## Poetical Department.

"LIKE ORPHAN PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

*From the Ladies' Companion for January.*

"The sunset of a great Hope is like the setting of the sun."—*Longfellow's Hyperion.*

Well did the poet say or sang,
The setting of a mighty hope is like the close of day,
When the bright, warm sun has sunk to rest,
And the night comes chill and grey.

The flower of life doth pass away,
The music and the bloom departs with the hope that disappears,
And nothing more remains behind,
But the darkness and the tears.

The sun may sink behind the hill,
The flowers, upon the valley's brink, may wither, fade, and die,
But the day-god shall come forth again,
The world to beautify.

The day-god shall come forth again,
And earth shall leap to life again, in presence of her king;
The hills shall laugh in glorious light—
The vales, with mirth, shall ring.

But when the hope that gilt our life,
Hath vanished into outer night, despairing and forlorn,
There comes to it, no thing more,
To us, no second morn.

We wander darkling on our way,
We mark no freshness on the earth, no brightness on the wave;
Repining ever, till we find
Rest in the quiet grave.

### THE BIBLE.

Whence but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In different nations born, in different parts—
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
I ponder'd thy page, ungrateful their advice,
Scarcely their guide, and martyrdom their prize.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*From the Knickerbocker for April.*

### THE IRON FOOTSTEP.

BY JOHN WALTER.

"What say this mean, that thou, dead corse! again
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?"

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story; which, when narrated to the group that gathers round the wintry fireside, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, fear, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances; the story is kept alive, and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of unread being, which approaches towards us with its flow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before, in the Island of Dominica:

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that Island, in the year ——, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff land that forms one point of a crescentular bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the early part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other, by means of a side-door, which was occasionally left open for the free circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third, whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron, and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down the piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with drawing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given to the iron ferrule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The caker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock yard of the busy port, across some placid bay into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth; the sexton has it, in the lines,

"His every step hath music in't,
When he comes up the stairs;"

and the gentle Angelo felt it, when he said of his physician, that "there was healing in the creak of his shoes," as he approached his apartment. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, were his deep cherry voice, and made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or in now and the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was so vastating the colony at this melancholy period.

This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery—and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had almost hopes to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend, Capt. Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now, it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned his shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past 1 o'clock. He turned on the other side and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said, "Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy upon you."

He felt at the moment that some one near him said "Amen!" with much solemnity. He was effectually aroused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartments, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It is all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferrule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza—heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause, as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of the door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose, he went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down;—the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dask of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and resposeful. "It is very remarkable!" said he, "I could have sworn I heard it!" He turned towards the door that opened between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and, though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceived him.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Captain Gordon.

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza during the time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be."

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well known step that now seemed paging the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and apalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?"

A voice from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deep into his soul:

"Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough, it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodging at No.—Jermyn street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into the garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!"

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough, but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having, however, brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.

*A Screamer.*—There is a young lady of "sweet sixteen" down the Seneca river, who cuts her two cords of wood per day, when not too much engaged in household affairs. Being at school the other day, she settled some difference between herself and the school-master, by trundling him headforemost out of the house, and closing the doors upon him. What a glorious remedy for the "hard times" such a companion "in arms" would be.—*Ohio State Journal.*

### VALUE OF CLOVER.

As an improver of the soil, clover stands pre-eminent above all other grasses cultivated in the country. So many are the useful properties of clover, and so many and so important are the uses to which it can be applied, that, unquestionably, it ought to be considered as the most valuable of our grasses. Even herdsgrass or timothy, excellent as they are, could be spared with less injury to the agriculture of the country than clover. Admitting what many supposed to be the fact, that clover, when used either as pasture or hay, is not so palatable to all sorts of stock as some other grasses—admitting, too, that the expense of cutting clover and curing it for hay, is greater than that of other grasses, yet there exist many good and sufficient reasons to justify its extensive culture. The produce of clover is far greater than that of any other grass, and although it may not be the most palatable to all sorts of stock, yet it is sufficiently so to answer all the purposes of pasture or hay. In the use of clover alone, we have scarce had any experience, but a mixture of clover and herdsgrass has been found in our own husbandry to make excellent pastures, and first-rate hay for stocks of every description.

