

## PART I.

From the "Illustrated Magazine."

## THE CRUSADE.

A pilgrim stood at the castle gate,  
And wistfully gazed, for the hour was late;  
He wound the horn, and the porter came,  
And led the pilgrim to his dame.  
The lady was kind, and the wine was bright,  
And the pilgrim turned all the night.  
The lady was peaceful, her eye was blue,  
Her blushing cheek had the rose's hue.  
But the pilgrim was silent, old, and gray,  
And his eye of olden, but had not to say,  
But he quaffed the wine till his "I grow old,"  
And merry his heart, tho' his locks were white.

The morning came, and the pilgrim stood,  
With staff and cloak, and ample hood,  
To think and to blow his nostrils gay,  
Before he rode forth on his weary way.  
"My heart," said he, "is fresh and light,  
For lady, your cheer like your eye, is bright."  
The lady blushed, and a beautiful smile  
Passed over her glowing cheek the while.  
"Sir pilgrim, yet tarry another day,  
The clouds fall dark o'er the landscape way,  
Your limbs are weary, your locks are white,  
Then tarry a day, and another night."

"Fair lady, if I were a knight, and young,  
I would not linger, where beauty & wine  
But mock these weary limbs of mine;  
Your hand is free, and your goblet bright,  
But I dare not tarry another night."

"For I have been wandering long and far,  
Where the holy knights battle in sacred war,  
My body is wasted with care and toil,  
And hags to rest in its native soil.  
Then, lady, farewell—your path is bright,  
But mine is shrouded in sorrow and night."

"Oh, pilgrim, stay! if indeed you come,  
With tidings late from the holy tomb,  
For the lord of this castle, and my poor hand,  
Has followed the cross to the Holy Land.  
And welcome thrice I shall be the light,  
When tidings shall bring of my absent knight!"

"And love you the knight?" the pilgrim said,  
As meaningly he bent his covered head.  
"Al, pilgrim, ask if the sin is true,  
Or the flower reflected by the morning dew.  
When love in this beam shall cease to burn,  
The cypress shall droop o'er my funeral urn!"  
The pilgrim threw by his cloak and hood,  
And the lord of the castle proudly stood,  
On the dearest spot of the whole wide earth,  
In his native hall, by his festive hearth!  
"Dear lady! your love like your eye is bright,  
I will tarry a day, and another night!"

## VARIETY.

A short time since a gallant  
Rover—the lord of a poultry yard,  
Sixteen miles from town—fell by accident  
into a well, the depth of which  
is seventy five feet. There being no  
water, he remained in safety in his  
solitude until a few days since when  
he perched upon the basket let down  
to supply him with water and food  
and was drawn up and restored to  
liberty and light. It was observed  
that during his imprisonment he en-  
tertained no clear idea of the coming  
of day and generally uttered his salu-  
tation to the morning about mid-day  
when the beams of the vertical sun  
shed twilight into his dungeon. He  
kept up his spirits—ate heartily and  
as soon as he regained his ancient do-  
minion flapped his wings, crowded me-  
tally and prepared for battle.

## Georgia Constitutionalist

**Anecdote of Dr. Aldrich.**—The  
Doctor's excessive love of smoking  
was well known to his associates; but  
a young student of his college, find-  
ing it difficult to bring a fellow  
colleague to the belief of it, laid him  
a wager that the Dean Aldrich was  
smoking at that time—(about ten o'-  
clock in the morning.) Away went  
the latter to the den, when being  
admitted to the Dean in his study  
he related the occasion of his visit.  
The Dean, instead of being discon-  
certed, replied in perfect good humor  
—"You see your friend has lost his  
wager, for I am not smoking, but only  
filling my pipe."

The Princess Victoria may soon  
cease to be an object of interest  
to the English as at present.  
The John Bull says, "we may ven-  
ture to state, that there is every prob-  
ability to believe, that the country will  
yet be blessed with an heir apparent  
to the throne."

Said Mr. B. to B. the other morn-  
ing, "I bought a shad and hung it up  
in a stall in the market house, think-  
ing to send for it after breakfast; but  
somebody came in the mean time and  
took it off." "That," said Mr. B.,  
"was a very off-shoot interference  
in your affairs, my friend."

