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J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

### The Final Bombardment.

A correspondent of the London Times gives a graphic description of the bombardment previous to the last assault upon Sebastopol, and probably the greatest storm of shot and shell which ever fell upon a city:

The French exploded three fougasses, to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly, from the sea to the dark, yawning crevices, there seems to run a stream of fire, and heavy, curling, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes. The lines of French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of Heaven had settled down upon them, and were whirled about in spiral jets, in fountains, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the tremendous flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city, for the same reason, the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tearing up, as if in jets of fire, the earth and dust, rending asunder gables, "speaking" the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and runs in their rear. The terrible noise of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with it, except with its heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, simultaneous and tremendous in power, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice. The Russians were not for a moment paralyzed; their batteries were not manured with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overwhelming and crushing fire; but the French, leaving to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity & strength, kept on firing the very air with the burning storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies.

More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, poured incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—a bar-cloud rolling down—spread from the guns over the left of Sebastopol, but the roar of the shells did not cease, and the commands now poured both in great regular bursts, and now in irregular, or ratted from end to end of the line, like the fire of infantry. Some walls went down before the guns at once, but the earth works passed to receive shot and shell alike.

However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and could scarcely show his head in the front line of defence. For a few minutes, then, the French had all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance, but after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work and began to return our allies' fire. They made good points, and fired slowly, and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away a ounce of powder. After three hours and a half of furious fire, the artillery men of our allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair the damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the parapets over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open our batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "cross" noise. This fire was kept up all day, only stopping at intervals to take rest.

### MASS AMERICAN MEETING IN PHILA DELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday, Oct. 5.

The American meeting, held in Independence Square tonight, is believed to be the largest ever held there. Delegations from every quarter of the city attended, and in procession, accompanied by banners, music, &c. Thomas J. Perkins presided. Addresses were delivered from three stands.

An address was read and adopted by acclamation.

Speeches followed by Lewis C. Levin and W. F. Small, but they failed to be heard, as the crowd was so immense and the interruptions so constant from fresh delegations entering the square. The proceedings ended by a splendid piece of fireworks, with the motto "Our Own, Our Native Land."

A DISCOVERY.—If an observer, provided with slips of bibulous paper, which has been dipped in a solution of iodine of potassium and starch, ascend a hill near the sea, while the wind is landward, he will find that the papers suddenly change their tint, becoming blue. This indicates a new chemical agent in the atmosphere, called ozone by its discoverer, Prof. Shantzen, to whom we owe also gun-cotton.

SALES OF HOGS.—Holders of hogs in Kentucky for packing are very stiff, at high figures, and the Louisville Courier hears of sales in Danville, Boyle county, of between 5,000 and 6,000 hogs at 44 cents gross. This is equal to 63 cents net at the pens. Some 8,000 hogs, for packing, recently sold at St. Louis at 5 to 54 cents.

### A FEMALE SMUGGLER CAUGHT.

The Boston Journal says: "The revenue officers at this port having had their suspicions excited in regard to a lady passenger in the steamer America, which arrived here on Friday from Liverpool, they proceeded to examine her person for the smuggled articles. It is unpleasant to relate that their suspicions were well founded, for upon examination, the folds of her skirts were found to contain a large amount of expensive lace and other articles, all of which were forfeited."

### Early Training of Geo. Washington.

[This interesting extract is borrowed from the new "Life of George Washington," by Washington Irving, of which the first volume has just been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Co. of New York. The work, to which we shall hereafter more especially allude, will soon be completed in three volumes.]

The attachment of Lawrence Washington to his brother George seems to have acquired additional strength and tenderness on their father's death; he now took a truly paternal interest in his concerns, and had him as frequently as possible a guest at Mount Vernon. Lawrence had deservedly become a popular and leading personage in the country. He was a member of the House of Burgesses, and adjutant general of the forces, with the rank of major and a regular salary. A frequent sojourn with him brought George into familiar intercourse with the family of his father-in-law, the Hon. William Fairfax, who resided in a beautiful seat called Belvoir, a few miles below Mount Vernon, and on the same woody ridge overlooking the Potomac.

William Fairfax was a man of liberal education and intimate worth; he had seen much of the world, and his mind had been enriched and ripened by varied and adventurous experience. Of an ancient English family in Yorkshire, he had entered the army at the age of twenty-one, and served well under both the Earl and the Duke of Marlborough, and had been a member of the House of Commons, after having held in succession a number of offices, and had been a member of the House of Commons, after having held in succession a number of offices, and had been a member of the House of Commons, after having held in succession a number of offices.

