

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1851.

No 10.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half-yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents per year, extra.  
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## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

## REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors, that the administration accounts of the following estates have been filed in the office of the Register of Monroe county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance to the Orphans' Court to be held at Stroudsburg, in and for the aforesaid county, on Monday, the 22d day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

First account of Rudolphus Smith, executor of the last will and testament of Rudolph Kintner, of Middle Smithfield township, deceased.

First and final account of George Rouse, executor of the last will and testament of John Rouse, of Hamilton township, deceased.

First account of Michael Miesner, administrator of the estate of Ezra Bates, of Hamilton township, deceased.

First account of John Barry, administrator of the estate of Walter Barry, sr., of Hamilton township, deceased.

First and final account of Joseph Gruber, administrator of the estate of Isaac Gruber, of Polk township, deceased.

SAMUEL REES, Jr., Register.  
Register's Office Stroudsburg,  
November 27, 1851.

## Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Monroe County.  
In the matter of the account of September 25, 1851, of James H. Stroud, 1851, the Court guardian of Mary Frances, appoint Samuel Hogan, and Ellen Biddy, S. Dreher, Auditor. The said Ellen Biddy is now deceased. The said account and make distribution of the Estate of Ellen Biddy Hogan, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned auditor, as above stated, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the office of Dimmock & Dreher, in Stroudsburg, when and where all persons interested can attend.

## SAMUEL S. DREHER.

November 27, 1851.

## Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the Estate of William Heater, late of L. Smithfield township, Monroe county, dec'd, hereby notifies all those indebted to said Estate to make payment, and all those having demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, to HENRY SMITH, Adm'r.  
November 20, 1851.—66

## New-York Importers & Jobbers.

FREEMAN, HODGES & CO.,  
58 LIBERTY STREET,  
BETWEEN BROADWAY AND NASSAU-STREET,  
NEAR THE POST-OFFICE.  
NEW-YORK.

We are receiving, by daily arrivals from Europe, our Fall and Winter assortment of Rich Fashionable Fancy Silk and Millinery Goods.

We respectfully invite all Cash Purchasers thoroughly to examine our Stock and Prices, and, as INTEREST GOVERNERS, we feel confident our Goods and Prices will induce them to select from our establishment. Particular attention is devoted to Millinery Goods, and many of the articles are manufactured expressly to our order, and cannot be surpassed in beauty, style and cheapness.

Beautiful Paris Ribbons, for Hat, Cap, Neck and Belt.

Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, of all widths and colors.

Silks, Satins, Velvets, and uncut Velvets, for Hats.

Feathers, American and French Artificial Flowers.

Puffings and Cap Trimmings.

Dress Trimmings, large assortment.

Embroideries, Capes, Collars, Undersleeves and Cuffs.

Fine Embroidered Revere and Hemstitch Cambric Handkerchiefs.

Crapes, Lisses, Tulle, illusion and Cap Laces.

Valenciennes, Brussels, Thread, silk, and Lisle Thread Laces.

Kid, Silk, Sewing silk, Lisle Thread, Merino Gloves and Mitts.

Figured and plain Swiss, Book, Bishop Lawn and Jaconet Muslins.

English, French, American and Italian Straw Goods.

August, 28, 1851.—2m.

## J. M. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Has removed his office to his dwelling house, first door below the office of the "Monroe Democrat," and directly opposite S. J. Hollinshead's hotel, Elizabeth street.

Stroudsburg, Dec. 19, 1850.

## Braddock's Defeat—His Sash.

From an article in the New York Literary World, reviewing De Haas' History of Western Virginia, we cut the following interesting account of Gen. Braddock, and some incidents connected with his death:

"The defeat of Braddock in this battle, as is well known, was his neglect of the usual Indian methods of warfare.—He appears to have been a daring, undoubtedly a courageous officer, of the old 'blood and thunder' school; but his sacrifice of the lives of his men and officers was fearful. Mr. De Haas maintains, as an unquestionable point of history, that he fell by a shot from one of his own men. His memoranda of events are striking.

