

# Virginia Free Press

## AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

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### POETICAL.

#### TO A LADY.

Let every sorrow be,  
That grief, or care, or hope delayed,  
My ever rest on thee.

And let each joy be pure and bright,  
As dew on infant flowers,  
A tender theme of new delight,  
To cheer thy lonely hours.

And gently glide thy life away,  
As music from the string,  
Of woodland lute, while o'er it stray  
The wandering sweets of spring.

And as a soft melodious lay,  
Dies on the still of even,  
So let thy life be such a strain,  
As shall be heard in heav'n.

### SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

#### NAPOLION BONAPARTE—EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

[The history of this interesting fragment is as follows, and we leave our readers to form their own judgment as to its authenticity. It appeared in a work which was immediately suppressed in France, and since that period no trace of it has been discovered, so that this MS., copied from it at the time, has very nearly the value of an original. It purports to be part of a letter written by Napoleon to the Emperor of Austria, on the 17th of August, 1793, and must be perused with peculiar feelings at this eventful moment.]

"I shall now, my friend, become concise: I do not like the unfolding of funeral crape. The King was condemned to death; and if the 31st of January did not forever affix an odium on the French character, at least it added a glorious name to the list of the dead. What a town was Paris on this awful day! The populace appeared in a state of stupefaction: it seemed that the people assembled only to exchange gloomy looks, and to fly from each other without speaking. The streets were deserted, and houses and palaces wore the appearance of tombs. The air even seemed to smell of the executioner. To be brief, the descendant of St. Louis was led to death, through files of mournful automata, but lately his subjects.

"If any one be near you, my friend, when you read this despatch (even were it your father, conceal from him what follows)—it is a stain on the stuff of which my character is made. That Napoleon Bonaparte should be sensibly affected at the destruction of a human being, and constrained to keep his bed from the consequences of this impression, is a fact scarcely to be believed, though true; and one which I cannot avow without blushing with contempt for myself. Yes, I experienced a feeling, which, however admirable in another, was disgraceful to one who had disavowed all the weaknesses of the human heart. The night preceding the 31st of January I had not closed my eyes; yet I was unable to account to myself for the cause of my wakefulness. I rose early and eagerly ran wherever the crowd was assembling. I wandered at, or rather despised, the passive imbecility of 40,000 National Guards, of whom nine-tenths were only mechanically the agents of the executioner. At the Porte St. Denis I met Santerre; he was followed by a numerous staff. I should have liked to cut off his ears. I spit at him, not being able to do more. In my opinion, his post had been better filled by the Duke d'Angouleme; his object was a crown; and we all know that such a motive overbalances many considerations. Proceeding along the Boulevards, I reached the Place de la Revolution. I was ignorant of the invention of the guillotine, and my inspiration crept over me. A stranger who stood near me, attributed my agitation and paleness to a peculiar interest in the King of France. 'Be of better cheer,' said he, 'he will not perish, the Convention is only desirous of proving its power, and he will meet his pardon at the foot of the scaffold.' 'If that be so,' replied I, 'the gentlemen conventionalists are not themselves far from their fall, and never would culprits more richly deserve their fate. He who attacks a lion, and would avoid being destroyed by him, should not wound, but throw him dead upon the spot.' A low and confused noise was heard—it was the royal victim. I hurried forward, elbowing and elbowed. I approached as far as I could—all my efforts to get near were vain: the scaffold was hid from me by a armed force. The rolling of drums suddenly interrupted the mournful silence of the assembled multitude. 'It is the signal of his release,' said the stranger. And it will rebound on his murderers," I replied. "In such a case, half a crime is a weakness." A momentary silence ensued. Suddenly something fell heavily on my heart. I inquired the cause of a gendarme. "It is the falling of the axe," he replied. "The King is not then saved!—he is dead—he is dead!" I pronounced at least ten times these words—he is

dead! I became insensible for some minutes, and, without knowing by whom I had been taken from the crowd, found myself on the Quai des Minimes; there I recovered some degree of recollection, but I could utter no word except 'he is dead!' In a state of distraction I reached home, but at least an hour elapsed before I had perfectly regained my senses."

From the Boston Palladium.

