

DOCT. M. DOUGHERTY,
HAS removed from his former residence at Beattie Ford, and established himself in the town of Charlotte, N. C., where he proposes to continue the Practice of his Profession.
June 6, 1829.

MONEY WANTED.
ALL those indebted to the subscriber, by note, or otherwise, are hereby notified to call immediately and make payment. This notice will apply more particularly to all those who do not live in the immediate neighborhood of Salisbury. **ROBERT WYNNE.**
March 30th, 1829. 607

Valuable Real Estate.
THE subscriber offers for sale that valuable Plantation, with in four miles of Salisbury, on both sides of the Beattie Ford road, recently owned and occupied by Mr. George Locke; on which there is a large, new and commodious dwelling-house, with all the necessary out-houses. There is only about 50 acres of this land under cultivation; two-thirds of the tract is as good upland as any in the neighborhood; with a good portion of best kind of swamp land, for either grass or grain—it is in the midst of a hospitable and social neighborhood. For terms, &c. apply to the subscriber, in the neighborhood. **JOHN LOCKE, Senr.**
May 23d, 1829. 68

Newland's Stage Line,
IS still in operation, from Lincolnton, N. C. to Bean's Station, Tennessee; which is the shortest route from Raleigh to Knoxville, as will fully appear on examination of the following distances, viz:
From Raleigh to Salisbury, 120 miles.
From thence to Worganton, 80
From thence to Asheville, 60
From thence to Warm Springs, 33
From thence to Newport, 25
In all, to Newport, where this line intersects the other, 318
Travellers from the south of Raleigh, and in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, will find it much the preferable and shortest route for them to travel to Knoxville, or that section of country. That part of this line from Asheville to Warm Springs, passes over a new and elegant Turnpike Road, running the whole distance on the bluff of the river, affording to the traveller the most romantic, picturesque and pleasing view imaginable.
The stage lines from Columbia, S. C. and Fayetteville, N. C. intersect this line at Lincolnton; the line from Augusta, Geo. intersects it at Asheville; and the line from Lexington, Kentucky, intersects it at Newport. Thus it will be seen that facilities are afforded for travellers to reach any section of the United States; and the subscriber hopes such manifest advantages, will secure his line the support of a discriminating public.
SAMUEL NEWLAND.
Worganton, N. C. March 25, 1829. 3mt75

Watches, Jewelry, &c.
THE subscriber has just returned from the North, with an assortment of **Jewelry, Watches, Silver-Ware, &c.** as was ever offered for sale in this place; his jewelry is of the latest importations, and the most fashionable and elegant kinds to be had in any of the Northern Cities; elegant Gold and Silver Watches; plain Do.; &c. &c. And in a few days, he will receive a very elegant assortment of **Military Goods.** Also, all kinds of **Silver-Ware,** kept constantly on hand, or made to order on short notice. All of which will be sold lower than such goods were ever disposed of before in this place.
The public are respectfully invited to call and examine these goods; their richness, elegance, and cheapness, cannot fail of pleasing those who wish to buy.
All kinds of **Watches Repaired,** and warranted to keep time: the shop is two doors below the court-house, on Main-street. **ROBT. WYNNE.**
Salisbury, March 30, 1829. 20
N. B. I have recently employed an excellent workman, who will in future be constantly in my Shop; so that those disposed to patronize me, in my line of business, need be under no apprehension, in consequence of my occasional absence. **R. WYNNE.**

ROWAN County, May Sessions, 1829. Thos. Gibbs and Martin Sancer vs. John Sancer; Original attachment: Samuel Sillman summoned as Garnishee. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this state; on motion of the plaintiff, by counsel, ordered that publication be made in the Western Carolinian printed in Salisbury, for six weeks, that the defendant appear at the next court of pleas and quarter sessions to be held for the county of Rowan, at the court house in Salisbury, on the third Monday in August next, and answer, plead or demur, or judgment will be entered against said defendant.
677 **JNO. GILES, Ck.**

State of North-Carolina, Mecklenburg county: SUPERIOR Court of Law, May term, 1829: Betsy Steward vs. Harriett Steward; petition for divorce. In this case, Ordered by the court, that publication be made for three months in the Western Carolinian and Yackin and Catawba Journal successively, that the defendant be and appear at the next superior court to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 6th Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, and plead or answer to the plaintiff's petition, or the same will be heard ex parte. Witness Saml. Henderson, Clerk of said Court, at office, the 7th Monday after the 4th in March, 1829.
3mt83 **SAM. HENDERSON, c. m. s. c.**

