ANOTHER SPEECH FROM COL. R. M. JOHNSON

Colonel Johnson made a speech, the other day, at Versailles, and the editor of the Lexington *Intelligencer*, who was present, made the following faithful report of it. We publish it, in order that the community may see what sort of man the Van Burenites are attempting to make Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.—*Louisville Journal.*

SPEECH OF THE HON. R. M. JOHNSON,

In Versailles, Woodford county, Ky. Nov. 5, 1836.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

I feel myself very much gratified at seeing so many of you—come to hear me—*I* feel myself very much honored by the attendance of my fellow-citizens of the county of Woodford—I am—happy—to know—that no individual is compelled to hear me—I come here voluntarily—no body has obliged you to come here—every one of you—[R. Wickliffe, Esq. came in.]—I am happy to see by his entrance that my friend from Fayette is coming in—happy that he has come to hear me—wish I could stay to hear him—I suppose you will hear him—I wish you would—but I have another engagement—what light I have I put on a *bushel*—I never put my light *under* a bushel. Happy to be corrected in any thing I may say—I am sorry that I shall not have the *honor*—no—I withdraw the word—the *pleasure*; to hear what may be said after I am gone—but I engaged to be at Midway at three o'clock—I always say the truth—sorry, because I have no fear that any thing I may say here will be contradicted, because what I say is truth—no man living ever said to my face that any thing I said was not the truth—I—want—my fellow citizens to hear the truth—without prejudice—I want—my fellow citizens to listen—to—what—I say.

I am happy that I have the audience that I have—Happy that *I* have to hear me lawyers—and doctors & merchants I do not care if a Cicero was to come to answer me—for I shall say the truth—and I know *I* shall be not disputed in any of my statements—I want my fellow citizens to listen to what I say—because my speeches, I am told, have been caricatured—if I had not suffered more for my country than to have my speeches caricatured, I should run a much better race than I shall run now; I shall speak the truth; the truth hurts no man; my father taught me to speak the truth; my father taught me to speak the whole truth; my father taught me to speak nothing but the truth. I never feared to speak any thing for it would be truth, if *I* spoke it; and no man *dared* to say it was not so.

Congress declared war in 1812; *I* went home; a battalion was raised; and I can tell who commanded the battalion; Col Armstrong, of Frankfort; my brother Jas. Johnson, ~~[illegible]~~ on the 5th Oct. and if *I* mistake not Col. Davidson of Frankfort. The battalion returned and never lost a man.

In 1813 *I* raised a regiment of mounted men. *I* hope my friends will not be disappointed that I speak slow; I shall give it to you fast enough 'fore I'm done When *I* went to battle with my mounted regiment I always told 'em the time to run was *then*; that it was no time when the enemy was in sight; I gave 'em leave to run before; but there never could be one of 'em got to run; though *I* told 'em if they wanted to go they *might* go. I hope none of my fellow-citizens that is come to hear me voluntarily, that is not unprejudiced and willing to hear the *truth*; impartial; I hope none of 'em come under the application of 'a man convinced against his will,' 'is of the same opinion still.'

Our safety is in the people—the plebeians—they are to judge—such is the scramble for office among the lawyers—I'm one—among the office seekers—I'm one—that the people, who are the dray horses, the voters are like an impartial jury—There is the danger of our liberties and free institutions—yes—there is in every county a minority, where the people have to be dray horses—the people—the poor plebeians have to bleed for the country—I speak not of persons—of individuals—but of principles and of rights. The minority the rich, the learned and the talented will go for attacking the liberties of the people. The people—the plebeians they have to be oppressed—they will say as the Israelites did—'give us a king that he may rule over us.' I 'spose they got tired of self-government. I don't believe the people of Kentucky are tired of self-government

It is a disgrace to bring frivolous charges against *honorable men*. I have been attacked—but never to my face. I glory in being attacked for my country. I have had attacks from the press—the press is free—it is best, perhaps, it should be free—but I say—it is disgraceful to bring charges against prominent men, by men not a bit better than themselves. I glory in being attacked by the press—it shows that I am thought of importance enough to be feared—and when they cease to attack me I shall think I may have been remiss in my duty to you. I have been slandered—charges the most ridiculous have been circulated and without any foundation. If this right arm were to be lopped off from this mutilated frame of mine—I would give it up—I would give the other up, yes, I would give them both up.

