

Mansion Hotel, IN SALISBURY, N. CAROLINA, By EZRA ALLEMONG.

This elegant Establishment is situated at the North Corner of the Court-House, and in the center of business. The proprietor has taken great pains to procure for this establishment, furniture of every description necessary for the comfort of Travellers, and no expense will be spared in providing for the Table the best the country affords. The Bar will be stocked with choice Liquors, and the Stables, equal to any in the state, provided with plenty of provender of all kinds, and attended by obliging and attentive Hostlers. The convenience of this situation is equal, if not superior, to any in the place; the House contains a number of private rooms, with out-houses, well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers, with or without families. On the premises is an ICE HOUSE, which will regularly be supplied whenever the season will admit of it. The subscriber assures the public that nothing shall be wanting, on his part, to make those comfortable who may think proper to call.

The Northern, Southern, Lincoln and Cherokee STAGES, stop at the Hotel.
EZRA ALLEMONG, Agent.
Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 10th, 1829. 8:91

To Cotton Ginners.

The subscriber having been frequently solicited by his old customers, again to establish the *Gin Making Business*, has opened his shop in Salisbury, where he is prepared to make and repair Gins, of the very best materials, in a superior style of workmanship, and on terms the most accommodating, even in these hard times.

Having been engaged in the business six or seven years; employing a part of his time for three or four of the last seasons in picking cotton, for the express purpose of more fully acquainting himself with the principles and practical operation of these useful machines; and having recently visited South Carolina, where the most improved Gins are in use, with the view of examining them, and making himself acquainted with the plan on which they are constructed, &c. he therefore feels assured, that by his enlarged experience, thus acquired, in making and repairing Gins, and picking cotton, he can construct Machines superior to any ever done in North Carolina.

Those wishing work done in this line of business, are respectfully invited to call on the subscriber, witness the plan and execution of his work, examine and judge for themselves. He will spare no pains in supplying himself with the best materials to be had in the country; and will make and repair Gins, according to orders received, on short notice and reasonable terms. All those who may please to call on him, will find him either at his shop or dwelling in Salisbury, ready to execute any job with which they may be pleased to favor him.

SAMUEL FRALEY.
Salisbury, Aug. 6, 1829. 79

Gold Washing Machine.

NOTICE.—This is to notify the public in general, that having acquired from the Department of State of the United States, a patent for the Machines for Washing, Cleaning and Separating Gold dust, consisting of a Funnel, Trunk and Spout, I hereby forewarn all persons from using or making said Machines without my permission.

RICHARD LEE.
Rutherford Co. Sept. 1st, 1829. 8:91

State of North Carolina.

ROWAN county, August sessions, 1828: John Etchison, Administrator of John Black, dec'd. vs. the heirs at law of Jacob Black, dec'd.; Justices' execution, levied on Lands. It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that Adam Black, Polly Etchison, Daniel Black, Ann Sweet; and Daniel Black, Guardian for William Black; are not inhabitants of this state; on motion of the plaintiff, by counsel, ordered that publication be made in the Western Carolinian for six weeks, that unless the said defendants appear at the next court to be held for the county of Rowan, at the Court-house in Salisbury, on the third Monday in November next, and answer said petition, judgment will be entered for the plaintiff's demand, and execution awarded accordingly. 6:92 JOHN GILES, c'k.

State of North Carolina, Mecklenburg county.

SUPERIOR court of Law, May term, 1829: Marion Tanner vs. John Tanner; petition for divorce. In this case, ordered by the court, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register and Western Carolinian for three months successively, 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 sixth 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, Samuel Henderson, clerk of our said court, at office, the 7th Monday after the 4th in March, 1829. 3m85 SAM'L. HENDERSON, c. l. s. e.

State of North Carolina, Mecklenburg county.

SUPERIOR court of Law; May term, 1829: Eliza Coxe vs. William Coxe. Petition for Divorce. Ordered by the court, that publication be made for three months successively in the Western Carolinian and Yaddin and Catawba Journal, 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 fourth Monday in September next, and plead or answer to the plaintiff's petition, or the same will be heard ex parte. Witness, Samuel Henderson, clerk of our said court, at office, the 7th Monday after the 4th Monday in March, 1829. 3m97 SAM'L. HENDERSON, c. l. s. e.

