

**TOM BOWLING.**

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broach'd him to.  
His form was the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare.  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair;  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When he who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has duff'd;  
For, tho' his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.

*From the New York Gazette, of October 9.  
Messrs M-Lean and Lang,*

Every American, whether born or adopted—every friend to the honor and interests of his country, who is feelingly alive to insults and injuries, from any foreign nation whatever—every firm supporter of the measures of our National Administration, particularly in their disputes with foreign powers—in short, every honest man, who loves true liberty, should feel a virtuous and patriotic pride in shewing himself a decided foe to an abandoned, despicable and unprincipled faction, which, for several years past, have assumed all shapes, and put in practice every vile and wicked engine, to impede the operation of all measures; entered into by the most upright and enlightened men in America. To unite in supporting our government, whenever it is involved in disputes with foreign powers—to justify, rather than criminally condemn, every step it takes at such an interesting crisis, is a sacred principle, and cannot be too often nor too generally inculcated. We should not allow ourselves to deliberate a moment, when our government thinks itself insulted and its rights invaded by another nation—should feel a holy impulse to hasten without reflection around its standard, and give it our decided support; which, in a Republican institution like ours, forms its only strength. Should the points in dispute be glaringly impolitic, or even unjust, it is better to suffer the momentary reproach or inconvenience attached to their temporary operation, than to incur the certain devaluation which would flow from inviting foreign insult and injury, by the weakness occasioned from dilution among ourselves. Every man, who, on such occasions, is heard to justify foreign governments, or their agents, in opposition to our own, ought to be branded with contempt and ignominy, as being destitute of every principle of virtue or patriotism. Men of this stamp are “fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—their motions are dark as Erebus—let no such men be trusted.” No! Americans they ought not to be trusted—they are digging a pit for their destruction—we know the men—let us watch them betimes, lest the evil hour come upon us unawares.

I regret exceedingly that my abilities are not equal to my will in the development of the nefarious views of some patricidal men among us, who have organized a system for the destruction of our Federal Government—who are openly and secretly at work—have their agents and their funds—receive impulsion from abroad as well as at home—eagerly catch hold of every abuse offered to degrade and vilify our government by foreigners of every description—the vile organ of a foreign chaotic democracy, as well as the Representative of the most despotic King in Europe—and finally, who would servilely caress and flatter even the fiends of hell itself, did they declare themselves inimical to our virtuous rulers & admirable constitution.—Arouse from your lethargy, my countrymen! ye, who love order and rational regulated liberty—who are friends to the Federal Government—who feel a holy horror at the daily recital (from the pens of humane and enlightened Frenchmen, who begin only now to peep out of their dungeons) of the carnage and devastation committed by the demons of disorganization and anarchy in France; the furies of insurrection and anti-federalism are gone forth among us—and their deadly poison is spread, with active zeal, by vile, despicable Printers in different parts of the Union, amongst whom, those in New-York hold a distinguished rank in point of venom, although inferior in point of talents. Do not say to yourselves, as is too commonly the case, that, “they are so despicable, and few in number, that we do not fear all their machinations;” call to your minds the fate of unhappy and desolate France—see an handful of Jacobins, having one view—one soul—one centre—usurp the government—trample upon the most sacred rights of the people—dealing death and destruction all around. As it is surely much better to profit by the misfortunes of others than our own, let us encourage the publica-

tion of the pictures of the horrors which have marked the steps of Jacobins during the Revolutions of France—let our active and laudable countrymen use their endeavors to obtain every French account of the dreadful reign of the men of blood, and transmit to their countrymen the justly awful descriptions of that hundred-headed hydra, anarchy, whose frightful image should be kept constantly before the eyes of the people of America. Hail virtuous and enlightened Frenchmen! whom heaven has spared for the benefit of the human race—inspired by truth, who has, for a few years past, been chained down by the fell demons of democratic tyranny, ye are now giving to your fellow creatures of every climate a revolting but instructive lesson, of the horrid evils which are to be apprehended in letting a few men get the upper hand, who, abusing the sacred names of philanthropy and liberty, have made them subservient to their infernal views of declaring war, not only against every thing sacred among men, but even the Almighty Ruler of the Universe himself.

