we have a just abhorrence of your crime, and to banish from your bosom all hope of a favourable interference of the Court, with that department of government, in which is lodged the pardoning power. Banish then, we entreat you, from your mind every hope and expectation—put out at once the faintest ray of hope that may penetrate into the darkest recess of your cell, and prepare to meet your God. The blood you sued was precious blood, but infinitely, infinitely more precious is that blood which was shed on Calvary; and on that and that alone we commend you to look for pardon and eternal life.

It remains only for us to pronounce the sentence of the Law—and it is considered and adjudged that you be taken from hence to the prison of this county from whence you came, and there to be kept in close and secure custody until Friday the 28th of July next, between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then to be taken to the place of public execution and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Almighty God have mercy on your soul.

From the New York American.

JOHN JAY.—In noticing some weeks ago the life of this honest and eminent American, we alluded particularly, and with expression of great admiration, to a correspondence between him and Mr. Van Schaack, of Kinderhook. We now make room for this correspondence, which—with the single remark that Mr. Jay and Mr. Van Schaack took opposite sides in the American revolution—explains itself.

We have italicised one passage as worthy of all admiration, and well would it be for the country, and for the honest fame of those who govern it, that modern statesmen could fashion their course by such principles.

We hope these letters will be generally read. We have read them over and over again, and would not willingly cast that man friend whose heart does not swell within him, as his eye takes in the noble sentiments of these two congenial friends.

To John Jay.

LONDON, 11th AUGUST, 1782.

(Mr. Thomson's place, No 20, Charlotte street.

DEAR SIR—Though I have taken up my pen to write to you, I own I hardly know what to say; embarrassed as I am by a consideration of the strange predicament we stand in to each other, compared with our connexion in early life. I write, therefore, without any precise object, trusting to what chance (if anything it should) may produce from it. One thing, however, I must promise, which is, that I have no design of making this introductory to any improper request. Pride, or whatever it may be called, will restrain me from any application that might expose me to the mortification of a refusal; and I am not so weak as to *attempt* to prevail in any matter inconsistent with your *duty*, and *your* sense of it.—The impressions of my youth are not easily effaced; and the new scenes I have passed through have not altered my old notions of right and wrong. *Calum non animum.* Whether what has passed has altered your opinion of me as a *man*, I own, is a question I could wish to have resolved. The artificial relations, introduced by a state of society, may vary, or be dissolved, by events and external circumstances;—but there are others, which nothing but deviation from moral rectitude can, I think, annihilate.

I congratulate you on the increase of your family, and sincerely wish you and Mrs. Jay, every domestic happiness. I am dear sir, your most obedient servant.

PETER VAN SCHAACK.

To Peter Van Schaack.

PARIS, 17th SEPTEMBER, 1782.

DEAR SIR—Dr. Franklin sent me, this morning your letter of 11th August last; I thank you for it.—Aptitude to change in any thing, never made a part of my disposition, and I hope makes no part of my character. In the course of the present troubles I have adhered to certain fixed principles and faithfully obeyed their dictates, without regarding the consequence of such conduct to my friends, my family or myself, all of whom, however dreadful the thought, I have ever been ready to sacrifice, if necessary, to the public objects in contest.

Believe me, my heart has nevertheless been, on more than one occasion, afflicted by the execution of what I thought, and still think, was my duty. I felt very sensibly for you and for others; but as society can regard only the political propriety of men's conduct, and not the moral propriety of their motives to it, I could only lament your unavoidably becoming classed with many whose morality was convenience, and whose politics changed with the aspect of public affairs.

My regard to you, as a good old friend, continued notwithstanding. God knows that inclination never had a share in any proceedings of mine against you; from such thorns no man could expect to gather grapes, and the only consolation that can grow in their unkindly shade is a consciousness of doing one's duty and the reflection that as, on the one hand *I have uniformly preferred the public weal to my friends and connexions; so on the other, I have never been urged on by private resentment to injure a single individual.*

Your judgment, and consequently your conscience, differed from mine on a very important question; but though, as an independent American, I considered, all who were not for us, and you among the rest, as against us; yet, be assured, that John Jay did not cease to be a friend to Peter Van Shaack.

