BY SWEENTY SIME,

sters to the House of Represent

to the source proposed by Alfred Bynum, Esq. will be delivered on Monday evening, the 20th of August, in the Bantist Church, at early candle light.

Subscribers can obtain their tickets at B. D. Plant's Book Store.

August 10

RYNUM'S ORATION, Franklin Debating Club. Just published and for sale at this office. 29 tf

Notice. A LL persons indebted to the estate of the late.

WILLIAM YOUNG, of this place, deceased, re-requested to make payment—and those persons beving demands against the said estate, will conse cander attested statements of the same to be subscriber, who is authorized to arrange the sme.

ROBERT PURVIS.

Attorney for Duncan Leitch, adm's

Notice.

A LL persons to whom the estate of Richard Evans, deceased, may be indebted are requested to render statements of the same, and those who may be indebted thereto, are called upon to make payment to either of the subscribers.

ELIZABETH EVANS, .ddm'rz.

ROBERT PURVIS, .ddm'rz.

Columbia, 10th July, 1827. 28 17

10,000 lbs. Bacon for Sale.

JUST received 10,000 Bacon, warranted sound, 20,000 lbs. Swedos Iron, well assorted, 50 pieces Catton Ragging.

All of which will be sold on a credit to approved purchasers, or very low for cash, by SAML. EWART.

All Persons

NDEBTED to the aubicribers, whose notes NDEBLED to an an account were due on the first of January 1925, are required to make payment, before the west return day, as longer indulgance cannot be given. And all those indebted to the subscribers, for purchases made last year, are respectfully requested to make, payment or liquidate their accounts.

PERCIVAL & CO.

Lanuary 6.

6-4 Bolting Cloths

or sale by the subscribers, cheaper than ever of ferred in this market.

LATTA & M'LAUCHLIN.

N. B. Panctual customers can be supplied a

Law Notice.

THE copartnership of GREGG & HUNTER

GREGO & HUDSON

will practice LAW jointly in the courts for Fuir-Sels district, and will retain the office formerly of Gregg & Hunter at Wignshorough, where Hud

Notice.

LL persons are forwarned not to credit any person on my account unless an order be duced signed dither by myself or wife.
THOMAS BRIGGS.

To Rent, THE South STORE of the Masonic Hall, re cently e-capied by Massra. Miller and Tay lor. For particulars apply to WM. HILLEARY

Biorch 1

Dying Establishment RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public, that she has recently commenced the Dying and Scouring Business,

And will DYE OR SCOUR Gentlemen's Ladles' Cloathing, Leghorn Hate, Ge.

SHE WILL ALSO Bleach Flannets, Silk Stockings, and Dyc all colours.

All of which will be done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. She may be found at Mr. Willis White's on Laurel street. Columbia, August 10

AUGUSTUS M'NEAL,



SADLER & HAUNESS MAKER The Espect of Live and the stanks to those to the stanks t

SADDLES, HARNERS, tother articles in his line which commodating terms.

LINES TO A LADY.

On a Sunch of Flowers. By T. Braves, Ik.

Ob), there is music in each dew-tinged flow'r,
Which bares its becom to the morning air.
More soft than notes of love in Alyrte how r,
When beauty's smile—beams thru' her pityin

the initid's joy were centred in the eye, How sweet the flow'rs you gave beyond a pare!

But 'tis of so-such beauty makes me sigh, To find, slas! there is no fragrance there!

Thus off some girl—whose 'witching form are The charms of grace are delicately twin'd! The pleas'd eye beams as o'er a gam new for But the soul signs, ales! she has no mind!

GLEES BY THOMAS MOORE. The meeting of Shipe.

When o'er the silent seas nlone,
Yor days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it, know how sweet
Some sunny more a sail to meet.
'Ship a hoy!' our joyful cry,
Sparkling at once is uvery eye,
While, answering back, the sounds we hear,
'Ship a hoy! what cheer, what cheer?'
These sails are back'd, we nearce, come,
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
'To sail o'er silent seas again.'

" The Watchman.

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly!
Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry.
'Past twelve o'clock!'—good night!

Alas! why is it so—

The wish to stay grows stronger,

The more 'tis time to go.

'Past one o'clock!'—good night!

Now wrap thy cloak about thee-The hours must sure go wrong, For when they're past without thee, They're oh! ten times as long.

' Past two o'clock" - good night! Again that dreadful warning!

Itad ever time such flight?

