

TERMS OF WATCHMAN

The Watchman may hereafter be had for one Dollar and Fifty Cents per year.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING

One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Twenty-five Cents per square for each insertion afterwards.

Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

Go. Head taken for a Horse Thief.—A gentleman from the West, relates a characteristic anecdote of Sir Francis Head, and a friend informs us, that Sir Francis himself gives a similar version of the story.

While travelling lately in the West, near Sandwich, His Excellency took a different road from that chosen by his secretary and servant, alighted at a small village inn, himself covered with mud and his horse reeking with foam.

He ordered the landlord to feed his beast as soon as possible, and walked about for amusement. There was then an advertisement in the possession of Mr. Justice Schleich, describing the horse which had been stolen, and while Sir F's animal answered the description of the missing quadruped, Sir F. himself in the opinion of his worship looked pretty much like a horse thief.

Judge Scratch accordingly made haste to his office, issued his warrant, put the constable in motion, and had his Excellency brought into his presence forthwith on a charge of horse stealing.

When the constable had brought Sir F. into the presence, the prisoner demanded the cause of his detention.

The man of authority drew down his glasses, surveyed the Governor's countenance and appearance with a look of suspicion, and replied, "there is a complaint lodged against you for stealing the horse now in your possession."

Governor.—Very well sir, Justice.—Where are you from?

Gov.—I am from Toronto, on my way to Detroit.

Just.—Where did you get that horse?

Gov.—I brought him from Toronto.

Just.—What's your name?

Gov.—My name is Francis Bond Head.

Just.—Well now that must be a d—d lie, for that's our Governor's name and he don't steal horses.

Gov.—It is true, sir, that I happen to be at this time the Governor of Upper Canada, but I don't know that I look like a horse thief.

The Justice who supposed he had caught the actual delinquent, and that he was gambling him, reproved Sir Francis for pretending to be a Governor; when at this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Secretary Joseph came up, the prisoner was identified as the true representative of her most gracious Majesty, and instantly discharged from duress, by the astonished magistrate, who curses his stars to this day, that he was so blind as to mistake a Canadian Governor for a horse jockey.—Constitution.

HELPING OUT A LOVER.—"Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, you don't want to sell one of your cows, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman, like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Bridle—then at the widow—at the Dowling cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted.

At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Dowling cow is a pretty fair creature—but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horned Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Dowling cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion made to the late Mr. Jones—she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Bridle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

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"Lord, Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "out published?" they were married.—Y. Y. Dispatch.

ACCOUNT OF A CARNATION

Viewed through a Microscope.—From an elegant bouquet I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attracted by a soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly descended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that occupied its centre.

What a fragrant world for their habitation! what a perfect security from all annoyances in the dusky hush that surrounded the scene of action. Adopting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, art had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation.

The base of the flower extended itself, under its influence, to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of a massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were then raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs gleaming with the empyrean in its blue; their eyes all glittering like little plains, and brilliant above description, and almost too great for admiration.

I could observe them here singing out their favorite notes—courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades—and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyous dalliance, or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.—Fancet.

A MODERN FAUST.

Among these individuals who should have been seen somewhere else yesterday morning, might have been seen at Mr. Recorder Baldwin's office of business a professional follower of the great Faust, vulgarly known as a "jour printer." He was a case—all sorts of a case—a walking edition of the striped pig, or in other words an unexpected copy of the works of intemperance, served up, and had by no test the rule of entire abstinence. He looked blarney, or like a bad impression of worn-out wood cut of our American eagle, or of a runaway negro.

"You were found sleeping out last night," said the Recorder. "Who and what are you?" addressing the badly set up of humanity in the dock.

"Me, I'm a poor—d—n poor specimen of the art preservative of all arts—vulgarily called a 'jour printer,' or 'type,' said the prisoner.

"And need correction," said the affable Recorder. "I thought you were a font case. Why were you not at your lodgings last night?"

"Because I lost my place—got out of sorts—had no quoin (coins) to get locked up any where else; in fact, out of cash, which is the copy of our existence. Ah! sir, I've felt the pressure of the times as well as other folks—have had bad impressions, and a heavy one, of the difficulty of justifying my actions by the right measure."

"But a correct man of your profession," said the Recorder, "would have been at his case setting up, at the time the watchman found you setting down."

