

FOR THE SENTINEL.

THE PLAIN OF ISSUS.

The blazing glories of the Asiatic sun, had sunk in majesty over the plain, where the Macedonian conqueror once fought for the mastery of a world—but he beheld that day, a sight far different from the phalanx of Alexander and the splendid host of Darius. The rich throne of clouds which had received the sinking monarch, was gilded by the last faint ray, and all the varied hues of an autumnal evening in the sky of Asia Minor, were rapidly and beautifully mellowing away—while the chaste light which stole through the foliage, disclosed the queen of night, floating through the azure, as if to meet the full and brilliant star that glittered in the opposite horizon. And in truth, never did the fair children of the heavens look upon fairer scene than was then visible on the plain of Issus. The champions of the holy sepulchre were there—the pride and flower of France were there—bound for the rescue of the sacred land. A former inundation under the enthusiastic hermit had already burst, and left the bleaching bones of its victims scattered over a thousand plains. This was the second and mightier effort in which chivalry, enthusiasm, romance and religion, had all joined to give an irresistible impetus to the invasion. Wearied and harassed, the crusaders had already passed through labours and perils sufficient to have damped any ardor less than theirs; for from the hard fought battle of Dorylaeum, they had been beset with famine, pestilence and the sword, pursuing them through the deserts and precipices of Cilicia the rough—and here they had encamped for the purpose of recruiting their strength and spirits, before entering the very borders of the land in which so many of them were destined to perish. Round this spot, the mountains ranged in an amphitheatre, for a spur from the range of Taurus stretched thither, and formed a country broken, rocky, and in one or two places rising into peaks of very considerable altitude. To the east, there rose one gloomy giant-shouldered mountain, at whose top a sharp, jagged peak lifted itself, which at noon, reflected from its sheer sides the blazing light of the sun as if cascaded in silver, and the evening rays invested its snowy diadem in a thousand roseate hues. From its sides, the Pyramus received its cool supplies, and crept gently through the plain, exhibiting little of the character of a mountain torrent.

The moon, we have said, was up, and her beams fell rich and deep upon a gorgeous banner, whose drapery, emblazoned with a cross of golden work, rustled and lifted itself heavily in the southern breeze. This occupied a gentle eminence of considerable extent, and was the centre of a group of rich and noble tents. The immense multitude was far removed on the part of the plain which stretched north of the Pyramus—but the song, the cry and the sudden uproar, would sometimes come swelling in the wind, though not sufficiently loud to create any disturbance. Here, the banner of his family rose before each noble's cluster of tents—while sounded the song of the troubadour before a circle of high born dames, and the merry minstrelsy to which light hearts and feet were bounding—and here and there knights and ladies, single and in companies, strolled over the grassy plain or by the banks of the stream. Raymond de Thoulouse is well known to have been one of the first of those chiefs who led the foremost file of the crusade—he had grown old in chivalry and was the pride of every romantic lay. The splendid tent of the old Count stood left of the sacred standard, dressed in that rule Gothic magnificence which suited well the proud and antique character of its bold possessor. Above the door, glittered the ever present cross—not one that had been framed and put together by the dull hammer of the smith—but a spoil of war—for the Damascus blades had often waved in the nimble bands of princely Saracens. A pure spring of water which leaped and played before the tent, diffused its nourishing freshness to the flowers which, as remarkable for their variety as their individual beauty, blushed and shed their ripe odours in the breeze. There was the deep red pomegranate bursting with its fulness—the Gul or Asiatic rose, so various, beautiful and fragrant, and all those splendid children of the summer, which luxuriate in the clime of which we speak, so much more abundantly than in less favoured lands. Fronting the tent, sat three persons enjoying the delightful inspiration peculiar to eastern skies, whilst all nature slumbered in a dream of beauty. And of whom should we speak first but of the young and beautiful Zoë, the niece of the venerable Raymond? Her's was not the cold but florid beauty of northern climes—the sun of southern France had impressed his burnished seal upon her cheek. Her ripe and rosy lips told of the sunny banks of her own pleasant Garonne—that neither one resembling the clustered grape that is full of sweets—dark hazel eyes seemed at times beneath their half-shut lids, as if dreaming of some happy moment—but when the song of Clothaire told of battle and of knightly deeds, they would glow and sparkle like the ruby on her forehead, and her bosom would heave beneath the proud and exciting thoughts. Dark auburn hair grew full and deep, and seemed that it would upon touch, fall around her broad beautiful countenance, and a form small, but of the most lovely proportions. Front of her, on the right, sat Reginald de Montjoy, the flower of the youthful knights and the most promising of Raymond's followers. His family, though noble, had not of late been much distinguished—but Reginald was bidding fair to plant the first proud foot on the walls of captive Salem. He had been bred to arms in the castle of Raymond de Thoulouse, and had long since gained the affections of the old Count by his adoration of the Tournament, and the chivalrous adoration he paid to the fair. But never did Reginald so gracefully guide his steed or watch his lance, as when the eyes of Zoë were turned to him—and never did sweeter or nobler tones issue from his harp, than when seated by the green, sombre, Gothic windows, he and the young mistress of his bosom looked from the summit of the castle, on the wooded hills and valleys clothed in the golden lustre of evening, and stretching onward until the eyes rested on the blue tops of the distant Pyrenees. There was another on her left who loved, if not so

