The Daily Crescent.

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DAILY CRESCENT.

A Thrilling Story--Incidents in Russia.

On the 22d day of May, 1841, a battalion of the Military Colony, established at Novgorod, was drawn up on the parade ground adjoining the extensive barracks, constructed in the most ancient and solitary portion of the city, near the Church St. Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood General I ——, a tall man of fifty, remarkable for his correct carriage, meagreness, sallow complexion, and large, gray, restless eyes. He was known throughout the camp for his bravery, of which he had given many brilliant proofs in his campaigns in Turkey and Persia; it was clear that domestic infelicities had soured his temper, or that his heart had become hardened by the frequent applications of a discipline, degrading in its nature, and often horrible in its effects. Gen. L. had become a terror to the soldiers, and scarcely a day passed in which his command was not signalized by acts of such severity as well deserved to be called ferocious.

It is known that this man cherished a profound attachment for a young girl, the daughter of an old companion in arms, killed in battle. He adopted the orphan child, brought her up with care, and never allowed her to be separated from him. And she, though grateful for the kindness of her father, by adoption, was not the less governed by an irresistible feeling of constraint when in his presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech, imperious manner, and cold severity of his aspect. She was known among his troops by the expressive name of Solowiova, (Nightingale,) given to her in recognition of the grace with which she sang the wild pathetic ballads of the Sclavonians.

Solowiova, to please the General, appeared at the reviews. One day she was sitting at a window of the General's quarters, in a room on the ground floor, whence her eye ranged along the extended ranks—and a bright flush overspread her features as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome features of a young Surgeon-Major, Ivan Palovoi, whose manly form was set off to a rare advantage by the simple uniform of his military grade.

Gen. L. passed and re-passed along the front line of the battalion without a single word, but with a frowning brow and angry expression on his features, for he perceived that some of the men were absent. Suddenly was heard the slow and muffled beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each carrying in his hand one of those long rods which are still used in the Russian service as the tool of a hateful punishment. At this sight the General turned in amazement to his side, and in a voice of thunder demanded who had given the order, and who was to be the victim.

A sergeant, conspicuous by his scarred and livid countenance, darted before the General, snatched from him his sword, struck him on the face, and coolly answered, "Tom!"

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass along the ranks, and a gleam of hate lighted up the habitually passionless features of the men. By a spontaneous movement the officers advanced from the line to the rescue of their commander; but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the ground, and menaced by half a score of bayonets.

Ivan was alone exempted, for his humanity had won for him the affection of the troops. A grenadier who stood near him whispered in his ear, "Whether the nightingale sings or remains silent, do not move. Obey!"

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A moral paleness overspread his features; his courage gave way; he groaned and begged for mercy. But the hurrahs of the battalion drowned his voice, and Guedenoff, approaching him once, replied: "I, too, begged for mercy when my brother fell dying with the blows you ordered."

We will not pursue the hideous details of the scene that followed, only adding that Gen. L. and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the room, while the vengeful soldiers took care to beat slowly, were literally baked alive.

This crime presented a frightful originality, and it was deemed meet its expiation should be likewise. The tidings were borne to the Emperor, and eight days afterwards several battalions of artillery marched through the streets of the ancient Russian capital; they had been preceded by a major-general, who had won for himself in the Polish campaign, the title of Warsaw Executioner. One of his aids appeared at the barracks of the mutineers, and ordered them to parade the next morning in fatigue dress and without their weapons, in the small square at the western end of the city. They replied by their invariable karacho (good,) put on their long grey coats and round caps, and oiled their moustaches as (or an ordinary field day: then paled, silent, and with white lips, but keeping perfect order in their ranks, they traversed the city between two files of Cossacks, followed by the terrified gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the square, they posted themselves in solemn columns, noiselessly and without confusion.

The drums beat—the bells of the churches pealed forth a solemn clang—and the batteries of cannon, planted in the avenues that led into the square, opened upon them a deadly fire of grape shot. Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, a multitudinous groan, with which were mingled the wild songs of those who prided themselves on dying like men who knew no fear. Three hours the fire was kept up; and when, at the close, the executioners of this awful sentence traversed the place through a lake of blood, they found but five whom the grape shot had not reached—among these was the sergeant, Guedenoff. They all perished under the murderous blow of the knout. The sergeant maintained his firmness and composure to the end. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed unconscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh, and addressing the executioner, he coolly asked if his allotted number of blows would soon be complete.

"They are finished now," said the executioner.

"So much the better," replied Gudenoff, "for I am very hungry."

The Power of Kindness.

"Tom! Here" said a father to his boy speaking in a tone of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companion.

