

CHAMPION & MESSENGER.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, and General Intelligence.

Published Weekly
THIS WEEK.
Editorial Proprietary.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum, advanced, if not paid in advance. Three Dollars.

No order for the paper will receive attention unless accompanied by the money.

Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per insertion, and Advertising Copy at Two Dollars per insertion, for two years thereafter. Over and above insertion of two years therefor. The number of insertions to be made after the first year will be determined by mutual agreement, and will be continued till further arrangement subsequently. Court Costs will be charged as follows, according to law.

The charge for advertising the name of a candidate or party will receive no charge.

Letters to the Editor must come by mail, and every letter will receive no charge.

NOTES:

For the Highest Masses.

Burned of the City of Moscow.

1812.

Moscow was formerly the Capital of Russia; it was burnt it was more than a week earlier, population in Summer was estimated to be 200,000. It contained 200 churches and temples. At time of the French invasion the Russians set it to.

To scenes—where Moscow's might,
The spires of cathedrals still fall,
Burst of math or glee is heard,
Breath as if death's death had

One spreads that place.

To night, and in the distance come,
To us the sound of fire and drum
The dying song of death, the tread of men
Breaks through each wooden walled gate,

And unconquered the shout of "Vive le Roi!"
Bells clear and loud.

To midnight—and o'er dome and tower,
The spattering of the heavy shower
Die only when the thunder's crash
Seconds each vivid lightnings flash.

The trumpet's howl and Moscow's waves

The faint chimes of Moscow here,

No solemn moonbeams gently fall,
To cheer the dreadful stormy pall,

But darkness all profound and deep,

Revolts on each castell height and steep.

New through the tempest's quivering roar,
Bore the thrilling cry of "Fire!"

Caught by the wind, the fearful cry
Rises through the dark sky.

Upward, thru the darkness gleams
Theuddy flame in spirals aethra;

The gathering smoke whirls o'er and o'er
Above the wild explosion's roar,

With each prop'd frame,

Is one crimson sheet of flame,—

And Moscow burns—from mile to mile,
Leaves but a wreck—a forbidding pile.

GOOSEQUILL.

Newbern, February 22, 1817.

Miscellaneous.

A Young and Rich Widow.

The racy editor of the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, in alluding to the various charities in favor of the sufferers by the Louvre inundation, relates the following anecdote of a certain rich widow at the time of a similar inundation of the river Rhone.

There was in a city near Lyons, a widow, residing in the very low of that class, since the men seem to prefer second hand wives—a widow of 25, handsome enough to dispense with a fortune, and rich enough to do without beauty. Her first husband was just such a one as a second she would wish, one of those husbands that are not made to intimidate their successors, and who are advantageously replaced in second marriage, when there is the least value in the new spouse. He had lighted the torch of hyacinth in fifty nine years, and extinguished it at sixty. His whole merit consisted in having laid but a little while and dying in season, leaving his wife, as a compensation, thirty thousand francs income. At this price his wrongs were easily pardoned, with his soft temper, jealousy, and other defects of age and character. I leave you to imagine, at a widow thus endowed, was surrounded with sighing lovers! All that the city composed of marriageable young men were inscribed in her books, to obtain the estate of the dead spouse. Each one displayed to the best, his grace, wit, fortune—in fine, all that could give him a value in the estimation of the widow. For discretion's sake, we shall name her Madame Danville—and here we may state, that before the end of her mourning, she had announced her positive intention of remarrying. Her first marriage had been in obedience to the change of her family; now, that she was free, mistress of her hand, she determined to have a brilliant revenge. She at first conceived the idea of marrying in Paris, where she could choose from a large field, but important interests connected with her property, decided her on remaining in the provinces. The defunct was a rich manufacturer, and the widow's fortune was in merchandize and commercial paper, the product of which was certain, but time was necessary to realize it. Madame Danville therefore resigned herself to await the prudent settlement of her husband's affairs.

But the widow's sagacity, exhausted by the accomplishment of this resolution, succumbed to the idea of waiting two years before removing the bonds of her son. All ready her spring had blossomed unfavorably, when she put upon isolation the best years of youth! When such reflections seize woman's thoughts, the course she will take is not doubtful. Consequently the aspiration to her hand and fortune, for a moment dawdled, was now admitted to possess their titles. The beautiful widow had her cause, she shielded herself besiged with ardent woes, tender prayers

and supplications among the flowers.

The widow—she ultimately married

her son—had passed forty, as far as her age goes, but still so long young. No one knew precisely his age, nor had passed forty, as far as his health goes, excepting our being remained in perfect health, thanks to the skill of the game. Girls of this sort are very dangerous, because they make themselves in their own way, and, in particular, in a most successful manner, and of a perfect resemblance.

I dare say you are not boldness

in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not boldness in doing, said the young master.

"This is my work," I executed it in part

with a certain ease, and in part regarding

the window. At times I could

see your eyes, and the instant

it was indeed his parent

an instant, I closed my eyes again.

"I am not bold