But it is not to the abundant produce of clover, nor to its palatable and nutritive qualities, that we are to look for its principal excellence. As an improver of the soil, it stands unrivalled. Some of its peculiar excellencies, by which it is distinguished from other grasses, are the following:—It receives plaister to a far greater advantage than any of the other grasses—it meliorates and improves the soil in a very peculiar manner—it produces an excellent green crop to be turned under, for the purpose of manure—and it forms a peculiarly tender sward, which is of great use in agriculture.—The sward of clover, or the clover lay, as it is frequently called, is almost a preparation for any other crop. It needs but to be turned over, to put the ground in first rate order for wheat or any thing else. In neglecting to cultivate this important plant, every farmer keeps himself behind the times, and behind his own interest. We advise all to introduce clover into their farms with all practical speed.—*Genessee Farmer.*

*From the New York Observer.*

### TWO MISSIONARIES EATEN BY SAVAGES.

Through the kindness of a gentleman in this city, we are permitted to publish an extract from a letter just received by him, containing the heart-rending intelligence that two Missionaries in New Zealand have shared the fate of Lyman and Munson!

*Sidney, (New South Wales,) Dec. 1, 1839.*

"The missionary brig, Camden, left Upolu the day before our ship sailed, and arrived here last evening, bringing news that two of the Missionaries who sailed in her, during a visit to the Island of Ewomango, one of the New Hebrides, were killed and eaten by the natives.

They were Messrs Williams and Harris; I knew them both at Upolu—Mr. Williams quite intimately; he was a highly intelligent and gentlemanly man, one of the most indefatigable of all Christian missionaries. He is the author of a very valuble work on the South Sea Islands; a third gentleman, not a missionary; Mr. Cunningham, who was with them at the time, escaped by flight, and I have the painful intelligence from his own lips. Mr Harris was in ill health, and could not make his escape, while Mr. Williams was rather advanced in life.

"Mr. Cunningham, who heard the war cry raised, turned and saw Mr. Harris pursued by the savages; in an instant after he saw him fall peirced through with many spears. Mr. C. then urged Mr. Williams to run for the boat which was at some distance. The latter misunderstood him, and ran into the water to swim off to the brig, but was overtaken and murdered. Mr. C. with difficulty reached the boat and made his escape.

"These unfortunate missionaries were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and the vessel spoken of in the letter was one employed in its service."

"Miss Sophia, will you favor me with a song?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Senior, I *never* sing." (1)

"I think I have heard you?"

"But I have such a cold." (2)

"Singing is good for a cold."

"And then my wrist is lame." (3)

"It will cure it."

"I have forgot all my music." (4)

"Can you not recollect one piece?"

"It is some time since I practised." (5)

"Were you not playing as I entered?"

"Only drumming."

"Well, drum me a tune then."

After telling about twenty more *lies*, the lady plays. Now, this is altogether wrong. If the young gentleman is poor, and the lady don't want to play, let her just say so. But if he is a rich simpleton, let her just get up, set herself at the piano, and go it. That's the way.—*Bachelor's Button.*

*An Irish Compliment.*—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree, which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Convent Garden Market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said:—"I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if its pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep your cheek away from that rose, ye'll put the lady out of conceit with the color of her flower."—*Phil. Saturday Courier.*

Parents can never too carefully avoid showing a distinction between children in the distribution of their affection. Parental love, during infancy and youth, should be the patrimony of all; and so far as human infirmity will allow, like the kindly dews of heaven, which descend equally "on the just and the unjust."

ACCOMMODATING.—*Stranger.*—I say, friend, how far is it to Brookfield?

*Boy.*—Ten miles, sir.

*Stranger.*—You must be mistaken. They told me a little ways back that it was only eight.

*Boy.*—Well, sir, seeing it's you, you may have it for that. But I wouldn't let any body else have it so.

A Meteor, described as being *three times the size of an ordinary farm house*, recently fell in the neighborhood of Cook's Manor, Upper Canada. It gave a very severe shock to the earth and the nerves of the good people in that quarter.

*Locofoco Tactics.*—One of the beneficiaries of the Bellevue Hospital applied at the Dispensary for medical advice, and was asked by one of the faculty how he came in town. "Oh," said he, "we were all let out to vote. They sent their cars for us Locos and we all came down." "Well, but were there no Whigs among you?" inquired the doctor. "Oh, yes," said the voter, in a suppressed tone, "*but they were all physicked the day before*, and couldn't come."—*N. Y. Star.*


## FOR SALE.

FROM 75,000 to 100,000 of the Morus Multicaulis Cuttings. Apply at THIS OFFICE.
September 20, 1839. tf

## Iron from the King's Mountain IRON COMPANY.

THE Subscribers have made arrangements with the above Company, for the regular supply of

SUPERIOR IRON,

which is well adapted to Wagon, and Carriage Work, Horse Shoeing, &c., which will be sold on reasonable terms. J. & W. MURPHY.
Salisbury, December 6, 1839. 6m.

