

FEMALE SOCIETY.

We have often remarked in our intercourse with society, the unaccountable reserve and coldness of the young men of the present day, when in company with ladies. Their politeness is distant, their conversation stiff, and for the most part in monosyllables, and they are evidently under a degree of painful restraint, strangely inconsistent with our ideas of gentlemanly deportment.

Whence is the cause of this? is a query which we have put to ourselves, and to which we have found difficulty in finding an answer.

There is none of that ease and elegance of manners in the young men of the present age, which distinguished the "gentlemen of the old school," and the reason is simply this: they are too selfish in their pleasures, too fond of associating among themselves, and neglecting the cultivation of that character of female society, the influence of which is so beneficial in forming the habits and manners of a young man. There is no mistake in this; it is because young men, rather than accustom themselves to the delightful associations to which we have alluded, night after night spend their hours in the pursuit of idle pleasure, that they find themselves when thrown into the company of modest females, unable to address them with that ease and courtesy characteristic of the gentleman. We have been in company in some occasions where we have met some fifteen or twenty young ladies and gentlemen, and rarely have we encountered more reserved and formal assemblages. We have heard a young lady express her admiration of a very fine looking youth, and wonder why he did not open his lips during the whole evening—and have also heard men complain how "cursedly awkward all parties were," and express their surprise that the ladies should be so shy and reserved, as if forsooth, they expected the first advances to be made by the gentle sex. If young men would sometimes spare an evening from the billiard-room, or theatre, to accompany their sisters in an occasional visit to their friends and appropriate a few of his idle hours to an intercourse with female society, his reserved and awkwardness would soon wear away. The festive meetings of young people would be what we have heard the old folks say they were in the "days of King Snyde," joyous, social, and agreeable, and better still, we might hear of more "love matches," and fewer marriages of convenience—and in the course of time, society would not be annoyed by so many rusty old bachelors, while young men would be less fearful of encountering a certain class of trim and formal damsels of uncertain age.

From "A New Home—Who'll Follow?" THE SCIENCE OF BORROWING. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be! For loan oft loses both itself and friend; and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." HAMLET. This good advice finds little regard in Michigan, if faith is to be put in the following extract from the amusing work we noticed on Saturday. It shows to what length the practice may be carried although, there may, doubtless, be found some in these parts who would lend hands.

Chapter XVIII. Lend me your ears. SHAKESPEARE. Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely. LANCON. "Mother wants your sister," said Miss Anne Howard, a young lady of six years' standing; attired in a tattered calico, thickened with dirt, her unkempt locks straggling round under that hideous substitute for a bonnet, so universal in the western country, a dirty cotton handkerchief, which is used, ad nauseam, for all sorts of purposes.

"Mother wants your sister, and she says the guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you've got plenty. This excellent reason, 'cause you've got plenty," is conclusive as to the sharing with your neighbors.—Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing, will be sure to better his condition; but to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences.—To have them, and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime.—You must lend your best horse to *qui que se soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh in the darkest night, for a doctor; or you steam to travel twenty after a "get 'er your wheel-barrow, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong not to yourself, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to ask a loan, but take for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spent most of their time travelling from house to house amonback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence journey.

Then within doors, an inventory of your furnishings of all sorts, would scarcely more than include the articles which you are solicited to lend. Not only are all kitchen utensils, such as your neighbors as your own, but beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house, a pleasant and effectual mode of securing the perpetuation of certain fluorescent peculiarities of the skin, for which Michigan is becoming almost as famous as the land "next Maidenkirch and John O'Great's." Steves, smoothing irons, and charms, run about as if they had legs; one brass kettle is enough for a whole neighborhood; and I could point to the cradle which has rocked half the babes in Montacute. For my own part, I have lent my broom, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl; my shoes; and have been asked for my combs and brushes, my husband, for his shaving apparatus and his pantaloons.

Carolina Watchman.

