

Columbia Telescope.

BY A. S. JOHNSTON.

NEC DEESSE, NEC SUPERESSE REIPUBLICÆ.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VOL. 23--NO. 13.

COLUMBIA, S. C. APRIL 1, 1837.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

THE COLUMBIA TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED BY A. S. JOHNSTON, Every Saturday Morning, AND EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING DURING THE SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

TERMS: Three dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Four dollars at the end of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered in the inside every publication—or inserted otherwise than regularly, to be charged as new for every insertion. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.



Potato Oats. JUST received a few bushels of this valuable grain, from Thornburn of New York, weighing 50 lbs per bushel. Also three bushels of the eight that grows in Chester raised from one quart of the Potato Oats, weighing 45 lbs to the bushel.

Flower Roots. JUST received from Sinclair of Baltimore, and Thornburn of New York, 100 splendid Dahlia Roots, all colors, Paecony Roots, all colors, among them:

Plata Formosa, orange and red. All Widows Granta, dark carlet. King of Dalias, pure white edged with pink. Lord John Russell's Scarlet. Black Hawk, black. Fair Ellen, pink. King of the Yellow. Zeta Perfecta, orange. Double Tulip, in full bloom. Cymelia, all colors. Camelia Japonica, in blossom, splendid. Polianthus, in pots, now in flower. Pinks, all sorts and colors.

Saluda Manufacturing Co. RESOLVED, by the Board of Directors of Saluda Manufacturing Company, That the Books shall be opened on the 1st day of March next, at the counting house of D. & J. Ewart & Co., for an additional subscription of one hundred thousand dollars to the capital Stock of the Company.

Beat this who Can. WE do challenge the world to simplify or improve the principle of Cooper's Tumbling Shaft horse power. It has only 2 small cast wheels, one with 29 cogs and the other with which any motion or power can be transmitted to Cotton Gins, horse Mills, turning Lathes, Wheat or Rice Machines, can be obtained.

ENTERTAINMENT. THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the well known Public House, south of the Court House, Congress Street, YORKVILLE, S. C. (formerly conducted by J. McNeel,) and solicits a share of public patronage.

TO RENT. THE extensive Store House opposite the Branch Bank, at present occupied by Mr. Keir. Possession given on the first day of February next. Enquire of F. W. GREEN.

Committed. TO the Jail of Richland, as a Runaway, a negro man who calls his name WINSTON, and says he belongs to George Daniels of Chester district, S. C. A. Winston is about 37 years of age, five feet four inches high, has lost all the fingers from the left hand and several of his front teeth. The owner is requested to come forward, prove his property, pay charges and take him away.

South Carolina. UNION DISTRICT. Joshua Wilburn, Applicant.

Law Notice. GREGG & ADDISON. HAVE renewed their Partnership, in the practice of Law for Lexington District. March 11th 10 4t

EXCHANGE. CHECKS at Sight on Lexington, Kentucky, by RICHARD SONBLEY, Agent Bank of Charleston, if 49.

PROSPECTUS OF THE Southern Christian Advocate.

AT the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolutions were passed, authorizing the publication of weekly religious papers, on the same footing with the Christian Advocate and Journal (of New York,) and the Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati,) at Richmond, Nashville, and Charleston. At Nashville, the paper thus authorized, has already been issued. The one intended for Richmond, will, we doubt not, soon be put forth. And the Georgia and South Carolina Annual Conferences, for whose districts the paper at Charleston is especially intended, have each taken measures for its early publication.

The Act of the General Conference authorizing these publications, was called for by the Southern Delegates, on the ground of its being necessary an equal distribution of the Church's press to all parts of her communion; and especially, in view of the peculiar political aspect of the times. Within the range contemplated for the paper at Charleston, leaving equal scope for those at Richmond and Nashville, there are about fifty thousand whites in the membership of the Church. Here then are, probably, ten thousand Methodist families, and a much greater number attached to the Methodists who have no weekly paper published among them.

We propose, therefore, to publish at the city of Charleston, as soon as the subscription list shall warrant it, a weekly religious paper, to be entitled the Southern Christian Advocate, which shall be zealously devoted to the promotion of good morals and religion to give expression to the views and feelings of our people, kindly, but firmly, on all subjects of bearing on the Church—and in particular, to set forward the cause Christian benevolence, as embodied in the Bible, Missionary, Sunday-School, Tract and Temperance Societies.