## Moffat's Life Pills & Bitters.

THESE medicines are indebted for their name to their manifest and sensible action in purifying the springs and channels of life, and enduing them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefitted, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which they consequently act.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every description. Their first operation is to loosen from the coats of the stomach and bowels, the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them; and to remove the hardened faces which collect in the convolutions of the small intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these, and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual costiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhœa, with its imminent dangers. This fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death: and hence the prejudice of these well informed men against quack medicines, or medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons. The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means, the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs. The blood, which takes its red color from the agency of the liver and the lungs before it passes into the heart, being thus purified by them, and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, renews every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in the blooming cheek.

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heart-burn and Headache, Restlessness, Ill-temper, Anxiety, Languor and Melancholy, Costiveness, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rhumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scurvy, Ulcers, Inveterate Sores, Scorbutic Eruptions and Bad Complexion, Eruptive complaints, Sallow, Cloudy, and other disagreeable Complexions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In FEVER and AGUE, particularly, the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so, that in the Fever and Ague Districts, Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

All that Mr. Moffat requires of his patients is to be particular in taking the Life Medicines strictly according to the directions. It is not by a newspaper notice, or by any thing that he himself may say in their favor, that he hopes to gain credit. It is alone by the results of a fair trial.

MOFFAT'S MEDICAL MANUAL: designed as a domestic guide to health.—This little pamphlet, edited by W. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price 25 cents—for sale by Mr. Moffat's agents generally.

These Valuable Medicines are for sale by
CRESS & BOGER.
Salisbury, N. C., May 1, 1840.

## To the Public.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing the Public, that he still continues to carry on the business of

CUTTING-STONE

as usual, at his Granite Quary, seven miles South of Salisbury, near the old Charleston road, where he is able to supply all orders for MILL-STONES of the best grit, and on the shortest notice.

—ALSO—

for Sale, at the lowest prices,

WINDOW SILLS, DOOR SILLS, DOOR STEPS, ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS, TOMB STONES, GOLD GRINDERS, &c. &c. &c.

J. HOULSHOUSER, Stone-Cutter.
Salisbury, Oct. 25th, 1839. tf.

N. B Orders for any of the above wrought articles, directed to me at Salisbury, will be punctually attended to. J. H.

## To Owners of Mills.

THE Subscriber has an *improved patent Spindle* for Mills, by which, a mill will do much better than with the usual form of Spindles. It is so constructed as to keep from *heating* or killing the meal in any manner. The runder is so confined by the Spindle as always to preserve its balance, and of course there is no rubbing of the stones.

I think, by this improved Spindle, the same water will do at least one-third more business, and the meal of superior quality.

Any person wishing to use one of these Spindles, may obtain one or more, by making application, (within a short time) to the Subscriber at Mocksville, Davie Co. N. C. I think the probable cost will not exceed $30 for the Patent and Spindle ready for use.

The following persons have my Patent Mill Spindle in successful operation:—Col. W. F. Kelly, Thos. Foster, Joseph Hall and Sam'l. Foster of Davie County; Gilbreth Dickson and David J. Ramsour of Lincoln; Charles Griffith of Rowan; Addison Moore of Davidson, and William Doss of Surry, all of whom are *highly* pleased with its performance.

L. M. GILBERT.
October 25, 1839. tf

## Stone Engraving.

THE Subscriber living seven miles south of Salisbury, intends keeping constantly on hand, Marble and Granite Slabs expressly for

TOMB STONES,

so that he can execute any order in that Line, on the shortest notice.

—ALSO—

He is ready to execute any work which may be called for in SCULPTURING, STONE-CUTTING, ENGRAVING, &c., and he assures those who may favor him with their work, that unless well done according to contract, he has no pay.

A complete large Dairy Trough for sale, cut of Rock, for the purpose of preserving milk cool. Apply to the Subscriber.

ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.
November 1st, 1839. tf.

## LATH,

*Grandsired by the AMERICAN ECLIPSE, the Champion of America—Winner of the Great Match Race, the North against the South—$20,000 aside!*

THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE,

## LATH,

BRED by Col. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, will make his second Season at *Salisbury*, which commenced *on the 21st ultimo*, and *will end on the 20th of June next*, at $20 the Season, and $30 to insure, the money to be paid as soon as the Mare is ascertained to be in foal, or the property changes owners; and fifty cents to the groom.—☞ Mares sent from a distance will be well attended to, and fed with grain at 30 cents per day. To those that wish it, a good lot will be furnished gratis; but in no instance will I be responsible for accidents or escapes. R. W. LONG.
Salisbury, N. C., March 13, 1840. 28—y

PEDIGREE:

I Certify that LATH was bred by me, and that he was foaled in the Spring of 1833. He was got by Godolphin, his dam Pocahontas, by Sir Archy; his grand-dam Young Lottery, also by Sir Archy, out of Col. Singleton's celebrated Lottery, by imported Bedford out of the imported mare Anvillina. Godolphin was got by Eclipse; his dam Sylph, by Hiephestion out of Lottery by imported Bedford, &c. Hiephestion was got by the imported Buzzard out of the dam of Sir Archy.