Mr. D. Williams has issued propo-  
sals for publishing in this city, or New  
York, a quarterly journal, to be en-  
titled "The Tailors Magazine." The  
work is intended to supply the trade  
with reports of the fashions, with di-  
agrams, whole length figures, and  
other pictorial illustrations. It will  
also furnish a variety of information  
on other topics, interesting to those  
for whom it is proposed to get it up.  
The price will be \$5 per annum.

Saturday Courier.

An accomplished man will shine  
more than a man of mere knowledge.  
A brass polished has more lustre than  
unpolished gold although the latter is  
intrinsically so much the more valu-  
able.

It has been remarked in Bohemia,  
that the animal kingdom has suffered  
great mortality since the prevalence of  
the cholera in that quarter. Vast  
numbers of fish and hares, in particu-  
lar, have been found dead, and these  
species have consequently been ban-  
ished from all Bohemian tables.

**NEY,** "the bravest of the brave,"  
fought a hundred battles for France,  
but never one against her. He was  
condemned for a single error in the  
Chamber of Peers, by a vote of one  
hundred and sixty to seventeen, to  
die the death of a traitor. His Wid-  
ow receives a pension of 20,000F.  
What a lesson!

**MICHAEL ANGELO,** full of the  
great and sublime ideas of his art,  
lived very much alone, and never suf-  
fered a day to pass without handling  
his chisel or pencil. When some per-  
son reproached him with living so  
melancholy and solitary a life, he an-  
swered, "Art is a jealous thing; it  
requires the whole and entire man."

Several eruptions of Vesuvius,  
generally slight, occurred about the  
middle of December last. The Na-  
ples Gazette, of the 7th of January,

says:—"In the afternoon of the 22nd of  
December and the following night,  
the shocks from the mountain be-  
came much more frequent and perceptible,  
and were felt in all the neighboring  
country, and hollow roarings were  
heard every moment. On the 3rd  
inst, the lava from the mouth of the  
crater had become twenty-five feet  
broader. It is a curious circumstance,  
that the first substances of which the  
lava consisted have, in cooling, been  
formed into three arches like a bridge  
under which the current which now  
issues from it runs. On the same  
day the lava had reached the base of  
the volcano, keeping the direction of  
the hermitage of St. Saviour, running  
over the old beds formed in 1767 and  
1779, and 1822, and encumbering the  
plains called *Ginestre*. Its greatest  
extent is a quarter of a mile, and its  
depth about fifteen feet. The moun-  
tain throws up at intervals of about 2  
minutes each a large quantity of red  
hot stones, which fall back into the  
crater."

**Song of the Wharves.**—Among  
the most enlightening things at a sea  
port, we must enumerate the song of  
the negroes as they pull up and have  
out the cargo; it never fails to make  
that impression on the stranger who  
hears it for the first time, and we ap-  
prehend it seldom or ever ceases by  
frequent repetition of enlightening  
the spirits of listeners. An old negro is  
paid by the day either by the consignee  
or the laborers themselves, to cheer  
the work by giving out a line at a time  
which is repeated in a grand chorus,  
while the hoisting goes on, and has a  
most useful effect in hastening the op-  
erations. We have often tried to get  
hold of the words used on these occa-  
sions for the benefit of juvenile poets,  
who might thus turn their talents to  
be of little consequence, however,  
what form of words is made use of.  
Sometimes it is

"Oh! Miss Sally—hum—hum—"  
but more generally bears some allu-  
sion to old *Virginia*, and the happy  
days of slavery or corn husking. The  
following is rather above the ordinary  
character of these metrical ballads:—  
"Mammy Sally's daughter,  
Lose him shoe in an old canoe  
Dat lay half full of water,  
And den she knew not what to do.  
Jiggery jig—do."

When the last cask or bale of the car-  
go is ready to come out, the master  
of the song department, descends to  
the hold with a straw fools cap and  
ribbon, and mounting on the top, is  
raised to the deck amid the increased  
music of the gang, who are now about  
to adjourn to the treating shop, to  
spend their hard earnings to the song  
of—

"Fader was a Corramantee,  
Moder was a Mingo,  
Black Picaninny Buora wantee  
So dem sell a me Peter, by jingo.  
Jiggery jig—do."

A desire to say things which no one  
ever said, makes some people say  
things which no one ought to say.

Men speak more virtuously than  
they either act or think.

Government, in church and state,  
is of God; forms of government, in  
church and state, are of men.

The man who is not intelligible is  
not intelligent. You may depend upon  
this, as upon a rule that will never de-  
ceive you.