State of North Carolina, Davidson county.

COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August term, 1829: Joseph Clark vs. Frederick Craver. Original attachment; Jacob Cook summoned as garnishee. In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendant, Frederick Craver is not an inhabitant of this state, it is therefore ordered by the court, that publication be made six weeks successively in the Western Carolinian, printed in Salisbury, for the said Frederick Craver to be and appear before the justices of our court of pleas and quarter sessions, to be held for the county of Davidson aforesaid, at the court-house in Lexington, on the 2d Monday in November next, and there to replevy or plead, otherwise judgment final will be entered against him, for the plaintiff's debt and costs. Witness David Mock, clerk of our said court, at office, the 2d Monday of August, Anno Domini, 1829. 6:92 D. MOCK, c'k.

POETRY.

"I, too, have drunk the visionary draught
Which flows through Fancy's dimm'd eye;
I, too, have seen the rainbow's arch
Of Hope, and felt the magic power."

THE SABBATH BELL.
BY MRS. CORNWALL BARRY WILSON.
Pilgrim, thou hast meekly born
All the cold world's bitter scorn.
Journeying through this vale of tears
Till the promised land appears
Where the pure in heart shall dwell
Thou dost bless the Sabbath Bell!

Idler, following fashion's toys,
Seeking 'mid its empty joys,
Pleasures that might end in pain;
Numbings that must end in rain;
What does whispering conscience tell,
When thou hear'st the Sabbath Bell?

Poet, dreaming of the lyre,
Wasting health and youthful fire;
Wooing still the phantom fame,
For, at best, a fleeting name;
Burst the chains of Fancy's spell—
Listen!—'tis the Sabbath Bell!

Monarch, on thy regal throne;
Ruler whom the nations own;
Captive at thy prison gate,
Sad in heart and desolate;
Bid earth's minor cares farewell—
Hark! it is the Sabbath Bell!

Statesmen, toiling in the mart,
Where ambition plays her part;
Peasant, bronzing 'neath the sun,
Till thy six days work is done;
Every thought of business quell,
When ye hear the Sabbath Bell.

Traveler, thou whom gain or taste
Spee'deth through earth's weary waste,
Wanderer from thy native land,
Hest thy steed and slack thy hand,
When the seventh day's sunbeams tell,
There they wake the Sabbath Bell!

Soldier, who, on battle plain,
Soon may 'st mingle with the slain;
Sailor, on the dark blue sea,
As thy bark rides gallantly;
Prayer and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no Sabbath Bell.

Mother, that with tearful eye
Stand'st to watch thy first born die,
Bending o'er his cradle bed,
Till the last pure breath has fled;
What to thee of hope can tell
Like the solemn Sabbath Bell?

"Mourner," thus it seems to say,
"Weeping o'er this fragile clay,
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies,
Where the strains of angels swell
One eternal Sabbath Bell!"

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.
The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.
And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

When fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis "Pray, Sir, how d'ye do,
Your family are all well I hope,
Can I serve them or you?"
But if, perchance, her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'Tis then "I'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard—good night."

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's part,
The little snow bird still remains,
And cherups midst the blast.
Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

SUNSET.

Day sets in glory, and the glowing air
Seems dreaming in delight; peace reigns
Save where some beetle startleth here and there
From the shut flowers that kiss the dewy ground.

A burning ocean, stretching vast and far
The parting banners of the king of light,
Gleams round the temples of each living star
That cometh forth in beauty with the night;
The west seems now like some illumined hall,
Where beam a thousand torches in their pride,
As if to light the joyous carnival
Held by the bright sun and his dark robed
Whose cloudy arms are round his bosom press'd,
As with her thousand eyes she woos him to
his rest.

EPITAPH ON DEMAS, the hard hearted usurer, who died 6th July, 1720.

Beneath this verdant hillcock lies
DEMAS, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Here put a carcass in a chest:
The very chest in which they say
His other self, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
We dare believe, that four or five
Will think his belief half alive.

A Hint to Snuff-takers.—I once attended, said the late Dr. Rush, a gentleman who had been for some time troubled with pains in his stomach, accompanied with a loss of appetite and considerable emaciation. Observing that he frequently practised the taking of snuff, to which I attributed his complaints, I advised him to suspend the use of it. This he accordingly did; and soon began to mend very fast. I was informed by him a few weeks after, that he had gained thirty weight in flesh, and was at that period in the enjoyment of perfect health.

