

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Which was issued from this office on Thursday last on an extra sheet, is republished in this paper for the benefit of those subscribers who were not furnished with it at that time.

The Union Fire Engine and Hose Company are requested to meet to-morrow morning at the State House, at 10 o'clock, on business of importance. Punctual attendance is requested.

T. H. BOWIE, Sec'ry.
Nov. 26.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following spirited and fine description of the manners, characters and customs of Constantinople, is from Neal's Travels. "It would be difficult for any imagination, even the most romantic or distemper'd, to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated, even within a few hours perambulation, in and around the Turkish Capital. The barbarous extreme of magnificence & wretchedness, of power and weakness, of turpitude and magnanimity, of profanity and sanctity, of cruelty and humanity, are all to be seen jumbled together in the most sublime or offensive combinations of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of human art, contrasted with the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, and brutalizing inherent degeneracy, fill up the vacant spaces of this varied picture. "The howling of ten thousand dogs reechoing through the deserted streets all the livelong night, chase you sometimes from your pillow; approaching your window, you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun, gliding the snowy summits of mount Olympus, and the beautiful shores of the sea of Marmora, the point of Chalcedon, and the town of Scutari; midway your eyes range with delight over the marble domes of St. Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering amidst groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts, and spiry minarets of a thousand mosques. While you contemplate this superb scenery, the thunders of artillery burst upon your ears; and, directing your eye to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, you may behold, proudly sailing around the point of the Seraglio the splendid navy of the Ottomans, returning with the annual tribute of Egypt. The curling volumes of smoke ascending from the port holes, play around the belying sails, and hide at times, the ensigns of crimson silk, besprinkled with the silvery crescent of Mahomet! The hoarse guttural sounds of a Turk selling kaimac at your door, recal your attention towards the miserable lanes of Pera, wet, splashy, dark, and disgusting—the mouldering wooden tombs beating over the alleys; are the abode of pestilence and misery. You may mount your horse, and betake you to the fields, rich with the purple of health and lavender, and swarming with myriads of horned insects; in the midst of your progress, your horse recoils from his path, at the loathsome object occupying the centre of the highway, an expiring horse, from which a horde of famished dogs are already tearing the racking entrails. Would you behold his unfeeling master look on death that acaic, at the hoary Turk performing his pious ablutions at the sacred fountain? If we retrace our steps, we are met by a party passing at a quick pace towards that cemetery on the right; they are carrying on a bier the dead body of a Greek, the palid beauty of whose countenance is contrasted with the freshness of the roses which compose the chaplet of the head. A few hours only he ceased to breathe; but such the grave has already received his corpse, & amidst the desolate palace of the earth, he has entered an obscure & nameless tenant. "Having returned to the city, you are appalled by a crowd of revellers pressing around the door of a wine house; the sounds of minstrelsy & riot are within. You have scarcely passed when you behold three or four gazers around the door of a baker's shop—the Kamaiken has been his rounds, the weights have been found deficient, and the unfortunate man who swings in a halter

at the door, has paid for his petty villainy, the forfeiture of his life. The populace around murmur at the price of bread, but the muezzin, from the adjoining minarets are proclaiming the hour of prayer, and the followers of Mahomet are pouring in to count their beads and proclaim the efficacy of faith. In an opposite coffee-house a group of Turkish soldiers, drowsy with tobacco, are dreaming over the conquests of a chess-board, or listening to the licentious fairy tales of dervise. The passing crowd seem to have no common sympathies, jostling each other in silence on the narrow foot-path; women veiled in long caftan emirs, with green turbans, Janissaries, Bosnians, Jews and Armenians, encounter Greeks, Albanians, Tartars and Franks.—Fatigued with such pageantry, you observe the shades of evening descend, and again sigh for repose, but the passawend with their iron bound staves striking the pavement, excite your attention to the cries of yanga var from the top of the adjoining tower, and you are told that the flames are in the next street.—There you may behold the devouring element overwhelming in a common ruin the property of infidels or true believers, till the shouts of the multitude announce the approach of the arch despot, and the power of a golden shower of sequins is exemplified in awakening the callous feelings of even a Turkish multitude, to the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and of rendering them sensible to the common ties of humanity.—The fire is extinguished—and darkness of a deeper hue has succeeded to the glare of the flames, the retiring crowd guided by their paper lanterns, fit by thousands, like ignis fatuus, amidst the cypresses of the Champ des Morts, and like another Mirza, after your sublime vision, you are left, not indeed, to contemplate the lowing of the oxen in the valley of Bagdad, but to encounter the gloom and cheerless solitude of your own apartment."