No one can serve two masters: either Britain was right, and America wrong; or America was right, and Britain wrong. They who thought Britain right were bound to support her; and America had a just claim to the services of those who approved her cause. Hence it became our duty to take one side or the other; and no man is to be blamed for preferring the one which his reason recommended as the most just and virtuous.

Several of our countrymen, indeed, left and took arms against us, not from any such principles but from the most dishonorable of human motives. Their conduct has been of a piece with their inducements, for they have far outstripped savages in perfidy and cruelty. Against those men every American must set his face and steel his heart. There are others of them, though not many, who, I believe, opposed us because they thought they could not conscientiously go with us. To such of these as have behaved with humanity, I wish every species of prosperity that may consist with the good of my country.

You see how naturally I slide into the habit of writing as freely as *I used* to speak to you. Ah! my friend, if ever I see New York again, I expect to meet with the shade of many a departed joy. My heart bleeds to think of it.

How is you health? Where and how are your children? Whenever as a private friend, it may be in my power to do good to either, tell me. While I have a loaf, you and they may freely partake of it. Don't let this idea hurt you. If your circumstances are easy, I rejoice; if not, let me take off their rougher edges.

Mrs. Jay is obliged by your remembrance, and presents you her compliments. The health of us both is but delicate. Our little girl has been very ill, but is now well. My best wishes always attend you,—and be assured, that notwithstanding any political changes, I remain, dear Peter,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN JAY.

To John Jay.

LONDON, OCT. 15, 1786.

Dear Sir: I will not attempt to describe my feelings upon the perusal of your very friendly letter. I consider it as a perfect picture, in which I can trace very well known feature of your character. Your unreserved commemoration of our old friendship, and assurance of its continuance; your kind inquiries into the situation of me and my children; and generous offers with respect to both them and myself; and your pathetic allusion to the melancholy scenes you will meet on your return to New York, melted my heart; and every idea of party distinction or political competition vanished in an instant.

The line you have drawn between your political character and your private friendship is so strongly marked, and will be so strictly attended to by me, that I hope our correspondence will not end here. Be assured, that were I arraigned at the bar, and you my judge, I should expect to stand or fall by the *merits of my cause.*

With respect to the great contest in which, unfortunately I differed from others of my valuable friends as well as yourself, I can say with the most sacred regard to truth, I was actuated by no motive unfriendly to my country, nor by any consideration of a personal or private nature. Men's hearts are not always known even to themselves; but believe me that I spared no pains in examining into all the secret recesses of mine. I can say, too, that my wishes were to have gone with you. The very appearance (and in my view of things it was appearance only) of taking part against my country, distressed me to the extreme. Could it be for the welfare of Great Britain that *I* could wish to see rifice the welfare of my native country? My attachment to her (great indeed it was) was founded on her relation to America, & the happiness which I conceived America derived from it; nor did it appear to me, from any thing that had happened, that the connexion was dissolved. Upon the whole, as even in a doubtful case, *I* would rather be the patient sufferer, than run the risk of being the active aggressor; and as I should rather be even a figure for the hand of scorn to point its slow and moving finger at, than to destroy the peace of my own mind, I concluded, rather than to support a cause *I* could not approve, to bear every distress that might result from the part *I* took; and if America is happier for the revolution, I declare solemnly that *I* shall rejoice that the side *I* was on was the successful one. You my dear sir, will excuse my saying thus much on a subject so interesting to all that is dear to me in life. My heart warms whenever our country (I must call it my country) is the subject; and in my separation from it, 'I have dragged at each remove a lengthening chain.'

I am sorry that the health of you and Mrs. Jay should be but indifferent; and you have my cordial wish that you may both enjoy this individual blessing. Perhaps it would sound *equivocally* were *I* to express a wish that you would not attend so much to *public business*, but remember what Horace says of wise and good men: 'Ultra quam satis est, virtutem sipeat ipsam.' Your horse, I hope is your only physician; and as to an apothecary, I hope you will not require even an ass. My health, which you kindly inquire after was never better, saving the complaint in my sight, which however, gives me no *pain*. The one eye is quite useless and two years ago I got an attack upon the other; at that period indeed my friend, I wanted consolation; but bless God I found resources in my mind which very soon prepared me with resignation for the worst.