purely, full as ardently as Montjoy—this was Geoffrey, Count of Guienne. He was a man of undaunted bravery, bordering at times on ferocity, as his black and deep brows eyes testified on slight observation—and yet at times there came over him a slight tinge of dejection, which gave him something of an air of beauty. He was at this time considerably advanced beyond the half of man's life, and it was said, had been a prime actor in many a scene of bravery and high-handed crime. But it must be recollected this was the age of chivalry. Geoffrey was at least a courageous knight, which covered a multitude of sins, and though it might be whispered at the court d'amour that without doubt he had basely deceived the confiding love of a hapless maiden—it was told in a louder voice, that his lance had never quailed in battle before any opponent however brave or noble.

"How beautiful," said Zoë, "surely the faded goddess of yonder bright region must have made this one of her terrestrial residences. Fairer think you than the rich gardens and leafy hills of our own Thoulouse?"

"Make me not," said she, "a judge in mine own cause, Reginald, I have too many fond thoughts associated with that of my native land. The Count of Guienne is no stranger to our halls—let him decide."

"The generous hospitality of the Chateau de Garonne, would make me but an interested judge, lady"—replied Geoffrey, "I fear you have too much cause to dwell upon incidents which chequer the path between Issus and your home."

"O speak not of the sufferings of our poor followers," said Zoë. "The road to heaven is difficult, as our good bishop tells us; God knows some of us will deserve its joys by the time we arrive there," replied the Count.

"But our sufferings," said Montjoy, "have not been dispensed by the hands of a foe. We have triumphed when battle tried our steel."

"Yes, the field of Dorylaeum—I saw it and could have swayed a sword myself. Clothaire!" cried Zoë stamping her light foot on the pavement. A low step announced the presence of the young provincial. "Can your mistress sing of arms in such a scene as this, or is she of milder mood?" "She is accused of choosing contrasts my lady, and though an humble worshipper, I cannot say she is wholly destitute of caprice." The fingers of the Troubadour ran through the chords of his lyra in wild harmony, and then like the chaise starting in full cry from the tangled brake, his voice and harp burst forth, in a tune that was beautiful, without much regard to uniformity or poetic merit.

The sun looked fierce o'er Balcan's height,
And raged upon the dazzling sand,
The falcon winged his airy flight
High o'er the dim and parching land;
While the hot breath of desert air
That brooded thick and dusky there,
Caught the dull sound that lumbered far,
The thunder of the storm of war.
Trumpets are clanging and banners are glowing,
Bright arms are glancing and courses are prancing,
And in numberless host like the torrent that's flowing,
The soldiers of Christ and his cross are advancing,
Victory to thee proud standard of glory,
Around thee are heroes in battle grown hoary,
And the arm of the strong and the blood of the brave,
Shall fight and shall flow to support thee and save.
But lo there streams another light
Across the deserts piercing glare;
Yon crescent blazes for the fight—
The Syrian dusky arm laid bare,
Bends to his breast the bow of horn,
And the loose shafts as if in scorn,
Like bursting sparks are onward borne.
But ere the clouds dark wing hath fled,
Far lightning strikes—the bolt is sped,
The ranks of turbaned hosts are riven,
And mingled foes together driven.

