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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

#### A Poetical Recipe for a "Plum Pudding."

AIR .- " Jeannette and Jeannot." If you wish to make pudding in which every one delights Of six pretty new haid eggs you must take the yolk and

Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine And be sure you chop the suet up particularly fine ; Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of cur-

A pound of pounded sugar, and some lemon-peel beside; Rub them well all up together, with a pound of wheaten

And then set them to settle for a quarter of an hour. Then the mixture in a cloth, and put it in a pot-Some people like the water cold, and some preter it hot But though I don't know which of these two plans I

ought to praise. I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs Oh! if I were Queen of England, or still better, Pope of I'd llave a vast plum-pudding every day I dined at home All the world should have a peace, and if any did remain, Next morning for my breakfast I would fry it up again.

### The Ducl in the Dark.

Every traveller who has descended the Mississippi within the last twenty-five years, must remember Vicksburg, so singular in

There resided at that time in the town a notorious duellist by the name of Johnson, whose matchless prowess inspired universal fear. He had slain half a dozen foes on the sing the spectators. public "field of honor," and as many in private encounters. All the members of the

"bloody fancy club" spoke of Mike Johnson's feats with rapturous enthusiasm. But all good men, when the "brave wretch" passed, turned pale and were silent.

At the May term of the District Court, 1829, the Grand Jury, mustering, extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnson for the murder of William Lee, an inoffensive youth, whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased to aid in the prosecution, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of his friends to the contrary, appeared on the trial of the cause-one of the most exciting ever argued in Vicksburg. On the last evening of the session, after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife with looks of such evident agitation as to fill her soul with overpowering alarm.

" My love, tell me in the name of heavwhat has happened !" she cried, pale as a corpse, and shaking like a leaf in the wind. ""Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intilligence. "Nothing, only the murderer, Mike Johnson, after his acquital, grossly insulted me in the court-yard, and I knocked him down." Is have wrating to some other " And he chailenged you to fight him with pistols !" almost shrieked the wife, anticipating the rest, with the quickness of woman's

"I will fight, if you wish it," was the loud ringing answer.

"Then you accept my challenge ?" "I do. Will any present be so good as to lightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighact as my second ?" asked the lawyer addres- ten sickness, poverty, and affliction ; convert For a moment or two no one spoke, so great

was the dread of the arch-duellist, Mike John-

men be my second ?" repeated the lawyer in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill, trumpet like voice on the outskirts of the crowd, and a tall commanding form, with bravery written on his brow, and the cagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the centre of the scene of contenown importance, is in an inverse ratio to their tion, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a smiling glance, before which, the latter, for true value. With just enough of fashionable an instant, quailed.

The question "who is he ?" " who is he ?" circulated among the lookers on. But no one could answer; no one had ever seen him before, and yet then every body would have was his bearing. "Who are you?" inquired the duellist, re-

covering his presence of mind. " A stranger, from Texas."

But who will youch for your respectabili-

"I can give you vouchers sufficient," replied the stranger, frowing till his brows ooked frightful; and then stooping forward, increased fourfold." he wispered someting in Johnson's ear audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duellist aloud and trembling perceptibly. "Col. Morton will you be my friend

The individual last addressed gave his as- that it gives mastery to husband or wife, just

" Now let us adjourn to some private room to arrange preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd, then increasing every minute, and ex- commencingcited nearly to madness, by the thick crow-"A well there is in the west countrie, ding events of the hour.

And a clearer one never was seen; The meeting took place the following There is not a wife in the west countrie ht, in a dark room, with the door locked.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge debehind your back. They have more sense and better employment. What are flirts and ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and renbustle-bound girls in comparison with these? der deformity itself agreeable.

SHOWY ACCOMPLISHMENTS .--- There are "Will no one in such a mass of generous few greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition among people in middling life to bring the fashionable and idle simpleton. up their daughters as fine ladics, neglecting

useful knowledge for showy accomplishments. From the Reveries of a Bachelor. "The notions," it has been justly observed, Evening. "which girls thus educated acquire of their BY IK. MARVEL.

