

Columbia Telescope

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING BY SWEET & SIMS. Prices in the House of Representatives of South Carolina.

General Orders.

HEAD QUARTERS, Columbia, July 18th 1827. The Regiments composing Brigadier General Griffin's Brigade, of the Fifth Division, and the Regiments composing the First Division of the Militia of the State of South Carolina, will parade for Review and Exercise, at the times and places following:

NEW GOODS.

These subscribers have recently received an extensive assortment of SPRING & SUMMER GOODS. Which, with their former stock, comprises a general variety of reasonable articles. They have also received an additional supply of Hardware, Fine Cutlery, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery.

\$30 REWARD.

Ran-away, FROM the subscriber, a dark yellow negro woman, named MARY, about 20 years of age, five feet seven or eight inches high, spare made and stoop shouldered.

Ranaway,

A NEGRO YELLOW named EDWARD. He is jet black, about five feet seven inches high, round shouldered, thick set, low legged; a carpenter by trade; served an apprenticeship with Mr Black, in Charleston; has been heard of in the neighborhood of Russel M-Cord's, on the Congaree, and also, in Charleston. Fifteen Dollars will be paid upon his delivery to the Master of the Work House, in Charleston, or Twenty Dollars if delivered to the Subscriber, in Georgetown.

25 Dollars Reward

IS offered for the delivery of two negroes a woman named JUDA, about 45 or 50 years of age, and her son JOE, about 14 or 15 years of age, who left me about the first of March, and formerly the property of Mr. Blanks, and I suppose are harboured in that neighborhood by some negro or negroes, say on Tom's creek, or in that part of the district.

Prime Virginia Tobacco.

THE subscribers have received consignments of the first and second quality manufactured TOBACCO—with which, dealers can be supplied at factory prices.

James Alexander,

FORMER PROPRIETOR OF THE MADISON SPRINGS, WHO KEEPS NOW A House of Entertainment,

House of Entertainment,

BEGS leave to inform the citizens of South Carolina, and other states, that, on the first of January, he will remove from his present residence to a large and commodious house, inned directly on the public square, on Main street, well calculated, in all respects, for every accommodation that travellers can desire.

In the Common Pleas,

Abbeville District—South Carolina.

HER F. LINTON, vs. SAMUEL PEARSE, Plaintiff in error, having on the 21st of October 1825, filed his declaration in the clerk's office, against the defendant who is absent from and without the limits of this state as it is said, and has neither writ nor attorney within the limits of the same: It is ordered, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the 22d of October 1827, otherwise judgment may be entered against him by default.

Lightwood-knot Springs.

THE above establishment six miles from the town of Columbia, is now open and in complete readiness for the reception of visitors. The proprietor has erected a first rate BILLIARD TABLE, for the amusement of such as may be disposed to engage in this innocent recreation.

BYNUM'S ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE Franklin Debating Club.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

A highly esteemed friend whose literary contributions have added much to the value of our paper, having requested an insertion of the following beautiful and pathetic poem, we publish it with pleasure, believing, at the same time, we shall present a rich treat to those who are not already in possession of it.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay, His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind; All watch worn and weary his eyes flew away And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind; He thought of his home—of his dear native bowers, And pleasures that warbled in life's merry morn;

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

The heart of the dreamer beats high in his breast, Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er, And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest, Oh, God! thou hast blest me, I ask for more. He! whence is that flame that now bursts on his eye? Ah! whence is that sound that alarms his ear? 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky, 'Tis the crashing of thunder—the groan of the spheres.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck, Amaze and confusion him with images dire, Wild winds and mad waves drive his vessel a wreck, The mast fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire. Around him the billows tremulously swell; In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save; Unseen hands of spirits are riving his bark, And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the way.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again, Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay, Unblest and unhonored, down deep in the main I will many a score fathoms, thy frame shall decay. No tomb shall ere plead to remembrance for thee, Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge; The white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be, And the winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

On beds of green sea flow'rs thy limbs shall be laid, Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow, Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made, And every part suit with thy mansion below. Days, months, years and ages shall circle away, Yet still the vast waters above thee shall roll; Earth loses thy pattern forever and e'er— Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul!

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

Obscure Genius.—A new poet has started up in humble life in Scotland. His name is Rogers, and he resides in Glasgow. He has a wife and nine children, whom he has supported upon his wages, which never exceeded twelve shillings a week.

"DINNA FORGET."

Here, put on thy finger, this ring, love, And, when thou art for o'er the sea, Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love, Some thought—some remembrance—of me; Our moments ofapture and bliss, love, The haunts where so oft we have met, These tears, and the last parting kiss, love, It tells thee, O, "dinna forget!"

