Poetical Department.

"LIKE ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

THE HEBREW REQUIEM.

"They made a funeral oration at the grave, after which they prayed, then turning the face of the deceased toward Heaven, they said, 'Go in peace.'"—*Hebrew Antiquities.*

"Go thou in peace—we may not bid thee linger
Amid the sun-light and the gloom of earth,
Where every joy is touched by sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hour of mirth:
Thine upward gaze is fixed upon that dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known,
And seraphs' lips, the loud Hosanna swelling,
Have caught the music of celestial tone.

"Go thou in peace—thy home on earth now leaving
In the lone chamber of the dead to dwell;
Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving
The hearts, whose anguish tears but feebly tell;
A path of light and gladness is before thee,
The hope of Israel in fruition thine,
And thou will gaze upon the beams of glory
Around the throne of Israel's God that shine.

"Go thou in peace—why are the loved ones weeping
Around the spot where now thy form is lain,
There is no cause of grief that thou art sleeping,
Free from each trial and untouched by pain;
Thy path has been through many scenes of sorrow,
Thy weary form has needed this repose;
Calm be thy rest until the eternal morrow
Its light and glory on thy dwelling throws.

"Go thou in peace—temptation cannot sever
The tie that now unites thee to thy God;
The voice of sin—of unbelief can never
Enter the precincts of thy low abode:
We leave thee here with mingled joy and sadness,
Our hearts are weak—our faith is low and dim,
Yet to the Lord we turn, with chastened gladness,
And yield our friend—our brother up to Him."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COBRA DE CAPELLO, THE HOODED OR SPECTACLED SNAKE.

This deadly serpent is so denominated, from its being in the habit of expanding, when irritated, a hood over the face, similar in appearance to the cowl of a monk. There are also two large livid spots resembling a pair of uniform lenses, connected by an arch, alike complexioned, which correctly represents a pair of spectacles. The bite of this snake occasions death in somewhat less than half an hour after it has inflicted its wound. It is very common in most parts of India, and during the rainy season is extremely apt to steal into houses to shelter itself against the inclemency of that destructive element, proving a dangerous inmate among families, who are not aware, until it proves too late, that this deadly reptile is living, unobserved, in the midst of them. There is, however, one vigilant little enemy to this snake, which is ever in pursuit of him, and that is the "mongoose," or snake weasel. This creature is about the size of a ferret, partakes largely of the odour of musk, and is capable of being domesticated, so as to become as familiar as a house cat. When a "Cobra de Capello" perceives this weasel, he coils himself up, emitting at the same time a most fœtid effluvium, the natural effect of terror and alarm. The mongoose runs round his enemy backwards and forwards, its eyes being fixed intensely on its victim, and when the critical opportunity offers itself, effects a sudden spring upon his scaly foe, seizing him behind the "occiput," and passing its teeth through the spine. Should the weasel be bitten, it immediately scampers off into the garden, or some wood near at hand, and medicates upon a peculiar herb, which proves an antidote against the "venom" of the serpent. There are few families in India that are without these little useful animals, which run about the house, and are exceeding familiar in their habits. They are equally destructive to rats, mice, and other quadrupedal vermin. There are a certain class or rather "caste" of natives, termed "Sampe Wallers," or snake catchers; these men are in the habit of going about, exhibiting a variety of venomous serpents, which they carry with them in filthy constructed baskets. This is a dangerous practice. About three years since, one of this vagabond fraternity whilst amusing a small assemblage of spectators by the exhibition of his feats with six large "Copra de Capellos," during the act of charming them with modulations of his pipe, one of the snakes contrived to seize him on the wrist. The poor itinerant immediately felt conscious of his horrible fate; brandy was copiously administered to him, but without producing any salutary effect. He was conveyed to an adjoining outhouse, where in less than twenty minutes he expired under the most agonizing convulsions.

Conversations for Teamsters.—The word "conversations" is a favorite one for title pages. We have books entitled "Conversations with the Dead,"—"Conversations with the Young," and even "Conversations among the Tombs," &c., but never have we met with "Conversations with Teamsters" on a title page, although we have often heard them, and believed that a most instructive volume might be easily concocted out of them, by any literary gentleman of elegant leisure. As a sample of the real things he might collect, as he saunters through our streets, on a morning ramble, we subjoin one which took place yesterday, near the Court-House, between a Jonathan and his team of one horse and two oxen: "Get off, you that forhard. Ye darned old fool, ye don't pull a pound; and you two behind, thah what airee doom' on—git along. Side in you off un—what in nater be ye staring arter. Why, don't you go along together kieder this way. Darn ye, don't you suppose I know as much as all tew on ye, and so git opp. What's the use of your standing there flinging your tails about; you don't reckon there's thes about on such a morning as this; cold enough to freeze Calvin's Catechism—spring to it spry, and let the Boston folks see what ye can do on a punch; if ye don't, darn me, if you shall come to Boston to see the fashions agin, I tell ye now. Whoy, well I vow, if while I'm stopping to talk to ye, if that confounded old horse aint turned right round to chaw that 'ere straw!"—*Boston Post.*

Language of Lawyers.—If a man according to law, give to another an orange; instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantages of, and in, that Orange, with all the rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or what kind soever, to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding;" with much more of the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same is intended.

