cultivating too much land. The true measure of what ought to be cultivated is, *what can be manured*—and if what can be manured is alone cultivated and rests under clover kept up, whilst all the other, or such other means of manuring as we have adverted to or practised upon the remaining fields in turn, the farm must be rapidly and substantially improved simply to reply all labour and expense thus laid out upon it.

From the Frederick Herald.

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—We are decidedly in favor of the project, and vote for Baltimore as the place of meeting: it is central, and can accommodate the whole brotherhood, let them come "singly, in pairs," or with "heirs apparent." If well attended, it will be a glorious conclave of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," and draw as great a crowd as the exhibition of Black Hawk. There will be assembled the conscript fathers of the press, Ritchie, H. Niles, Gales, Seaton, Lang, Buckingham, Stone, Noah, Hammond, &c. &c. with the young and fiery spirits, such as Jenks, Pleasants, Green, Wilson, Brooks, Bryant, Gallagher, the editor of the "Richmond Compiler," ("whose name we know not, but 'tis known to fame,") and a host of others, forming a body of men pre-eminent for talent, intelligence and industry. And what a field will be presented for the gratification of curiosity. On the right hand of the chairman are seated those veterans who have encountered each other in forty pitched battles.—the editors of the "Richmond Enquirer" and of "Niles' Register." Some wag has sketched a weathercock, with "five loaves and two fishes" on the desk of Mr. Ritchie, who has just concluded an essay on the "*rights* of editors," in which he incidentally undertakes to prove that the president's proclamation is a thoroughgoing "state rights" paper—but the words *nous verrons*, with which it concludes, imply a doubt and a desire to have further explanation from the "Globe."—The occupier of "Freedom's chair," is as gray as a badger—with his left hand he is tousseling his blanched locks, and is evidently considering the tariff question, or the propriety of revoking the order which prohibits *smoking* in the assembly. That long-legged man, with a cadaverous face, is colonel Stone, of the New York "Commercial Advertiser;" a ready and able writer, who has attained character and wealth in defiance of great obstacles. In early life he was connected with two or three rural prints, one of which he not only edited and printed, but delivered with his own hands, at the most inclement season of the year, to his patrons scattered over a wide expanse of country. On his right is sitting "cousin of Buckingham," the editor of the "*Boston Courier*," another decendant of Faustus, a bold and fearless editor, whose writings are characterized by sound sense and discriminating judgment. He is a great friend to the mechanical interest, and is proud of his rank as a printer. A few paces removed, see "the pearl of his tribe," Mordecai M. Noah.—One hand is in his "breeches pocket," the other grasping a gray goose quill. *He* is humming an air of "*La Gazza Ladra*," and occasionally directs a furtive glance at "colonel Stone" and "*Old nous verrons*"—see a smile passes from his lips, and is lost in the labyrinths of his goodly nose and well trimmed whiskers. He is thinking of by-gone days, when he twitted the former for his valorous retreat "behind the barn & the latter for his beloved *obsta principiis*,* which was always the forerunner o' a political summerset. Near "our venerable cotemporary" of the Enquirer, Charles Hammond is seated. He is one of the most able lawyers and astute editors in the west—who has discarded the editorial prerogative "*we*," and boldly writes his opinions with the pronoun "*I*."

Not far off is Joseph Gales, who has doffed his everlasting pepper and salt frock coat with a standing collar, and now "looks like somebody." "He is a man Horatio!", who "wears his heart upon his sleeve—for daws to peck at".—His standing as an editor is well known to the nation, and the '*chapel*' never had a more worthy officer. That tall discontented looking man, whose intellectual features are lighted up by a piercing black eye, is Duff Green—he is nullification personified, and so intent in explaining his doctrines, that he does not notice Blair, of the "Globe," whose goul-like visage beams with the faint image of a smile, as he witnesses the appearance of incredulity on the face of Duff's auditor. Blair has been termed the ugliest man in the United States—if the remark applies to his mind, it is correct—and he is, beyond question, the ugliest *editor* we have ever seen. On the right hand of Blair' is 'the *Ghost*,' of the editor of the Baltimore Republican, which is permitted to visit the "pale glimpses of the moon," on the 'responsibility" of "the *government*". It is holding an "*Epitaph*" in its hand and is seeking a reversal of its doom; in which it is encouraged by Mr. Noah who has expressed an opinion that no man can become a *ghost* who is destitute of *spirit*.—"*Alas! poor ghost!*" Barnes is watching it, and when he has proved that "gravity is moon-shine" and that the "sun emits neither light nor heat," will bid it "*down*" to the tune of "*Hark*(er) *from the tombs*,"

*That is, stick to the "seven principles."

