

# Fayetteville Gazette

A TOWN AND COUNTRY PAPER; PRINTED every TUESDAY, BY ALEXANDER MARTIN, FOR JOHN SIBLEY.

VOL. I.—[NON ACTI PARTE]

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1793.

[JUSTITIAM SPECULAMUR.]—(No. 50.)

## NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN—THAT  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP OF  
PERRY AND TARBE  
IS THIS DAY DISSOLVED.

ALL persons indebted to  
the said Partners, or either of them,  
by simple contracts, are requested to give  
their notes or bonds. All indebted by  
bills or notes, are requested to make  
payment by the first day of SEPTEMBER  
next; after which time, all such  
contracts, if not discharged, will be put  
into the hands of an attorney.

P. PERRY,  
P. A. TARBE.

The BUSINESS in future,  
will be continued by P. PERRY, as usual  
at the same store house—who has  
all the STOCK on hand, and will be  
accountable for all the DEBTS due by  
the Copartnership.

He has the following articles  
FOR SALE—viz.

Indian Spices.

W. India, and New-England Rum,  
Peach Brandy—Sugar and Coffee,  
Coffe and fine Salt—

Swedish & Country Iron,  
Share Moulds,

German and Blistered Steel,  
Iron Pots—different sizes,

Dutch-ovens & Skillets, Waggon Boxes,  
Ironing Pans—Nails

6<sup>l</sup>—8<sup>d</sup>—10<sup>d</sup> and 20<sup>d</sup>,

Smiths' Anvils and Vices,  
Cotton, Wool and Tow Cards,

Gun-powder, Lead & Shot.

Window-glaziers Tumblers and  
Wine, ditto.

Pepper, Allspice, Blimstone and  
Copperas Alum, Borax,

Indigo,

Saddle, Harness and Saddle  
Leather.

A general assortment of

DRY GOODS

CONSISTING OF

Cloths, Linens, Zibbergs  
Blankets, Riggs, Corduroys, &c.

—ALSO—

HARDWARE & CROCK-  
ERY—well assorted.

And a variety of articles too numer-  
ous to mention.

Fayetteville, July 10, 1793. 49<sup>th</sup>.

To the Public.

WHEREAS a certain John Mun-  
roe, of Moore County, and  
James Watson, of Richmond County,  
have reported that "I had STOLEN  
from the stable of Mr. DANIEL RAY,  
of Fayetteville, a MARE, belonging to  
a certain Duncan Graham; which mare  
I had secreted several days, in JAMES  
BURNIDES's stable—That I directed  
said mare to Mr. James Brown, Me-  
chanic of Fayetteville, and that he sold her  
to John Burg viz. of Wilmington." The  
charge of which report has been  
proven to be an infamous, malicious  
slandering, invented and spread by the  
said Munroe and Watson with a design  
to injure my character—in contra-  
diction of which, the following depositions  
are annexed.

DANIEL M'LOCHLAN.

Richmond County, June 10, 1793.

State of North Carolina }  
County of North Carolina }

County of Cumberland }

JAMES BRENNAN came before me and  
made oath on the Holy Evangelists of al-  
mighty God, that he never purchased of Dan-  
iel M'Lochlan any horse or mare, nei-  
ther did he ever know or have any acquaint-  
ance with any man by the name of Daniel  
M'Lochlan.

State of North Carolina }  
County of Cumberland }

This day JAMES BURNIDES appeared  
before me one of the justices for the said  
county, and made oath on the Holy Evan-  
gelists of almighty God, that he never knew  
Daniel M'Lochlan of Richmond Coun-

ty to put or have horse or mare in his sta-  
ble.

James Burnides.

Sworn to before me, }  
this 21<sup>st</sup> June, 1793 }

J. WINSLOW, J.P.

## Chatham Races.

To be run near Pittsburg  
on the last Wednesday and Thursday  
in September, free for any Horse, Mare  
or Gelding; each horse, mare or geld-  
ing running, shall carry the following  
weights, viz.

AGES.	WEIGHTS.
Three years old,	9 lbs.
Four years old,	10 lbs.
Five years old,	11 lbs.
Six years old,	12 lbs.
Seven years old,	13 lbs.

The first day's PURSE is  
to be three mile heats—the second day's  
purse is to be two mile heats. The best  
two heats in three to determine the race.

On Friday the entrance money will  
be run for by way of Sweepstakes.

GEO. LUCAS,  
Z. HERMAN, } Commissioners.  
J. HENDERSON.

Pittsburgh, July 4. 3

## MISCELLANY.

FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE GAZETTE.

## HERMIT.

No. IV.

IN CONTINUATION.