I have understood it has been said that—'Is'nt it a singular thing that Johnson goes about electioneering for Vice President?' 'That he makes speeches to the people to get them to vote for him for that exalted office? I've been dogged from place to place I dog no man—Have I interfered with any man's appointment? I have been asked by a friend here to touch this subject. I dont oblige any man to hear me. I come here because I was asked to come, by some of my friends. If any one don't want to hear me, they're not forced to hear me. I bro't nobody here. Did I bring any one of you here? I've gone wherever I've gone by invitation I've insulted no man—some people cock up their noses because I speak to the people. You never heard one of 'em cock up their noses because Gen. Harrison goes to visit the people of Pennsylvania, because he goes through New Jersey making speeches. Hav'nt I as much right to visit you as Harrison has to go to New York to see his fellow citizens? I want to know if I hav'nt as much right to go about as Gen Harrison has? I pause for an answer. There is none I want to know if I hav'nt as much right to speak to *my* fellow citizens as Francis Granger has? Do they cock up their noses because he visited Ohio—and spoke there? I wish he was here—but *he* chooses to go to Ohio—I am here—*I* give *facts*—If I give *opinions*—it is matter—they may be right—they may not—they may be taken for what they're worth—but I spoke of *facts*—and no man will dispute my words.

But I see another orator coming in: (the Hon. H. Daniel entered.) Hope my friends will be pleased to hear them all after *I* go. I have no objections but it seemed something like '*two pluck one*' *I* hope my friends will listen to them.

I have *heard* of a caricature of my speech at Shelbyville; have not seen it; don't know but something of the kind is the intention now; hope not; but I see an interesting looking young man before me, writing; *I* never saw his face before; hope he is impartial; hope he will hear all I say; if he is taking notes; don't know whether he is a *friend* or a *foe*, but I believe he is a gentleman from his face.

WALTON, THE HIGHWAYMAN—

The second trial of this individual, for highway robbery on the Dedham turnpike, terminated, says the Boston Centinel, on Friday, as the first trial did—in a disagreement of the jury. There is in this case, as there was some others which excited great public interest, a strong current of popular belief against the prisoner, but not enough of legal proof to convince the minds of all the jurors beyond a doubt. The defect of evidence is, as to the identity of the person of Walton as the Robber, and, besides the modern difficulties in all capital trials, the prosecution in this case labors under other disadvantages, which perhaps can never be surmounted. It was night, and the gentleman robbed saw only part of the face of the robber,—the bridge of his nose, and his eyes—and cannot identify the horse except by the very common circumstance of its having a switch tail, and (more than all) unfortunately in the first instance, and soon after the event, he charged the crime with much positiveness upon a *very different* man

The Atlas has the following remarks upon the character and behaviour of Walton:

We do not think the jury were to blame. They were generally very intelligent men and no doubt acted conscientiously. But such occurrences naturally diminish the value of Jury trials. *The machine does not seem to work well.*

Nobody could have the slightest doubt that Walton perpetrated the robbery But the rules of law exclude some testimony and the artificial mode of considering much of what is admitted, prevents the Jury from coming to the same conclusions which they would do as individuals, and at which all other persons of common sense invariably arrive.

Walton himself makes no secret of his crime. *He* boasts of it and ridicules the imbecility of the law which cannot convict him. To be sure he does this in an indirect manner, so that no confession of the kind could be given in evidence. He is too shrewd and cunning to commit himself to persons who can testify against him, and yet is too proud of his own conduct, and too much imbued with the spirit of his class, to allow any one for a moment to doubt his agency, or to leave him with the power to say, that he himself seriously denied the fact.