The rude but ardent poet here enumerated in verse but little different from animated recitation, the various deeds of daring which had occurred, and the manner in which each chief and his followers conducted themselves in battle, and concluded with some stanzas in commemoration of the dead. The battle of which he speaks, was the one fought on the plain of Dorylaeum, the facts connected with which were briefly these. The Christian army marched in several divisions—the Saracens attacked one of these and were about cutting it to pieces, when being reinforced, the crusaders obtained a signal victory. It had happened that Reginald de Montjoy was wounded in the thickest of the battle, while the Count of Guienne through some accident did not arrive until the enemy had begun to scour over the sands. This added to the fact that Geoffrey always expressed a contempt for what he termed the womanish art of the Troubadour, caused Clothaire to mention him with no very marked terms of respect, while his favorite Montjoy was celebrated in strains of the highest flattery. The only circumstance that upheld Geoffrey through life was the reputation of knightly courage—and this alone afforded him any prospect of success, in his love for the impassioned being near him. The countenance of Zoë during the whole performance of the poet, had been impressed with every successive emotion the language was intended to convey. Her erect form expanded itself with noble pride, while the warriors of Raymonds train were mentioned in terms of the highest encomium—and as her tresses showered themselves over her forehead and shoulders, and her bright eye beamed upon the delighted Montjoy—he felt a thrill which might have fired much colder blood. Far different were the feelings of the Count de Guienne—his eye scowled with a blackness almost equal to that of his mind, and scorn and hatred sat upon his embittered lips. He felt that his years were declining and the labours of a stormy life forgotten—he felt the gnawings of a wounded spirit, and thirsted for the blood of a rival who seemed to triumph over him.

"Think you" said he, "fair lady, that this is an honest method of calculating or recompensing the deeds of a true knight?"

"You perceive not" said Montjoy, "that she to whom you speak has disappeared."

"I spoke to a woman, and to all who foster the womanish art of that beardless boy. I ask you if such vain folly possesses you, as to believe in the empty flattery of that bauble."

"Perhaps Sieur de Guienne, some transport possesses you—know you to whom or what you speak?"

Geoffrey passed his hand over his fevered brow and said, "I have spoken—and to a woman."

"You seem to like the epithet," replied Reginald. "It may be, because you have once trampled on her rights and escaped unharmed!"

The face of Geoffrey glared like that of the Tiger on his crest, and the next moment their swords clashed quick and sharp. The combat would have been mortal to the Count had they not been separated by the sheer force of a powerful hand. "What means this strange encounter," said Raymond de Thoulouse.

"It means not to close here," said the infuriated Montjoy, "Geoffrey de Guienne I here challenge you to battle," and he threw his gauntlet full on the breast of the Count. He took it and raising his cap to the persons who had assembled at the door, turned upon his heel and sought his own encampment. On the left side of the plain near the southern bank of the Pyramus, was a large mossy oak which extended its huge arms in the moonlight, and through whose leaves the breeze rustled with a still and solemn sound at the dead hour of midnight. Beneath it, was a rude but quite spacious tent, within which we are to be introduced. A slight but venerable figure dressed in a Jewish robe with a green veil drawn close over his countenance, was the tenant of this solitary mansion—he seemed to be intently employed in the perusal of a ponderous volume with golden clasps which rested upon a white rock in the middle of the tent. A number of earthen and coarse glass vessels stood around him—one of which resembling a vessel for distillation, stood near a forge whose embers were almost lifeless. This was one of those secluded beings, who spent their lives in seeking the undiscoverable magic stone, and that liquor which would restore the bounding vigour of youth to the exhausted frame—but whose labours were not entirely useless, since they opened the way for the introduction of the noble science of modern Chemistry. A low knocking roused him, and drawing aside the veil, his thin and hollow features were fixed in the attitude of listening—it was repeated in a more violent manner, and laying aside his occupation he hastened to give the intruder an entrance. Scarcely had the bolt been loosed, when a heavy tread ushered in a person muffled in a cloak, who swept by into the middle of the apartment—the cloak fell from his shoulders and exhibited to view Geoffrey de Guienne. He was a firm believer in the powers of the art of Alchemy and the special patron of Zimri the Jew, who followed in his train. His features still bore the strong impression of mingled rage, malignity and despair, and his eye rested wildly for some moments on the Alchemist.

"Zimri" said he, "they tell us that there is an eternity of agony for the harassed soul."