&c. On the left "of the official organ" one of the "poetry-editors" of the New York "Evening Post" has placed himself—before him is a rose tinted sheet of "*Post*" on which he has written.

"*Churchill* thy *numbers*"———

But whether it is the beginning of an ode to Churchill the poet, or of a political squib in favor of *Churchill C.* Cambreleng, who excells in *numbers*† of differing character the deponent sayeth not. He is, however, a "*sweet*" looking man, and writes the most "*delightfull*" poetry-prose!

Alack!—we have forgotten the chairman of the meeting—old Mr. Lang of New York—see how meekly he bears the honors and with what precision he performs the business of his office.—Contrast his manner with that of the secretary, Mr. Brooks of the "Portland Advertiser," who instead of attending to his official duties is "*popping down*" the features of every pretty girl in the gallery, and counting the *panes* of glass in the windows. He is a "fool for his *pains!*" whispers Chandler of the "U. S. Gazette." Not so!—they will shed light upon an interesting chapter on Baltimore buildings and Baltimore belles. But what is the cause of the death like silence in the assembly—one of the members, who *is not a lawyer*, has arisen to make a speech!—*Is it possible?*

'TIS TIME TO GO!"

Badinage aside—we seriously believe the proposed convention may result in the adoption of some measures beneficial to the fraternity. Many subjects would come before it, in relation to the circulation of newspapers, postage, &c. &c. and a rule of courtesy might be established, which would place those editors in *Coventry* who violate decorum. As a matter of experiment, it is worthy of consideration—and we are for a convention.

†Mr Cambreleng in his famous report upon commerce, said the coasting tonnage of Great Britain was 8,618,508, tons in 1827—whereas the whole tonnage of the *British empire* amounted to only about 2,500,000! according to the official reports of the government.

The Messrs. Harpers, of New-York, have published a volume entitled "Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of East Tennessee." Every body knows or ought to know, David—Davy, or rather the Hon. David Crockett; his fame is abroad. The following is the *Hon.* Gentleman's account of a

BEAR HUNT.

'I was going long,' said he, 'down to a little *Harricane*, bout three miles from our sent, where I knew there must be a plenty of bear. 'Twas mightly cold, and my dogs were in fine order, and very busy hunting, when I seed where a piece of bark had been scratched off the tree. I said to my companion, there is a bear in the hollow of this tree. I examined the sign, and I knew I was right. I called my dogs to me; but to git at him was the thing—the tree was so large 'twould take all day to cut it down, and there was no chance to climb it. But, upon looking about, I found that there was a tree near the one the bear was in, and if I could make it fall agin it, I could then climb up and git him out. I fell to work and cut the tree down, but, as the devil would have it, it lodged before it got there. So that scheme was knocked in the head.

'I then told my companion to cut away upon the big tree, and I would go off some distance to see if I couldn't see him. *He* fell to work, and he hadn't been at it long before *I* seed the old bear poke his head out; but *I* couldn't shoot him, for if I did, I would hit him on the head, and he would fall backwards; so I had to wait for him to come out. I didn't say any thing; but it wasn't a minute before he run out upon a limb and jumped down.

'I ran as hard as I could, but, before I got there he and the dogs were hard at it. I didn't see much of the fight before they all rolled down a steep hill, and the bear got loose and broke right in the direction of the Harricane. He was a mighty large one, and I was 'fraid my dogs would lose him. 'twas such a thick place. I started after him, and told my friend to come on. Well, of all the thick places that ever you did see, that bear carried me through the thickest. The dogs would sometimes bring him to bay, and I would try for my life to get up to 'em, but when I would git most there, he would git loose. *He* devilled me mightily, I tell you. I reckon I went a mile after the bear upon my hands and knees, just creeping through briers, and if I hadn't had deer skin clothes on, they would have torn me in pieces.