"In the ranks of Braddock were two brothers Joseph and Thomas Faucett, or Faucett; the first a commissioned and the other a non-commissioned officer. One of them, (Tom Faucett,) Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Uniontown, says he knew very well, and often conversed with him about early times. 'He did not hesitate to own, in the presence of his friends, that he shot Braddock.' The circumstances were briefly these:

"Regardless of Gen. Braddock's positive and foolish orders, that the troops should not protect themselves behind trees, Joseph Faucett had so posted himself, which Braddock discovering, rode up and struck him down with his sword. Tom Faucett, who stood but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, immediately drew up his rifle and shot him through the body.—This as he afterwards said, was partly out of revenge for Gen. B's assault upon his brother, and partly to get the General out of the way, and thus save the remnant of the army.

"In addition to the above, we may give the statement of a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who seems to have been familiar with the facts. 'When my father was removing with his family to the West one of the Faucetts kept a public house to the eastward from and near where Uniontown now stands. At this man's house we lodged, about the 10th of November, 1781, twenty-six years and some months after Braddock's defeat; and then it was made anything but a secret, that one of the family dealt the death blow to the British General. Thirteen years afterwards I met Tom Faucett, then as he told me, in the 70th year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, 'I did shoot him.' I never heard the fact doubted or blamed, that Faucett killed Braddock."

"Mr. Watson (Annal of the Olden Time, vol. 1. pp. 141-2.) says, that in 1833, he met Wm. Butler, a private in the Pennsylvania Greens, at the defeat of Braddock. I asked him particularly who killed Braddock? and he answered promptly, one Faucett, brother of one whom Braddock had killed in a passion."

"In 1829, Butler saw Faucett near Carlisle where he had gone on a visit to his daughter. The Millerstown (Perry co., Pa.) Gazette 1830, speaks of Butler being there, and in company with an aged soldier in the town, who had been in Braddock's defeat, and that both concurred in saying that Braddock had been shot by Faucett.

"A minister of the M. E. Church, writing to the Christian Advocate, says:—'The old man died at the age of 114 years, in 1838, who killed Braddock.' The Newburyport Herald, of 1832, declares its acquaintance with Daniel Adams an old soldier of that place, aged 82, who confirmed the shooting of Braddock by one of his own men.

"Braddock wore a coat of mail in front, which turned balls fired in front; but he was shot in the back, and the ball was found stopped in front by the coat of mail. The venerable William Darby of Washington city, has recently stated to the author that during his early days, he never heard it doubted that Faucett had killed Braddock. It seems a generally conceded fact, and those of the settlers were disposed to applaud the act.

"At the fall of Braddock, Washington with Capt. Stuart of the Virginia Guards, hastened to his relief, and bore him from the field of his inglorious defeat, in the sash which had decorated his person."

The sash here alluded to, has another recent and melancholy interest. It passed, in military consequence, into the hands of Gen. Taylor. The curious history is thus preserved by Mr. De Haas:—'The identical sash worn by Braddock at the time of his defeat, and in which he was borne from the field bleeding and dying, recently passed into the hands of one of America's greatest and most successful generals.

"It appears that the sash referred to, some years since became the property of a gentleman at New Orleans.

"After the brilliant achievements on the Rio Grande in 1846, the owner of the relic forwarded it to Gen. Gaines, with a request that it might be presented to the officer who most distinguished himself on that occasion. The old General promptly sent it by a special messenger to the commander in chief.

"The person who bore it thus speaks of the presentation and interview. Gen.

Taylor took the sash and examined it attentively. It was of unusual size, being quite as large, when extended, as a common hammock. In the meshes of the splendid red silk that composed it, was the date of its manufacture, '1707,' and although it was one hundred and forty years old, save where the dark spots that were stained with the blood of the hero who wore it, it glistened as brightly as if it had just come from the loom.

"Upon the unusual size of the sash being noticed, Gen. Worth who had joined the party in the tent, mentioned that such was the old fashioned style; and that the soldier's sash was intended to carry, if necessary, the wearer from off the battle field. It was mentioned in the conversation, that after general Ripley was wounded at Lundy's Lane, his sash, similar in form, was used as a hammock to bear him from the field, and that in it he was carried several miles, his body swaying to and fro between the horses, to which the ends of the sash were securely fastened. To a wounded soldier no conveyance could be more grateful, or more appropriate.

"Gen. Taylor broke the silent admiration, by saying he would not receive the sash. Upon our expressing surprise, he continued, that he did not think he should receive presents until the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was finished. He elaborated on the impropriety of naming children after living men, fearing lest the thus honor might disgrace their namesakes.—We urged his acceptance of the present; and he said, finally, that he would put it carefully away in his military chest, and if he thought he deserved so great a compliment, at the end of the campaign, he would acknowledge the receipt.

