Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS:
Thursday, May 30, 1833.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

In future Mass will be celebrated in St. Mary's Church at six o'clock A. M. on Thursdays, and at half past eight on Sundays. A Sermon will be delivered at half after ten in the morning, and Divine Service at four in the evening.

CATHOLIC FAIR.

Some benevolent Ladies intend holding a FAIR for the benefit of St. Mary's Church in Annapolis, on the *second Tuesday of June.* The charitable of all denominations are requested to make donations in money, or goods, which will be thankfully received.—The Catholics in Annapolis are few in number, and unable to attain their object, unless assisted by the benevolence and kindness of their Christian brethren of all denominations. Any person disposed to aid this laudable undertaking, will send the article of contribution, directed to the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, the present Pastor of the Church. "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

☞ Editors of the Baltimore and Washington papers will oblige by inserting this notice.

Annapolis, May 30th, 1833.

THE EFFECT OF EFFORTS.

We find in the Boston Journal the following extract and comment. The fact that Shepherd was induced to emigrate by one of Mr. Carey's pamphlets, shows how important to great ends, are the means which that gentleman uses.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Emigration.—The Washington County Post says, that Hezekiah Shepherd, his wife, mother, and infant child, colored people, left that village (Salem, N. Y.) on the evening of the 6th inst. for Liberia, in Africa. They are sent out by the Washington County Colonization Society.—*Troy Centinel.*

We had a long conference with Shepherd at New York, about a week since. He is a shoemaker, and has made a good and honest living by his trade—nothing about Liberia seems to trouble him but the question whether leather enough could be found there to answer the *ends* he aims at. His age is twenty-nine. Matthew Carey's "Letters" gave him the first hint of going to Africa. He brought with him, from Dr. Proudfit and other well known gentlemen of his native county, very handsome testimonials of character, which now lie before us.

The Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser, in referring to the person arrested on the charge of murdering Mr. Sayre and his family, says: "*The Murders at Morristown.*—La Blanc told a French gentleman who met him after his capture, that he found the girl murdered, and the house empty on his return home from the tavern; and that he then resolved to escape with the articles, which were found upon him. He was to have been examined yesterday before a magistrate."

There are in the United States about 9,000 ministers of the gospel. The population is more than 13,000,000, and supposing the labours of each to extend to 800 individuals, there would be left 6,000,000 of our citizens without a preacher.—*Anon.*

Fifty or sixty persons assembled in Lowell (Mass.) on Friday night last and demolished the windows, and otherwise injured a small building in Appleton street, which has long been a resort of Gamblers. The occupants had previously cleared out.

Mr. Durant, the celebrated and intrepid Æreonaut, is making arrangements to ascend in a balloon, from Castle Garden, New York, early in the ensuing month.

DEATH OF JOHN RANDOLPH!

The Hon John Randolph, of Roanoke, is no more! He expired in Philadelphia on Friday afternoon. From the Daily Intelligencer of Saturday we copy the following

OBITUARY.

John Randolph is no more! This distinguished and gifted individual breathed his last at Hieskell's hotel yesterday, at a quarter before three o'clock.

He arrived in this city in an extreme state of debility; and from the expressions which frequently dropped from him, it is thought that he knew the real state of his health. After his arrival he continued to sink. The lamp of life flickered in the stocket; and even the strength of occasional flashes only informed those, aware of his condition, of the approach of death. He preserved the singular power and brilliancy of his intellect to a very late hour. The evening before his death his physician informed him, with a laudable frankness, of his approaching departure; and was gratified to find the awful communication received without surprise and without disappointment. He spoke of his life as a protracted illness; and expressed a conviction that it was well that the scene of suffering should close. He regarded the past without reproach, and the future without apprehension. Until his mind was closed by the shade of the tomb, he presented the same intellectual elevation of character.

He died among strangers.

By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!

