

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 50.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 21, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

THE COMET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectra of the skies;
Ah! well may royal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If, in the bearded devil's path,
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would bill,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I heard and saw it all,
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw the tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stung the tutor's eye;
I saw a flock—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the gun!—the balls flew
Rang went the magazine!

I saw the scalding pill down
The crackling, sweating pills,
And streams of smoke like water-spouts,
Barred through the rumbling mines;
I asked the frenzied why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered, not, but all the while,
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg,
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine frozen upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell,
Crisped to a crackling coal!

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
With the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at dinner.

Strange sights! Strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through that reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.

Miscellaneous.

A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY—THE PHILADELPHIC SOCIETY.

[The following article has been prepared from various sources by a gentleman who formerly resided at Morris-town, and having some recollection of General Moreau, takes much interest in all that relates to the history of that brave man.]

When Bonaparte became First Consul, an association called the Philadelphic Society, existed at Bensagon. The Society was purely literary and philosophic in its purposes, but General Mallet becoming a member, determined to make it instrumental in restoring the Bourbons. He had been recalled by Bonaparte from Rome, and sought revenge. To conform the society to his ulterior views he selected, as an assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Oudet, who, though but twenty-five years of age had a considerable military reputation. He had also a knowledge of Free Masonry, and from that he reorganized the Philadelphic Society. He divided its members in three classes, and concealed from each the functions of the other two; while he as the founder could concentrate the whole force at will. Every member was bound to secrecy, but the ostensible objects of the society were but little changed. When the primary organization was complete, affiliated societies, composed of the humbler classes were established in the departments, and introduced into the army. Oudet was thus the centre of many circles, which, though links of one chain, had no visible connection. Suspicious, however, were excited, but Fouche was perplexed, and Bonaparte alarmed by the vagueness of the danger. He dismissed a number of officers, and sent Oudet to his regiment on garrison duty, in the Isle of Rho. Oudet was received with enthusiasm which excited renewed distrust, but led to no discovery. He was afterwards deprived of his command, and banished to the Jura Alps, where he was born, with orders not to quit.

Among the general officers who were affiliated were Moreau, Lahory, Pichegru, lately escaped from banishment in Guiana, for participation in a former conspiracy. Oudet chose Moreau to succeed him as chief of the order, unfolding to him all the ramifications of his policy. Moreau's motives will never be authentically known. He had upheld the Revolution against the antagonism

of crowned heads. He could not therefore have intended to stake his military renown and moral credit in a counter revolution; but seeing the Republic about to become extinct, and dreading the consequences of military dominance in Bonaparte, he probably desired a constitutional monarchy by a national compact with the Bourbons. A numerous party in the Senate privately offered him the dictatorship, a large portion of the army would have hailed the event with acclamation, and he had the confidence of 4000 officers, members of the Philadelphic Society. But thus holding at command all the elements of a counter revolution, he was unwilling to proceed without the concurrence of the Bourbon princes, and obtaining from them guarantees of liberal institutions.

Pichegru was at this time in England communicating with the brothers of Louis XVI. He had been connected with Moreau in the army of the Rhine, and sought and obtained several interviews with him. Moreau was on bad terms with Bonaparte and his government, but his prudence and moderate principles revolted from the idea of restoring the Bourbons unconditionally, as was proposed by Pichegru. Pichegru's scheme was impracticable because the number of the royalists was inconsiderable; and Cadondal, so prominent in the affair, and chief of the Chouans, had no weight but that of courage. Moreau was embarrassed by the connection of the Chouans; and despite his prudence and consummate sagacity, his cool and profound combinations were rashly precipitated by his associates, Lajolais and others, who impatiently urged him to seize Bonaparte dead or alive, but without a guarantee from the Bourbons he refused to participate in any movement against the consular government. He was unable, however, as Philadelphic chief, to enforce obedience, and his associates virtually deposed him from the chieftainship.

The conspiracy was now directed by Pichegru and Cadondal, and the assassination of Bonaparte determined on. Fifty Chouans were secretly introduced into Paris for the purpose. The plan was to attack the Consul on his way to Malmaison, or St. Cloud. But the police were on the alert, and a clue was obtained to the whole affair.

