjoyment under all circumstances, and in every station in life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous resorts, and the seductions of degrading and destructive vices.

The gambling table will not be resorted to, to hasten the slow and listless steps of time, when the library offers a surer and more attractive source. The bottle will not be applied to, to stir the languid spirit in action and delight, when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination and pour its fascinating wonders on the soul. "Such gifts, such acquisitions, will make their possessor a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more interesting, beloved and loving husband, a more valuable and respectable parent."

A Soliloquizing Judge.—A learned Judge, whose religious bias is notoriously strong, was presiding in the trial of a man charged with stealing a "faggot." The case was as clear as day; more than one witness had seen the prisoner enter certain property, that was not his own; but this was not enough for lawyers. They must of course bring forward a faggot, and call upon the witness to prove its identity. The faggot was unscrupulously identified, upon which the learned Judge, while making his note of the circumstance, said (as he thought, to himself)—but he has a habit occasionally of soliloquizing in rather too loud a key. "Why, how can he swear that's the same faggot—one faggot's as much like another as one egg's like another."—This was heard by Mr. C. P.—the counsel for the prisoner, who was seated just below his lordship; he instantly started up, and, recalling the witness, said, "You have sworn that this is the same faggot you saw the prisoner take. Why, how can you swear that it's the same? One faggot's as much like another as one egg's like another." The learned Judge dropped his pen, and fixed his eyes expressively upon the counsel. "Mr. P., said his lordship, in a very solemn tone, somewhat troublous with emotion and awe—"Mr. P., I see the finger of God in this case; and that very reflection, in the very form of words you employed was through my mind at the moment it occurred to you. I certainly shall not let this case go to the jury upon such evidence;" and the case, as our informant saith, was stopped.

Devotion to Study.—Incessant labor—intense industry—has been one of these results. One of the Gottingen professors, having full use of his limbs, assured me he had not left his house for thirteen years. The longest walk he took was from his sleeping apartment to his observatory, both being under the same roof, all his adventures were literally by the fireside, and all his migrations from the blue bed to the brow. Another was pointed out to me who, in addition to his public duties, had read fourteen hours a day, without intermission,

from the time he was nine years old. On his wedding day he read only three; but, to make up for such idleness, he rose next morning three hours earlier than usual. Now all this is absolute folly.—"In vain do you chase an early and so late take rest! Ten or twelve hours of actual intellectual exertion, in the course of the twenty-four, are enough for any man who wishes to keep the mental sap circulating briskly through his brain. Deprived of that wholesome circulation, the brains turn mouldy; and mouldy brains breed maggots.—Blackwood

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

Representatives in Congress are to be chosen in fourteen States the present year, and the elections will take place in the following order: Louisiana, 1st Monday in July. Illinois, 1st Monday in August. Missouri, 1st Monday in September. Vermont, 2d Monday in September. Maine, 2d Monday in September. Georgia, 1st Monday in October. Arkansas, 1st Monday in October. South Carolina, 2d Monday in October. New Jersey, 2d Tuesday in October. Pennsylvania, 2d Tuesday in October. Ohio, 2d Tuesday in October. New York, 1st Monday in November. Massachusetts, 2d Monday in November. Delaware, 2d Tuesday, in November. The election in Louisiana commenced July 2d and continued three days.—Boston Atlas.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

Cashmere shawls are manufactured in the valley of Cashmere alone, whence they are sent to Surat, Bengal, or to other parts of India, and thence their way through these channels all over the world. The manufacturers give employment to 60,000 men, and activity to 16,000 looms. The wool of which they are made is not produced in the country, but is brought from Thibet, where it is an article of extensive traffic, regulated with great jealousy; it is originally of a dark gray color, and is bleached in Cashmere. The yarn of this wool is stained with such colors as may be deemed best suited for sale, and after being woven, the piece is once washed. The borders, which usually display a variety of figures and colors, are attached to the shawls after fabrication, but in some a manner, that the junction is not discernible.—The shawls usually consist of three sizes, two of which, the long and small square, which are in common use in India, are the sorts usually sent to England; the other, long and very narrow, with a large mixture of black in them, are worn as a girdle by many of the Asiatics. They are generally sold in pairs; the price varies according to the quality, and is considerably enhanced by the introductions of flower work. For the English market, those with colored grounds and handsome rich borders and flowers are most esteemed; the plain white shawls, being closely imitated in England, are seldom in demand. According to Mr. Starchey, not more than 30,000 shawls are made on an average, at Cashmere, in one year. From the 1st of January to the 17th of October, 1835, the number exported from Bombay was 3,410.—Hambenburger.

The Captain of a steamboat engaged in the Red River trade has informed us, although we are inclined to think he was joking, that a wealthy individual up that way has trained and tamed a couple of alligators so that they will swim in harness and haul sleds about as regular as oxen. So well, indeed, have they been broken that their owner frequently tacks them up, hitching them to a "dug-out," and crosses about the bayous and ponds when the waters are too high to admit of his going on horse back. On a late occasion, while sailing along quietly under the banks of a bayou with his "critters" harnessed in abreast, he was seen by a hunter, who sang out— "I say there! hullo! strap your dug-out stern and give us a chance to plug one of them varmint."

"Don't shoot this way—take care, don't you see I am after them?" said the owner, as the backwoodsman levelled his rifle.

"I see you're after 'em, and you'll see a ball followin' on the same trail in less than two minutes. Look out for yourself stranger; here goes for a crack at the varmint this way."

"Stop! hold up your rifle. That's my team you are aiming at. Look at the harness, there, just on the top of the water. They are hitched to the canoe, and I am on a little jaunt out back to look at and enter some lands."

"Well, I declare!" said the old hunter, "if that don't beat all doings I've heerd of on way in the thick settlements. I reckon you understand animal magnetism, as they call it, a few."

"I understand training alligators."

"Well, you can pass—hope you'll have a pleasant excursion."

The man now stirred up his team, and was soon under way at a rate which would leave a common high pressure steamboat out of sight in no time.

Female Influence.—Every where throughout the circle of her intercourse her influence is felt like the dew drop of heaven, gentle, silent, and unseen; yet pervading and efficient. But in the domestic circle her power is concentrated; and is like the life giving beams of the sun; awakening, illustrating, and almost creating the moral aspect of the scene. To speak first of the filial relation—none can conceive how much a daughter may promote the comfort and the moral benefit of her parents, but those who have seen the female character exhibited under the influence of an enlightened understanding and an improved heart; which by their mutual action, have produced the most extensive views of duty with the strongest desire to fulfill it. As a sister, a female may exert a most important influence. With no strong contracting circumstances, she may give what features she pleases to the