The Three Jolly Husbands—Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening, drinking at a village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning and gave an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the payment of the bill.

The next morning, Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first.

"You see when I entered my house, the candle was out, and as the fire gave but a glimmering of light, I came near walking accidently into a pot of batter that the cakes were to be made of this morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so long, said to me sarcastically,—"*Do put your foot in the batter!*" "Just as you say Maggy," said I, "and without the least hesitation I set my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story. "My wife had already retired to rest in our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar, not being able to navigate perfectly well you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone bawled out, "*Do break the porridge pot Joe!*" No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the bail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jam, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to rest and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself; which he did with a very long face, as follows: My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out, "*Do break your rotten neck, do Tim!*" "I'll be cursed if I do, Kate, said I, as I gathered myself up; "I'll sooner pay the bill." And so landlord, here's the cash for you. This is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

Aquatic Scenery.—During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, we took a lounge down to the steamboat landings, while standing on the brink of a deep gulley that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gulley, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combating his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, give utterance to the following:

"Hayn't this a orful sitivation to be placed in, nohow? If I wos a steamboat, a rail, or a woodpile, I'd be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be agin. Unless I'm a gone case now, there hayn't no truth in frenology. I have weighed all the chances now like a gineral, and find only two that bears in my favor; the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the second a special interporsition of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole—them's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a mushrat, or a water snake, for about two months, perhaps I would'nt mount the first stump tother side the Bio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' life, skientifically preservated. But what's the use holdin' on this root: there hayn't no skunk hole in these ere diggins; the water is gitting talles about a feet, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it would'nt stick out much *longer*. Oh Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess your mam now's sure you're cut; poor woman! won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole of Buffalo Bio for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanthropis or member of the human society never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water!—If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you, Jerry, and a big harbor to cast anchor in. It's too bad to go off in this orful manner, when they knows I ollers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey. I feel the root given way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watt's Doxologer to prove I died a christian:

"On the bank where drooped the willow,
Long time ago."

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat; his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of—"Heave to! passenger overboard and sinking, with a belt of specie! the man what saves me makes his fortune!" Jerry was fished ashore by a darkey; and to show his gratitude, invited Quashey "to go to the doggery and liquor."—*Texas Star.*

India Jugglers—A man who in 1828 seated himself in the air, without any apparent support, excited as much interest and curiosity as the automaton chess player who astonished all Europe a few years ago, drawings were exhibited in all the India papers, and various conjectures formed respecting the secret of his art, but no very satisfactory discovery was made of the means by which he effected an apparent impossibility. The bodies of the Madras jugglers are so light and supple, as to resemble those of serpents rather than men. An artist of this kind will place a ladder upright on the ground, and wind himself in and out through the rungs until he reaches the top, descending in the same manner, keeping the ladder, which has no support, whatever, in a perpendicular position. Some of the most accomplished tumblers will spring over an enormous elephant, or five camels placed abreast; and in rope-dancing they are not to be outdone by any of the wonders of the Saddler's Wells. Swallowing the sword is a common operation, even by those who are not considered the most expert; and they have various other exploits with naked weapons, of a most frightful nature. A woman (for females are quite equal to men in this kind of feats) will dip the point of a sword in some black pigment; the hilt is then fixed firmly in the ground, and after a few whirls in the air, the artist takes off a portion of the pigment with her eyelid. A sword and four daggers are placed in the ground, with the edges and points upwards, at such a distance from each other as to admit of a man's head between them, the operator then plants a scimetar firmly in the ground, sits down behind it, and at a bound throws himself over the scimetar, pitching his head exactly in the centre between the daggers, and turning over clears them and the sword.—Walking over the naked edges of the sabres seem to be perfectly easy; and some of these people will stick a sword in the ground, and step upon the point in crossing over it. A more agreeable display of the lightness and activity which would enable the performers to tread over flowers without bending them, is shown upon a piece of thin linen cloth stretched out slightly in the hands of four persons, which is traversed without ruffling it or forcing it from the grasp of the holders. The lifting of heavy weights with the eyelids is another very ingenious exhibition. Some of the optical deceptions are exceedingly curious and inquirers are till this day puzzled to guess how plants and flowers can be instantaneously produced from seeds.