"The seed of Jacob trust in the god of their promises," replied Zimri, calmly, "the Nazarene must abide the destiny he deems most true."—"Yes, let him abide it, but I tell thee Jew, the spirit of man may be goaded and overwhelmed." What if his dearest hopes are turned to poison," said the Count, raising his menacing arm—"The labours of a life converted to dust in a moment—Oh Hell!" Zimri glided before the Count who had raised himself from the seat and seemed writhing in torture—he fixed his solemn feature upon him and raising his arm slowly, pointed to the vessel which stood near the furnace, and said "In the name of the God of Israel —"

"By that name speak," exclaimed Geoffrey—"have you —"

"Hush," said Zimri, "disturb not the charm that rests upon it—if I have not, 'tis at least so near that immortality, yea, eternal youth is within the grasp of this withered arm—Immortal youth!—the blessing of heaven on you and your tribe!"—cried Geoffrey, seizing the frail light which illuminated the apartment, and gazing with devouring eyes upon the white liquor which rested in the bottom of the vessel. "Zimri, behold this furrowed brow, many a care has nestled on it, but none greater than that which my brain is now racked—a new passion has seized one, who thought he had felt all that man could feel. But let me stand before my goddess with the flush of youth upon my cheek, and the vigor of youth in my arm, and who shall out-do Geoffrey of Guienne?" and a wild laugh issued from his strained bosom.

"Ha—a daughter of Eve!"—whispered Zimri.

"Ah Jew didst thou ever love?"

"I once was like you Count—I ran the race of ambition, and the dreams of damselfs brighter than the pearls of Ormuz inspired me with life and double vigour. But what is it after all—the prize, if obtained, is as vain as the fruit of Asphaltites and leaves the soul sick—he who lives and raises a family around his hearth, but opens a wider front for the arrows of affliction—if that be the elixir of youth, I would not drink it—life is a dull tale when told but once."

"If," said Geoffrey—"ah if you could but see and touch and drink the madness of her presence, you would own a rival of magic art in Zoë of Thoulouse. But what boots restoration of youth—to-morrow may see me where eternity is the common heritage of all."

"Death and doubt," said Zimri, "are the portion of the race of Adam." "But I speak of battle," replied the Count—"a thousand curses rest upon Montjoy. I feel it, Zimri, his arm is too strong, his limbs too nimble—for one whom age has touched. But her I must have—yes, sneer if it pleases you—but Geoffrey of Guienne, would for once fly from death in the field, to spend his existence in the presence of that fairest among ten thousand. Give me the draught!"—and he put a purse bursting with gold into the hand of Zimri. "It cannot be, Count; the mystic ceremony of my art cannot be uttered upon it before the sinking of to-morrow's light—but take this, said he, drawing a small mineral from a repository—it dissolves at the touch of wine, and the arm of Sampson would sink beneath the potion.—But thy own strength needs recruiting by slumber for the coming contest—let me give thee a drink which will prevent the evil of watching to this late hour." Geoffrey quaffed the offered goblet and left the tent while the wind swept loudly over the

silent plain. They thought they had discovered the elixir of life! Dreaming enthusiasts! how often must the heart of the alchemist have burst over the mockery of that, for which he had sacrificed health, fortune, and happiness. Zimri had found the liquor then known to but one or two on the continent of Europe—which in our day is the universal comforter or ravager according to the proportions in which it is used—which issues in quantities from a thousand distilleries, and which good hearted reformers are endeavouring to drive back into its original darkness. Like every other discoverer, he had multiplied infinitely the merits of the object, and his heated imagination attributed to it qualities, which, if true, would have placed his name by the side of Elijah's. This was not the first discovery—he had tasted some which was the result of a former process, and now he imagined that the fruits of more careful manipulation and laborious exactness, were within reach of the great object of his researches.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE SENTINEL.

THE MISERABLE CLUB.

GLOOMY HALL,
Saturday Night, August 11.

This evening was very wet and windy, which rendered it a fit season for the lucubrations of the Club. The members presented themselves in silent ghostliness, each one resembling a Gorgon more than any thing human. All answered to their names except Mr. Furor, whose absence was unaccountable. It was understood however, that he was opposed to the initiation of Mr. Lachrymabilis, but being overruled by the majority, had determined not to vote at all.

