Lai I gave the lazzie me a fin, and joined a crowd of people gathered about a pedler's box in the centre of the parterre.

The itinerant vender spread his wares in the midst of the gay assemblage, and the raffle went on. He was excessively handsome. A head of the sweet gentleness of Raphael's, with locks flowing to his shoulders, in the fashion of the German student; a soft brown mustache curving on a short Phidian upper lip; a large blue eye, expressive of enthusiasm rather than passion, and features altogether and purely intellectual, formed a portrait with which even jealousy might console itself. Through all the disadvantages of a dress suited to his apparent vocation, an eye, the least on the alert for a disguise, would have penetrated his in a moment. The gay and thoughtless crowd about him, not accustomed to impostors who were *more* than they pretended to be, trusted him for a pedler, but treated him with a respect far above his station insensibly.

Whatever his object was, so it were honorable, I inly determined to give him all the assistance in my power. A single glance at the face of Meeta, who joined in the circle as the prizes were drawn—a face so changed since yesterday, so flushed with hope and pleasure, and yet so saddened by doubt and fear—the small lips compressed, the soft black eye kindled and restless, and the red leaf on her cheek deepened to a feverish beauty, left me no shadow of hesitation. I exchanged a look with her that I intended should say as much.

I know nothing that gives one such an elevated idea of human nature (in one's own person) as helping another man to a woman one loves. Oh, last days of minority, or thereabouts!—oh primeval manhood!—oh golden time, when we have let all go but the enthusiasm of the boy, and seized hold of all but the selfishness of the man!—oh blessed interregnum of the evil and stronger genius!—why can we not bottle up thy hours, like the wine of a better vintage, and enjoy them in the parched world-weariness of age? In the tardy honey-moon of a bachelor, (as mine will be, if I come ever, alas!) with what joy of Paradise should we bring up from the cellars of the past, a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene!

[*To be concluded*]

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

*Punishment of conjugal infidelity—drowning in the Bosphorus frequency of its occurrence accounted for.*

A Turkish woman was sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar, and did not see her. The wardroom steward of the "U. States," a very intelligent man who was at the pier when she was brought down to the caique, describes her as a young woman of twenty two or three years, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short quick sob in her throat, as if she had wearied herself out with weeping, she was quite calm and submitted composedly to her fate. She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her *yashmack* only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The plash of her body in the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on these summary executions, knowing as we do, that the poor victim is taken before the judge, upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian particularly, is, with or without evidence, instant ruin. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Arnoutkeui, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, were shocked with the spectacle of a Turkish woman and a young Greek hanging dead from the shutters of a window on the waterside. He had been detected in leaving her house at daybreak, and in less than an hour the unfortunate lovers had met their fate. They are said to have died most heroically, embracing and declaring their attachment to the last.

Such tragedies occur every week or two, in Constantinople, and it is not wonderful, considering the superiority of the educated and picturesque Greek, to his brutal neighbour, or the daring and romance of Europeans in the pursuit of forbidden happiness. The liberty of going and coming, which the Turkish women enjoy, wrapped only in veils, which assist by their secrecy, is tempting ly favorable to intrigue, and the self sacrificing nature of the sex, when the heart is concerned, shows itself here in proportion to the demand for it.

An eminent physician, who attends the seraglio of the Sultan's sister, consisting of a great number of women, tells me that their time is principally occupied in sentimental correspondence, by means of flowers, with the forbidden Greeks and Armenians. These platonic passions for persons whom they have only seen from their gilded lattices, are their only amusement, and they are permitted by the Sultana, who has herself the reputation of being partial to Franks, and, old as she is, ingenious in contrivances to obtain their society. My intelligent informant thinks the Turkish women, in spite of their want of education, somewhat remarkable for their sentiment of character.—*N. P. Willis.*

The Cincinnati Intelligencer of the 22d notices the receipt in that city of two tons of "fine, fresh fat oysters in the shell, *by wagon*, from Baltimore."