The Future is a great land:-how the refinement to disqualify them for the duties bright and dark, slow and swift!

of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such tles on its plains,-great monuments on saddened it may be, by the chance shadfine ladies fit for ? Nothing, that I know, but the mountains, that reach heavenward, sworn to his courage, so bold, yet tranquil to be kept like wax figures in a glass case. and dip their top in the blue Eternity. Woe to the man that is linked to one of them! Then comes an earthquake-the earth-If half the time and money wasted on the quake of disappointment, of distrust, or of inaction, and lays them low. Gaping music, the dancing, and embroidery, were desolation widensits branches everywhere; employed in teaching them the useful arts of the eye is full of them, and can see nothmaking shirts and mending stockings, and ing besides. By and by, the sun peeps managing household affairs, their present forth,-as now from behind yonder cloud following statement of the feelings of Mr. qualifications as wives and mothers would be -and reanimates the soul.

Fame beckons, sitting highin the heav-THE MATRIMONIAL WELL .- In a small pa- ens; and joy lends a halo to the vision .-rish of St. Keyne, Cornwall, Wales, there is A thousand resolves stir your heart, your a famous well, the virtues of which are such hand is hot, and feverish for action; your brain works madly, and you snatch here, ing told where they might be found; and and you snatch there, in the convulsive his uniform rep'y has been, "No, I dont as the one or the other may have first tasted throes of your delirium. Perhaps you its waters. Southey made this superstition see some earnest, carefull plodder, once way from me unless he shall see fit the groundwork of an amusing tale, in verse, far behind you, now toiling slowly but freely to come back again." And his is surely, over the plain of life, until he no uncommon case-hundreds of slaveseems near to grasping those brilliant holders, who make no parade of the cirphantoms which dance along the horizon cumstance, have fugitive slaves now livof the future; and the sight stirs your

eye is fixed, and sure.

cunning of insects.

live?

than the vision, and has no end.

Yet always, day by day, hour by honr,

second by second, the hard Present is el-

bowing us off into that great land of the

as to a homeland; they run beyond time

and space, beyond planets and suns, be-

yond far-off suns and comets, until like

blind flies, they are lost in the blaze of

immensity, and can only grope their way

back to our earth, and our time, by the

and what a fall into vacuity! Forbid

these earnest forays over the borders of

Now, and on what spoils would the soul

For myself, I delight to wander there,

and to weave every day, the passing life,

into the coming life,-so closely that I

may be unconscious of the joining. And

just figures,-like those tapestries, on

which nuns work by inches, and finish

with their lives;-or like those grand

frescos, which poet artists have wrought

on the vaults of old eathedrals, gaunt, and

colossal,-appearing mere daubs of car-

mine and azure, as they lay upon their

backs, working out a hand's breadth at a

time,--but when complete, showing-sym-

those glittering heights where fame sits,

with plumes waving in zephyrs of applause;

there belong to it, other appetites, which

range wide, and constantly over the broad

Future-land. We are not merely, wor-

king, intellectual machines, but social

But not alone does the soul wander to

metrical and glorious

Cut out the Future-even the little Fu-

A Leaf from our Scrap Book. girls we love and respect wherever we find Thought is worried and weakened in its them-in a palace or in a hovel. Always flight through the immensity of space; pleasant and always kind, they never turn up but Love soars around the throne of the their noses before your face, or slander you Highest, with added blessing and strength.

> I know not how it may be with others. but with me, the heart is a readier, and quicker builder of those fabrics which strew Good for nothing but to look at; and that is the great country of the Future, than the rather disgusting. Give us the industrious mind. They may not indeed rise as high and happy girl, and we care not who worships as the dizzy pinnacles that ambition loves to rear; but they lay like fragrant islands. in a sea, whose ripple is a continuous melody.

> And as I muse now, looking toward the EVENING, which is already begun,tossed as I am, with the toils of the Past, and bewildered with the vexations of the lights and the shadows throng overit,- Present, my affections are the architect, that build up the future refuge. And, Pride and Ambition built up great cas- in fancy at least, I will build it boldly;ows of evening; but through all, I will hope for a sunset, when the day ends, glorious with crimson, and gold.

#### Noble Sentiments.

The Tribune, in the course of its review of Mr. Clay's late letter, makes the Clay and another gentleman of the South towards their Slaves.

