

# ADDRESS OF DR. JOHN HILL, Before the two Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILANTHROPIC  
AND DIALECTIC SOCIETIES:

This time-honored Anniversary is full of feeling and instruction. The past, the present, and the future, crowd upon our excited fancies; the avenges of memory are thronged with the spectres of departed joys, and the past is full before us, with its hopes, its fears, and its excitements.

The familiar crowd that once answered to our greeting—the chosen few who shared our sympathies, and warmed us with their friendship—the thoughts, the feelings and impressions of happy boyhood—the thousand misty incidents over which the curtain of time was fast closing, are brought back to us in their beauty and freshness, and we stand upon the theatre of our earliest efforts rejuvenated and buoyant, the halo of young life brightening around us.

We are assembled the Representatives of the past, to give to the aspirants of the future, the benefits of our experience. We have travelled over more than half the journey of life, and are approaching its inevitable goal. We return from its anxious cares, its agitating conflicts, its poor employments and its low ambition, to the scenes of our earliest and best enjoyments, the soothing bosom of our venerable Alma Mater; not indeed as once, to find shelter under her shades, brothers in every walk and the ringing laugh of happiness around us, not to participate in by-gone joys, nor to sit at her bubbling fountains and quaff the pure waters of knowledge; but to speak to you of the scenes in which we have mingled and to which we once looked forward from these walls with expectations as bright, eager and restless as your own. Shall I tell you what were our young hopes, and how they have been realized? Our dreams of friendship, till the silken cord was rudely snapped, or worn away by time? Ambition checked in its Eagle flight, and struggling with its chains, till the fiery soul exhausted and subdued, sunk to the patient drudge? Even woman's smile, and the blandishments of love, bringing no thrill to the weary and jaded heart? Why speak of dangers, you can neither realize or believe—why shake the pillars of your moral faith—why damp the ardor of your young minds, or cast a cloud over the bright heaven of your hopes? I will not; the moral is written in letters of light, and who has been taught by the sufferings and experience of others? You must gather around you the memories and the warnings of your own conflicts. Your past will be the best preacher to your future; and the lesson full soon will reach you. If the golden fruit turns to ashes on your lips, and the leaves wither from your tree of hope, while the breath of the morning is upon them; if fruition here teaches you that the world has nothing to satisfy the ardent longings of your divine natures, wearied in the fruitless search, it may point you to the glories and beatitudes of immortality.

But, gentlemen, against these moral revulsions, to which the finer and purer of our kind are more peculiarly liable, you are now making the best preparation, next to our holy Religion, which this world is capable of affording. You are disciplining your minds, by patient research, to the arduous duties which are before you. You are training them to philosophy and reason. You are imbuing them with the spirit and love of literature—you are laying up intellectual treasures, and enlarging all your capacities of enjoyment. Believe me, these are resources which can scarcely fail you. Betrayed by the world and wounded by the bosom on which you leaned—your affections paralyzed, and your faith in human nature gone, a cultivated taste and the charms of literature will remain to you, and you will find in the bright creations of poetry, and the sterling truths of philosophy, a refuge and a consolation which the embittered heart may refuse to receive elsewhere.

But important as they are, reflections like these are not new to you, and I must not press you to repletion. It may be as useful, certainly as appropriate, to review the progress of letters, and to trace briefly the development of mind. The subject I know is of immense magnitude, and beyond the limits of an occasion like this. If I can win your interest, excite a spirit of investigation, stimulate your energies, and direct your enquiries, my objects are answered.

I need scarcely tell you, that the origin of letters and of social refinement, is hid in fable, and veiled in the mystery of time. The claims of India to these proud honors are generally conceded, but Europe has been reluctant to acknowledge her obligations to Asia, and whether the tide flowed in from the East, is still an unsettled question. I shall not pretend to decide it. Yet we know that with the Jews "the wisdom of the East" was a proverb, and that the oldest Historians of Greece, speak of India as an old and populous country, abounding in the luxuries of wealth and the refinements of social progress. But the remains of Hindoo civilization, her pagodas and temples, her shattered porticoes, prostrate obelisks and moss-grown sculptures, are existing evidences of her lost refinement and mournful monuments of its high antiquity. Yet replete with interest, as is the history of this gentle, delicate, and plastic people, I must not pause. The little rift thus rising in the dim and misty heights of fable, struggles onward through a thousand obstacles, from the sunny plains of Hindostan, gaining volume and current as it spreads through the land of the Pyramids and Nile; flowing forward bright, bold and majestic, through the lovely and classic groves of Greece, bearing on its bosom the wisdom of her lawgivers, the sweet soft voice of her philosophy, her matchless eloquence, and her imperishable poetry, till it burst upon the Roman world, vivifying Europe and receiving into its foaming channels, the myriad tributaries of her splendid genius and her hardy industry.

