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TERMS OF THE MESSENGER.

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PERSONAL SKETCHES.

MEMORIES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Turning aside from that living stream, which day and night flows through one of these arterial trunks of London—the Strand—we arrived at the Adelphi, and, threading the suits of apartments in which were deposited those triumphs of genius which are the chief glories of the place.

"I never weary of looking at these pictures of Barry," remarked Campbell, and it is really disgraceful to many who travel on the continent, and hunt up Michael Angelo, that they have not studied at their own doors; for of some portions of these productions the great master himself might not be ashamed.

"Look at the figure of the Archangel guarding the Gates of Paradise," said he—"The picture we were gazing on that of *Elysium*." Canova said of it that Rome possessed nothing superior of this kind. I heard him declare at Rogers's that he would have visited London to have seen that picture only, had he been aware of its existence.

"Add yet," added Campbell with a sneer—and his sneer was a peculiarly grim and disagreeable one—"Barry is seldom studied by our young artists, who fancy that the home-school of art is only a preparatory one, whereas many of them would be better if they finished where they had begun."

We spent upwards of an hour in looking at these productions; but it would be impossible to convey on paper any idea of Campbell's verbal criticisms on Barry's pictures. These were interspersed with remarks on many of our living and dead artists; but the touches were too fine and subtle to be transferred to type. I afterwards learned that Campbell was very fond of accompanying strangers to the Adelphi; indeed, so partial was he to the paintings of Barry that he employed Stothard to make copies of them for his own use; and these pictures are now at Glasgow University, of which he was elected Lord Rector in 1827.

While we were strolling about the gallery he asked me several questions about the city of my birth. On my mentioning Bristol, he said, with a raising of his eyebrows—"Ah! the place that eyed out Chatterton, and where Savage was buried."

"The same," I remarked, "and that which had the honor of producing a Sir Thomas Lawrence and a Robert Southey." "But it didn't keep them," interrupted the poet, "and Chatterton did quite right to lash the sugar-buckstering sons of modern Babel. By the way, Bristol has not the best report in literary history for treatment of authors—Chatterton was not out of his embryo existence whilst there, but Savage was very savage against it you know. Coleridge spoke against it in my hearing at Highgate in 1829. Hume has hit at the poor city for writing about Crazy Naylor, the Quaker's entrance into it, while women strewed the road, in imitation of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem; he says 'he rode upon a horse, though one can hardly conceive it difficult to find an ass in Bristol'—or something to that effect. With respect to poor Chatterton, the place will be eternally disgraced for causing his solemn agony," as Shelley calls his "last frightful struggle."

"You forgot sir," I ventured to say, "that he was starved out of existence in London." "Like thousands more who come here to write up their fortunes," he replied, "but that is worse than all," he continued, "his native city, which gave him no bread whilst living, has refused him a stone since death." I informed Campbell that that stigma was about to be removed, for a monument was then in contemplation.

He inquired respecting the inscription—and I informed him that there were to be five; one by Southey, one by Walter Savage Landor, a third by one who should be named, the fourth side of the monument to be inscribed with the name, age, &c. of the boy poet, and on the fifth tablet, the following epitaph, written by himself, when he contained his infant.

"Reader, judge not, if thou art a Christian, believe that he is judged by a superior power to that power alone he is now appeased." "Good!" said Campbell, "there is no need of any other epitaph. Southey's, Landor's, and the rest, might have been spared."

I mentioned to Campbell that my mother's school mistress was Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's only sister; and that I had been for some time engaged in editing a new edition of the works of the Poet. "If you will walk as far as Pall-mall Row," I said, "I can show you some of Chatterton's unpublished manuscripts, and a portrait of him." He cheerfully assented; we left the Adelphi together, and, before long, was on the boundaries of the book-sellers.

We entered the shop of a publisher with whom I was acquainted; I suspect that I derived some little importance from associating with Campbell, for considerable attention was paid to me—situation to which I had previously been a stranger.

On showing him the portrait of Chatterton, the bard of Hope expressed himself as being highly gratified, and, after looking at it for some minutes, he said, "Poor child! it is a strange and striking countenance, but it is the face of one who I should have said would become insane." He also remarked that it was wonderfully like Keats, as painted by Severn.