We know that Mr. Clay has respectedly had slaves run away into Free States, and has been urged to pursue them; bewant any servant that chooses to run aing at the North, and know just where soul to frenzy, and you bound on after to find them, yet refuse to have any thing him with madness of a fever in your veins. to do with hunting them. An old Mem-But it was by no such action, that the for- ber of Congress-ultra Southern at that tunate toiler has won his progress. His --was last winter told where he might rehand is steady, his brain is cool; his capture avaluable fugitive slave for whom he had paid \$800 in cash-and he utter-The Future is a great land; a man can- ly refused to authorize his recapture, saynot go round it in a day; he cannot meas- ing, "If he prefers Freedom to Slavery, But the countryman smiled as the stranger ure it with a bound; he cannot bind its I caonot blame him-I have the same harvests into a single sheaf. It is wider choice."

its situation for a town, on the shelving declivity of the high rolling hills, with its houses scattered in groups on the terraces. Every reader of American newspapers during the last twenty-five years must remember Vicksburg, so rich has been the fund of material it has supplied for the circulating libraries of "horrid murders," duels, affrays, and executions, by all sorts of "summary process." The public will not likely soon forget the hanging of the gamblers and steam doctors. In fine, everybody knows that the place has been noted since its earliest settlement for the belligerent character of its inhabitants, and the number and atrocicity of the violent deeds which may be asscreed, with literal truth, to have stained its every street with the blood of human I sold " much contena " hearts.

. It is not our purpose, however, to sketch any of these more celebrated brute battles, that prove nothing beyond the wilful wickedness of the respective combatants." But we will select for the sake of its mournful moral alone, a solitary tragedy, which was briefly chronicled by the press of the day, and then faded from the recollection of all, save one from whom the writer received the story in all its particularity. She, of course, could never forget. The wife of the murdered hero wept at the sad reminiscence, twenty years after the date of the catastro-

In the year '27, a young lawyer, (whom we shall call John Thomas, to avoid harrowing the memory of some relative or friend who might chance to skim over these columns,) emigrated from Worcester, in Massachusetts, to the State of Mississippi. He was poor, had recently married a beautiful, accomplished woman, who had renounced wealthy parents for his sake, and hence was anxious to better his fortune in as little time as poseible. This consideration determined the legal adventurer to locate at Vicksburg, then considered throughout the west as the paradise of the bar.