The early periods of Roman history afford us few subjects for observation. It was at first a struggle for mere existence and then for political dominion. There was more of barbarian energy, of rude power, of strong indomitable will, than of intellectual progress and refinement. She had existed more than three hundred years, subject to all the uncertainties and disorders of traditionary Laws before she adopted a written code, and borrowed the twelve Tables from Greece. This was a triumph of mind, and afforded food for still further acquisitions, but she had little leisure for the cultivation of elegant literature. The aggrandizement and security of political power, still absorbed her energies, and it was not till the end of the first Punic war, that the repose of peace brought a passion for the taste and elegancies of Grecian models, and infused into the masculine and martial genius of Rome, their meliorating and refining influences. There was now as little pause in her progress to mental, as to political dominion. Africa, Asia and Greece, all became her tributaries, and poured into her bosom the treasures of their wealth and the refinements of their civilization. Taste, genius and ambition, flocked to her for employment and display, and the bright satellites of mind revolved around their sun, shedding a crowning glory. And Rome gave back some of the benefits she received. Her conquests were not like those of Greece, deadly and exterminating. She received the conquered into the pale of her society, placed them under the Aegis of her power, made them the children of her illustrious family, continued to them the refinements which they possessed, and extended to them those which were peculiarly her own.

Soon after the extinction of the Roman Republic, when the arms of the Empire were embracing the fairest portions of the known world, blessing them with its language, its literature and its institutions, the benign influences of Christianity were added to the existing elements of refinement, and governments were moulded to the dignity and importance which it gave to man, as a moral and immortal being. A brutal and sensual Paganism is superseded by the august revelations of the most high God, and a religion, the deformed offspring of human reason, aspiring to the mysteries of heaven, by the sublime inspirations of Deity. A carnal mind is awakened to its high destinies—society is raised to a new and meliorating principle of refinement, and the weight of civili-

zation which the world never before witnessed. But this colossal fabric trembled with decrepitude and inherent weakness. Its strength was in its cities, not in its virtuous yeomanry—public virtue and public intelligence languished—love of self had superseded love of country—an empire, the wonder of the world, was verging to its close—its days of glory were numbered, like the leaves of the Sybil, seeming to increase in value as their number diminished, and Cato's virtue and Tully's eloquence were alike impotent to redeem the fortunes of Rome or the destinies of mankind. The barbarian came—wave after wave poured in, province after province yielded, wall after wall is broken down, the Goth, the Vandal and the Hun, thunder at her gates, Rome is Rome no longer, and Odacer sits upon the throne of the Caesars.

Then came the long night of intellect, when man was satisfied with the toys of sense, and absorbed with the baubles of imbecility. I have no desire to grope in its moral darkness, or to dwell upon the disgusting prostration of mind which followed the subversion of the Roman Empire. It was the triumph of brute force, rioting with demonic madness in its conquest over civilization, and destroying all the achievements of genius, all the memorials of a refinement that it despised or envied. But there was conservatism in the Christian Church. The rude barbarian paused before the majesty of her temples, and shrank from the desecration of her sacred altars. Hidden in her secret sanctuaries, the rich treasures of past ages were preserved to us, to relumine mind and to stimulate its progress. Yet cheerless and gloomy as were the middle ages, the 7th century has been called the Nadir of the human mind, and until the close of the 11th century, it was difficult to find a layman who could write in Europe. It was the age of tournaments and chivalry, of empty pageantry, aimless enthusiasm, and sanguinary strife, when the mind ran wild with its own vacuity, and dallied with the sense still it lost all note of its immortal destiny; when the song of the Troubadour was the highest effort, and lady love the best reward of genius. In England too, where we have been accustomed to look for all that is venerable in language, refined in intellect or vast in genius, English was seldom written even in prose, before the middle of the 14th century. The earliest English work, Sir John Mandeville's travels, was written in 1556, and Chaucer, the first of her Poets, appeared in 1392. Then the progress of mind spread onward with electric force, and in less than two centuries, Shakespeare sat and still sits upon the throne of English genius, the delight and ornament of mankind. The general introduction of paper, and the discovery of Printing about the middle of the 15th century, terminated most happily, may we not say forever, the barbarism, humiliation and wretchedness which had so long hung its pall over Europe, and threatened to take from man the divine characteristic of his nature. The fetters of ignorance were broken. Books were multiplied and became the inmates of the humble cottage as well as of the lordly Palace. Prejudice, superstition and power were impotent longer to curb the unchained mind, and it sprang upward like the lark, to the very gates of Heaven, carolling its songs of joy and thankfulness.

