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From the WHITE HALL Evening Post.

**O** CAROLINE, thy form recalls  
(As to thy honour'd father's walls,  
Thy matron mother's look serene,  
And all this lov'd enchanting scene.)  
Those happy days, too sweet to last,  
From me alas! forever past,  
When my young heart, then gay and free,  
Its early homage paid to thee,  
On thee its first regards bellow'd,  
And first with pure affection glow'd.  
Ah! happy days of earlier youth,  
All peace, all innocence and truth;  
Swift flew the blithsome hours away,  
Unvex'd by cares, serene and gay.

Ah, me! full many a pang has prest,  
Since those dear days, this anxious breast,  
Full many a scene of varied life,  
Distress, misfortune, pain and strife,  
Has caus'd this throbbing breast to pine,  
Which once I little thought were mine!

When after all this time and pain,  
Those lovely scenes I view again,  
By fond remembrance sure distress,  
Grief fills my eye, and swells my breast,  
And bids me think, when these I view,  
What I have lost, by losing you!

Yet let me still by some kind name  
A place in your affection claim,  
Call me your friend, be what you will,  
But be my place exalted still.  
Remember I was once the youth,  
Who, in past days of joy and truth,  
First offer'd incense at your shrine,  
And fondly hop'd to call you mine.

**ANECDOTES.**

There were in the late war, an Irishman and Welchman, who, in besieging a city, went into a tent to drink; when, as Col splutter her nails was heaving up the picher; a cannon ball split off his head, the Jack and all. "By Jesus," cried Paddy, "the beer is split."

In the beginning of the late treaty-fever, an honest-hearted, blunt, careless fellow was met by an old man who in a solemn tone exclaimed, "is it possible?" and still shaking his grey locks, said "they do say General Washington is a going to sell his country."—"well and who has a better right?" returned the wag, "it is a country of his own making—he has suckled and nursed, and tended and fattened it, till faith I am not afraid to trust him with it in any market under heaven."

A Scotch parson in his prayer said, Laird bless the grand council the Parliament, and grant they may hang together. A country fellow standing by, replied—"Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better, I am sure it is the prayer of all good christians."—"But I don't mean as that fellow means (said the parson) but pray they may hang together in accord and concord."—"No matter what cord, replied the other, so it is but a strong cord."

**PETER PORCUPINE—Concluded.**

"The people plead the liberty of the press, in the fullest extent of the word; they claim a right to print and publish whatever they please; they tell you that free discussion must lead to the truth, and a thousand other arguments they have always ready at their finger ends to oppose to every kind of restraint. They have calumniated the best of governments and the best of men; they revile all that is good and all that is sacred, and that too in language the most brutal and obscene; and, if they are accused of indecency, or are called on for proofs of what they advance, they take shelter in their sanctuary, the liberty of the press. But, on the other hand, if any one has courage enough to oppose them, and is so happy as to do it with success; if the mildest of their expressions are retorted, they instantly threaten their opponents with violence and even murder. Their doctrine is, that the press is free for them, and them alone. This democratic liberty of the press is just such as is enjoyed in that free and happy country whose revolutionary career the people of this country are called upon to imitate."

"Much has been said and sung about the Sedition bills of Mr. PITT, and the restraint on the liberty of the press in England; but, whatever that restraint may be, it is by law. The law says, that there are such and such restraints, and, therefore he who trespasses, deserves punishment. The laws of this country say, that the press is free, and we will know what invidious comparisons are continually made between this country and England, in that respect; but, if men are to be murdered, or have their hopes blasted for exercising this much talked of liberty, it is time to cease giving it a place among the advantages that the United States enjoy over the "mother country," as it is some times called in derision. When a foreigner arrives in Great-Britain, he looks at the written law; there he sees how far he is permitted to carry the use of the press; and, so long as he keeps within the bounds prescribed, his person and property is safe. There is no substratum

power, whose consent he has to obtain, before he dares publish a book, or expose a print for sale. His house is not threatened with destruction, because his window exhibits what is indicative of the prowess of his nation, and of the disgrace of their enemies; at any rate, he is not threatened with murder, for having stepped forward in defence of the laws of the government of the country.