In February, 1804, Moreau, Pichegru, Cadondal, the Polignacs, and more than seventy others were arrested. These arrests were three months after the banishment of Oudet, and no connection being suspected between Oudet and Moreau, Bonaparte put a period to the banishment of the former, and gave him the commission of major. He arrived in Paris just after the arrests, resumed his original functions as chief of the Philadelphians, and concerted a plan for the liberation of Moreau, in case of his being capitally convicted.

The trial of the conspirators, which lasted fourteen days, created an extraordinary sensation not only in Paris, but throughout France. The association of names in the indictment was singular. Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden—Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland—Polignac, an ex-noble, and Cadondal the chief of the Brigands of La Vendee! The prisoners were found guilty, but the sentences were deferred.

Vague rumors of plots, inflammatory placards, and frequent and anonymous letters alarmed the government, in case of the condemnation to death of Moreau. He was in the way of Bonaparte's ambition, but to put him to death was a hazardous experiment, particularly on account of the army. There had been a failure to unravel the plot and the government might be treading on a volcano. It was therefore adjudged prudent, on the suggestion of Murat, to reduce Moreau to insignificance by the veniency of his treatment. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment, but was allowed to retire to America. On reaching the borders of France, he was told he must sell his estates—Gros-Bois was one of them, and the price and purchaser were named to him. The price he considered inadequate. Polignac and some of his aristocratic associates were likewise spared, because their families had recovered some of their former influence. There was even a disposition to spare the life of Cadondal from admiration of his indomitable courage, and on the eve of the execution of the Chouans, whose chief he was, their lives were offered them on conditions. The messenger found them at prayers, and addressing Cadondal, he proposed to him, in the name of the First Consul, a commission in the army and to spare the lives of his associates on their renouncing the cause of the Bourbons. "That does not concern me alone," returned the Chouan chief, "permit me to communicate your proposals to my comrades, that I may hear their opinions." He then repeated the message, on which one of them immediately rose and shouted, *vive le roi*. The rest did the same. "You see," observed Cadondal to the officer, "we have only one thought and one cry, *vive le roi*. Have the goodness to repeat faithfully what you have heard." The officer sighed, left the cell, and the next day the prisoners were executed.

It is natural that men smarting under the yoke of despotism, should meet in private to discuss their wrongs, when they are forbidden to meet publicly. In countries where the government emanates from the people, changes of government are brought about by legal and constitutional means; but when the people have no political existence, where the right of speech is denied them, and the press is shackled, such association necessarily takes a form which menaces the existence of government itself, and one too often inimical to social order.

Moreau was too scrupulous for his situation in the confederacy. He was hostile to Bonaparte, but his private feelings were kept under by public considerations. Of Cadondal, who proposed assassination to him, he said, "don't bring that man again to me," and when his officers and former associates in arms, as he passed to trial through piles of soldiery, laid their hands upon their swords and whispered, "General, do you want us?" he replied, "No, I do not like blood."

At a later period, after suffering several years of exile, and when the persecution or expatriation of himself had been extended to a principal member of his family by the refusal of Bonaparte to permit Madame Moreau to land upon the French Coast on a visit to her mother, he felt a sense of the injury and the injustice, which he freely expressed, and which may have had an influence in determining him to take the ungracious, if not disloyal, part of uniting with the allies at Dresden. He had the misfortune also, not long previous to lose his house at Morrisville by fire, and with his house, what he considered to be of more importance, papers which he greatly valued and could not replace. These calamities, if not in consequence of his exile, were yet not of a sort to reconcile him the better to its continuance. But his motives for going abroad, as he did not live to carry out his plans, can never be accurately known. It is easy to suppose that he would make a distinction between taking part against France, and taking part against his personal enemy, whom he considered also to be the tyrant of his native land, and in this estimate of the French ruler he had not only all Europe, other than France, to agree with him, but, as is most probable, a large party in France itself also. He may have supposed too that he could make better terms for France at the head of the allied armies, than France, in case of her reverse, could make without him.

The foregoing paragraphs, with some changes and some additions, have been taken from an interesting article upon secret societies of Modern Europe. Since preparing them, I have seen what purports to have been a conversation between Moreau and Sir Robert Wilson the evening before the battle of Dresden. The conversation seems very probable, and corroborates some of the conjectures which have been hazarded above.