State of North-Carolina, Mecklenburg county: SUPERIOR Court of Law, May term, 1829: Robert Bigham vs. Mary Bigham; petition for divorce. Ordered by court, that publication be made for three months successively in the Western Carolinian and Raleigh Star, that the defendant be and appear at the next superior court of law to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the court-house in Charlotte, on the 6th Monday after the 4th Monday in September next, and plead or answer to the plaintiff's petition, or the same will be heard ex parte. Witness Saml. Henderson, Clerk of said Court, at office, the 7th Monday after the 4th in March, 1829. 3mt83 **SAM. HENDERSON, c. m. s. c.**

POETRY.
"I, too, have drunk the cup of life,
Which, down through fancy's airy bowers,
Is poured, and all the sparkling foam
Of bliss, and all the magic power."
"To every thing there is a season, and a time
for every purpose under heaven." Ec. iii, Chap.

There is a time for every thing,
A time to dance, a time to sing,
A time to gather stones, and yes,
A time to cast those stones away.
A time to laugh, a time to weep,
A time to lose, a time to keep,
A time to plant, and also granted,
A time to pluck that which is planted.
A time to kill, and to be born,
A time to die, a time to mourn,
A time of war, a time of peace,
A time to speak, a time to cease.
A time to love, a time to hate,
A time to prove ourselves ingrate,
A time to break down and build up,
A time to sow, a time to crop.

Thus we find to man is given
For every purpose under heaven;
But all the time in passing day,
That's seldom found the time to pray.
We dance, we sing, we laugh, we drink,
But poor frail mortals! little think
That time will one day prove to be,
Not time, but vast eternity.
Why then neglect the time to pray,
For fleeting pleasures of a day?
Remember that thou art but dust;
Why pass thy time in sinful lust?
Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
Embrace the time thy soul to save,
There's no repentance in the grave.
When death cuts short the thread of life,
And calls us from this world of strife,
Unto celestial bliss we'll go,
Or sink in endless night and woe.

PARTING AND MEETING.
How sad is friendship's parting hour,
When anxious throbs the bosom swell!
How fondly memory lingers o'er
The vanish'd forms we love so well!
Alas! what anguish rends the heart,
In that sad hour when friends must part!
Yet young-eyed Hope shall turn the view,
A cheerful scene of bliss to paint,
When starting tears the eyes bedew,
And all expressions shall be faint;
To make the hour with which we greet—
That rapturous hour when friends do meet.

BREVIS EST VITA.
"Life, like the rapid weaver's shuttle, flies,
Or like a tender Bow'ret, fades and dies,
Or like a race, it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour vanishes away,
Or like a candle, at each moment wastes,
Or like a Post it gallops very fast,
Or like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past—
Our Castles are but weak, and strong the foe,
Our time's but short, our death is certain too;
But, as his coming is a secret still,
Let us be ready, come whenever he will."

EPITAPH.
Stranger, if e'er a child of thine,
Is held by memory dear,
Let but this simple single line
Press thee to drop a tear.
If poverty has been thy lot,
And death perchance is near;
Oh! shed upon this hallowed spot,
One single pitying tear.
The tear that's shed o'er virtue's grave,
Like bread cast on the sea,
Repaid with interest you shall have,
In tears shed over thee.

MISCELLANY.
[FROM THE N. H. OBSERVER.]
"Tuck in your ruffle, Thomas, we have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffle, and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith till he had earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish.—"Pull out your ruffle, Thomas, it is school time now," said the father. This is the picture of one day; but it would answer just as well for a good many others. Thomas expected it; and felt as happy at the anvil with his ruffle tucked in, as his mates at their play.
It would be no bad notion, "in these hard times," for many a young man to tuck in his ruffle, and swing an axe, or hold a mallet, or make a nail,—for many a young man, whose expectation of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less, but pays better,—some humble occupation, which, while it holds out no delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of competent food and raiment.
We would here recommend Agriculture, in a special manner. Not such farming as consists, in, first running in debt for lands and mortgaging them back for payment, then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm. No! This is not the way. But lay your own shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your ruffle, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate.