Whatever may have been the reason, this early attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him. It being to him as if he took a final leave of school in 1747, and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and his practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament, the waste pages of his journal betray several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are more common place rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and "bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his grief and woes."

The time of his life's career, indeed, is so full of sorrow, that he never told his love; but, as we already surmised, was prevented by his husband's death. "Long have I wished and never dare reveal." It is difficult to reconcile the self to the idea of the cool sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a warm lover in his youthful days, "sighing like a furnace," and indulging plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh, throbbing with the warm impulses of human nature.

Being a favorite of Sir William Fairfax, he was now an occasional inmate of Belvoir. Among the persons often residing there, was Thomas Lord Fairfax, cousin of Wm. Fairfax, and of whose immense landed property the latter was the agent. As this nobleman was one of Washington's earliest friends and in some degree the founder of his fortunes, his character and history are worthy of especial notice.

Lord Fairfax was now nearly sixty years of age, upwards of six feet high, gaunt and raven-haired, near sighted, with light grey eyes, sharp features, and aquiline nose. He figured ungainly in his present appearance, but he owed to advantage in London life in his younger days. He had received his education at the University of Oxford, where he acquitted himself with credit. He afterwards held a commission, and remained for some time in a regiment of horse called the blues. His title and connections of course gave him access to the best society, in which he acquired additional currency by contributing a paper or two to Addison's Spectator, then the great vogue.

In the height of his fashionable career, he became strongly attached to a young lady of rank, and his address, and was accepted. The wedding day was fixed; the wedding dresses were provided; together with servants and equipages for the matrimonial establishment. Suddenly the lady broke her engagement. She had been dazzled by the superior brilliancy of a dupe called by the name of the Duke of Devonshire. It was a cruel blow alike to the affections and pride of Lord Fairfax, and wrought a change in both character and conduct. From that time he almost avoided the sex, and became shy and embarrassed in their society, excepting among those with whom he was connected or particularly intimate. This may have been among the reasons which ultimately induced him to abandon the gay world, and bury himself in the wilds of America. He made a voyage to Virginia about the year 1739, to visit his vast estates there. These he inherited from his mother, Catherine, daughter of Thomas, Lord Culpeper, to whom they had been granted by Charles II. The original grant was for all the lands lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, meaning thereby, it is said, merely the territory on the north neck, east of the Blue Ridge. His lordship, however, discovering that the Potomac headed the Alleghany mountains, returned to England and claimed a corresponding donation of his grant. It was arranged by compromise, extending his domain into the Alleghany mountains, and comprising among other

lands, great portion of the Shenandoah Valley. "Lord Fairfax had been delighted with his visit to Virginia. The amenity of the climate, the magnificence of the forest scenery, the abundance of game, all pointed it out as a favored land. He was pleased too, with the frank, cordial character of the Virginians, and their independent mode of life; and returned to it with the resolution of taking up his abode there for the remainder of his days. His early disappointment in love was the cause of some eccentricities in his conduct; yet he was amiable and courteous in his manners, and of a liberal and generous spirit.

Another inmate of Belvoir at this time was George William Fairfax, about twenty-two years of age, the eldest son of the proprietor. He had been educated in England, and since his return had married a daughter of Col. Carey, of Hampton, on James river. He had recently brought home his bride and her sister to his father's house. The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age, he no longer seemed a boy nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, his early self-training, and the code of conduct he had devised, gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy, of which he speaks, may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies' eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. The charms of Miss Carey, the sister of the bride, seem even to have caused a slight fluttering in his bosom; which, however, was constantly rebuked by the remembrance of his former passion—so at least we judge from letters to his youthful confidants, rough drafts of which are still to be seen in his tell-tale journal.

To one whom he addresses as his dear friend Robin, he writes: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Col. Geo. Fairfax's wife's sister); but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; where as I live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows, by burying that elastic and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion," &c.

Similar avowals he made to another of his young correspondents, whom he styles, "Dear friend John," as also to a female confidant, styled "Dear Sally," to whom he acknowledges that the company of the "very agreeable young lady, sister-in-law of Col. George Fairfax," in a great measure cheers his sorrow and dejectedness. The object of his early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the "beauty" was a Miss Grimes, of Westmoreland, afterwards, Mrs. Lee, and mother of General Henry Lee, who figured in Revolutionary history as Light Horse Harry, and was always a favorite with Washington, probably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother.

