

The Carolina Watchman.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SALISBURY, JUNE 14, 1839.

WHOLE NO. 358.

NEW TERMS OF THE

Carolina Watchman, may hereafter be had for Dollars and Fifty Cents per year. For those who subscribe for one year at Two Dollars, the paper for the same class shall be sent to them in advance, the sum of Dollars for the same terms shall continue, and the same terms shall continue, unless they will be charged as other subscribers who do not pay during the year, and are charged three Dollars in all cases. The subscription will be received for less than the above rates. A deduction of one cent from the regular prices will be made for those who advertise for less than one Dollar. Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

Terms of Advertising.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion. Ten Cents per square for each insertion thereafter. Notices will be charged 25 per cent, above the above rates. A deduction of one cent from the regular prices will be made for those who advertise for less than one Dollar. Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

CAUSES.
A sedentary life of any kind, especially severe study protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse, or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continued erection; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

TREATMENT.
The principal objects of treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if costive) being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. Williams' **Aperient Pills**—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable **Camomile Pills**, (which are tonic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

Read the following interesting and astonishing facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.—Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuykill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms:—Great languor, flatulency, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizziness, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr. R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cures effected by Dr. Wm. Evans' **MEDICINE** in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily restored, may likewise receive the inestimable benefit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was severely affected for ten years with the **Tic Doleux**, violent pain in her head, and vomiting, with burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continue the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mr. Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N. Y.

Mrs. Anne F. Kenny, No. 115 Lewis street between Stanton and Houston sts., afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of her heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor or courage, sometimes a visionary idea of an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, an irksomeness and weariness of life, discontent, disquietude on every slight occasion, she conceived she could neither die nor live; she wept, lamented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr. Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys a good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny.

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM, with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Doctor Wm. Evans' 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 13 Centre st. Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion, the tongue preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very costive, the urine high colored, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of due energy in the nervous system.

The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr. Wm. Evans' **MEDICINE**. BENJ. S. JARVIS.

City of New York, Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depone and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. BENJ. S. JARVIS. Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836. WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 Nassau street.

Sold by the following Agents. GEORGE W. BROWN, Salisbury, N. C. JOHN H. ENGLIS (Bookstore) Cheraw S. C. J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C. E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C. W. M. JASON, & Co. Raleigh, N. C. May 10, 1839—1741

From the National Intelligencer. A TALE OF MUSTER-DAY.

Whoever has been in New England in autumn, and witnessed a "regimental muster," some ten or fifteen years since, knows that muster-day and the fourth of July were generally deemed occasions on which the excess of animal spirits collected during the rest of the year might be let off, and men who at all other times, were sober and attentive to business, could give themselves up to pleasure without any injury to their character. At such times men who would not miss a single sermon during the year, and who eschewed excessive indulgence in their usual habits, would set out for "muster," with the premeditation of drinking to the very skin-full, & of course to become as "full of fight" as your moody men usually are when intoxicated. It was the usual practice to close muster-day with some trial of strength, such as wrestling; and as the parties would be pretty well seasoned by their potations through the day, it was not an uncommon thing to close with a quarrel. Sometimes a general battle would take place between the inhabitants of different towns belonging to the same regiment. There always existed a jealousy between the companies from the larger towns, which were in handsome uniform, and the country companies, which were not able to encounter the expense of thus equipping themselves. And whenever the muster took place at a country village, it was amusing to see the harem of the military coats made in the hearts of the country damsels who were sure to attend in throngs. This would rouse the ire of the young men of the village, who did not relish it overmuch that their sweethearts should be so carried away by the tawdry exterior of the town soldiers; and they usually determined to strip the very coats, which were the cause of their trouble, from the back of their possessors.

