

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
Editors and Proprietors.

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 24, 1839.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.
The Western Carolinian is published every Friday at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.
Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuation. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 50 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.
Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.
Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be sent paid, or they will not be attended to.

Salisbury Hotel.

THE SUBSCRIBER
HAVING recently purchased the above Hotel from Thomas A. Hague, Esq. (formerly owned by W. Slaughter), informs the Public that he intends carrying it on through his superintendent, Col. Edward Carver, in a style that shall not be surpassed by any establishment of a similar character, in all "Old North" or in any other Southern State.
Gentlemen who are fond of Good Fare, fine Liquors, Beds, and Stables well supplied with grain and provender of all kinds, conducted by a superior Host, are respectfully solicited to call, both by the Proprietor and Superintendent, as each is determined that gentlemen and ladies shall leave the House dissatisfied.
WM. D. CRAWFORD, Proprietor.
April 24th, 1839.

A CARD.
COL. YARBROUGH is truly anxious to see his friends and former customers at the above Hotel, and pledges himself to spare no pains to render their stay, during their stay, pleasant and comfortable.

The Raleigh Register, the North Carolina Standard and the Fayetteville Observer, will please give the advertisement four insertions, and forward their bills to this office.

New Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
RE now receiving at their old Stand, at Stewart's Mill, in Cabarrus, a new and fresh supply of Spring and Summer Goods.
The following articles are among the latest arrivals:
1,700 lbs. of Sugar,
1,000 do. Coffee,
3 hhds. Molasses,
50 bushels Salt,
Cognac Brandy, Dye Stuffs, Powder, &c., &c., all which will be sold low for cash, or on punctual notes on Time.
JACOB WINECOFF & CO.
May 1st, 1839.

Notice.

DR. G. B. DOUGLAS.
HAVING located himself in Salisbury, respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens, and those of the surrounding country. His office is at Col. Long's Hotel, where he may be found at all times except when absent on professional business.
Salisbury, May 2, 1839.

Heath Tract.

THE HEATH TRACT, containing six hundred Acres of Land, situated about six miles East of Lexington, Davidson Co. on the road leading from Lexington to Fayetteville is now offered for Sale.
There are about 100 acres improved, and 500 in wood and Timber.
The Tract is located in a very HEALTHY REGION,
is peculiarly adapted to farming. It has on it an Orchard, and a good Meadow. And independent of these advantages, the prospect for Gold is unquestionable, as one or two GOLD VEINS, have already been opened, and some very rich ore extracted from them.
The celebrated *Conrad Gold Mine*, is situated a few miles south of it; and according to the direction of the Veins of that Mine, they must necessarily pass through a part of this Tract.
Any person wishing to view the premises or get a more minute description, will call on Rydon Wade, in Lexington, who will give the desired information; or any person wishing to contract for the same, will call on Dr. Austin, Salisbury; or address a Letter to the Subscriber, Trenton Post Office, Jones Co. N. C.
WM. A. HEATH.
Feb. 21, 1839.

SCULPTURING.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public generally, that he still carries on the
Stone Cutting Business,
and is ever ready to execute, in a very superior manner, all descriptions of work in his line.
Gold-Grinders, Mill-Stones, Window and Door-Steps, Door-steps and Tomb-stones, are executed in every rate of style. His grit for Mill-Stones is very good. Mr. Phillips also begs to inform the public that he can execute Engravings of various kinds, and will engrave marble-slabs neatly, and granite tomb-stones can be well executed if desired. His charges shall always be reasonable, and as accommodating as possible.
Persons wishing to have work done in the above line, will do well to call at the residence of Mr. Phillips, seven miles south of Salisbury.
ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.
August 24, 1838.

Notice.

THE Subscribers have just received at their store, in Millidgeville, N. C., a large assortment of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Bonnets, Crockery, Glass, Crockery, and Tin Ware,
all of which will be sold low for cash, or on punctual notes on Time.
BURRELL & LOFLIN.
Millidgeville, Montgomery County,
April 11, 1839.