When I first took up the pen, I found a good deal of difficulty (as the public will see one of these days) to get access to the press at all: not because the manuscript I offered contained any thing libellous or immoral, but because it was not adapted to what was supposed to be the taste of the public. In fact, the press was at the time, generally speaking, as far as related to what is usually termed politics, in the hands of a daring and corrupt faction, who, by deceiving some, and intimidating others, had blocked up every avenue to true information.—My publications were looked upon as so many acts of rebellion against this despotic combination, and, therefore, every possible trick was essayed to discredit them and their author; all these tricks have, however, proved vain.

My object, and my only object, in writing was to contribute my mite towards the support of a government under which I enjoyed peace and plenty. This object I have pursued as steadily as my small share of leisure would allow me, and that I have not laboured in vain, the present conduct of the democratic faction most amply approves. The cut-throat's letter which I now lay before the public, shows to what a state of desperation they are driven. They at first made some pitiful attempts to answer me: those sunk out of sight and were forgotten forever. They then vomited forth calumnies against the author; calumnies so totally void of all truth and even probability, that even their own herd did not believe a word they contained. Next they published a blasphemous book under my assumed name; this failed also, and the city of New-York has witnessed their shameful defeat as well as Philadelphia. At last, smarting all over with lashes I had given them, and fearing a continuation, they have had recourse to the poor sneaking trick of a threatening letter. A trick of robbers, who have not courage enough to venture their necks. I have often been congratulated on my triumph over this once towering, but fallen and despicable faction, and I now possess undeniable proof that the triumph is complete.

It is in vain that the cut-throat would persuade us, that democrats do not think my "miserable productions" worthy of notice. The very scrawl of this their stupid secretary proves that they have dreaded them, and that they yet dread them. If they dispise my "miserable productions," why not laugh at them, as I do at theirs? Why not suffer them to rot on the shelf, like the political progress of Britain, or be kicked about the street, like the *Aurora*—Threatening Mr. OLDDEN with the destruction of his house, unless he could prevail on me to cease publishing, is curious enough in itself: but it is much more curious, when accompanied with the observation, that my publications are miserable and unworthy of notice.

Of all the stupid inventions that ever entered the brains of this bungling clan, the cut-throat letter to Mr. OLDDEN is the most ridiculous. Had they studied for years, they could not have found out any thing that would have pleased me so well. It will forever silence their clamours about the liberty of the press; it will prove to the people, most fully, the truth of what I have always told them; that is, that these "pretended patriots," these advocates for liberty and equality, would, if they had become matters, have been a divan of cruel and savage tyrants. That they know nothing of liberty but the name, and that they make use of that name merely to have the power of abolishing the thing. It will prove to all the world, that they have long dreaded me, that they still dread me, and that I dispise them.

I shall conclude with this unequivocal declaration; that, as to the past, I would not retract a sentence, nor a single expression of what I have written, if the most bloody democrats had his foot upon my breast and his long knife at my throat; and that, for the future, I will continue to publish and expose for sale whatever I please, and that I will never cease to oppose, in some way or other, the enemies of the country in which I live, so long as one of them shall have the impudence to shew his head. Hitherto I have given acids only, I will now drench them with vinegar mixed with gall.

From the free Press of

July 22d, 1796. WILLIAM CORBET.

**To the OFFICERS and SOLDIERS**

**W**HO served in the army of the United States of America during the war with Great-Britain, the Subscriber offers his services.—Such as may think proper to communicate with, or call upon him, may be assured his best exertions shall be made to become useful to them, and on moderate terms. He has already received many applications from this useful class of citizens, and therefore has resolved to devote a part of his time to their benefit.

His OFFICE is opened at Warrenton for the purpose, where diligent attention will be given to all persons applying. WILL. FALKENER.  
Come in time, and you may be served with good effects.