"Yes, but I'm a gone case; and even if I were setting down instead of setting up, I don't know what alteration you should make in the copy of your verdict."

"You were lying down, sir?"

"Yes, I had come to a period, that's a fact, and the watchman made a parenthesis of his arms to raise me up, and a note of admiration of my body, head downwards, while bringing me to this newangled press to have a proof taken," replied the "jour."

"The watchman charges you with being tipsy, sir."

"I used my matter too much last night, that's a fact."

"When the watchman placed you on your feet you did not stand straight—leaned in every direction, & staggered about as though you were working off the first sheet of the new grand lottery on the side-walk."

"I thought, sir, that I was on rule and figure work; but Charley soon gave me a rap with something more than a sheep's foot, which in a moment straightened me. He well might distribute the matter of my upper case, sir—threw my brain into pie."

"I shall have to send you to the calaboose, sir; look you up for thirty days."

"Thirty days! What! I look up my form for thirty days! Oh! I don't mean that, sir—I have no rule for doing it. Why, sir, you might as well send me to lie on the galles in the swamp at once. Thirty days in the calaboose! That would indeed be laying me on the imposing stone. Let me go this time, Mr. Recorder; I will see and correct all errors, avoid all outs, such as the watchman discovered, in future, and present a clear and revised proof-sheet, of my conduct hereafter. I'll tell your honor what it is; that watchman who handles the book so often don't always follow copy.—Why he swore there against me as if his oath was stereotyped and as if he knew me like a book."

The Recorder told this modern Faust that he was fully impressed with the sincerity of his determination to reform, but that unless he got some person other than himself to vouch for it, he must give him a short situation, say thirty days in the calaboose.—Pleasant.

Social Intercourse.—Most of the refined nations of our time entrust the usages of hospitality to the keeping of the gender sex. Especially in this new western world, those Lares and Penates of the Romans are cordially entrusted to our care. Elevated as we are, by intellectual advantages, beyond all previous example, it might rationally be expected that a degree of lustre and dignity heretofore unknown would dignify social intercourse. Still we see it very prominently identified with the pleasures of the table. To make the satisfaction of the palate the principal test of hospitality, seems to accord with a less refined state of society, or to argue some destitution of intellectual resource. Would our ladies set the example of less elaborate entertainments, or less exuberant feasting, more room would be left for the mental powers to expand, and the feelings to seek interchange in conversation. At least, they might save husband's purses, their servants' tempers, and themselves a world of fatigue. Let them recollect that it is but a relief of barbarism which they cherish, when they allure their guests to indulgence of appetite, perhaps to hurtful excess; for temptations of the palate, though they may be multiplied by the hospitable lady not of pure benevolence, cannot be yielded to with impunity by all whom her invitations thus expose. Her skill in culinary compounds may wound the health of those whom she best loves.

It would be but a sorry compliment for the dyspeptic husband to murmur forth, like him of Eden, his sad extenuation, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, gave me, and I did eat," or for the more indignant guests, when seeking his physician, to exclaim, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

It was formerly too much the custom to press among the pledges of hospitality, the draught that inebriates. More light, and a better creed, have modified this practice. But still it is not extinct. If it be asked, why the Christian inhabitants of a most Christian land should choose, as the interpreter of their hospitality, a usage more dangerous than the sword of Damocles, there is no better answer than "Because it is the fashion." The cup will not, indeed, mark him who partakes with its immediate poison; but may it not foster that shall rankle in his veins with fatal contagion, threatening not only the body, but the soul!

When philosophers have inquired, how women, whose happiness and safety are so deeply involved in the purity of those around, could thus dare to trouble the fountains of temperance and of virtue, the only reply has been, "It is the fashion." Holy men, the guardians of God's altar, have demanded why she hath been thus faithless to her trust. And she hath answered, "It is the fashion." But when the garbure is thus striped from all earthly things, when that dread assembly is convened, where none dare to plead the omnipotence of fashion: when a voice from the throne of the Eternal questions of the plague spot upon the soul of the guest, the brother, the husband or the child—what shall the response be!—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Regulation of Diet.—Many shut themselves up entirely in unpleasant weather during long winter, or whenever they find a pressure of business within or unpleasant weather without, and yet they eat voraciously as if they took exercise every day. To say that no attention is to be paid to diet, is madness. You must pay attention to it sooner or later. If you are faithful to take regular vigorous exercise every day in the open air, then you may eat and pay less attention to quality and quantity. But if you take but little exercise, you may be sure you are to be a severe sufferer if you do not take food in the same proportion. I do not ask you to diet, that is, to be as difficult, and as changeable, and as whimsical as possible; as if the great point was to see how much you can torment yourself and others; but I do ask you to beware of the quantity of food which you bury into your stomach three times each day, without giving it any rest. It is the quantity rather than the kinds of food, which destroys sedentary persons; though it is true the more simple the food the better. If you are unusually hurried this week, if it storms to-day, so that in these periods you cannot go out and take regular exercise, let your diet be very sparing; tho' the temptation to do otherwise will be very strong.

