

Virginia Free Press

AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

VOL. XXIII.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1850.

NO. 37.

Wool and Winter Goods.
 Received at the store of the undersigned, a fresh supply of
SEASONABLE GOODS,
 including every description of useful
 and ornamental articles. They will be
 sold at such rates as cannot fail
 to be satisfactory.
 SAMUEL GIBSON.
 Harpers Ferry, Oct. 26, 1850.

WILLIAM ANDERSON
 on hand, and intends keeping a
 supply of wagon and cart harness;
 also, saddlery, to be sold
 at the lowest rates.

WANTED.
 A YOUNG MAN, who is an accomplished
 bookkeeper and good Accountant, who can
 give satisfactory testimonials of character.
 Such an one will find a good situation
 at retail store, by addressing a line
 to the undersigned, at his office,
 No. 12, 1830.

NEW MUSIC.
 We have just opened a large stock of
 new Piano Music.
CLEVELAND & CRAIGHILL.
 15, 1830.

NEW GOODS.
 We are now opening a large and desir-
 able stock of

NEW FALL GOODS.
 We have all the variety of style and
 color—all of which are disposed of to
 the most reduced prices.
CLEVELAND & CRAIGHILL.
 15, 1830.

TWILLED BAGS.
 We have just received, three hundred
 prime twilled Bags, which we are
 selling at very cheap prices.
CLEVELAND & CRAIGHILL.
 15, 1830.

EGHORN AND NAVARINO BONNETS.
 211 Licens, Flanders Sheeting,
 New style Gingham,
 &c. Furniture Dimity,
 &c. Crope Royal,
 &c. Cotton Hose,
 &c. and Gentlemen's superior Hoskin
 Gloves, &c.

WANTS. of every size, and a complete
 assortment of
Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Groceries,
 received and for sale by
GEO. W. HAMMOND.
 No. 18, 1830.

SALT AND FISH.
 Bushels ground alum Salt,
 Sacks fine do.
 Barrels MACKEREL,
 BT received and for sale by
CLEVELAND & CRAIGHILL.
 15, 1830.

CASTINGS.
 We have just received a large supply
 of Castings, consisting of 10, 17, and
 20 lb. Castings; Pots, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60,
 &c. of every kind; Skillets, with and
 out lids, assorted sizes; odd even
 various sizes; Ornaments, &c. &c.
TH. C. LANE & CO.
 No. 18, 1830.

HARRIS'S Balsamic Liquid Extract,
 the cure of Colds, Consumption, &c.
 This preparation is perfectly mild and
 harmless, and rarely fails to cure the
 obstinate cases of colds, whooping
 cough, croup, spitting of blood, and consump-
 tion. The proprietor has used it in a num-
 ber of cases within the last six months, with
 falling to produce, but in one instance,
 most salutary and beneficial effects.
 Following cases will illustrate its efficacy:
 A man about the age of forty, who had
 been afflicted with a violent cold, which threw him
 into a severe pulmonary affection. He made
 use of various remedies with little or no ef-
 fect. His strength rapidly declined, his
 cough became incessant and laborious, and
 with a short dry cough, and pain in
 his chest. He continued to grow worse,
 when his friends expected every mo-
 ment to see him in the melancholy scene
 which he had just described. He made use
 of some of this Balsamic preparation.
 His cough soon became relieved, his
 pain left his chest, and in a short time
 he was entirely restored to health. The
 use of this preparation is a tea-spoonful
 a day. It is better to take it in a wine
 glass of slippery-elm tea or gum arabic
 tea.

The above Extract can be obtained
 of the undersigned, at his office,
 No. 18, 1830.

JAMES BROWN.

PUBLIC SALE.
 Pursuance of a decree of the County
 Court of Jefferson, rendered at March
 term, 1826, will be offered for sale, at the
 Court House in Charlestown, on Monday
 15th day of November next,
ONE ACRE OF LAND,
 in which is erected a comfortable farm
 building, usually known as the Parsonage
 of a few years since occupied by the
 Rev. Alexander Jones. Terms, one third
 in hand, one third in six, and the remainder
 in twelve months. Possession will be given on
 the 1st day of April; and such title will be
 conveyed as is vested in the subscriber as
 trustee, whenever the purchase money is
 paid or satisfactorily secured.
ELIZABETH WHITING,
 Trustee.

FREE PRESS.
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
JOHN S. GALLAHER.

CONDITIONS.
 The Free Press is published weekly, at
TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CTS.
 PER ANNUM,
 payable in advance; but Two Dollars
 will be received for the first number, and
 the balance in advance. Should payment be
 entirely deferred until the end of the year,
 Five Dollars will be invariably charged.

POETICAL.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER.
LAFAYETTE.

At the present moment, 'tis from this spot
 of America occupies so glorious a position on
 the theatre of the world—when he has been hailed
 by his compatriots as the father of his own country,
 and recognized by admiring millions as the illu-
 strious and triumphant apostle of human rights in
 two hemispheres, the following extract from a
 beautiful poem on his birth-day, written a few
 years ago, by **DIANE BAYAN**, Esq., of Alton, Ala.,
 cannot fail to be acceptable to your readers.

"While yet the bloom of boyhood flushed his
 cheek,
 And courtly honors clustered round his brow,
 His heart in yon vale firm, in virtue's track,
 A freedom's champion, followed his great name."
 And scorned the fame that feeds on human weakness,
 His view the pointed from her cloudless height
 To where our fathers, on the rugged field,
 Were battling with the pride of England's might,
 And many a noble eye in death was sealed;
 As there he saw the crimson terrors roll,
 Colossal victims flashed upon his soul!