On one occasion, when the regimental muster, was appointed to take place at the little village of B—, it was understood that a battle would ensue between the companies of the village and those from the sea-port town of E—. Now there lived in B— two brothers, honest, industrious, well-meaning persons, on the whole, but exceedingly pugnacious when excited by drink. They were celebrated for their strength all the country over, and could probably endure more hard beating than any ten men within fifty miles. One of them was a son of Crispin, who struck steadily to his last the living day in the hope of accomplishing his work soon enough to pay a visit to the daughter of a neighboring tinker. Now Sally, the tinker's daughter, was a trim, sprightly black-eyed girl, and liked Tom, the cobbler, well enough when there was nobody better for a handsome coat and gay uniform, and liked very well to be complimented on muster-day by the young soldiers from town. Tom saw this, and he was no fool though he said little, and his very soul burned within him when he saw a soldier in uniform. John his brother, was a tinsmith, and was married, but was always in dread of muster-day, for he said that his wife, though otherwise so quiet as one could wish, got the very devil in her at the sight of a man with a plume in his cap. Thus feeling, these two brothers had determined, whenever an opportunity offered, to show these gay soldiers that there was as much manhood under a cobbler's apron and a tinsmith's frock, as in the gayest uniform that ever decked a soldier.

On the evening of the muster we have already alluded to, there was a gathering at a tavern near the place, and the parties, from copious drinking, had become in pretty good condition for a quarrel, when one young soldier made some contemptuous remark to Tom, the cobbler, to which he made no other reply than by bringing down the palm of his hand upon the top of the soldier's cap, and knocking it completely over his face. It was some time before the soldier could disengage his head from the cap, as to see how the land lay but as soon as he did he made a furious rush at Tom. This was the signal for general battle, and to it they went in good earnest. In vain did the landlord try to restore quiet. In vain did the landlady supplicate and threaten by turns in a voice which would have overmatched the steam whistle of a locomotive. Naught but the clatter of fists and chairs and the shouting of the combatants could be heard. The lights were extinguished, and every man was engaged in pomelling his neighbor without knowing or caring whether it was friend or foe, so he could repay, to some one, the hard knock he himself was receiving. Had some village Homer been witness to the scene, doubtless the battle of the muster at B— would have been as celebrated as the siege of Troy, which shows that to fight a battle is only immortality half gained, the other half consisting in having it recorded.

In the general melee many had rushed for the door, and in their efforts to get out had crowded out others. Among the latter were two sturdy fellows, who seemed not the less eager to continue the fight from being "sub-merged." It was two dark to distinguish who they were, but the parties at the door shouted "hurrah for the

town!" "hurrah for the village!" to encourage the supposed champions of the two parties. At these two kept with equal vigor and determination, and exchanged blows which would have laid on the front of an ox. If one was knocked down the other waited for him to gain his feet. For a full half hour did this contest continue, without any perceptible advantage on either side, until, from sheer exhaustion, the combatants were obliged to withdraw.

The battle within doors being pretty much over, lights were procured to see what was the situation of the belligerent parties outside, and such a sight scarcely ever met the eye of mortal man. There stood one of the heroes of this desperate fight with nothing but his pantaloons and one sleeve of his shirt remaining, his face black as night, save where blood had marked it with the streaks of red, causing it to resemble the grim visage of one of the Sae and Fox Indians; and at a little distance was the other, with just enough of his coat left to tell what it was made of, with an elevation about either eye which effectually excluded the light; one ear knocked off, and his nose battered into such a shape as to cover the half of his face. Each endeavored, as well as his damaged vision would permit, to discover who it could be that had inflicted on him such a merciless drubbing, but they neither recognized each other, nor did the bystanders know them. And in sooth, it would have puzzled the mother who bore them to have told who they were in such a plight. At last one of them, with a rueful countenance, said that he had not believed that there was a man in the whole country that could have withstood his arm so long, save one, that was his brother Tom, the cobbler. "Good G—! and is this you, John?" exclaimed the astonished Tom. "I thought there wasn't one of those uniformed fellows that I couldn't wrap in my apron and souse in my slop."

The fact was that, in the general confusion, the two brothers had been shoved out of the room together, when they immediately attacked each other in the dark, each supposing that he was contending with one of the soldiers from town. The scene was so ludicrous that the brothers notwithstanding their bruises, joined in the merriment which was excited, and for years the fight of the cobbler and his brother was a standing joke in the country around.

JERRY SCRAG.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.

ATTACK UPON JUDGE MCKINLEY.

