

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

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 27, 1838.

NO. VII, OF VOL. XIX. (NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT, 913.)

STEAMBOAT ANSON.



THIS new and substantial Steam Boat, Coppered and Copper fastened, built expressly for the trade between this place, Georgetown and Charlotte, 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 insure the delivery of goods, directed to be shipped by this boat.

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

BEEF! BEEF!! The Subscriber having made an arrangement to be BEEVEN from every two weeks, for the citizens of Salisbury and its vicinity, that he will offer the Market House, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, after the 27th inst. The Subscriber, also wishes to furnish one or two neighborhoods in the country, if such arrangements can be made as will justify him in doing so, of which notice will hereafter be given. HENRY SMITH. Salisbury, July 20, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, or flattery, he will make a good husband; for he will be the same kind man towards his wife after marriage that he was before.

When you see a young man of frugal and industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of her wealth, that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to want or poverty.

When you see a young man, whose manners are of the boisterous and disgusting kind, with "brass" enough to carry them any where, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself—do not marry him, for he never will make a good husband.

When you see a young man, who is using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit, character and affluence, by his own merits, marry him; he will make a good husband, and one worth having.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society, upon the wealth of his father or other relations—don't marry him, for goodness sake, he will make a poor husband.

When you see a young man one half of his time employed in adorning his person, or riding through the streets in gigs, who leaves his debts unpaid, although frequently demanded—never, never do you marry him; for he will, in every respect, make a bad husband.

When you see a young man who never engages in any affairs or quarrels by day, nor follows by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him wish to conceal his name; and does not keep low company, nor break the Sabbath, nor use profane language, but whose face is seen regularly at the church where he ought to be—he will certainly make a good husband.

When a young man, who is below you in wealth, offers you marriage, don't deem it a disgrace, but look into his character; and if you find it correspond with these directions, take him, and you will get a good husband.

Never make money an object of marriage; for if you do, depend upon it, as a balance for the good, you will get a bad husband.

When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth, and nursed him, supporting her weak and tottering frame upon his arm, and who will attend to all her little wants with filial love, affection and tenderness—take him, for he will be a good husband, no matter what his circumstances in life are; he is truly worth the winning, and will to a certainty make a good husband.

Lastly, always examine into character, conduct and motives, and when you find these good qualities in a young man, then may you be sure he will make a good husband.—Greenville Mountaineer.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following account of a novel and simple method of curing this awful disease, deserves the attention of every one; for in spite of the assertions of many wise ones to the contrary, we cannot, in the face of so much evidence to the contrary, believe that the disease does not exist.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

M. Buisson writes to claim as his small treatise on Hydrophobia, addressed to the Academy so far back as 1823, and signed with a single initial.—The case referred to in that treatise was his own; the particulars, and the mode of cure adopted were as follows:

He had been called to visit a woman who for three days was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constrictions of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbors said that she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva, that adhered, with a little water,

The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation; his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height; he experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat.

These symptoms occurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms, he judged himself affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42 deg. (107 deg. 36 min. Fahr.) when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms, had declared themselves, and in no case has he failed except in that of one child, seven years old, who died in the bath.

The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bitten should take a certain number of vapour baths (commonly called Russian,) and should induce, every night, a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels and covering himself with a feather bed; the transpiration is favored by drinking freely of a decoction of sarsaparilla.

He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:—A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying, that he wished to die gaily. He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old story of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula, and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes which never perspire.—London Athenaeum.

A SCENE IN HAVANNA.

It was in the latter end of the month of December, 183—, that my business obliged me to embark in the brig Havana, for the port of the same name on the Island of Cuba. With the exception of having one or two of our light spars carried away, and our steward washed overboard—during what the sailors call a "cat squall"—we arrived safely at our destined haven, and after a vexatious detention of some little time, were permitted by the "high dignitaries of the city," to land.

At the close of a pleasant, but rather sultry day, having been busily employed, and feeling fatigued thereby, I entered one of the old princely cafes for which this place is distinguished. All the costly parian tables which were arranged about the room were filled when I entered. Some of the occupants were drinking, smoking, playing at cards and dice, reading the late papers and conversing aloud, which, with various orders given in Spanish and French, and the bustling movement of the numerous waiters, who with their white aprons and unintelligible conversation among themselves, added not a little to the excitement of the scene. I was about retiring when a table at the far end of the room was vacated by a party of gentlemen, and ordering the waiter to bring me a few cigars and a cup of strong coffee, I took up an evening paper, and amidst graceful wreaths of smoke which ascended from my "Havana," was in a short time lost in speculation upon the refined subjects of cotton, sugar and tobacco.