A world for human happiness designed,
 He through the battle whirlwind fierce beheld;
 No more the arms of love that round him twined,
 Nor patriot passion that his bosom swelled,
 To Gallia's precincts could his soul restrain,
 He broke from love—from France—and crossed the main.

Here long he toiled with Freedom's chosen band,
 Here deeds of glorious splendor crowned his fame;
 His generous blood was shed to save our land,
 And beauty blessed, and beauty hoped his name!
 His bounty hushed the orphan's mournful cry,
 And soothed the pang that burd'ned misfortune's sigh.

Columbia, thou may well thy birth-day hail
 With thankful heart, with joyous pomp and song,
 While sons from fathers learn the inspiring tale
 That shall from age to age thy virtues bring.
 His fame, still brightening with the sweep of time,
 While earth revolves, shall shine through every clime.

What thought upon his death-day native France
 The trace of tyrant footsteps still is seen,
 And there's a solemn grove with withering gloom,
 O'er struggling genius rear the porgon stone,
 There yet the truth by her great patriot taught,
 Shall melt the chains that bind the wing of thought!

The time ere long shall come, when Freedom's
 voice
 O'er Gallia's fragrant vine-wreathed hills shall
 rise,
 On this her people's proudest day rejoice,
 And pour thanksgivings through her radiant
 skies.

Then, Lafayette! then shall thy glory stand
 The loftiest monument of all her land!

The spirit of prophecy which animates these
 noble stanzas, is not less remarkable than the
 glowing poetry which adorns them. Numerous
 are the grateful writers of this country who have
 celebrated the virtues and labors of Lafayette,
 but none, we believe, has done so in our country
 the patriotic bard of the Polemian, who poured
 forth the beautiful Ode from which we have taken
 the foregoing stanzas, excels them all.

X. Y. Z.

POPULAR TALES.

From a new work by JAMES LAWSON, Esq.
FLORA MACDONALD.

Born in the year 1750, in a remote
 and obscure part of the island of
 Scotland, she was the daughter of a
 poor fisherman, and was educated
 in the most simple and un-
 sophisticated manner.

In the evening of the same day, I
 crossed Loch Criv, and arrived at
 a small village, where I found
 contained a few cottages, which skirted
 the shores of that beautiful sheet of
 water, built in all the simplicity of un-
 sophisticated architecture.

On the beach, I saw a number of fishermen,
 repairing their nets, or bating their
 "long lines," for the next day's labour;
 high and dry, boats of various sizes
 and descriptions lay around. At the
 cottage doors, matrons and maids were
 engaged in spinning, or in other domestic
 occupations; none were idle—all
 were industrious. The loch was wave-
 less, the black buoys of the herring
 nets floated on the waters, describing
 a beautiful and regular line, and seemed
 to stain on its glassy bosom, like those
 made on the snow-white lily by care-
 less insect, in angry mood.

At a short distance, I saw the spire
 of the village church, peering above the
 willow, elm, and cypress trees, which
 surrounded it. I had always an in-
 ward veneration for the houses of God,
 and a desire to view their site and
 structure. I therefore went thither
 while supper was preparing. The
 Church was an unostentatious quad-
 rangular building, the walls formed of
 the rough mountain granite, white
 washed; its conical roof, which seem-
 ed recently thatched, with its little
 belfry, all had an air of simplicity and
 devotion, for which I have often look-
 ed in vain amongst the stately edifices
 of rich and populous cities. In the
 burying ground, encircled with a
 wooden fence, and pointed in the usual
 manner of the country, I discovered a
 few head-stones of white gypsum; on
 some were inscribed a simple epitaph,
 while many only recorded the name
 and age of the tenant beneath. In the
 north corner, I marked a small spot of
 ground, surrounded by a black pointed
 railing, figured with white tears, bones
 and skulls. No tomb stone was there,
 but in the centre, on a little mound,
 grew a rose bush, on which only one
 bud opened its white and delicate
 flower. I approached it, and gazed
 awhile, and a deep feeling of sorrow,

and many conjectures, crowded my
 mind, which created a strong curiosity
 to learn the history of the grave. At
 length I described a venerable old lady,
 who lived in the deepest seclusion, and
 advancing with slow and silent step;
 her eyes so intently fixed upon the
 ground, as if she saw nothing around,
 but walked instinctively on her path;
 it seemed as if all the world were
 within her bosom, and, as if no exte-
 rnal object could afford her a moment's
 abstraction. Deep grief was imprinted
 on every feature of her face—her
 pale and haggard cheek, showed the
 signs of sorrowing long and late.

When she had nearly reached me, I
 stepped aside, with all the kindness of
 feeling, which in man is natural for a
 fellow being in affliction. I could not
 disturb her sorrowful meditations.
 Slowly she continued to advance, and
 when she reached the enclosed and
 hallowed spot, carefully opened a lit-
 tle grate and entered. She knelt, and
 kissed the green sward; I saw the big
 tear drops gushing over her pallid
 cheek, and watering the sweet rose-
 bush. Now she raised her eyes and
 hands to heaven, as if in prayer; I
 heard not one articulate sound, but
 now and then a low, but bitter sob,
 broke the stillness of the scene, and
 imagination seemed to tell me, it
 sounded "Flora!" After being awhile
 engaged in this pious and sorrowful
 office, she retired with the same mourn-
 ful steps, as she advanced, quite un-
 conscious that any eye, save heaven's,
 had seen her supplications.

A thousand thoughts crowded my
 mind—of sorrowful maternal affection—
 pure, yet hopeless love—withered
 hopes—ruined fame, and broken heart.
 The sun had now set; twilight threw
 her dusky mantle over the scene, and
 external nature wore the sombre hue
 of my own mind, which informed me
 it was time to return to the village inn.