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But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straight forward and honest—none of your hypocritical civil gratitude!—Your true republican, when he finds that you possess any thing which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with "Are you going to use your horses to-day?" if horses happen to be the thing he needs.

"Yes, I shall probably want them." "Oh, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece." Or perhaps the desired article comes with in the female department?

"Mother wants to get some butter; that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this morn'ing."

And away goes your golden store, to be repaid, perhaps with some cheesy greasy stuff brought in a dirty pail, with "Here's your butter!"

A girl came in to borrow a "wash-dish," "because we've got company."—Presently she came back; "Mother says you've forgot to send a towel!"

"The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer," is no unusual request; when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent "an awful bad pen."

I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheel-barrow to a Quaker, with, "Here I've broken your rotten wheel barrow usin' on't! I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon." The Quaker is made to reply, "Friend, it shall be done;" and I wish I possessed more of his spirit.

But I did not intend to write a chapter on involuntary loans; I have a story to tell.

One of my best neighbors is Mr. Philo Doubleday, a long, awkward, bones, hard working Maine man, or Maine, I suppose she might say; so good natured that he might be mistaken for a simpleton; but that he must be by those that do not know him. He is quite an old settler, came in four years ago, bringing with him a wife who is to him as vinegar-bottle to oil cruet or as mustard to the sugar which is used to soften its biting qualities. Mrs. Doubleday has the sharpest eyes, the sharpest nose, the sharpest tongue, the sharpest elbows, and above all, the sharpest voice that ever penetrated the interior of Michigan. She has a tall straight bony figure, in contour somewhat resembling two hard oak planks fastened together and stood on end; and strange to say! she was full five-and-thirty when her mature graces attracted the eye and won the affections of the worthy Philo. What eclipse had come over Mr. Doubleday's usual sagacity when he made choice of his Polly, I am sure I never could guess; but he is certainly the only man in the world who could possibly have lived with her; and he makes her a most excellent husband.

I was setting one morning with my neighbor Mrs. Jenkins, who is a sister of Mr. Doubleday, when Betsy, Mrs. Doubleday's "hired girl" came in with one of the shingles of Philo's handy work in her hand, which bore in Mr. Doubleday's well known chalk marks—

Come quick, Fanny! And bring the granny, For Mrs. Doubleday's in trouble.

And the next intelligence was of a fine new pair of lungs at that hitherto silent mansion. I called very soon after to take a peep at the "latest found;" and if the suppressed delight of the new papa was a treat, how much more was the softened aspect, the womanized tone of the proud and happy mother. I never saw a being so completely transformed. She would almost forget to answer me in her absorbed watching of the breath of the little sleeper. Even when trying to be polite, and to say what the occasion demanded, her eyes would not be withdrawn from the tiny face. Conversation on any subject but the ever-new theme of "babies" was out of the question. Whatever we began upon whirled round sooner or later to the one point. The needle may tremble but it turns not with the less constancy to the pole.

As I pass for an oracle in the matter of paps and posses, I had frequent communication with my now happy neighbor, who had forgotten to scold her husband, learned to let Betsy have time to eat, and omitted the nightly scouring of the floor, lest so much dampness might be bad for the baby. We were in deep consultation one morning on some important point touching the well-being of this sole object of Mrs. Doubleday's thoughts and dreams when the very same little lanthe Howard, dirty as ever, presented herself. She sat down and stared awhile without speaking a word; and then informed us that her mother "wanted Miss Doubleday to let her have the baby for a little while, 'cause Benny's mouth's so sore that"—but she had no time to finish the sentence.

"LEND MY BABY!"—And her utterance failed. The new mother's feelings were fortunately too big for speech, and lanthe wisely disappeared before Mrs. Doubleday found her tongue. Philo, who entered on the instant, burst into one of his electrified laughs with

"Ask my Polly." "To lend her dolly!"

—and I could not help thinking that one must come "West" in order to learn a little of every thing.