When by any means you have been injured by your food, have overstepped the proper limits as to eating. I have found in such cases that the most perfect way to recover is to abstain entirely from food for three or six meals. By this time the stomach will be free, and the system restored. I took the hint from seeing an idiot who sometimes had turns of being unwell, at such times he abstained entirely from food for about three days in which time nature recovered herself, and he was well. This will frequently and perhaps generally, answer instead of medicine, and is every way more pleasant. The most distinguished physicians have ever recommended this course. It is a part of the Mahomedan and Pagan system of Religion; that the body shall be recruited by frequent fastings. Let a dull dog be fed in his infancy upon pap, Naples biscuit and boiled chickens; let him be wrapped in flannel at night, sleep on a feather bed, and ride out in a coach for airing—and if his posterity do not become short limbed and valetudinarian, it will be a wonder.—Todd's Student's Manual.

The Compassionate Merchant.—"James," said a merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning, "go down to water street to Mr. —, and tell him his rent must be paid to-day; I can't wait any longer, as he is already two quarters in arrear." The clerk obeyed the direction and soon returned with great appearance of mildness about the eyes. "Mr. — wants to see you, sir, about the rent very much." "The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed, in an insensible state of dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire apparently preparing some simple aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in a corner. His approach was unnoticed.

"Ma," said one of the little urchins "when are you going to get breakfast?" "Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tell."

"My good woman—my good woman—them—that is—and the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket book conclusively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

"James," said he again to his clerk, "take this order to Mr. —, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately."

The merchant felt much better (than he would have done if he had got the rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would not forgive it, and we would not for the world offend him.—Bulfontian.

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

The following beautiful allegory is from the interesting volume of "Algie Researches," just published, by H. R. SCHOOFCRAFT. "A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the ivy vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me." "My support replied the oak is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb, even as high as the clouds.—While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my trunk with your green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the stronger render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine, "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?" "Nature," answered the oak, did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon among the trees. The trees will begin to say, it is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and no body will then admire thee or pity thee."

"Ah, me," said the vine, let me escape from such a destiny"—and with this she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together."

The Fall River Patriot gives the particulars of an event which has thrown that village into no inconsiderable excitement. It appears that one James McNab, a drunken miserable loafer has, in such felicitous usual have, a beautiful wife. Conscious of his own unworthiness, he is jealous of her—a fact she has more than once felt who he has been drunk; though his suspicions are believed to be groundless.

On Tuesday night, about six o'clock, he returned to his house after an absence from the preceding Saturday. He was not intoxicated, and appeared very penitent and usually affectionate. He told his wife he could not live away from her and kissed her over and over again. She told him if he

would stay at home, and let strong drink alone, they could do well enough. The family went to bed happy—all but himself—for the dire purpose in his heart, he must have been most miserable. He supported his wife's head upon his arm till she fell asleep. She had not long been in the condition, when she was aroused by feeling a knife in her flesh, and the flowing of blood. She immediately jumped out of her bed and screamed murder. Her husband stabbed her in three or four places over the region of the stomach, before she got from her bed. He followed her into and about the adjoining room, still continuing his thrusts at her, till he inflicted some seven or eight stabs upon the abdomen and chest, besides several scratches upon the right hand, received while fending off. Having done probably what he thought sufficient to accomplish his purpose, he caught his pantaloons in his hand and escaped from the house by the back door. Her wounds, fortunately, are not mortal, as the jack knife which he used, did not penetrate the cavity of the chest or abdomen. He had not been caught at the last advices.



POETICAL.

JONATHAN'S INDEPENDENCE.

Says Jonathan, says he, "To-day I will be independent, And so my grog I'll throw away, And that shall be the end on't. Clear the house! the taral stuff Shan't be here so handy; Wife has given the winds her snuff, So now here goes my brandy!"