I found my hostess, like most of her
 calling, a garrulous old woman, and
 conversant with all the events of the
 parish for ten miles round; I there-
 fore took a favorable opportunity to in-
 quire the history of the grave, which
 interested me so deeply. At my re-
 quest, her eye lit up, and her whole
 countenance beamed with joy, that an opor-
 tunity was afforded her to display her
 knowledge and eloquence. Without
 prelude, with careless heart and cal-
 lous tone, with which my feelings and
 the occasion ill comported, she told me
 the story. It was a simple one, and
 probably a similar one has come with-
 in the circle of each of my reader's
 knowledge. I do not offer it as a novel,
 but merely because it interested me
 so deeply, and being sketched in my
 port folio, I transcribe it here. In sub-
 stance it was as follows:

The grave was Flora MacDonald's,
 the only child and comfort of a widow
 mother. She was an innocent and
 virtuous girl, who had been educated
 in the most simple and un-
 sophisticated manner.

Her father had been a merchant of
 eminence in the city, but dying un-
 timely, his affairs were so carelessly
 managed, that, although he
 considered himself rich, his estate re-
 realized so small a pittance, that his wife
 and daughter, finding themselves un-
 able to support the rank in which they
 had been accustomed to move, retired
 soon after his death to the Clachan,
 for economy. Flora loved, and was
 beloved by a young gentleman, whose
 name I did not learn, of a poor but ho-
 nourable family. Their marriage was
 postponed from time to time, for he
 was unable to support the rank in which
 he lived, and which he would be obliged
 to live. A situation of profit, how-
 ever, was offered to him in the West
 Indies, by which he had every prospect
 of acquiring, in a few years, a hand-
 some competency; with the knowledge
 and consent of his love, he accepted it,
 and soon after bade her farewell, with
 the strongest professions of eternal
 constancy. He embarked. A few
 months after, Flora received a letter
 from him, couched in the most affec-
 tionate language, announcing his ar-
 rival and flattering prospects, and
 warmly reiterating his promises of fi-
 delity. He continued an attentive
 correspondent a few months longer;
 at length his letters arrived less fre-
 quently, were shorter, and couched in
 a less affectionate style. Reports were
 abroad, but Flora put no faith in them,
 she would not mistrust him, whom she
 loved so dearly; her own heart being
 loyal, she could not doubt his truth.

A long silence, however, created
 strange forebodings in her mind; and
 at last, she wrote, entreating him in
 the purest and sincerest terms, to ex-
 plain the cause of his remissness. It
 was such a letter as a virtuous and in-
 nocent girl would write; it contained
 not a word of upbraiding—it formed a
 thousand excuses for his silence—it
 breathed fears for health, but not a
 word of faithlessness. The answer
 came—alas! it came too soon; it told

that interest the most important, and
 prospect the most brilliant, had induc-
 ed him to wed a planter's daughter;
 he prayed for forgiveness, intreat-
 ed her to seek a mother's object, and
 she might bestow her love, and prayed
 that she might soon find such an one,
 with whom she might live long, peace-
 fully and happily, and concluded with
 strong professions of eternal friend-
 ship. From the hour Flora received
 that letter, it is said she never had a
 rational moment, but discovered loud
 and long, strange and incoherent
 things. O how the mother looked up-
 on the wreck of all her daughter's love!

No disease seemed to prey
 upon her, yet, day by day, her cheek
 grew paler, and her frame weaker; she
 wasted slowly away, like a beautiful
 flower. I need not add more of the
 sequel, than to say she died a broken-
 hearted maniac.

Earth could impart
 No balm to heal the broken heart.
 She was buried in the grave of which
 I have spoken; her mother planted the
 rose-bush there, and morning and evening
 visited the hallowed spot.

VARIETY.

BISHOP CHRYSTIE.—There is some-
 thing truly christian and apostolical in
 the following anecdote of the venerable
 clergyman referred to, who is well
 remembered as for several years the
 Pastor of the Catholics of Boston, in
 Massachusetts.

"Archbishop Chrystie, who partici-
 pated in the downfall of Charles X.
 has made the following declaration:—
 "Without approving of the exclusion
 pronounced against the Pope named
 by Charles X., I am rejoiced to find
 my political career at an end, and I
 have taken a firm resolution not again
 to recommence it, by not accepting of
 any place or office. I desire to remain
 in the middle of my flock; and con-
 tinue to practise as a minister of char-
 ity, of union, and peace. I preach sub-
 mission to the Government, set the
 example, and shall continue to do so,
 and my clergy and myself pray with
 our flock for the prosperity of our
 dear country. I am more and more
 attached to the inhabitants of Bos-
 ton."

I am thankful for the friend-
 ship they express towards me. The
 wish of my heart is to live and die
 in the midst of them; but without other
 titles than those of their Archbishop
 and their friend."

The Address to the Citizens of Bos-
 ton, which was delivered on the 17th
 ult. by the distinguished President of
 Harvard University, Mr. Quincy, has
 been issued in a handsome pamphlet,
 and will be read with fond interest by
 every son of New England. The sub-
 joined passage of the conclusion de-
 serves to be recorded in every memo-
 rial.

The great comprehensive truths,
 written in letters of light on every
 page of our history—the language ad-
 dressed by every past age of New
 England to all future ages, is this:—
 Human happiness has no perfect secu-
 rity, but freedom; freedom none but
 virtue; virtue none but knowledge;—
 and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor
 knowledge, has any vigor, or immortal
 glory, except in the principles of the
 Christian faith; and the sanctions of
 the Christian Religion."

Abuse.—Cato the Censor, being
 scurrilously treated by a fellow who
 had a licentious and dissolute life, he
 contended, "said he; between me and thee
 is very unequal; for thou canst hear
 ill language with ease and return it
 with pleasure; but as for my part, it
 is unusual for me to hear it, and dis-
 agreeable to speak it."