And, see the sky—'tls morning—
Fe now, indeed, good night!"

'Past three o'clock!—good night!" THE HUNTSMAN'S MORNING CHORUS.

Arise, arise! for the castern skies Are ting'd with the rays of the riorn; The moon's silver light is field to white, And the humanum is sounding his horn. Now nature's awake, and the mists of the take

From its tosom are gurling away; And the clouds of the west are no longer at re But are rolling in crimson array.

The twilight is gone, and the lark is upon Her plulous of joy in the skies; All nature looks gay, as the bright orb of day is seen from the occan to rise. On tiptoe all stands, till the hills and the lands, And the green mantled vallies below, Are burning in light, all varied and bright, As the tints in the span of the bow.

Hark the song of the vale, and the whispering gal And the ploughboy's enlivening strain; The shrill fether'd cry that's sloft in the sky, And the far distant roar of the main.

Harkl the rush of the fountain, the noise of the

mountain, All swelling the concert of morn:

The earth and the sky are resounding with joy, At the cheer of the huntsman's horn.

cttones.

Arise, then arise! for the sun's in the skies,
And the gay lark is tuning his lay;
Aurora gives birth to the brightness of earth
And Sol to the glory of day. SINGULAR SECURITY.

"What pity 'tls," said John the sage,
"That women should for hire, Expose themselves upon the stage, By wearing men's attice!"

"Espose!" cried Ned, who lov'd to jeer-What can the darlings have When clad in cont of male!

FROM THE NEW-YORK ALBION.

Absent without leave, or gone to sea in In many, if not in most, of the regiment

In many, if not in most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity—who takes liberties with all his brethren of the mess with impunity, and who pockets every thing short of a blow with the best possible humour. In general, the individuals of this description are designated in the mess room vocabulary, "good tempered old stagers," and "old stickers," meaning thereby, that they can "go" at the bottle, and "stick" at the table till "all's blue."

One of these, a quartermaster of infanter.

One of these, a quartermaster of infantry with a nose of the genuine Bardolph complex ion, a rose or the genuine participation, a rose and eternal smile, a short figure, and a big head, having dined with a party of brother officers at the Three Cups. Harbrother officers at the Three Cups. Harwich—the day on which his regiment
marched into the barrneks of that town—
was in the best possible spirits; so much so,
that he gave the bottle no rest until about
cleven o'clock; and became "glorious," just
as the company broke up—right or wrong he
would go along with three of the youngest
subalteris to ramble by the sea-side in the
monoshine, having been "as long? the sun."
They permitted him reluctantly; perhaps,
indeed, because they could not prevent him;
but when the party got down to the place
where passengers and goods are usually embarked, the quartermyster became tosally
averpowered, and sank senseless into a snore.
The officers whom he accompanied could not
think of carrying his carnus back to the inn;
nor were there any persons near to whom
they could employ for the purpose; one of
the the day on which his regiment the 10th of the following
month, the formula place to the following
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them, therefore, opened the foor of a private carriage which stood near, "unshipped" from the wheels—ready for embarkation, and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his ripose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morang at day break (about three o'clock) the couch, with its, contents, was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away at the very bottom of the hold in half an hour after this the vessel put to sea.

was delayed the 10th (return day) but beyond the following 24th, and when he did arrive, he found that he had beennot only supersided by the commander-in-chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations!

However, on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the realization of the conch; which was always given with the most effect when he

ed away at the very bottom of the holds in half an hour after this the vessel put to sea.

For this whole of the day the packet had a brisk overse, and at midnight was a good hundred miles from Harwich; a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed; some walked the deck, and others sat below at cards—every thing was allent except the rattling of the rapes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the siecping North Sea. About this time, the quastermaster, it is supposed awoke; at least he had not been heard before to utter his complaints, probably from the bustle consequent on the managing of the vessel in a stiff breeze. However, it was at this time that his cracked and buried voice first fell upon the ears of the crew; and for about twenty minutes the panic it created is indiscribable. The whist company in the cabin, at first thought it was one of the sailors in a chest, and called the captain; who declared he had been that minute examining into the cause of the unearthly sounds, and had mustered his crew, all of whom were on deck, as much astonished as he was—nay, more so, for one of them, a Weishman, felt convinced that the voice proceeded from the speaking trumpet of the ghost of David Jones, his former shipmate, "who had died in ill with him."

"Hallo—o—o—o—!"—."Murder!"