Miscellaneous.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.
In the year 1805, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the first steam boat that moved on the waters of any river, with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet iron, tin and wire; but his great success lay in wire-work, especially in making 'rat-traps'; and for this, his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "County rights," or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into another apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the foot-steps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full.—Thus it was, not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam-engine was Greek, the trap was plain English.—Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance; inasmuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so far and short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't muddle with you on the water, as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days."
These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it, but I reckon I've got a keele notion out;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he then and there assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling grey eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion that if he ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we would hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as loco-foco. When about a year after the declaration of the last war with England (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me most desperately, and that I must make him a visit at his place near Wallingford. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."
"Notion—what notion?" I inquired.
"Why," says he, "that steam-wagon I told you about a spell ago; but it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on the anxious seat, as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel heads in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these cute fellows about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing machine, some say a distillery and of late, they begin to think it a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches, added fire, with a knowing chuckle, 'won't they?'"
—This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written in bold letters, "No Admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." There it stood, occupying the center of all previous conceptions, rat traps, churrs, apple-peters, pill rollers, cooking stoves, and shingle splitters, which hung or stood around it; or as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:
"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."
And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous inventive genius, "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE."

An unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass, of double-riveted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four firmly-made travelling wheels.
"It's a curious looking critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better, when you see it in motion."
He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the boiler," says he, "after I stopped working yesterday, and it hasn't leaked a drop since. It will bile up; the coal is first rate."
Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of

"troubled water," when by pushing one side, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.
"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.
"But," I replied, "it don't move."
"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move, well I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down that trunnel head, "there—that small cog wheel! Well that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see on the main-travelling wheel, and then the 'hull scrape' will move, as high as I calculate, a leetle slower than chain lightning, and a darn'd leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try, afore I git the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I han't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is, the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is, to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you—"

And with that he clambered up on top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soap fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, and all seemed a buzz. "Its nigh perfection, aint it?"
I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I headed not for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy well-braced wheels, and if only required a recorded patent, to authorize that small connecting cog wheel or trunnel-head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off without oats, hay, or horse-shoes and distance the mail coaches.—As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me.—It dashed upon me, when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full-orbed above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been peeping through the key-hole, while Jabez was at work, and catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation!—and if he does not succeed in turning the first track, may at least divide the honors with my friend?"

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."
"What is that?" said he, eagerly.
"Immortality," said I; "and you shall have it, patent or no, twisting the connecting trunnel-head into the travelling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on the top of it, with a whizz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it did go, "it would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightning, and a darn'd leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance floating,
Like an arrow," he flew away!
But a moment and he was here; in a moment he was there; and now where is he?—or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."
My task is done. All I now ask, is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace by "back track" and "turn out" through the long rail-road line of illustrious ancestors the first projector and contriver of "The First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, "Jabez Doolittle, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

COURTSHIP ON THE BATTERY.
We have often heard of love-makings on that pleasant promenade round the battery, when the grass and trees are green, and the birds discourse sweet music to the ear. But the following authentic story of the wooing and the winning and becoming the lawful possessor of a young guileless heart, carries, in its details, more matter of interest than any love affair that has recently come to our knowledge, and we will now give it to our readers as briefly as we can.
Sometime during the last Summer, a French gentleman, a member of a wealthy mercantile firm in New Orleans, came on hither to spend a few months in rest and recreation, until the subsidence of the heat, and maybe diseases of his city of residence, should induce him to return to his home. As almost all other strangers do; he often strayed from his place of sojourn, and the Carlton house, to spend a pleasant hour in promenade on the battery, to inhale the pure breeze that came in whispering coolness from the ocean, and gaze upon the galaxy of beauty that tripped so fairy-like along the gravel walks of that arboriferous retreat. There, as the afternoon shadows were lengthening, also came a beautiful girl of nineteen, named Mary —, a domestic in the family of Mr. —, a wealthy merchant of the neighborhood, whose lovely children she had charge of, and which she every day conducted to the battery, for air, exercise and indulgence in their innocent gambols. In the discharge of this duty one day, Mary was met by the French gentleman from New Orleans.