As to my circumstances, my dear sir, they are quite easy, rendered so by the provision my good father-in-law made for my children: were they otherwise I know no man who could sooner induce me to invade my maxim against incurring pecuniary obligations than yourself, for between the professions and actions of my friend, John Jay, I never yet have known one instance of a variance. My spirits, too, are good; and I have a good circle of acquaintances, not only in town but in the pleasant villages in its neighborhood, where I frequently walk ten or twelve miles before dinner. Upon the whole, I believe few persons enjoy more social and convivial hours than I do, and though I do not so often partake of the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' as I did at New York, yet I ought rather be thankful for my situation than to repine at my share of public calamity, which has involved so many families in ruin.

My children (I acknowledge it gratefully) have been permitted to remain at Kinderhook; which, by-the-by, is become the Athens of the county of Albany; Harry is represented to me as a lively boy and has been examined and approved at Yale College: I hope the poor fellow will not be reproached with the *mal praxis* of his father; on my part, I assure you, I have often cautioned my friends to take care not to let him imbibe any political prejudices on account of any usage he might possibly suppose I had received. I would not let him come to England, because I mean he shall never leave America. If he has an American education, with a good share of the weighty bullion of American sense, I shall not regret his being unacquainted with the refinements of the Old World.—Can you forgive me for dwelling so long on my private concerns? Your kind inquiries convince me you can.—What a great theatre you are acting upon and what a conspicuous part do you sustain! What a fund of information must you have collected; and conscious of the rectitude of your measures, what must be your feelings upon the consummation! I have always considered you one of the most formidable enemies of this country, but since what has happened, there is no man to whom I more cordially wish the glory of the achievement. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Jay; and believe me, dear sir, your affectionate friend and sincere well wisher,

PETER VAN SHAACK.

From the New York American.

RANDOLPHIANA.—No. IV.

Mr. Randolph was as singular in his dress whilst in London as he used to be at Washington, and whenever we walked the streets together, the people would turn about and stare at him with astonishment, but this never seemed to offend him; on the contrary, if he got upon an interesting topic of conversation, he would sometimes stop in any place, no matter how public; until he delivered one of his 'extemporaneous flashes,' as I used to term them, then walk quietly on, without paying the least regard to the shrugs of the passing strangers. Although it was his first visit to the metropolis, yet he possessed a thorough knowledge of all the streets, lanes, alleys, &c.; and when we had any great distance to walk, he used to take all the *short cuts* through by lanes, &c., which I had supposed were only known to a Londoner.

One morning we set out together to pay a visit to Miss Edgeworth, and *he* was to be the guide. He began to tell me some very interesting anecdotes, and I listened without paying any attention to the streets we were traversing. At length, after about an hour's walking, I just asked him how much farther we had to go; he suddenly stopped and looking around him exclaimed, "Why, really Sir, "we have been so very agreeably employed I "perceive we have gone about a mile out of our "way, but no matter, exercise is good for young "men!" We immediately retraced our steps, but when we arrived at Miss Edgeworth's lodgings, had the misfortune to find that she "had left town only two hours before for Ireland!" "Delays are dangerous," said Randolph; "we should have come here yesterday, agreeably to my intention.'

After spending four weeks very delightfully in London I was obliged to return to Ireland, and parted with much regret from Mr. Randolph, whom I did not again see until my return to America in 1823.