He died at the age of sixty-one years. Forty years of this term were passed in active public life. No man has for so long a period engrossed so large a share of public attention; and but few have exercised so extended and powerful an influence over public sentiment. He was the 'child' of Congress, when he entered it, and the 'father' of the house when he left it; yet, during all this time, no man pretended to rival him in his peculiar powers, no man, however powerful his eloquence or stable his influence, dared wantonly incur the opposition of Mr. Randolph. Nature had gifted him with a peculiar and dangerous power. His sarcasm blighted every thing it touched; and left the object of his wrath a scathed and blasted monument of the power of genius. That he at times misused this power, is not surprising. Most men gifted with the prerogative to wield the thunder of Jove, would give 'nothing but thunder'

That Randolph, nervous, hypocondriacal and infirm, shut out by nature from the softening sympathies of his race, and made an object of mingled compassion and terror—that such a man should at times be morose and misanthropical, ought not to excite either their astonishment or anger. Yet it must be remembered that at all times, and in all emergencies, he was true to his character, a generous, intrepid, and magnanimous Virginian. He never descended to envy, malice or meanness; as a foe, he was open and determined; as a friend, generous and faithful. Through the long course of his political life, he retained the confidence which, in youth, was placed in him; and to the last was the object of Virginia's pride and attachment. Though wayward, he was still filial; and in all his changes, his devoted affection for the state which gave him birth, was unaltered.

The arrangements for his interment were made some time before his demise. His remains will be conveyed to Virginia, and buried in his paternal estate. Virginia will receive the intelligence of his death with the sincerest and most lively regret. Let Pennsylvania, by every mark of respect in her power, show her sense of the patriotism, ability and public services of the lamented dead. At such a time party distinctions cannot be felt. The unhallowed whisper of party malice cannot profane the presence of the departed patriot; nor the low breathings of envy and detraction, poison the air in which the echoes of his voice have scarcely ceased to vibrate. He was an American—a noble and patriotic one—an honour to the land that gave him birth. Let all those who claim a share to a title which his genius has so largely contributed to elevate and brighten, join in those last and solemn honours which are due to the remains of the patriot dead.

From the National Gazette.

We learn that the mind of the Hon. John Randolph retained its usual character until within about two hours of his dissolution. It then appeared to sink, and suffer, like the body, complete exhaustion. He was emaciated to such a degree that his frame was a prodigy of leanness and general debility—a mere anatomy. He gave directions that his corpse should be transported to Roanoke, and buried under a particular tree. He intended to visit England for the improvement of his health. We abstain from a particular obituary notice. False panegyric is nearly as bad as unjust disparagement. It is too soon to treat of the memory of John Randolph, so as to furnish a true representation and estimate of his deserts or demerits. He was an extraordinary man, singularly gifted, whose career and habits were peculiar, and whose intellectual qualities even could not be properly judged without nice discrimination, and the impartiality that time and the future changes of interests and actors in our political drama can alone produce.

The remains of Mr. Randolph were brought to Baltimore in the steam-boat Kentucky, and immediately placed on board the Pocahontas, for Norfolk.

A Revolutionary Animal.—On the 5th inst. in Amity township, Berks county, I met with an old acquaintance on the plantation of Jacob A. Beyer, a Land Tortoise, having engraved on its shell "G. Lorah, 1771" Mr. Beyer saw the identical tortoise thirty-one years ago, and some one of his family have noticed it in nearly every succeeding year, excepting the last, when it appeared to be missing, and it was shrewdly suspected that his turtleship had either gone on a Presidential electioneering trip, or went to the South to settle the Nullifiers. How be it, we were all glad to find him not only in the land of the living, but in "the land of liberty," on the day of the above date. Since first noticed, it does not appear to have gone out of a circumference of fifty rods, and has much increased in size. Sixty-two years have undoubtedly elapsed since it was marked as above, and how old it may have been before that, cannot, probably, be ascertained; though we may reasonably suppose its age to equal that of the oldest of our Revolutionaries, and it bids fair to outlive the youngest of those worthies.