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a staunch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived, the neighborhood abounded with sport; but fox hunting in Virginia required bold and skillful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle, and as eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard riding nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarked.

His fox-hunting intercourse was attended with more important results. His lordship's possessions beyond the Blue Ridge had never been regularly settled, nor surveyed. Lawless intruders—squatters, as they were called—were placing themselves along the finest streams and in the richest valleys, and virtually taking possession of the country. It was the anxious desire of Lord Fairfax to have these lands examined, surveyed, and partitioned out in lots, preparatory to ejecting these interlopers, or bringing them to reasonable terms. In Washington, notwithstanding his youth, he beheld one fit for the task—having noticed the exercises in surveying which he kept up while at Mount Vernon, and the aptness and exactness with which every process was executed. He was well calculated, too, by his vigor and activity, his courage and hardihood, to cope with the wild country, to be

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### FREEDOM FOR IRELAND.

A meeting was held by the "Irish Emigrant Aid Association," a few days since in Boston, for the purpose of procuring men and money to assist Ireland in a future effort to throw off the British yoke, and declare her independence.

### My Child.

The following, from the Louisville Journal, is so beautiful that it is holy:

A light is from our household gone,  
A voice we loved is stilled,  
A place is vacant at our hearth  
Which never can be filled;  
A gentle heart, that thrived but now  
With tenderness and love,  
Has hushed its weary throbbings here,  
To throb in bliss above.  
Yes, to the home where angels are,  
Her trusting soul has fled,  
And yet we bend above the tomb  
With tears, and call her dead.  
We call her dead, but ah! we know  
She dwells where living waters flow.  
We miss thee from our home, dear one,  
We miss thee from thy place,  
Oh! life will be so dark without  
The sunshine of thy face;  
We wait for thee at eve's sweet hour,  
When stars begin to burn,  
We linger in our cottage porch  
To look for thy return;  
But vainly for thy coming stay,  
We wait through all the hours—  
We only hear the wind low voice  
That murmurs through the flowers,  
And the dark river's solemn hymn  
Sweeping among the woods and dunes.  
The bird we loved is singing yet  
Above our cottage door,  
We sigh to hear it singing now  
Since heard by thee no more;  
The sunbeams and the trembling leaves,  
The blue ether-arching sky,  
The music of the wandering winds—  
That float in whispers by—  
All speak in tender tones to me  
Of all life's departed hours and thee.  
I do not see thee now, dear one,  
I do not see thee now,  
But ever when the twilight breeze  
Stoals o'er my lifted brow,  
I hear thy voice upon my ear,  
In murmurs low and soft,  
I hear thy words of tenderness  
That I have heard so oft;  
And on my wounded spirit falls  
A blessing from above,  
That whispers, 'tho' thy life is o'er,  
We have not lost thy love.  
Still to thy heart in death grown cold  
Shall I love as with a love outdone.  
No need of mine's proud voice for thee,  
No need for earthly fame,  
That art entwined in our fond hearts,  
And art all the same;  
Ay, full of faith, and trust, and hope,  
We tread life's troubled sea,  
Till the last throbbing wave of time  
Shall bear our souls to thee—  
To thee, oh! it will be so sweet,  
With all our sins forgiven,  
To mingle with our loved and lost  
In our sweet home in heaven.  
To spend with all the bliss above  
An endless life of perfect love.

MATILDA.

### Drowned.

We learn that a white boy named Edward Smith, and a colored man named Wm. Mitchell, both of this place, accidentally fell from the deck of the Schooner Dolphin on Friday last, off Cape Hatteras, and were drowned. They were engaged in play at the time the accident occurred, and a sudden rolling of the vessel to one side, threw them over the railing into the sea. The Captain being alone in the vessel, could afford them no further assistance than cutting his boat loose, to reach which was their only chance of safety. Mitchell sunk in a few moments, but the last seen of Smith he was striking out manfully for the boat, but as he was then about 150 yards from her, the probability is that he did not reach her.—*Wilmington Journal.*

*Suicide in the Bridal Chamber.*—Miss Clara Haskins was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 23d ult. After being dressed by her bridesmaids, she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned they found her lying lifeless upon her couch, with an empty vial which she had contained prussic acid still clasped in her hand. She had adopted that desperate alternative of self-destruction rather than marry a man she could not love, in obedience to parental authority.