The itinerant Ministers and Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are all authorized Agents of the Southern Christian Advocate, to whom payments may be made. The proceeds of this paper, as a part of the General Book Concern, will be equally divided among all the Annual Conferences, to be applied in spreading the Gospel, and aiding distressed and superannuated Ministers, and the Widows and Orphans of those who have died in the work.

WILLIAM CAPERS, Editor. Publishing Committee—Nicholas Talley, George F. Pierce, Bond English, Whiteford Smith, James Sewel, John N. Davis.

South Carolina. UNION DISTRICT. Joshua Wilburn, Applicant.

Committed. TO the Jail of Richland, as a Runaway, a negro man who calls his name WINSTON, and says he belongs to George Daniels of Chester district, S. C. A. Winston is about 37 years of age, five feet four inches high, has lost all the fingers from the left hand and several of his front teeth. The owner is requested to come forward, prove his property, pay charges and take him away.

South Carolina. UNION DISTRICT. Joshua Wilburn, Applicant.

Law Notice. GREGG & ADDISON. HAVE renewed their Partnership, in the practice of Law for Lexington District. March 11th 10 4t

EXCHANGE. CHECKS at Sight on Lexington, Kentucky, by RICHARD SONBLEY, Agent Bank of Charleston, if 49.

Ague and Fever, And every Symptom of General Debility, SPEEDILY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY COSTER & COXE'S SOUTHERN TONIC.

COSTER & COXE, the inventors of this celebrated medicine, from a long residence in the South, and from the nature of their vocation, have been brought immediately into contact with the Ague and Fever in its obstinate forms, and have frequently been compelled to witness the entire want of success in the practice of the most skillful Physicians. The usual and popular mode of treating this disease has been, first to evacuate the stomach and bowels, and then resort to the use of Tonics—of which class of Medicines a very great variety have had their advocates, and that which has been by far the most popular one, has been Peruvian Bark and its preparations, particularly that of Quinine. There are insurmountable objections to the administration of Quinine, as to most individuals, (when carried to a salutary point,) it produces a roaring in the ears, nausea, and a headache, very similar to a bilious headache; and when it effects a cure it is seldom permanent. It was the hope of avoiding this state of things that induced us to try "the Southern Tonic," and we are happy to say that its success has surprised even us. As there is no Arsenic, Mercury, or any thing in the least hurtful to the human constitution in it, there can be no objection to the administration of the Southern Tonic to the most tender infant: indeed it will be found the most delicate and effective Medicine known in those cases of Disorganized Stomach and Bowels, and of general debility, which so frequently present themselves in children.

From Col. JNO. B. HOGAN, Collector of the Port of Mobile—formerly Senator from the counties of Mobile, Baldwin, &c. Acting Adj. and Inspector General of the Army in the recent Creek Campaign, &c.

From J. R. M'LEOD, M. D. MONTGOMERY, Nov. 1835. Messrs. Coster & Cox: GENTLEMEN—I have used your Southern Tonic in a number of cases, and I have no hesitation in saying, that I have found it decidedly more efficacious in Ague and Fever than the remedies generally used. Its great merit is, its judicious combination of Stimulant, Purgative, Tonic and Diaphoretic qualities. Respectfully, J. R. M'LEOD.

Extract from a letter from Capt. STRINGER, of the U. S. Army. TALLAHASSEE, June 13, 1836. Governor Clay of this State is with us, and has frequently introduced the mention of the great relief he received from the use of your Southern Tonic in his presence. It is evident he is assured that the medicine is indeed to your medicine for his speedy recovery from his recent severe indisposition. His good opinion of it is certainly a high compliment. Yours, truly, THOMAS STRINGER.

From Wm. M'Lenore, Esq. a member of the Legislature, Alabama. MONTGOMERY COUNTY, Dec. 1, 1835. Messrs. Coster & Cox: DEAR SIRS—I feel gratified by this opportunity of testifying in your favor. I used your "Southern Tonic" in many cases in my white and colored family, and not one case failed. In short, I assure the public that it is in my opinion, the best medicine for the cure of Fever and Ague now in use. Very respectfully, WM. M'LEMORE.