HENRY BOYER.

Amity Township, May 8, 1833.

MARL.

We have heard much said of late in favour of marl, but we had not till the other day an opportunity of witnessing its effects ourselves. We frankly confess we were most agreeably surprised in walking over some of the farms in Salem county last week and noticing the influence of this valuable article on winter grain as well as grass. A person might be conducted into a field blindfolded and he would be able easily to distinguish from the difference in the size of wheat, rye, grass, &c. exactly where it has been used and where not. We witnessed about one hundred hands at work in the pits near Woodstown digging and throwing it out, to be conveyed to the surrounding farms.—*Bridgeton Whig.*

MR. AVERY'S TRIAL.

The investigation will probably, according to our latest accounts, be protracted far beyond general anticipation. On Saturday last, one hundred witnesses had been examined, and as many more were to follow.

The following remarks from the correspondent of the Boston Daily Advocate, indicate the great and growing importance and deep excitement which this trial has occasioned:

Newport, Saturday, May 18.

The trial of Mr. Avery "drags its slow length along," and we cannot yet even begin to look at the end. The whole range of human sciences, professions, occupations and feelings, are more or less brought into it, and there never was a case which so thoroughly illustrated the maxim that a lawyer ought to know a little of every thing.

There is the law of the case, that is for the lawyer; the anatomy of it for the doctor; the theology of it, (connected with points that have been introduced touching the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their mode of conducting Camp Meetings,) for the minister; the nature and effects of different kinds of knots, and the movements of the ferry boats for the sailor; the kind of cords used in cotton mills, &c. for the manufacturer; the weather and the optical medium for the astronomer and philosopher; the regulations of the post office for the post master; coal mines and fossils for the geologist; the nature of grounds, stack-yards, *husducks, fog* grass, &c. for the farmer; combs and paper for the comb and paper maker; the explosion of rocks for the engineer; the measuring of distances for the surveyor; the capacity of passing between different points for the pedestrian; the regulations of store keepers in admitting customers behind their counters, for the trader—and in fact I might fill a sheet in enumerating the ramifications into which this most extraordinary of all extraordinary cases has been carried. The printers will come in for their full share, in publishing a cargo of reports. Even poetry has not been wanting.

One of the witnesses to day, a prompt, pretty damsel, repeated a long piece of poetry, with most approved emphasis, which she had treasured up, and which a young man had written in praise of the unfortunate deceased, whose death has given rise to this trial.

Wherever she is traced, she seems to have carried a remarkable power of fascination, and commanding influence over those around her, whatever may have been her vices. This has been fully exemplified in her biography, which has been the subject of the two last days' examination, exclusively. On this topic alone, twenty-one females and eight men, have been examined yesterday and to-day, making thirty-two witnesses for the prisoner; so that we now have had just *one hundred* witnesses on the stand, and as many more are to come. Those who have testified yesterday and to-day, have traced the deceased from the cradle to the fatal stack-yard, and the fruitful theme of her character is by no means exhausted. It is to be resumed on Monday.

Thus far the defence has been confined to anatomical and surgical investigations upon suicide and hanging, and the private history of the deceased. The main points are yet to come, though less voluminous. The Court are very indulgent to the prisoner, as they should be; and the Attorney-General, who always enforces the rules of law with extreme reluctance in such cases, admits evidence of every possible relation to this case, with extreme liberality. Names of individuals, who little dream of the immortality they are to receive by this trial, are called up by the witnesses in strange shapes. The village tales of Lowell, Dover, Great Falls, Slatersville, Thompson, Bozrah, Jewett's City, Pawtucket, Woodstock, Waltham, Millville, and half the factory villages in New England, have been presented with exceeding minuteness of detail, and great vivacity of imagination.

Love, murder, suicide, devotion, profanity and insanity are drawn out in alternate light and shade. He who would learn more of human nature in the observation of a day than he can gather in the reading of a year, should come to Newport. If he gets here any time next week he will find a witness on the stand.