**TEN DOLLARS REWARD.**

**R**UN-AWAY from the subscriber on the 23th Aug. living in Robeson county, in the fork of Shoehce), a negro man, about 25 years old, named BILL, about 5 feet 7 inches high, hard featured, rather of a yellow complexion, has some scars on his back, and his large toes is longer by half an inch than any of his other toes—had on when he went away, a light coloured cassimere vest, a long brown cloth coat, with large covered bottoms, and a pair of home-spun trowsers. I suppose he intends for Newbern or Norfolk. Any person who will secure him in any jail, or deliver him to Daniel Ray in Fayetteville, will receive the above reward.  
August 26. 3 MURDOGH MINNES.

**NOTICE.**

**A**LL persons indebted either by bond, note, or open account to the late firms of John Hamilton & Co. or to Archibald Hamilton & Co. at their stores in Virginia or North-Carolina, are requested to come to an immediate settlement, either by making payment for the same, bonding their accounts, or renewing their bonds, payable by reasonable instalments.—Every indulgence will be granted to those who may avail themselves of this notice, and all kind of country produce will be received in discharge of obligations, &c. at the market price—accounts, &c. of those who neglect to pay attention thereto, will be put into the hands of an attorney, and suits commenced thereon indiscriminately.—The debtors to the before-mentioned firms at their late store in Wake-county, will be pleased to apply to Mr. Dugald McKeihen, merchant at Raleigh; at their store at the Marsh, or elsewhere—to Mr. John McClellan, or Mr. Archibald Jett, at Halifax—and those indebted to the store in Nansemond county in Virginia, to Messrs. Thomas Hamilton & Co. at Norfolk, who are respectively empowered to grant proper receipts and discharges for any and all sums paid them on account of the firms before-said, to whom all persons having demands against those firms will present them properly authenticated for payment.  
JOHN HAMILTON.  
No-folk, July 2d. 1796. 19

**NOTICE.**

**T**HE partnership of the subscribers under the firms of WATSON STOTT, & Co. at Suffolk, EBENEZER STOTT, & CO. at Petersburg, Virginia, and ROBERT DONALDSON, & CO. at Fayetteville, North-Carolina, terminated on the 31st ult.—Those indebted to the concern, are requested to adjust their accounts, and discharge the same as speedily as possible.—Messrs. J. Patterfley and William Fisher are authorized in the absence of Watson Stott, to collect the debts and settle the business of the store at Suffolk. Those indebted to the store at Petersburg, will be pleased to make payment to Ebenezer Stott, and those at Fayetteville to Robert Donaldson. Country produce will be received in payment as usual.—claims against the concern will be settled at the places where they originated.  
WATSON STOTT,  
EBENEZER STOTT,  
ROBERT DONALDSON.  
Fayetteville, August 1st, 1796. 20 8

**T**HE subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the public that he has recommenced business at Fayetteville, and will continue to supply such customers, either in the wholesale or retail line, as have, in any tolerable degree, been punctual in their dealings with Robert Donaldson & Co.—He has a very considerable stock, both of European and West India goods on hand, among other articles not less than twelve thousand bushels of salt, and a further supply of every article is expected in the fall.—Mr. John McAulau will continue to do business at Wilmington, on his account.  
August 1st, ROBERT DONALDSON

**POST-OFFICE, Fayetteville, August 1796.**

**T**HE Northern Mail will arrive at this Office, every Monday and Friday by half after one, P. M. and depart every Sunday and Wednesday mornings by eight.—The Southern Mail will arrive every Sunday and Wednesday morning; half after seven—and depart every Monday and Friday at two, P. M.—The Wilmington Mail will arrive every Saturday evening at six o'clock, and depart Monday at two, P. M.—The Salisbury Mail will arrive every Saturday evening at six o'clock, and depart every Sunday morning at eight.—Letters to be forwarded must be delivered at the Post office half an hour at least before the departure of the mail by which they are to be sent.  
Hours of attendance—from one till two every Monday and Friday—from seven till eight every Sunday and Wednesday mornings—and from six to seven every Saturday evening.  
J. SIBLEY, Post-Master.

**NOTICE.**

**T**HE lands advertised for sale by public auction, on the 21st of August, in Richmond county, for the taxes due thereon, for the year 1795, supposed to belong to John Fountain—is postponed until the 23d sept. next.  
JOHN COLE, Sheriff.  
Fayetteville, August 20th, 22 2