The conversation then turned on Chatterton's acknowledged productions. "His powers of description were great," he remarked, and he repeated the following on "Winter" as an example: "Fate rugged Winter, bending o'er his head, His grizzled hair bedecked with icy dew; His eyes—a dusky light, congealed and dead; His robe—a tinge of light, ethereal blue; His train—a motley, ermine, sable cloud, He lings along the russet drapery moor, While riving whirlwinds—blasting, keen, and loud, Roll the white surges to the sounding shore."

"Here again," he continued, "is a nice distinction and a sharp bit of satire: it occurs in his distinction of two rival organists. Of one he says: "Sated to sleep is his inverted key; Dull—doleful desponds fly away."

And of another— "How unlike Allen! Allen is divine! His touch is sentimental, tender, fine; He keeps the passions with the sound in play, And the soul trembles with the trembling key."

As we proceeded up Holborn on the way back to his chambers, we passed Brook street—the street in which the marvellous boy committed suicide, and the circumstances of the poet's death were adverted to. "I hardly wonder at his fate," remarked Campbell, "for no situation can possibly be more deplorable than that of a neglected author, whose daily bread depends on a pen for whose productions he cannot find a market." This led to some remarks on suicide, but uttered as they were amidst the whirl of a great thoroughfare, I lost much of what was said, for Campbell appeared to be talking more to himself than to me. I can only remember such snatches as the following:

"Sometimes," said he, "I have a gloomy comfort in being nearer the end of my life than I was when I commenced authorship, and have consequently a more limited journey to come. Sir Thomas Browne says: It is the heaviest stone melancholy can fling at a man to tell him he is at the end of his line." He was, I think, rather alluding to the extension of life beyond death; but I think there is comfort in such stone notwithstanding, for he is also at the end of his misery. For my own part I consider such deed of total cessation of existence rather as a fruit of over refined musings and inordinate desire of worldly enjoyment than true philosophy. At least, that it springs from a sort of hypochondriacal philosophy that hardly justifies its derisive title—love of wisdom."

I said something about us being contented with the stations assigned us by Providence. "Ay," he said, "it is to be content as far as contentment is under the control of our mental operations, and surely it is in some degree. The Romans of the garden as well as of the academy felt none of that horror of the 'end of their line' expressed by Browne; and perhaps the disabled in futurity of being given rest in their enjoyment of present being; at least the 'corp' them' faith of the Epicureans must have extracted a stronger character from the very tenets which to us appear so gloomy, and the 'pallid' more-past, always in their mid's ear, have induced them to snatch up and gobble all they could of life's sweetmeats before the ghastly, greedy guest, 'haunting at the door' should get in."

By this time we had reached his rooms, and on receiving what I believed to be a cordial invitation, I again entered, and whilst he pulled away, we talked, or rather he did on a variety of topics.

"Have you visited Rome?" he enquired—I replied in the negative, but intimated my intention of doing so shortly.

"You will have a glorious time," said he; "the place is magnificent; but I must confess that I had a different sentiment towards that city, barbarous, bloody, earth-enslaving banditti, the Roman people, from that which boys, dazzled with false splendors, imbibe at school and universities, and carry into maturity, sanctioned by the thoughts, the world, it sets up for Sir Oran on all questions. I have often (he continued, after a few minutes, during which he kept pulling with his pen) reflected with astonishment on the capital 'vague' brood' (and a variety of Sir

Thomas Brown's corruption) of admiring Rome and her Caesars. I include Augustus, and every 'Impiator,' not expecting the 'delight of mankind.' I should like to know what the poor women and children of Jerusalem had done to merit that terrific butchery perpetrated by that very best of Emperors! It is really wonderful how we, Christians and men of natural feelings, talk of youth, and read with them, about such a heathen, as well as monstrous disgrace to his species as Augustus, without a word of honest human execration of the proscribing triumvir—the murderer of his friend Cicero—and, added Campbell, with a fierce grin, "the Incestuous, the adulterer, the Calamity."

I ventured to express my surprise at his holding opinions so opposed to those generally maintained.