I arrived here from Europe in May, 1823 during the Long Island Races, but was not tempted to attend them, even by that great attraction of Eclipse and Henry, who were then to contend for the grand prize. I was glad to find Mr. Randolph in town, and called upon him at Mrs. Bradish's. He gave me a most amusing discription of the Race Course, but contended that the Race would have been won by Henry, had he not been frightened by the immense crowd, who rather encroached upon the ground. Not being a sportsman, I was unable to defend "Eclipse," which I thought of very little consequence, inasmuch as he had won the race—pretty good "prima facie evidence" in his favor! After the termination of this great race, when the crowd were loudly applauding the successful rider—Purdy—Mr. Randolph, who had just before expressed great confidence in "Henry," gave vent to his disappointment by exclaiming to the gentlemen around him—"It is a lucky thing "that the President of the United States is not "elected by *acclamation*, otherwise *Mr. Purdy* "would be our next President beyond a doubt!"

He spent a night with Rufus King at Jamaica, and on his return to town the next morning he said to me—"Ah, Sir, only for that "unfortunate vote on the Missouri question—"he *is* the man of my choice—the genuine "English gentleman of the Old School—just "the right man, Sir, for these degenerate times "—but Missouri has destroyed his chance for-"ever!"

In the spring of 1824, I received a letter from him requesting me to engage passage for himself and his faithful man John on board the Liverpool packet of 16th May. He reached town the day before the vessel sailed, and I had a busy day with him. At night I told him that I would call upon him the next morning at half past 9 o'clock, and I begged of him to have all his luggage, &c. in readiness to be taken down to the steamboat which would start for the ship precisely at 10 o'clock.

Next morning I accordingly called on him at Bunker's, expecting to find him in perfect readiness; but what was my astonishment upon entering his room, to see him in his dressing gown, writing a letter, with a large Bible open before him, and John on the floor most busily engaged unpacking a trunk! "What "in the world is the matter, Mr. Randolph?" exclaimed I. "Do you know that it is almost "10 o'clock, and the steamboat never waits a "minute for any person? "I cannot help it Sir," replied he; "I am all confused this morning, I "am just writing a farewell letter to my con-"stituents, and would *you* believe it, Sir, I have "forgotten the exact words of a quotation from "the Bible which I *must* use; and as you know "I always quote correctly, I cannot go on till "I find it. I never was at fault before."—"What is the quotation," I asked; perhaps I "can assist you, for time is precious."—Why," said he, it begins 'How have I loved thee, oh "Jacob'—but for the life of me I cannot remember the other words. Here, you take the "Bible and look over it, whilst I finish the "rest of my letter." "My dear Sir," replied "I "you cannot wait to do this; but let us take "letter, Bible and all on board the boat, where "you will have ample time to complete your "quotation before we reach the ship." To this he agreed after some hesitation: and then he suddenly said, "Well, Sir, I will not take "John with me, and you must get back his "passage money!" "Not take John with you" I exclaimed: why, this is folly: only recollect how much you suffered last voyage for want "of him!" "Sir, I have decided: the question "is no longer open to discussion. John has "disobliged me—he has become spoiled by "your *free* blacks, and I don't want to have to "take care of *him*." Then turning to poor John, who was much distressed, he gave him a long list of instructions as to his journey back to Virginia; and when he had just concluded, he said to him in a sarcastic manner—"Now John, you have heard my commands—"but you need not obey them. When you get "to Philadelphia, call on the Manumission So-"ciety, and they will make you *free*, and I "shall not look after you!" This was too much for poor John, who replied in much agitation—"Master John, this is too hard—"you know I love you—and you know you "find me at Roanoke when you come back!"

I really felt indignant, and said—"Well, "Mr. Randolph, I could not have believed this: "I thought you had more compassion. Surely "you have punished him enough by leaving "him behind, without hurting his feelings:—"you have made the poor fellow cry" "What!" "and he quickly, "does he 'shed tears?'—"Yes," replied I, "I saw them myself." "He "*shall* go with me. John take down your "baggage!" was the end of this curious scene. John instantly brightened up—forgot his master's anger, and in a short time I bid them both good bye.

When they returned from England in the fall, I called upon Randolph, and my first question was—"Well, sir, did you regret my advice about taking John?" "Regret it Sir!" replied he, "I should have died without him: "he saved my life three times!" "Then," said "I, "I hope to use your own figure of speech, "next time you will not 'go off at half cock!'" I then asked him how he was pleased with England during this visit. He answered with enthusiasm—"There never was such a country on the face of the earth as England, and "it is utterly impossible that there can be any "combination of circumstances hereafter to "make such another country as Old England "now is!"