FOR thirty years I had labored to  
amass a few pounds, to make my  
children comfortable in life—my indus-  
try made every thing around me flourish;  
my harvests were plentiful, and  
my lambs bleated every where on the  
neighboring hills; my tails were light-  
ened by the apparent duty of my chil-  
dren, and I fondly hoped, that when  
age had unnerved my strength and de-  
pressed my spirits, I should find in their  
love and attention, the means of slid-  
ing smoothly down the vale of life—  
The war came on—old as I was, I  
would fight for my country, for her  
cause was just.—Here the old man, as  
if by instinct, feebly raised his staff—"Nei-  
ther the intreaties of my children, nor  
the taste of my weakness could restrain  
me; I left them the means of support,  
joined my countrymen, and fought their  
battles, until a wound I received on my  
forehead, deprived me of my fight—the  
person into whose hands I had en-  
trusted my little capital became bank-  
rupt. The pressure of misfortunes so  
serious and unexpected, was too power-  
ful to be resisted by so weak a philoso-  
pher as myself.

"For these ten years past my being  
has been comfortable"—said the poor old  
man, pointing to the place where his eyes  
once were—"For these ten years past I  
have been praying for my dissolution.  
Many miserable wretches who are doom-  
ed to wander through the caverns of af-  
fliction, have hope, at least, to strength-  
en them on their journey; but my ex-  
pectations of mortal bliss are over."

"You must not lose sight of hope, my good  
old man, it is possible you may yet be happy."

"Ah! dear sir, situated as I am, it  
would be presumption in me to expect  
such an event." "You are not certain,  
my poor friend, but assistance may be near  
you in the moment of your complaining."

"Assistance! can the power of earth  
give me light?"

He remained silent a few moments;  
then venting a sigh, exclaimed—"Oh!  
my Daughter, my dear child, but for  
her goodness I should long since have  
ceased to exist! When I determine to  
suppress my being, and die by the slow  
ministry of hunger, my poor child em-  
braces my nerveless knees, calls me her  
father in a tone so tender and persuasive  
that I forget my purpose; yet she does  
not return! Oh! Eliza, will you leave  
me here to perish? without the consol-  
ation of a last embrace! Ah my God!  
dost thou then abandon me?"

The awful manner in which he utter-  
ed these words, chilled the very pulses  
of my heart. I lifted up my eyes to  
heaven, and murmured, involuntarily:  
God of nature, is it possible thou canst  
have abandoned him?

I pressed him to go home with me.  
We had not proceeded far before I per-  
ceived his daughter—I announced the  
discovery to him—he heard the intelli-  
gence with rapture; and the good old  
man was cheered once more with a mo-  
ment of joy.

His daughter arrived out of breath;  
she had been far away, begging charity  
for her unhappy father. I looked at  
the amiable Eliza, with unutterable de-  
light. She performed the duties of phi-  
lanthropy in so graceful a manner, that  
pity, admiration and respect, at once  
filled my bosom. The poor old man  
and his daughter embraced each other  
with the utmost tenderness. "Where  
art thou, Eliza? let me press thee to  
my panting heart; I knew, my dear  
child, that thou wouldst return; you  
tardied so long that I almost began to  
think you had forsaken me." She kissed  
the forehead of her parent, and wetted  
his silver locks with the tears of affect-  
ion.

The good old man and his daughter  
accompanied me home; I ministered  
to all their present wants, and furnished  
them with the means of proceeding on  
their journey. JACOB, with all the  
warm humanity of his nature, obtained  
permission to see them some miles on  
the road. I parted from them next  
morning with regret—Eliza, said I,  
you will never desert this old man a-  
gain, but constantly watch by his side,  
to soften the pangs of affliction. "Oh,  
my dear father, what Eliza,"  
"That he is MY FATHER!"—What a  
sentiment—could volumes express  
more?

4<sup>th</sup> JULY.

Fail the lay and mark it well,  
'Twas then our Ancestry's kindred fell—  
T'was then our darling glory shone,  
Mark it GREENBANK, 'tis your own.

Through the United States this Day has been  
celebrated in a manner consistent with so grand  
an occasion. From the following account how-  
ever, we are enabled to form a competent idea of  
the proceedings in Charleston, as it appears to be  
a phenomenon in the descriptive world.

From the State Gazette.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

CHARLESTON, JULY 6, 1793. The  
day hurried on with unusual serenity  
and the splendor of nature's grandest  
scene, a morning sky, was brightened in  
the breast of every American by a lam-  
bent spark of pure patriotism, which on  
very noble occasion has never failed to  
expand itself. Even the dreamers a-  
way of life acknowledged the enlivening  
peal—the emboldening drum—the thun-  
dering majesty of war, to be irresistible.  
—All rose—all joined to enhance what  
freedom has ordained shall not pass un-  
observed.