"Did you hear, sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and a reluctant step, the boy left his play, and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace, said the latter angrily. "Come quickly! I want you. When I speak I look to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away at a slow pace.

"You Tom! Is that doing as I ordered? is that going quickly?" called the angry father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour, I will punish you."

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of his parent. He experienced a sense of injustice; a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence—my words scarcely made an impression on him."

"Kind words are often most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and refreshing dews; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all that they touch. Try him with kind words. They will prove an hundred fold more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by this reproof. But it left him thoughtful. An hour passed ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last the lad came slowly in with a clouded countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stand far beyond his time, he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it in a spirit of angry defiance. To his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of giving angry reproof and punishment, said kindly, "Very well, my son. You can now go to your play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind, nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. As he sat thus he heard his name called. He listened:

"Thomas, my son," said his father kindly. The boy sprang to his feet and was almost instantly by the side of his parent.

"Did you call, father?"

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Lang for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it, he bounded away with a light step.

"There is a power in kindness," mused the father, after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back, and with a cheerful, happy face, said—

"Can I do any thing else for you, father?"

Yes, there is a power in kindness. The tempest of passion can only subdue, constrain and break; but in love and gentleness there is a power of the summer rain, the dew and the sunshine.

Eating Ice-Cream Raw.

BY JONAS JONES.

On a very warm, sultry evening, during the summer of '48, as Dr. B—— and myself were seated in a fashionable saloon of our town, indulging in the cool luxuries which the proprietors of the establishment know so well how to prepare, and chatting the while upon early subjects as fancy and caprice suggested, a tall, lumber-looking fellow about twenty-three, made his appearance, and after looking about him for some time in bewilderment and doubt, seated himself at a table close by the one at which we were sitting. The young man was apparently a *stranger*, and from the country; and the illuminated sign, with "ice-cream," "confectionaries," etc., blazoned thereon, had evidently *taken him in*. Knowing the doctor to have a great propensity for natural joking, I turned to see what effect this new arrival would have upon him, and one glance at his restless twinkling eye satisfied me that there would be sport.

After sitting some time, as if uncertain how to proceed, the young man plucked up sufficient courage to address us, and inquired whether he could "get some ice-cream and a couple of confectionaries," stating, at the same time, that he had "never been at the canawl afore, and did n't know how people acted at such places." He was informed by the doctor, that if he would ring the small bell which stood upon the table, his wishes would be gratified. The green-un did as he was directed, and in due time was served with the ice-cream and "confectionaries." After eeving for a few minutes the articles before him, he took the spoon from the glass, took a small quantity of the cream, and put it to the tip of his tongue; and then looked round the room with an air of great satisfaction and delight. Soon, however, another idea seemed to strike him: he rammed the spoon deep into the glass, took it out heaped full, and in a moment its contents had disappeared.

At this instant I felt a twitch at my side—the next moment the doctor was on his feet—had clutched my arm convulsively—and with one hand pointing towards the victim, almost screeched:

"*Shocking! that young man is eating his ice-cream raw!*"

Down went ice-cream, spoon, confectionaries, and table upon the floor; out leaped the victim, at least ten feet towards the middle of the room, gasping for breath—eyes protruding from their sockets—and countenance exhibiting marks of the greatest terror and helplessness. In a moment the doctor was by his side—felt his pulse—unbuttoned his coat, waistcoat, and his shirt collar, as if to admit fresh air; then gently pushing him into a chair, commenced fanning him with the skirts of his coat. It was then that the victim's tongue first became loose, and with imploring look, he half whispered, half screeched—

"Oh, kin I live?"

Upon this the doctor looked mysterious, felt his pulse again, examined his tongue, and then, in a solemn tone, replied—

"It may be, young man, that by implicitly following my directions, you can yet escape the consequences of your rashness and folly. I would advise you to—"

"Any thing, I'll do any thing you tell me, so as I can live!"

"Well, then, sir, take off your coat." The young man did so. "Tie a handkerchief about you." He was obeyed. "And now, sir, go to the door, run three times around the square with all the might that is in you; and then come back to me, and I will tell you what further to do."

The young man vanished, and we resumed our seats; in a few minutes, however, he returned, puffing and blowing, and apparently in better spirits.

"Now," said the doctor, "do you put on your coat, button it up close to your chin; go to your lodging place, and turn into bed immediately; and let me advise you, young man, that hereafter, before you undertake to eat ice-cream, see that it is properly prepared; and let me particularly charge you (and here he assumed a very serious air) *never again do you attempt to eat ice-cream raw.*"

The young man stammered forth his thanks, and then left—we followed soon after.

Howard the Philanthropist.