He then gave me a rapid sketch of his journey, and told me that he had gone to Ireland agreeably to his promise, and was delighted with the country and people, but shocked at witnessing so much misery. Alluding to the oppressions of both Government and Church, "he said, "The Lion and the Jackall "have divided the spoils between them, sir, but "if I had my way, I would unmuzzle the ox "which treadeth out the corn.'" He also said that he thought the Marquis of Wellesley must be an impartial man, because he received "the violent abuse of both parties—"no small "compliment to a statesman, sir, in the pre-"sent state of Ireland!"

From the New York Gazette.

THE RECEPTION OF BLACK HAWK AND HIS PARTY.

The excitement and interest produced among all classes, by the arrival of the President, experienced, no diminution when Black Hawk and his party approached the harbor of New York. About half past 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, (the usual hour of the arrival of the Rail Road Line,) the streets, wharves and vessels in the neighborhood of the landing place were completely crowded with an anxious populace, all desirous of having a first look at this distinguished Warrior. About 3 o'clock, a steamboat was seen approaching the wharf, when all eyes were instantly directed towards her, confident that Black Hawk was on board. But she proved to be the Cinderella, from Elizabethtown Point, with the President and his suite, on their return from Newark and Elizabethtown. After they had landed, and pressed their way through carts, carriages, &c. followed by the crowd, a calm existed for a few minutes; but the boat of the Rail Road Line soon made her appearance, and another scene of confusion arose, as all were assured by most of the papers that the Indians would come in her. But here again they were doomed to disappointment, when the crowd again dispersed, and bent their course towards the Battery, to await the ascension of the Balloon. A few minutes after 5, the boat of the People's line made her appearance off the Battery, with Black Hawk and his party on board, and rounded to abreast of Castle Garden, in order to give them an opportunity of witnessing the, to them novel, sight of a balloon ascension.

As soon as the immense concourse on the Battery and Castle ascertained they were on board, they commenced cheering, and it was immediately responded to by those in the numerous Steam Boats and small crafts plying in the neighborhood. At this time the balloon was sufficiently inflated, and was soon seen from the upper deck of the boat, floating above the walls of the Castle. A friend who was on board at the time and heard their remarks on the occasion, has kindly furnished us with a few facts which cannot but prove interesting to our readers, as they will evince the feelings of those natives of the forest. Before proceeding to the detail, it is proper to observe that they had, previous to their arrival been informed of what they would witness on reaching New York, and they could not apparently comprehend exactly how a man could sail in the air. With these few remarks we proceed to the relation of our friend:—

Immediately after the balloon had cleared the walls of the Castle, and Mr. Durant unfurled his flag, Black Hawk was asked what he thought of the ascension, to which he instantly replied, "that man is a great brave" —Don't think he will ever get back."

As the balloon continued to ascend, and after it had gone nearly beyond the view of Black Hawk, whose sight is rather impaired, he exclaimed, "I think he can go to the heavens, to the Great Spirit." When the Balloon had nearly reached its greatest altitude, Pa maah-hoah the adopted son of Black Hawk was asked his opinion, to which he replied, "I think he can see the English country." The Prophet was also asked what he thought of the ascension, his answer was, "Cant form any idea, but think he can go up to the clouds if he choose."

After the balloon began to descend, the steam boat got under way to proceed to the landing, and in passing the Castle, Black Hawk presented himself to the assembled multitude, raised his hat and made a few remarks to this effect How do you do? How do you do all? The Great Spirit above knows that I love you and that my heart is with you all."

On reaching the wharf the crowd in the neighborhood was so dense that it was next to impossible to effect a passage through them. The aid of a few efficient police officers was however of great service, and the whole were safely placed in carriages provided for them, and after much difficulty in forcing a passage through Washington street, as far as Rector street, they succeeded in reaching their quarters at the Exchange Hotel, in Broad street.