"Murder!" now rose upon sil sars, as if the voice was at the bottom of the sea. The Weishman fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones: the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paged about in couples to and fro; some declaring the voice was below the rudder, and others that it was at the mast-head. The passengers, one and all, hurried on deck, in short, none on board, not even the captain and the oldest seaman, were free from alarm: for they had searched every habitable place in the vessel without discovering the cause of their terrors, and the hold, it could not have cantained an extra rat, it was so cram

with increased vigor. These exclamations the Welshman declared were addressed to devils, that were tormenting his deceased to enemy David; and he uttered a fervent prayor for the peace of the wandering and unhappy soul; but a different idea was a wakened in the mind of the captain by the words
"let me out." "There is somebody pucked
up in the hold," exclaimed he; and instantly
ordering the men to follow him down all by ordering the men to follow him down, all be

remove the upper layer or articles; which being done, the voice became louder and more distinct. "Where are you?" bawled the captain.

"I'm here in a coach, dwers the quartermaster. wers the quartermaster.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welshman made easy; but no one could imagine how a human being could have got into the carriage. However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after about half an hour's hard exertion, succeeded in disencumbering the vehicle. They then proceeded to unpack the quartermaster, whose ceeded to unpack the quartermaster, whose astonishment amounted almost to madness when he found that he had not only been con-fined in a coach, but in a ship, and that the said ship was then in the middle of the Ger-

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy left was the little fat gentleman but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take a passage back from Hamburg as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kent the vessel beating about in a most bilebrewing and stomach-stirring ocean, for ten the demands of his private concerns; nor, days and nights; during which time, when not sea-sick, the quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating how he could have got into the coach; and even after having taken the opinion of the captain, theorem, and all the passengers, more than the coach and strenged and long absent consort; the demands of his private concerns; nor, above all, the endearments of children whom he had never seen but once, detained him a hay longer from his duty." He moved under the impulse of a more provident and strenged and long absent consort; and all the passengers, upon the matter, he felt himself as much in the dark as eyer. The last thing he could recollect of "the land he had left," was that he had dined and wined at the "Three Cups,"—what follow-

ed was chars.
But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was that the day on which he had been hut to sea was the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, he reported "absent as a matter of course, be reported "absent without leave," at head quarters, and that he would most probably be superseded. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the quartermaster, through the rough sea had already almost "brought his heart up," However, he had great hopes of being able to join his regiment the 10th of the following

blameless. Of what other hero, or great commander can so much be said? The char-

acter of antiquity, to which this description carries back the reader, is Timoteon, as he is immortalized in Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos. In Washington, the sense of duty always prevailed over whatever other feelings or considerations. When Greene, the object of his liveliest esteem and regard, was appointed to the command of the southern

army, he wrote to the General-in-chief.—
"I will prepare myself for the command as soon as I can, but as I have been upwards of five years in service, during all which time I have paid no attention to the settlement of my domestic concerns, I wish it were possible for me to spend a tew hours at home before I set out for the southward— especially as it is wholly uncertain how long my command may continue, or what deaths or accidents may happen during my absence. It will not be possible for me to set out under five days from this place, (West Point,) if I put my baggage and business under the least degree of regulation; nor is my health in a condition for me to set off immediately, having had a considerable fever upon me for several days; and if I should set out before Mrs. Greene's arrival, the disappointment, added to the shock of my going southward, I fear will have some disagreeable effect upon her health."

Washington replied to his favorite, in

letter dated two days after-"I wish circumstances could be made to correspond to your wishes to spend a little

time at home, previous to your setting out for the southward; but your presence with your command, as soon as possible, is indispensable. The embarkation at New-York nensable. The embarkation at New-York sailed the 10th; in all probability destined to co-operate with Cornwalls, who, by the last dvices, had advanced as far as Charleston. I hope to see you without delay, and that your health will be no obstacle to your commen-

Greene was fain to go. "Neither the fever that hung upon him"—says his biographer, Judge Johnson—"the hourly expected arrival of a beloved and long absent consort; why and for what? to grind the pool what to grind the pool what to grind the pool what to grind the pool.

strentous spirit.
Colonel Benjamin Walker, one of Washington's aids-de-camp, had been long engaged to Miss Ledyard, a Quaker lady, of New York, whom he afterwards married. Having been also long without seeing her, he asked the General leave of absence for a short time, to pay her a visit; but the public service did not permit this, and the General refused. Walker made pressing instances—urged all the arguments he could devise; yet all in vain. At length, his pain of disapclaimed— But, General, what shall I do? "Do?" answered the General, "why, write cach in his to her." "But, what shall I write?" "Tell and so sweet her." rejoined Washington, "to add another leaf to the Book of sufferings."