Modern Europe and modern Literature date from 1500, when Grenada was added to Spain, and Brittany to France, perfecting those kingdoms, and establishing the fixed and independent governments which at present exist. The chains of the feudal system too were broken, commerce was exerting its healthful influence upon the intelligence and personal independence of man, a new class was springing up, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, jealous of its rights, and zealous to win an honorable position in the scale of society. Stability and order are fenced around with new guaranties, the security of man in the enjoyment of his privileges, and in the exercise of his powers is increased to him, he feels the withering debasement which had sunk him to the level of the brute, and in the majesty of disinherited mind, shakes from him the palsy and the blight of ignorance and passion. Erasmus was the great leader in philological warfare. To his genius and ardent love of letters, are we mainly indebted for the restoration of learning, and for its humanising influence over the late barbarians of Rome. It was garlanding the Gothic column, with the tasteful capital of Corinth—engrafting on the hardy children of the North, all the elegance and erudition of the softer South.

Then came the Reformation, the collision of powerful minds impelled by the most powerful of causes—the bold, resolute and untiring Luther—the amiable and learned Melancthon, imbued with all the garnered wealth of antiquity, and lecturing on Greek and Latin Literature at 16 years of age—the daring Calvin, uncompromising as Luther, and learned as Melancthon, throwing down every barrier to free inquiry, and teaching a corrupt and licentious Priesthood that age cannot sanctify abuse, and that there were no subjects too sacred for the bold and full investigations of mind. Add to these the discoveries of Columbus, and of Vasco De Gama, opening new fields of enterprise, speculation and science, and we have a singular, nay almost providential combination of causes, for the establishment of a new era, and the impulsion of mind.

But it is to the development of English mind, and the progress of English Literature, (which are our own) that I must confine myself. I can but glance at results and deal in generalities. And if the reign of the Tudors was cold, bloody and remorseless, we must remember that the sea was still working with the physical disorder, the moral and intellectual tempest, which had followed the dead calm of the mediæval ages, and society but beginning to be adjusted. The times perhaps required a hard and iron nature to rule and direct the movement, and it may have been to the firmness of their grasp upon the reins of government, that we owe the social order and the rapid development of mind which marked the period. The age of Elizabeth, of Spencer and Shakespeare, has been compared to that of Augustus, of Horace and Virgil, and it may well mark the analogy between them. The civil wars of Marius and Sulla, of Pompey and Caesar, of Lepidus, Anthony and Octavius, with all their sanguinary horrors, were ended by the firm, despotic rule of Augustus, and followed by a splendor of intellect which still throws its halo around the Empire, and survives its glories. In England, the no less bloody enormities of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were closed by the supremacy, the cold and calculating firmness of the 1st Tudor, and the dull night is succeeded by the bright morning of genius. The Faery Queen, and the Venus and Adonis, appeared about 1590, and the creative mind of Shakespeare poured forth its matchless treasures with a rapidity almost equalled to its dazzling splendor. Where are the Titans of genius that now stand before him—where the vigor and variety of imagination—the deep knowledge of the human heart, which seemed almost the gift of inspiration? There are none, none! The power and the beauty of past ages seem to have been transfused into his great and all combining intellect, and he still stands out from the host of genius, sublime and inapproachable, the oracle of nature and its pride.

We might have mentioned, the gentle, the intellectual, the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray, so embalméd in our best and earliest sympathies, and who was as much a prodigy of learning, as of purity and virtue. Nor should we omit "rare Ben Jonson," as much above Shakespeare in acquirements, as below him in genius. A little further on, and the vast and philosophical mind of Lord Bacon, bursts upon us, prying into the mysteries of nature and seeking revelations from her hidden shrines by his inductive method; the leprous spot which rests upon his fame almost washed clean by the sanctity of his genius, and the calamities of age softened and relieved, by the munificent appreciation of his country.