"Oh!" said he, "I cannot claim any originality for my ideas on that score. Jeffrey, of the Edinburgh Review, with whom I had the honor and pleasure of conversing frequently, both in Edinburgh and Christchurch, (his country residence) launched out once almost as earnestly as I do on this topic; and I remember in the Review a writer, who I know to have been Jeffrey, reviewing 'Europe's Tour in Italy,' has broached a similar judgment. No, no; the Romans were not such heroes, after all; they were a detestable band of conspirators against the rest of mankind, who carried fire and sword into the remotest countries. The 'immortal Romans!' They began as fugitive robbers; and if their society did for awhile, for self-preservation, practice some few of the virtues of savages, they did so no longer than their weakness required; becoming at home poor trembling slaves, under a race of despicable tyrants, while abroad they played the tyrants over nations superior to them in all virtues and in true civilization. I was gratified that Jeffrey had a strong correspondent feeling with my own in his disaffection to the dead monsters of the world."

From talking of Rome, the conversation too: a jump to the present times.

"We were speaking, just now," said Campbell, "of vulgar errors; I think our boasted age is guilty of a capital one. Half of the literary coin now in circulation is spurious; not like the old hoarded stuff which rings as well as shines. People seem, now-a-days, in poetry at least, to mistake fine words for fine things—the holiday dress of thoughts for glorious thoughts themselves. Diction, as I take it, is surely but the imagery to express the substance—the idea. Words are but the picture of hieroglyphics, whereby to acquaint others with what we think or know; but in reading Annual, 'Poet's Corners,' and all that sort of thing, how common is it, after having gone through a set of words, mere sounds, like listening to a tune, to find one's self at a loss to say what idea it has conveyed. Yet, in a great deal of recent poetry, magazine and other, this fraudulent stuff seems to pass off very well with such editors as Reynolds and Lady Blessington, swelling out Magazine and Annual, affording employment for artists and copperplate engravers."

"And yet," said I, "this sort of literature is almost devoured, to the exclusion of solid productions."

"True," said he; "and why? Because the mass of the readers resemble Pygmalion; they doat upon the mere picture of statue, because of the muscle and nerve and bone are apparent. Such verses are my mortal aversion."

On a subsequent occasion, he talked of some of our modern poets, and from a volume of Keats' Poems, he read a portion of Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale.'

"That," said he, "is unquestionably the finest thing Keats ever did; and he had more of the pure spirit of poetry in him, Shelley alone excepted, perhaps, that any other writer of modern days. What a pity that he should have been so thin skinned. Hunt, and the rest of the squad, did him no good by nursing his conceits; but had he lived he would have taken his own ground, and kept it."

Crabbe was mentioned. "Byron was a little wrong," he remarked, "in calling him 'Nature's truest painter,' he should have written 'Nature's truest painter, and therefore the best. No man ever touched off humble everyday life as Crabbe did. His Helicon was a stagnant pool, and his Pegasus a horse in parish pound."

Of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' he spoke with (for him) enthusiasm. Such a series of brilliant mind pictures, he said, had never been depicted by any other writer, in so limited a number of stanzas.

"In my humble opinion," he added, "it is the most perfect poem of which the English language can boast."

"There is a poet," said he, pointing to a portrait of Goldsmith, "whose words you cannot read without loving the writer. I would rather that Paradise Lost should be blotted out of our Literature, than that the 'Deserted Village' should be consigned to oblivion." Speaking of Shelley, he said that he could only be truly appreciated by poets themselves, and not by them until his works had been read for the fifth time. His fine thoughts are like garments, only when they are heated in imagination, all his pictures are what ordinary folks only 'stare.' Now he differs widely in this respect from Wordsworth; the poems, or most of them, of the latter, are mirrors, in which the faces and forms of nature are reflected with perfect fidelity. Shelley's productions resemble those mirrors shivered—they were brilliant fragments. What a glorious thing would Shelley's account of his death scene have been, could it have been possible for him to have told us how the water of the By of Sp-zia sounded.

"In his dying ear their last monitions," "A friend of mine," he continued, "said he once saw Shelley. He was so transparent, spiritual, fragile looking a being, he told me that when gazing on him one fancied he could be seen through."