From Major J. B. MORSE. DEAR SIRS—I have been afflicted with Ague and Fever for a long time, and although the remedies which were prescribed gave me temporary relief, and thereby permanently cured me till I used your Southern Tonic. It did so. This gave me great confidence, and as I saw that you had recommended it in cases of debility, general weakness, and inactivity of the digestive organs, I induced my wife, who had been laboring under these symptoms for a year or more, to try it. She used one bottle with some evidences of an increase of health, and a few bottles more taken in moderate doses entirely cured her. Respectfully, yours, J. B. MORSE.

Prepared only by COSTER & COXE, at their Laboratory, Montgomery, Alabama, and sold by their Agents in every part of the United States, &c.

Selling off at Cost. THE Subscriber intending to close his Drug and Apothecary business as speedily as possible, will commence selling off his stock on the first day of April next, at Cost, for Cash only. The stock consists of a general assortment of fresh and genuine Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Surgeon's Instruments, Paints, Varnishes, Shop Furniture &c. Physicians, Merchants and Apothecaries have now an opportunity of obtaining their Supplies at lower rates than they can buy at the North. To an approved purchaser, the entire stock will be sold on accommodating terms.

Law Notice. GREGG & HALL, have formed a partnership, in the Practice of Law, for Fairfield District. J. G. HALL resides at Winnsborough. 1 11M

From her Taken, for 1837. TO A NAMELESS ONE

Lady, we never before, Within the world's wide space; And yet the more I gaze, the more, I recollect thy face! Each feature to my mind recalls An image of the past, Which, where the shade of memory falls, Is sacred to the last.

But she, whose charms in thine I trace, Was not, alas! of earth; And yet of more than human grace, For Fancy gave her birth; She haunted me by sunlit streams, And burst upon my sight, When through the pleasant land of dreams, My spirit roved at night.

Lost idol! why didst thou depart? O, let thine earnest eyes— Abstraction's vision! though thou art— Once more my soul surprise! She comes! a fair and laughing girl— Whom happy does she seek? And never curbs her links unfurled Adown her blushing cheek.

Her Grecian lineaments are bright With beauty half divine; She is a phantom of delight, Her dark eyes are—like thine! Like her thy form—thy voice of gloe, Which happy thoughts attend, Sweet as the enrapturing melody Of singing birds in June!

I clasp her hands in mine once more— I am again a boy! The past shows nothing to deplore, The future all my joy. We wander through deserted halls, We climb the wooded height, We hear the roar of waterfalls, And watch the eagle's flight.

We stand where sunset clouds lie Upon a lake at rest; And oh! what clouds of Tyrian dye Are sloping down the west! And close above the purple pile, The evening star appears, While she who cheered me with her smile, Now tries to hide her tears.

Enough! the spell is at an end, The pageant floats away, And I am more my idly bend At memory's shrine to-day. I turn to thee, whose beauty first That shape of love renewed, Waking emotions there were nursed Long since in solitude.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY. From the Hamilton (Tenn.) Observer. It is well known to our readers that among the many natural curiosities found in the extensive caves and grottoes in the vicinity of the Great Laurel Ridge, (Cumberland Mountains,) many human skeletons and bones of animals have been discovered, some of them in a petrified state. These caves abound in prodigious vaulted apartments and chambers, exhibiting scenes of gloomy grandeur which astonish the beholder. Several petrified trees have also been discovered on the banks of the river near this ridge, as also bones of mammoths, and other animals whose races are now extinct.

because it was the sole memorial of the dead mother who bore it) by a munificent sum of money, which enabled him to embark largely in his business, and thus lay the foundation of the great wealth which he afterwards accumulated. But he always maintained that it was the rusty nail in reality that made his fortune."