Miss M'Crea.—All our readers are familiar with the melancholy story of this young lady, as related in the history of our revolution. To this day, her memory is held in veneration as the subject of universal sympathy. Travelers visit the scene of her suffering, and drop upon her grave, the memorials of their tears. Her unhappy history has not, however, been fully and truly recorded. It is related of her, if our memory serves us, that she was betrothed to a British officer, at the time when Burgoyne's force, to which he was attached, had reached, in their daring expedition, the neighborhood of Saratoga. The country was full of British and American troops, and every day witnessed scenes of carnage and combat, between their advanced posts and skirmishers. The lover of the lady, was stationed at Fort Edward, and becoming apprehensive of her safety, sent a party of Indians to her residence, Sandy Hill, only four miles distant, to convey her safety to the fort, promising to give a reward of £1000 to the party who should succeed in this object. Some hours having elapsed, he became impatient and alarmed at the delay, and dispatched another party of Indians, on the same errand, with a similar promise of reward. The former had succeeded in escorting her and her companion safely to a spring, under a pine tree, midway between Sandy Hill and the Fort, where they met the second party. A contention according to the story, arose between the two parties, for the honor and reward of conducting her to the Fort, and the dispute becoming angry, was settled by putting her to death, each party throwing their tomahawks at her head, as she stood near the pine tree. It has even been pretended that the marks of the tomahawks were still to be seen in the tree. This account, as we learn from a friend, who recently visited the spot, is chiefly fabulous, and the Indians are extremely unjust. But one party of Indians was sent for the lady, and they had conducted her on horseback, to the spring under the pine, where they halted. At this moment a skirmish was going on, in the neighborhood, and Miss M'Crea received a wild ball in her side, fired at the party by some one of the American troops. She was mortally wounded, and the Indians, being obliged to retreat hastily, and finding her an impediment to their progress, tomahawked her, and placed her under the tree. The Americans came up in a few minutes, and, among them, was Mr. Baker, who is still living at Sandy Hill, and who formerly knew Miss M'Crea. He states that Miss M'Crea was breathing when he came up, and the gun shot wound, in her side, was mortal. She was buried under the tree, together with a young American Lieutenant, who was shot in the skirmish. The female attendant of Miss M'Crea is also still living at Sandy Hill, and her statements accord with this. Miss M'Crea is represented as having been very beautiful. According to Mr. Baker and the attendant referred to, she was about 19 years of age, tall and well formed, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion; slightly freckled. About three years ago, her remains were disinterred and carried in funeral procession by the maidens of the neighboring country, to Fort Edward, where they were buried, and a monument erected over the spot. The pine tree is still a striking object from its age and immense size, but the spring, which it formerly designated, is dried up.

There can be no doubt of it; the lines were written by one James Thomson, a Scotchman, the author of a work called 'The Seasons,' where they may be found in the poem called 'Summer.' [Baltimore American.]

### EVENTS IN EUROPE.

The late arrivals at New York, bringing Liverpool dates to the 17th of August.

#### FRANCE.

On the 18th August, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Tracy brought forward a proposition for the abolition of the punishment of death. It was supported by Gen. Lafayette, who said he should ask for its abolition unless he had the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to him. The proposition was ordered for consideration. The London Times of August 21st says—"It is understood that General Baudouin is the bearer of a letter from Louis Philip, the King of the French, announcing his accession: he will be speedily followed by a regular Ambassador. There cannot, of course, be a moment's hesitation on the part of our Government in recognizing the constitutional sovereignty of France."

#### FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Letters received in London from Vienna, announces that the news of the revolution which has taken place in Paris was received with such enthusiasm that the government might very well perceive that even in Austria the liberal party is numerous. It is said that Prince Metternich advised the Emperor to send a message to the Emperor, but the Emperor answered—"Stop there! I will have no more to do with wars.—The French have cost me money enough; if they don't come out I will go in; all may be settled by negotiation, provided they name a King; I don't care for the rest."

#### ALGIERS.

A private letter from Toulon gives important information from Algiers. According to it, Bourmont has refused to strike the white flag, and Dupre has hoisted the tri-colored flag, so that all communication between the army and fleet is suspended. The following (from a private letter) are some particulars of the conspiracy which has just been discovered here: "The posts placed at the gates of Algiers had, for some time past, observed mules laden with flint, and driven by Algerines, pass out of the city. Our people took it into their heads to examine some of them, and found a great quantity of ammunition, which they were taking to Arabs to arm them. The news of this discovery was immediately spread, and about fifty French who were scattered in Algiers, were cruelly massacred. The whole garrison was immediately under arms; a good many of the infamous conspirators were arrested, and, happily, among them were the principal chiefs. They were all Turks, and orders have been given to make an immediate and rigorous search for all of that nation remaining here. This search has placed in our hands two thousand mules, who will be sent, without loss of time, to Smyrna, on board some frigates. One has already sailed, and we hope that this measure will restore tranquillity."