Chorus—Clear the house, &c.

Our fathers, though a sturdy folk, Were sometimes rather skittish; And so they wouldn't wear the yoke Brought over by the British. Yonder, on old Bunker's head, From their necks they shook it. There they fired off all their lead, And then they had to hook it.

Chorus—Yonder, on, &c.

But though they fit and ran away, They weren't a bit of cowards, They lived to fight another day, When lookin' Gin'ral Howe wards, What could then the Gin'ral do For his own salvation? Why, he 'cuss'd and quit' the universal Yankee nation.

Chorus—What could then, &c.

The tyrant that our fathers smoked Lay skulkin' in a tea-pot; There's now, "a worser" to be choked, In bottle jug or weepit; Often in a glass he shows What he calls his "body;" And often wades up to his nose In a bowl of toddy.

Chorus—Often in a glass, &c.

Sometimes he creeps up, through the slim Steer of a very fine pipe; And sometimes flounces for a swim, All over in a wind-pipe; But he's tickled, most of all, When he hears the summons Down his favorite pipes to crawl—The wind pipes of the rum 'uns.

Chorus—But he's tickled, &c.

And when he gets the upper hand,— This tyrant, base and scurvy— He strips a man of house and land, And turns him topey-torpy. Neck and heels he binds him fast, And says that he is his'n; And lets him have, rent free, at last, A poor-house or a prison.

Chorus—Neck and heels, &c.

And now, says Jonathan, to'wards rum I'm desperate unforgivin'; The tyrant, never more, shall come Into "the house I live in;" Kindred spirits, too, shall in-to outer darkness go forth—Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Brandy, Beer, and so.

Chorus—Kindred spirits, &c.

While this cold war fills my cup, Duns dare not nag me; Sheriffs shall not nag me; Nor my neighbor's bail me; Lawyers, I'll never let "Case me as defendant;" "Till death I pay my debt, WILL BE INDEPENDENT."

Chorus—Lawyers will I never let, &c.

Challenge to the Field.—The editor of the Worcester Egis (Hon. William Lincoln), closes a controversy, which has become somewhat disastrous to the Worcester Palladium, by offering to the editor of that print honorable satisfaction in the field—the weapons to be hoed—each party to dig the potatoes—and he whose work is done best and in the shortest time, to be declared the victor. Should the challenge to mortal potato digging be accepted, the editor of the Egis will transmit the size of his hoe by a friend, who will arrange the preliminaries for the settlement of all difficulties.

LOW spirits is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slightest grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient medical writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria which are situated on the right or left side of that cavity, whence comes the name hypochondriac.

The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, eructation, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage. Also languidness, the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, desponding melancholy, and dejected, accompanied with a total derangement of the nervous system. The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overhauling the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

A sedentary life of any kind, especially where 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 continual eruption; relaxation of ability of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

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 constipated) being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. Williams' Eucalypti 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 patients.

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

Interesting and Astonishing Facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.—Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, 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, shrewdness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr. R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair took 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 incalculable benefit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.—Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with "Tic Doloreux, violent pain in her head, and vomiting, with a 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 that she continues the medicine a few days longer will be perfectly cured. Reference can be made 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 Liberty street between Stanton and Houston streets, 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 demands vigor or courage, sometimes a visionary idea, an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical notion to particular persons and places, apprehensions of personal danger accompanied with an irksomeness and weariness of passion, shuddering, disquietude on every slight cause, which she conceived she could not withstand, she felt languid, desponded, and one so bad, with most miserable life, never dies.

Mr. Kenny had recourse to numerous medical physicians, and had even temporary alleviations, but could not state, till her husband's purchase of her distress, that of medicine, she was persuaded her to be relieved, and finds herself as she is now attending to her domestic duties, not only so that she enjoys as good health as usual, but she did at any period of her existence, pregnancy, 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 Affliction of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Dr. Wm. EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New York: Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 13 Centre street, 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 constipated, the urine high coloured, and attended with profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a great tightness across the chest, likewise a great loss of energy in the nervous system.

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

City of New York, ss. Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, deposes and says, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are true and respects true. RENJ. J. 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; JOHN A. INGLIS (Bookstore) Chelsea; J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C.; E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C.; W. M. JASON, & Co. Raleigh, N. C. May 19, 1839—1941