

sailed, and landed at Ocumanes with 2000 troops, where they rallied 700 more in 3 days. They subsequently took possession of Cabrera and Maracay. Valencia was soon after evacuated, and the victorious independent army took the road to Caraccas. This morning admiral Brion arrived before this port, and obtained permission to land, for the purpose of having a conference with admiral Kikkert, and he brought the intelligence of Caraccas having surrendered to the patriots. The Spanish soldiers are daily deserting their monarch's cause, to enlist under the Liberators' banners. They say they are starving under the cruelty of the Spanish government, and wish no longer to be slaves. Previous to their landing at Carupano a naval action took place, in which Don Mateo de O'Campo was killed. Brion was slightly wounded, but is now perfectly recovered.

Turning the Grindstone.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winters day, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder, "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a Grindstone?" "Yes sir," said I, "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes, sir, I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, (tapping me on the head,) "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what is your name?" continued he without waiting for a reply, "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes?" Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe, was sharpened, and the man turned to me with "now you little rascal, "you've played the truant, scud to school, or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but now to be called "little rascal," was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I have seen a man of doubtful character, patting a girl on the cheek, praising her sparkling eye and ruby lip and giving her a sly squeeze—beware my girl, thought I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning a grindstone for a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant; methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you to turning grindstones.

When I see a man holding a fat office,

"sounding the horn on the borders" to call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office, well thinks I, no wonder the man is zealous in this cause, he evidently has an axe to grind.

FOREIGNERS.

Almost every vessel which arrives in our ports, whether from France, England, or Germany, comes freighted with as many passengers as she can possibly accommodate, or as the laws of the respective governments allow her to bring away. The most distinguished heroes, statesmen, men of science, artizans, manufacturers and mechanics of every description, flying from the persecution and tyranny of Kings, and the miseries and poverty of the old world, seek liberty happiness and plenty, in the mild institutions and boundless resources of the new. Such is the picture which the free republic of America presents in the beginning of the nineteenth century! Unrivalled even by the proudest days of old Rome. *Pet. Intel.*

The schooner Manlius of Baltimore, has performed a voyage out and home, from that port to St. Petersburg in ninety-nine days, nearly twenty of which were occupied in delivering and taking in cargo!

Among the numerous foreigners who have recently arrived at New-York, are Count Rial, family and nephew, formerly Prefect of Police at Paris. They embarked at Antwerp.

POETRY.

The Beam of Christianity.

There is a charm more fair and bright,
Than autumn's clear unclouded sky;
It cheers the soul—it wakes delight,
And reigns in solemn dignity.

'Tis seen within the silent grave,
Where weary pilgrims seek repose:
Where rest the relics of the brave,
And sleeps in peace the child of woes.

'Tis seen within yon rural cot,
Where weary travellers rest is given:
Its radiance fires with golden thought,
It lights the spotless soul to heaven!

'Tis seen within the hermit's cell,
Where virgin Solitude presides;
Where man despairing loves to dwell,
Shut out from all the world besides.

It animates the christian soul,
And wakes the powers of harmony;
It cheers the languid—holds control,
Its rays extend from pole to pole—

The Beam of Christianity.

That cold blooded maxim of "you must stoop to rise," implies every evil imputation against mankind, that can dishonour either the heart or mind. Yet this maxim must be followed by the wise, the good and the brave; a heart rending reflection!

ORIGINAL
PAGE(S)
MUTILATED

on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ingram, Mr. FREDERICK CRIMINGER, of this place, to Miss MARY LOVE, of Hanging Rock.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

* * * We are authorised to state that Capt. WILLIAM DRAKE-FORD is a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Kershaw District.

Stop the Villian.

BROKE Jail on the morning of the 20th inst. a Black fellow by the name of ABRAHAM, who was committed on the 21st of July, 1816, for an assault on Mr. Fox, and on the 24th, sentenced to stand committed sixty days, and be cropt and branded. The above named fellow is a stout square built fellow, with several fresh wounds on his head, arms and back, occasioned by shot and sticks, with his right eye out. I solicit all the friends to justice to stop him, should he fall in their way, and for their trouble will receive a reward according to the order in the acts of Assembly.

WM. BRASINGTON, Jailor.
Kershaw District, Aug. 26. 22tf.



THE NOTED HORSE

Wrangler,

Will stand this season at the stable of the subscriber, on Beaver Creek, at the reduced price of \$5 the season, \$2 50 cts the single leap, and \$8 to ensure with foal—Wrangler is so well known in this district that he needs no further recommendation.

SAMUEL B. HAMMOND.
Aug. 27, 1816.

NOTICE.

FOR Sale, Two LOTS, one situate on the corner of Broad & Rutledge streets the other adjoining it fronting on Rutledge strt having on them a good two story dwelling house, calculated for a store, a kitchen, smoke house, stable and carriage house, and all other necessary buildings for a family and a store.—For terms and further particulars apply to the subscriber.

ELISHA BELL.
Camden, Aug. 18, 1816. 20tf

NOTICE.



FOR SALE or to LET, the subscribers premises, on Broad-street, in Camden, nearly opposite the Post-Office, recently occupied by

Doctor Carter. Any person disposed to purchase said premises may expect to get a great bargain. A very liberal credit will be given.—For further particulars apply to Mr. JOHN DOBY, or to the Subscriber.

EVERARD CURETON.
July 2, 1816. 14tf