#### SPAIN.

It appears from the French papers, that symptoms of an approaching revolution, or great political change in Spain, are too unequivocal to be mistaken. The following is an extract: "The news from Paris has given a great impulse to public spirit in our town, and much more to the persons that dwell on our sea coast, who are already in a state of ferment. Since the arrival of this news, all our authorities—military, civil, and ecclesiastical, are in constant deliberation, and they have reinforced the garrisons of our citadel, of Astaranzas, and of the fortress of Montjuic. The military chiefs had, at first, the intention to command that domiciliary visits should be made, and that all our arms should be taken away from us; but it afterwards occurred to them that this measure might be a signal for a general explosion, such as that of Paris, and they accordingly changed their minds."

Ferdinand has issued a new decree against the press in Spain, by which imprisonment for two years is declared against minor offences, and the punishment of death awarded to authors and printers who shall publish books

containing treasonable or sacrilegious expressions. The Britannia store ship has sailed from London for Galicia, with cannon, 5000 stand of arms, and powder, &c. Gen. Quiroga departs soon for the same province, where his brother has already arrived and commenced his operations.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—At the public dinner at the Freemason's Tavern, London, in celebration of the triumph of freedom in France, Sir Francis Burt, the Chairman, made an excellent speech, in the course of which he thus eulogized the patriotic veteran, Lafayette:—"There was one individual who stood foremost at the present period, and demanded of them the highest tribute of their admiration; he meant the brave, the generous, the humane Lafayette. His name stood foremost in history as a great and good man. He seemed as if he had divested himself of every unsocial feeling. He reminded him (the Chairman) of what Cardinal Wolsey said when addressing his faithful follower, Cromwell, 'Love thyself last.' This appeared to be the principle upon which the gallant General to whom he referred, constantly acted. Again, Wolsey says to Cromwell, 'That corruption wins not more than honesty.' So appeared to think Gen. Lafayette. His first acquaintance with the name of this gallant and humane man, was while reading an anecdote relative to the American war, in which he was represented as a soldier from the effects of the American soldier's fire, when his (the soldier's) comrades had fled, and when he himself was unable to make any resistance. He really believed that the character of Lafayette was the most perfect in the world."

At the sitting of the French Chamber of Peers, August 21st, the President informed the Chamber that the Minister of the Interior had just sent him a letter from Prince Polignac, the Ex-Minister, stating that he (Polignac) has constituted himself a prisoner in the custody of the Provisional Prefect of the Department of La Manche; but that, as he was desirous to leave France, he begged the Chamber of Peers would order him to be set at liberty. In case, however, the Chamber did not think it its duty to give this order, he expressed a wish to be confined in a more commodious and spacious Prison. He was arrested, it appears, at Granville; and on the night of the 19th or 16th, accompanied by a second person, supposed to be Montbel. He was then sent to St. Lo and imprisoned. At the suggestion of the President, a committee of seven Peers was appointed to take the case into consideration, and make their report at the next sitting. The Duke of Orleans was present, and seemed to take much interest in the proceedings. The following letter is said to have been addressed by Polignac to the Minister of Foreign Affairs: "My dear Colleague: I beseech you to send me immediately the clothes which were in a closet of my bed room; I am in great want of them. Put on and retire to my estate, in order to forget political affairs entirely.—De Fonvenec. "We can hardly believe," says the London Courier, "that Polignac wrote so silly a letter." The following is his communication to the Minister of the Interior:—"I have been arrested at the moment when so many passions are in ferment against me, which time alone can appease.—I have long been accustomed to see all my designs constructed into the most odious colors. I have exposed to you all my wishes, Monsieur le Baron; and I beg of you to communicate them to those who might be least disposed to believe me."

(Signed) PRINCE DE POLIGNAC. P. S.—I beg of you to let me know when you received this letter."