OLD EXPERIENCE.
Poison.....A man lately died, in England, from the effect of arsenic, which he had swallowed to kill toads in his stomach!!

Eyes.—Yesterday afternoon, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, Dr. Scudder furnished Mr. Graham, who is well known in this city as the Blind Poet, with a pair of artificial Eyes. Mr. G. has been entirely blind for many years. The operation of setting was performed in a few moments. Mr. Graham says he experiences no inconvenience or pain. They appear perfectly natural, and move in the same manner as human eyes, and to the observer cannot be distinguished from them. This is the second attempt Dr. S. has made of putting in a pair. He states, however, that he has put in five hundred and sixty single eyes, some of which have been worn six years, and all with perfect ease and comfort.
The Newspaper.—One cent a day carefully saved from the poorest of our laboring classes of citizens would be more than sufficient to pay the whole expense of a good weekly newspaper. Such a measure would ensure for his children a treasure of knowledge which could never be spent by them, however prodigal; and fit them, however poor in public wealth, to become the most useful of all the members of our republican family.
We have lately seen notices of several new papers; some of which may be necessary—others appear at least to be superfluous. If this business is not already overdone, it is in a fair way for it—as they say we overdo every thing in this country. This is the opinion, probably, of all the present Editors; and the new ones will most assuredly come into the same opinion. We may, indeed, ask whether it would not be well to give better support to the papers already in circulation, before we start new ones; unless it be in some gap that we have not noticed? **Columbia Register.**

THE WARRIOR.
He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
He comes through the storm and darkness of night,
For rest and for refuge now vain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
Pale, pale is his cheek, and there's wounds on his brow;
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eyes.
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die,
Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war weary head:
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
Of his lady-love's bower and her latest farewell.
Oft his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his love and his home,
Where the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam:
Ah! who would awake from so blissful a dream.

Good Taste.—The American Castor Oil is now manufactured as transparent as water, and with the flavour of walnuts. A Baltimore paper mentions a *bon vivant* who relished it on his bread. *De gustibus non est disputandum.*
A new and very elegant mode of decorating the walls of rooms, instead of papering them, has been adopted in Paris. It consists of glass stained by a peculiar process, with landscapes of historical subjects. It is the invention of a retired officer; and in that country, where novelty is so much encouraged and glass is so cheap, the inventor is likely to be well remunerated.

SALUTING THE BRIDE.
If we may believe Dr. Taylor, "the present ceremony, (now in fashion all over Europe,) of saluting the bride is to be derived from the practice of the ancient Romans, among whom the husband and his relations used to salute the wife, in order to perceive whether she had been guilty of drinking wine, which they made equally criminal with adultery.
Remedy against Flies.—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and confer a great kindness on their animals, in preventing the usual annoyance of flies, by simply oiling the parts most exposed. Flies will not alight a moment on the spot, over which an oiled sponge has been pressed. Probably either fish or flaxseed oil would answer; but what I have known used with success was the tanner's oil. Every man who is compassionate to his beast, ought to know this remedy, and every Livery stable, and Country Inn, ought to have a supply at hand for the use of travellers.

Preservation of Eggs.—It has long been known that eggs may be kept perfectly well for nine or ten months in lime-water. A still more effectual way of preserving them has been tried; it is that of depositing them in a weak solution of hydrochlorate of chalk (thirty grains of salt to a pound of the liquid always above the eggs, and to stand in a cool situation. So treated, they have been kept for a whole year, preserving all their freshness. It has been suggested that the sulphate of iron would have the same effect.

Economy in Horses' Food.—The custom of feeding horses with coarse bread is common in France, and was introduced during the revolutionary wars, as more wholesome, more economical and more portable than oats. The 'Furet de Londres' furnishes the following proportions of ingredients for making such bread, as adopted by a Silesian experimental farmer: Five gallons of oat flour, ditto of rye flour, yeast, and one gallon and a half of potatoes, reduced to a pap. With the bread made from this quantity of materials he fed seven horses a-day, at the rate of twelve pounds of bread cut into pieces to each horse, and mixed with a little straw, chaffed and moistened.
War Horses.—General Washington had two favorite horses: one large elegant parade horse of a chestnut colour, high spirited and a gallant carriage; this horse had belonged to the British army; the other was small, and his colour sorrel.
This he used to ride in time of action; so that when ever the General mounted him the word ran through the ranks, 'we have business on hand.'
At the battle of Germantown, Gen. Wayne rode his gallant roan, and in charging the enemy, his horse received a wound in the head, and fell and was supposed dead. Two days after the roan returned to the American camp, not materially injured, and was again fit for service.