The identical glass tube which I offered

Mrs. Howard, as a substitute for Mrs. Doubleday's baby, and which had already, trivial as it is, threaded the country for miles in all directions, is, even as I write, in demand: a man on horseback comes from somewhere near Danforth's, and asks in mysterious whisper for — but I shall not tell what he calls it. The reader must come to Michigan.

A GALLANT HUSBAND; OR THE FATE OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

Some time in the year 18—, in the state of Virginia, an old and rusty bachelor becoming tired of his situation of "single blessedness"—as all old bachelors must do sooner or later—took the notion into his head to seek him out in a help-mate, or rather to take unto himself a wife-to-nurse, take care of and comfort him in his old age. He was wealthy—had all the good things of this world that heart could desire, excipating a kind-hearted, gentle and affectionate wife. He was never contented—nor should he have been—for he had no one to share his fortune; no one to bless him in sickness; no one to sympathize with him when he became sorrowful and gloomy. He wanted not the means to procure him any and every comfort—he "fared sumptuously every day;"—but the "one thing needful" he had not—he had no wife. In his juvenile days he had no soul for the soft delights of love. The chase, the race field, his fishing tackle, his dog and gun were his delights. A reasonable indulgence in these things is no sin; but our hero was totally engrossed by them. His associates were men like himself, and he became so habituated to his peculiar course of life, so wedded to his sports that, like one of old, he was "joined to his idols."

But time works changes, and our bachelor friend did not escape his withering touch. The full, bright locks of hair which clustered his temples in rich profusion during his more youthful years had become thin and grey. The round and rosy cheeks of other days had withered and began to wear a sallow hue. The corpulent chest, the buoyant and fantastic step of early years had declined, and the infirmities of age showed weakness and haltings in his gait.

A change came o'er the spirit of his dreams; and the old withered, wasted bachelor bethought himself to take a wife. But who would have him? Who would now join their fate with one so old, so musty, so uninteresting? We are amongst those who do not believe that the age of miracles has ceased; and we have much to confirm this opinion in the fact that our old friend was not unsuccessful in his search for a wife. He tried this lady and he tried another; he met with rejection after rejection; one frowned on him, and another laughed at his folly. But he still persevered.

Finally he found the object of his heart in the person of a beautiful and highly accomplished young lady at the interesting age of eighteen. She had a taste and disposition for gaiety—was fond of balls, fashionable assemblies, travelling, &c.; but unfortunately she was poor—her father, who had indulged and given her an opportunity for every accomplishment in his more affluent days, having died bankrupt and left her without a cent.

Our bachelor had nothing about his person particularly fascinating; he was not the most handsome man, nor the most agreeable and interesting companion; but he had gold—he had a fortune! This was the glittering bait—this was the powerful magnet. The young lady knew he was wealthy, and herself poor. She knew another thing—but she was almost ashamed to think of that—she knew the "old fellow" would not live long; and the animating thought of being an interesting, wealthy young widow, was a consideration to strong a temptation to great to be resisted. She yielded. She accepted the offered hand of the bachelor, and gave hers in return. Oh, ye Gods!—was he not a happy man! Again he fancied himself young, and active, and gay; but it was only fancy. He thought the spring-time of life had again come to him; he imagined his path was again strewn with the buds and blossoms of early years; but this, alas, was but an idle vision! The old man had been a better day. His sin had risen brightly, and it continued beaming and glowing more brilliantly, till it had reached the full blaze of its meridian splendor. But it was now fast setting—the evening of his life was now just approaching—his night of death was at hand!

But he married, and married a blooming bride. She slept him. He was happy—happy as he could be. Naught seemed to disturb him, save an occasional reflection which brought in contrast his own age with that of his wife.

Time will not allow us to follow him through his future career; though, alas, it was not a long one; for he died in two years, leaving only his beautiful young widow to inherit his fortune.