Exaggeration.—If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate—we must overdraw—we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark?" of a stout man that was not strong as "a horse?" or of a miry road that was not "up to the knees?" I would walk "fifty miles on foot" to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks; but where is such a one to be found? From "rosy morn to dewy eve," in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have "scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blow up while we are in the "chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountains high;" and if a man grow rich, we all say that "he rolls in money." No later than yesterday, a friend of mine, who would shrink from a wilful misrepresentation, told me hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had "nothing in it but advertisements," and that he had sent off, by the Shrewsbury coach, a codfish as "big as a jackass." * * This habit of decoration in describing common things, most likely proceeds from the love of the marvellous, which most of mankind entertain. We wish to affect the minds of others? what is the use of telling a tale that will excite no wonder? of making a complaint that calls forth no sympathy? or of representing a deed of injustice that will rouse no indignation? We wish to make one picture striking, and thus, like the painter, are indeced to put "a little too much color in the brush." But, if it be thus in things little affecting us, still more is it the case where interest is concerned. In such cases the most unblushing misrepresentations are made. Every newspaper has its "Bargains," its "Great Savings," and its "Immense Sacrifices." "Fish all alive" is not too strong a term for the miserably tainted, scaly fry, offered for sale. The Irish cloth of the mercer is "fine as cambric," the stale meat of the butcher "sweet as a nut," and the cheesemonger's hard, tough, lean cheese, "as fat as butter." These are general remarks; how far they affect you? To this inquiry may be added another.—How far do they effect Ephraim Holding? I am sadly afraid that we both are culpable. Not that I plead guilty myself, or tax you with wilful misrepresentation, for the purpose of forwarding any individual interest, but that I feel that we are both amenable to the charge of speaking lightly and thoughtlessly—that we both, by putting occasionally, "a little too much red in the brush," leave impressions not warranted by the facts we relate.—*Ephraim Holding's Domestic Addresses.*

In a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church, at which they made a kind of audible confession, technically called recounting one's "experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D——, was in the habit of inviting his neighbor, Mr. L——, who was not a member, to attend these meetings, at one of which Mr. D—— got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily, and with his eyes open—that he willfully and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in him—that he was absolutely and totally depraved. After this confession of Mr. D——, Mr. L——, who had by accident been placed upon the "anxious seat," was called upon to recount his "experience." He arose, and with most imperturbable gravity, stated that he had very little to say of himself, but the brethren would remember that he had lived for five-and-twenty years the nearest neighbor of Mr. D——, that he knew him well, more intimately so than any other man—and it gave him great pleasure, because he could do it with entire sincerity, *to confirm the truth of all brother D—— had confessed of himself.* When Mr. L—— sat down under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson not excepted, Mr. D—— went up to him and said, "You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of church."

DIFFERENT COLORS OF MOURNING.

In Europe, *black* is generally used, because it represents darkness, which death is like unto, as it is a privation of life. In China, *white* is used, because they hope that the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, *yellow* is used, because it represents the decaying trees and flowers, which becomes yellow as they die away. In Ethiopia, *brown* is used, because it denoted the color of the earth from whence we come, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey, *blue* is used, because it resembles the sky, where they hope the dead are gone; but in other parts, *purple* and *violet*, because being a mixture of black and blue, represents, as it were, sorrow on the one side, and hope on the other.

ORIGIN OF HUMBUG.

The learned Dr. Waterhouse, justly denominated the "American Jenner," while professor of Natural History in Harvard University some years ago, made an artificial insect, to the limbs of which he could communicate motion, while he held it in his hand. After exhibiting it to the class he was lecturing, and permitting every pupil to inspect it, none of whom could tell to what class of insects it belonged, though they all believed it to be a real living creature, the Doctor thus addressed them;—"I suppose, young gentlemen, you wish to be informed of the name of this bug; had you examined it more attentively, you would have all perceived that it was a Hum bug."

"Pa! what is it, that you and elder B—— are drinking?" said a little boy, the other day to his father. "It is hard cider my son." "Why la! Pa, I thought you and elder B. were officers of the Te-total society, and you smack your lips like it was good." "Hush child, you talk entirely too much, don't you know it is the only way to defeat them dreadful Loco Focos, and save our beloved country!"

LA TH,

Grandsired by the AMERICAN ECLIPSE, the Champion of America—Winner of the Great Match Race, the North again 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—r

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 Hæphestion out of Lottery by imported Bedford, &c. Hæphestion 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, not 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 Russe, 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. But 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

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS & BITTERS.

THE LIFE GIVING PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS, so celebrated, and so much used by the afflicted in every part of the country, is now received and for sale by the Subscribers

CRESS & BOGER, Agents.

Messrs. Sentson & Shankle, in Concord, N. C., are also Agents for the same.

P. S. See advertisement.—April 4, '39. tf

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.

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 faeces 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 preference of these well informed men against quack nostrums, 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 on 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, Scrofula, Eruptions and Bad Complexion, Eruptive complaints, Sallow, Cloudy, and other disagreeable Complexions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Coughs, 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 disease, 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.

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 and ENGRAVING, &c., and he secures those who employ him with their work, that unless well done and according to contract, he has no pay.

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

ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.

November 1st, 1839.

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 runner 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 mill 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 (post paid, in 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 Iredell, 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

Five Cents Reward.

RUNAWAY from the Subscriber, on the 2nd April, 1840, a bound Girl, by the name of Jane *Eller*. I will give the above Reward, but no charges for her apprehension and delivery to me; and I caution all persons against harboring or employing said Girl, at the penalty of the law. TOBIAS MYERS.

Rowan County, June 5, 1840.

MATCHLESS SANATIVE.

THIS invaluable Medicine is for sale by the subscriber, at Milledgeville, Montgomery Co. N. C. W. E. BURAGE.

February 21, 1840.