From the **Natchez Daily Courier** we copied yesterday an account of the disgraceful outrage perpetrated at Jackson, Mississippi, during the session of the Circuit Court of the United States. It is just matter for regret, that a narrative of the assault upon Judge McKinley, so unfair and cowardly, distorted by the prejudices of the water, should have received publicity through the columns of that respectable print, the **Natchez Courier**, without any comment by the editor, showing his disapprobation of the "foul deed." The "solicitor of the unhappy, but talented and accomplished Leigh, in a fatal rencontre at Woodville, narrated in the same column, was accompanied by just lamentations over the disgrace such scenes of rowdy fighting and slaughter were sure to entail upon the State; but the unmoved editor expressed no sympathy for outraged justice and the majesty of the law—mocked and insulted in its representative. The fact shows the public sentiment to be in a morbidly vitiated state. As to the real circumstances of this occurrence, we have been at some pains to collect the particulars. The following statement may be relied on as correct.

A fight occurred in the rotunda of the state house within the view of the court; one of the combatants retreated into the court room, the others following, and continuing to fight in the presence of the court. The presiding judge, as the organ of the court, ordered the parties to be brought before the court, to answer for the contempt. Mr. Boyd, the crier, stated that the men were armed, and that the marshal and all his deputies were absent. Amidst great excitement and confusion, the court directed the crier to send for the marshal. He returned, perhaps twice, with a confused and unsatisfactory excuse to the court, when the presiding judge, who appeared to be a good deal excited by the scene, said, "why, sir, you appear to be as stupid as a jek; go yourself and request the marshal to come into court. The judge has frequently expressed his regret, that he should have been betrayed into so improper an expression in or out of the court, and that he would have stated to Mr. Boyd, if he had applied to him for an apology or explanation.

Without ever mentioning the subject to the judge, the crier made an assault upon him in the street, but not as represented. He barely thrust his hand into the Judge's face, and may have touched his nose, but it was so slight as scarcely to be felt. Mr. Boyd seemed to be an inoffensive man, and wholly incompetent to the duties of his office; and no one that knows him will believe that he was anything more than the tool of others, in committing this outrage. Judge McKinley did most perseveringly

devote himself to the business of the court, when at Jackson, and performed the business more rapidly than is usually done by the State Judges. From a sense of duty he overruled all defences which were interposed by the counsel for the defendants for mere delay; and as far as he could, prevented lawyers from making long speeches upon plain and settled questions. At the last term an attempt was made to set aside all the forthcoming bonds, amounting to a great number, and a very large sum of money. The court sustained the bonds, contrary to decisions made by many of the State courts. All these things have rendered Judge McKinley unpopular with the debtor class, and their counsel, which makes a large majority of the population in the district of the country where the court is held. The plaintiffs are citizens of other States, and their business confined to a few lawyers, compared with the whole number attending the court. These facts will very readily account for the state of feeling which prevails in the debtor district of Mississippi, and the odium which is attempted to be cast upon the Judge of the supreme court, whose duty it is to preside there.

After such treatment it is not to be expected that Judge McKinley will ever revisit the inhospitable jurisdiction. Thus has Mississippi repudiated the salutary restraints and supervision of a Federal Court.—**Bulletin.**

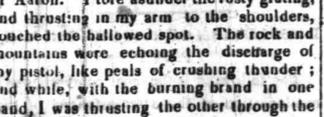
The Tomb of Aaron.

We extract from Stephen's Incidents of Travels through the Holy Land, the following interesting description of the Tomb of Aaron.
On the very 'top of the Mount' (Horeb) revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single Chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churches, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high red stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and again and again surveying the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door—and, in groping in the extreme corner on one side my foot descending into a aperture in the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light.—Most provokingly he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but how when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descended to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I came out and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint.—My curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it, and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with his hole unexplored, Pera, Mount Horeb, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together, in the hope of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose. I was in agony of despair, when I found myself groping conclusively the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly before me—A pile of dry brushes and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar, I fired a pistol in, gave one puff, and the whole mass of it was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as a tomb of Aaron. I tore asunder the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rock and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol, like peals of crushing thunder; and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear struck criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain, a quick and irregular discharge of fire arms, which again resounded in loud echoes, through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulman should come upon me, and find me with my pistol smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give.

LADY BULWER'S CHEVELEY.