After the robbery, and before the large tavern in Dedham was burned, the second time he and Wade went to Providence, and then it was that he is reported to have said—'There goes the last cent of Boyden's money. Walton, with his own peculiar adroitness, assents to the fact, but in a manner which would shut out his confession from a jury. He is particular in making the discrepancies of the witnesses in giving their evidence at the trial and repeats afterwards wherein they vary from what he says the man must have done or said, who committed the robbery.

He thinks the day of Lynch law are at hand, and that the doors of all prisons will be opened, and their walls thrown down within ten years, and this he assigns as a reason why he does not follow the example of Mark Winslow and take his own life.

With all his daring traits of character, he has a strong attachment to life. The terrors of a capital punishment are terrible to him.—No doubt he has recklessness enough to run desperate risks with the hope of the advantage that would follow from success, but he has none of that firmness and elevation of mind that enables a man to meet death without fear *He* made an attempt to escape at the hazard of his life—but failed, and he returned quietly to his cell. *He* had boasted that he would choose death rather than imprisonment. but when the times comes for a choice, he chooses imprisonment rather than death *He* had another chance. He might have escaped the State Prison by pleading guilty to the indictment for highway robbery, and died with the eclat of a robber on the gallows, instead of living with the degradation of a felon in his cell—but he exerts his utmost efforts to avoid this calamity, and excite the talents and ingenuity of his able counsel to avert a fate which when seen from a distance he professed his strong desire to prefer.

He was emulous of the character which Bulwer gives to one of his heroes, and which was quoted by the Attorney General in his argument of the cause.

Oh there never was life like the robber's—so
Jolly and bold and free
And its end? Why a cheer from the crowd below,
And a leap from the leafless tree.'

But his heart failed him. *He* had not courage enough for the character. Through mere timidity he lives on—and goes back to his imprisonment and long labour for the best part of his remaining years.

The last stage of human misery.—The Nashua Gazette gives the following shocking detail of a lunatic case in New Hampshire:

'An insane pauper in this town is now confined in a dungeon built in the cellar of his keeper, from whom he formerly escaped, was persued brought back, and placed there for safe keeping. Shut up in darkness, he became frantic, as well he might, and no one dared approach him They fastened up every outlet of escape, and here for two years has he been imprisoned without fire, without clothing, and no human eye has once seen him. A trough is placed to receive his food and here he is fed daily like the very swine! Is not such a picture too painful for imagination.

A CHAPTER ON DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS.

By Mrs Sigourney.

We have been amongst the admirers of Mrs Sigourney as a poetess, & her productions as a prose writer have hightened our respect. The subjoined extract is taken from an essay of this really philosophical writer. The essay is addressed to her own sex, but the general conclusions apply, if possible, with more force to the opposite sex, upon whom the sterner duties of life depend In softening and sweetening the duties of private life, are the obligations less binding on men than on women? The fact is, that it demands exactly the same amiable qualities in every member of a family, to make the domestic hearth the heaven of happiness.—*Nat Intel.*

I have even thought it desirable that young ladies should make themselves the mistresses of some attainment either in art or science, by which they might secure a subsistance, should they be reduced to poverty Sudden and entire reverses are not uncommon in the history of affluence. To sustain them without the means of lessening the evils of dependence, when health and intellect are at our command, is adding helplessness to our own affliction, and increasing the burthen of others. When the illustrious Henry Laurens, by the fortune of our war of Revolution, was held a prisoner in the Tower of London, he wrote to his two daughters, who had been nurtured in all the tenderness and luxury of Carolina wealth: 'It is my duty to warn you to prepare for the trial of earning your daily bread by your daily labor.—Fear not servitude; encounter it, if it shall be necessary, with the spirit becoming a woman of an honest and pious heart; one who has been neither fashionable nor affectedly religious.'