'I got wet; and was mightily tired stooping so much. Sometimes I went through places so thick that I don't see how any thing could get through; and I don't *believe* I could, if I hadn't the dogs fighting just before me—Sometimes I would look back and I couldn't see how I got along. But once I got in a clear place; my dogs, tired of fighting, had brought the bear again to bay, and I had my head up, looking over to get a shoot, when the first thing I knew I was up to my breast in a sink hole of water. I was so infernal mad that I had a notion not to get out, but I began to think it wouldn't spite any body, and so I scrambled out. My powder was all wet, except the load in my gun, and I didn't know what to do. I had been sweating all the morning, and I was tired, and I looked rather queer with my wet, leather clothes on; but I harked my dogs on, and once more I heard 'em fighting. *I* run on, and while *I* was going 'long *I* heard something jump into the water—When *I* got there *I* saw the bear going up the other bank of the Obion river—*I* hadn't time to shoot him before he was out of sight—he looking mighty tired—When *I* come to look at my dogs, *I* could hardly help from crying. Old Tiger and Brutus were sitting upon the edge of the water, whinning because they couldn't git over! and *I* had a mighty good dog named Carlow,—he was standing in the water ready to swim; and I observed as the water passed by him it was right red,—he was mighty badly cut. When I came to notice my other dogs, they were all right bloody, and it made me so mad that I harked 'em on, and determined to kill the bear.

"*I* hardily spoke to 'em when there was a general plunge, and each of my dogs formed a streak going straight across. *I* watched them till they got out on the bank, when they all shook themselves, old Carlow opened, and off they all started. I set down upon an old log. The water was right red where my dogs jumped in, and *I* loved 'em so much it made me mighty sorry. When *I* come to think how willingly they all jumped in when *I* told 'em, though they were badly cut and tired to death, I thought I ought to go and help 'em.

"It was now about twelve o'clock. My dogs had been running ever since sunrise, and we had all passed through a hurricane, which ofitself was a day's work. *I* could hear nothing of my companion, *I* whooped, but there was no answer; and *I* concluded that he had been unable to follow me, and had gone back to the tent. I looked up and down the river, to see if there was a chance to cross it, but there was none— no canoe was within miles of me. While *I* was thinking of all these things, my dogs were trailing; but all at once *I* heard 'em fighting. *I* jumped up—I hardily knew what to do, when a notion struck me to roll in the log *I* had been sitting on, and cross over on that. 'Twas a part of an old tree, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying on a slant. *I* gave it a push, & it to the water it went. *I* got an old limb, straddled the log, with my feet in the water, and pushed off. 'Twas mighty ticklish work: *I* had to lay the limb across, like a balance pole, to keep me from turning over, and then paddled with the hand that wasn't holding the rifle. The log didn't float good, and the water came up over my thighs. After a while *I* got over safe, fastened my old log to go back upon, and as *I* went up the bank *I* heard my dogs tree. *I* run to 'em as fast as *I* could; and, sure enough, *I* saw the old bear up in a crotch.—My dogs were all lying down under him, and *I* don't know which was the most tired, they or the bear.

"I knew I had him, so just sat down and rested a little; and then, to keep my dogs quiet, I got up, and old Betsey thundered at him. I shot him right through the heart, and he fell without a struggle. I run up and stuck my knife into him several times up to the hilt, just because he devilled me so much but I had hardly pulled it out before I was sorry, for he had fought all day like a man, and would have got clear but for me.