From the New York Evening Post.
LOTTERY CASE.

On Tuesday last commenced the trial of Charles N. Baldwin, the editor of the Republican Chronicle, for a libel, in publishing that there had been fraud and villainy in the management of our lotteries, the trial lasted three days, and was committed to the jury this morning a little before 2 o'clock. The defendant relied for his justification on proving the truth of the charges. What these charges were, the public cannot have forgotten; they consisted, principally, of the assertion that there was a corrupt understanding between John H. Sickles, one of the acting managers at the drawing, and Naphthal Judah, by which the latter was enabled to have a secret knowledge of the state of the wheel, so as to know that certain numbers would be drawn on a particular day, and that they would not be drawn on certain other days; by means of which information, the latter was enabled to practice frauds upon the other lottery offices, and did so to a large amount by inducing them to insure, as they supposed, against the happening of certain contingencies, but which were moral certainties. Many charges of the same iniquitous nature were stated to the public by the defendant, as well as of negligencies and improprieties on the part of the managers. Numerous witnesses were examined to prove these facts. On the other hand, several of the most respectable men in the city joined to say that they had known Mr. Sickles many years, and he had in hereto borne a good character. Mr. Sickles, Mr. Judah, and Mr. Deniston, were severally sworn on the part of the prosecution, to disprove the charges. Finally, after the address of able and eloquent counsel on both sides, his honour the mayor. (Although the court had, with great patience, listened for three days to the evidence and the counsel,) recapitulated all the testimony with great minuteness, accompanied with remarks as he went along, and delivered the cause to the jury just before 2 o'clock this morning. They retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict in favour of the defendants; a verdict, which I venture to say, met with the approbation of every impartial spectator. In the course of the charge, the mayor said, that Mr Baldwin had satisfactorily made good the charges which he had published; and that, instead of finding him guilty of a libel, he deserved the thanks, not only of the jury, but of every honest

man in this community, for having exposed a scene of fraud and wickedness almost unparalleled. As a correct report of this case is preparing, and will shortly appear from the press of Mr. Baldwin himself, from minutes taken in court by a gentleman of uncommon accuracy, and as the sale of this report will be all that he can expect to remunerate him for the expense which this vexatious trial has involved him in, it is hoped that the preference will be given by purchasers to his pamphlet. To this report therefore, I must refer the public for a more particular account of what passed at this extraordinary trial, in the issue of which the character of the state of New-York is deeply implicated. When this report appears, it will develop such a train of fraud and inquiry, as will amaze every reader. Counsel for the prosecution, Pierre C. Van Wick, District Attorney, Peter A. Jay, and John Wells, Esq. For the defendant, Joseph D. Fay, David B. Ogden, and Josiah O. Hoffman, Esquires.

Boston, Nov. 24.
SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

On the evening of the 15th ult., as Dr. Thomas R. Turner, of Maffield, Montgomery county, was standing a few rods from his door, conversing with two of his neighbours, his wife having also stepped out, leaving in the house two boys, one about 6, the other about 4 years of age—they were alarmed from the report of a gun from within Mr. T. immediately recollected having placed his gun a few hours previous in a corner of the room; rushed in, found the eldest boy standing by it, in the place where it had been left; the other lay dead on the floor. It appears the children had stood facing each other; the contents of the gun passing through the child's throat, and lodged chiefly in the back part of the neck, the fore part of it was almost entirely carried away.

Oxford, (Conn.) Oct. 26.
ACCIDENT.

On Saturday evening last, as 3 of Mr. Sperry's children were sitting before the fire, they were suddenly and one very severely, scalded, by the fall of a large kettle of cider, which was boiling over the fire. Mrs. S. was near the fire, carding cotton, but escaped unhurt. In the moment of confusion a neighbour stepped in, and recommended an application of cotton wet with molasses, to the parts of the child affected. The boy was immediately stripped and covered with cotton, when by accident the candle was brought in contact, and the child was wrapped in a light blaze; Mrs. Sperry in attempting to extinguish the flame, caught her own clothes, and her situation soon became so alarming, that she was obliged to throw herself upon the floor to smother the flame. Unfortunately she happened to throw herself upon the cotton she had been carding, & the whole exhibited a complete bonfire. The child, when taken up, was literally burnt to a cinder; it is still alive, but cannot survive long. Mrs. Sperry and the other children will recover, but must endure a long and painful confinement. — It is supposed that the bail of the kettle was not in the bend of the hook, but only on the edge of it, the boiling of the fluid caused an agitation, which occasioned the accident.