To describe the transactions which  
occurred according to the emotions they  
occasioned would give us the character  
of romancers, but prudence self cannot  
be silent. To behold the rising sons of  
freedom, in despite of summer heat, com-  
petitors for the approbation of their  
warlike fires, exclude caution.

The battalion of artillery and the Ca-  
det corps were active in their salutes.  
The other independent companies were  
paraded. The Cincinnati a band of  
brothers who have fought with success,  
and thrown their laurels at the feet of the  
genius of America, to be resumed only  
on public occasions, went in procession  
to St. Philips amidst the applauses of  
the surrounding citizens.

No overbearing presumptive dignity  
they claim—no honors—no rank—no  
rights and privileges above the most de-  
stitute of their fellow citizens. All are  
equal as all are good.

To them belongs respect—but it is  
the respect of a child to a parent. We  
look up to them for instruction, and by  
their indulgences we are enabled to pur-  
sue their paths to glory. Their anni-  
versary oration is addressed to us.

Col. Stephen Drayton was their ora-  
tor.

The strength of language, the grace  
of utterance, the occasion, a numerous  
and brilliant assembly, and the power of  
music all united to direct well selected  
sentiments to the heart. Every one felt  
a pleasure in being again recalled to the  
circumstances which gave our freedom  
birth. The several grades of British  
chicane, contrasted with American hero-  
ism, were beautifully portrayed. The  
soldier was made to glow with remem-  
brance of his feats in arms, and the ar-  
dour of his enthusiasm was seen to kin-  
dle in his son. The fair were not ex-  
cluded from our pleasures, but their  
firmness, their resolution, their patriotism  
were again made an embellishment to  
their charms.

It is to be regretted that the strength  
of Mr. Drayton's voice did not extend  
to the remote part of the audience.

The several companies dined in the  
greatest conviviality and harmony. Sa-  
kates were fired and toasts were drunk,  
fire works played off, &c. and no mishap  
that we know damped the enjoyment.

## THE GLORIES OF A MONARCHICAL GOVERNMENT,

DISPLAYED IN THE FOLLOWING  
EXTRACTS

FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

"IN the beginning of the reign of the  
glorious and immortal William  
the 3<sup>d</sup> we have the following pretty lit-  
tle story. "In the beginning of the  
year 1692; an action of unexampled  
barbarity disgraced the government of  
William in Scotland, in the preceding  
August, in consequence of a pacification  
with the Highlanders, a proclamation of  
indemnity had been issued to such infor-  
mants as should take the oaths to the  
king and queen, on or before the last  
day of September. The chiefs of the  
few tribes who had been in arms for  
James complied soon after with the pro-  
clamation: but Macdonald of Glenco  
failed in submitting within the limited  
time, more however, from accident than  
design. In the end of December, he  
came to Colonel Hill, who commanded  
the garrison in Fort William, to take  
the oath of allegiance to the govern-  
ment. Hill, having furnished Macdo-  
nald with a letter to Sir Collin Camp-  
bell sheriff of the county of Argyle, di-  
rected him to repair immediately to In-  
verary, to make his submission in a legal  
manner before a magistrate. The way  
to Inverary lay through almost impass-  
able mountains; the season was ex-  
tremely rigorous, and the whole country  
covered with a deep snow. So eager,  
however, was Macdonald to take the  
oaths before the limited time should ex-  
pire, that though the road lay within  
half a mile of his own house, he would  
not stop to visit his family. After va-  
rious obstructions he arrived at Inverary  
the time was elapsed, and the sheriff he-  
sitated to receive his submission; but  
Macdonald prevailed on him by his im-  
portunities, and even tears. Sir John  
Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair,  
attended King William as Secretary of  
State for Scotland. He took advan-  
tage of Macdonald's neglecting to take  
the oaths within the time prescribed,  
and procured from the King a warrant  
of military execution against him, and  
his whole tribe. As a mark of his own  
eagerness William signed the warrant  
both above and below, with his own  
hand. The secretary in letters expres-  
sive of a brutal ferocity of mind urged  
the officers who commanded in the high-  
lands to execute their orders with the  
utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon  
a captain of Argyle's regiment and two  
subalterns, were ordered, with 120 men,  
to repair to Glenco on the first of Fe-  
bruary. Campbell being uncle to young  
Macdonald's wife, was received by the  
father with all manner of friendship and  
hospitality. The men were treated in  
the houses of his tenants with free quar-  
ters and kind entertainment. Till the  
23<sup>rd</sup> of the month, the troop lived in  
good order and familiarity with the peo-  
ple. The officers, on the very night of  
the massacre, passed the night and played  
at cards in Macdonald's house. In the