"*I* noticed when the other dogs jumped on him to bite him, old Carlow didn't git up. I went to him, and saw a right smart puddle of blood under him. He was cut into the hollow, and *I* saw he was dying—nothing could save him. While *I* was feeling 'bout him, he licked my hand; my eyes filled with tears: *I* turned my head away, and to ease his sufferings, plunged my knife through his heart.—*He* yelled out his death note, and the other dogs tried to jump upon him: such is the nature of a dog. This is all *I* hate in bear hunting: *I* didn't git over the death of my dog in some time; and *I* have a right to love him to this day, for no man ever had a better friend."

A little beyond the Yankees.—However adroit the yankees may be in matters of manufacture and traffic, yet they fall infinitely short of some others in slight of hand in matters of thieves and robbers. The following circumstance, which is said to have happened in a neighboring city is a very happy illustration of this remark. A Gentleman having had a valuable watch stolen from his person, advertised that he would give the thief fifty dollars for its restoration, and that no questions should be asked. A short time after a man called on him and informed him that on payment of the fifty dollars the watch should be restored.—The money was handed to the stranger and the watch to its rightful owner who remarked that although he was under an obligation to ask no questions, yet he had a curiosity to know the manner in which he obtained the watch, and would make that inquiry, leaving his answer or refusal at his own option.—The man readily inquired of him whether he did not recollect that on a certain night a man put his hand on his shoulder, saying 'how are you,' and instantly asked pardon for his abrupt salutation as he was mistaken in the person he supposed he was addressing, at the same time patting him on the shoulder in the manner he did at the time he referred to. The man recollected the circumstance and the stranger said at that time he took his watch. The man was much gratified at the recovery of the watch and so much amused at the manner in which it was stolen, that he stepped into a shop of his acquaintance to tell the story,—While recapitulation the circumstances he attempted to pull out his watch, when lo it was gone again, the rogue having stolen it the second time, while telling the manner he stole it the first. This certainly beats the yankees all hollow," as the saying is.—*New England Weekly Review.*

MYSTERIOUS.—A rumour having got abroad that a large amount of money had been found in the neighbourhood of the Eighth Avenue, by a couple of coloured men, one of the police officers proceeded a few days since to enquire into the truth of the matter, from which the following has been elicited:—While digging in a pit in June last for sand, they accidentally came across a quantity of bank bills, carefully secured in a succession of wrappers, and presumed to amount to about two thousand dollars, although of this fact, the men are ignorant, being unable to read or write. They kept the fact of finding the money to themselves until about a fortnight since when they consulted as they say, a fortune teller in relation to it, who informed them that the right owner would come in the course of a day or two and claim it. This prediction of the fortune teller was verified the following morning, by a claimant appearing, to whom it was readily given by the coloured men, upon receiving a hundred dollars each as a reward for the finding. Who the claimant was has not been ascertained—nor, in fact, has any thing been elicted beyond what we have above stated.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

COL. BURR.—The Commercial states that the life of Col. Burr will be written by Matthew L. Davis, Esq. and considers him well qualified for the task. Col. Burr lately had a paralytic attack, from which he is slowly recovering. It has not affected his speech, nor his spirits, nor his mind; but at the age of seventy-seven, he is as communicative and as collected as ever. The attack was severe, and his physician was apprehensive that he could live but a day or two.

He sent for his friends, conversed with great cheerfulness, and gave several directions concerning his papers—he also answered with perfect readiness every question relative to the most important incidents in his life—and we have no doubt that his biography will present truly many events which, for years have been misrepresented to the world. There is no person better qualified as his biographer than Mr. Davis, not only on the score of ability, but a close and confidential intimacy with Col. Burr for more than thirty-five years. We know of no work that will comprise so many subjects of deep interest, or will have a more extensive circulation. Every politician statesman, and professional man, will have Col. Burr's Life in his library.—[*N. Y. Star.*

Amongst the pleadings of the French Bar, the following brief speech has been preserved by the curious. The defendant, who was a *dauber* of signs, was wretchedly poor, hideously ugly, proverbially stupid, and moreover was accused of seduction. The following was the pleading of his lawyer:

Gentlemen: My arguments on this case shall be brief. In the seduction of a woman one of these requisites are indispensable: the seducer must possess beauty, money, or sense.—My client is ugly, beggarly, and foolish.—*Ugly*; look at him. *Beggarly*; he is a painter of signs. *Foolish*; interrogate him. Gentlemen, I persist in my conclusions."