Rogersville, (Ten.) Oct. 24.
MOST HORRID ATROCITY.

On Wednesday a deed of the most shocking enormity was perpetrated at the house of Mr. Robert Gambill, in the vicinity of this place. The particulars, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follows.—Mr. Gambill had left home early in the day, after which, it appears, that his negro boy, about 14 years of age, took his master's rifle gun from the rack in the dwelling house which he found empty; he loaded it, and then proceeded to the loom house where his mistress was weaving, and discharged its contents at her through a crevice between the logs of the house. The ball appears to have entered behind her right ear, & came out in her left cheek near her ear. The monster then enticed the balance of the family, consisting of Mr. Gambill's three children, the youngest about 12 months old, & a small negro girl about 10 years old, to go with him to the barn, when he recommenced the horrid work of destruction which he had begun with his mistress; he took an axe and dispatched, as he thought the negro girl, and all the

children except the youngest which he left unhurt. He then hid the axe and proceeded to the house of the nearest neighbours, and informed them that some person had come to his master's house, and shot his mistress and killed the children. When the neighbours assembled, a most shocking spectacle was presented to their view. Mrs. Gambill had fallen from her seat at the loom, and lay weltering in her blood apparently just expired; and the children lying in the barn yard, apparently dead. The culprit was taken into custody, and confessed the facts above related. He also states that he was persuaded to commit the crime by a white man and a negro belonging to Mr. C. Kirkman, a near neighbour of Mr. Gambill's—the white man and negro are also in custody. All the family are yet living, but little hopes are entertained of the recovery of any but the eldest child.

From a London paper of Sept. 23.
NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The Equator, captain Overton, arrived here from Davis's Straights, on Thursday, and a sick seaman received from on board the Alexander, one of the Discovery ships which capt. Overton saw a few miles distant, on the 4th of August, apparently all well, in lat. 75 30.—Hull Packet.

We have the pleasure to state, in addition to what we mentioned yesterday, that the Bun Accord, of Aberdeen, has brought dispatches from the North West Expedition, the last, in all probability, which will be received this year, as our ships were going beyond the tract of all the trading and fishing vessels which till then had accompanied their course. Strange as it may appear, the approach of winter, which begins very early in those high latitudes, seems to have increased, instead of shutting out every hope of success. In a private letter from Capt. Ross, dated last August, in lat. 75, 48, N. long. 61 30. W. he says—"I have but a few moments to tell you, that we have now every prospect of success—the ice is clearing away fast, and the wind is at N. E. Our variation observed on the ice, 88, 13. We have killed a whale, and laid in a stock of blubber for our winter's fuel."

THE KING OF ENGLAND.

His Majesty is perfectly blind, occupies a long suite of rooms, through which he is almost continually strolling. Several piano fortes and harpsichords are placed at certain intervals, and the monarch frequently stops at them, runs over a few notes of Handel's Oratorios & proceeds on his walk. He dines chiefly on cold meats and frequently eats standing. He has a silk plaid dress, and will sometimes stop and address himself to a Noble Duke or Lord, thus holding a colloquy and furnishing their answers. He suffers his beard to grow two or three days. His hair is perfectly white. He is quite cheerful in his conduct and conversation, eats very heartily and enjoys a good bodily health.

As John Moffat, a stout and active young man, was crossing the Esk on Tuesday evening last night, on his return from the salmon stake-net, he was closely pursued in the water by a fish of the shark species, which, after slightly biting his legs in above twenty different places, at last got the whole of his left leg transversely within its mouth. In this situation, Moffat seized the point of the fish's upper and lower jaw, which had passed over and under his leg, and by a violent effort extricated himself, and making two or three rapid springs, got into shallow water. His leg is severely wounded in the place where it was seized across.

From the Liverpool Mercury, of Sept. 11.