The accomplished Madame de Genlis pronounced herself to be in possession of thirty trades or varieties of occupation, by which she could, if necessary obtain a livelihood. It was a wise law of some of the ancient Governments which compelled every parent to give his son some trade or profession, adequate to his support. Such is now the variety of departments open to females as instructors in schools and seminaries of their own sex, that they may follow the impulse of their genius in the selection of a study or accomplishment, and, while they pursue it as a pleasure, can still be prepared to practice it as a profession. Among the pleasant employments which seem peculiarly congenial to the feelings of our sex, the culture of flowers stands conspicuous. The general superintendence of a garden has been repeatedly found favorable to health, by leading to frequent exercise in the open air, and that communing with Nature which is equally refreshing to the heart It was laboring with her own hands in her garden, that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis de Lafayette when he sought her blessing, as he was about to commit himself to the ocean, and return to his native clime Milton, who you recollect, was a great advocate that women should 'study household good,' has few more eloquent descriptions than those which represent our first mother at her floral toil amid the sinless shades of Paradise

The tending of flowers has ever appeared to me to be a fitting care for the young and beautiful They then dwell as it were among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on their ear from those brief blossoms to which they apportion the dew and the sun beam While they eradicate the weeds that deform, or the excrescences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual motion uttered of the work to be done in their own heart? From the admiration of these ever-varying charms, how natural ly is the tender spirit led upward in devotion to Him 'whose hand perfumes them, and whose pencil paints.' Connected with the nature of flowers is the delightful study of botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walks, and prompts both to salubrious exercise and scientific research A knowledge of the physiology of plants is not only interesting in itself, but of practical import. The brilliant coloring matter which they sometimes yield, and the beautiful influences which they possess, impart value to many an unsightly shrub or secluded plant, which might otherwise have been suffered to blossom and die without a thought.

It is cheering amid our solitary rambles to view the subjects that surround us as friends, to call to recollection their distinctive lineaments of character, to array them with something of intelligence or utility, and to enjoy an intimate companionship with Nature The female aborigines of our country were distinguished by an extensive acquaintance with the medicinal properties of plants and roots, which enabled them, both in peace and war, to be the healers of their tribes I would not counsel you to invade the province of the physician; in our state of society it would be preposterous and arrogant. But sometimes to alleviate the slight indisposition of those you love by a simple infusion of the herbs you have reared or gathered, is a legitimate branch of that nursing kindness which seems interwoven with woman's nature.

And now, to sum up the whole matter, though in the morning of youth a charm is thrown over the landscape, every inequality smoothed, yet still life is not one long summer's day of indolence and mirth' The sphere of women is eminently practical. There is much which she will be expected to do, and ought therefore to learn, and to learn early, if she would acquit herself creditably. Though to combine the excellencies of a housekeeper, with much eminence in literature or science, requires an energy seldom possessed still there is no need that domestic duties should preclude mental improvement or extinguish intellectual enjoyment. They may be united by diligence and perseverance, and the foundation of those qualities should be laid *now in youth.*

From the London New Sporting Magazine for Aug. 1836.

THE BREAK DOWN.

A SCENE UNDER MY WINDOWS.

Rain, rain, rain, settled, unceasing rain, varying only from the insinuating drizzle to the soaking shower. *In* the midst of a most tremendous storm, which for the last half hour has completely cleared the streets, a crowd is gradually congregating under my windows to witness the resurrection of a jaded skeleton of a hackney coach horse, which hardly able to stagger along when on its legs, now that it has fallen evinces no intention of rising again. There the miserable brute lies, stretched at length in the mud, with glassy upturned eye and clenched teeth, apparently *in extremis*. A motley and moist assemblage; jarvies, cads, soldiers, pickpockets, and respectables of both sexes, not forgetting a due proportion of women with babies, who, to do them justice, ever foremost in danger, are always to be seen in a London crowd, press in upon the prostrate animal, disregarding rain, mud, omnibuses, and their own business (if they have any,) to gratify themselves with a peep at the poor prostrate devil, who certainly never before, even in his best days, excited so much attention. The oil skin hats and capes of a leash of policemen bob about in the thickest of the crowd. They are evidently very active officers. By their praiseworthy exertions a ring is formed, the horse is extricated from his harness (a corpulent life guardsman sitting, very unnecessarily, on his head during the operation,) & a sturdy cabman selected from the adjoining stand for the strength of his arm, and the effective state of his pig-whip, having kindly 'volunteered his services' (as the play bills have it,) steps forward and lashes the fallen horse over the back and haunches, determined as he says to 'flog him up' The spectators encourage him with cheers and laughter, but perceiving that the poor creature takes no heed of the blows, and apparently does not feel them, they become suddenly touched with pity, cry shame on the operator, and commence a lecture on humanity!