Still all this is in some degree necessary, if not indispensable to the defence of the prisoner. The life of a fellow being is involved, and the majesty of justice is to be upheld, and the scales which she now holds in suspense over the head of the unfortunate prisoner, are to be carefully guarded, that they may be rightfully turned. The occasion is serious and solemn, but many of the by-scenes of the melancholy tragedy are exceedingly ludicrous.

From the Hartford Review.

THE STATE PRISON MURDERERS.

Sentence of Death.

Special Superior Court, May 18.—For some time before the hour appointed for the opening of the Court, the square, the area within the State House, and the avenues to the court room, were filled with spectators, assembled to witness the last Judicial movements relative to the prisoners, and as soon as the doors were opened the immense concourse literally rushed in, occupying every square inch in the floor, windows and gallery of the room. Order having been restored, prayer was offered by Dr. Hawes, and during its delivery, the prisoners stood up, evidently much affected.

State Attorney.—May it please your Honours, I move that the Court now proceed to pass sentence upon W. Telfer and Cæsar Reynolds, under the indictment found against them by the Grand Jury.

Clerk.—You, William Teller, otherwise called John Scott, and you, Cæsar Reynolds, may remember, that before this time, you have been legally indicted for the crime of murder by you committed and done—that on said indictment you have before this court been put to plead, and you severally pleaded *not guilty*, and you have been tried severally by the country, which country has found each of you *guilty*; and now what have either of you to say for yourselves why sentence should not be pronounced against you according to law, to suffer the pains of death.

Cæsar Reynolds.—I have something to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me. I am not guilty of the crime charged against me, and for which I have been condemned. In the first place, the law says, that no man shall be convicted of murder unless upon the testimony of two or three witnesses, or that which is equivalent. Such testimony has not been produced. I ask the Court whether three witnesses have testified that I had any hand in the murder. I put it to the Court whether I have been proved to be guilty by two witnesses. I put it to the Court, whether one witness even has appeared to prove my guilt. Others committed the murder, but the stain does not rest on me. It is true, that blood was found on my clothes, but was it proved how that blood came there? No, it was not. My clothes were taken forcibly from my cell after the blow was struck.—Was there the slightest evidence to show that the blood came there by my means? The Court knows there was not. Is it to be presumed, that I took those garments and dipped them into the man's blood, or that I wiped it up with them from the dust? It has been said that a felony was committed in trying to break out of State Prison, but it has not been proved that I participated in the felony in the least degree. Is there any testimony to prove it?—I say none. Yet I have been convicted of the murder. Others were concerned in the murder, but they have escaped, because they have too many respectable friends. If I had as many respectable friends as they, I might also have escaped. I am not guilty either of the murder or the felony—whether I ought to suffer death for others' crimes, judge ye.

William Teller.—I have been convicted of murder by the laws of the State, but I am not guilty of wilful murder. My special order was not to take life—not to kill the guard at any rate. The guard was not killed with malice aforethought: we did not know who would come on watch. It is fixed so as we can't keep track of it, and can't tell who is going to be on the watch. I had nothing against him, and told them not to kill him; and I did'nt know he was dead till after I felt of his pulse—and then I told e'm they had gone too far. Others did the crime—God knows who did it—and there's a God on high who knows I am not guilty of the murder. I tried to get out, to be sure, but did'nt kill him. I think the Court charged the Jury too strong, there was no evidence of wilful murder. Others have escaped who are worse, and have done more than I did.—There is a man now in State Prison, who worked in the same shop that I worked in, and he was put in for killing a person, and was only put in for three years and fined $500, and my case is not within ten points so strong as his was. Why then was I convicted and he let off? I've got twelve years and a half to serve now in the State Prison. Its hard to go back, but at the same time its hard to die. Death is the king of terrors. I should be willing to go back, and then I could make my peace with God and man. I think the Court charged the Jury too hard against me. I don't think there was any evidence to prove a wilful murder. We did'nt mean to kill him. There were others engaged with me in trying to get out. We were charged with aiding and abetting others to escape. Why were not the others tried? They are as guilty as I am, and yet hav'nt been tried, while two of us must die. But I am willing to die for my fellow prisoners—but if I must go to the gallows and die, I shall trust in God who reigns on high, and knows that I am not guilty, for that hope and salvation, and mercy which is denied me here. In God I trust, and before him I declare, that I am not guilty of wilful murder, and I shall leave my fate with the Court and with God. I have nothing more to say.