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

A few friends being on a pleasant excursion at Seacoast, a short time ago, and one of the party being anxious to know how the rest felt concerning the late fire in Oxford street, Liverpool, asked one of the company where he was at the time—"I was," said he, "up stairs in the garret, fast asleep, looking out of the window."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

A sailor who was amazed by the tricks of a juggler, at Chester, was blown up with the rest of the auditory by a spray of a candle reaching some gunpowder in the lower apartments. Jack was safely landed in one corner of a corn-field a few miles off, and when he had quietly resumed himself, his first exclamation was "D—d, where will this bloody pint carry us next!" London paper.

We do not know whether the following article, headed "lies of the day," will be as interesting to others as it is to us. It is from the "Sun," a London evening paper.

LIES OF THE DAY.

We understand that Mr. Peel has applied for a warrant against an itinerant musician, for slugging "home sweet home" under his windows.

It is currently reported that lord Londonderry said a good thing in the house the other night.

We are credibly informed that Mr. Britton the antiquarian, is republishing a new edition of "Brown's Vulgar Errors," with copious additions, extracted chiefly from the speeches of lord Londonderry and Mr. Dawson.

The bishop of Chester, it is said, preached a sermon last Wednesday, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, on the duties of resignation. Mr. Peel, lord Eldon, the duke of Wellington, and lord Westmoreland, were among the number of his audience, and appeared unusually affected.

It is whispered in the fashionable circles that Col. Berkley has taken orders. We hear that the worshipful company of poachers have transmitted a valuable piece of plate to lord Eldon, for his having so handsomely acknowledged himself one of their fraternity.

It is said that the right hon. R. Peel, goes a pleasuring almost daily to Richmond, Turnham, Green, or Brentford Butts. Distressing Accident.—Mr. Theodore Hook, we learn, has been suffocated beneath an immense quantity of "John Bull," which fell upon his head last Wednesday, from the shelves of the "John Bull" office.

We understand that Ferdinand of Spain, has written an autograph letter of condolence to lord Eldon. Sir George M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais, has entrusted the marquis of Londonderry, to draw up the project of a new administration for that gifted colony. Mr. Murray, it is said, has offered sir T. Lethbridge a thousand pounds to write a political novel.

A PROFLIGATE PIG.

Some time ago, a person living in Maidstone, left home with his family to pick hops. Being afraid that a pig in the sty might be stolen, they transferred him to the cellar. After some time piggy contrived to ascend into the kitchen, and inspected the cupboard; in that he found about two pounds of bacon, which, in a most cannibal-like manner, he devoured. His repast soon making him thirsty our hero, it is supposed, sought about for something to allay his thirst, and in the course of his researches, he smelt something savoury in the upper regions. Accordingly he scrambled up stairs into a bed room. There he found wherewith to wash down the bacon, for on the floor stood several bottles of elder berry wine. "Drawing of corks," he did not understand, but in "cracking a bottle," he proved himself to be as dexterous as any bon vivant in the parish. But his freak now grew to a close; poor piggy got as "drunk as David's sow"—he capered about, fell down stairs, broke the wash basin and swallowed the soap. The last performance proved the cause of great alarm to the neighborhood, for in the gaiety of his heart, he got up on his hind legs, and with his snout all over soap suds, looked out of the window for the benefit of the air. Being observed a great outcry was raised; and it was quickly rumored that there was a mad pig foaming at mouth looking out of the window in Carey-street; and the tipsy porker, by all accounts, certainly had a very queer look. It was proposed to shoot him to prevent further mischief; but after much pro and con a resolute man went up, and with a little maneuvering, popped poor piggy into a poke, brought him safely down, and he was safely deposited in his sty, without any other damage to himself than being a little the worse of liquor.

The Biter Bit.

A travelling tin merchant, from the land of "wooden nutmegs and horn gun-flints," while moving with his portable ware house through an adjoining town, called on a very shrewd descendant of St. Crispin, or in other words a pretty "wide awake" shoemaker, who having on hand a Plattsburg dollar, thought the present opportunity a very fine one for disposing of it—besides the immortal honor he would acquire by having sucked in a Yankee pedlar, a consideration of no small importance, it being generally believed a difficult point to accomplish.—He accordingly bought a tin paste horn, and giving a knowing wink to the bystanders, offered his Plattsburg bill and requested change. The pedlar looked grave and shook his head—he did not like the bill, he had heard the bank was down. Crispin said "there was no such thing—the report was set afloat by brokers and speculators, men not to be relied upon—they were perfectly good as specie—and as to that matter a little better, because it was less trouble to carry it; and all the spectators joined him in recommending the bill to be a good bill, and the bank of exceeding good repute." The bill so highly recommended, the unsuspecting pedlar put it into his pocket and handed out the change—the bystanders put on long faces—the shoemaker laughed behind his ears, and no one looked really honest but the pedlar. But trading did not stop here: Crispin, elated with his success, offered to sell the man of tin, a lot of shoes, at a reduced price, for cash. The pedlar bargained for them at 5/6—deposited the shoes in his cart box—paid the amount in Plattsburg bills—and drove leisurely off, whistling the old tune of "catch a Weazle asleep."

