

Prep

Advertiser.

Temple of our liberties,
amidst the ruins."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

January 2, 1837.

NO. 52.

A List of Letters,

MAINTAINING in the Post Office at Ham-
burg, S. C. not before advertised, January

A	K
B	King, Joseph
Luther	Kneeland, S & Co
3	Knight, Henrietta
Moore, Hugh	M
Watson	2
J	Mann, B A
C	Morris, P D
William	Mealing, John
McMorison, J D	
McKinny, Burton	
McHugh, Michael J	
P	
Pinckney & Shubrick,	
R	
Roper, Benjamin	
James	2
Rowe, Donald	
Blaget,	
Royall, William	
S	
Sampson, William	
Sullivan, M G	
Smith, Rone.	
Shriboguelin, Boendy	
Shelman, F	
Sturzenegger, John	
Simmins & Stovall,	
Smith, O	
T	
Traly, Diah	
Tailer, Elizer F	
W	
White, Mathew	
Wells, Francis C	
Whatley, Abner	
Wightman, W J	
Walton, J T	
Y	
Yelverton, G F	
M. GRAY, P. M.	
721 50 c	

NOTICE THIS.

Persons are cautioned against trad-
ing for the two following Notes of hand
of the Subscriber to Mary Webb, as
counterfeit which they were given has
and Jam determined not to pay un-
less compelled by law. One note payable
to Webb or bearer, for two hundred
dated Nov. 20, 1836, and due Jan. 1,
1837. The other payable to Mary Webb
for one hundred and fifty dollars,
dated Nov. 20, 1836, and payable Dec. 25,
1837. JACOB B. DOVE.

NOTICE.

Persons indebted to the Estate of
Martin Everett, deceased, of Beach
are requested to make immediate
payment, and those having demands to pre-
sent within the time prescribed by
law. ESTHER GARRETT,
Near Edgefield C. House, S. C.
1837 51 ff

NOTICE.

Persons indebted to the Estate of
Martin Everett, deceased, of Beach
are requested to make immediate
payment, and those having demands to pre-
sent within the time prescribed by
law. JOHN BURGESS,
Executor.
1837 ac 51

ESTRAY.

Lost up by the Subscriber, a white
cow, no horn COW, of brindle colour,
with fork and under key in the right
side and under slope in the left.
BENJAMIN T. MIMS,
Two miles South of the C. House.
1837 b 51

Georgia Insurance & Trust Company.

CAPITAL \$500,000, ALL PAID IN.
The Subscriber, Agent for the above
Company, will insure against loss or
damage from Fire or Navigation.
GEO. PARROTT,
Hamburg, S. C. Nov. 26, 1836 g 43

NOTICE.

Persons having demands against
the Estate of Van Swearingen, de-
ceased, are requested to hand them to the
Subscriber within the time prescribed by
law. MARY SWEARENGEN,
1837 50 h Administratrix.

NOTICE.

Lost from my plantation near Beech
Creek, on the 20th of Nov. last, a small
BAY MULE,
five years old, with some collar marks and
on the inside of the hock of the right
leg. No other marks recollected. Any in-
formation by which the said mule can be obtained
will only be thankfully received, but liberally
rewarded.
CARREL A. CLOUD,
1837 4 48

TRUE BLUES.

Members of the Company formerly ex-
isting at this place with the above name,
persons having in their possession any of the
papers or accoutrements of said Company,
with deliver the same to E. J. Young-
blood in the Clerk's Office.
1837 ff 40

FOUND.

A coloured boy, in one of the streets of
this Village, a WATCH, which the owner
has applied to this Office, by describ-
ing the watch, and giving a reward for
its recovery to the finder.
1837 ff 38

To Hire.

First rate young Woman, well suited
either for the House, or Plantation.—
M. LABORDE.
1837 50 ff



Poetic Access.

[From the London Christian Observer.]
The Home in Heaven.
From a Poem entitled "Home, by the author
of Emanuel."