Almonds.—A person has just called and communicated the following facts. We give them in the words of the communicator. "There is now growing in the Garden of Mr. Man, in Third street below Shippen, (Philadelphia,) a paper shelled Almond Tree. The Almond was planted in December 1824, and the tree is now about sixteen feet high, in a healthy and thriving condition. It has never yet blossomed, nor do we know how old it ought to be before it should bear fruit. The experiment seems satisfactory, however, as to the fact that this tree, bearing the best kind of almonds, will bear our winters, and grow sturdy and handsomely."
"In the same garden are two prosperous Vines, which have sprung up from two raisins planted."
Philadelphia Democratic Press.

Dog Power.—A cabinet maker in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, states, that he has applied dogs to the turning of a lathe—that two of them move at a moderate trot, like a brace of squirrels, put the whole machinery in motion, and turn the latter with sufficient velocity from morning till night with very little intermission.

A Fine Mill-Yard.—Massachusetts once owned almost all the western part of New York—the whole region west of Seneca lake, excepting a tract of a mile in width along Niagara river. In 1787 Massachusetts sold these lands, six millions of acres, to Oliver Phelps, of Granville, Mass., and Nathaniel Gorham. In 1783, Mr. Phelps penetrated the wilderness to Canandaigua, and purchased of the Indians (among whom was the famous chief Red Jacket, who is still alive,) all that part of the tract which lies east of Genesee river, about two millions of acres, and a space 12 miles by 24 on the west side of the river was obtained in the following manner: Mr. Phelps proposed the erection of mills on the west side at the falls, (where Rochester now is,) and told the Indians that he wished for a competent space around them for a mill-yard. The Indians finally assented to his request, and gave him a tract about 24 miles long and 12 wide for a mill yard. When the Indians came to see the first mill that was erected, and found out what a small thing it was, and how much land was requisite for a mill-yard, they uttered their expression of surprise, *quoah!* and added, *kauskoncheos!* (signifying waterfall,) a name by which they ever after called Mr. Phelps. This mill-yard includes the present townships of Gates, Greece, Caledonia, Wheatland, Chili, Riga, Ogden and Parma, and the flourishing village of Rochester. **Hampshire Gazette.**

Sleep.—The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and can wake when they wish; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one. Sea-faring people have this property from education. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour—winter or summer.
A, B, C.
Consider how simple and unmeaning in themselves are letters of the alphabet, mere artificial signs; but behold them in all their varied combinations. They speak all languages, they communicate all ideas, they give utterance to all sentiments and feelings, they are heard in the lisping of children, the shouts of youth, the tones of manhood, and accents of old age. They embody the boundings of the imagination, they flow in the strains of poetry, and peal in the thunders of eloquence; they dive into the sea, roam the earth, scale the heavens, and give us a nomenclature for the funny tribes, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the sun, the moon, and the stars, and all the phenomena of nature. They are the depositories of the laws, the learning, the religion of mankind; they have written the biography of our God incarnate, and the history of the human race; are the girde of the intellectual universe; and, as each new constellation appears above the horizon, they plant its glories on high, robbing death of its victim, and the grave of its oblivion.

"The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat."
It is said that in some parts of New Hampshire, it is so rocky, the owners of sheep are obliged to grind the noses of these interesting animals to enable them to get at the straggling spears of grass which now and then peep up between the crevices! A gentleman of our acquaintance, stopping at a tavern in that hard hearted State, inquired of the landlord how he contrived to sow his grain on such a *terra firma* as that with which he was surrounded? The man coolly answered, "Sir, we find no difficulty here on that score; we go round among the everlasting rocks, and wherever an aperture presents, we shoot in the seeds with war muskets. A good marksman, Sir, will in this way frequently sow half a bushel of grain before breakfast."

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.
DUMB CONFESSION.
I caught the answer as it hung
On Emma's parting lip—
And truth and friendship on her tongue,
Were link'd in fellowship.
She spoke—but in the language of
Her soft expressive eye—
She breath'd—but in the anguish of
The long-imprisoned sigh.
She spoke—not in the language of
Sophisticated art—
Yet in one

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