The Bank of Millington has gone into operation—Bicknell's *Detector* gives us the following description of their notes.

THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF MILLINGTON

This is a new institution which recently went into operation in Millington, Md. The notes on this bank for five dollars have for a vignette, a very beautiful country scene, in which several reapers are engaged while a country seat and a mill are to be descried in the distance. Each end of the note is ornamented with a female figure with her right hand upon a horn of plenty.

The tens have for a vignette, a female figure seated and engaged in writing upon a tablet, with a distant view of the ocean upon which a ship is visible: also the figure of Neptune & his sea chariot. Each end of the notes are ornamented with a medallion bust.

The vignette of the twenties presents a view of two female figures in the front ground—and the ocean with vessels upon it to the right; and a country town with a steamboat before it to the left of the figures. The ends of these are also embellished with medallion busts.

"Rev. John Robb, late Chief Clerk of the War Department has been appointed Superintendent of the United States Arsenal, at Springfield, Mass; vice Col. Roswell Lee, deceased. We understand the duties of Chief Clerk are temporarily performed by Daniel Kurtz, Esq of the Indian Bureau.

FOREIGN.

NEW YORK, November 19.—The Swedish barque Fridthof, Capt. Moberg arrived yesterday from Lisbon whence she sailed on the 12th October. Our advices from the Portuguese capital by the way of England, were previously not later than the 24th September.

Captain Moberg states that on the day he sailed, Don Pedro's troops marched out of the city for the purpose of attacking the besieging army, and that he distinctly heard the firing which ensued, but sailed before the result was known. Deserters from the Miguelite army, came in daily to the number of 30 or 40. The party of Donna Maria were in high spirits and looked forward with a confidence to a favorable termination of the struggle.

We confess that in the facts actually stated by Capt. Moberg we see little encouraging to the cause of donna Maria; here are eighteen days more elapsed and matters still remain in *statu quo*: Don Pedro cooped up in Lisbon as he was in Oporto, the country all around in the possession of his antagonist, who had even devastated the territory lying between Lisbon and St. Ubes, to prevent its furnishing supplies to the capital.

As to the sally which Capt. Moberg states took place on the day he sailed, it may or may not have been of importance; on such an extended line of defence as that around Lisbon it is only the military chiefs who are fully aware of what is really going on. Every movement, however inconsiderable, is magnified by the people into one of importance, every circumstance in itself trifling, by passing a thousand mouths, becomes an event of consequence.

Nor are we inclined to attach much importance to Capt. Moberg's statement in regard to public opinion. The mercantile community are we know, extremely partial to the cause of Donna Maria, and it is from them it is most likely, he has received the information he imparts to us. It must also be recollected that the vessel of Capt. Moberg bears the flag of a nation which has recognized Donna Maria, and it is not improbable that his feelings, and those with whom he was immediately connected were enlisted in her favor.

Of Bourmont, Capt. M. knows nothing, and unfortunately he has brought no journals from which we might collect any information besides that he has verbally given.

A Capt. John Herman, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Lisbon, had been sent with a flag of truce to the army of Don Miguel, and died on the way of cholera. It was, however, asserted by some that he met with a different fate.

The greater part of Don Pedro's fleet was lying in the Tagus. Two of his light ships of war were cruizing along the coast. A few days before he sailed, a vessel with Don Miguel's flag, and bound from a port in his possession to one in the Brazils, loaded with salt and wine, was brought into Lisbon, a prize to one of the squadron.

There was a great scarcity of provisions in Lisbon, particularly of flour. All the supplies to be brought in from sea.—*Courier.*

A letter from Richmond states, that the wills of the late John Randolph of Roanoke, are to be offered for probate in the County Court of Charlotte, in the course of the present month. It is generally believed that, after a long course of litigation, the will of 1832—emancipating the slaves—will be established. Counsel has been engaged on the part of the slaves, and it is said that Judge Leigh, who wrote the will of 1832, has signified his intention to renounce all claims for himself under either will, and to testify to the fact that Mr. Randolph was not of disposing mind and memory when he made the last will.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, Nov. 23.