Further particulars of the loss of the brig Sine, of Boston. The brig Sine, capt. Doake, sailed from this port on Monday week for Boston, thirty two passengers were embarked on board of her. About ten o'clock on Wednesday night, whilst the two vessels were standing on opposite tacks, she unfortunately ran down the brig Dash, bound from Dartmouth to London. The Dash sunk almost instantaneously. Her crew consisted of 5 persons, 2 of whom were saved by the exertions of capt. Doake and his crew, and the remainder were unhappily drowned. The Sine's bowsprit was carried away by this

lamentable accident, and she was seriously damaged by the shock. Captain Doake, being incapable of prosecuting his voyage with his vessel in the altered condition, determined to turn to Liverpool to repair the new misfortunes awaited the vessel. Between four and five o'clock, the captain, worn out by his previous exertions, and rendered incaapable of his duty, retired to his cabin, leaving the brig in charge of mate, and giving him strict injunctions to keep a sharp look out to call him before he got up to the Skerries. The vessel continued on her course till about half seven o'clock, when the strange Platters, off the Welch coast, near the Skerries, a light house water rashed in with great rapidity, and the vessel was sinking fast. The dreadful conjuncture which the Duke and his companions soon as she struck, ordered the ship's boats to be instantly cast away. She had only two the long boat, and the other a small one. The long boat was duly filled; but only a few got into the small one; for the whole of the people on wreck could embark, both boats cut adrift; the persons on board, they allowed all to embark, would be so much crowded as to endanger the lives of the crew. Capt. Doake who had been cast up and anxious engaged in transferring the passengers, and the mate, & many passengers, thus abandoned to all the horrors which ensued was awfully affected. The brig was now nearly under the wreck in the face. Not were seen clinging to their unhappily children in all the agony of mental despair, piercing the air with their shrieks; whilst the helpless children clung to their distraught parents, looking to them for which they could no yield. At an awful moment, the small boat about and returned towards the wreck. This afforded the people a gleam of hope. But was transient; no entreaties could prevail upon the persons in her to come alongside to rescue their companions. At length the vessel, down, in less than half an hour, she struck.—Captain Doake saved by the boat, which also picked up the mate, who was almost dead, two children, two women, one man. The remainder, consisting of a Mrs. Moor and her children, Mrs. Croft and her children, Mrs. Latham and her two children, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Latham, were swallowed by the remorseless waves. The long boat was still afloat, making towards the Welch coast; but Captain Doake quitted the land in hopes of meeting some vessel which might rescue him and his unhappy companions from their still perilous situation. As the tide was in sight when the Sine struck and caved up her topsails, as it was intended to render her assistance, but made all sail when she was down. The forlorn voyagers, after rowing some distance, were taken up by a pilot boat, which perceived the imminence of their danger had come, with praise-worthy alacrity, to their succour. They made sail after the long boat, which they soon came up, and took the people on board. They shortly afterwards fell in with two brig boats from this port, between which the survivors were divided, and on the 13th day,—Monday—most of them were in a most forlorn and desolate condition, some having been roused from their beds by the striking of the vessel, the suddenness of which, and the confusion wound in the place where it was seized across.

Some of the Wonderful!
Extract of a letter from a young lady in Amherst, (N. H.) to her brother in Paterson, (N. J.) dated October 31. "A mineral spring has lately been discovered in Amherst, in a very singular manner. A young man, son of Mr. Sergeant, had been very sick for some time, a short time before his death, he dreamed that a man came to him, and stood on a rock in a field not far from his father's house, and told him, that near that place was a spring, the water of which would cure a consumption. He dreamed it a second and a third time, within a week. He was very anxious indeed to have them dig & find there it was; they carried him on a bear into the field, and he informed them where the man stood in his dream. They dug and found a spring of very singular looking water; (I have seen some of it,) it resembles lay-pit water, but will never settle nor strain clear. This the young man thought was not the right spring, and wished them to dig further, he said the man told him a flat stone would lie over the spring.—The young man died, and the last word he said was 'Spring.' Since his death, a man has been there from Massachusetts, who could use mineral rods; they dug twelve feet into the earth and came to the flat stone; they drew it off with oxen, and under it was the spring; the water is clear, and people can drink

of other water as an emetic. We do not know will be on inquiry, great curiosity coming from the water and them. They fifty miles depend that the
By His Excellency
Maryland
A PRO
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