"The stirring events that have transpired since he made that remark have added the laurels of Monterey to those he then wore, as well as the donors of that sash, will insist upon his acceptance of it.

"Since writing the above, the old chieftain himself has passed from the living to the dead. He died—a singular coincidence—on the anniversary of the terrible event, the defeat of Braddock. But a few weeks previous to his death the author then on a visit to Washington, freely conversed with the distinguished chieftain upon the very subject about which we have been writing. He said that the sash referred to was still in his possession, and at any time we desired it would have it shown. Knowing that matters of state pressed heavily upon him, we did not ask it at that time and thus, perhaps, the opportunity has been lost forever; certainly deprived of one of its most interesting features to be seen in the hands of Gen. Taylor. During the interview referred to he spoke much and frequently of Washington's early operation in the West, and inquired whether any of the remains of Fort Necessity could be seen."

## A Fox's Revenge.

The Rev. J. Murry, in his work on Creation, tells the following story:

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewn leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

"In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both."

A man who has a grudge against a sausage maker at the South End, Boston, ran into his place of business the other day with a couple of dead dogs, at a moment when the shop was crowded with customers, and throwing them on the counter, exclaimed in a loud voice—'These two make up the four dozen. I see you are busy now, and will call for the money to-morrow.'

The washerwoman, who cut her throat with a bar of soap, is likely to recover.

## From the Farm Journal.

## An Old Farmer's Method of Planting Corn.

MR. EDITOR.—Although not the season for corn planting, I give you herewith an account of the plan which I always pursue, and after an experience of nearly forty-eight years, have found under all circumstances to produce the best crops. Many year's observation, has satisfied me of the fact, that my system will answer as well as any other in favorable seasons, and far better during such an one as that just passed.

I always make it a point, when practicable, to put corn on sod ground, which may be plowed in the fall, and with excellent effect, but which should be, at the earliest possible period in the spring. I always plow eight inches in depth, then score out my ground very deep, leaving the distance between the furrows three feet. The corn is then dropped, single grains, twelve inches apart. Where the ground is strong, the distance may be less. My ten-toothed harrow is next brought into play, being fashioned as follows: fourteen inches in width in front, and eight inches behind. This is carefully drawn through the furrow, thickly covering the corn, and the field permitted to lie in this condition for six or seven days, when, with my twelve toothed harrow I go over the whole, most thoroughly covering the corn. The effect of this last harrowing is to retard somewhat the first appearance of the corn, (which, by the way is not an objection,) and to keep down the weeds and grass. When about four inches high, I go through the furrows lengthwise with a shovel harrow, which is another deathblow to the weeds and grass, and when it has reached the height of twelve inches I give it another and final dressing with one of Harney's corn plows. This last dressing effectually destroys the weeds and leaves the ground in a fine mellow condition.

The advantages I claim for this method are these: First the deep plowing gives the roots of the corn a fine chance to penetrate the soil to a considerable depth, in search of suitable food. The depth which they reach, secures them in a great measure against the effects usually produced by drought. A second good result of the deep plowing is, that in very wet seasons, the over-moisture will effect the young corn less than where the plowing is shallow, because, not being obstructed at a depth of four or five inches by the hard pan beneath, it has a chance to sink several inches lower.

Secondly, the heavy harrowing, after the corn has been six or eight days planted, completely exposes to the sun and air, the seeds of weed and grass which have commenced germinating, and either kills them completely, or so injures them, that their future growth and vigor is retarded so much as to place them completely at the mercy of the shovel harrow and corn plow, with which the after dressings are given. Again, the last dressing with the corn plow keeps the mellow earth around the stalk, and in most cases the result is, a second set of roots which give increased vigor to the growing stalk and ear.

By the plan above detailed I have rarely, if ever, failed to have an average crop, even in the most unfavorable seasons, and when the seasons have been good, I have been led to think the yield to be fully equal to any of my neighbors.

As before remarked, this article may be somewhat out of season; but as the long evenings are approaching, some of your readers, who may think it worth their while to test my plan, will have an excellent opportunity of reading and reflecting upon the subject, before plowing time arrives.

CHRISTIAN STOUFFER,  
Pine Farm, Manheim tsp., Lancaster co.

Who's HIT?—If every body should mind their own business, what would those do who wave "no business?" Why, mind their "no business," to be sure. We really hope that everybody and all their kin—immediate, remote, collateral and real, white, black, and pied—will take this thing into serious consideration and act accordingly.