He was attracted by her beauty—her perfect neatness of appearance—her artless innocence—and her devotion to the wants and comfort of the young children committed to her care. Soon he made bold to engage her in conversation of the chaste kind, and as he conversed, from day to day, became insensibly deeply enamored with the lovely

Mary —, and resolved, if possible, to make her his bride.
He learnt from her lips that she was of Irish parentage, was an orphan, with little, if any education, and was dependent alone for support upon the wages she received from the merchant, in whose house she was employed as a domestic. After repeated interviews, he made known his passion and offered Mary his hand, telling her if she would marry him, that she should become mistress of his splendid house in New Orleans. The innocent, unsuspecting girl was alarmed at these proposals—could not believe that they were sincerely made, and hesitated to yield her consent. The French gentleman, however, pressed his suit with apparent success; and gave Mary to the 15th October to make up her final determination and prepare herself for the coming nuptials. She reflected much on the subject, and at the appointed time was still undetermined.

Her lover then gave her until the first of November to decide, and told her then to meet him, and they would go and be united. And, in obedience to his instructions, on that day she told a young lady, a seamstress in the house, that she was going to a party that evening, and she was dressed to her best apparel, and set out to the party—that party being her lover. He met her, procured a carriage, and they together went to the bishop of this diocese, and were joined in wedlock according to the rites of the Episcopal church—the divine giving her a certificate of her marriage.

They were then driven to the Carlton house, where the lovely Mary was ushered in as the merchant's bride, and where they spent the night. In the morning, at the New York merchant's house, the morning was repeatedly asked, where is our Mary?—a question which no one there could answer. Soon, however, an order was sent to the merchant's house for Mary's trunk of clothing, but the prudent merchant refused to deliver them up unless she came herself. She accordingly came, with evident confusion on her countenance, and when asked what was the matter, she replied—"I believe I am married, and here is the paper the minister gave me;"—pulling out the certificate—which the merchant immediately recognized to be genuine, and much to his surprise, he also discovered that Mary's husband was a wealthy merchant of New Orleans whom he knew, and with whom he had large mercantile transactions.

After the usual bestowment of wishes of happiness, and the interchange of affectionate adieus, Mary and her wealthy husband set out for New Orleans, and arrived there after a short and pleasant passage. There she was ushered into a large house elegantly furnished, as mistress, and there she enjoyed all the comforts and abundance that this life can afford. Her husband doted upon her, and immediately employed a number of teachers to instruct her in music, and all the several branches of useful and ornamental learning; and by letters received in this city from New Orleans a few days since, we are informed that Mary was in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and one of the happiest of the happy. Such is the true history of a romantic courtship on the battery, which has resulted as auspiciously as they could wish.—*New York Times.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.

If the Art of Printing had never been invented, and some schemer should now for the first time give out that he had discovered a method by which a manufacturer or mechanic could disseminate to almost every body within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles a knowledge of the character, variety, extent and prices of his wares or products, there would be an universal rush of the whole business world to secure, every man for himself, the advantage of this beneficent discovery. Few would be satisfied to forego its advantages; few would deem the expenditure of twenty or thirty dollars any obstacle to their improvement of the new facility to trade and industry thus created. The inventor would be wisely regarded as a public benefactor.

The blessings that are most familiar and abundantly bestowed are but half appreciated by mankind. Every one knows abstractly the necessity and inestimable value of air, water, light, &c., yet, if it were so ordered that there would be no light next year, but for those who subscribed and agreed to pay for it in advance, there can be no doubt that thousands would let slip the opportunity of subscribing without improving it. So in other matters—especially in regard to advertising. Every man of intelligence perceives the great advantages offered to the trade of a city or village by the publication of a journal, through which a merchant, for the trifling cost of two or three dollars, can impart to the entire vicinity a knowledge of the fact that he has received a new assortment of goods, or a new article in general request—a mechanic can announce his establishment, and explain the manner in which he proposes to carry it on—a manufacturer can show cause why his products should be preferred, and the rates at which he proposes to afford them, &c. Did no such advantage exist, every one would deplore their absence; and yet, where they are afforded, they are too often to a great extent, neglected.