As yet no progress has been made towards setting the languid sufferer on his legs. The pelting shower precludes the possibility of trying an experiment suggested by a benevolent butcher's boy, as very efficacious in such cases, the application of a wisp of ignited straw to some part of the patient's body unencumbered by hair. Humanity and the rain forbid the trial of such means. All the straw at hand is too wet to burn

By this time the crowd has increased three fold, so has the rain. The neighboring windows are thronged with spectators The coach has been shoved out of the way close to the curb-stone, and the fallen horse's companion is most unfeelingly tugging away at some musty hay tied under the dickey, totally unmoved by his brothers misfortune Two or three omnibus drivers have pulled up to gratify themselves and their passengers with a sight of what is going on they are very sarcastic in their remarks on the condition and quality of Jarvy's cattle, unaffectedly delighted at seeing that there are a few worse brutes in the world than those which it is their own lot to torment. A good many Members on their way to the House, have mingled with the throng, and Lord A. F. has alighted from his cab and is endeavoring to swarm up a lamp post, in order to direct from that elevated situation the exertions of the Jarvy and his assistants There is nothing like having an experienced commander. This benevolent young nobleman, ever alive to the calls of humanity, and properly aware of the value of his services, has already this morning assisted at the extinction of two fires in Pontenville, and was now on his way to preside at the digging out of a Swiss governess and twenty seven young ladies, who had been buried alive by the fall of a Seminary at Betham-hill, when he perceived that his presence might be useful Prompt as lightning, he has seated himself on the lamp post.

Jarvey, animated by his lordship's patronage, strips off his upper benjamin, determined to do or die. He clearly sees that it will never do to stand inactive under such a shower of rain and jokes as is now pelting him. His manly form, when divested of his cumbrous upper garment is set off to advantage by a jersey frock and a pair of black kersey-mere shorts, his legs and ancles are protected by neatly twisted hay bands, his head by a peculiar coiffure called a 'sou' wester,' singularly becoming to his open Saxon countenance

He seizes his unconscious horse by what little tail he has, and tugs with desperate vigor. The aged and experienced waterman pertaining to the stand, hard by, places the animal's legs in what he considers to be the most advantageous position for active exertion. Police man letter B. 27. jerks the bridle and raps the unconscious brute over the pate, in a manner which shows that he is evidently more accustomed to deal with refractory Irishmen than half-starved horses. The commiserating by standers kick him in the ribs and swear at him.

All this produces no effect. He is just for a moment by main strength, and without any corresponding efforts of his own, half raised, but falls back again heavily on his side, apparently dead. He *must* be dead—he is dead.

No. Suddenly he arouses himself—gives a desperate plunge—rises—falls on his knees again—rises once more—staggers forward a few paces, (knocking letter B. 27. head over heels into the mud,) and then with drooping head and ears, stands stock still as if nothing unusual had befallen him.

The crowd, after a roar of laughter at letter B 27's mishap, disperses A humane bystander absconds with the cruel cabman's pig-whip, the cruel cabman revenges himself by casting a handful of mud at Lord A. F., and that benevolent nobleman slipping nimbly from the lamp post, jumps into his cab, and hurries off to the assistance of the sufferers at Betham hill carrying with him the approval of his own conscience, and a few hearty damns from the cab compeller.