**French Pathos.**—Stierne observed  
long ago, that the French had a man-  
ner of saying the commonest things  
far superior to the English.

In looking over a French paper of  
this week, we were struck with a  
piece of pathos, which we think is un-  
attainable out of France. A fire has  
taken place in Brest, which destroyed  
the *salle d'armes*, and did considera-  
ble damage. An account of this ap-  
peared in all the Paris papers, in the  
shape of a letter from Brest, which  
concludes in the following burst, after  
detailing all the destruction of the  
buildings:—

"Voilà pour les pertes en matériel  
de batailles. On appendra plus tard  
combien d'armes sont détruites. *Le  
cœur saigne en y pensant.*"

The heart bleeds to think of the de-  
struction of bombs and howitzers—  
mourns over the demolition of imma-  
culate cannon, and refuses consola-  
tion for the fate of defunct bayonets and  
halberds consigned to an early grave!

Now, when we consider what is the  
use and object of these instruments,  
can we refrain from smiling over this  
sympathizing burst of woe? To  
smoke, burn, and destroy, is their oc-  
cupation; or, as the song in *Poor  
Vulcan* has it—

—their end is war.

And what should they deny it for?  
and the heart of the writer from Brest  
is now bleeding, because the bomb  
shell was destroyed, without having  
exploded in a middle of a square, and  
blown off legs and arms, smashed  
bodies to pieces, and spilt brains upon  
the ground—because the cannon  
"perished in its prime," without hav-  
ing swept its way through columns of  
infantry or squadrons of cavalry—be-  
cause the musket was lost with out  
having killed its man, and the pik-  
e without having been blooded by be-  
ing thrust through the body of some  
opposing grandier. These, certainly,  
are matters to make the sensitive  
heart of any Christian gentleman drop  
tears of blood.

**Original Anecdote.**—A member of  
our legislature, from one of the in-  
terior towns, from the cares of business  
at home, grew thin and poor in the  
Calvin Edson sense of the word. On  
his arrival at the metropolis, the good  
fare of a good Boston landlord, and  
the relaxation from business, (every  
body knows it is no great affair to say  
yea or nay in the House of Represen-  
tatives) caused him to grow fleshy and  
corpulent to such a degree as almost  
to excite the surprise of his brother  
legislators. Surprise turned to laugh-  
ter; and it was so in this case, when  
some incorrigible wag wrote with  
chalk upon the back of the mem-  
ber's overcoat. "*Fatted at the ex-  
pense of the State.*"—This brief ex-  
planation of his sudden roundness of  
countenance and figure, the Mem-  
ber in question unconsciously  
carried with him nearly a whole day  
—much to the amusement of his  
brethren—"at the expense of the  
state."  
Lowell Jour.

## Extracts from a Modern Dictionary.

**Tragedian.**—A fellow with a tin  
pot on his head, who stalks about the  
stage, and gets into a violent passion  
for so much a night.

**Critic.**—A large dog, that goes un-  
chained, and barks at every thing he  
does not comprehend.

**Impossibility.**—Breakfast on board  
a steamboat without sausages.

**Patron of American periodical  
literature.**—A person who subscribes  
to a journal, and stops it in a few  
months without paying his subscrip-  
tion.

**"Your humble servant."**—A term  
applied by the writer of a letter to  
himself, which would be the greatest  
insult if applied by another.

**Equally.**—Every body, yet nobody;  
equal to general.

**Jury.**—Twelve prisoners in a box  
to try one or more at a bar.

**Young attorney.**—A useless mem-  
ber of society, who often goes where  
he has no business to be, because he has  
no business where he ought to be.

**State's advice.**—A wretch who is  
pardon for being baser than his  
comrades.

**Tongue.**—A little horse, which is  
continually running away.

**Melancholy.**—Ingratitude to hea-  
ven.

**Nonsense.**—Generally applied to  
any sense that differs from our own.

**Originality.**—Undetected imitation.

**Umbrella.**—An article which, by  
the morality of society, you may steal  
from friend or foe, and which for the  
same reason, you should not lend to  
either.