[The above speeches were taken down almost verbatim as they were delivered. Teller's was confused, and somewhat incoherent, and probably appears better on paper than it did when pronounced, but it manifested a strong and feeling mind. Cæsar's astonished all who heard it, as well for its correct grammatical construction, as for its cautious and guarded manner, and the firm tone and manly style in which it was uttered. After they had concluded, the Chief Justice solemnly passed sentence upon them in the following words:]

Wm. Teller, alias John Scott, and Cæsar Reynolds.

You stand convicted before this Court of the great crime of murder—a crime at which humanity revolts, and which by the numerous prohibitions of sacred writ, seems peculiarly offensive to God.

Such is our mild system of laws against crimes, that no person can be convicted of an offence punishable with death, except by the concurring voice of twenty four disinterested and impartial citizens. Twelve, at least, of the Grand Jury must have agreed to find a bill of indictment against you, and the whole twelve of the Jury on trials must have united in a verdict of guilty.

Not one of these persons probably had ever seen your faces before. Certainly they had no prejudices or unfriendly feelings towards you. They must have been fully satisfied with the proof of your guilt; and the Court concur entirely in their decision. Counsel, of your own choice, were assigned by the Court to assist in your defence, and they have done all that industry, talents, and eloquence could do in your behalf.

On the night following the 30th of April last, you, with others, confined in the State prison, entered into a wicked combination to effect your and their escape. Having broken the doors of your and their cells, it became necessary, in your view, to kill Ezra Hoskins, who was on duty as one of the Guards. With a bar of steel which you had contrived to bring into the prison, and there secrete, you inflicted several deep and deadly wounds, and thus most inhumanly murdered an innocent and unoffending fellow creature who was stationed for the security of the prison, and who was then in the performance of his duty. You shed his blood.

You thought, unhappy men, that the deed was done in secret, and that no eyes saw you. You forgot that the eye of an omniscient God was upon you, and that the darkness of midnight and the light of noon day were alike to Him; and you little thought that the deeds of that dreadful hour would be so soon proclaimed in a Court of Justice, to your condemnation. You disregarded also that divine declaration, "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." What an appalling spectacle has been presented on this trial, of unmixed depravity—of the great wickedness of the human heart!!!

You, William Teller, otherwise called John Scott, at the early age of 28, according to your own account, have been a tenant of the Penitentiary of New York for 3 years on a conviction of the crime of Burglary. Three years since you was sentenced by this Court to our State Prison on five informations for passing counterfeit bank notes, for the term of fifteen years, twelve years of which remain unexpired. It has appeared on this trial that you possess talents of no common order, which might, if suitably directed, have fitted you for distinction in mechanical pursuits, and made you an eminently useful member of the community, but alas, how have you prostituted them to the most fraudulent and wicked purposes. You appear wise to do evil, but to do good, to have no understanding.

You, Cæsar Reynolds, at the age of 31, have been convicted three times of the crime of burglary, and for the last offence are now under sentence of imprisonment for life, according to our law. Finally, the career of crime of each of you has ended in the deliberate and barbarous murder of an innocent man who had given you no just cause of offence.—You fell upon him at the hour of midnight, in a moment wholly unsuspected by him, while faithfully performing his duty, and with a four square bar of steel, broke his skull, and caused his instant death. Your garments are still stained with his blood; and still deeper stains rest upon your souls. Surely the blood of Hoskins in deep and solemn tones calls from the ground for vengeance. You killed him too in the twinkling of an eye, you sent his unembodied soul to the tribunal of God, without allowing him a space to utter a single cry for mercy—a single prayer for the pardon of his sins.