The hour was growing late—most of the tables were vacant—throwing my cloak over my shoulders and casting a quarter doubloon on the table, I was about to make my exit, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the angry and vehement talking of three gentlemen, who at that moment entered. Thinking at first they were all Spaniards, I was about passing on, when an imperfect acquaintance which the younger man displayed with the Spanish tongue caused me to pause and view him attentively. He was not more than two or three and twenty years old; his figure was slight but of the most symmetrical proportions; his eyes were of an uncommon brilliance, black and sparkling, and he being at the time under great excitement, they were fearful to look upon. Holding his hat for the purpose of cooling his heated brow, his noble forehead was brought to view, over which the short dark curls hung with a natural grace.

His companions, with both of whom he appeared to be at variance, were both athletic men; and from their peculiar dress and certain provincialism of which in their excited humor they were guilty, proclaimed them to my practised ear, to be natives of old Spain.

"Enough has been said, Seigneur," exclaimed the young man, to the tallest and most gentlemanly looking stranger. "In refusing to give you immediate satisfaction, I acted from motives which you can neither understand nor appreciate; but the base and ungentlemanly language in which you have expressed yourself; words which would have disgraced a highwayman among his companions, rather than add to the reputation of a descendant of one of the noblest families in old Castile—has induced me to change my resolution; and now, Seigneur, although being a stranger and not possessing a friend in the city to whom I can apply in this emergency, yet I am prepared to be on the ground at the time, which your own second may appoint. He shall make all the necessary arrangements—trusting in your honor, that nothing shall be done

unfairly. Being much prepossessed with the conduct and appearance of the young stranger, and knowing that the proposition would give his adversary a great advantage if accepted, I advanced, and gently taking him aside, respectfully offered him my services—which, he not wishing to embroil a stranger in a quarrel of his own, would not for some time consent; but discovering during our conversation that he was my own countryman and American, I would listen to his objections no longer, so expressing a good deal of gratitude for my kindness, as he termed it, he again advanced towards his former company. "Seigneur," he calmly exclaimed, "our contest will now be rather more equal. I have found a friend, and propose that, instead of morning's gray's gray mists, this very night decide our question. We will bridle the guard and pass outside the wall."

In vain I endeavored to dissuade him from this challenged proposition; and his opponent being the starting party, could not, of course, object.

Having secretly procured pistols, we allied from the cafe. It was a beautiful night—the pale full moon, alternately obscured by light fleecy clouds, or shining out in the full resplendence of its beauty, causing the objects around to assume a dreamy and speculative appearance the green and lofty trees which surrounded the city—the shipping at anchor in the magnificent bay—the tall spires of the numerous cathedrals, seen dimly in the distance all appeared to bear a sombre and unearthly aspect.

With some trifling excuse, and a few dollars to appease the tender conscience of the sentinal, we were permitted to leave the city. On our way to the more secluded parts of the suburbs, La Grand, which I found to be the stranger's name, and who was of French extraction, recounted to me the circumstances which brought about the affair, upon which we were then engaged. It appeared that he had only arrived that morning from New Orleans; his object was, the discovery and reclamation, if possible, of a long absent or wayward brother—who, from some information, he had received from a friend in New Orleans, was supposed to be at present in the city. Thinking that some of the splendid gambling houses were the most likely place to find him, he entered several, and not wishing to appear singular, he played a little in each. In one, he had met the tall Spaniard, his adversary—they were playing at the table—some misunderstanding occurred between them in relation to the cards—thinking himself insulted, the Spaniard, after some words had passed—presented him with his card. Remembering his purpose in visiting Havana, he stated to the gentleman's friends that peculiar business claimed his sole attention, and begged to have the meeting deferred for one week, at the end of which time they should assuredly hear from him. So saying he left the house. The Spaniard, mistaking his nature, following with his friend and overtook him as he was entering the cafe in which I met him. He concluded by giving me some little instruction in relation to his affairs, should he fall—which he considered more than likely as he had been out of practice for some length of time.

We had now arrived at the proper station—after a little conversation with my brother second, our men, with pistols in their hands, were stationed at the distance of ten paces. I was to give the word. "All ready;" was the reply. "One—two—three—four."

The Spaniard's ball whizzed passed the head of La Grand, just slightly clipping his ear. As the word was given, I looked towards my friend—his pistol, which he had not discharged, was held motionless by his side. His face was of the appearance of the dead—his eye was listless—the clammy dew stood upon his forehead. I approached just in time to secure him in my extended arms—he had swooned—with difficulty we restored him. The first words he uttered explained all—"My brother—my dear, long lost brother!" he exclaimed—"it is he!"

It appeared that on our arrival at the selected spot, the supposed Spaniard had removed his cloak and hat. On his forehead a deep and singular formed scar had been discovered. It was that which led to his recognition. In their boyhood days he had himself accidentally inflicted the wound upon his brother, and his life, in consequence, being for some time despaired of.