*From the National Intelligencer of the 31st ult.*

The funeral of the late lamented Warren R. Davis, of S. Carolina, took place yesterday from the Capitol, according to previous arrangement. The gloom of the day rendered the occasion yet more gloomy. Neither house of Congress transacted business afterwards; the Senate adjourned over to Monday.

An occurrence took place at the close of the ceremony at the Capitol, which produced, naturally, a great sensation at the time, which can be heard by no one without shuddering, and which if the consequence had been equal to the apparent purpose, would have signalized the day by a horrible catastrophe.

[We were not witnesses of it, and, in our account of it, speak from information, but from information entirely to be relied on.]

As the President of the United States, who was present at the solemn ceremony of the funeral, came to the portico of the Capitol from the Rotunda, a person stepped forward from the crowd into the space in front of the President, and snapped a pistol at him, the percussion cap of which exploded without igniting the charge! This person was struck down by a blow from Lieutenant Gedney, of the Navy, who happened to be near; he also received a blow promptly aimed at him by Mr. Secretary Woodbury; but before receiving either blow, snapped a second pistol at the President. The cap of that lock *also exploded without igniting the charge!* The perpetrator of this daring outrage was of course immediately siezed and taken in custody by the Marshal of the district, by whom he was carried to the City Hall, where he underwent an examination before Chief Justice Cranch. His name it appears is Richard Lawrence, by trade a painter, a resident for two or three years in the first ward of this city and formerly of Georgetown. The gentlemen whose testimony was taken before the Judge, were Mr Secretary Woodbury, Mr. Secretary Dickerson, Mr. Bard, Representative from Pennsylvania, Mr. Randolph, Sergeant at Arms of the House, Mr Kingman, one of the Reporters of the National Intelligencer, and Lieutenant Gedney. The pistols which had been secured by Mr. Bord, were found to be well loaded with powder and ball, which our readers would suppose, until the fact is stated, could hardly have been possible. How extraordinary (and O how fortunate!) the failure of the evident design of this miserable maniac, (for so he must be considered under all the circumstances,) against the life of the President! We say he is a maniac, because the act shows him to be insane, and not because any evidence of insanity was produced on his examination; though we heard that he has been heretofore confined for acts of violence, indicating an unsound mind.

On his examination, the unhappy man declined making any explanation or cross examining the witnesses. We have heard no rational motive even conjectured for his crime.

The offence being a bailable one, and excessive bail being forbidden, bail was demanded to the amount of a thousand dollars, for want of which the prisoner was committed for trial, the Judge intimating that if he had been able to give bail, sufficient securities would have been required, in addition, to insure his good behaviour. He will be tried, of course, at the next term of the court.

*From the Globe.*

While the President was at the Capitol yesterday, in attendence on the funeral of the Hon. Warren R. Davis, from South Carolina, Richard Lawrence, a painter, residing in this city, attempted to shoot him. Col. Lane, of Indiana, informs us that he saw this individual enter the Hall of the House during the delivery of the funeral sermon. Before its close, however, he had taken his stand on the eastern portico, near one of the columns. The President, with the Secretary of the Treasury on his left arm, on retiring from the Rotunda to reach his carriage at the steps of the portico, advanced towards the spot where Lawrence stood, who had his pistol concealed under his coat, and when he approached within two yards and a half of him, the assassin extended his arm and levelled the pistol at his breast. The percussion cap exploded with a noise so great that several witnesses supposed the pistol had fired. On the instant, the assassin dropped the pistol from his right hand and taking another ready cocked from his left hand, presented and snapped it at the President, who at the moment had raised his stick, and was rushing upon him. Mr. Woodbury and Lieutenant Gedney at the same instant laid hold of the man, who gave way through the crowd and was at last knocked down. The President pressed after him until he saw he was secured.

We attended the examining court immediately after the event. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, Col Bord of the House, Mr. Kingman, and Lieutenant Gedney, all of whom witnessed the act, were examined and gave a more minute detail of the circumstances above stated.