The Club being called to order, the first duty that presented itself, was the admission of Mr. Lachrymabilis. The vote was taken in his favour, nemine dissentiente,—Mr. Furor, being absent. The Chair directed Mr. Mæror to introduce Mr. Lachrymabilis, who entered with tears in his eyes, and a frightful distortion on his face. Having assented to the conditions preparatory to membership, he was directed by the Chair to sing the "last link is broken." He began in a low plaintive strain, similar to that which is frequently heard in moonlight nights after every body has retired to slumber. Mr. Lachrymabilis then slipped with great dexterity, from the affettuoso to the andante, (crying all the time) and finally reached the last verse, which he commenced in a fine basso grandioso, when little Mr. Queror raised his Ebenezer in a shrill contralto, and accompanied him through the verse, to the great edification of all present.

Mr. Lachrymabilis was then conducted to a seat, and was enrolled among the fraternity.

Mr. Misericors then rose and observed, that if the house had nothing more important before it, he would introduce to their acquaintance an humble visitor and dependant. "This," said Mr. Misericors, "is my faithful dog Sphinx." The most melancholy of animals, he never uttereth a syllabic sound, but like his predecessors of Egyptian fame, who guarded the propylæa of the most immaculate edifices, he is the best and most faithful depository of all the arcanæ that may be entrusted to his keeping. "And sir," said Mr. M. raising his arm and thumping the table, which returned a hollow echo, "and sir, he is of that immortal sturp, or breed that catcheth rats—those night-prowlers and disturbers of midnight meditation. I hope, sir, you will allow him to enter this hall of gloom, and much more, sir, since he will make a proper coadjutant to our able and sable porter, nigriusimus Cerberus.

A groan of approbation rose from the assembly, when Mr. Misericors finished by introducing Sphinx, who though a diminutive quadruped, obtained the favour of all, by the spirit with which he snapped Mr. Dolor's fingers and Mr. Mæror's nose.

On motion of Mr. Terrificus,
Resolved, That Dr. Caracalla Cockadoodleo, L. L. D. F. R. S., Editor of the Gossip and Court Journal, be requested not to slander this association, in the columns of his invaluable paper.

A deep silence prevailed for some minutes, which were devoted to intense meditation. President Melancholicus then handed the following lines to Ringtalia Rora, Secretary, who read them aloud. He who should ask why Melancholy sits,
On noblest natures and sublimest wits,
And why the soul that roams through flowery lands,
Where fairy wonders spring from fancy's hands,
Beholds this mortal world with shrouded eye,
And waives its glories and its pleasures by,—
Would, in the question which his words convey,
The soundest reason for the act display.
For lo! Time's hourly Temple wide outspread
Teems with memorials of th' immortal dead,
Uncounted trophies, won by daring arms,
O'erspread the walls, bedecked with sombre charms;
Mighty and pure, approach with god-like tread,
Those who for Science lived, for Freedom bled,
While awful silence veils th' undying train,
And waves her pinions o'er their broad domain.
Oh say! can he whose eye has once beheld
The unfading charms which deck the classic Eld,—
Can he who trends in thought that spell-bound shore
Lashed by the crested waves, that ceaseless roar,
Where from the ocean of the Past, arise
A thousand wrecks beneath those shadowy skies,
Can he for gain, desert that magic realm,
And leave his bark, with none to guide her helm?
The assembly received this admirable effort of the President with silent applause. Each visage lengthened, at least an inch, a deeper shade of gloom stole across the walls and the faces, and Mr. Dolor whispered that the lights burned blue. The appearance of Mr. Terrificus became really alarming, inasmuch that little Mr. Queror who was sitting near him, arose in a fright and moved to the side of the table directly opposite. The rain descended in torrents, distant thunders echoed as if the Black army was approaching, and the silence that prevailed in Gloomy hall, rendered it truly appalling.

After a short time Mr. Queror seemed to get into (what are called) the fidgets, and could not rest until he produced a piece of paper from his waistcoat

pocket. Having unfolded this, he remarked that although in following the worthy president, his own voice might sound as if were but that of a pelican in the wilderness, or a sparrow on the house top, he begged leave to read a small composition addressed to one of his friends. He then, to the great astonishment of that gentleman, commenced the following "Ode to Terrificus." At the end of each verse, Mr. Queror directed his eyes toward Mr. Terrificus, to see how he was pleased.