"Wilson," said Moreau, "you and I are foreigners, and I can talk with you freely. I feel badly about the battle of to-morrow. I fear it will be disastrous. I have been here but a little while, and I have not become well acquainted with this large army from different nations. I have not got hold of it. Then I am embarrassed by the presence of these monarchs. I think that I know how to command, but I do not feel free to act without consulting them, and they are not military men. In the next place, I have the appearance of fighting against France, which no Frenchman likes, God knows. I am not fighting against France but against the tyrant that rules that country. But most of all I am troubled, because I know that to-morrow I shall have to command against a man who will anticipate every movement which I shall make. I can not make a movement with this army which Bonaparte will not know as well as I do that I am going to make, unless it be a movement I ought not to make, and which, therefore, as a military man I will not make."

This was a compliment surely to the military genius of Napoleon, expressed in few words by a capable judge; and, together with what precedes it, is akin to a remark made also by Moreau, and related by Mr. Rush in his memoranda of a residence at the Court of St. James. The remark of Mr. Rush is this, that he once heard General Moreau say that "the fault of most commanders, however brave, was backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies were large, arising from deep moral anxiety, and, after all the uncertainties of the issue." The Duke of Wellington said it was a just remark.

The battle of Dresden took place, and the allies were repulsed, the fall of Moreau during the action disconcerting, perhaps, the plan of it, and contributing, probably, to what he fore saw would be the result. The shot struck him on the left thigh, just above the knee, and passing through the horse shattered the right limb also. In an instant he exclaimed, as the horse tottered down, "it is all over with me! Oh! save me from falling! With much difficulty he was extricated while the balls were flying thickly around him, and carried to a place of safety over the hill to the south. Here he

was laid upon the grass, and while his limbs were amputated he calmly smoked a cigar, and quieted the grief of those around him, by saying to them, "be tranquil, gentlemen, it is my fate."

His letter to Madame Moreau, written a short time before he expired is characteristic of the same extraordinary and submissive composure. "At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, both my legs were carried away by a cannon ball. The amputation was performed as well as possible. That scoundrel, Bonaparte is always fortunate. The army has made a retrograde movement, not, however, in consequence of defeat, but to get nearer General Blucher. Excuse this scrawl; I love and embrace you with my whole heart."

"I Have not Begun to Fight."

The above language of the gallant and brave Paul Jones, when the British commander asked if he had struck his flag and surrendered, are memorable words. Although his deck was slippery and streaming with the blood of his gallant crew, his ship was on fire, his guns were nearly every one dismounted, his colors shot away, and his vessel gradually sinking, Paul Jones, with an immortal heroism continued to fight. "Do you surrender?" shouted the English captain, being desirous to prevent further bloodshed, and seeing the colors of the Bon Homme Richard gone, supposed the American hero wanted to surrender. But what was, and who can imagine his surprise, to receive in reply to this question, the answer, "I have not begun to fight yet." The scene is thus described: "There was a lull in the conflict for an instant, and the boldest held his breath as Paul Jones, covered with blood and black with powder stains jumped on a broken gun carriage, waving his sword, exclaimed in the never forgotten words, 'No I have not begun to fight yet.' And the result was that the battle changed, and in a few minutes the British ship struck her colors and surrendered, and Paul Jones leaping from his own sinking ship stood upon the deck of the British vessel a conqueror and a hero. What an admirable watchword for the battle of life does the above stirring incident give to every man? Reverses may overwhelm for a time, despair may ask hope to strike her flag, but planting the foot more firmly, bending the back more readily to the burdens imposed, straining the muscles to the utmost tension and bracing the drooping heart, let him who is driven to the wall exclaim, 'I have not begun to fight.' They are words of energy, hope and action. They deserve, they will command success. In the darkest day let them ring out and forget the past, the years wasted and gone by, and give them as an inaugural address of a new era. When the misfortunes of life gather too closely around, let your battle cry go forth from the thickest of the conflict, 'I have not begun to fight,' and you will find your foes fleeing before the new strength imparted, and yielding the vantage ground as you press forward in the battle strife.—Springfield Register.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing off by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you go to sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of digestive organs, and body, near the backbone, compresses it, arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger.

But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death! That is the death of those whom it is said, when found lifeless in their beds in the morning: "They were as well as they ever were the day before," and how often it is added, "and *de heartier than common*." This last is a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as an opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late, large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink—no one can starve on it, while a perseverance in habit beget a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Half's Journal of Health.*

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it.