Mr. Randolph, the Sergeant of the House, who attended the Marshal to conduct the prisoner to the City Hall for examination, gave in testimony that the prisoner when asked by the Marshal what motive he had to make his horrid attempt, stated that the President had killed his father. His father was an Englishman, who died many years ago in this city. The son himself was apprenticed afterwards to a Mr. Clarke, with whom he lived three years. Mr. Clarke, when called upon, said that he was a young man of excellent habits, sober, and industrious; that he had seen him very frequently, and was well sequainted with him since he had left his family, and had heard nothing to his disadvantage, until of late, he was informed that he was quarrelsome among his friends, and had treated one of his sister badly.

The total absence of any personal motive on the part of the prisoner to commit the deed he attempted, has suggested the idea that he must be insane. There was, however, no evidence given in the examination to authorize the supposition, although several persons intimately acquainted with him, and one boarding in the same house with him, gave evidence upon the occasion. The demeanor of the prisoner, when committing the act—when he was seized—and when under examination, bore not the slightest appearance of phrenzy, or derangement of any sort. When asked by the Court if he wished to cross-examine the witnesses, or to make explanation, he answered in the negative—said that those who had seen the act could state the facts—and, at the conclusion, when asked if he had any thing to offer, said he could not contradict what had been given in evidence.

The prisoner is a handsome young man, well dressed, and prepossessing in his countenance. He appeared perfectly calm and collected in the midst of the excitement and anxiety which prevailed around him—and the President, in conversing with us, since the event, observed that his manner, from the moment his eye caught his, was firm and resolved, until the failure of his last pistol, when he seemed to shrink, rather than resist.

We were informed by Mr. Wilson, the keeper of the rotunda, that he had frequently observed this man about the Capitol—so frequently that he had become an object of curiosity to him—that he had endeavored to draw him into conversation, but found him taciturn and unwilling to talk.

Judge Cranch saw nothing in the conduct of the prisoner, or in the evidence, to suggest the idea that he labored under any mental malady. He entered up an order that he should be bailed, if he could give security in $1000.

We attended the Court—and being asked to examine the load in one of the pistols, drew out with a screw a ball, of which about sixty would make a pound. It was well patched, and forced down tight on a full charge of excellent glazed powder. How the caps could have exploded without firing the powder, is miraculous.

*From the U. S. Telegraph*

*Attempt to Assassinate the Presidrnt.*—As the procession was moving from the House of Representatives, just as the President, sustained by the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy, had passed through the Rotunda of the plat-form of the East portico, an individual approached him, drew a pistol, and snapped it at the President. He immediately drew a second pistol, which he also snapped. He was arrested, carried before Judge Cranch, and committed to jail, until he may find sureties in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

Upon inquiry we find that the offender is a native of England, who came to this country some years ago, a minor; that he was bound an apprentice to a painter, with whom he served his time. We saw and conversed with Mr. Purdy, in whose service he was lately employed, and learn that he was melancholy and was supposed to be partially deranged. We also learn that of late he has been extremely quarrelsome, so much so that his brother in-law was compelled to turn him from his house; and he assigned to one witness as a cause for his assault, that the President had killed his father.

It is a remarkable fact that the pistols were well charged with *fine* powder, and ball, and that both should snap although percussion caps were discharged on both. The impression of some is that the pistols were *prepared* for the occasion, and that the whole matter was a scene got up for effect; of others that the man was crazy, while others say that the President himself alleged that the offender had been hired by a distinguished individual to assassinate him. We incline to the opinion that the man was deranged.

*Office of the National Intelligencer,*
*January 31, 1835.*

Since the publication of our paper of today, information which has reached us from various quarters, leaves us no doubt of the insanity of Lawrence, the unhappy individual who attempted to discharge two pistols at the President of the United State, in the portico of the Capitol, on Friday.

The persons who know him are not surprised at the occurrence, and would hardly have been surprised at any thing that he had done or attempted. He has, it appears, fancied himself to be some other person than himself; to have mistaken his own identity; or at least to have misunderstood his relations with the rest of the world. When being conducted from the Capitol to the Marshal's office, he answered to the questions as to his motives, that he had intended to kill Gen. Jackson, because Gen. Jackson had killed his father. When asked again, *how* Gen. Jackson killed his father, he would answer nothing. His father, we hear, died a natural death, in this District, some ten or twelve years ago. The answer was, of course, the effect of the hallucination, under the influence of which he attempted the outrage upon the person of the President.