Howard was a singular being in many of the common habits of life. He bathed daily in cold water, and, both on rising and going to bed, swathed himself in coarse towels, wet with the coldest water. In that state he remained half an hour or more, and then threw them off, refreshed and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest of countries, nor was ever a minute under or above his time of appointment for twenty-six years. He never continued at a place, or with a person a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his life; and he had not, for the last ten years of his life, eaten any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, or rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and when he could not go in a carriage, he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

Some days after his return from an attempt to mitigate the plague at Constantinople, he favored me with a morning visit to London. The weather was so terrific, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and yielded up to the hope of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock struck he entered the room; the wet—for it rained in torrents—dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not have attended to his situation, having set himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes. "Yes," said he smiling, "I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehension about a little rain water, which, though it does not run off my back as it does from the back of a duck, does me as little injury, and after a long drought, is scarcely less refreshing. The coat that I have on has been as often wet through as any ducks in the world; and, indeed, gets no other cleaning. I assure you a good soaking shower is the best brush for broadcloth. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity on my supposed hardships, with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who being familiar with storms, necessity, and nakedness, are a thousand times (so forcible is habit) less to be compassioned than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinement of feathers by night and fire by day, are taught to shiver at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is intrepid, hard, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgence from the moment we come into the world. A soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxury, and we grow not more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapped in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, bathe, as it were, in fire, and fear the least change in the weather."

Sham Hays and his Bull-y Race.

Some forty years ago, the managers of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "*free for any thing with four legs and hair on.*" A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of racing to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one; but he rode him round the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and knew keep the right course. He rode him with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so, that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground "on horseback" on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had a dried ox hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short ox horn in his hand. He rode up to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the purse; but the owners of the horses that were entered, objected. Hays appealed to the terms of notice, insisting that his bull had "*four legs and hair on,*" and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cussin' and discussin'," the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of hearing of the bellowing of the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that would be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn and sunk his spurs into the bull's side, who bounding off with a *terrible* bellow, at no trifling speed, the dried ox hide flopping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses all threw the traces, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden desire to run back to the shortest cut to get out of the Rubicon country, and no one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays, under a great deal of hard swearing on the part of the owners of the horses.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The honest owners could see that they were swindled out of the purse, and that if it had not been for Hays' horn and the ox hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring on the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did. Upon this, Hays told them his bull could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up a hundred dollars apiece and the purse which he had won, he would take off the hide and leave his tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted, and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal given. Hays give the bull another touch with his spurs, and the bull gave another tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the horrible sound, and thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track quite at his ease. The money from that time they nicknamed him Sham Hays. He afterwards moved to Ohio, but his nickname stuck to him as long as he lived. [Spirit of the Times.

Mr. Vattemare will embark in the steamship Franklin, on her second trip to Havre. The Union says:

"The Postmaster General interested himself to obtain a free passage for him, with his valuable cargo of literature, which the Company most cheerfully granted. Mr. V. would have had a passage to France in a national ship, if one had been bound to that quarter. He carries with him at least one hundred cases of books, charts, etc., as presents from the United States and the different States to the government and different institutions of France. He has two grizzly bears, as presents from California to the National Museum. We saw, yesterday, a letter from the President of the United States to Mr. Vattemare, acknowledging, in very handsome terms, the reception of two splendid engravings as ornaments for the White House, and the very magnificent series of medals which had been presented to the United States by the French Government. We are sure that Mr. Vattemare carries with him the best wishes of every liberal American."

DISCOVERY OF A THIRD RING TO THE PLANET SATURN.—We understand that last night, the existence of a third ring round this planet, which had been for some time suspected, was ascertained by the astronomers at the Observatory at Cambridge. It is interior to the two others, and therefore its distance from the body of Saturn must be small. It was well observed through the great Equatorial, with powers varying from 150 to 900, the evening for astronomical observations being remarkably fine, perhaps the finest since the establishment of the Observatory, although singularly enough the sky was so hazy that to the naked eye only the brighter stars were visible. It will be remembered that the eighth satellite of this planet was also discovered at Cambridge, by Mr. Bond, about two years since. [Traveller, 16th.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S EXPEDITION.—The London Times of the 28th ultimo says that the arrival of two carrier pigeons from the Felix, in which Capt. Sir John Ross proceeded to the northern regions, is not credited, and the account given in the Ayr Advertiser of their being first seen, tends to throw great doubts of their being any of the pigeons given to the gallant captain previous to his leaving Ayr. The Advertiser says the pigeons were first seen at Annarck, some distance from their original dove-cot, and assigns as a reason that the cot was shut up. Those acquainted with the character of carrier pigeons (says the Times) feel convinced they would have continued for days on the top or near the cot where they were formerly reared or kept, and must have been seen by their owner or persons connected with the place. It is also scarcely to be credited that two of the legs of one of the pigeons should have been shot off without wounding any other part of the body, if it had been fired at when flying.