Sailor's Epitaph.—The child of the
 Ocean; I was cradled by its trem-
 bling billows; the winter's storm howl-
 ed my lullaby; educated with the son-
 g of Neptune, the deck was my school-
 room, and the masts and yards my
 gymnasium poles; trained to deeds of
 dreadful daring, the bugle and battle-
 cry were the summons to glory, and
 victory the height of my ambition; but
 strained by hard service, decayed,
 and somewhat worn-out, I have ta-
 ken my last departure—arrived safe in
 the harbor, and moored, head and
 stern, for the last time forever. Here
 I shall remain, under the care of an
 able ship's husband, till the resurrec-
 tion gun disturbs my long quiet, and
 the trumpet of heaven calls all hands
 to quarters.

Smyndrides of Sabyris, a Greek
 dandy, of the olden time, could not
 sleep because of a rose leaf double un-
 der him; as he lay on his couch, and
 complained that the sight of a laborer,
 making great exertions, gave him the
 stomach-ache.

DOMESTIC.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

We mentioned in our last, that sentence of
 death was pronounced on Monday last, upon
 Thomas Griffin Thornton, Esq. We have been
 favoured with the remarks which his Honor,
 Judge Brockenbrough, made upon the occasion,
 and lay them before the reader. We learn from
 good authority, that Young requested the Judge
 to excuse the conduct possible for pardon on
 your sins, and ask forgiveness for your
 iniquities.

And it now becomes my sad duty to
 pronounce the solemn sentence of the
 law. The judgment of the court is,
 that you be returned to the jail from
 whence you came; that you remain
 there till the day of execution—that
 on Friday the 26th day of November
 next, you be carried to the gallows,
 and that between the hours of 9 o'
 clock in the morning and 3 in the af-
 ternoon of that day, you be hung by
 the neck until you are DEAD! And
 may Almighty God have mercy on
 your soul, pardon, and forgive you!

The indefatigable President and Di-
 rectors of the Petersburg Rail Road,
 have lost no time in commencing the
 preliminary operations of this im-
 portant work. Yesterday (Oct. 26) Lieut.
 Gwynn, who is associated with Mon-
 cure Robinson, Esq., the principal en-
 gineer, began the survey of the route
 of the contemplated road; and, from
 his ability and industry, we look to a
 speedy and satisfactory completion of
 this preliminary step. When that is
 done, and we shall have obtained those
 facilities which we have a right to ex-
 pect, if not to require, from the state
 legislature, the day is not distant when
 the work will be put under contract,
 and the road commenced and com-
 pleted in the shortest possible period of
 time. The first spadeful of earth that
 is removed, preparatory to the begin-
 ning of this important undertaking,
 will infuse a life and joy and animation
 and bustle, in our town, which we have
 not experienced for many years.

SENTENCE.

An important case of your country
 has been declared, by their verdict, that
 you are guilty of the murder of your
 neighbor, THOMAS GRIFFIN THORNTON.
 The evidence against you was dis-
 tinct—clear, and irresistible. No hu-
 man eye saw the flash of your musket,
 when fired the first time; no human
 eye, save only that of the disabled, and
 perhaps, the victim of your hostil-
 ity, witnessed the second discharge
 of the fatal weapon. And though two
 of your neighbors, at the distance of a
 mile, heard the loud report of your
 gun, twice-told, and were started at
 the unusual sounds, they could not
 and did not know, till afterwards, that
 they issued from a source so deadly.
 There was no positive evidence against
 you, yet you are convicted; convicted
 without hesitation! And is, in common
 with the jury, do you declare that I
 am as perfectly assured of your guilt,
 as if it had been proved to me by cre-
 ditable witnesses, who had seen the
 deed. Little did you suppose that a
 rag of quilted cloth, less than two in-
 ches square, found in the road, within
 thirty yards of the body of the mur-
 dered man, would have furnished a clue
 to the discovery of his assassin! Little
 did you suppose that a fact so trivial
 would bring to light other numerous
 circumstances, tending irresistibly to
 a conviction of your guilt! But such are
 the mysterious workings of Provi-
 dence! So difficult, so almost impos-
 sible, does it seem that the most secret
 crime can be committed without leav-
 ing some vestige by which detection
 will ensue.

The circumstances of this case prove,
 without doubt, that you are the mur-
 derer of Thornton—that you waylaid
 him—that you placed yourself behind a
 covert, where you could see him rid-
 ing; yourself concealed from him;
 that after he had passed you, with your
 musket loaded with buckshot, you
 fired—that you killed the horse and
 disabled the rider—one of the fatal shot
 having struck his hip and another
 his leg. Did not the groans and the
 agony of the dying animal disturb you?
 Did not the prostrate condition of the
 wounded man move you? Oh, No!—
 You deliberately reloaded your mus-
 ket, but with smaller shot—there he
 lay—motionless. Did he not in that
 position, by the look of his agonized
 countenance, implore you to save his life?
 Did he not entreat you to permit him once more
 to see his wife and children? You
 had no mercy. In a few minutes, you
 again fired at him—the fatal shot cut-
 ting his side, and his forehead. He
 lay a corpse before you.

And what are the consequences of
 this dreadful tragedy?—By one fatal
 deed you have deprived a wife of her
 husband, ten children of their father,
 your country of an excellent officer,
 society of an honest and valuable mem-
 ber. But cruel as has been your con-
 duct to the family of the deceased,
 much more cruel have you been to
 yourself. To the family of Thornton,
 there is some consolation left; he has
 been in the same good name; to
 them is accorded the sympathy of every
 feeling heart.