We have had the curiosity to ask whether he was any thing of a politician, thinking that he perhaps might be politically insane, as persons are sometimes religiously so. We were informed, that he was never known to have talked or thought about politics. His acquaintance seem to think that he thought himself entitled to be King or Governor of this country, or something of that sort, and brooded over the notion that Gen. Jackson stood in his way. It is certain that he inquired, the evening before, of some one, whether the President would be at the funeral, and was answered in the affirmative. His being at the Capitol, armed, was, therefore, almost certainly, the work of premeditation.

*From the Frederick Herald.*

The following has been handed to us for publication by one of the most respectable and able lawyers in the county:—

### A LAW CASE

*In Frederick County, Md.*

G. W. P. transferred a note of A B. to the Savings Institution of Liberty, on the 25th March, and received the amount in bank notes, two of which, of twenty dollars each, were on the bank of Maryland; the bank of Maryland had stopped payment on the day preceding, to wit, the 24th of March. The notes of the bank of Maryland were current in Liberty at the time of the payment to G. W. P., and until the arrival of the mail of the 26th of March; when G. W. P. understood that the bank had stopped payment, he called on the savings institution, to wit, the 27th of March, and offered to return the two notes to the savings institution, but they refused to receive them; upon which G W. P. issued a warrant against the savings institution to recover the amount of the two notes so received. The case was tried by William Lowe, Esq., and upon the trial it was admitted that the notes were paid to G. W. P. in good faith, without any knowledge, of either party, that the bank of Maryland had failed. The justice decided in favor of G. W. P., from which judgment the savings institution appealed to Frederick County Court, and at December term, 1834, judges Schriver and Thomas Buchanan, reversed the judgment of the justice with costs.

Messrs. Pitts and Ross, on the part of G. W. P., contended that when G. W. P. transferred the note, he parted with that which was valuable to him, and upon principles of the common law, he had a right to expect value for it. The notes, on the 25th of March, before they were transferred to G W. P., were the property of the savings institution, and if they were of no value then the loss should fall upon those who held them when the failure occurred.

When a bank stops payment, its notes are no longer to be treated as cash. If a counterfeit note is given in payment, it is universally admitted that the debtor is not discharged; and why? Because the counterfeit bill is worthless, and of no value; and if a payment is made in the notes of a bank which has failed, the principle is the same; the notes are of no value, or nearly so; the debtor parts with that which has no value, and the creditor does not receive value for his debt.

Since the decision of the Frederick County Court, a case precisely the same as the above, was decided by the Supreme Court of New York, one of the most learned courts of the United States, in which they have decided that where bank bills are received in payment, and at the time of such payment the bank which issued the bills has in fact stopped payment, although the failure is not at the time known at the place of payment, the loss falls upon the party paying, and not upon the party receiving the bills. 11 Wendell 1. The justice of Frederick county must be much gratified to find his judgment sustained by the decision of so distinguished a tribunal as the Supreme Court of New York. As to G. W. P. it arrived "*post bellum auxilium.*

### REMARKABLE.

The packet South America, on her last arrival at New York, brought the Liverpool Times, containing the following:—

*Currents of the Atlantic Ocean.*—On Tuesday last a bottle containing the following notice, was picked up on the Lancashire coast, near Southport:—"Thrown overboard from the packet ship South America, by the passengers, March, 1833, in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Cod, lat. 40 30, long 68 W. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the newspaper nearest to which it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, and oblige the passengers, as well as confer a benefit on science." It cannot but be regarded as a singular circumstance, that this bottle, thrown into the Gulf Stream, off the United States of America, should have floated to within a few miles of the port in Europe from which the South America sailed, supposing her to have been bound to Liverpool. A gale from the north or a slight temporary change in the current, would have brought it into the Mersey, to the Captain of the South America, who probably saw it launched off Cape Cod.