The eye of man hath never seen,
Nor his ear heard, nor heart conceived,
The blessedness in heaven reserved
For all that have believed,
And felt their utter sinfulness,
And laid their idols down;
Accounting losses gain for Christ,
His kingdom, and his crown.
Oh! could we ever murmur here,
Or groan beneath our load;
Or deem the path too rough, which leads
To his divine abode.

Did we but love Him—who for us
The way of suffering trod;
Endured death's sharpest pang as man,
And yet was very God!
Did we but love him, as we love
Some erring mortal here;
Who seems as light unto our eye,
And as our being dear;
Who in our vain idolatry,
We fondly deem our own,
'Till he is summoned to the grave,
And we are left alone!

Oh, then the awful question comes,
Where is thine idol now?
Where is the being before whom
Thou didst in spirit bow,
Whom thou had'st chosen and set up,
Thy soul's adored to be,
The shadow of whose image pass'd
Between thy God and thee?

Oh, that such voices from the tombs
Of those we loved might rise,
And wean us from our thralldom here,
And win us to the skies.
The soul—the immortal soul—hath fled,
In other realms to dwell;
It may not now to earth return,
Of weal or wo to tell.
The oak hath fallen where it stood,
Unalter'd to remain:
No breath of spring shall e'er renew
Its leafy pride again.

Oh, happy were its branches found
Engrafted on that tree,
Whose healing boughs are widely spread,
The nation's shield to be;
The woodman's axe may strike it down,
But it shall rise above,
Amid the plants of paradise,
Around the throne of love!

[From the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.]

STANZAS.
How sweet to leave the busy world,
Its pageantry and show,
And all its empty mockeries,
And seek the heart we know,
Can vibrate on the selfsame chords
That our own bosoms thrill,
And feel that should the world forget,
There's one will love us still!

'Tis sweet to think there's one we love,
And one that loves too,
Who feels, and hopes, and sighs with soul
As our own true one true—
'Tis here dissimulation's mask
Securely we let fall,
Unhushing the heart's secrets,
It's weakness, and all!

'Tis sweet to tell the heart's secrets;
And oh! 'tis sweet to hear
The secret thoughts of one we hold
Unto our bosom dear!
'Tis sweet to meet with sympathy
That our own sorrows move,
And oh! 'tis sweet to sympathise
With one we dearly love. E. A. E.

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Com. Adv.]
SLEEVES.

It is somewhat refreshing, as the fash-
ionable novelists used to say, to perceive
the sudden and effectual banishment that
has been decreed and carried into execu-
tion against those vast, unsightly, ridicu-
lous and immoral bags, which it has been
the pleasure of the ladies, (bless their
hearts) to insist upon our recognizing as
sleeves, for the last three or four years.
The perverse obstinacy of Petruccio was
not more unreasonable, when he made the
unhappy and starving Catharines swear that
the moon was in truth "the blessed sun,"
and perhaps it was from him that the hint

was borrowed. Be that as it may, they
are gone, bag and baggage, and our belles
are no longer compelled to walk the streets
as though suffering the penalties of justice,
with eight or ten pounds of silk, chally,
gros-de-something, muslin, merino, Cir-
cassian, Canton crape, barege, white satin,
printed calico, or pelisse cloth, dangling
from each shoulder; or to exhibit them-
selves with a pair of feather pillows stuck
upon each side of their graceful figures,
and far surpassing them in magnitude.—
The day of five feet high and six feet wide,
is gone, we trust, forever, and henceforward
we hope to see the beautiful of our race
resembling somewhat more in appearance
the model in which nature formed them,
and which French milliners have so long
succeeded in keeping out of fashion.