What consolation is left to your wife
 and children? By them the cup of bit-
 terness will be exhausted. The vio-
 lated laws of your country, the sacred
 rights of humanity, the protection and
 safety of society, require that your life
 shall be the sacrifice for this deed of
 blood. When the judgment of the
 law shall have been carried into effect,
 you will have witnessed your wife,
 brought to the gray hairs of your aged
 mother to the grave, rendered your
 children fatherless, and given to them
 disgrace as an inheritance.

It is not my purpose, by stating to
 you the horror of the scene in which
 you were engaged, or the consequen-
 ces of your act, to wound or insult
 your feelings—far from it. I wish you
 to turn your mind back on itself—to
 reflect on your conduct, and then to
 think of the future.

You have but a short time to live—
 From this world you have nothing to
 expect. Cherish not the vain hope
 that you can obtain forgiveness from
 men, or mercy from any earthly tribu-
 nal. The stain of your brother's
 blood is on you, and every man's hand
 is against you."

From this time forward, endeavor to
 make your peace with God; look up
 to Him as your only friend; repent,
 seriously repent, of this monstrous
 crime; implore pardon for pardon on
 your sins, and ask forgiveness for your
 iniquities.

And it now becomes my sad duty to
 pronounce the solemn sentence of the
 law. The judgment of the court is,
 that you be returned to the jail from
 whence you came; that you remain
 there till the day of execution—that
 on Friday the 26th day of November
 next, you be carried to the gallows,
 and that between the hours of 9 o'
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 ning of this important undertaking,
 will infuse a life and joy and animation
 and bustle, in our town, which we have
 not experienced for many years.

The heir of Mr. FRANCIS LEE, (Mr.
 Joseph Lee, jr.'s father,) of Boston, has
 presented to the M'Lane Asylum for
 the Insane, the sum of twenty thou-
 sand dollars, subject to an annual de-
 duction of \$250 for four years, to be
 paid to Dr. Rufus Wyman, the physi-
 cian and superintendent of the estab-
 lishment. Mr. Lee, the deceased,
 was a native of this country, and
 the asylum, and his father believes that
 no more appropriate use could be made
 of his property, than that which should
 reward the devotion of the excellent
 director of the institution, and increase
 the means of doing good, which the di-
 rectors already possess.—[U. S. Gaz.

Western enterprise.—An expedition
 has for some time past been fitting out
 at St. Louis, Missouri, destined on an
 excursion among the Rocky Mountains.
 Upwards of seventy men are engaged
 in the venture, who, it is calculated,
 will be gone a year, and travel two
 thousand miles into the interior, pri-
 vately, and without the aid of the
 party can move in wagons, a mode of
 transportation never before used.

FOREIGN.

IMPORTANT FROM COLOMBIA.

The editors of the New York Jour-
 nal of Commerce have received Car-
 thagena papers to Sept. 8th, and Bogota
 dates to August 28th, by way of
 Jamaica and Havana. Their con-
 tents are highly

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

Several late arrivals at New York have brought floods of intelligence, and much of it of a very important character. We have not room for all the details, but have only selected the most striking items.

Prince Talleyrand arrived at Dover on the evening of the 24th of September, by the Cruiser packet, from Calais. He was received by a guard of honor, under Col. Gossett, the rifle corps, and the principal officers of the port. There were some thousands of spectators to greet him on his arrival. He had a very bad passage over, of 7 hours. He disembarked in his carriage, and went to the Ship Hotel. He was expected in London on Saturday evening the 23th.

A private letter from Dresden states that the government of Saxony has formally refused Charles X. the request which that ex-King made to establish himself in that country.

Count Montebello, the Envoy Extraordinary from Louis Philip, had received a most gracious reception from Ferdinand.

We learn from Bayonne, that some soldiers of the garrison of St. Sebastian have deserted, and crossed the frontiers to join their compatriots.

Madrid, Sept. 10.—Letters from Catalonia say that the popular insurrection at Tarragona has been put down by the troops. Desertion to a considerable extent has taken place among the troops sent to the frontiers against the Constitutionalists. Three persons must not walk and talk together in the streets of Barcelona. No man must be out after eight o'clock, and at that hour the theatres and coffee houses are closed. Scarcely a day passes but some unfortunate being falls a victim to political opinions. Mina, accompanied by several Englishmen, is to enter Spain by Bayonne.

MISCELLANEOUS. The Journal du Loir of the 23d says, "It is reported that Don Miguel has fled from Lisbon, and retired into Spain."

The remains of Mr. Huskisson were interred at Liverpool on the 24th of September. His funeral was attended by several thousand inhabitants.

Mr. Brummell (the ex-king of the dandies) has been appointed Consul at Caen, in pursuance of an expressed wish of his late Majesty George IV. to serve him on the first favorable occasion.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL, WITH HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS.

The London packet ship Corinthian has arrived at New York, with dates from England down to the evening of the 30th of September, presenting accounts of a BLOODY CONFLICT AT BRUSSELS—COMMOTIONS AT OSTEND, BRUGES, GHEENT, &c.

The Civil War in Belgium.

There has been a six days' irregular battle in Brussels, at times raging furiously, and ending by the withdrawal of the King's troops, after much bloodshed on both sides, and a vast destruction of property. One account supposes that not less than 2000 had fallen victims to this civil war. The troops were withdrawn on the 27th of Sept., taking up a position at Diephem, but with a view, probably, of falling back upon Antwerp. The accounts of the different parties are somewhat variant; the insurgents claim to have compelled the King's troops to retreat, and to have taken possession of the city, by any other means than a bombardment, which would have caused the destruction of that property which it was the professed object of the troops to preserve from threatened pillage by the populace, and the sacrifice of loyal as well as disloyal subjects. Prince Frederick took the only course which was left to him, consistently with honor, and the desire to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood, and withdrew his army to a distance of two leagues from the capital, there to await the decision of the government as to future operations.