And this i Prince he to

considered dead by all his friends and remtions!

However, on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more
joined his old corps at Harwich, where he
many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in the coach; which was
always given with the most effect when he
was half-sees over.

When the gentleman when the gain, and such was the rapidity of the
few minutes it was run up to SIK D
LARB AND TWENTY FIVE CEN
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and the results of the results of the results of the results of the run tleman, with a sufficiently account feet ugain. The facts sufficiently account feet froquent calls at our bookstore yesterds for "the life of General Antirew Jackson and are a pretty strong indication of t state of the public sentiment in favor of t second saviour of his country, the hero necond saviour of his country, the hero New-Orleans:

Troy Register.

always given with the most effect when he was Aalf-seasorer.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

His relative George Washington Custis, Eq. has recently, in the newspapers, described his persons in a more satisfactory manner than it had been before done, to our knowledge. The physical, harmonized with the intellectual and moral being. In the present of the public sentiusest is favor of the stellectual and moral being. In the primare of life, his sleight was six feet two inches; his sverage weight about two hundred and twenty, pounds, and his whole person of the noblest mould: his limbs and features were asimirably proportioned; the first, sinews, agile, and well exercised, the inter truly Roman, and irresistible in the majestic expression. No equestrian surpassed him in ease, skill, confidence, and beaving; in athletic sports and trials he could defy the swiftest and the strongest. All who have ever seen him, have felt the grandeur of his presence, and must know that it can scarcely be exage gersted. It was not porperly stern nor strately; and yet it inspired of itself, pecullar awe.

It is related in the life of Peyton Randolph, on the authority of the venerable Charles Thompson, that, on the meeting of the first general Congress at Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774, upon the house having been summoned to prayers, and after the chaplain had commenced service, it was perceived that, of all the members present, George Washington was the only one who was upon his knees. This was characteristic. He was truly religious, and in every civicumstance and relation, strictly moral and blameless. Of what other hero, or great commander can so much be said? The charbeen generally known among the little boy of his vicinity as Tom Clark. Judge Read charged the jury to acquit for

want of wilful malice; that Clark was a weak, foolish fanatic, doing all he did inno-cently, and being more misguided and silly than criminal—more an object of pity than want of wilful malice; that

punishment. Clark addressed the court and jury for Clark addressed the court and jury for long time. He had the scriptures in his hand, from which he quoted wildly and copiously. His speech was little class han clatations of passages. Verdict of acquittal.

Philadelphia Palladtum.

Wespublish, from a Boston paper, a just d'espris, about the new market, for the amustment of our readers simply. We have the highest possible respect for the salightened and liberal mayor of that city.—V. F. Commercial Advertuer.

THE NEW MARKET-HOUSE, BOSTON.

THE NEW MARKET-HOUSE, BOSTOR.

This is the House the Mayor built.

This is the ment so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

These are the Clerks full bellied and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

These are the poor people that day by day—in buying their rations, scowl at it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay in Cash, to the Clerks full bellied and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

These are the Conneclors—house or not—that helped the good Mayor, and for why and for what—to grind the poor people that day by day, in buying their rations—scowlat it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay, in Cash, to the Clerks, full bellied and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

These are the Alderson content.

not, that helped the good Mayor, and for why and for what? to grind the poor people that day by day—in buying their rations—scowl at it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay, in Cash, to the Clerks ful bellied and tail, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clear and sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

built.

This is the city—proud Boston, tis name for shareffing and "Notion," notoriously feed, where dwell these Aldermen, generally the state of th

Mayor built.

And this is the Mayor—O, how like Prince he loves the poor people, and he ever since he governed the city, proud Botton, 'tis named, for shaving and "Notions, notoriously famod, where dwell these Aldermen, genteel enough, that the building an builders so molestly puff, along with the Counselfors, honest or no, that helped the good Mayor, and for why and for what grind the poor people that day by day-buying their rations—scowl at it who may the rent of the building are forced to any Cash, to the Clerks, full beilled and tall, in figure so gracefully each in his stall, so at the meat so clean and so sweet that hange the House the Mayor built!

Alack-a-day! O what a play.

Tint ev'ry town is not a city, With common councils bless and Mayors.

To plan and regulate affairs.