*A Rather Unpleasant Surprise.*—A New paper tells the following story of a prominent furniture dealer of that city who was surprised lately to find his name published as a director in an insurance company recently organized. He had done work for the company, in furniture, to the extent of \$1000—and was told he was a stockholder to that amount. A few days since it was discovered that he was the only real stockholder in the concern, so that his investment is likely to prove a permanent one.

*Old Unwages as Good as New.*—By a strange coincidence, which will not again occur for a long time, the new year of 1855 commenced on the same day as in 1849, and consequently, all through the year the date will be on the same day. But what is more singular is that of the movable holidays, from Septuagesima to Advent, fall on the same days. The almanacs of 1849 might therefore, serve for the present year.

*Lectures on Slavery.*—The Boston Atlas states that great efforts have been made by the Lectures Committee of that city, to secure gentlemen from the South to visit Boston, to present the arguments and opinions prevalent in the South on the question of slavery. Among others, the following have been invited: Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky; Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina; Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; Hon. J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana; Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama; and Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia.

### AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Farmer.  
To the Executive Committee of the Virginia and North Carolina Union Agricultural Society.  
Gentlemen.—The hauling up and stacking of the crop of oats, on the Experimental Farm, was finished on the 22d. The following statement gives the result of the different experiments:

### THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

The Richmond Enquirer thinks there is a reaction of sentiment taking place at the North, but says:

Yet it would be unfair and impolitic not to state, that there are disturbing causes to this glorious reaction that has recently set in. The legislation of Massachusetts, violating and nullifying the provisions of the fugitive slave law, must be repealed, or retaliating legislation will be enacted by every State of the South. The subject, probably, could be treated in a more dignified and efficient manner, but passion begets passion, excess engenders excess, and the assailed South will be sure to follow the example of the assailing North. The want of ordinary national comity and courtesy, in many of the States of the North, in denying to Southern men, with their slaves, a secure passage through their territories, will keep up irritation, and, if persevered in, end in disunion. The Northern intervention in the domestic affairs of Kansas, will provoke like intervention by the South, and what begins as a domestic feud may end as a sectional and a civil war. Conservatives of the North and of the South, must look to these things and search for a remedy. Massachusetts, if she retain one spark of her olden spirit and her olden character, must be tired and disgusted with the doings of the Hiss Legislature. She is not timid, and will not retrace her steps, for fear of Southern ridicule or Southern threats; but if she have left one shred of self-respect, she will hasten to blot out from her statute book and from her remembrance, if she could, the infamous and treasonable proceedings of her late vulgar, immoral and ignorant Legislature. If she do not, she will not dissolve the Union, but may be excluded from the Union. She wishes to nullify—she may be forced to secede.

The refusal of Northern States to permit us to visit their territories, accompanied by a slave servant, or even to travel directly through them with slaves, may be no violation of the letter of the Constitution, but it grossly violates its spirit, for it is not calculated to form "a more perfect Union," but rather in time to disrupt the existing one. As a matter of interest, it is manifestly to the advantage of the North to grant those privileges, for they would thereby greatly encourage trade and travel from the South. As a matter of courtesy and comity, it is equally clear that she should grant them. The difficulties in Kansas, if left to the people of Kansas to settle for themselves, as they should be left, offer no impediments to a cordial good understanding between the people of the rest of the Union. It would be much easier to incite the South to angry and hasty retaliation than to restrain her from such retaliation. But a short time since, we the symptoms of reaction appeared at the North, we feared that such a course was inevitable. Neither section can be successfully bullied into measures. Neither need fear that its patience under injury will be impeded to cowardice. We of the South can afford to wait awhile for redress since we see appearances of a returning sense of justice at the North. The ascendancy of the Isms is probably an accident, and the next elections may hurl them from power. Come disunion! come civil war, with all its horrors in its train, sooner than the vital interests and the sacred honor of the South shall be sacrificed.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ISMS IS PROBABLY AN ACCIDENT, AND THE NEXT ELECTIONS MAY HURL THEM FROM POWER. COME DISUNION! COME CIVIL WAR, WITH ALL ITS HORRORS IN ITS TRAIN, SOONER THAN THE VITAL INTERESTS AND THE SACRED HONOR OF THE SOUTH SHALL BE SACRIFICED.

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