After the arrival of the party at the Hotel, the large space in front of the building, was instantly crowded, and the greatest exertions were requisite to prevent a forcible entrance into the House, so great was the anxiety to witness the new visiters. But Black Hawk soon showed himself from the window, and after remaining a short time withdrew. He repeated the movement several times, when the blinds were closed, and the spectators quietly dispersed. The Indians then retired, being much exhausted from their exposure to the heat of the weather.

A POWERFUL SNEEZER.—The story of the Kentuckian's grinning the bark off a tree however fabulous, is nearly if not quite equalled by one we have to relate of Col. ——, an acquaintance of ours, from whose mouth we had it, as a most veritable and indisputable fact. The Colonel was standing with another gentleman, on the bank of the Hosac River which is at that spot upwards of fifty yards wide; when, feeling a disposition to sneeze, and at the same time espying a hen on the opposite bank, he said to his companion.

"What will you bet I can't sneeze so as to knock over that hen?"

"Ten dollars," said the man,

"Done?" said the Colonel—and immediately aiming at the fowl, he let drive.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the man as he started back in amazement at the report. But as soon as he had time to recover from the shock, he acknowledged beat, for there lay the hen sure enough, flat on her back. And from that time forth he never ventured to risk his money against the sneezing powers of the Colonel.—*Constellation.*

Painful intelligence.—We learn with regret that the brig Ajax, fifteen days from New Orleans, bound to Liberia, with nearly one hundred and fifty emigrants on board, has been compelled to put into Key West in distress. She lost her mate and two blacks when she had been only two days out; and the ship carpenter aboard reported that 30 or 40 of the emigrants died of the cholera, whilst the brig was anchored off the town. They are said to have been as fine a set of emigrants as ever left this country. One hundred of these were from Kentucky—of whom ninety six were slaves and had been manumitted upon condition of their deportation to Monrovia. Forty were from Tennessee and the residue from Ohio. Among those from Kentucky, was a female brought up by Mrs. Wickliffe, who possessed a superior education and gifted mind, and who was intended for a teacher in Liberia.

The Ajax left Key West on the 16th ultimo for her place of destination. Since that time there had been from ten to fifteen cases in the town, nine of which had proved fatal, out of a population of two hundred. No case had occurred between the 27th ult. and 1st inst. and it was believed at the latter date that the disease had left the Key.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

By *construction of law*, the P. Master General has, per an official, dated "Post Office Department, Southern Division 14th May 1833," pronounced the broad Atlantic Ocean to be one of the United States "Post Roads." It seems the David Brown, steam packet between New York and Charleston, has been in the practice of conveying and charging for conveyance of letters and papers. At her last trip she delivered papers at Charleston, when by the admirable arrangement of the post office seven newspaper mails were due! The business was opening the eyes of the people. An order has been filed "by authority" to apprise the concerned, that they are violating the 19th section of the post office law.—*Md. Repub.*

The oldest member of Congress now living is the Hon. *Paine Wingate*, of Stratham, N. H. He was of the first Congress, held in New York, under Gen. Washington's administration—is the eldest living on the Harvard College catalogue, having graduated in 1758—75 years. He married a sister of Col. Pickering when he buried a few years since. He still superintends his farm, at the age of 95 years, is an old school gentleman, and wears his Revolution hat and ruffles.

The number of slaves manumitted by John Randolph, of Roanoke, is stated to be about *five hundred.*

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, June 22.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICANS of Talbot county, are requested to meet at the Court House in Easton on TUESDAY the 16th July, in order to appoint six Delegates for this county, who are to meet a like number of Delegates from Cecil, Kent, Queen Anns and Caroline Counties for the purpose of naming a Candidate to represent the Congressional district composed of said Counties in Congress.—It is proposed to hold the Convention in Centreville as the most central place, and on the 29th day of July.