This should not be. It is injurious to the business of a town, to have its advantages for advertising so scantily improved. In the first place an indifferent person will be almost certain to trade where he sees the goods he requires advertised, in preference to any other. He knows he will find them there—he is not certain of finding them elsewhere. He knows, moreover, that the merchant or tradesman who advertises is generally more enterprising than others, more anxious to accommodate, has a better assortment, and will sell on more favorable terms. The fact of his advertising is an invitation to strangers to come and deal with him, with an implied promise that they shall be well treated. This is felt to be true by thousands who are scarce conscious why they give the preference. Of two merchants who stand on equal ground in other respects, the one who advertises liberally will sell much more than his neighbor who neglects it, and the difference will ten times pay the cost of the advertisements.

Advertising is essential to the character which a town bears abroad. It is the most obvious criterion which is afforded to strangers. If the comparative trade of the two places is called in question, an appeal to the advertising columns of their respective newspapers is the most ready method of

deciding the point. Few will believe, unless on very strong testimony, that much trade can exist at a place where but feeble efforts are made to secure it.

We might extend these remarks to any length; but the reader's own reflections will carry out the argument. He who is engaged in business, and neglects the advantages of advertising, is wilfully blind to his own interests, and woefully deficient in public spirit.

ALMANAC OF CHARACTER.

January.—Whoever is born in this month will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; but he will be complaisant, and withal a good singer. The lady born in this month will be a pretty prudent house-wife, rather melancholy; but yet good tempered.

February.—The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but a prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife, and tender mother.

March.—The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will die poor. The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatter-box.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subject to maladies; he will travel to advantage, and love ladies to his advantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, and will make—what, no doubt, all understand.—The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit, and great talk.

May.—The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blessed in every respect.

June.—The man born in this month will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but not to be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee, she will marry at the age of twenty one, and be a fool at forty five.

July.—The man will be fat, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome, with a sharp nose, but fine bust. She will be of rather sharp temper.

August.—The man will be ambitious and courageous; he will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September.—He who is born in this month will be strong, wise, and prudent, but too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady round face, a fair haired, witty, discreet, amiable and loved by her friends.

October.—The man of this month will have a florid complexion; he will promise to do one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little too fond of talking. She will have two husbands who will die of grief.

November.—The man born in this month will have a fine face, and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, and liberal, and full of novelty.

December.—The man born in this month will be a good sort of person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army; and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and well proportioned body; she will be twice married, remain poor, and continue honest.

Agricultural.

From the Geneva Farmer.
Cooking Potatoes.—An article of food so valuable and in such extensive use as the potatoe, demands more attention in preparing it for the table, than is usually bestowed upon it. The wretched manner in which potatoes are frequently boiled, shows that the art is very imperfectly understood, the best method is as follows:—Fill the boiler with water, add a spoonful of salt, and when the water is boiling, put in the potatoes and cover them; let them boil about half an hour, then remove the boiler, and pour off completely the water, after which, let them heat about ten minutes, when they will be done. Some prefer cooking them with the skins upon them, while others decidedly prefer paring them first, alleging that the skin imparts to them a strong taste. Steaming them dry after the water is poured off, reduces them to a fine meal-like condition, which most people so much esteem. Some would not boil them nearly so long as above stated.
A. J. T.

From the Farmer's Register.

MANURING WITH ROTTEN LOGS AND BRUSH.
Upon the testimony of some of the most respectable and veritable gentlemen of Halifax County, Virginia, I shall proceed to give you an account of the remarkable effects of a new and rare manure, as exhibited by an experiment in that county, a few years since. The manure above alluded to, is only rare as to the manner of its application, for in old Virginia it is very much abundant. The experiment was as follows: A gentleman cut down the pine growth which had covered a piece of land, exhausted and turned out of cultivation by his father or grand-father. As is usual, he suffered the logs and brush to lie upon the land the first summer. In the fall and winter succeeding, he commenced his preparations for a crop of corn, by turning two strokes with a large two horse plough in the furrow, one turning to the right, and one to the left. The trench thus made, was filled with the logs and brush of the pine trees next convenient to it, which cleared a place for the second furrow; and so on, until this log and brush material was all consumed. With this preparation he passed over half the land. The balance was simply flushed with the same two horse plough, and well manured from the stable and farm pen. The crop grown on the beds, manured in the hill with