*DESCRIPTION, PERFORMANCE, &c.*—LATH is a fine bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inces high, with good bone and capital action. At three years old, he won the produce stake at Columbia, two mile heats, beating Mr. Taylor's filly, Daisy, and Captain Spann's colt, Convention, nine others paying forfeit. Two weeks afterwards he won the jockey club purse, three mile heats, at Augusta, beating Kite and distancing Black Bird. At Charleston, he was beaten by Clodhopper for the jockey club purse, three mile heats; being very much amiss, he was drawn after the first heat.—At 4 years old, he won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Camden, beating Sir Kenneth and Dorabella at three heats; losing the first in consequence of bolting when several lengths in advance of the field, just before he reached the Judges' stand; and getting entangled amongst the carriages, he sustained an injury which occasioned his withdrawal from the turf.

Lath was a race Horse of the first class, which he evinced in his trials with Bay Maria, Charlotte Russé, and Kitty Heth, and in point of blood he is inferior to none, whether imported or native. His constitution is robust, he having never been sick, and his temper good. His color, form, and action speak for themselves. In a word, Lath unites in himself as many claims to public patronage as any young Stallion that I know.

WADE HAMPTON.
Willwood, Jan. 22, 1839.

From the above certificate of Col. Hampton, who bred and had Lath trained for the *Turf*, it will be seen that he considered him a race horse of the first class—not only from the races he has mentioned as having run publicly, but from private trials he has made with horses which are now on the Turf, and running with considerable success. It will also be observed by his certificate, that he considered Lath of the purest blood—not to be supassed by any horse, imported or native.

I consider it entirely unnecessary to attempt to eulogise Lath, either for his performances on the Turf or as to his blood, since in every respect he is so well attested. I will remark, that Lath has not only descended from pure blood, but has come from stock both sire and grand sire, dam and grand dam, that are of the running blood. For instance, his sire, Godolphin, made his four miles in 7 minutes and 50 seconds; his grand sire, the American Eclipse, so well known at the north and south, made his time in the great match race, the north against the south, $20,000 aside, in 7 minutes and 37 seconds, which Eclipse won with considerable eclat. This race gained him the memorable name of the champion of the north. His dam sired by the renowned Sir Archy, whose reputation as a racer, &c., stands unquestioned, both in England and America. The grand dam of Lath, Old Lottery, bred by the great southern amateur of horses, Col. R. Singleton of South Carolina, has produced more fine race horses than any other mare in the Union. Thus, it will be seen that there is united in Lath two of the best studs in the south, Hampton's and Singleton's, crossed with Gen. Coles' of the north.

The public is now presented with such an opportunity of improving the blood of that noble and useful animal, the Horse, as rarely occurs in this section of country. And the public can have in addition, in a short time, the opportunity of judging more satisfactorily of Lath's blood, &c., by his colts of last Spring's get, as it is expected there will be many of them dropped by mares in this section in a few days. As a sure foal-getter Lath stands almost unrivalled, as is proven by his last Spring's services—so few of the large number of mares put to him not proving in foal.

R. W. L.

N. B. Mares sent from a distance will always find Lath at home, as he will not be removed from his stable in Salisbury, under any circumstances, during the Season. [March 13, 1840.

## BRICK MASONRY.

THE SUBSCRIBER living near Lexington, Davidson County, takes this method to inform the Public that he will enter into contract with any Person, or persons, either in Davidson, Rowan, or Cabarrus Counties, who wish houses, factories, or any other kind of buildings erected of Brick, to build them as cheap, as durable, and in as good style as any workman in this country.

He will also, mould and burn the Brick, if wanted. He trusts that his long experience in

MOULDING AND LAYING BRICK,

will entitle him to a share of public patronage.

He would refer gentlemen wishing work done in his Line of Business, to the Female Academy and the new fire proof Clerk's office in Salisbury, as specimens of his work.

N. B. Those wishing work done, will please leave word at the office of the Western Carolinian, and it shall be punctually attended to.

ROBERT COX.
Davidson, April 18, 1839. tf

## Pocket-Book Found.

WAS found, about two weeks since, between Concord and Mr. Noah Partee's, on the main stage Road, a POCKET-BOOK, containing some valuable papers. The owner can have it (on application to the subscriber) by describing the same, and paying for this advertisement.

WILLIAM OTRICH.
Mocksville, Feb. 7, 1840.