puzzles, whose solution is the work of In a very short time the new lawyer had life. Much as hope may lean toward the large noise," and will any time leave a flute to weeping as if his heart were broken. Intelligencer who had visited Bologua, in awyer was in a state of mind bordering on intoxicating joy of distinction, there is ample reason to congratulate himself on the He started back, as the flashing light daz- "gather around a bass drum." usanity; and yet all the while he concealed Italy, says: zled his eyes, and growing pale as the dead another leaning in the soul, deeper, and choice of his position. His bland demean-CHEERFULNESS .- Persons who are always he mental torture from his affectionate wife. "Bologna being chiefly known to me at his feet, exclaimed in accents of immeasstronger, toward those pleasures which our, studious habits, and more than all his urable anguish-" Oh, God ! how shall I en- cheerful and good-humored are very useful in One evening in a more than common bitter through its sausages, I took some pains the heart pants for, and in whose atmoseloquence in debate, won him patronage; dure to meet my dear Emma, with this mur- the world; they maintain peace and happiness, phere, the affections bloom and ripen. to post myself up on the history of sausand gloomy mood, as he walked through the The first may indeed be uppermost; it ages as a branch of the fine arts in that and he rose, almost at a single bound, to the derous gore on my hands! Such stains would and spread a thankful temper amongst all public square, he was again accosted by Mike defile the very gates of heaven, and black the may be noisiest; it may drown with the city; but all I could find on the subject first place in his profession. He was emwho live around them. Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand, floor of heil itseif !" Men are often treated like barrels-the clamor of mid-day, the nicer sympathies. was that there once existed in Bologna, ployed in all the land suits, and in most of and an uplifted cowhide in the other. The He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babel but we shall not paint the scene. empty ones stood up and the full ones laid But all our day is not mid-day; and all a peculiar race of dogs called Bolognini, the still more numerous and equally lucraassault was the more aggravating as the place our life is not noise. Silence is as strong which were fed and cherished with great tive cases of homicide, so that in the brief A week subsequently, he was shot to pieces down. was thonged with spectators. as the soul; and there is no tempest so care some time in the middle ages; from in his own office, while employed in writing period of two years after his advent he had "Coward and villain," exclaimed Johnwild with blasts, but has a wilder lull which period they have gradually become When the man of Israel bowed in helplessafter night. The assasin was not known, but cleared the round sum of thirty thousand son, "did I not tell you that I would cowhide, supposed to be a younger brother of the duel- ness before Pharaoh, two women spurned his There lies in the depth of every man's extinct. The sausages, however are exdollars. Let no sceptical disciple of Lord you every week, until I had whipped the ist, Johnson. edicts and refused his behests. A father made soul a mine of affection, which from time cellent?" Coke deem this statement incredible. S. S. The stranger who acted in the combat as courage of a man and a gentleman into your no effort to save the infant Moses, but a mo- to time will burn with the seetling heat the second of Thomas, was indeed, as he said Prentiss, now of New Orleans, realized cash from Texas, and then tracelling through Mis- ther's care hid him while concealment was of a volcano, and heave up lava-like mon-Yankee hide ! Very Dry .- The Harrodsburg Ploughin hand, forty thousand dollars by his open-"I am not a coward," retorted Thomas in sisippi, and was the bravest misn perhaps that possible; and a sister watched over his pres- uments, through all the cold strata of his boy says that the drouth has been so exing speech in Vicksburg. a hollow tone, so unearthly fierce and wild ever drew the breath of life-James Bowie, ervation when exposed on the river's brink. commoner nature. cessive in Grant county that it has dried that it caused every hearer to start. At the who fell only with the fall of the Alamo, when One may hide his warmer feelings;-During his career thus far young Thomas up all the cows! At least such was the To women was intrusted the charge of prohis red kuile was drunk with the blood of the he may paint them dinily;-he may crowd apology of a tavern keeker for placing no was remarkable in one respect. He never instant, his lips were livid, and clenched beviding for the perils and the wants of the wil-Mexicansito and mulait and in target it them out of his sailing chart, where he milk or butter on his table. went armed, and although in the fierce and tween his teeth till the blood ran. His eyes Reader .- But the moral. You promised derness; and in the hour of triumph, weman's only sets down the harbors for traffic; fiery altercations of the forum, he necessariwere red as a mad dog's and the muscles of us a moral. voice was loudest in the acclaim of joy that yet in his secret heart, he will map out -An Irish musician, who now and then his face quivered; but his body and limbs ly made some enemies, no attack had hith-Writer .- The same moral which lies at ascended to heaven from an emancipated naupon the great country of the Future, indulged in a glass too much, was accosthe bottom of all true stories, if they be read seemed to have the rigidity of marble, to been ventured upon his person. The athfairy islands of love, and of joy. There ted by a gentleman with-Pat, what rightly. I give you this, and can give you tion. Never despair in adversity. Work and he will be sure to wander, when his soul makes your face so red?' Please you "He will fight now," rung in an eager leticism of his noble form, and the look of no more-that the circumstances which make whisper through the crowd, as they saw the invincible determination in his keen blue persevere .--- When a wheel is running round is lost in those quiet and hallowed hopes honor,' said Pat, 'I always blush when I men make also their actions, as the history of terrible tokens of the fiend aronsed-the fiend many a New Englander, besides poor Thomspakes to a gintleman.' which take hold on Heaven. eyes, had doubtless warned the desparadoes as, in the south can attest. Therefore, never the bottom must turn upward-some time. that the "Yankee orator," as he was gener- which lurks at different depths in all human Love only, unlocks the door upon that THE HAPPY GIRL .-- A happy girl is known Futurity, where the isles of the blessed, ally termed, could hit as hard blows in the nature, strongly condemn the deeds of your brethern It was said of a certain "frank and lie like stars. Affection is the stepping free-spoken woman," but not over-wise, "If you are not a coward, why will you of the common humanity, until you shall have by her fresh look and buoyant spirits. Day court yard as he did in the court itself ..not fight !" asked the duellist, somewhat realized their material and spiritual situation in, and day out she has something to do; and stone to God. The heart is our only that it was not strange that her mind However this may be, two years elapsed, struck, in spite of his thorough desperation, in all its mathematical and moral dimensions. she takes hold of work as if she did not fear measure of infinitude. The mind tries was almost gone, as she had given so years, too, of eminent success, before the hardened in the hot gore of a dozen mur- This lesson, studied well, will render you wito soil her hands or dirty her spron. Such with greatness; the heart-never .--- many people "a piece" of it. ser and probably happier men. peaceble attorney was even insulted. Alas! ders.

" It is even so," replied the lawyer mourafully las any besymptor yutiling off yis

"Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh ! swear that you will not turn duellist in this Sodom of the south," implored the wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing like a child on his bosom.

duellist, dear Emma, although I much fear the consequences will be my ruin."

"God will protect you from the bold had man," a viole rushi in howed burn maintain

The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that the "Yankee orator" had been challenged, and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was denounced as a coward-a word which at that day, and even now, might be considered as expressing far deeper scorn than either robber or assassin. As he passed through the streets he was astonished to witness the coldness manifested by his acquaintances, and even professed friends, while the great mass of people seemed to regard him with ineffable contempt. "Yankee whiteliver," " boaster," "poltron," were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially on every terrace of the broken hills.