"Oh," said he "it's the most convenient thing in the world, for I've nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

An Irish girl seeing her mistress feeding a pet Canary, asked, "How long it tuck them creatures to hatch?" "Three weeks," she replied.

"Och, sure, that's as long as any other fowl except a pig!"

THE SAND HILLER.

WHAT SLAVERY DOES FOR THE POOR WHITE MAN.

A correspondent of Life Illustrated, traveling in South Carolina, thus describes the condition of that miserable class of whites called Sand hillers, whom the employment of Slave labor by the wealthier class has driven into vagabondage.

Between the "low country," of South Carolina lies the middle, or Sand-hill region. A large portion of this tract, which varies from ten to thirty miles covered with forests of pine interspersed here and there with a variety of other trees. Where it is under cultivation, the principal crop is cotton. But the land is not generally fertile, and much of it is likely to remain for a long time, a partial wilderness.

The country itself presents few interesting features, but it is the home of a singular race of people, to whom I may profitably devote a few paragraphs of description.

In traveling through the "middle country," I often passed the rude, squalid cabins of the Sand-hillers. All the inmates usually flocked to the door of their windowless domicils to stare at me—And such a lank scrawny, filthy set of beings I never behold elsewhere—not even the "purloons" of the "Five Points."

Their complexion is a ghastly yellowish white, without the faintest tinge of wholesome red. The hair of the adults is generally sandy and that of the children nearly as white as cotton. The children are even paler, if possible than the adults, and often painfully haggard and sickly looking.

They are entirely uneducated, and semi-barbarian in all their habits, very dull, stupid and in a general social position far below the slave population around them. In fact the negroes look down upon the with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. They are squatted on lands belonging to others either with or without their consent. They sometimes cultivate or rather plant a small patch of ground near their cabins, raising a little corn and a few cabbages, melons and sweet potatoes. Their agricultural operations never extend any beyond this.

Corn bread, pork and cabbage, (fried in lard) seem to be their principal articles of diet. To procure the latter, and whatever clothes they require, they made shingles or baskets or gather pine knots, or wild berries, which they sell in the villages, but beyond what is required to supply their very limited actual necessities they will not work for.

Their principal employments are hunting and fishing, and their standard amusement, drinking whiskey and fighting.

Their dress is as primitive as their habits. The women and children invariably go bare headed, bare-footed and bare-legged, their only garments apparently being a coarse calico dress. The men wear a cotton shirt and trousers of the coarse home-spun cloth of the country, with the addition sometimes of an upper garment too rude and shapeless to be named or described.

I one day met a migrating family of these miserable people. On a most sorry, lank, and almost fleshless substitute for a horse, were packed the entire household effects of the family, consisting of a bed and a few cooking utensils. Two small children occupied the top of the pack. Two larger ones, each loaded with a bundle, trudged behind the mother, who appeared not more than seventeen years of age. The father, a wild, sinister looking fellow, walked in advance of the rest, with his long rifle on his shoulder, and his hunting pouch by his side.

A correspondent of one of the city dailies thus describes an encounter with a Sand hill family:

Here, on the road, we met a family who have been in town. A little girl of ten years old, with a coarse fragment of a dress on, is sitting on the backbone of a moving skeleton of a horse, which has the additional task of trailing along a rickety specimen of a wagon, in which is seated a man—a real outside squalid barbarian, mud-dim and obfuscated with bald faced whiskey with a child four or five years old by his side. Behind this a haggard looking boy upon another skeleton of a horse is coming.

What a low outlandish, low wheeled cart the horse is pulling! There sits the old woman and her grown up daughter, with nothing on apparently, except a very dirty bonnet, a coarse and dirty gown. The daughter has a basket by her side, and the old woman holds fast to a suspicious looking stone jug, of half a gallon measure, corked with a corn cob. You can bet your life on it, that is a jug of whiskey. The family have been to the village with a couple of one horse loads of pine knots used for light wood. They have probably sold them for a dollar, half of which has doubtless gone for whiskey, and now they are getting home. Degraded as they are, you see it is the man who is helpless and the woman who has the care of the jug, and conducts the important expedition. There are hundreds such people dispersed through these Sand hills. You see the whole of this party are bare-legged and bare-footed. And how bony and brown they are! And it is a curious fact, that in temperate countries, the children of all semi-barbarian white people (except Sir Henry Bulwer's back of red headed Celts,) and all Anglo-Saxon back-woods, or mountain, or prairie people, have cotton-headed or flaxen-headed children.