What a spectacle do these trials and convictions show of daring transgression, against the law delivered from Mount Sinai with all the terrible ensigns of majesty, "Thou shalt not kill;" and how just is that penalty annexed by Jehovah himself, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." Do you not feel that the way of transgressors is hard?

By this deed also you have attempted to defeat the salutary laws of this community, in their most vital part, in the execution of the sentences of Courts of Justice against offenders, by attempting to escape yourselves, and aiding others to escape from the State Prison.

The Government, whose laws you have thus defied and broken, do not treat you as you treated the unhappy victim of your malice. Time will be allowed you to seek, by faith and repentance, the pardon and forgiveness of your sins. A few days will remain to you between going from this tribunal of justice to the gallows and the grave, and what is of more tremendous import to your souls, to the bar of the Judge of the quick and dead.—Spend, we entreat you, spend these days in preparing to meet your God. Solemnly ponder on your past lives—solemnly reflect on the great crimes which have brought you to the condemnation of death, and oh! may you not die eternally!!

To assist in this great concern, you will be permitted to have the advice of such of the clergy in this neigbourhood as you may desire. They will tell you not to spend the remnant of your days that remain to you on earth, in vain wishes to escape from justice, or in expectation of pardon from an earthly tribunal. They will tell you, and oh! that the truth sink deep into your hearts, that, without repentance, no murderer can inherit eternal life—that though you have defied His laws and the laws of your country with a high hand, yet, if he shall smite you, you will be smitten indeed, and that you cannot resist his Almighty arm. They will warn you not to make light of your condition, for that you may be on the brink of endless perdition. Regard them as saying these things not to give you unnecessary pain, much less to drive you to despair, but regard them as the messengers of the gospel of peace to you in your guilty condition. They will tell you that without the deep and sincere repentance of your souls and a pardon of your God, you must go from this tribunal—this sentence of death, to an infinitely higher tribunal, to hear a sentence of ceaseless lamentations in the world of woe—a sentence of eternal death. But they will also tell you that with God there is forgiveness that he may be feared—that, though he punishes like a God, like a God he forgives—that by faith and repentance, you may look away from the blood you have unkindly shed on earth, to that blood which was shed on Mount Calvary that sinners might live,—and when they thus speak, hear them as for the life of your undying souls!!

The Court have nothing more to do with you. They are not at liberty, if they were disposed, to alter your condition. They may and do most heartily commiserate your case—they lament that there should be occasion to disclose such scenes of guilt, and that such a foul murder should stain the records of our Courts, but the deed is done, and this Court can only deliver you over to the sentence of the law provided for the crime of murder. Before this shall be done, unhappy men, the Court will express their fervent wishes that when your bodies shall die on the gallows and the grave shall cover them with the darkness of death, your spirits may ascend to the light and life of Heaven.

You will now attend to the sentence. You John Scott and Cæsar Reynolds, are to be taken from this place to the prison from whence you came, there to be kept till the last Friday in June next, when you will be removed by the sheriff of this county to the place appointed by law for execution, and there between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, be hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may God have mercy on your souls.

[The Court then adjourned *sine die*, and the unhappy men were remanded to prison. By our laws, capital punishments must always be inflicted either in the jail yard or some inclosure, aside from public view.—Whether the prisoners will remain in jail or in the State Prison, during the short time they are to live, and where they will be executed, is impossible for us to say.]

From a Charleston paper, April 16.

THE GEORGIA GOLD REGION.

Auraria.—We have received the first number of a new weekly paper, called 'The Western Herald,' published by O. P. Shaw, and edited by A. G. Fambrough, at the village of Auraria, in the Gold region of Georgia.