The conduct of the populace proves that they are directed by experienced officers. At their head, in the capacity of commander-in-chief, is Juan Van Halen, a Spaniard of Belgic origin, whose sufferings from the Inquisition in Spain, have rendered his name familiar in Europe. It is no longer, therefore, the turbulence of an unrestrained, undisciplined, and inconsiderate mob, but the rebellion of the mass, organized by men of military talents, and actuated by motives of personal hostility. A provisional government had been established, and the breach between Belgium and Holland now seems irreparable. Should Prussia interfere, as is apprehended, to subdue the Belgians, it would be impossible, we think, for the government of France to restrain that nation from an immediate co-operation with them.

Louvain has also been attacked by the King's troops, and the latter have been defeated.

From La Belge, Sept. 29.

Brussels, Sept. 28.—Among the persons who have fallen victims to the fury of the Dutch soldiers, we may mention Lord Bantyre, who was killed in his hotel in the Rue Royale. It was on the 24th, when the citizens made themselves masters of that hotel, that he met his death. We are assured that Lord Bantyre was a general officer in the English service. His family, con-

There is great reason to fear that the next accounts will be of a deplorable and momentous kind.

Disturbances in Berlin.

There have been disturbances in Berlin of a more serious character than the official Gazette of the Government was allowed to publish. A letter from Frankfurt says— "It was not merely an assemblage of journeymen tailors, but a meeting of persons of various professions, who loudly call for the Constitution, promised in 1814. The armed force received orders to fire upon the crowd; the troops of the line refused, it is said, to act against their fellow citizens, but the Royal Guards executed the orders; 60 individuals were killed or wounded. The crowd in dispersing, loudly demanded the Constitution. The same letter adds that new riots had broken out at Heese Cassel, and that the Elector had been fired at in his carriage; he is said to have been wounded."

ALBANIAN INSURRECTION—BLOODY MASSACRE.

The Insurrection in Albania is far from being quelled. And a deed of treachery and blood has been created, signalling in atrocity, and very much resembling, the massacre of the Bays at Cairo, many years since, by Ali Pacha of Egypt. It seems that the Vizier, at his head quarters, and his son in the Castle of Yanina, had by stratagem got the Basia of the Albanians and his son into their possession. They were made to believe that money had been received from the Porte to settle all arrears of pay, and after the most flattering promises, the Basia, with some officers, were deluded into the headquarters of the Vizier, and at the same time the son, with some chiefs and five hundred men, was decoyed into the Castle of Yanina. The Albanians have vowed to revenge the treacherous murder of their chiefs and comrades. All that now remains of Yanina is the castle; 15,000 Albanians sacked and reduced the city to ashes. Among the chiefs who fell victims to their imprudence, Schabanege, Astandi, and Keliko Jace, are the most distinguished.

FROM FRANCE—IMPORTANT.

Paris papers are to the 27th Sept. inclusive. There is a paragraph in the Temps of this date, respecting a rumored note to the French government, by some of the Great Powers of Europe, which, if authentic, is of great interest. It is said they have requested the concurrence of the French government, to garrison the fortresses of the Netherlands with Prussian troops. The reply is stated not to have transpired; but if we are to believe our correspondent, who is so situated as to be acquainted with the general views of the French Cabinet, the intervention of Prussia in the affairs of the Netherlands will not be submitted to by the French ministry, whose view of policy and correctness on this subject would not prevail against the national feeling, and that their own safety would be compromised by adopting the principle recommended to them by the Great Powers. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this report, but in the present state of France it is but too probable.

A sitting of the society called Friends of the People, was announced for the previous evening, notwithstanding a condition which was attached to the meeting, that no more meetings should be held in the National Guard, who refused admission to its members. The position of things in Paris was uneasy. An anticipated rupture among the ministers had broken out, and was partially quieted. The most dangerous question agitated, was the accusation of the Ex-Ministers. It was thought it would now be impossible to save them.

In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 28th, the articles of accusation were successively voted by large majorities, impeaching the ministers with high treason. The highest total number of votes was 307.

Wings of the Dove.

On the 26th of September, in consequence of the proceedings at Brussels, the populace of Bruges rose and hoisted the national colors. The Burgers, to prevent a conflict between the troops and the people, subsequently exerted themselves to maintain tranquillity, and on promising to preserve order, induced the commandant to withdraw his troops, and to proceed with them to Ostend. There is a report that the people of Ath have made themselves masters of the fortifications, and that the troops laid down their arms. It is added that the same thing took place at Tournay.

ONE DAY LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the packet ship Britania, Capt. Marshall, at New York from Liverpool, the Commercial Advertiser has received London papers of the 1st of October, and Liverpool of the 3d.

The London Morning Chronicle of the 1st October contains the following important paragraph: "The revolt is now general throughout the whole of Belgium. The troops of the King amounted only to 44,000 at the beginning, and of these the far greater part must be Belgians. But were the army three what it is, it is quite impossible for it to make head against a whole population in a state of revolt." According to the accounts from Rotterdam, received last night,

the troops retiring from Brussels on the 27th, were met by the King's army, and fell upon the people, who massacred the advanced guard. Antwerp is stated to have risen, and Ghent is probably by this time in possession of the Belgian forces. The King can have nothing to oppose this torrent. If he succeeds in getting the Dutch portion of his troops safe back to Holland, he may esteem himself so far fortunate. As for the Belgians, they will probably be left to their own devices.