Our final impressions, on closing this work, are that the fair authoress is a satirical, sharp, rather witty woman, and withal, a Tartar, of the intensest school. Indeed, we can hardly imagine how the parties managed, under the circumstances, to escape the fate of those marvellous cats which deceased in Kilkenny,—or how there was any thing left of either. We cannot possess ourselves of the idea that the lady has had wrongs; but it would seem that the fierceness of her spirit as well as the 'game' of her physique, would create a sort of mania under the shell of a tartan—to say nothing of a man of high strong sensibilities, and triumphant, and therefore impatient genius. The subjoined sketch of her ladyship is from the **Corair**,—one of whose editors, Mr. Willis, she has caricatured in her novel, under the similitude of one who, though intended for quite another personage, speaks and acts precisely like an English cockney. There is not a faithful shadow or lineament, either as to speech, manner or form, in the whole picture. If her ladyship's others are not better, there are no transcripts of real life in her whole production. The assaulted party who draws the following, might say to her, in the spirit of the Italian, 'I also am a painter!'—**Phil. Gazette.**

NEW JEWELLERY.



THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING REMOVED HIS SHOP TO THE BUILDING FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE POST OFFICE. Continues to keep on hand a good assortment of Watches and Chains, Breast Pins and Rings, Silver Spoons and Pencils, Musical Boxes and Silver Trimbles, Rodgers' Pocket and Pen Knives, And all other articles in his line. **CLOCKS & WATCHES** Repaired in the best manner, and warranted for twelve months. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for articles purchased, or in payment for debts due. DAVID L. POOL. Salisbury, June 7, 1839—1145

Miss Wheeler, (alias Julia Neville, alias Lady Lytton Bulwer,) was the daughter of a most worthy & respectable widow, living some three years ago in Park Mews, a small lanerunning in the rear of Seamy Place May Fair. Mrs. Wheeler was early left a widow with one daughter, a pale, handsome, slender girl, who chanced to attract the attention of Edward Bulwer then fresh from college. The attachment was a romantic one, and soon discovered, and strenuously opposed by Mr. Bulwer's mother. We have many times listened to the story of their meeting 'to drink tea' with a sympathizing lady, who occupied a 'three pair of stairs back,' in Fleet-street, and who ultimately succeeded in marrying two persons, who were neither, as she then thought, long for this world. To her great surprise, Miss Wheeler has since turned out to be among the fattest of women; and Mr. Bulwer the most immortal of men. The aristocratic mother was soon reconciled to the match, but as the novel shows, the daughter-in-law continued to live at sword's points with every member of the family, her husband included. Bulwer bore her 'incompatibility' as long as he could in form, and finally bought a beautiful house in the country not far from London, furnished it exquisitely, and supplying her every earthly want but that of her own society, left her to expend her eccentricities on her dogs, which, to the number of a round dozen, are her perpetual companions. They (the dogs) are immortalized collectively and individually, in Cheveley.

So much for the real history which has been made the basis of this novel. The scenery part of it is from her Ladyship's album, the record of a journey she made to Naples, in her husband's company. Who the 'Mowbrays' of that excursion were we are unable to say, but we presume should Mr. Bulwer take her hint and be killed by a restive horse, she will inform us by carrying out her story with a remembrance. We happened to follow very closely on her track through the principal cities of Italy, but we will bear witness, if called upon, in Doctor's Commons, that, with the exception of a King Charles' spaniel, we never heard her named associated with any male whatever. We have grounds for believing that her Ladyship misrepresents herself in another particular, the silent grief with which Lady de Clifford receives the marks of her husband's coldness and indifference. In one chapter, she makes her lord threaten her with a blow. In physical strength, Mr. Bulwer is much the 'weaker vessel,' and has, it is commonly said, very often been made to realize it. Mrs. B's incursions set arms into his bachelor's rooms in the 'Albany,' at unreasonable hours, compelled the unresisting author at last to accept a friendly invitation, and take refuge for his household gods with Count d'Orsay. Here at present he lives, under the protection of an inexorable porter at the door, and a vigilant 'tiger' within, and the spite that was thus suppressed in her ladyship's nails, has oozed out from her finger's ends—in a novel.