An intelligent young gentleman of New York, writing to his father from New Orleans, under date of the 12 ult., gives the following account of a remarkable meteoric phenomenon, which occurred during his passage from New York to New Orleans:

"We had the most magnificent display of fire works at sea, on Sunday evening the 4th instant, that can possibly be conceived. We were walking on deck, admiring the moon, &c., when our attention was attracted by a single star, stationed almost directly over our heads, shooting madly from its sphere, and illuminating the whole heavens in its progress. A train of fire of great length immediately followed the star, which nearly obscured for a few moments the light of the moon as well as all the other stars. The star continued its course with immense rapidity, like a streak of lightning, until it terminated near the horizon, by actually bursting into a grand blaze of light, and suddenly disappeared. Its apparent size when it burst seemed nearly as large as a hogshead. It is impossible for my poor pen to give any thing like an adequate description of this before unheard of wonder. Suffice it to say that it was a most sublime spectacle, and, so far as the astronomical knowledge of all on board of the ship was concerned, not to be accounted for. The best part of the exibition took place about 2 o'clock in the night after we had retired; 2 or 3 of the passengers were on deck, and relate that an innumerable multitude of stars were shooting backwards and forwards in the space of about 2 miles, forming a most singular and splendid sight."

*From the American Magazine.*

### THE NEW TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

The ancient family vault, in which the dust of Washington first reposed, was situated under the shade of a little grove of forest-trees, a short distance from the mansion house at Mount Vernon, and near the brow of the precipitous bank of the Potomac.

Small and unadorned, this humble sepulchre stood in a most romantic picturesque spot, and could be distinctly seen by travellers, as they passed in steamboats up and down the river.

Within a few months, the ashes of the father of his country have been removed from that place, now designated by a white picket fence, to one near the corner of a beautiful vineyard, where the river is concealed from view. This site was selected by him during life, for a tomb; and here are now deposited the remains of that great man, who rendered to the American republic the most important civil and military service it ever received. It is arched over, and with the ground about it, covered with grass and shrubbery. A few trees of cedar are scattered around it; but they do not afford much shade, many of their branches having been cut off by visitters, and taken away as mementos. The front of the cemetery is constructed of brick, and has a plain iron door of the usual size. In the wall over the entrance, is a small slab of white marble, with these words inscribed upon it: "WASHINGTON FAMILY." Below, is another stone, containing the following brief passage from the scriptures: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Such is the simple tomb of Washington. No other monument marks his grave.

### AMERICAN ORATORS.

The Liverpool Journal of the twentieth ultimo, contains the following tribute to the powers of some of our distinguished orators. It is but seldom that we find in the English Journals a disposition to do justice to Trans-Atlantic merit:—

"It is too much a custom in England to undervalue the merits of our trans-atlantic rivals. Because all at once the United States has not produced such a long list of worthies as, from the accumulation of centuries, England can boast of, they are taunted with having produced none. This, too, while Irving, is one of our naturalised British classics,—while Bryant's poems have found a place on every table, and an echo in every heart,—while Leslie and Newton strive with the best artists of these Isles for the pre-eminence, and certainly have not striven in vain.

There is something at once suppercilious and ill bred in thus asserting that America has not yet produced any man of surpassing intellect. The cavillers forget, that while Scott reigns on the land, America has her Cooper, who is unrivalled on the *sea*. We have had our Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Curran, Canning,—but America has orators who can compete with the proudest productions of these great men. There is Webster, with an overwhelming strength of argument, which, while it requires not the aid of beautiful language, does not disdain to use it—there is Clay, whose wit sends forth many a shaft, and whose eloquence takes many a lofty flight—there is Calhoun, who condenses his thoughts into the most forcible and lucid form of expression,—there is Poindexter, who utters sarcasms the most withering and bitter in that quiet tone which yet further irritates the victim writhing under the infliction,—there is Preston, who (true orator that he is) is most eloquent on the sudden emergency, and unites eloquence of language with force of reasoning—there are Sprague, Porter, Leigh, Clayton, Frelighuysen, all of these are now living—all of these now have seats in Congress, and we venture to assert that the best speaker in the English Commons is not equal to any one of them. Nay, were these away, we would venture to back Edward Everett against the field.