ONE STORY IS GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD—A gentleman of Constant-nople, with magnifying powers, was relating in company how a military friend of his having his left cheek sliced off by a sabre cut at the battle of Waterloo, had coolly picked it up, replaced, and bandaged with his handkerchief the stray regiment, which, after a few days was reconciled to its parent face, and is to say, the cheek was cured by inoculation, as it is termed.—After this 'good thing' had passed current, with the addition, of course, of a few obvious comments from the wag of the company, as the right cheek having been off a moment, the left one, &c., an old gentleman quietly took the lead, and observed that a far more remarkable occurrence had happened to a friend of his, a cavalry officer, at the same battle, and who, failed to parry a cut aimed at his face, had his nose clean shaved off. "Then-upon," continued the elderly narrator, "my friend stopped and repossessed himself of the deficient feature, which he clapped on his face, bound it with his handkerchief, and then went pugnaconiously on, as if nothing had happened. In the sequel, he found the nose firmly united to his face, with this irregularity, however, that it was reversed, or turned upside down, owing to the haste with which he put it on again. This circumstance did not much disturb him, for being a great snuff taker, he was thus enabled to apply the powder to his nostrils without the usual waste; but one consequence of the change he would sometimes complain of, as rather inconvenient, namely, whenever he wanted to blow his nose, he was obliged to stand on his head!"

THE SPEAR-HEAD. [The following singular rhapsody—half essay, half poem—is given in the last Fraser's Magazine, a translation of an old Latin manuscript in the library of St. Benet's College, Cambridge, England. The reader will perceive that it assumes to be about 800 years old. The translator fears that he may not have preserved the rude simplicity of the original.]

The morning sun is shining fresh and bright, In our old forest of Thorney, Beowulf, and we must go to the forge. More than half an hour since, Earl Leofric and his train aroused me in my hut. His lady Edith accompanied him, with her tire maidens and pages, and his spearsmen and archers followed. It was a fine sight to see them gleaming in the early light among the green trees. She is fair to behold; and you, my friend, is strong, and manly, and brave. Handsome are the faces of the girls, and the men are of the flower of the land. So it was good to look upon them, while the echoes of the wood rang with the clank of their armor, the tramp of their steeds, and the merry laughing of the lady, cheerily conversing with her women. The Earl came to bid me forge him two hundred and fifty spear-heads before tomorrow noon, as they could wait no longer, and here are we to do it. The fires glowing, the iron at hand, and the bellows ready, and in the loneliness of the forest of Thorney, we begin our appointed work. Batter we the head of the spear.

To whom is this spear-head intended to convey the message of death? Perhaps to many. The piece of iron over which we toil, may run through body after body, and loose soul after soul from the confining clay, as its point, crimsoned with gore, passes, with vehement stroke, through flesh and bone. And we then, ministering to slaughter! No more than the delving miner, who dugged the metal from the bowels of earth. No more than he who framed the sledges we are weighing, or he who set the acorn in the ground which grew into the oak, whose branches are supplying us with fuel for the fire. We are, in an unforbidden calling, doing the behests of the Earl Leofric. That must suffice for us. And whose behests is the Earl doing? If you asked him he would answer, his own;—and he would give as answer the thing that is not true.—For, as we are, in this matter of spear-making, but instruments of his will, so he, in the impulse which made him give the order, but an instrument of a power which lies not in him to control. Yeal the hammer in my hand, is not more completely subservient to the motion of my wrist, than are he and all my men, subservient to the motions of their minds, which, when passion rides over reason, renders their tools as powerless. He who laid the ribs of iron in the mine or brought the towering oak, in its strength and its beauty, from the acorn—He it was who implanted those passions in the mind of man. If, then, of such arise tumult and contest, and war, well knows He that they were the consequences appointed for reasons right; and seeing motive as well as act, will judge not as men judge. But what is this to you, Beowulf, and me. Batter we the head of the spear.

And into whose hand will the spear be first set? Perhaps into that of a trained veteran, who will look upon it with critical eye, but with utter indifference beyond its aptitude as an instrument of his trade. It may however, recall to his mind former days, when, with similar instruments in his hand, he did brave deeds, and won what is called glory. Scenes of slaughter and joviality, of famine and festival, of peril and victory, may flash across his eyes. There may arise before him the woody mountain, or the green plain on which he urged on the conquering attack, or flid in the desperate retreat. He sees the river which he forded, the wall which he scaled, the town which he burnt. What sees he beside? He sees, with corporeal eye, the young soldier standing by him, who for the first time has handled a weapon of war. The youth is glad, some and elated: new thoughts, new aspirations are swelling in his bosom. All before him is bright and golden. The deeds which he is to do with that spear are to open the career of honor, fame, and happiness. The foe lies prostrate before him, the thronging hosts besound his name, his countrymen call him to head them in fight. If his mind reverts to the father and mother whom he has left, it is to suggest, how he, now unknown, is to return famous, making them glad of their son. See, a gentler emotion arises. Has he wood and won? Then will not she be proud of his descent, and saved it from being dashed to pieces. The grateful father rejoiced the invaluable service (for he doated on the babe,

