The Carolina Watchman.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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NEW TERMS
OF THE
Carolina Watchman,

The WATCHMAN may hereafter be had for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year.

A Class of four new subscribers who will pay in advance the whole sum at one payment, shall have the paper for one year at Two Dollars each; and as long as the same class shall continue thus to pay in advance the sum of Four Dollars the same terms shall continue, otherwise they will be charged as other subscribers.

Subscribers who do not pay during the year will be charged Three Dollars in all cases.

No subscription will be received for less than one year.

No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, unless all arrearages are paid.

All letters to the Editor must be post paid, otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

Terms of Advertising.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Twenty-five Cents per square for each insertion afterwards.

Short Notices will be charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33 per cent from the regular prices will be made to those that advertise by the year.

No advertisement will be inserted for less than ONE DOLLAR.

Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

SALISBURY,

	Cents.		Cents.
Bacon,	9 a 10	Molasses,	55 a 60
Brandy, ap.	65 a 70	Nails,	8 a 9
peach,	85 a 90	Oats,	25 a 30
Butter,	10 a 12½	Pork,	$6
Cotton in seed	none	Sugar, br.	10 a 12
clean,	7 a 9	loaf,	18 a 20
Coffee,	14 a 17	Salt,	$1 62½
Corn,	a 50	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Feathers,	35 a 37½	Tobacco,	8 a 20
Flour,	$6 a $00	Tow-linen,	16 a 20
Flaxseed,	75	Wheat, (bushel)	$1
Iron, per lb.	6 6½		
Linseed Oil, pr. gal.	$1 12½	Whiskey,	45 a 50
		Wool, (clean)	40

FAYETTEVILLE.

Brandy, peach	a 1 00	Molasses,	35 a 40
Apple	80	Nails, cut,	7½ a 8
Beeswax,	9 a 11	Sugar brown,	8 a 12
Bacon,	25	Lump,	16
Coffee,	12½ a 13½	Loaf,	18 a 20
Cotton,	13 a 14	Salt,	75 a 90
Cotton Yarn,	24 a 32	Sack,	$2½ a $2 75
Feathers,	$1 00	Tobacco leaf	8 a 10
Hides, W. F.	18 20	Cotton bag.	16 a 20
Flaxseed	$1 00 a $1 25	Bale rope,	8 a 12
Flour	$6 a 7	Wheat	1 25 a 1 35
Geese,	45	Whiskey	00 a 60
Iron,	5½ a 6	Wool,	25 a 30

CHERAW.

Bacon,	4 a 6	Nails cut assor.	7¾ a 9
Bagging	10 a 14	wrought	16 a 18
Butter	15 a 20	Oats bushel	a 50
Beeswax	20 a 22	Oil gal	75 a $1
Bagging yd	18 a 23	lamp	$125
Cotton rope lb	10 a 12½	linseed	110 a 125
Coffee lb	12½ a 16	Pork 100lbs	6 a 8
Corn	12 a 15	Rice 100lbs	$5½ a $6¼
Corn, bush	75 a 1 00	Sugar lb	10 a 12½
Flour bbl	$6½ a $8	Salt sack	$3¼ a $3½
Feathers	40 a 45	bush	$1 a $1¼
Iron 100lbs	5½ a 6½	Steel Amer.	10 a 12½
Lead	22 a 25	English	14
Molasses	45 a 50	German	12 a 14
Rum	10 a 12	Tea impe.	$1 a $1 37½

RUNAWAY.
$50 REWARD.

ABSCONDED about the last of October, from the subscriber, at that time residing in Stokes County, N. Carolina, my Negro man

COLEMAN,

of 28 years of age, and of a very bright complexion. He is a Shoemaker by trade, has a very bushy head of hair, a thin visage, is well built and weighs from 135 to 140 pounds. He has a very large scar on one of his legs near the ankle believed to be on the right leg. He has a scar on each arm just below the elbow occasioned by a burn. His heels have been frosted, and his legs have left scars upon them. Coleman has a wife (a free woman) near Blakely, Halifax County, and it is probable that he may be lurking in that direction, although many persons believe he was decoyed off by a white man, named Young, who left the neighborhood about the same time for Indiana. I will give a reward of Fifty Dollars to any one who will deliver Coleman to me near Brook Neal in Campbell County, Va., or who will confine him in jail, that I may get him in my possession.

RICHARD OVERSTEET.

Brook Neal, Campbell Co. Va. December 26, 1838. } 1t23

State of North Carolina,
IREDELL COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, February Term, 1839.

William Smith & others vs. William Smith, } Petition for Partition.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that William Smith is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made six weeks successively in the Carolina Watchman, that the said William Smith appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Iredell at the Court House in Statesville, on the 3d Monday in May next, then and there answer, plead or demur to said petition, otherwise the same will be taken pro confesso as to him.—Witness, J. F. Alexander, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 3d Monday in February, 1839, and in the 63d year of our Independence.