Yet we cannot conclude our story, without relating one of his feats of gallantry, which occurred on the day after his wedding. He had placed his bride in a gig, and seated himself beside her, with a view of visiting one of his old acquaintances, who had pressing invited the newly married couple to dine with him. All was brightness and sweetness around. The day was fine, and the weather was calm and delightful. The party started on their way, not dreaming of any accident which might befall them. In their route they had to ford a small stream, some three hundred yards below a mill-dam. Recent rains had swollen the head waters of the Creek, and just as the happy pair were in the channel of the ford, the dam above gave way, from the force and pressure of the current. Down came the water in torrents, overflowing every thing in its course; it rose rapidly around the vehicle containing the bride and bridegroom; the horse became frightened, and though every effort was made by our hero to start the animal, he did not, and would not budge.

The bride did not shriek, and faint away; but on the contrary, burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, Mrs. Maloney, me love," said Mr. Maloney—for this was our friend's name—"how can ye laugh so, when ye see your poor husband in such danger of drowning?"—Mrs. Maloney, how can ye laugh I say?"

The bride laughed again, and rather more heartily than at first.

Again did Mr. Maloney try to start the horse, but in vain. "Git up, ye baste; why the devil don't ye git up?" he said to the animal; but there he stood—the water rising higher and

higher, and Mrs. Maloney laughing louder and louder.

"Well, Mrs. Maloney, me love, take the best care ye can of yourself"—said the gallant bridegroom—"for me own part, I'll just take this tree;" and out from the gig, and up a tree, which grew near by, went Mr. Maloney.

Just at that moment the horse took the notion to start, and away he went, carrying the better half of Mr. Maloney safely over the creek, leaving the unfortunate husband sitting in the forks of the tree, looking for all the world like an old grey coon. The water did not abate for three days and nights, during which time Mr. Maloney remained safely stowed away in his tree. His young wife did not seem very uneasy about his situation, and ever after, during the remainder of his life, when the subject was alluded to, she would always laugh at his gallant adventure.

It may not be amiss to state in the sequel our story, that the fair bride, after getting safely over the creek, pursued her way to the house of her husband's friend, where she partook of her portion of the dinner which had been prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Maloney. Here she made herself quite at home, where she remained till her water-bound husband came to visit her.

From the Southern Literary Messenger. EVENING CLOUDS.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills As with a golden halo crowned, The setting sun with splendor lies These massy piles that lie around His couch, in crimson glory dress'd, Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest!

Bright, fair, but ah! how fading too Is all this beautiful array! A moment given to the view, Then past amid the gloom, away! So like the gilded things of earth, That charm the eye, though nothing worth

And now e'er's glowing star illumines The chambers of the distant west, And scarce discerned, like warring plumes That flash o'er many a warrior's crest, There float along the upper air Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair!

How sweet to gaze upon their slight, Transparent forms, changing so oft, That e'en the zephyr's gentlest flight Scatters them with pinions soft,— Seeming down as the sky they go, Like wreaths of gently driven snow!

And then, to trace the full orb'd moon, As, struggling on her cloudy way, She travels on, now wrapped in gloom, Now bursting forth with undim'd ray,— Like some high, noble heart, whose pride Still bears him on, though woes betide.

From the Richmond Whig.

The yesterday's organ of Dr. Brockenbrough's Bank, (the enquirer) seems to be in a terrible quandary. After a few valiant flourishes about "astonishment and indignation," and usual stereotyped phrases about a "thorough reform of the Banking system"—then comes the difficulty;—how to relieve the Administration of blame, for doing that which its head-man, Benton, declared should be done—and how to point the reader's indignation against the Pennsylvania Bank of the U. S. and at the same time save Dr. Brockenbrough's Bank harmless—which unluckily chances to be in the same box.—The fidgeting and fumbling, wriggling and twisting of the venerable Editor in this embarrassing position, reminds one of the shifts and expedients of that flower of Major Doms, Caleb Balderstone, to keep up the credit of the House of Ravenswood. The efforts of our Caleb, as might well be supposed under the circumstances, are attended with about the same success as usually crowned those of his prototype, the ancient factotum of Wolf's-Crag.