If within the space of a little century, the literature and genius of England achieved triumphs like these, if from a state of disgusting barbarism, she sprung at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, into the full fruition of intellectual power, who shall dare limit the conquests of mind, who place the barriers of her boundless capacities? Who will now utter at the confidence of Bacon in the power and reach of the human intellect—who say that "he placed the ultimate object of knowledge too high above the reach of man?" Since his day, the world has been robbed of its fearful bolt, the vivid lightning of its airy danger. The recent

discoveries of animal and vegetable development, the application of the microscope to chemical and organic transitions, the improvements of science, and the enlargement of the circle of knowledge, which are daily occurring, are beyond the dreamings of Bacon's enthusiasm, and should arouse us to increased energy and ceaseless assiduity. The divine emanation of Deity, who shall clip its wings, or chain it to the vile clay which prostrates it? Who say, that we may not enter into the vestibule of nature's temple, and if we may not lift, gaze upon the curtain that hides her mysteries? The eloquent dreamings of Priestly and De Stael, that through the portals of wisdom we approach the temple of human perfectibility, may be but the bright illusion of enthusiastic genius, yet the universal liberation of mind, its new incitements to application, the prompt diffusion through the Press of its every acquisition, the progress of science, and the blaze of light which at the present day is shed upon subjects which but yesterday were shrouded in doubt, or hid in darkness, may well kindle our hopes of the grasp of intellect, and stimulate us to hang new trophies, on the Corinthian pillar of polished improvement.

But we must proceed with our review. In this age, which includes the 1st of the Stuarts, there was, we must confess, more of the vigor and splendor of genius, than of the refinement and delicacy of taste. But it had gotten rid of the jargon of the Schools and of polemical divinity, which had so fruitlessly occupied the attention and engrossed the efforts of mind, and the public eye became fixed upon the literature of the ancients. And let no one gainsay its importance; in this presence, at least, its defence were bootless. If there was one cause paramount to the rest, for the moral, political and intellectual regeneration of Europe, it was the treasury of knowledge which antiquity had laid up—it was the models of a refined and cultivated taste—the high mental progression of a past age, preserved to illustrate the true dignity and capabilities of man, to show him what he had been, what he was, and what he should be, and to point to the fountains where to drink and be restored.

The civil wars and convulsions which marked the reign of the 1st Charles, and the gloomy fanaticism, and absorbing political excitement of the Commonwealth, turned aside for a moment the current of taste, and checked the progress of literature and science. But in the midst of this frenzy and disorder, this mixture of passion, hypocrisy and superstition, with cool decision, high achievement and elevated patriotism, the divine mind of Milton, disciplined by age, poverty and misfortune, and perhaps purified in the alchemic of anarchy and revolution, gave to his country his sublime Epic, rivaling the noblest efforts of ancient or modern genius, and throwing upon his name a flood of light which will shine on forever.

The licentiousness of the Court of the 2d Charles, cast its pollutions over the host of bright minds that might have illumined it, mistaking profanity for wit, indecency for truth to nature, corrupting all the fountains of taste, and giving us to mourn over the fine but perverted genius of Dryden. Yet if literature languished, and imagination soiled her bright wing in the impure atmosphere of vice, science received an impulse from Boyle and a crowning glory from the masterly mind of Newton which it is destined to wear forever. Theirs was the true philosophy, high above the affected stoicism of the porch, or the licentious softness of the garden, untouched by surrounding depravity, ranging with eagle eye the realms of thought, and "looking through nature up to nature's God."

"Philosophy, baptized  
In the pure fountain of eternal love, has eyes indeed."

The progress of mental illumination in the reign of the Stuarts, is illustrated in the lives of Russell, Sidney and Hampden, in the constant struggle of liberty against power, and a juster appreciation of the dignity and rights of man. The suppression of the star chamber, and the removal of restraints upon the freedom of the Press, were vast conquests achieved for man, and mind had now few fetters, but public opinion and its own moral convictions.