The circumstances made an abiding impression on his mind. In their former meetings the brother had retained his cloak and hat, that in order to render his disguise complete, he had studied the dialect of Castile, and assumed the name of one of the oldest families.

They advanced. I shall never forget that meeting. I have seen the greetings of long absent friends—I have seen the mother tremulously press her lovely daughter to her bosom lately escaped from the grasp of destruction. I have seen the father's manly cheek suffused with tenderness, his eye beam with delight as he welcomed his prodigal son, once again to his fireside; these have I seen, these may time obliterate. The circumstances of the case; the situation of the midnight hour, all, all, forbid, that I should ever forget the scene in Havana.

The London Sun thus notices Mr. Cooper's novel, "Homeward Bound," which is forthcoming from the American press:

"Throughout this stirring narrative Mr. Cooper is in his element, for the scene is laid on board the American packet ship Montauk, and we are introduced to those out-of-the-way amphibious characters, half-landsmen, half-seamen, which the authors in the memorable instance of the "Pilot," pourtrays with vigor and life-like animation. It is doing him more than justice when we say, that, as a naval novelist, he is by far the best of the day. Captain Marryatt may have equal knowledge—as indeed he has shown in his first and best novel, "Peter Simple"—of nautical matters; but he has not the same energy, the same command of apt imagery, and the same hearty relish of his subject. He writes from the understanding, whereas

Cooper writes from the feeling, which, in works of fiction, where the mind requires, and is prepared for excitement, carries all before it. Even with the recollection of the "Pilot" pressing on our thoughts, we feel little hesitation in stating that "Homeward Bound" (unfinished as it is, but we hope, to be finished ere long) is the best of all its author's naval novels. The interest never flags for an instant. There are no episodic pauses in the narrative, nor irrelevant digressions; but, on the contrary, the tale progresses straight forward at the rate of ten knots an hour. The plot is simple, and herein is shown the great skill of the novelist, in making so much out of such slender materials—as Fielding did in his last and not least amusing work, the "Voyage to Lisbon."

CURE FOR THE DROPSY.

The following article came to our hand from a most respectable source, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of our readers.—Salem Gazette.

Extract from a letter written by a very intelligent and respectable man, dated in Maine, April 5, 1838.

"I am knowing to two extremely distressing cases of Dropsy being suddenly relieved by the means of the bark of Elder. One a woman advanced in years, in the last stage of the disease, who lost a brother a short time previous, by the same disease. The other a young woman who had been confined to her bed, for nearly twelve months, (four of which, previous to January last, she was unable to lie down,) and whose strength was almost exhausted, is now wholly free from dropsy and recovering strength in a manner surprising and unexpected. Other cases less aggravating have been cured by the same. The recipe is—Take two handfuls of the green or inner bark of the white common Elder, steep it in two quarts of white Lisbon wine, twenty-four hours, take a gill of the wine in the morning, fasting, or more if it can be borne; or if more convenient, in the morning, or part about noon, on an empty stomach. The effect of the bark prepared as above, or the pressed juice from the leaves (full grown) which had been used with success when wine could not be procured, is that it promotes all the animal secretion necessary to health, which is the cause of its salutary effect in dropsy. Great debility will always follow the use of powerful evacuates, and the best medical writers now recommend nutritious aliment as the best medicine in every, even in extreme cases of debility. The bark and leaves of the elder have been long known as powerful evacuates, and not esteemed unsafe. Yet caution is recommended in using the buds, as their effect is esteemed, and has been found dangerous in some cases."

The Atmosphere.—The atmosphere is an element which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go, whose density we can measure to a certain height; whose purity is essential to existence; whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and around the frame, preserve man in that noble attitude which lifts his head towards the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home. The atmosphere is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element, bound to the globe and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun. Can we for an instant imagine, that we are indebted for the atmosphere only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could possibly exist without one, we should be unable to hear the sound of the most powerful artillery; even though it were discharged of the distance of a single pace. We should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tunes of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and feelings perceptible to each other by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanated, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups; incapable of civilization; and the only arts which they could ever know would be those alone that might enable them to destroy each other.—Quarterly Review.

Immensity of Creation. Some astronomers have computed that there are not fewer than seventy-five millions of suns, having like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The solar system or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter about three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater. The sun, which is nearest neighbor to us, is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty-two billion of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars were as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the system of the seventy-five millions of suns, whose imagination can grasp the immensity of creation? Who can survey a planet, containing seventy-five millions of circular fields, each ten billions of miles in diameter? Such however, is one of the plantations of Him, who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with a span—comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure—and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.