The following are the particulars of the arrest of M. de Polignac:—"SAINT-LO, AUG. 17. "The Marchioness de St. Fargeau arrived at the house of Piquard, the principal inkeeper at Granville, and during the 16th inst. she was seen to speak to a man dressed badly enough, but whose manners possessed too much ease for a livery servant, such as he appeared to be. The suspicions of some men of the National Guard were excited at the circumstance.—One of them demanded of the stranger who he was, and presenting a pistol at him, forced him to sit down. "M. de Polignac at first wished to deny the right of the person to question him, but he was compelled to explain; and he said that he was the servant of the Marquis de St. Fargeau, who sent him to accompany his wife to England. M. Polignac was asked by what route he came. He answered, that he travelled en poste with the Marchioness from Caen; that he was but a few days in the Marquis's service, &c. "The Marchioness, on being questioned in her turn, gave a different account, both of the length of time he had been her servant, and of the place from which she had come. It ended in Prince Polignac's being committed to prison, at ten o'clock, on the night that he was arrested. "Yesterday morning he was conducted before the Mayor, when after some minutes spent in interrogating, he requested to speak to the Mayor in private. In his conversation, he stipulated himself to be Prince Jules de Polignac. "Preparations were instantly made to hand him over to the departmental commission. He was placed with the Marchioness in a diligence, and escorted by from 20 to 30 of the National Guards, towards St. Lo. They passed through Constance with infinite difficulty. The people wished to see Polignac, and but for the Mayor and some of the Gendarmes, the National Guards might, perhaps, not be left masters of their prisoner. At one league and a half from St. Lo the diligence halted, and the Prince partook of a hearty repast. "Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the diligence arrived at St. Lo, and the Prince was conducted to the Prefecture, where he was fully recognized by many persons, although his outward appearance was that of a mendicant. "After a long examination, he was transferred, under a strong escort, from the Prefecture to the prison. If the distance had been long, the military force could not have preserved him in their custody. A crowd of workmen and enraged women threw themselves on the rails and cried out, 'Qu'on le pend!' I saw a guillotine! C'est lui qui a fait bruler nos maisons.' The Ex-minister was pale and downcast. "From the Gazette de France, dated Saturday, August 21st."

MON. LE BARON.—Having been arrested, at the moment of flying from the late deplorable events, and when he was endeavoring to emigrate into the Island of Jersey, I surrendered to the Provisional Committee of the Prefecture of LaManche, as the Charter did not allow the Procureur du Roi of the Arrondissement of St. Lo, nor the Judge d'Instruction, to issue a warrant against me. Supposing that the government had given orders for my arrest, it must be remembered that the Chamber of Peers alone, according to the new as well as the old Charter, has a right to arrest a Peer of the realm. I do not know what the Chamber will do in that respect, and it will put to my account the untoward events, which I regret more than any one else—events which struck us like a thunder bolt that no one could foresee or avert; for in that terrible moment it was impossible to know how to listen to whom to apply to, and all we could do was to defend life. "I should wish, M. le Baron, to retire to my own house, there to resume those peaceful habits which coincide so much with my inclination, from which I was called against my own will, as it well known by those who are acquainted with my character. Too many vicissitudes have filled my life—too many misfortunes have passed over my head

in my tumultuous career. At least, in the days of my prosperity, no one can accuse me of having harbored any spirit of revenge against those who, perhaps, took advantage of their fortune to persecute me in adversity, and indeed, M. le Baron, what would be my fate if, in the midst of the turbulent age in which we live, the political opinions of those who are borne down by the tempest are considered as treason by those who embrace the opinions of an opposing party? "If I am not allowed to retire to my own estate, I should be desirous of going to a foreign country with my wife and children. If, after all, the Chamber of Peers issues a warrant against me, I should wish to be imprisoned in the fort of Ham, in Picardy, where I was detained during the long captivity which I supported in my youth, or in some spacious and convenient citadel. I prefer Hamburg to any other, as being most favorable to my bad state of health, not a little increased by the late unfortunate events. The misfortune of an honest man are entitled to some consideration in France; but, at any rate, M. le Baron, it would be better to drag me to the guillotine at a moment when so many passions are in ferment against me, which time alone can appease.—I have long been accustomed to see all my designs constructed into the most odious colors. I have exposed to you all my wishes, Monsieur le Baron; and I beg of you to communicate them to those who might be least disposed to believe me."

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arrested yesterday evening at nine o'clock, on the port at Granville, and had just been brought to St. Lo. He is calm and has a cheerful countenance. He is a man of five feet four or five inches, with grey hair, blue eyes, and an aquiline nose. "While the clerk was writing the heading of the process verbal, M. Polignac looked over the new charter which was upon the desk. As nobody here knows him, one of his portraits was sent for, in order to compare it with the original. He himself desired to look at it, and holding it in his hand, said, 'It is one of my old portraits.' "I write to you from the prefecture, where I am detained on the occasion, as officer of the National Guard. The following is the examination: "What are your name, Christian name, age, quality, and birth place? Auguste Jules Armand Marie Prince de Polignac, Peer of France, aged 50 years, born at Paris, settled at Paris. "You are arrested at Granville; what were you going to do there? I was going to pass over to Jersey. "Are you not the last President of the Council of Ministers, and as such, the author of the Report to the King, and the Ordinances of 25th July? Yes."