INTOLERABLE CLERGY.

A pamphlet has recently been published in Troy, (New-York,) and professes to be the joint production of the members of the first Presbyterian Church in that city. It gives a lamentable picture of the consequences attending fanaticism and bigotry. Two respectable gentlemen are charged with having produced all the evils complained of. We give the following extract from the pamphlet, it is a conversation between the two clergymen and two respectable ladies. Mrs. Mosier, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Weatherby, of the house of the former: "Mr. Beman, (to Mrs. Mosier.) Were you ever under conviction?"

Mrs. Mosier—I cannot say wether I have been or not. My mind has been deeply impressed with the importance of religion at different times. Mr. B. What is the state of your mind, now?

Mrs. M. It is not as much impressed as it has been heretofore. Mr. B. Men wear off their convictions by running into dissipation and frequenting tippling houses, and women wear off theirs by going into gay company.

Mrs. M. I never was fond of gay company; I am of a domestic turn. Mr. B. You are worse than other women, for you can stay at home and wear off your convictions.

Mrs. Finney. Do you love God. Mr. M. I think I do.

Mr. F. (shaking his fist in her face) You lie! What reason have you to think you love God?

Mrs. M. When I look upon works of creation, I feel to praise and adore him. Mr. F. You ought to go to hell, and you must repent. Mrs. M. I cannot.

Mr. F. (again putting his fist in her face.) You lie! Mrs. M. How can I get the new birth unless God gives it me?

Mr. F. You ought to be damned. Mrs. Weatherby. Mr. Finney, you have told Mrs. Mosier that she could regenerate herself and give herself the new birth; now if you will inform her, it will edify me.

Mr. F. Are you a christian, and ask such a question? Mrs. W. I trust I am, and would like to have it answered.

Mr. F. How can you love your husband? Mrs. W. Love is a passion I have never heard described.

Mr. Beman. Mrs. Weatherby, you have said you were a christian, and dare you ask two of God's ministers such a question? Mrs. W. Yes I dare ask it, and I have asked it once before, and it appears that it cannot be answered.

Here this interesting spectacle was closed. But it appears that Mrs. W's husband, who is master of one of the North river vessels, and a very peaceable man, could not tamely endure this ungentlemanly and unchristian, if not outrageous conduct, to his wife and sister. Accordingly, he resolved to remonstrate with Mr. Beman; and as the latter was passing one day, he invited him into his house, when the following scene ensued: "Mr. B. I suppose you want to talk on religion, I talk on nothing else.

Mr. W. Not on that in particular. I want to talk with you concerning the conversation you had with my wife and sister at Mrs. Mosier's.

Mr. B. (clenching his fist and shaking it within a few inches of Mr. W's face.) Captain Weatherby, you will go to hell; God will send you to hell. (This was repeated several times.)

Mr. W. Mr. Beman, you must not say that again, for I cannot bear it.

Mr. B. (in a louder tone of voice.) You will go to hell! Here the son of Neptune, loosing all patience, flogged the "messenger of hell" with "tidings;" but with peculiar obstinacy, he still repeated his favourite denunciation, "you are going to hell!" several times. The captain after a while allowed him to get up, when he again repeated the same language, "you will go to hell."—After being flogged again, and despatching the tar to hell sundry times more, on the appearance of Mrs. Weatherby, who came into the room during the engagement, he desisted.

If the above pamphlet be true, the dignity of the pulpit, the kind care of a pastor for his flock, and the affection of a christian for his brethren, were never more completely lost sight of, than by these reverend person. One of them called a lady, a respectable member of his church, an "old devil," another, of irreproachable character an "old hypocrite." He said in a public discourse, that "the members of his church were going post-haste to hell;" and in another, that they were "piling up their prayers and climbing up to heaven upon them; but they will all plunge into hell together." And in addressing sinners generally, he said, "if you dare do it you would club God Almighty out of Troy."

What shocking irreverence! what impiety! But the following language of Finney caps the climax of pulpit madness and blasphemy—"why, sinners, I tell you if you could climb to heaven, you would hurl God from his throne; yes, hurl God from his throne: O yes if, you could get there, you would cut God's throat! yes, you would cut God's throat!"

ON A LADY WITH A HOOKED NOSE, SINGING.

What in Clarinda's mouth can be, Who sings so like a Linnet? 'Tis something queer—for you may see Her nose keeps peeping in it.

An Irishman standing on the pier at Newburg, New-York, was asked by a person he met where he was from. "Och," said he, "but I am from every place but this; and I'm d—d but I'll be off from this place bloody soon, when the boat comes along." New-York paper.