All the charges against the Pennsylvania Bank may be true—(of that we know nothing and care nothing—though its friends say they are false)—but that has nothing to do with the main points, or if it has, it militates against the Administration: For it, like the Virginia Bank, is a State institution, and was reduced to that enfeebled and dependent condition by the Tory Party. It once had a national charter, and was amenable to Congress for the manner in which it conducted its affairs. This check was removed by the Administration, and the institution was relieved of all responsibility to Congress, and permitted and invited to run the career which has terminated in its ruin. If it had retained a national charter, the catastrophe that has befallen it would not, in all probability, have overtaken it, and it might have been, as it frequently was, able to bolster up the rickety concerns around it—the Virginia Bank inclusive. But the Government, in withholding from it a national charter, stripped it of its power for good, and enlarged its capacity for mischief. It did more;—It not only made a great bloated monster of this institution, and placed it beyond the control of the Federal authorities, but at the same time multiplied similar monsters throughout the union, and stimulated them, with the revenues of the country, to indulge in the wildest and most ruinous overtrading. This is history, substantiated by the records of the Government and the official Messages of the President and the Reports of his Secretary of the Treasury.

But how the misdeeds of this State institution justify similar misdeeds on the part of another State institution, managed by the ablest financier, aided by the profound sagacity of the Editor, the honest Caleb of the enquirer omits (possibly he

forgot) to explain. But let this pass.

The records of the country testify that the Administration was the original cause of the excessive overtrading which the Banks committed from 1833 up to 1837. That it has, since this latter period, labored indefatigably to discredit the Banks, with a view to force them to a suspension of cash payments, is borne out by the whole tone of its leading journals; and what is probably still more conclusive, the distinct and emphatic declaration to that effect by its most prominent and influential supporter—the Senator from Missouri. This notorious individual, who, for more reasons than one, is supposed to be the power behind the Throne greater than the Throne itself, and who dictates the leading policy of the party, boldly proclaimed, within the current year, that a favorite project of the Administration should prevail, though to make its success certain, it might be necessary to force the Banks to another suspension.

Knowing these things, hearing the Banks daily assailed in the press, which is in direct and immediate communion with the President and his Secretary of the Treasury, as odious, swindling and demoralizing institutions—and having heard that Mr. Amos Kendall's "hiring" in this city was in the habit of refusing to receive notes of specie paying Banks in payment for postage, we ventured, more than three months ago, to allude to the machinations which the Government had in hand, and to predict that if its power (which, through the management of the revenue, we confessed to be great,) was adequate to the end, the Banks would be driven to another suspension. Our apprehensions, then, have been realized by events. We believed then as we do now, that there was a systematic design on the part of the Administration to constrain the Banks to confess their inability to meet their obligations in specie. This result, it was thought, would, as Benton confessed, secure the adoption of a party measure, upon the success of which Mr. Van Buren had staked his chance of re-election—thus showing that mere party considerations were paramount to all others, however seriously affecting the welfare of individuals or the public.

It is useless for Ritchie and Blair & Co. to attempt to screen their employers from the consequences of their misconduct. They may now, when they find they have gone too far, quake and tremble, and express regrets—But facts and circumstances, which cannot lie, are too strong and conclusive of their guilt—and they must bear the consequences.

CHANGE IN THE EXPENSE OF LIVING.—In the 15th century the expense of living to the lower and middle ranks of people in England was, according to Dr. Henry, nominally ten times and really five times less than at the beginning of the 19th century to persons of the same rank. "To understand the distinction between the nominal and real difference, we have only to reflect—1st, that one nominal money pound in the 15th century contained as much silver as two nominal pounds contain at present; and, therefore, a person who had then an income of £10 a year had as much silver to expend as one who now has an income of £20 a year; and, 2dly, that the same quantity of silver, suppose a pound weight, would then have purchased as many of the necessaries of life as five times that quantity will purchase at present."