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Campbell indulged in several pleasant reminiscences connected with his own works. Speaking of that magnificent production, the 'Mariners of England,' he said, "it was a walking study, for I composed it as I walked through a street in Hamburg. I paced up and down the thoroughfare until I had completed it, and I then went home and committed it to paper. When Braham sang it in Edinburgh, I was in a box with Jeffrey, and the audience recognizing me, I had to make my bow. I can truly say I enjoyed the music more than any other I ever heard, and never felt so like a poet as whilst hearing how well my verses were married to melody—Perhaps, after all," said he, "I shall be more remembered by my lyrics than anything else I have written."

The reader must remember that I have selected these scraps of conversation because they are the best remembered portion of it. I cannot pretend to chronicle half of what occurred; and I have purposely avoided, as far as possible, mentioning my share of it, from a dislike to using the personal pronoun any more than is absolutely necessary in these Sketches, especially as it seems I have unwittingly been guilty, in the opinion of I dare say, a very well meaning critic of 'John Bullish pomposity,' and have run my head against a 'Post,' by the affection of 'fine writing,' a sin which I am sorry should have been laid to my charge, but of which, I remain to this day in innocent unconsciousness. I always have, and shall have, more anxiety to impart accurate information, than to impudently parade before the public the very bubble individual who imparts it."

The last time I ever saw Campbell was in the early part of 1843. He was then scarcely heard of, or seen in society, and painful rumors were about as to his habits, and to which reference has already been made. Some lines which were published in one of the London newspapers, on the circumstances of his having met a very beautiful child in one of the Parks, and which he addressed as his 'Child Sweetheart,' gave evidence of the decline of his powers, which had already shown symptoms of breaking down in his 'Pilgrims of Glencoe.' He might have occasionally been seen in the reading room of the Museum, or walking round Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the gay, jaunty attire, even spruce Thomas Campbell, had vanished with the 'light of other days.'

I was, one morning, in the year I have mentioned, about the hour of ten, in a publisher's shop (Virtue's) near Paternoster Row; when, having occasion to speak to the foreman of the establishment, I went up stairs to the printing office. The imposing stone was placed at the further extremity of the long dingy apartment, and I noticed around it a group of workmen. As I drew near the spot, I observed that a gentleman was in their midst, and supposing that he was engaged in business with them, I waited for a little time, and then, as I was in haste to be gone, I approached them. On the stone was a huge pot of London stout, from which the workmen and the gentleman in their company took frequent draughts in turn, and they all seemed 'hail fellows well met' together. The gentleman was shabbily dressed, and his linen was none of the cleanest; he looked like a faded beau. There was a stamp in his shoulders, and a turn on the figure, which I fancied I had seen before, but could not remember where. As he turned away, with a prof sheet in his hands, to my utter surprise I beheld Mr. Campbell, who recognized me, and held out his thin fingers for me to shake. His eyes were dull, filmy and watery, and his skin looked coarse and wrinkled. He was unshaven, too; and a new glossy hat only added to the lack-lusterness of his whole appearance. As he spoke, his voice was thick and muffled, but, although he was perfectly sober, he looked what, for want of a better term, must be called 'berry.' He quitted the office in a short time, and I never more saw the Poet of 'Hope,' who shortly afterwards left England for Bologna, where he died in the beginning of the last year.

The career of Campbell as a poet must be considered as singularly fortunate. He early won his fame, and lived long to enjoy it. Placed above want, he was not compelled to drudge for his daily bread, and he had ample means of gratifying his fine taste. He has given in Westminster Abbey, and there leaving his frailties, let us only think of him as

one whose name the world will not willingly let die.

Compendium of the Baltimore American. Meetings at Washington. There were more than 1000 persons who walked the plank yesterday, to wit: Edward and John Smith—brothers—and Thomas Gannon, all of the Third Auditor's Office. Mr. Gannon was a very faithful and laborious Clerk, and very much respected by Mr. Hoge, the Auditor, who stood out manfully for a long time against his removal, but finally had to succumb to his superiors in power, who dismissed it, as the only means of saving himself. The case of Mr. Edward Smith is a hard one, and creates much sympathy. He has a large family and is poor, and his case has been dismissed as Warden of the Penitentiary, has been suffering from severe indisposition for a long time at the house of her father.