The village of Auraria is situated on the ridge dividing the waters of the Chestatee and Etoah rivers, in Lumpkin (originally Cherokee) county. This melodious and appropriate name was adopted on the suggestion of J. Calhoun, when at his mines in the neighbourhood last November.

The first cabin was erected in Auraria, about the 1st of June last, by William Dean, Esq., who was followed by Nathaniel Nuckolls, Esq., who opened a house of entertainment for the accommodation of those disposed to examine for gold in the surrounding country, and soon had it crowded. Around this nucleus a population soon gathered, composed of all classes and conditions of the human family, and there is now in Auraria one hundred family dwellings, eighteen or twenty stores, twelve or fifteen law offices, and four or five taverns, &c.

The town population is estimated at one thousand, and that of the county at ten thousand, and constantly increasing, with a rapidity almost too incredible to relate.

The Indian population is small; their right of occupancy to the soil, having, in most cases, been extinguished previous to the survey and distribution of the country.

The mines already drawn in the vicinity, not involved in litigation) are yielding to the proprietors, in rich abundance, the anticipated fruits of the most sanguine speculator.

The price of gold in Auraria, is from 82 to [illegible] cents per dwt. according to its fineness; that collected in the neighbourhood will average 90 cents, when well cleansed; when fluxed, and run into bars, 92 cents.

Mr. M'Cullom, late of Tennessee, has constructed in the neighbourhood, a boat with a diving bell attached to it, for the purpose of raising gravel, and collecting gold from the bed of water courses. The Herald gives the following account of 'golden specimens' found in the vicinity.

A. M'Laughlin, Esq. of our county, exhibited to our inspection, a few days since, a specimen from his mine, weighing upwards of thirty dwts. supposed to be four-fifths gold; the remainder rough sand, which, from every appearance, must have been cemented to the milk by heat, at the time of its formation.

Col. D. C. Gibson has also brought us a specimen, taken from the bed of the Chestatee river, on the lot owned by himself and Col. Calhoun, weighing 9 pounds and 3 ounces, with 124 particles of gold upon its surface, plainly perceptible to the eye.

On Gen. Lawhon's lot in Cherokee county, we understand that a piece of pure gold was found last week, weighing upwards of thirty dwts.

New York, May, 16.

The prisoners who were sentenced by the Court of Sessions, on Monday, to an imprisonment in the State Prison at Sing Sing, were safely conveyed by the Sheriff to that institution the following day. George Fosdick who was convicted of the attempt to rob the broker's office of Mr. Woods, was among the number. The daring manner by which he sought to effect that robbery, induced the Court to sentence him to the longest term of imprisonment, which they were authorised by law to award, and he was consequently sentenced for the term of ten years at hard labour. Fosdick, who is yet comparatively a young man, was convicted in this city in 1829, by the name of Gideon Gardner, of a grand larceny, and sentenced for the offence to an imprisonment in the old state prison at Greenwich for four years. In March of the following year he effected his escape over the wall of the prison-yard by means of a rope, at one end of which he tied a piece of iron which, thrown over the wall, caught on the opposite side by which he drew himself up.—This was effected in the middle of the day in the face of several sentinels who were stationed at various points of look-out upon the wall, one of whom he must have passed within a three or four feet.

He went from here to Bristol, in the state of Rhode Island, where he shipped on board the privateer Bramble.—After a short cruise he was taken into Sierra Leone, where he remained a prisoner of war for about 4 months and was then sent home in a cartel. Upon his arrival here, he immediately shipped in the President, and was absent on a cruise with Commodore Rogers about four months. Subsequently he shipped to go to Lake Ontario under Commodore Chauncey; and while waiting at the navy yard for orders, was recognised as a runaway convict, and returned to the State Prison. Here he served out the unexpired part of his term, and frequently renewed his attempts to escape. He was never considered, however, to be vicious; and his attempts to escape were always by climbing. So expert was he at it, that he obtained the nick-name of the Cat. On one occasi