**Bacon** says, "If St. John were to  
write an epistle to the church of Eng-  
land, as he did to that of Asia, it  
would surely contain this clause: *I  
have a few things against thee. I am  
not quite of thy opinion. I am afraid  
the clause would be, 'I have got a few  
things against thee.'*"

## POLISH CHIEFS.

The following is an extract from  
the new historical romance, which we  
mentioned last week. It is from the  
pen of Samuel L. Knapp, Esq., of  
New York, formerly a distinguished  
member of our Bar; a gentleman well  
known among the literary portion of  
our country, from his previous writ-  
ings. His last work, we believe, was  
the "Life of Webster."

It is taken from a scene in the Car-  
pathian Mountains, where Polowski  
and his servant were in search of some  
jewels hidden by the former, when he  
and other Polish patriots had fled there  
for safety:—

"One evening as Carlos was kind-  
ling a fire to dress some of the scanty  
food brought with them, they heard  
a confusion of sounds—the cry of a  
man and the howl of a wolf—they  
came from the crag of the mountain  
just beneath them. Carlos sprang up  
and ran to the place from whence the  
sounds issued. A great wolf in the  
gorges of his ravenous hunger, had  
seized a half-naked man to devour  
him—they were then in the struggle  
for life. They had but a few moments  
for contention, before the master and  
servant arrived to the assistance of  
their fellowman; but before they could  
reach the scene of combat, the wolf  
lay quivering in the agonies of death  
the knife from the girdle of the ragged  
man had been plunged into the entrails  
of the monster, and had reached his  
heart. The man was covered with  
blood, but not much of it had flown  
from his own veins, but from the vitals  
of the wolf. His matted hair, wild  
look, and tattered garments bespoke  
the maniac. "Die! tyrant, die!" he  
exclaimed; "There, there is Poni-  
ski, dead. Base traitor! thou hast  
deserved thy fate; go howl with the  
damned, thou base destroyer of thy  
country! Go, and let the curse of pa-  
triotic ring in thy ears forever! Did I  
not keep thee from the halls of legis-  
lation while I could stand; and when  
the triple cord that strangled my  
country was twisted and used, what  
infernal ploys of laughter rang  
through all thy miscreant hosts!—and  
now thou hast come here to hunt me  
among rocks!" The maniac turned  
his face to see who came near him,  
and Polowski beheld the countenance  
of the great patriot, *Reuten*, who had  
lost his mind at the fall of his country.  
The maniac continued, "and who are  
you that come to assist the assassins  
of Poland? I am seeking Pulawski's  
bones, to make of them a charm to  
call murdered Liberty back to life, and  
to give her gastly cheek some blood-  
color once more. Liberty is in her  
winding-sheet!—is there no spell to  
raise her? I will pluck her from the  
lowest depths of yon horrid chasm!  
and before they had time to secure  
him, Reuten had dashed himself from  
the precipice into the immense abyss,  
down which reason shuddered to  
look."

**ALively Thought.**—To what strange  
and unexpected circumstances is the  
success in life of some men owing?  
On the side of Mount St. Angelo, in  
the kingdom of Naples, is a little cas-  
tle, perched on a rock like an eagle's  
nest. This is the residence of a  
nabob. He was a common sailor of  
Castellamare, who was thrown, in  
consequence of his adventurous dis-  
position, on the shores of Hindostan,  
where, assisted by the recollections of  
his youth, he hit upon the means of  
making a large fortune. It is the  
usage of the wood-cutters on Mount  
St. Angelo, to attach their faggots to  
a long cable, and thus make them slide  
down from the top of the mountain to  
the water-side. Our adventurer, at a  
critical moment, recommended a sim-  
ilar mode of transporting his cannon  
to a rajah in whose service he had en-  
gaged. The experiment was com-  
pletely successful; a brilliant victory  
was the result; and a crore of rupees  
rewarded the ingenuity of the Italian.

It is observable that Pharaoh, tyrant  
and persecutor as he was, never com-  
pelled the Hebrews to forsake the re-  
ligion of their fathers, and to adopt  
that of the Egyptians. Such im-  
provements in persecution were re-  
served for Christians.

**Old Bailey Wit.**—A man tried for  
stealing a pair of boots from a shop-  
door in Holborn, with which he ran  
away. *Judge to witness, who had  
pursued and seized the prisoner.*—  
"What did he say when you caught  
him?" *Witness.*—"My Lord, he said  
that he took the boots in joke." *Judge.*  
—"And pray how far did he carry the  
joke?" *Witness.*—"About forty yards,  
pleas your Lordship."