The matter grew still worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifull with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for mmediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe, and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients descried his office, and rentlemen refused to recognise him or return his salute in the thoroughfares of business, or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagion or his breath fully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded

and, the two seconds on the outside. The principals were placed in opposite corners of the apartment, which was twenty feet square, and each was armed with a large bowieknife, nothing more. It was midnight, a with whom he had a long chat about its tranight without moon or stars. Black pitchly dition. clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting "You drank of the water, I warrant, betimes, mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence the room where the duel was "There, do not weep now. I will not turn about to begin was wrapped in rayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their knives.

At first they both stooped and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in walking over the floor. The same thought had struck them both at the same time, to manœuvre for the vantage ground.

Thomas moved in a circle softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear nothing in the grave-like silence but the quick beats of his own busy heart. Presently, however, there crept into his ear a scarcely audible sound as of supposed breathing, in the corner of the room he had previously left, and then he knew that his foe was trying the same stratagem. The ruse was repeated thrice with a like result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and wait Johnson's approach. Motionless now, himself, and all ear, soon he could discover a soft rustling when near the groceries, and there was one noise, like the dropping of flakes of wool circling round the door and gradually approaching him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife aimed in the dark air, where he supposed his foe to be. His blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision, and feil expiring on the floor. And then, for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb! The duel at midnight had ended; but how ! They were appalled at the horri- fortune, like the revolutions of nature, may hle question. Waiting some minutes, and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light, unlocked the door, and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay murmuring as to a fatal necessity .- Hazlitt. the bloody corpse of the duellist, Johnson; pestilence, he could not have been more care- mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect form of the lawyer, Thomas-unhurt, not a cut on his skin, or a rent in his clothing, but Jarvis observes, "the people like very much

But has heard of the well of St. Keyne. A traveler sitting by the side of this well. the story goes on to say, met a countryman, He to the countryman said,

spoke, And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er, And left my good wife in the porch ; But, faith ! she had been wiser than I. For she took a bottle to church." "

LITTLE VEXATIONS .- To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations. I have before now been disappointed of a hundred pound job, and lost half a crown at rackets on the same day, and been more mortified at the latter than the former. That which is lasting we share with the future, we defer the ture, which is the EVENING of our life. consideration of till to-morrow; that which belongs to the moment we drink up in all its bitterness before the spirit evaporates. We probe minute mischiefs to the quick, we lacerate, tear, and mangle our bosoms with misfortune's finest, brittlest point, and wreak our vegeance on ourselves and it for good and all. Small pains are more manageable, more if so be that I am able, I would make within our reach; we can fret and worry our- the whole piece bear fair proportions, and selves about them, can turn them into any shape, can twist and torture them how we please; a grain of sand in the eye, a thorn in the flesh, only irritates the part, and leaves us stregth enough to guarrel and get out of all patience with it; a heavy blow stuns and takes away power of sense, as well as of resistance. The great and mighty reverses of be said to carry their own weight and reason along with them; they seem unavoidable and remediless, and we submit to them without

In addressing a multitude, just remember that rant passes for eloquence. As Monsieur

# What's in a Name.

Names do make a difference in things, Future. Our souls indeed, wander to it, no doubt. At least, most peop'e think so, and act in accordance with the supposition. Certain defects and diseases have been rendered 'quite genteel' for a time, by dint of elegant names. Even 'a cold in the head,' the most provoking, vulgar, and disgusting disordes possible to honest people, can be qualified and palliated a little by calling it an 'influen-

> We once called in upon a gentleman and his wife-the former a plain, blunt man, the latter a 'genteel,' affected woman-both thoroughly sick with a cold in the head. The man was taking it naturally, and hard. The woman was dressed in rather a showy, carefully made dishabille, and was clearly doing her best to make a handsome thing of her uncomfortable situation. 'And how is madame today?' said we, addressing the lady.

> 'Oh, shockingly ill,' replied the woman trying to look interesting, in spite of her swollen eyes and red nose; 'I am afflicted with the prevailing influenzah.'

And she pronounced the last two words as if she were establishing her character as a fashionable woman by her elegant manner of having the 'influenzah.'

'And you are sick, too,' said we, addressing the hasband.

'Yes, sir,' said the man, with honest emphasis. 'Yes, sir-I'm having this d-d horse distemper.'- Boston Post.

## History of Belegna Sausages.

A foreign correspondent of the National