*Extraordinary discovery of an Ancient Printing Press in India.* When Warren Hastings was Governor General in India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous wood substance, of various thicknesses, in horizontal layers. Major Robuck, informed of this, went out with a party of scientific friends, to a spot where an excavation had been made, displaying this singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper, for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which on examination, proved to be of some size, and to their astonishment, they found a printing press, set up in a vault, and on it moveable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there, for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the Major could collect, it appeared probable that the place had remained precisely as it was found for at least 1,000 years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return home, presented one of our learned association with a memoir containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it; and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese have been acqainted with the mode of printing they now employ, many centuries before Faust invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that they approached so near as to engrave in a style not to be equalled in the present age, on gems and stones, and of course the taking of impressions from them, that they should still have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings on mankind.—*Port Folio.*

*Cogent Reasons.*—The venerable Joseph Clark, who had been for 45 years Treasurer of Rhode Island, was at the age of about 70 nominated as a candidate for Governor. On being informed by the Committee of the fact, he gave the following answer:—"As I have enjoyed a good character among my fellow citizens all my life, as is proved by their choosing me their Treasurer more than forty years, *I have no notion of losing it now, in my old age, by being set up for Governor.*

*An Invention.*—The New York Transcript says:—"That enterprising and successful young Baltimore Æronaut, Mr. Mills, is in this city, and, we are happy to say, purposes, ere long, to make an ascension with his newly invented conical balloon. We yesterday inspected the successful results of a numerous series of experiments relative to the manufacture of balloons with wings or sails, so as to make them capable of being navigated through the fields of air; and we speak advisedly when we say, that Mr. Mills' achievements in this respect are truly astonishing, and we doubt not that he will soon be able to exhibit to the wonder-loving folks of this good city of Gotham the Eurekia of modern philosophy—a balloon directed through the air at the will of the æronaut."

The National Gazette gives some interesting extracts from Canton papers, relating to the laws and manners of the Chinese. China is the foremost of the nations of Asia in civilization—if it be not a solecism to speak of degrees of advancement where all are in a state of stagnation. And yet how low is her social state, and how inapplicable, indeed, is to her the epithet civilized, is shown by the following description of the position of women:

"In childhood slighted—in maidenhood sold—in matron womanhood shackled by the laws which prescribed numerous and unpleasing duties—or rather tasks—to their husbands' relations—in widowhood, controlled by their own sons—in all ages and states considered as immeasurably inferior to men—denied even moral free agency—or the power of doing either good or evil—woman is—and we burn with indignation to say it—in China, considered by the laws of the country, as the born and appointed slave of man and nature, made such by the same law that gives to the sun its light and to the leopard its spots; and they find their fate slightly modified by the opinions and practices of their fathers or husbands."

It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct our way, than to sit down under every hedge and lament our fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is constantly sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but if misfortune comes, dejection and melancholy will not bring relief. The first thing to be done when reverses come upon us, is not to lament, but to act; not to sit and suffer, but rise and endeavor to conquer adversity by industry and perseverance. "Providence helps them who help themselves."

*Test of Inebriety.*—It used to be considered a decided case, when a person was so far gone that he "could not see a hole through a ladder." But we think the test applied by Col. Crockett to certain celebrators of the "extinction party" at Washington, still more decisive. The Spy in Washington, in a letter dated the 9th ult., speaking of the celebration of the 8th, says the havoc amongst tumblers, glasses, bottles, &c., is said to have been unprecedented in the annals of Washington celebrations, and adds: "About 3 o'clock to day, I met the Tennessee *Nimrod*. I made some inquiry of him respecting the convivial scenes of the last night. I give you his brief description:—'I met,' said he, 'four of the party going home. *Of the four, there was not one who could have hit the ground with his hat at three trials.*'"