The transition has been, as usual in fash-
ionable matters, somewhat violent; the
poets notion of "fine by degrees and beau-
tifully less," has not been thought of, but
where there was yesterday a bale, there
is to-day a spermaceti candle—the ten
yards of last night are replaced this morn-
ing by some half ell, or perhaps a quarter.
One lady was a sufficient occupant, a week
ago, for the seat of a moderate sized ear-
riage—now, three may ride quite pleas-
antly in company. Arms are at a tremendous
discount compared with what they have
been; and shoulders are like India-rubber
balls with the air let out through a pin-hole.
All this looks queer, just now, and will stay
looking queer for some time yet, but after
a while our eyes will receive their right tone
and then we shall applaud the change
most heartily. Nevertheless, we beseech
our fair readers not too suddenly to run
into the other extreme, and compress the
arm entirely up to the shoulder, as some
have already done—thereby giving them-
selves somewhat the resemblance of the
undressed dolls in the packages of Baily &
Ward—or like a giblet pie, all wings and
legs.

[From the New York Herald, Jan. 11.]

SINGULAR FATALITY.—A DREAM.—On
Sunday night last, a workman by the
name of Cunningham, who was employed in
the glass factory of Mr. Seymour, Brook-
lyn, dreamed that he saw the clouds roll
away in the clouds—the heavens opening
—and a being like the son of Man descend-
ing to the earth, surrounded with numerous
spirits and angels. In the morning when
he awoke, he found his wife, Mrs. Cunn-
ingham, dead, and his children in a state
of great distress. I do believe I am called hence—
I feel that my day is come."

"Oh! now, husband!—why should you
talk so? It is only a dream."
He resumed his composure—sat down
to breakfast—eat silently with his family,
and then rose up to go to his work. Before
he left his apartment, he looked back and
beheld his wife gazing after him. He im-
mediately returned and hid his wife an af-
fectionate farewell—"Farewell" said he
"my children, for I do believe I am called
hence, and shall never see you again."

His wife endeavoured to smooth over the
grief which preyed upon his mind in conse-
quence of the dream. "I would not do. He
went to his work at Mr. Seymour's factory.
He was attentive as usual, but extremely
depressed in spirits. But the denouement
came at last in the middle of the afternoon
he was caught by the machinery, and his
whole body torn to pieces.

This singular incident is exactly true in
every particular. We had the facts yester-
day from a gentleman who received them
from Mr. Seymour himself. Of its truth
there is no doubt. A great excitement is
created in Brooklyn. Can any philosopher
or divine explain the phenomenon of his
dream—his presentiment of death—his feel-
ings—or the sad catastrophe? Will Profes-
sor Silliman, or any other *savant* go and ex-
amine Mrs. Cunningham and her children?
It should be inquired into.

Mr. Davis, in his memoirs of Burr, re-
lates the following laughable incident.

"In the college there was a literary
club, consisting of the graduates and profes-
sors, and still known as *The Clio-Sophic
Society*. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, subse-
quently president at the college, was then
(1773) a professor. The attendance of the
professors was expected to be regular. The
members of the society in rotation presided
over its deliberations. On a particular oc-
casion it was the duty of young Burr to take
the chair. At the hour of meeting he took
his seat as President. Dr. Smith had not
then arrived: but, shortly after the business
commenced, he entered. Burr, leaning on
one arm of the chair, (for, although now
sixteen years of age, he was too small to
reach both arms at the same time,) began
lecturing Professor Smith for his non-atten-
dance at an earlier hour, remarking that a
different example to younger members was
expected from him, and expressing a hope
that it might not again be necessary to re-
cur to the subject. Having finished his
lecture, to the great amusement of the so-
ciety, he requested the professor to resume
his seat. The incident, as may well be
imagined, long served as a college joke."

Chill Blains or frosted feet are cured by
bathing the feet in warm water until they
are soft, then place them in a basin of
cold vinegar for a few moments, go to bed
immediately, and you will rise in the
morning freed from this disagreeable and
vexatious complaint.—*New York Star.*

Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a wo-
man. If you are troubled with her, retreat.
If she abuses you, be silent. If she tear your
cloak, give her your coat. If she box your
ears, bow. If she tear your eyes out, feel
your way to the door and fly.