Low indeed is the lowest class of the white people in the southern States, but nowhere else have I found them so degraded as in South Carolina. "Poor luckrah," "poor white folks," are the terms by which the negroes designate them, and in the "poor" a great deal is meant in this connection. It includes not only pecuniary poverty, but ignorance, boorishness and general degradation. The Southern negro never applies the word to any one who has the manners and bearing of a gentleman, however light his purse. "Poor white man" as an object he looks down upon—an object of pity or contempt.

This sketch very well offsets the beggarly

description given by Southern journals of Northern mechanics and laborers—with this difference. The condition of the latter (the mechanics) is too independent and prosperous to be tolerated by the aristocratic feelings of the slave-drivers who seek to drag them to a level with their slaves; while the Sand-hillers are the low, degraded and barbarian product of Slavery domination—the remainder in this problem of "Southern Society."

Origin of Mills.

In early ages, corn was pounded in mortars by hand. Solomon alludes to that custom, when he says: "Though thou shouldst lay a fool in a mortar with a pestle among wheat, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." The hand mills, of later times were of very simple construction, and were operated principally by women. In process of time, shafts were added to these machines, and they were worked by cattle. Water mills were invented about the time of Julius Caesar but they did not come into general use till A. D. 400. It is supposed that wind-mills originated in the east and were introduced into Europe by the Crusaders. This, however, is doubted, as such mills were in use in Europe as early as the first Crusade. Feudal lords claimed the privilege of erecting all corn mills and requiring their vassals to grind at their mills, called *ban-mills*. The building of such mill was then very expensive, and none but lords and barons could afford the expense; hence they claimed all tolls, from their dependants, by way of remuneration. At one time the monks of Holland desired to erect a wind-mill for their own convenience; the lord of the soil opposed their purpose saying that the wind in that district belonged to him.

The monks appealed to their bishop, who in great indignation, claimed spiritual control of the winds, in his diocese, and granted letters patent to the holy fathers. By improvements introduced in France, in the grinding of corn, about the year 1760, the amount of flour obtained was nearly doubled.

Saw mills are more recent in their origin, than corn mills. The earliest method known for procuring planks, was by splitting the trunks of trees with wedges, and hewing the sides with axes.

Until the middle of the sixteenth century all the plank in Norway were thus manufactured. The saw is an instrument of very remote antiquity. The inventor of it like all other benefactors ranked among the gods. Ovid celebrated his praises, in his metamorphoses. He says the idea was suggested by the spine which project from the back-bone of a fish. By others, the discovery is attributed to the accidental use of the jaw-bone of a snake in severing a piece of wood. The saw was used in pit sawing during most of the dark ages. It was first adapted to mills, in Germany, in 1322. Saws were not introduced into England till 1767. The first constructed mills were destroyed by mobs. The invention of the circular saw, has added greatly to the efficiency of modern mills, and now almost every variety and form of timber used by mechanics is cut into the proper shape for use, by such saws.—*Ohio Farmer.*

DO IT YOURSELVES, BOYS.—Why ask the teacher or some class mate to solve that problem? Do it yourselves. You might as well let them eat your dinners as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems for them, and answer the questions for the lazy boys. Do not ask him to parse all the difficult words or as-s-ert him in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourselves. Never mind though they look dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from anybody. Try again. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains. Look at that boy who succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How is it up with a proud joy as he marches to his class. He reads like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor weak school mate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks up to him with something of a wonder as a superior. The problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upwards, and what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.

A gentleman was once walking in a street when he met a stout-cutter, whom he thus addressed:

"My good fellow, if the devil was to come now, which of us would he take?"

After a little hesitation the man replied—"Me sir."

Annoyed by this answer, the querist asked him for a reason.

"Because, yer honor, he would be glad to catch me, sure; and he have you at any time."

CAPITAL SENTIMENT.—At a printer's annual festival in Washington city, the following were among the regular toasts:

The Constitution of the United States.—Set up by wise and patriotic founders, inspired on the hearts of the people, and locked up in their best affections.

The Declaration of Independence.—Good standing in the—*a proof sheet, it is from errors, and a first rate copy for the settlers up of Republic.*

Woman.—May virtues ever occupy more space than her skirts, and her faults be of a smaller type than her bonnet.