Most interesting Correspondence.—We are indebted to the morning Chronicle of Baltimore for the extract copied from the New York American, and taken from a late biography of the great John Jay. Mr. Jay was a whig of the earliest time in our contest with Great Britain; he was among the firmest, ablest and most persevering of that illustrious corps; he was uncompromising too upon any thing short of the principles that his country demanded, and his usefulness in that noble struggle is now acknowledged & proclaimed even by those, whose political persecutions would have damned him if they could.—Many are now alive who remember that the name of John Jay was once loaded with execrations & contumely by a party that afterwards became predominant in this country—they may remember that he was burnt in effigy, and proclaimed an *arch traitor* by these same men for making the British treaty with Lord Grenville in 1794—they may remember that this early and steadfast Patriot whig of the Revolution, was branded by the same party with the stigma of British Tory—yet now the grave has closed over him, truth triumphs over the machinations of sinister designs, and remorse, and shame no longer bound down by the wickedness of projects, bursts forth in penitential eulogies. A flood of waters cannot wash out such a stain, and time itself that obliterates all other things must leave this sin existent in all its imperishable horror.

We give the correspondence with the commentary of the paper from which we extract it, in the preceding columns.

It is stated in the New York Gazette that the Rev Mr. AVERY is preparing for the press, an explanation which will entirely exempt him from all suspicion that he was the murderer of Sarah Maria Cornell.

The Cholera.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 7th June says—

"There is no doubt that the cholera now prevails epidemically in the city, and the deaths from this and other causes have been from 40 to 50 per day since Sunday last.

Tuesday, June 18.

CENTRAL COURSE RACES.

Result of yesterday's Race, $300, two mile heats.

Mr. Hammond's b. h. Reform,	4 5 1	
Mr. Boyce's ch. h. Columbus,	2 4 2	
Dr. Duvall's ch. m. Floretta,	1 3	dis.
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. Orange Boy,	5 1	dis.
J. M. Selden's b. c. Sir Whitefoot,	3 2	dis.
J. M. Botts's ch. h. Rapid,		dis.

Time 1st heat, 3m. 52s.—2d heat, 3m. 58s.—3d heat, 3 m. 57s.

Orange boy and Whitefoot having been distanced the 3d heat, and Columbus having been ruled out in consequence of not having won a heat, the purse was awarded to Reform.—It is due to the owner of Orange Boy to say, that his being distanced, was owing to his rider having mistaken the distance stand—otherwise the result might have been different.

Central Course Races—Second day.

Dr. Duvall's ch. h. Ace of Diamonds,	4 1	1
John M. Botts' b. h. Rolla,	3 2	2
J. M. Selden's b. h. Duke of Orleans,	1 3	dis.
J. S. Garrison's b. h. Z. A.	2 4	dis.

Mr. Sherman's ch. h. De Witt Clinton, fell and distanced.

Time—1st heat, 6 m 5 s.—2d and 3d heats 6 m. 3 s. Rain during each heat.

Third and last day, $200—nine heats—best three in five.

Chas. Jackson's ch. m. Betsey Bell,	2 2 1 1 2 1	
Mr. Sherman's ch. h. Dewitt Clinton,	1 2 3 2 1 1	
J. M. Bott's b. m. Ariadne,	3 1 2 3 3	dr.
M. Dull's br. g. Gatchem,	4	dis.

Doct. Duvall's ch. m. Floretta was entered but did not start—Track heavy, and rain during each heat—the second heat closely contested.

Time—2m. 4s—1m 59s—2m 4s—2m 3s—2m 5s—2m 4s.

It is stated in the Albany Journal that as soon as President JACKSON gets through his Eastern Tour, he will repose awhile at Saratoga Springs.

The Washington Globe has the following paragraph relative to the attempted robbery of the mail on Tuesday night, between that city and Bladensburgh, on its way hither:

An attempt was made, about a mile this side of Bladensburgh, to rob the great northern mail that was despatched from the Post Office of this City, on the morning of the 19th, (night of the 18th.) The straps to the rear boot of the mail coach were severed with a knife; the convas bags which were the only mail bags placed there, were cut, and the packages containing no other matter than pamphlets and newspapers, were broken open. The injured condition of the boot was discovered at Bladensburgh, and most of the mail matter recovered and taken on to Baltimore; at which place the mail arrived, notwithstanding this unusual detention, in time to connect with the steamboat for Philadelphia.

The mail driver on the ordinary line, who

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