Talbot County Court commenced its fall term on Monday last, Judges Earle, Hopper and Eccleston presiding. At the opening of the court a number of civil causes were marked for trial, none of which, however, were tried.—There were several important criminal cases disposed of. It is presumed the Court will adjourn to-day.

For the Easton Gazette.

THE METEORS.

MR. GRAHAM:

It may be useful to the Philosophers of our country to have some particular statements in relation to the beautiful Phenomenon which appeared on Wednesday morning last the 13th of November.

The Saturday previous was a warm dark day, with rather a constant fall of moderate rain throughout the day; Thermometer above Temperate—at about 9 o'clock on Saturday night the dark weather began to clear off gradually and mildly and Sunday the 10th was an unusually brilliant and soft day throughout; thermometer 70°—Sunday night until usual bed time was serene and numerous stars were visible. Monday morning 11th at dawn still soft and clear—at, or a little after sun rise, it became overcast and it was showery for the whole day after ten o'clock, A. M. the temperature of the weather still mild and soft, thermometer about 68°. Monday night rather thick and cloudy—mild throughout—Tuesday 12th morning overcast but remarkably mild, air damp—thermometer at 8 o'clock A. M. 69° at about 11 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday it began to clear off, wind N. West—Wind became brisk and the change in the air was agreeable—the evening was cool; thermometer not observed; after night on Tuesday, the wind began to rise and blew smartly from the Westward with a little Southing until towards 11 o'clock, P. M. —weather clear. At half past 3 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday the 13th November (the weather clear & chill and sharp) I was called to view the grand scene of meteoric lights, which seemed falling all around as thick as flakes of snow are sometimes seen to fall from a passing cloud in winter, when the flakes are largest; it is then that they are generally least numerous.

But exclusive of these innumerable falling meteors there were other thousands almost constantly passing in an oblique direction and variant in their course. Some exceedingly large and brilliant, and all those passing obliquely left luminous paths behind them. Many of the dropping meteors also left corruscating tracks as they fell. To us who are unlearned as to such phenomena, the scene though grand, was truly appalling. *If* the face of Empires is ever visible in the skies,* ours seemed then to be so; and we leave it to the seers to unfold it.

We are all familiar with what is vulgarly called the "shooting of the stars," "that more than deck, that animate the sky," in a sultry summer night; visions however beautiful, always of evil portent; to the farmer, indicating drought and heat to his thirsting crops. The meteoric lights on Wednesday the 13th were nothing different from these, we presume but in numbers, frequency, continuance, size, and varied directions.

These meteors continued until towards the dawn of day with some diminution of numbers for the last hour, but still very numerous. The period during which I saw them must have been for two hours at least; & I learn from a servant that they were much thicker, much more numerous and more brilliant before the time I saw them; the account of this servant is, that he first saw them near one hour before I did, & they were then in full exhibition. I did not see them after the dawn of day, but have no doubt, from the accounts here received, that others did.

This sublime and gorgeous spectacle was certainly the most magnificent scene the eyes ever beheld, and it is truly unfortunate that so great a portion of the world was wrapt in slumber at a moment, when all nature appeared to be splendidly illuminated by constant irradiations from every part and particle of the atmosphere.

Myriads of fiery orbs seemed sportively haying through the Heavens; marking their course with mild effulgence.

"Sæpe et ant stellas, vento impendente, videbis"
"Præcipites cœlo labi, noctisque per umbram"
"Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus."

C. D.

Nov. 18, 1833.

*Sol tibi signa dabit: Solemquis dicere falsum
"Audeat? ille etiam cœcos instare tumultus
"Sæpe monet: fraudemque et operta tumescere bella."

The atmospheric phenomenon was likewise seen in Boston.

The following is Professor Olmsted's account of it, published in the New Haven Herald:

The Meteors.—About day break this morning, our sky presented a remarkable exhibition of Fire Balls, commonly called *Shooting Stars*. The attention of the write was first called to the phenomenon about half past five o'clock, from which time until sunrise, the appearance of these meteors was striking and splendid, beyond any thing of the kind he ever witnessed or heard of.