glazed, in silent adoration, upon one whom he dare not address! Then does not his bosom swell when he thinks that his gallant bearing, and his proud renown, will enable him to offer himself as a fitting sutor for the hand of her whom he would stave his life as a sacrifice. Hope is swelling in full tide through his heart: and the imaginary stream glitters in fresher splendor as it flows along. And leaning upon his lance, the long trained soldier views the glittering eye and glowing cheek of the youth, and looking into his heart, beholds all within. Bitter is his smile as he shakes his grisly locks; and, meditating on the career of his own life, mutters, Alas, poor boy, how thou art deceived! But what is this to thee, Beowulf, or to me? Batter we the head of the spear. And he for whom we are laboring, whether he be bound? I heard, last week, when at the guild of hammermen, in the neighboring city of London, that William the Norman was sailing over the sea with a mighty host, and a banner blessed by the Pope himself; and that Harold, the son of Godwin, was hastening through the land of Kent, to meet him, upon his arrival. Pierce will be the battle, I doubt not; for the battles of men of their brood have ever been fierce, and the commanders are men of undoubted skill and valor. Thousands upon thousands of men will look upon the morning of the fight will never see morning more. To join Harold is Earl Leofric proceeding; and it is for the approaching battle we are forging these spear-heads. The Earl has too often looked upon death in various shapes to permit any unworthy fear of that, our inviolable end, to trouble his courageous soul. He well knows that, whether he follows the standard of Harold in the thickest part of the combat, or stays quietly at home tilling the lands of his father in ease and peace, he is equally destined to die. Plate and mail may keep off sword and arrow; but no armor has yet been forged to resist fever and palsy. But has he nothing else to fear? Is Harold defeated, and William the Bastard seated on the throne of the Conqueror? The sway of the Saxons is over, never to return; and Leofric, if he survives the fight, survives it to be hunted down, wandering as a landless man despoiled of honors, of titles, and of fame; a beggar where his sires were lords and dependant upon the charity of those upon whom now he would scarcely deign to look. Perhaps his lot may be a dungeon or a scaffold, leaving his wife a prey to poverty or dishonor—his children, thralls—and his house blotted out forever. If I were to say this to him now, I know that he would proudly reply, the battle is in the hands of the Lord, and if He wills that he be defeated I peril the consequences. But he thinks not that he has also to peril the consequences of victory. Should the hand of the Saxon be stronger, and the knights of Normandy be driven into the sea, and Harold return back triumphant, victorious lord of the seven kingdoms of England, and that for the success he is mainly indebted to the banners of Leofric, is the Earl secure that the prizes of the victory will be his? Let him be secure of the contrary. He who does important services is sowing seeds that will bear the deadly nightshade of ingratitude. Some laggard in war—some coward, who would faint at the drawing of a sword—some silk-coated parasite, useless in camp or council, but sycophant in bover and hall,—to him, and such as he, will fall the honours and emoluments obtained by the valor of the soldier and the counsels of the sage. A whisper from Edith of the swan neck will plead more eloquently than a thousand ashes received on the battle-field. That King Harold will do this I know not; but I know such things have been done in days past, and such will be done again in days to come. And it may come to pass that, in not many years, the Earl may travel care-worn through this forest, leaving the court in disgust. He may say—What hast thou been doing, Wilfrid the Smith, since I gave thee the order for the spear-heads? And I shall answer, I have been doing what I was then doing, and what I am now doing—hammering in fire—earning my daily bread by daily labor—stationary in my lot—wishing not to rise, fearing not to sink. And thou, Earl Leofric, what hast thou been doing? Peradventure, it will be his answer, Laboring in thankless toil—setting up those who flung me down—winning prizes that other men enjoy, and experiencing ingratitude such as never was heard of. And I shall say, it has always been heard of, and it always will be heard of; and if its having happened to others be any comfort to you, great is your comfort. But what is this to you or me, Beowulf? Batter we the head of the spear.