When wintry winds are blowing rough,
When times are hard, and beef is tough,
Then let me drink champagne or sherry
With thee my Terri:
How hard it is to find a soul,
Who can enjoy the moderate bowl?
But thou art very temperate, very
My lovely Terri:
Though melancholy reigns around,
In every sight, in every sound,
Yet thou appearest somewhat merry,
My cheerful Terri:
Of Beauty though, thou canst not boast,
At least, thou ne'er wilt be a toast,
Just fit to cross old Charon's ferry,
My ugly Terri:

Here the rage of Terrificus was such that he would have committed some desperate act, but just as he was rising, Mr. Queror slipped down into his chair, and a terrific flash of sheet lightning completely bewildered the faculties of all present. Each one shut his eyes in expectation of a stunning peal of thunder, and all unanimously sprung from their seats, when (as it was thought) the bolt came rolling into the door. But terror was changed into astonishment, when Mr. Furor was discovered, instead of the thunderbolt. That gentleman being belated, came rushing up stairs as if he was perfectly mad, and consequently stumbled over Cerberus who was sitting at the door, fast asleep. Mr. Furor fell sprawling on the floor, when Cerberus seized his feet, and Sphinx raising a yell caught him by the hair of the head. Strong efforts were immediately made for the rescue of Mr. Furor, which was finally accomplished. Just at that moment there was a barking in the street, and Sphinx sprung to the window with the intention of jumping out, which would certainly have killed him, but Cerberus seized him by the tail, and Mr. Furor grasped him by the ears, and such were their exertions to prevent Sphinx from committing suicide, that they nearly pulled him in twain. Another separation was effected to the great comfort of Sphinx, and order was restored.

Mr. Misericors remarked that Mr. Furor acted very strangely in thus injuring a dumb beast.

"Immortal Gods," cried Mr. Furor, "his hair extending six inches beyond his forehead,—guilty am I! Have I not saved a life? But such is virtue's reward. Cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war. Furor departs!"

Astonishment at such an untoward train of events was every where visible. Mr. Queror then stepped behind Mr. Terrificus, and speaking over that gentleman's shoulder, "moved that Mr. Furor be fined one dollar." Imagination cannot picture the appearance of Mr. Furor after this motion was made. A pale green colour began to settle on his face, and his hand was extending very suspiciously towards a large black book called "Striking facts," by which Mr. Terrificus was in a fair way to be knocked down when the President with his usual decision of character, adjourned the meeting. The members then interfered to stop the confusion which had thus unaccountably originated without any quarrel. The only serious consequence was, that Mr. Queror was carried home in a fainting fit.

RINGTALIA RORA.—Scribe.

Fresh Family Flour,
SUGAR, & C.
50 BBLs. and 30 half bbls. New York Canal FLOUR, 'Beach's red brand,' received per schooners Perseverance and Susan Mary.

—ALSO—
10 hhd's. St. Croix, P. Rico and N. O. Sugars.
90 bbls. do. do. St. Martins and N. O. do.
JOS. M. GRANADE & Co.
August 16, 1833.

NOTICE.
AT August Term, A. D. 1833, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Craven County, the subscriber qualified as Administrator to the estate of John Shaw, deceased—All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
JAMES HAYWARD, Adm'r.
Newbern, August 14th, 1833.

C. PARTNERSEN & Co.
THE subscribers having entered into Co-partnership in the Auction and Commission Business, in the City of Charleston, under the firm of GANTT & GIBBS, offer themselves to such persons as may be desirous of sending Merchandise or Produce to the Charleston Market for sale. No exertions will be wanting on their part to dispose of the same to the best advantage, and to make such returns as the consignors may direct.
MATHURIN G. GIBBS.
THOMAS J. GANTT.
Charleston, S. C. 25th July, 1833.
Reference to
M. E. MANLY, Esq. & Newbern, N. C.
Mr. SAMUEL SIMPSON, }

\$20 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the subscriber, on Sunday, the 14th July, a light mulatto girl named HARRIET, about 19 years old, and five feet high. She is stout built, has straight coarse hair, which she usually wears tucked up with a comb, large blue eyes, and a flesh mole on her right cheek. She had on a dark blue calico frock and white apron. Her mother living in New York, it is probable she will try to get to that place. Masters of vessels, and all others, are forewarned from harbouring, employing, or carrying her away under the penalty of the law.
SALMON HALL.
July 26th, 1833.