Orders of the Post Master General.—Letter postage is to be charged on all handbills written or printed; prices current, sealed or unsealed; proposals for new publications, circulars, lottery bills and advertisements, blank forms, deed law process, policies of insurance, and manuscript copy for publication. Also; letter postage on all tickets that are closely enveloped and sealed, so that they contain cannot be known.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

IMPROVEMENT OF LAND.

Agriculture, as an art, consists, not in impoverishing, but in fertilizing the soil, and making it more productive than in its natural state. Such is the effect of every species of agriculture, which can aspire to the character of an art. Its object being to furnish man with substance, comfort and happiness, whatever defects that object, is a crime of the first magnitude. It should therefore be our study to improve or to fertilize our lands, knowing that fertility is the first and grand object to be attained, as upon this only can a good system of husbandry, or the most perfect use of implements, when applied to a barren soil? It is absurd to talk of a good system of agriculture—without discovering, that every such system, to be good for any thing, must be bottomed upon fertility. Before therefore, we launch into any system, let us first learn how to enrich our lands. The disposition of our soil and climate to reward husbandry beautifully, is exhibited in the great crops which are produced on good land under almost any species of cultivation. This is a consideration of high encouragement, and should induce us to make it the first object of our efforts to improve our lands; as without affecting this, all other agricultural objects, beneficial to ourselves or our country, must fail.

But instead of attending to this first and important principle in agriculture, how widely do we depart from it: for one acre annually enriched, at least twenty are impoverished.

What is now the present practice of our farmers? Their practice is to clear a piece of land every year, which is commonly continued until there is little or no wood left, either for fuel or fences; and very often it happens that in the latter stages of this erroneous conduct, more than half their cleared land is so far exhausted, as not to be worth cultivation; more acres of which, than they annually clear, is amply within their power to reclaim and render as fertile as it ever was, and with half the expense; yet, strange to tell, every acre is neglected, while the clearing business is pursued with avidity, until at length the fatal blow is struck, and necessity compels them to part with their murdered estates for a trifle, and seek refuge in a new country.

As many are still engaged in the ruinous practice of destroying their lands, they are requested to pause and seriously consider the consequences of such a system. A system of agriculture whose tendency is to make land annually less fertile, must finally terminate in its impoverishment—and consequently, in the want and misery of its cultivators. It is well known how prone children are to follow the example of their parents; if there was no other evidence, the conduct of our farmers is full proof of it, who have from age to age followed the beaten track of their fathers of cutting down their woods and exhausting their lands. How can a father reconcile it to his conscience, when he considers that system of farming which he is pursuing must finally terminate in the consequences just mentioned, and although he may not live to experience them, yet his posterity may, who by force of example, will naturally adopt the same system.

How this consideration may weigh on the minds of others I know not, but I must confess that it has great weight with me; and if there was no other, it would induce me to use all my efforts to pursue a good system of agriculture, in order that my posterity might follow the example, and in consequence of it enjoy an ample subsistence, comfort and independence.

All that is necessary, to induce farmers to change their system of agriculture, from one of exhaustion and impoverishment, to one of renovation and improvement, is to convince them of its practicability and utility. Farmers in general, are rational and intelligent, and when reasons of such weight are presented to their minds as to satisfy them that their present modes of agriculture are imperfect and ruinous, they will readily abandon them, and adopt those which are calculated not only to be more profitable to them and their posterity, but also more beneficial to their country.

It has been found in every district and country where agriculture is conducted upon a rational plan, and is consequently in an improved and flourishing condition, that it is much easier, cheaper, and more profitable to improve exhausted lands, than to cut down and reduce to cultivation uncleared or wood lands.

Exhausted lands that have been renovated, far exceeded in uniformly profitable product, any thing known by the cultivators of newly cleared lands.—Such lands may, and do, throw up luxuriant crops, for a short period; but their continuance, in a constant and systematical succession, is not experienced. When they are exhausted by bad management, other lands must be sought for; to be so worn out by similar ill treatment. No farmers of well and long cultivated fields, now wish to sacrifice their wood lands, to the acquisition of a new surface. They know the advantages of renovated old lands.

In all cleared lands that have been exhausted by long cultivation, few stumps or roots are to be found; hence, three acres of such land can be cultivated with more ease and less labor, than one acre of new ground; and it must be acknowledged by all that the labor and time which are necessary to grub an acre of ground, cut down the trees upon it, maul rails and enclose it—coultter it and prepare it for cultivation; would be more than sufficient to collect and make manure enough to manure double that quantity of land, so as to produce far more abundant crops.

And every acre made by an improved management, to produce as much as two acres, is in effect the addition of a new acre; with the great advantages of enabling us to preserve our wood land for fuel, fences and building—of contracting the space to be cultivated—and of shortening the distance of transportation between the fields and the barn or