Americans! do you not observe the convulsive writings of the high priests of Jacobinism among us (our Gallic American Printers) when any accounts are published, written in France, on the crimes of their “patriots,” which, till lately, dared not appear? Do they not pointedly say, they are “lies,” and affect to disbelieve them, although every speech from the Directory and the Legislative Body to each other proclaim the horrid situation of that distracted country? Read the message of the Directory to the Council of Five Hundred, in answer to the resolution of the Council, respecting the march of the troops within the constitutional limits; in which Carnot, as President, says; “The cause of these proceedings, on the part of the defenders of the country, is to be attributed to the general alarm and inquietude, which, for some months past, having taken possession of all persons, has succeeded the profound tranquility that reigned, and the general confidence which every where prevailed. It is to be attributed to the desolation of the revenue, which leaves all parts of the administration in the most deplorable situation, and deprives often of their pay and their subsistence the men, who, for years past, have sacrificed their health and shed their blood to serve the Republic. It is to be attributed to the assassination of the purchasers of the National property, of the public functionaries of the defenders of the country—in short, of all those who have dared to show themselves the friends of the Republic.”

In the foregoing address of Carnot will be seen a confirmation of the extracts from French authors, which have at different times, appeared in the Daily Gazette, and which our Anarchists have pretended to doubt the authenticity of; if they really believe them to be “nonsense and lies,” by calling on the Editors of this paper, they will be directed to the person by whom they were translated, who will condescend to have them shewn chapter and verse in the French language. But no, ye furies of sedition and wild uproar, I shall see none of you; ye are afraid lest the clear unclouded and splendid light of truth, which is daily appearing, should expose to open day the horrid works of darkness committed by your idols, Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Carrier, and a long list of monsters, whom you have enthusiastically and impiously called the Representatives of the *Duty!* What! do you want to keep truth any longer in chains? Do you wish the liberty of speech and of the press for another five years to be under the tyrannical awe of democratic anarchical despotism? No, your reign has been long enough—the time is at last arrived, when virtue shall take place of crime, religion of atheism, humanity of barbarity, morals of debauchery, industry and commerce of speculation and robbery, the arts and sciences of the devastating destroying angels of furious democratic ignorance and brutality. The enlightened heroes of insulted humanity in France, who have escaped the revolutionary tornado, are now manfully opposing the Directory—Jacobinic attempts to sweep off the face of the earth every remaining vestige of civilization and refinement, by bringing back the devastating reign of the blood hounds of Chaos: Heaven grant, in pity to mankind, that they may succeed in their god-like exertions: And may the industrious and patriotic part of the United States avail themselves of their salutary and reasonable labours, to strip anarchy and insurrection of the amiable and attractive garb in which our “Patriots” have industriously arrayed them, and are still anxious to display them in, notwithstanding the horrid, frightful deformity in which every French writer daily represents those fell demons to human felicity. What their views are, in wishing to stifle and suppress the flood of truth, which the fatal example of France affords, during the reign of her Jacobins, or apostles of disorganization; must be glaringly obvious to every man of the least observation, and ought to be an object of serious and timely alarm to every friend of order and good government. PATRIOTICUS.