I am informed to day that the Polk removal in the various Departments in this city, amount in all, thus far, to one hundred and twenty-two clerks, heads of bureaus, and messengers, whose salaries would average at least \$1200. Thus Mr. Polk, in the first five months of his administration, has from the People's Office—not his own—here in this city alone, one hundred and twenty-two men, with an aggregate compensation for their services of \$149,400! Something of an income to be taken from one class of citizens, in a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and given to another class. Add to this number of removals, all those of Land Office Surveyors, Registers and Receivers; Custom House Collectors, Surveyors, and Navy Agents; Foreign Ministers, Consuls, and Government Agents, and Deputy Postmasters, all over the land, and then say how such a furious and cold blooded system of proscription agrees with the profession, uttered on the 4th of March last, by James K. Polk, that minorities had rights which he would neither trample upon nor abuse!

Mr. Buchanan has gone to the Springs, and as he is to be away some time, Mr. Mason, the Attorney General, has been appointed Secretary of State ad interim. Mr. Buchanan is unquestionably preparing himself for a seat upon the Supreme Bench.

A great deal has been said in praise of the Government's new system of depositing the public moneys—making the Banks, or Individual States Stock, or State Stock, as there shall be Public Money deposited with them—United States Stock is considered the best and safest. But even this is fluctuating in value. Some two or three years ago, it was below par; now it is considerably above—owing to the fact that the Tariff of 43 has steadily yielded an annual revenue of about \$20,000,000. It is thought, however, that it will fall off several millions of dollars in the current year. Should this prove true, and the revenue be found insufficient to meet the expenditures of the Government, down will go United States Stock, and then how natural it will be for the Depositories to tell the Government to keep its own Stock as security, while they will keep the public moneys which is in their hands! The Government will be the loser.

But it is said that the Administration will, with the aid of Congress, effect a large reduction of the Tariff, for the encouraging importations to such an extent as shall keep the revenue up to its present point, notwithstanding the reduction of duties. Who does not see the inevitable consequences of such a step? The exportation of our specie to purchase the goods with, and a consequent revolution in the money affairs of the whole country! A repetition of the terrible shock of 1837, from the effects of which no community in the Union has yet entirely recovered!

I observe that the letter writers from this city for the public press are beating down with great constancy and severity upon Mr. Dickens, the Secretary of the Senate, for not sending his accounts of the suppositions mileage paid to several Senators for travelling to their respective homes and returning to Washington, between the 3d and 4th of March, 1845, to the First Auditor's office for settlement. It seems that Mr. Dallas allowed this constructive mileage; that Mr. Dickens urged the Senators to take it, and that the same being handsome and not hard to take, several of them did take it; that the letter writers got hold of the fact and used it; that Mr. Dickens got vexed in consequence, scolded his clerks for divulging the matter, and then, learning that a Senator it was who let the cat out of the bag, hid up the proofs and records of the matter and withheld the account from the Auditor's office, as the safest means of keeping the matter quiet, warding off the displeasure of the Senators, and securing thereby his own re-election! For all this the letter writers are down upon Mr. Dickens, and for one, I do not much care if they defeat his re-election.

By the way, the letter writers in this city are doing a great deal of good. They are independent and speak out the free thoughts of their hearts. They are untrifling in their efforts to hunt down bad public officers of those servants whom they have put in high places. They hold the rod of swift exposure in terror over the heads of the Administration, and often, no doubt, deter them from the perpetration of some of their bad deeds, the gentry manage to accomplish enough of them, 'goodness knows.' I maintain that these letter writers do more in the way of exhibiting to the people the true conduct of their public servants, than one half of the eleven hundred editors scattered over the United States. They are the salt of the editorial corps, and will yet do much towards saving the country—if it can be saved.

A tremendous sensation has been created in Baltimore, by a person who walked into a tailor's shop and paid, with interest, for a suit of clothes which he bought twelve years ago.

To comprehend the breadth and length, and depth and height of the love of Christ, we must first take the dimensions of our own sin.

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, replied that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

From the New Orleans Times. New Orleans, Aug. 16, 1845. Texas made execution. Important movement of Troops.—We have ten to lay before our readers the important intelligence we have just received, relative to the movement of troops for the purpose of protecting the newly acquired territory of Texas, from the danger of a projected Mexican invasion. Gen. Gaines, now in our city, having received authentic information to the effect that TEN THOUSAND Mexican troops, were within eight days march of Gen. Taylor, who is posted at St. Joseph's Land, immediately despatched a messenger to Governor Mouton, at Pass Christian, claiming a requisition of TWO REGIMENTS OF VOLUNTEERS, (of ten companies each) one to consist of Infantry and one of Riflemen; and two companies of Artillery, with eight field pieces. The requisition was immediately granted, and will be put forthwith into execution.