'My dear,' said an anxious father to his bashful daughter, 'I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?'

The timid, meek, blue eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, 'I think two of twenty-five would be better, pa.'

It is estimated that the great coats called "sacks" have saved millions of dollars to mankind since they came into fashion, by covering up old clothes.

## Scarron and Maintenon.

This pair of anomalies lived in the court of the most anomalous of monarchs, and in an age of anomalies,—when the most rigorous devotions and the most heaven-daring licentiousness, alternately and with stated regularity, took the place of one another,—and the politeness and refined high-mindedness of chivalry were combined with atrocious wickedness and brutal sensuality,—and, as their names are mixed up with the History and Literature of the age of Louis the 14th, a brief sketch of them may be interesting.

Scarron was born to high hopes,—which he blasted by the eccentricities of folly and criminal indulgence. His father was a counsellor of Paris, with an income of 5,000 Livres per annum. He married a second time; and young Scarron became the object of the hatred of his stepmother. He was intended for the church; studied, traveled, took the tonsure, became an Abbe,—but, as was far from uncommon at that period, he was foremost in the wild pranks and libertine practices then so fashionable. The length to which he carried these may be guessed at from the fact that, in the Carnival at Rome in 1638, he mingled in the crowds naked, in the character of a Savage. But he was hunted by the mob; and, to escape his pursuers,—like Marius in Minuturne—he was obliged to conceal himself in a march. But with far different bodily effects; for—then only 27 years of age—a freezing cold seized upon him; and he became paralysed and deformed for life; so that—as he himself says, in one of his letters, "It was thus that pleasure deprived me suddenly of legs which had danced with elegance, and of hands which could manage the pencil, and the lute."

The following is his own description of himself: "I have lived to thirty, if I reach forty, I shall only add many miseries to those which I endure. My person was well made, though short; my disorder has shortened it still more by a foot. My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough for my body to appear very meagre; I have hair enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have got many white hairs in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now of the colour of wood and will soon be of slate. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and now acute one. My thighs and body form another; and my head always drooping on my breast makes me not ill represent a Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word I am an abridgement of human miseries."

This was the man who became the husband of the exquisitely beautiful Francaise d'Abigne; who afterwards became Marchioness de Maintenon—the mistress, perhaps the wife of Louis the 14th—and who for a long time, powerfully influenced the destinies of France and of Europe. She was born in the prison of Niort in 1635—was three years elder than Louis, and eleven younger than Scarron—the daughter of Constant d'Abigne, a Huguenot, but of a rash, wild and dissolute character. She was, however, baptized by a Priest; her father was liberated from prison under an extorted promise of becoming a Roman Catholic. Not choosing to fulfil it, he fled to Martinique, carrying with him his wife, this child, and his other children. On the voyage, little Francaise was seized with a fever; was supposed to be dead, and preparations were made for consigning her body to the ocean,—but she revived.

The mother was judicious,—for a while kept her husband from his ruinous excess; and the Martinique property was sufficient for their support, but madame d'Abigne being obliged to return to France for the recovery of some property, he returned to the gaming table—and lost all. His death in 1645 led the mother and daughter home to France, destitute, and young Francaise was committed to Madame de Vilette, her father's sister. She was a Protestant; wealthy, and charitable,—under whose tuition, the beautiful girl became a pious, and the dispenser of her aunt's extensive charities. But her mother was a devoted Roman Catholic. Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis the 14th, was fond of conversions of the decayed but noble Protestant families; and the Countess de Neullant—whose husband had been governor of Niort at the birth of Francaise, and who had stood godmother for her—got the authority of the mother of the French court to take the young girl from her aunt, that she might become a Catholic.

But Francaise was an obstinate Huguenot; she resisted alike allurements and punishments. She was made to give out the hay and straw for the horses, to feed the poultry, and do all manner of menial offices, so that, as she used to say, when in the zenith of her splendour as giving the law of fashion to the court of Versailles, "she commenced her reign as queen of the farm-yard." Unable to overcome her determined adherence to Protestantism in this way, she was placed in the Ursuline convent of Niort,—and became a Roman Catholic.

Having publicly recanted, her Protestant aunt refused her support; the Ursulines would not keep one who could not pay; Madame de Neullant neglected her. She returned to share the poverty of her mother; who soon after died a victim to care, sorrow, and disappointment; and Francaise was left at the age of fifteen, without friends or protectors, her only dowry being her talents and beauty.