It is not important to our inquiry to dwell upon the Revolution, and the election of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England. It was an era in politics, and with the Bill of Rights, brought further concessions to the side of liberty. But he was warlike, ambitious and unlettered, had few sympathies with the people he was

The period of time that has since elapsed, has no cause to shrink from comparison with any that preceded it. It is illustrious with genius, and signalized by its loftiest efforts. The progress of mind has still been onward, with every thing to quicken its energies, and develop its powers. Every field of literature has been made to bring forth its annual harvest in rich abundance; every department of science tortured of its secrets by the microscope and crucible of sleepless genius. We are indeed blest with an illumination rich, luminous and mellow, and marked by strong and hopeful features of yet further improvement. The age is advancing in purity of sentiment and refinement of taste, and no longer tolerates the grossness and obscenity of the past. Sensuality is driven to its brothel, and hides its orgies in its lowest depths, and literature comes to us, clad in robes of unstained whiteness, breathing the influences of christian refinement, and delighting us with the force, the imagination, the high inspirations of poetry without its defilements. Compare the writers of the last fifty years, even with those of "good Queen Anne," and the truth is obvious.

But in Science, which is endless in progression, increasing its rewards at every step of its patient votary; and beckoning him still called on to govern, and did little for the promotion of literature or science. Taste however was reviving, there was a deep feeling of religion and morality about William, which curbed licentiousness; and the equable and bloodless reign of his successor, and her matronly virtues, gave an impulse and a cast to intellect, and produced a constellation of genius, which has rarely clustered in the firmament of mind. The English language was at once raised to its present dignity and perfection, and the writers of that period still retain the proud distinction of the "British Classics." There were Addison, Steele and Swift, Arbuthnot, Prior, Gay, Pope, the master of melodious metre, Thompson formed by nature's self to sing her glories, the versatile, depraved, but nobly gifted Bolingbroke; so esteemed by the younger Pitt, that amongst all the lost treasures of the past, he preferred to rescue one specimen of his eloquence. What age can boast of names like these, sparkling with wit, brilliant with imagination, imbued with erudition, captivating with eloquence? If not as illustrious as Shakespeare and Milton, together they form a galaxy of genius, which the mental eye delights to dwell upon.

forward to new conquests over the dominion of nature, the present age is rich in acquisition and boundless in prospect. Nor is it surprising that it should be so. To the delineation of natural objects, the portraiture of the passions, and the efforts of the imagination, there may be a limit and elevation beyond which we may not mount. The Poets, the Orators, the Painters of antiquity, we may have rivalled, but not excelled. Homer and Demosthenes still sit upon their thrones, the olympic garlands fresh upon their brows. But in physics and the various departments of science, it is otherwise. We collect materials, we lay up facts, and build monuments higher and more enduring than the pyramids. All of value that belonged to the past is ours. Truths laboriously won from nature, are eternal. They are incorporated into the framework of Society, and become identified with the sentiments and habits of the age. Acquisitions thus made, whether in the geography of the heavens or earth, in chemistry, religion or political economy, hold their places. Another and another is added, each throwing gleams of light upon a darkened truth, till genius seizes and combines them, tears away the veil that curtains the mystery, and some beautiful and eternal problem of nature stands revealed.

"Hark! the rushing snow  
The sun-awakened avalanche whose mass  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flashed after fate, in heaven, defying winds  
As thought by thought is piled; into some great truth  
In language, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now."

(Concluded in our next.)

## ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BALTIMORE—DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Our readers have been already informed that the surviving "Defenders of Baltimore" had made arrangements for celebrating the twenty-ninth anniversary of their victory of 1814 by a visit to York, in Pennsylvania; whether they had been invited by a portion of their comrades, and where the hospitality of the citizens of the borough had provided a handsome entertainment for their enjoyment.

It now becomes our duty to record a most melancholy accident which interposed to mar the festivities of the occasion. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, from fifteen to eighteen hundred persons left Baltimore for York on Tuesday morning in four separate trains of cars that were provided for their accommodation. The first train was composed of ten cars, in which were all the "Defenders," about two hundred and fifty in number, and the greater part of their military escort, consisting of eight volunteer companies—the three other trains containing the remainder of the escort and a large number of citizens who had chosen this method of celebrating the day—all buoyant with anticipations of pleasure.