To form some idea of the phenomenon, the reader may imagine a constant succession of fire balls, resembling sky rockets, radiating in all directions from a point in the heavens near the zenith, and following the arch of the sky towards the horizon. They proceeded to various distances from the radiating point, leaving after them a vivid streak of light, and usually exploding before they disappeared. The balls were of various sizes, and degrees of splendor; some were mere points, but others were larger and brighter than Jupiter or Venus; and one seen by a credible witness, before the writer was called, was judged to be nearly as large as the moon. The flashes of light, though less intense than lightning, were so bright as to awaken people in their beds. One ball that shot off in a northwest direction, and exploded near the star Capella, left, just behind the place of explosion, a phosphorescent train, of peculiar beauty. This line was at first nearly straight, but it shortly began to contract in length, and dilate in breadth, and assume the figure of a serpent folding itself up, until it appeared like a small luminous cloud of vapor. This cloud was borne eastward by the wind, opposite to the direction in which the meteor had proceeded, remaining in sight several minutes. The light was usually white, but was occasionally prismatic, with a predominance of blue.

A little before six o'clock, it appeared to the company that the point of radiation was moving eastward from the zenith, when it occured to the writer to mark its place accurately, among the fixed stars.

The point was then seen to be in the contellation Leo, within the bend of the SICKLE, a little to the westward of Gamma Leonis, and not far from Regulus. During the hour following, the radiant point remained stationary in the same part of Leo, although the constellation in the mean time, by the diurnal revolution, moved westward to the meridian 15 degrees. By referring to a Celestial Globe, it will be seen, that this point has a right ascension of 150 degrees, and a declination of about 20 degrees. Consequently it was 20 degrees 18 minutes south of our zenith.

The weather had sustained a recent change. On the evening of the 11th, a very copious southerly rain fell, and on the 12th, a high westerly wind prevailed, by gusts. Last evening the sky was very serene; a few falling stare were observed, but not so numerous as to excite particular attention.

The writings of Humboldt contain a description of a singular phenomenon observed by Bonpland, at Cumana. It is worthy of remark that this phenomenon was seen nearly at the same hour of the morning, and on the 12th of November.

As the cause of "Falling Stars" is not well understood by meteorologists, it is desirable to collect all the facts attending this phenomenon, stated with as much precision as possible. The subscriber, therefore, requests to be informed of any particulars which were observed by others, respecting the *time* when it was first discovered, the position of the *radiant point* above mentioned, whether progressive or stationary and of any other facts relating to the meteors.

DENISON OLMSTED

Yale College, Nov. 14, 1833.

From the Baltimore Gazette of Nov. 20.

EXCITEMENT IN RICHMOND.—A friend in this city has communicated to us a letter just received from a highly respectable gentleman in Richmond, from which we make the following extract:

"RICHMOND, Nov. 18th. 1833.

"Our city is in considerable agitation to-day. The Governor has ordered the troop of Cavalry to be in readiness at a moment's warning with 9 rounds of ball cartridge. It is said by some that Robert B. Randolph will be rescued to-night, and the jail forced. The feeling towards R. in his favor is very great in this city. Others say that it is to prevent the taking away of John H. Pleasants, in case the Judge decides against P. The Governor has *actually* been to see R. some say twice, after which his orders were issued. The excitement here this evening is very great; the preparing of fire arms looks rather ugly. I am in hopes that every thing will yet be right."

The last papers received from Richmond, state that Mr. Randolph was arrested by the Marshal of the U. States for that district, and committed to close confinement in Henrico jail, by virtue of a warrant of distress, under the act of Congress of the 15th May, 1830, for a sum exceeding 20,000 dollars. Mr. Pleasants, the senior editor of the Richmond Whig, was also arrested by the Marshal, on Thursday last, for an alleged contempt in refusing to obey the process requiring his appearance before the County Court of Alexandria, as a witness in the case of Mr. Randolph's assault on the President.

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