The rejoicings among the people of Antwerp and Amsterdam, were general; but under the expectation that fresh reinforcements would be sent against Brussels, the most active preparations continued to be made by the inhabitants for a defence. If we are to credit the accounts from Antwerp, the King, who had been much indisposed, had refused three times to sign the order for the whole power of the artillery to be directed against Brussels, by which so many lives would be lost, and so much property destroyed; seeing, however, that such a measure was indispensable, it is said he had overcome his scruples, and that before the advice left Antwerp, the artillery with a large body of troops, were leaving the place on their way to Brussels, to recommence the attack. Another account from Antwerp, written in great haste, as the mail was about to be sent off, says, that the military there had refused to act against the Brussels. According to a proclamation, issued by order of Prince Frederick, after the retreat, and dated from head quarters, the troops under his command might have retained possession of Brussels from the moment they entered, if he had brought the whole power of the artillery against it.

There was a report in London, on the evening of the 30th, that an Armistice, to last for three days, had been agreed upon by the contending parties at Brussels. Although something of this sort is noticed in one or two of the private communications from Antwerp, had it been true, so important a fact must have transpired from a variety of other quarters.

Some of the accounts estimate the whole number of killed and wounded in the tumult at Brussels at upwards of 7000. They concur in representing the Dutch troops as guilty of the greatest excesses. Among other instances, it is stated that after killing an English woman, they bore her infant on a bayonet through their ranks.

At Liege, the populace are complete masters. The Governor, Mr. Sandberg, had fled, and a Provincial commission had been appointed for the maintenance of order.

At Malines, attempts had been made to excite the people to revolt, and to disarm the troops, who kept under arms day and night. Great riots had taken place at Tirlemont, and the Burgomaster, it was reported, had been murdered.

In Brussels, seven women and children assisted the people, the former by throwing stones, the latter by cutting the girths of the cavalry.

GERMANY.—Symptoms of agitation have begun to manifest themselves in Hanover.

At Brunswick, 67 agitators had been arrested, and tranquillity was restored.

RUSSIA.—There is no news from Moscow. A letter from Petersburg, dated the 27th, says that morbus was prevailing to a most alarming extent in some of the southern cantons. There does not appear to have been any foundation for the Frankfurt letter writer's story of an insurrection in St. Petersburg. The rumor probably grew out of the discontented proceedings at Frankfurt.

LONDON, OCT. 1.

On Wednesday the Duke of Wellington gave a grand dinner to Prince Talleyrand.

A private letter from Paris says— "To-day every one is talking of a war with Prussia! Is the King of Prussia, then, weak enough to attack Belgium when Berlin is in revolt, and the Belgians preparing to invade France?"

We are enabled to confirm the account of the defection of the troops at Ostend. On Tuesday night there was a rising of the populace, when all the troops in garrison, amounting to from 1,500 to 2,000 men, marched out of their quarters, assembled in the Grand Place, and to a man laid down their arms.

TOULON, SEPT. 21.—Letters from Alexandria, in Piedmont, say that the greatest fermentation prevails in all Lombardy, and several little villages have given the signal of insurrection. This little rising, we are assured, was quelled on the arrival of some troops who were sent to the spot; but all this only preserves apparent tranquillity, and the slightest pretext will suffice to make such events more general. The new French Charter, which contains all possible elements of order and ability, will soon become the political compact of all the nations of Europe.

STILL LATER.

Since the foregoing details were copied, two other arrivals at New York have brought a mass of intelligence. We have room for only a few extracts.

THE NETHERLANDS.

It is said that the King of Naples has determined upon giving a new Constitution to his subjects.

A letter from Paris, in a Havre paper, says that it was reported that England and Prussia would probably come to an arrangement in relation to the Low Countries, by giving Belgium to the reigning branch of Saxony.

PARIS, Sept. 29.—The Telegraph has this day announced the news that it was posted over all Brussels that the House of Orange had ceased to reign.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The independence of Belgium was declared at Brussels on the 4th of October. The following is the decree: "The Central Committee taking into consideration; that it is necessary to arrange the future state of Belgium, decrees:

Art. 1. The Provinces of Belgium, violently separated from Holland, shall constitute an independent state.

Art. 2. The Central Committee shall accede to the constitution as soon as possible, with a view to the interests of the provinces to be represented.

Art. 3. A National Congress shall be convoked, in which the interests of the provinces are to be represented. It shall be their duty to examine the project of a Belgian constitution, and modify it in such manner as they may deem advisable, and cause it to be executed, as a definite constitution, in all parts of Belgium.

Brussels, Oct. 4, 1830. De Potter, Ch. Rogier, Sylvain Van de Weyer, Comte Felix de Merode.

FROM GERMANY.

Troubles continued in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt. Bands of from four to five hundred men overran the country, committing devastations. All the troops were out, and skirmishes occurred daily. The insurgents seemed bent only on putting down all order and authority. They attacked all the public functionaries and the custom houses.

SPAIN.

Reported insurrection.—The Temps, of Oct. 8, gives a letter from Madrid, of Sept. 27, which says, "News has reached here that the inhabitants and garrison of Cadiz, have proclaimed the Constitutional Government."

DE ALGERIE.

A letter from Italy, under date of Pisa, Sept. 5, says: "The Dey of Algiers (who it is probable will meet with more sympathy and even respect in his exile than Charles X.) will positively take up his residence in Leghorn. His agent there had purchased two houses for himself and suite, and we daily expect his arrival."

THE NEW ORLEANS MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

The States that a duel was fought on the 11th ult. which resulted in the death of one of the combatants. The origin of the duel was a quarrel about a horse race for five dollars!

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND HIS RETURN TO TENNESSEE.

The Secretary of War and his family returned to Washington on Saturday evening the 30th ult. from his visit to Tennessee.