In the 16th century the expense of living in England was about twice as great as in the 15th century, and about five times less than in the beginning of the 19th century. The wages of a common laborer in the 15th century was 11 2d., and in the 16th, 3d. a day. "But he was really as rich, and could live as well, as a laborer in our times who earns 15d. a day."—Am. Al. manna.

One of the besetting vices of our country, in writing to people about our own business and leaving those whom we trouble with our affairs to pay the postage.—Regard it as we may, this practice is nothing more nor less than plundering; and those who pursue it may rest assured, that for every twenty-five cents tax they thus impose upon others without their consent, they lose a dollar's worth of reputation. If a friend or correspondent is willing to take labor upon himself for you without compensation, it is not only manly but dishonorable to make him pay for serving you. If we find a man in the frequent habit of making us pay his postage (except in the correspondence of friendship) we are not so apt to trust him or to esteem him as we do one who is strictly scrupulous upon such matters; and we presume that this sentiment prevails with all men, who form an opinion of the character of others from their actions.

Philadelphia Gazette. Losing good morals by an earthquake.—An American ship lay in Tacalhuana at the time the several earthquakes were experienced there. Shortly afterwards, while in an other port, the Captain thought it necessary to punish a man, but allowed that if the offender could advance any reason for his immoral conduct, he should be pardoned. "Why, sir," said Jack, you know as how I think that an earthquake shook my moral principles out o' me." Such able reasoning had the desired effect, and Jack was forgiven.

The Supremacy of the Laws.—At the last term of the Court for Starke county, Ohio, sitting at Canton, the damage suit against the persons charged with tarring and feathering a certain Dr. Willoughs, of that county, some months since, was tried. After hearing the testimony in the case, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$3,150 damages, with costs.

The Picaresque tells a story about a fellow who said he should not care so much about mosquitoes biting him, if they did not brag so like thunder beforehand.

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.

SYMPTOMS. The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acid eructations, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject that demands vigor or courage. Also, inordinate melancholy, and dejected, accompanied by a total derangement of the nervous system. The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overweigh the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this disposition as the weakest.

CAUSES. A sedentary life of any kind, especially a very study protracted to a late hour in the day, and rarely relieved by social intercourse, or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercurial purgatives, the suppression of some vital discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continual eruption; relaxation of the ability 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 costiveness being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. Williams' Epsom's Aperient Pills—being mild and easy 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 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, 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 impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and feebleness of the nervous energy. Mr. R. Monroe gave every thought of recovery, and died despairing on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some curious effusions of Dr. Wm. EVANS' MEDICINE in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a page of the Pills, which resulted in complete removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration, 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. James 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 she will be perfectly cured. Reference can be made to the truth of the above, by calling at Dr. Johnson's daughter's Store, 369 Grand street, N. Y.

Mrs. Anne F. Kenny, No. 115 1/2 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, and inability of engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage, sometimes a violent sensation of aggravation of her disease, a whimsical disposition to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, an irksomeness and weariness of life, disordered, disquietude on every slight occasion, unconceived she could neither live nor die; she was languid, despondent, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr. Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had received 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 as good health as she did at any period of her existence. Mr. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny.

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836. PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

REMARKABLE CASE OF FACI

RHEUMATISM, with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Dr. Wm. EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 15 Centre street, Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, motion, the limbs increased on the slightest motion; loss of appetite, preserved a steady whiteness; loss of speech, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly dry, profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing with a severe tightness across the chest, likewise a great loss of due energy in the nervous system. The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr. Wm. Evans' BENJ. J. JARVIS.

City of New York, ss. Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. RENE S. JARVIS. Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836. WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 86 Nassau street.

Sold by the following Agents: GEORGE W. BROWN, Salisbury, N. C. JOHN A. ENGLIS (Bookstore) Charleston, S. C. J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C. E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C. W. M. MASON, & Co. Raleigh, N. C. May 10, 1839—1941.