The omnibuses, which by way of being social had drawn up three abreast, so as effectually to impede the progress of any other vehicle—and why should they not, in a land of liberty?—now gallop off in their best pace, providentially only knocking down one old woman apiece.

In less than a minute the only person to be seen is the Jarvy, who having resumed his box coat, is proceeding to patch up his Harness.—His *sang froid* is equal to his *Horse's*. He looks as if what I have attempted to describe, was an every day occurrence to both of them. Reader I fear it is!

VASLYN

NEW JOINT STOCK COMPANY

—The rage for joint stock companies are admirably set off in a late London paper in alluding to the scarcity of eggs and the immense importation of the article from France. An association has accordingly been formed who intend to apply for incorporation to Parliament. The following are the directorship and some of the provisions:

NEW-LAID EGG COMPANY.

Capital, Ten Millions, in Shares of £1 each.

Managing Director—Endo Omelette, Esq

Provisional Directors.

Maximilian Patlet, esq
Ed'nd. Capon, esq.
Aug. Pip, esq M. P.
Sir Alex. Gizzardo, Knt.

George Fowler esq.
Horace Fitzpeckle, esq
C. Henbane, esq.
H. Bantem, esq.

With power to add to their numbers.

Surveyor—Inigo Landrill, esq.
Auditor—Dworth Cocker, esq.
Bankers—Messrs Cockerell and Fox.
Solicitors—Messrs Reynard and Fox
Secretary pro tem.—Horatio Bacon esq.

Sites for their poultry establishments will be obtained, if possible, at the following stations:—Tothillfields, Leicester-fields, St. Martin's fields, Camberwell-green, and Kinnington common.

Accelerators will be constructed on the plan of the post office, so that a newspaper and a new laid egg may be placed on the breakfast table simultaneously; thus accomplishing that great desideratum—knowledge and food for the people Knowledge is power; but knowledge without eggs is a fallacy.

Addled eggs will be immediately exchanged on personal application to the secretary.

Agents will be despatched to Friesland, Poland, and Dorking, to select the finest broods of fowls, for which those places are so justly celebrated.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The New York Gazette says, that this term, as now used, excites sensations and emotions very different from those originally caused by the phraze in the breasts of our forefathers. The following is the derivation of this term according to the Gazette:—

"Soon after the first settlement of New England by the whites, it is well known that the hardy pilgrims were so constantly harrassed by the natives, as to be compelled to attend to their daily occupations with arms by their sides, or within their reach, and during the protracted wars with the celebrated King Philip, of Mount Hope. the only periods of comparative security & repose, were in the depth of winter, when the severity of the weather compelled their activtoes to retire to their strong holds in the forests. Nor were the settlers entirely free from apprehension on these occasions, for they were aware that the recurrence of three or four warm days would bring their savage enemies upon them, with an attempt to surprise and cut them all in the midst of their fancied security. The appearance of mild weather in mid winter, was therefore calculated to inspire our ancestors with any thing but pleasurable sensations Many are the scenes of bloodshed and horror which these otherwise delightful intervals of the intense severity of winter have occasioned. These were therefore called by the harrassed and care worn settlers—'*Indian Summer.*'"

How a Man Married his own Sister—The Dedham Patriot says a marriage once took place at Canton, Massachusetts, under the following circumstances:—The bridegroom, when quite a small boy, ran away from his parents, who lived in Lower Canada. In process of time, the father died; the mother married again, and the fruits of this union were several daughters. The daughters grew up, and the parents not having the means to support them, they went to work in factories. One strayed to Canton factory, where by a fortuitous circumstance, the runaway happened to be at work. *He* soon became acquainted with this girl, and before a full history of each other's origin was developed, married her. In a few days it was ascertained that they both had one mother. This of course greatly confused and astonished both parties, from which arose strong conscientious scruples as to the propriety of brother & sister living together in a state of matrimony; & upon mature consideration, they resolved mutually to dissolve their connexion as man and wife.—*Balt. Gaz.*

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The New York papers announce that Mr Garostiza has embarked, with all his Legation, for Mexico.