She was introduced, to Scarron,—whose father, being exiled for joining a party against the reigning Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, and his step-mother appropriating the pro-

ceedings of the estate to her own use,—lived upon a small pension from the Queen, and the productions of his pen. Touched with her destitute situation, and, notwithstanding his deformity, smitten by her beauty, Scarron offered to marry her, or to give her a dowry if she chose to marry another. She admired his wit, was affected by his attachment, and moved by his generosity; and accepted the offer of marriage to a man who she knew, could never be to her a husband. They were married in 1651; and she lived with him till his death in 1660.

Her life, during her residence in the house of Scarron,—when she was the bosom friend of the celebrated, or rather infamous Ninon de l'Enclos—of whom James, the Historian of Louis the 14th, says: "Her talents were employed in the service of depravity, a prostitute from choice, and neither from circumstances nor necessity,"—belongs to the scandalous Chronicle of the age; and the portion of it which follows—such was the state of European society, at that period, both in France and England,—is essentially interwoven with the history of Europe; though it was even more scandalous, because more public.

## Mental Impulses of the Insane.

The Physiologist Journal, of a late date, gives several singular instances of the peculiar impulses of the insane, from which we extract the following:

The Sieur D—, carrying on business in the Quartier St. Denis, Paris, had, for some time, given unmistakable evidences of mental aberration. He frequently sent goods to parties without any order; often went out without his hat; and repeatedly returned laden with children's toys and useless purchases—sometimes treating his subordinates with great rudeness, and charging his head clerk, a man above all suspicion, with dishonesty. Madame D—, well skilled herself in the transactions of business, palliated, to the utmost of her power, his eccentricities and offensive conduct, which had not, as yet, become at all dangerous; and by earnest and respectful attentions induced the assistants to bear with the caprices of their employer—exercising all her ingenuity, day after day, to conceal from their customers the sad reality. On or about the 31st of May, Madame D— was awoke, an hour after midnight, by a painful sensation in the throat; and on raising her hand to discover the cause, ascertained, with terror, that her husband, who stood before her, was attempting to strangle her with a cord, of which he held one end, while he regarded her with a strange, wild look. At first she thought this horrible reality only a hallucination, and rubbed her eyes to assure herself she was not deceived. On the table lay an open razor and a pistol. "Come, my best beloved," said the husband, with a smile which made his countenance still more frightful, "it is time to set out on our journey. They expect us, for our nuptials are to be celebrated on high, in the moon. We shall leave our bodies here—they will give us others; and we shall resume our own after a few days. Come, take away thy hand, that I may strangle thee, to cause thy spirit to depart! Seest thou, on high, all this invited guests who pass?" At the same time he directed his wife's attention through the window, the curtains of which had been drawn aside, to some light clouds fitting across the disc of the moon. At this critical moment a happy thought occurred, as it by inspiration, to Madame D—. Appearing to enter into the maniac's feelings, she calmly answered, "I cannot, dearest, consent to go on high before thee; and if we leave our bodies here, without explanation, they will be buried in the cemetery, or, rather, they may be opened for examination." "Thou art right!" was the answer, "I did not think of that. I will just go and write a couple of lines. We have no time to lose, and thou must go first to put on thy apparel." Providentially there was no ink in the room, and the Sieur D— was therefore compelled to descend to his office on the ground floor. Soon as he had left the apartment, Madame D— gently closed and bolted the door. She then opened the case, which looked into an inner court, and threw, one by one, several pieces of money at the opposite windows. As she had foreseen, one of these casements was soon opened by a neighbor, to whom she had confided the state of her husband, and to whom she now hastily communicated her danger, requesting him to call the nearest guard to her aid. The soldiers were promptly on the spot, and forcing their way into the house, found the Sieur D— proceeding to break open the bedroom door with a wrenching-iron. It was necessary to use stratagem to gain possession of this formidable weapon and secure his person, as he had become exceedingly violent. His arms and legs were then firmly tied, and, in this state, he was conveyed to the guard house. Next day he was taken to a lunatic asylum.

A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and immediately clapped it on the poor fellow's lean breast. Pat, who, with a tearful eye, looked down on it, said,—"Dochter, dochter, dear, it strike me that it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

—A Western paper, speaking of a poet cut his way, says he begins to claim the usual privileges of talent. He has been drunk four times within the last week.

Why are military officers all literary?—They are so fond of reviews.