MISCELLANY.

"I, too, have drunk the visionary draught
Which flows through Fancy's dimm'd eye;
I, too, have seen the rainbow's arch
Of Hope, and felt the magic power."

THE FARMER.

The following just and beautiful description we extract from the address of the Hon. Mr. Rowan, of Kentucky, to the citizens of Louisville, on the 18th Aug:

Who is there among us that beholds the condition of our farmers, and does not exult in the consciousness that he is an American citizen? The house of the farmer is the abode of the virtues. It is a school in which lessons of practical wisdom are taught. It is a temple in which the precepts of our holy religion are inculcated. It is the castle of sovereignty, for it is owned by its occupant, and he is a freeman. It is the residence of peace, order, harmony, and happiness. Patriotism and piety unite in consecrating the place, and in suffusing every countenance with their unction. Indeed, what condition in life is so likely to produce that patriotism which will stand the country in stead upon emergencies, or that piety which will afford solace in extremity, as that of the farmer? He occupies a constant, intimate, and sensible relation with Heaven. His mind is subdued with a love of order, by constantly beholding that which prevails around him. The regular succession of the seasons, of day and night and of seed time and harvest, admonish him to the observance of regularity and order in all his conduct. He perceives that the Sun and the Moon perform their circuit without loitering on the way; and learns from them, that industry is required at his hands. He looks to Heaven through its rains and its dews, for the reward of his labors in the abundance of his crops. He makes the sacred volume of Revelation the man of his council, and source of his consolation. He unites with his wife and children in tones of supplication and strains of praise around the family altar, on the morning and evening of each day. He acknowledges no sovereign but Heaven and the People; he bows with appropriate reverence to the will of each, and exalts in the freedom of his own—for his homage is a free will offering, claimed at his hand by the convictions of his reason. His affections are conducted by his judgment and not by his fears, in his devotion. Matron chastity and infant influence sweeten, and Religion hallows the atmosphere of his home, and render it resistlessly attractive. He loves his country because the farm and the domicile of which he is the proprietor, and with which his affections are identified, are a part of that country. His patriotism is an essential part of his conscientious identity. Connected by his affections with the soil, and by his piety with Heaven, it partakes of the stability of the former, and the purity of the latter. It inspires him with holy enthusiasm in the cause of his country, when its honor or its safety is concerned. It is electric, and strikes every contiguous bosom, till it pervades the community.

AUTUMN.

FROM THE CATSKILL RECORDER.

Linger, then, yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough,
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile,
That is taken from you now. *Hemans.*

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly in the advent of sober-suited autumn. Coldly indeed must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntary to every feeling of his breast. In the Spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingled warbling of rapture, the involuntary thrills of untaught fingers the overflowings of that spring of gladness, which gave my hology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In Summer it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell, and estuate in infinite gradation. Beautifully, though sadly the reverse of these, is the style of Autumn's 'unwritten

music.' The hope of the glad Spring, and the devotion of the ardent Summer have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Aeolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the Autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay they came upon such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of Autumn upon that deep-toned glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave—the cold and dreary grave, sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken soul. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel then that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles as an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers; but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer; yet they, too, shall pass away. But who that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued tho' softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the Summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an autumn in the soul, where all these images are deep and indelible. Even the Winter of age though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope—and the memory itself is life. G.

COW TREE.

Mr. Lockhart, a celebrated Botanist, writes from Trinidad, one of the West India Islands, and speaks thus of a milk tree in Colombia:

I have just returned from an excursion to Caraccas, where I collected the juice of the cow-tree, (Palo de Vaca,) and I have now the pleasure of sending you a phial of the milk, together with a few leaves, and a portion of the root of the tree. The Palo de Vaca, is a tree of large dimensions. The one that I procured the juice from, had a trunk of seven feet in diameter, and it was 100 feet from the root to the first branch. The milk was obtained by making a spiral incision into the bark. Caraca, the place where I met with the tree, is about fifty miles east of La Guayra, and at an elevation of from 1000 to 1200 feet above the level of the sea. It is likewise found between Cape Cadera and Barcelona. The milk is used by the inhabitants wherever it is known. I drank a pint of it, without experiencing the least inconvenience. In taste and consistency, it much resembles sweet cream, and possesses an agreeable smell. I was so fortunate as to procure some young trees and roots of the Palo de Vaca, which I will endeavour to increase; and, if I prove successful, you may expect to have a plant. I am sorry that I was not able to collect any specimens worth sending during my visit to Caraccas, my stay being limited to eight days, six of which were spent in procuring the cow-tree. I, however, picked up a few seeds, which are sown in a mixed state at St. Ann's, and which are likely to afford something interesting. I am glad to hear that botany goes on prosperously in Europe. I am sorry to say, that during nine years' residence in this part of the world, I have found very few persons who take an interest in the advancement of science, the principal aim of the people here being to make money in every way they can. For the last eighteen months, from close attendance to the garden, I have had but little time to devote to collecting.

Drying wet Candles.

—In a village not far from Chester, a lady entered her kitchen, and found the oven swimming with grease. On asking a ser-

vant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the Cambrian maid answered with the greatest simplicity, "Look you mistress the candle was fall in the water, and I was put her in the oven to dry."

WATERING OF HORSES.

This is a part of their dietetics that is not of a trifling import. All horses prefer softwater and it proves more wholesome. It is not a good custom to warm water generally for horses, but it is a much worse custom to give them water, just drawn from the pump or well; and particularly in summer, when such water is comparatively colder than in winter and when the horse is probably much hotter from exercise &c. As some horses drink quicker than others, it is more proper to give them their water in the stable than in a pond, where they often drink immoderately. The quantity given should be regulated by their exercise and other circumstances. In summer when the exercise has been severe, more is necessary. In common cases a large horse requires rather more than the half of a large stable pail, and that twice in the day; at night a full pail should be allowed, making in all three waterings. It is erroneous to suppose that abstinence from water increases the wind or vigour; on the contrary, many diseases are encouraged, particularly inflammatory ones, by this deprivation. If it were the custom to place water within the reach of the animal he would be found to drink more frequently, but less freely than when watered according to the usual method. The restraint in this particular when journeying is barbarous itself, and is fatal to the appetite, to the spirit and to the temper of the animal. Horses should never be galloped after drinking; it is the frequent cause of broken wind; nor should horses have much water given before eating; but on a journey, when the animal is very dry, give three or four quarts—then feed—and when that is partly eaten, some more; and afterwards the remainder of the quantity intended, which in hot weather should be liberal.

A SHORT SERMON.

"My beloved audience;—I now crave your reverend attention—you see that I am a little man, and know me to have come at a short warning; my object and meaning is to preach you a short sermon, upon a short subject, and I think in an unworthy Pulpit. My beloved audience, my Text is Malt—now I cannot divide it into sentences, by reason it has none, nor into words, it being but one, nor yet into syllables, the whole of the matter being but one monosyllable. Now, I must, as necessity enforces, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be: these four, M, A, L, T, malt—M, my beloved is moral—A, is allegorical—L, is literal—and T, is theological. The moral part is, when one thing is spoken and another meant, the thing I spoke was Malt but the thing I meant was, the Ale of Malt, or strong Beer, which you gentlemen admire. The latter part is according to the letters, M, much—A, ale—L, little—T, thirst; viz: Much Ale to little thirst. Now the theological is the effect which it worketh in some—M, murder—and in others, A, adultery—and in some again, L, looseness of life and in others T, treason; and the effect which it worketh in the world to come is, M, misery—A, anguish—L, lamentation—and T, torment. Whereas my first use shall be a use of exhortation, that is for M, myself, and A, all of you, L, leave off T, tipping, or else M, myself, and A, all of you, L, look for T, torment. Let so much suffice for this time and text gentlemen. Only by way of caution beware of drunkenness—it impairs the understanding, wastes the estate, diminishes the reputation, consumes the body and renders the man of the brightest parts, the common jest of every insignificant clown—he is also the Brewer's agent, the Alchouse's benefactor, the Constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff, his own shame, a walking Swill-tub, the low the brutes, a monster of a man."

It is not generally known that Lady Lyadhurst never wears a pair of shoes a second time. Fine doings this, for Melmoth! One has heard of "new silk and old sack," as luxuries in the way; but it is reserved for our day, to discover that there is comfort in a new shoe.