The New York Courier des Etats Unis, of Saturday, states that, having in vain insisted upon the withdrawal of the United States troops from the territory of Mexico, Mr. Gorostiza had no alternative left.

The Courier promises, in its next number, a copy of the last despatch of Mr. Gorostiza, and, mean time, publishes this important and decisive extract:

'The note of Mr. Dickins left the undersigned no hope The explanations given to him in the name of the President convinced him, moreover, of how little Mexico has to expect from the United States, since her most sacred rights and dearest interests are sacrificed to the shadow of an imaginary danger. Mexico is insulted and wronged out of pure precaution.

'Under such discouraging circumstances, the undersigned would be wanting in his duty, if, as representative of Mexico, he failed to use the only means left him to express at least how much he is wounded by the wrongs done to his country by the United States; *he therefore declares, upon his own responsibility, that, from this moment, he considers his mission at an end.*'

RIGHT OF SEARCH.—Among our foreign extracts in our last paper, we noticed the fact of a difference between the French and American Consuls, in consequence of the abandonment of an American brig by the Captain, because she was boarded by an officer from a French man of war, who insisted on his right to search her A letter from Constantinople, dated the 21st of September, gives the following particulars:—*Metropolitan.*

A circumstance has occurred at Smyrna which may disturb a little the renewed harmony between France and America. On the 11th the American brig Banian, loaded with Turkish produce for Boston, set sail, and got beyond the Castle, when she was forcibly board by a French man of-war's boat. An officer and several men, armed, said they were in search of two deserters, whom they suspected to be on board, and, notwithstanding that Captain Inglee assured them on his word of honor, that there were no such men in his ship, the French commenced a strict search, and not succeeding in finding the deserters, the officer ordered the American Captain to return to Smyrna. On this, the American hauled down his flag, abandoned the vessel, and the French brought her to anchor between the Castle and the town. Captain Inglee then went on shore and made his protest. Thus the affair remained when the last accounts left Smyrna. Mr. Offley, the United States Consul, is a man who will do his duty, from which he would not flinch a hair's breadth, even were his consulate rattled about his ears. He is another Lord Ponsonby, with this difference, that he will certainly be more promptly supported by his own Government. People cannot insult the stripes and stars with impunity.

HITS.—'Do you go to the fancy ball to-night?' said W. to B in a conversation in the Law Library. 'Certainly,' was the reply, but in a Citizen's dress What character do *you* assume?' 'I,' replied W. 'shall appear as Charles the Second.' 'Indeed!' rejoined B. 'might I advise, you would rather appear as Charles the First, for then you would require *no head*'

Why is it,' said a gentlemen to the author of the Prophet of St. Paul's, 'that you do not cause your late work to be bound in *calf*, as you did the copies of Sertorious?' 'For two reasons my good fellow,' was the reply: 'first, because there is calf enough in the work itself; and secondly, because I fear *your skin* might be put into requisition—*Phil. Inquirer.*

LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

The following paragraph is taken from an English paper, and presents a just view of the difficulties which attend the life of an editor of a newspaper—who is obliged to cater for an almost infinite variety of appetites. It reminds one of the hapless flying fish in the tropics, who is eagerly chased while in his native element, by voracious bonitas and dolphins, and when he makes use of his wings to escape from these persevering enemies, and rises into the air, a host of the feathered tribe are waiting with impatience to pounce upon and devour him.—*Balt. Gaz.*

'An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he merely states facts without comment, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility.

A Jackanapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimblet, and if the editors is not fool enough to print the nonsense—'Stop my paper, I won't patronise a man that is no better judge of poetry!'—One murmurs because his paper is too literary; another because it is not literary enough; one would have the type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family; another threatens to discontinue his paper unless the letters are half an inch long. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation, when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to to please all."

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