ROMNEY, VA. OCT. 30.

last, a negro boy, belonging to Mr. [Name], residing in [Name], [Name], [Name], in this county, was instantly killed by a shock of lightning, whilst engaged at ploughing in the field. The horse fell, but soon recovered.

Another Boiler Burst.

The steamboat Ohio, plying on Lake Erie, burst her boiler last week, between Dunkirk and Buffalo, but it being in the lower part of the boiler, the persons on board fortunately escaped injury.

Steamboat Disaster.—Warning from the Cincinnati Commercial Advertiser.

of Oct. 30, that the steamboat Neptune, from St. Louis, bound to New Orleans, with a cargo of lead and two keelboats in tow, struck upon a snag and sunk in thirty feet water, at the mouth of the Ohio, in so short a time that the crew and passengers had not an opportunity of saving their clothes or baggage. The keel boats were cut adrift just in time to prevent their sinking with her; and on them were saved the lives of the crew and passengers, who must otherwise have perished.

WASHINGTON, GEO. OCT. 25.

College burnt.—We lament to state that Franklin College, in Athens, has been burnt, and that the library has been destroyed.

We understand that, after the first of January next, a regular Line of Stages will commence running three times a week between this place and Leesburg, Loudoun county, Va.

Camden and Anby Rail Road.—On Saturday week, the Directors of this Road Company commenced the operations of excavation and embankment on the line of the road, in the vicinity of Camden.

MR. RANDOLPH.

Before copying, last week, the article from the National Intelligencer, we had not stated some time. But knowing, from Mr. R.'s eccentricity, that there was nothing very improbable in the thing, our scruples yielded. We copy below, under articles in reference to that gentleman, and feel pleasure in doing justice to his character, having always admired his talents. We are sorry to find his health in such a depressed state; but the results now expected, we might have been expected, at the time of his appointment.

Extract of a letter, dated Washington, Nov. 20: "You have seen the attack which has been made upon Mr. Randolph in a New York paper, and republished here in the Intelligencer and National Journal, purporting to give an account of his arrival at St. Petersburg. I read yesterday a letter from one of the officers belonging to the vessel which took Mr. R. out to Russia, dated St. Petersburg, 14th August, two days after the vessel arrived, speaking in the warmest terms of Mr. Randolph's kind and courteous manners, during the voyage, and after their arrival at St. Petersburg; and not even insinuating that there was any thing extraordinary in his conduct during this time. The writer states he had rented a house and furniture for \$3000 a year, and had invited him to dine with him on the next day, &c. The whole paper published in the New York paper, is a fabrication, from beginning to end, as false and base as it is mean and contemptible. It must excite the indignation of every honest man in the community who may read it."

From the National Intelligencer. To the Editors. GENTLEMEN: Having seen an article relating to Mr. Randolph, our Minister to Russia, published in your paper of Saturday last, and having since received a letter from my son, who went out in the Concord with Mr. R. and who informs me "he was more with him (Mr. R.) than any other one of the Midshipmen," I have made a short extract from his letter, and send it to you. If you think proper, you may do Mr. R. the justice which seems to be intended by the writer, by taking notice of it in that way you may think best. The first part of the letter was written at Constantinople, the second a few days after at St. Petersburg. Yours, &c. Washington, Nov. 2, 1830.

U. S. Ship Company.

Cronstadt, Aug. 10, 1830. "Here we are, as it seems, the end of our journey, for which I am rather sorry, as we shall lose Mr. Randolph, and we have all become very much attached to him." "You would also be surprised to see with what kindness he treats John and John, and the dog Bo—in fact, every thing he has." St. Petersburg, Aug. 14.

Mr. Randolph left us on Tuesday for this morning. When in the gangway, he stopped, apparently much affected, and took off his hat—"God bless you, shipmates, one and all, high and low," were the last words of this kind and singular man. He sailed round the ship in the steam-boat several times, and cheered us, which was returned.

Mr. Randolph.—The N. York Journal of Commerce says: "A gentleman who just from St. Petersburg, informs us that the American Minister to the Court of Russia took his passport to the first of September, preparatory to his return to the United States. Whether he would come by way of England or France, was not stated."

All was quiet in St. Petersburg up to the above mentioned date."

The New York Post has also the following paragraph on the same subject: "A gentleman who just from St. Petersburg, informs us that the American Minister to the Court of Russia took his passport to the first of September, preparatory to his return to the United States. Whether he would come by way of England or France, was not stated."

Mr. Randolph.—We learn that private letters have been received from St. Petersburg, which state that Mr. Randolph has been obliged, by ill health, to leave St. Petersburg on his return home, by way of the south of Europe. The state of his health was such as to render it improbable that he would ever reach the United States.

From the U. S. Telegraph, Nov. 5.

We are informed that intelligence has been received at the Department of State of the arrival of Mr. Randolph at St. Petersburg, where he was most cordially received by the Emperor. It is, however, with deep concern, that we state that his health, soon after his landing, experienced so rapid and threatening a decline, as to render his immediate removal to a more genial climate indispensable to the preservation of his life. He arrived at London on the 29th of September, where it is his intention, with the approbation of the President, to spend the ensuing winter, and to return to St. Petersburg in the spring, if the state of his health will admit of it.

Appointment by the President.

MATTHEW HARVEY, of New Hampshire, to be Judge of the United States, for the District of New Hampshire, in place of John S. Sherburne, deceased.

Mr. P. P. BARBOUR, recently appointed Judge of the United States' Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, opened his first Court at Norfolk on Monday week.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, of Georgia, is earnestly proposed, by a writer in the Pennsylvania Inquirer, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency at the next election.

These foreign papers contain details of the late events, and give the regularity that claims human knowledge. One of the late arrivals at New York has brought a mass of intelligence. We have room for only a few extracts.

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