A publican appeared to give the pri-  
soner a character; and on examina-  
tion, it appeared that he had no fur-  
ther knowledge of him than that he  
had frequented his house for the last  
six weeks. *Witness.*—"I always con-  
sidered the prisoner at the bar, my  
lord, as a fair and honest man." *Judge.*  
—"That is, you mean to say that he  
drank his beer fairly, and paid for it  
honestly." *Witness.*—"Exactly so,  
my lord."

NEW, FASHIONABLE &  
FANCIFUL STYLE OF  
SPRING & SUMMER  
GOODS.

## J. MURPHY

GRATEFUL for the patronage formerly be-  
stowed upon him, by a discerning Public,  
respectfully informs his patrons, and the public  
at large, that he is now opening at his Store in  
Salisbury,

A NEW, FASHIONABLE,  
and FANCIFUL STYLE OF  
Spring & Summer Goods  
FOR 1832.BOUGHT EXCLUSIVELY  
FOR CASH.

Selected with the greatest care,  
from the latest importations, in

PHILADELPHIA  
& NEW YORK,

And with particular reference to  
the variety of taste exhibited in  
those Cities.

THE splendid variety of his assortment, the  
uncommon lowness of his prices, united to ev-  
ery other necessary accommodation, hold out  
to purchasers a more than ordinary opportu-  
nity for purchasing on the most reasonable and  
suitable terms.

HE hopes by perfect adherence to business,  
to render to all, who may favor him with their  
patronage, such accommodations as shall merit  
his continuance.

Salisbury, April 14, 1832.

## NOTICE.

I hereby give to the public, that the part-  
nership, heretofore, existing by the name  
of Smith & Co. in this day dissolved, the  
agreement of said partnership having ex-  
pired long since. Notice is also given that J.  
H. Smith will not hold himself responsible for  
any debts, heretofore, contracted in the name  
of said partnership, and that he will continue  
to work at his trade in the house formerly oc-  
cupied by the firm of Smith & Co.

JOHN H. SMITH.

April 26th 1832.

## Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

THE MEMBERS of the Evange-  
lical Lutheran Synod of North  
Carolina and adjacent States, will com-  
mence their sessions on the 17th day  
of May next, at St. Paul's Church,  
Lincoln County, N. C. The Rev.  
Clergy of that body and their Respec-  
tive Deputies, or any person having  
business to transact coming within the  
jurisdiction of the synod, will be so  
good as to attend.

HENRY GRAEBER, Sec'y.

April 4th 1832.

## The Tennessee Spinner.

THE subscriber still continues to  
make the above Machines and  
keeps a supply constantly on hand  
which he will sell low for cash or on  
credit to punctual dealers. He like-  
wise intends to keep on hand a good  
supply of COTTON GINS, and he  
will also repair the same to order.

72d E. P. MITCHELL.

Salisbury, May 21st.

## MAIL ROBBERY.

ON the 6th of January last, there  
was a letter mailed at Mount  
Pleasant, O. at the end of the route  
N. 2135, directed to Robert Dun-  
away Lancaster Court-House, Virginia  
and signed by George Flowers, which  
said letter contained the one half of a  
\$50. U. S. bill No. 768, the right hand  
end of which is signed by S. Cheves  
President which is now in the pos-  
session of the said Flowers. Also the  
right hand end of a \$100 bill U. S.  
Paper No. 3960 the left hand end of  
which is signed by W. McIlwaine  
Cashier, which is also in the hands of  
said Flowers. The above mentioned  
Biller has been taken out of the Mail  
bag by some means—supposed by  
slipping the strap which confines it.  
A certain boy named Alfred Wallis  
who was mail carrier at the time and  
who has since absconded is supposed  
to be guilty of the offence. The said  
Wallis is about 18 years of age, light  
complexion and stout of his age. A  
reward of \$50 will be given for his  
apprehension and prosecution to con-  
viction.

W. KERR, P. M.

Statesville, March 7th 1832.

## Notice.

RANAWAY from the  
house of Mr. John  
Walker, Esq. a negro man  
named JIM, belonging to  
William C. Kirkland liv-  
ing in South Carolina,  
Barnwell District. JIM  
is 21 years old, about 6 feet 2 inches  
high, a little yellow cast. Any per-  
son apprehending the said negro and  
lodging him in jail, so that I get him  
again, shall receive a reward of ten  
dollars. Any information concerning  
him, may be directed to Beauford's  
bridge, Barnwell District, S. C.  
WILLIAM C. KIRKLAND.  
April 16, 1832.