A National Guard, who has this moment arrived from Granville, announces that another individual has just been arrested there, who is supposed to be either M. de Montbel or M. Copelle. [Course des Tribunaux.]

CHARLES X. "This unfortunate despot, with his suite, left Caen on the 22d August, for Lutworth Castle, Dorsetshire, which is to be his place of residence during his stay in England. Lutworth Castle, it is said, was formerly the residence of Sir Robert Peel; from which it was erroneously inferred that the government had an agency in appropriating it for the use of the royal visitor. The government receives him only in his private capacity. The American ships Great Britain and Chas. Carroll, which had conveyed him and suite to Cowes, sailed for Cherbourg, in company with the frigate Seine, the same day that he left for Lutworth Castle. He was conveyed to Poole in the steamboat Meteor, where he arrived about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.—He then, accompanied by the Duke of Bordeaux and the Duke d'Angouleme, immediately set out in a carriage and pair for Lutworth Castle. "He took of very well and was very affable. We see no indications that His Majesty intends visiting the United States. Ascorrespondent of the Times, under date of Aug. 23d, says, 'I have seen the Ex-King once more. He has been much misrepresented in regard to his person; he is agreeable in his aspect and manners.' The Great British is provided with a large stock of provisions, and a number of which makes it evident that a longer voyage was originally contemplated. It appears that they were plundered at Cherbourg even of their wardrobe, and the ladies have been obliged to fit themselves out with necessaries from this place. Some differences of opinion has prevailed among the party as to its ultimate destination. "It is stated that the Ex-King desired an asylum in Austria, but that the Duchess de Berri preferred the United States. Lutworth Castle, which Charles had gone to occupy, is the seat of the opulent Catholic family of Weld, of which a member has been created a cardinal by the present Pope."

EMBARKMENT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. "Charles X. and his family left Vollogue on the 16th, at nine o'clock in the morning; they arrived at one o'clock at Cherbourg, and without stopping in the town, they proceeded towards the great port, where they were expected by two American ships, chartered for the purpose of carrying them away from France. They were escorted by about 800 horses, both Gardes du Corps and Gendarmes de Chasse. "The population of Cherbourg went to meet the cortege on its passage, and preserved the most profound silence. Not a single cry afflicted this family, which had fallen from so high a station. The Commissioners of the Government awaited the arrival of the family at the entrance of the bridge leading from the quay to the royal packet. "This Court ceremony and pomp, the last farewell of a useless guard, the silence of the numerous spectators, all these circumstances gave to this scene a quite theatrical and tragic appearance. "From the first carriage alighted M. de Damas, M. de Mesnard, Guiche de Guntant, and the Duke de Guiche. They quickly stepped on board the ship. Madame de Guntant stepped before Marshal Maison, and said to him, 'Oh, how cruel a thing it is, Monsieur

Extract of a letter from St. Lo, of the 16th August: "M. Polignac was

ALION ORDERS. "A Battalion of the 56th Regiment, Virginia Militia, under the Lieut. Col. Lewis, will march down on Friday the 22d inst. to the residence of the command of Maj. Briscoe, will be held on Saturday the 23d inst. By order of the Maj. B. MAGRUDER, Adj. 56th Reg't, Va. M. 830.

AND TESTAMENTS or workmanship, and various old very low, or for cravatists at the Depository of the Jefferson Bible Society. ANDREW WOODS, No. 92.

NO MORE CASES. "Just received from the Auctions, two entire cases of Leg-Addition to the two cases for the time since; those just received a beautiful quality, and are sold at \$1 25, 1 00, 1 75, upwards, for super quality; see it with confidence of pleasing, to those who wish to give their children these purchases. Also, an apply of rich Ribbons, Straw We would also invite the attention of every shade and color. TH. O. LANE & CO., Shepherdsdown, Aug. 25.

EE PRESS. HARRIS, WEEKLY, BY S. GALLAHER, Colles and Fly Coats per pair.

The Albany Daily Advertiser gives us a biography of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg. It seems the Princess Charlotte had intended to present him with a snuff-box ornamented with his own portrait. The Advertiser informs us that the following lines were written by the Princess, to be inscribed on the box: "To Charlotte's temple'd heights and Eber's groves, Where in the sweetest solitude embraced, By the soft writings of the illustrious Mink, From courts and cities, Charlotte, Duke, repose, Enclauding vale; beyond what'er the mass Has of Aulais or Hesperia sung. A vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills, On which the Power of civilization lies, And joys to see the wonder of his fall. "The Advertiser very justly remarks that these lines "give evidence of poetic talent of a very promising kind."

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