The trains had proceeded on their journey in safety until they reached a point about eight miles from York, when the first train, the first passenger car broke, throwing the train and the two following ones off the track, and producing a scene of confusion and dismay which it is impossible to describe. All three of the cars were splintered, and one of them almost entirely demolished, and a number of persons who were standing on the platform in front of the cars were thrown off, some of them being caught between the cars and others forced under them. Some of those who had thus exposed themselves to danger escaped unhurt, but eleven were more or less seriously injured, though fortunately no life was lost on the spot. Medical attendance being at hand, it was rendered to the wounded persons as soon as they could be extricated from the ruins, subsequently to which they were conveyed to the hospital at York, where they were well provided for.

This disaster so interrupted the progress of the company, many of whom walked from the scene of the accident to the town, that the ceremonies at York were not commenced till five o'clock in the evening; so that the numerous guests had scarcely time to partake of the abundant and substantial fare provided for them by the good people of York before it was time to take up the line of march for home, which they reached in safety without encountering any further mishap.

National Intelligencer.

## CAUSE OF THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday says: "The improvement which has taken place in the trade of the country, may be considered as the result, to a great extent, of the Tariff of 1842. The protection afforded to our manufacturing interests at a moment when they were suffering from the extreme depression of trade, has been of advantage not only to those directly concerned but to the other great interests of the country. It has furnished the agricultural interests with a home market in the absence of a foreign demand; a market which it is the true policy of every country to foster and protect.

"Perhaps no better illustration of the effect thus produced can be given than that afforded by the article of wheat. The crop of the last year, as is well known, was exceedingly large, and the general expectation has been during the present season that flour would decline to a very low price. More especially has this been the case since the prospects of the present crop have been so favorable. But the actual result has been directly contrary to this. The price of wheat, both on the seaboard and in the interior, is now from thirty to fifty per cent. higher than the lowest prices of the spring. To what cause can this be attributed?

Is it not the direct result of an improvement in the condition of other branches of labor, or which they are enabled to purchase more freely and pay better prices?"

At all the Whig State Conventions, county and township meetings, &c. which have recently been held—and they have been numerous—the nomination of HENRY CLAY for the Presidency has been unanimous; no other man is ever thought of. He is the one, the only one—first, last, and always. The attachment of the Whigs to Henry Clay is undivided, ardent, exclusive, devoted; they love him now, and they will love him forever. Such a union of feelings is a guaranty that he will be elected.—Delaware Journal.

"Ma, wherabouts shall I find the State of Matrimony?" said a hopeful young lady.—  
"I reckon it's one of the United States."

## University of Virginia.

The Sessions of this Institution annually commence on the 1st of October, and terminate on the 4th of July following. The Schools of the University, with their respective Professors, are:  
1. Ancient Languages.—Dr. Gesner Harrison.  
2. Modern Languages.—Dr. Charles Knair.  
3. Mathematics.—Mr. Edward H. Courtenay.  
4. Natural Philosophy.—Mr. Wm B Rogers.  
5. Civil Engineering—the subjects of which are divided between the Professors of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.  
6. Chemistry and Materia Medica.—Dr. R E Rogers.  
7. Medicine.—Dr. Henry Howard.  
8. Anatomy and Surgery.—Dr. James I. Cabell.  
9. Moral Philosophy.—Mr. George Tucker.  
10. Law.—Judge Henry St. G Tucker.  
Judge Tucker is Chairman of the Faculty.

The regular, stated charges for the session are \$250 00  
For all other necessary expenses this sum is sufficient. 125 00  
\$425 00

The sum of \$350 has been found, for several years past, to be the total average amount of the expenses of resident Students, from the books of their funds, with whom they are required to deposit all their funds. For further particulars, see one of the printed catalogues, or the Washington Globe and the Charleston Mercury, in both of which papers a standing advertisement will be found.

WILLIS H. WOODLEY,  
Proctor and Patron U. of Va.  
July 14 58—1 Oct

## Watches, Watches & Jewelry.

The largest and most splendid assortment of Watches in the City, is to be found at the Subscriber's; as he is constantly receiving all the descriptions of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, of the newest styles, from the most celebrated manufacturers in England, France, and Switzerland, he is enabled to offer a large assortment and at much less prices, at Retail, than any other house in America. Gold Watches as low as \$20 to \$25 Dollars each. Watches and Jewelry repaired, cleaned, and put in the best manner and warranted. Jewelry kept in the best manner and warranted. For the best watches, and much lower than at any other place. Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Bracelets, and starting Silver Spectacles, for sale very low. B. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale & retail, 20 Wall Street, New York; (op stairs.) August 6. 63—5m