## W. J. JONES

## ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practise in the Courts of this County  
at Davidson, Mecklenburg & Cabarrus.  
His office is a few doors below the Court-House.  
October 2d, 1831.

## BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

**EDWARD DICKSON**  
RESPECTFULLY  
informs his  
friends and the public,  
that he has opened a  
full assortment of Gen-  
leman's and Ladies'

## BOOTS &amp; SHOES.

small department, which were selected by him  
in New York, and in Newark, New Jersey,  
and which he will warrant to be of the best  
quality. If any work, which he sells, should  
not be repaired gratis; but on other  
Northern work will be repaired without pay.  
His store is four doors south of the Court  
House, in the main Street, adjoining the An-  
thony Store, where he will keep constantly  
on hand a assortment of BOOTS and SHOES,  
of his own, as well as Northern manufacture.  
He has made arrangements so as to receive  
shoes and boots at all times, when ordered,  
which will enable him to keep up a supply, in  
that when customers call they will not be dis-  
appointed.

All orders from a distance, either wholesale  
or retail, will be punctually attended to. He  
manufactures coarse shoes for laboring hands,  
and will furnish them with any quantity  
they may want, which shall be of the best ma-  
terials, and made, not by boys inexperienced  
in the business, but by journeymen. Where  
five or more planters, living out of the county,  
shall unite and order not less than 50 pair of  
shoes each, he will have them delivered at  
their houses. All shall be warranted to be of  
the best material.

TEN JOURNEMEN SHOEMAKERS  
will find immediate employment by applying to  
21st  
EDWARD DICKSON.  
Salisbury, April 16, 1832.

## CHARLESTON and CHERAW.

## THE STEAM BOAT MACON.

CAPT. J. C. GRA-  
HAM having been  
engaged last summer,  
in the service of the  
Charleston and Cher-  
aw calling at Geo. Town on her way up  
and down, will resume her Trips in the  
course of a few days and is intended to be  
continued in the trade the ensuing season.

Her exceeding light draft of Water  
drawing when loaded only about four and  
a half feet water will enable her to reach  
Cheraw at all times except an uncom-  
mon low river, when her cargo will be  
lightened at the Expense of Boat.

J. B. CLOUGH.

Charleston Sept. 26, 1831.

N. B. She has comfortable accom-  
modations for a few passengers.

J. B. C.

## State of North-Carolina,

## MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, March term, 1832.

SALLY MORGAN

vs  
JONATHAN MORGAN.

Petition for Divorc.

It appearing to the satisfaction of  
the Court that the defendant Jonathan  
Morgan is not an inhabitant of this  
State, it is therefore ordered, that  
publication be made for three months  
in the Western Carolinian, printed at  
Salisbury, and in the North Carolina  
Journal, printed at Fayetteville, that  
the said Jonathan Morgan appear at  
the next Superior Court of Law, to  
be held for the county of Montgomery,  
at the Court-House in Laurenceville,  
on the first Monday in September  
next, and answer said petition or it  
will be heard ex parte and judgment  
granted against him pro confesso.

Witness, Paraphar Martin, Clerk of

our Superior Court at Office, the

first Monday in March, A. D. 1832,

and of the American Independence

the 56th. F. M. MARTIN, Clk.

PRICE ADV. \$6.50. 13/35

## \$100 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber  
on Tuesday the 10th inst. a  
bound Boy, named

JOHN J. KAELO.

about twelve years old, son of Thos.  
Kaelor, of York District, who went  
off in company with him, and since  
returned. Said boy made his way  
across the Catawba, and is supposed  
to have gone to Cabarrus county, N.  
C.—He will hardly undertake to  
change his name; but if he should, he  
may be easily known by his dress, and  
a burnt place on the top of his head  
—there being no hair on the spot, or  
very thin. He wore off a leather cap  
cotton cloth roundabout, and is a pret-  
ty smart, active lad.

I will give the above reward for his  
delivery to me; and \$25 for the con-  
viction of any one who may have har-  
bored or employed him; and I now  
distinctly forewarn all persons against  
doing either under the penalty of the  
law.

\$23 C. M. HART.

Yorkville April 14th, 1832.

## Runaway

ON the 10th of September  
last, from my plantation in  
Jones county, two negroes, one  
named WASHINGTON, about  
27 years of