The two Volunteer Regiments are to be stationed at the Forts and Barracks on the Gulf, subject to orders of the Government; and the United States troops at present in garrison at these stations are to be immediately transferred to Texas. The two Companies of Volunteer Artillery will leave on Wednesday, on Board the steamship Alabama, together with four companies of United States troops, (7th Regiment, Infantry) two of which are expected to-morrow morning, from Pass Christian, under Captain Moore and Holmes.

The above information may be relied upon as authentic.

New Orleans, Aug. 17. TEXAS AND MEXICO. Important Movement of Troops.—Requisition for Men on our Government.—The Call replied. About 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon business took us out of our office; and as we went down Camp on to the Post Office, we saw citizens grouped together at every corner, talking intently about—we then knew not what. They seemed alarmed and in high spirits; and as they completed promiscuously of Whigs and Democrats, we knew that the cause of their rejoicing must be something more than a mere political party triumph. When two men met we could hear one tell the other, with a significant smile, to sharpen Uncle Alexander's (his big sword) and the latter would remind his friend how necessary it now was for him to burnish up his rifle, "rugged-muzzle Boss." We soon learned "What had caused this great commotion? The city through."

It was, at the time we speak of, public and very generally known that the veteran Gen. Gaines, commanding the Southern military division of the United States, had made a demand on Gov. Mouton for one thousand men or more for the national service; and that the Governor promptly made a requisition on Gen. Lewis, commanding the first division of the Louisiana militia, for the required force, viz: two regiments of volunteers, of ten companies each—one of them to consist of musketeers and one of riflemen and two companies of artillery with eight field pieces. The requisition was of course immediately responded to, and will be put forthwith into execution.

It was the knowledge of this fact that caused the excitement amongst our citizens which we have attempted to describe—it was this that made them see as if

Their souls were in arms And eager for the fray!

We understand that the whole of the military force of the city—a most effective and well armed corps—have volunteered their services, and that they have been accepted. Our gallant uniformed infantry companies are not, in the meantime listlessly resting on their arms; calls for meetings of the officers of the Washington Regiment and Louisiana Volunteers may be seen in our paper to-day. In fact, the question will not be "Who will be suffered to remain at home?" but "Who will be permitted to enrol themselves amongst them, the defenders of their countrymen beyond the Sabine?" Before to-morrow's sun ascends the meridian, the draft, in mercantile phrase, will be honored, and were it numerically ten times the amount which it is, it would be met with the same alacrity and goodwill.

The movement is said to be subsequent upon authentic information which has reached Gen. Gaines, of the advance of 10,000 Mexican troops to a point within eight days' march of General Taylor's position. We are not aware of the precise disposition which is to be made of the volunteer force; it is a great body of them, we believe, go to reinforce Gen. Taylor's command.

We, like the rest of our citizens, have no apprehension of the result. If a conflict comes, the valor and pusillanimous nation which excites it will inevitably be the sufferers. Should their cowardly bravery them to such lengths, we trust that they will be met at the outset by a force that will teach them the prowess of our people, and how ridiculously Utopian is the idea that leads them to believe they can cope with us in arms any more than in arts. This humanity, as well as valor, demands of us; for, by a decisive stroke—one that will inspire them with a due degree of terror—thousands of poor wretches who may be dragged in chains from their homes, will, seeing the utter hopelessness of their cause, save their lives by once making it double quick time, an advance backwards. Whatever the strategy or manhandling of our enemies, let them but provoke hostilities, and victory will certainly be found folded in the flag of our Union—Plymouth.

The ship Charlotte, C. S. Trips, has been chartered to transport U. S. troops, provisions, &c. &c. to the Bay of Annapolis, which she will shortly sail.—This.

THE PRINTERS' KISS. First on my forehead kiss, The picture of thy glowing passion; Nay, this won't do—don't kiss me this! But kiss my cheek—'twill mean a 'good' impression!" The Peninsula Gazette states that a man named Nicholson was seized and carried off by a hawk whilst drawing a snipe near that place.