**FRANCIS SHACKELFORD,**

**R**ESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has lately moved from Lumberton to Fayetteville for the purpose of carrying on the SADDLE and HARNESS making business in its various branches.—Those who will please to favour him with their custom, may be supplied on the shortest notice.—All orders from the country will be strictly attended to.  
Fayetteville, October 25. 84 4

**SHERIFF'S SALES.**

**W**ILL be sold on Monday the 4th of December next, unless the taxes due thereon for the year 1796, be paid previous thereto, the following LANDS, viz.  
100 acres lying in Anson county, the property of General Johnston.  
300 acres the property of Jonas Leonard.  
50 acres the property of William Chainey.  
300 acres the property of Isaac Ford.  
313 acres the property of Joseph Gilbreath.  
200 acres the property of John Beck.  
50 acres the property of Amos Matheny.  
300 acres the property of Jacob Jones, lying on the Lick Branch, joining William Gullidge's survey.  
The above lands will be sold at the court-house in Wadesborough, agreeably to an act of Assembly in such case made and provided.  
PATRICK BOGGAN, Sheriff.  
October 25. 84 4

**FOR SALE,**

**O**N the 29th of January next, (unless the taxes due thereon be paid previous thereto) the following tracts of LAND:  
200 acres lying on the North-west river, joining lands of James Singletary, supposed the property of John Erwin of New-Hanover.  
200 acres on South river, belonging to the heirs of Refus Magden, joining lands of John Anders.  
1650 acres on the Waggamaw lake, supposed the property of Dupre, for arrears of taxes, for the years 1794, 1795 and 1796.  
50 acres also given in by James Dupre, senior, for 1794, taxes unpaid.  
The above lands will be exposed to sale at the court-house in Elizabeth.  
TRAVERS HARVEY, Sheriff.  
Bladen county, October 10. 82 5

**NOTICE.**

**T**HE Copartnership of the subscribers in this place, under the firm of URQUHART & MACFARLANE, is this day dissolved by mutual consent; as also that of H. & A. URQUHART & Co. at Wilmington; those indebted to either firms, are requested to make immediate settlements at this place with R. MACFARLANE, and in Wilmington with HENRY URQUHART.  
HENRY URQUHART,  
ROBERT MACFARLANE.

**FOR SALE,**

**B**Y the subscribers, the remainder of their goods, some negroes, viz.  
A good house servant, an elderly fellow and wench; a plantation on Rockfish, formerly Raiford's, containing between nine hundred and a thousand acres, the dwelling house in good repair, with a famous saw mill seat and a toll bridge, on the main road leading to Lumberton; worth about a hundred dollars a year: also a quarter of the house and lot occupied by the subscribers—All which will be sold on reasonable credit, the purchasers giving bonds with approved security.—The goods on hand in Wilmington will be sold on the same terms.  
H. URQUHART.  
P. MACFARLANE.  
Fayetteville, September 29. 80

**CHATHAM, PITTSBOROUGH ACADEMY, September 25.**

To the respective LADIES and GENTLEMEN of Fayetteville.

**M**R. GODWIN, (formerly principal Dancer at the Theatre in Philadelphia, and teacher in that city several years) being engaged by the Trustees of the Academy at Pittsborough, for a term of years, to give tuition in the useful and polite branches of education; respectfully acquaints the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fayetteville, that he proposes to establish a SCHOOL in Fayette, for the necessary accomplishment of DANCING; and will also give lessons to Young Ladies on the GUITAR.

His attendance at Fayetteville, will be three days in every month, viz. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Mr. Godwin intends to be at Fayetteville, about the 20th of October.

His terms shall not exceed his deserts.

**TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.**

**R**AN-AWAY from the subscriber in Fayetteville, on the 4th instant, a Negro man by the name of SIMON, he is a black complected fellow, about 5 feet 10 inches high, and about 34 year of age, carries his head low when walks, he is marked in both ears with a half crop and half moon in the left, and a crop and slit in the right, and a fore on one of his legs when he went away; he was formerly the property of Mr. Rhodes on Roanoke river, near Halifax: He also carried away with him a Mulatto Wench by the name of BET, about 26 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, and big with child. Whoever delivers said Fellow and Wench to me in Fayetteville, or secures them so that I get them again shall be intitled to the above reward.  
THOMAS WHITE.  
October 10, 1797. 82 if