THE PROPER CLAIMANT.—As there seems to be some doubt as to the real legatee of the $2,000,000, left by the Englishman, Col. Daniels, to a "certain book-seller" in New Haven, Conn., the Boston Atlas states the following:

"L. H. Young occupied the store below the Tontine in New Haven, from the time it was completed in 1833 till 1841. Col. Daniels was in New Haven between the years 1833 and 1837, and a freq ent visitor at Mr. Young's. Dr. Uhlorn was in N w Orleans during Col. Daniel's visit, and probably never *knew or saw* him. Mr. Young took Dr. Uhlorn into partnership in 1839, and the partnership was dissolved in 1840. Mr. Young, we understand, well remembers Col. Daniels, and, though in some doubt as to the probability of so large a bequest, has none as to his being the identical person referred to. Mr. Young was formerly a member of the Boston Board of Brokers."

The friendship of some persons is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting the moment we enter the shade.

AUCTION SALES.

BY J. A. BEARD.

Choice Slaves ..... **At Auction.**

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, December 2, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction, at Banks Arcade, without reserve—

HARRISON, aged 19 years.
BURBIN, aged 18 years.
ADGIE, aged 21 years.
ANSELINE, aged 20 years—a fine Washer and Ironer and good Cook—and her son, aged 11 and 9 years; a very valuable family.
WASHINGTON, aged 13 years.
NED, aged 11 years.
EGBON, aged 28 years—a good Blacksmith, Farrier and Horse maker, etc. etc.
ALEXANDER, aged 21 years—Blacksmith, etc. etc.

☞ The above Slaves are all fully guaranteed against the vices and maladies prescribed by law.

Also, for a Succession of Mrs. Gormley:

HANNAH aged 35 years—a good Cook, Washer and Ironer—and her child aged 11 months. Title fully guaranteed.

LAURETT, aged 36 years—a good French and American Cook; fine and trusty servant.

Terms cash.

Bills of sale before T. O. Hunt, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. 6 30

St Theresa's Church ..... **Sale of Pews.**

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, December 2, at 3 o'clock, A. M.—Will be sold at auction, in the Church belonging to the Convent Female Orphan Asylum—

THE LEASE OF THE PEWS for one year.

☞ As many parties wishing to hire Pews were disappointed last year, for want of timely notice, all persons desirous of securing them for the coming year, are hereby notified that the sale will positively take place on the day and hour specified. 6 30 3t

78 squares of Ground, comprising **1810 Lots,** with a new and modern built **Dwelling,** after the Golden style, in the town of **Carrollton.**

Also, Choice Batture Property, situated at **Algiers.**

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY, December 3, at 10 o'clock, will the following Property, viz:

The following square of ground, containing the above property, also which will be sold 1810 lots of ground situated in some of the best parts of the town of New Orleans. A plan of the property can be seen on the line of the two railroads now about being built from Lafayette, and the other being a continuation of the Carrollton Railroad to the Lake.

The lots of ground situated near to the large warehouses in Algiers, are bounded by Lafayette street, the public road, Mississippi River and property of Dunn's heirs. These lots are not liable to the charge of a warehouse, steamship wharves, etc., etc., as per plan exposed at the auction.

Terms—Two-third cash; balance at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years' credit, with mortgage on the property, with 8 per cent interest from date—and if not paid at maturity, to bear interest 8 per cent per annum.

Acte of sale before T. O. Hunt, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. 6 18

Succession of Cyrus Green—Improved Property on Suzette street, Second Municipality.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, December 4, at 12 o'clock, will be sold at auction, at Banks Arcade, by order of the Executors of the estate of Mr. Cyrus Green, late Judge of the Second District Court of New Orleans, under Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 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581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 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Choice Building Lots, to close an Estate, without reserve.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction, at Banks Arcade—

THE FIRST CHOICE BUILDING LOTS, which will be sold to the highest offer to close an estate, viz:

Six Lots of ground, in square front, off by Annunciation, Constance, Hollin and Thalia streets—being Lots Nos. 6, 7, 10, 11, 14 and 15, in a plan exhibited at the sale, drawn up by C. A. Heller, Surveyor, and 7 and 8 in each square, on Annunciation street, fronting on Hollin street, by a depth of 140 feet, and on Thalia street, by a depth of 140 feet, between parallel lines.

Terms—Cash.

Bills of sale before T. O. Hunt, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. 6 22

Also ..... Also .....

A valuable Lot of Ground situated in the square bounded by Magazine, Annunciation, Berlin and Hollin streets; measuring 70 feet 9 inches in front