J. F. ALEXANDER, C. C. C.

29—6w35—price $5

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Museum.

THE HANDSOME STRANGER.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was on a fine spring morning, some years since, that I found myself in one of those nuisances which, for the *convenience* of the patient public, so long plied between New York and Long Island. I mean an old Brooklyn steamboat—now, thanks to the enterprize of a few individuals, replaced by commodious and neat ferry boats. As it is my disposition to seek always for the hidden good in every apparent evil, and from the most uncomfortable situation to extract at least, amusement, I turned my attention to the study of the human face divine as exhibited in the dirty, crowded cabin. In such an assemblage as is usually found in such places, there must be of necessity, a large proportion of insignificant, inexpressive, and disagreeable countenaces; but the eye that seeks for the beautiful and the good can seldom roam through a crowded circle without finding, at least one brow on which it may rest with pleasure. On the morning, in question, I was struck with the exceeding beauty of a head immediately opposite me. A group of two or three persons stood between me and the individual that had attracted my attention, so that I could see nothing but *the head*—and I certainly never saw a more exquisite specimen of male beauty. It seemed like a vivification of one of Vandyke's magnificent portraits. The dark, clear complexion the finely chiselled features—the superb curb of the crimson lips—the broad arch of the expansive forehead, and the full, dark eyes lighted up with an almost dazzling brilliancy formed a combination of beauty, such as the old Italian masters may have sometimes beheld, when Venice was the ocean queen, and her children among the fairest as well as the noblest of earth. The eyes were apparently fixed on the glimpse of blue sky visible through the narrow window, while the marble stillness of the countenance, and almost rigid tranquillity of the features made me feel as if I was, in very truth, gazing on some wonderous triumph of the painter's art.

While I looked, a sudden turn of the boat brought the full glare of the morning sun directly upon those singular eyes, but the radiance which fell with almost blinding power on the faces of those around, seemed to be to him but as the light of a farthing candle: his glance quailed not for an instant, even when it met the blaze of the meridian sun. My imagination was busy employed in weaving a fancy webb of romantic history, for this rarely gifted individual. But I was suddenly recalled to every day life by the arrival of the boat at the the ferry, and the usual scramble to get on shore. I then perceived that this magnificent head actually had been wasted upon a miserable, shrunken, crooked figure, that might have personated Richard the III., as Stephen Kemble is said to have played Falstaff, 'without stuffing.' He was, evidently, 'an unfortunate gentleman.' His habiliments had certainly been 'made to order,' and had long since lost all claim to the gentility they might have possessed when he first received them in all the gloss of a Chatham street rifacciamento. Although he was an anomaly, if a whimsical sculptor should have joined the god-like head of Apollo to the distorted body of Vulcan, the effect could scarcely have been more grotesque. I amused myself as I walked up Fulton, with endeaving to form some idea of what possible use the rare gift of beauty would ever be to this stray waif upon the world; but I could fancy it of no other utility than to excite the sympathy of some good natured serving wench, when at some future day its possessor accompanied *Old Hays* to Bridewell.

About two years afterwards, I was spending a few weeks at the Springs, when the little community of fashionables was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a splendid carriage, without riders, said to contain Son Altesse the Duke del Piombino. Any one that has ever spent a week at Saratoga, will not easily forget the insane passion which is there exhibited for foreign fashions, and, above all, foreign titles. In fact I have heard it seriously asserted, that a well trained ourang outang, furnished with a title as a passport, and a meerchaum as an excuse for his silence, might obtain access to the 'best society' of even our own proud city of Gotham, without much difficulty. The arrival of the Duke del Piombino created of course a very great sensation; and many an old-fashioned papa was teased into a promise of making an effort to compass the Duke's acquaintance in the course of the day, that their daughters might have the honor of his hand in the evening dance. Never had Saratoga beheld a more splendid galaxy of beauty than that which graced the ball that night. But, alas! the blaze of charms was powerless The Duke was not present. Indeed his highness seemed determined to disappoint all calculation For three days he was too unwell to leave his room; and innumerable were the stone bottles of Congress water that were carried to that honored apartment. For three days his own six servants, and about half a dozen others belonging to the house were kept constantly employed in attending upon him. In the mean time curiosity was excited to an almost painful degree. The femmes des chambre belonging to the establishment endeavored to learn something from his servants but with little success. His coachman and outriders were mere Irish bostlers picked up in New York, and his valet, the only one capable of giving any information, a stiff, formal Englishman with a strongly marked Jewish physiognomy, only stated that his master had left Europe incognito to avoid notoriety

On the evening of the third day he appeared at the tea-table. Every eye was fixed upon him as he entered the room, and every gentleman acknowledged that he was well worthy of attention. He was attired in the rich uniform of an Austrian Colonel of Hussars and a short Spanish cloak of black velvet, such as we often see in theatrical costume, was flung carelessly over one shoulder; while the ladies did not fail to observe that the clasp of his cloak, together with his breastpin and ring were of diamonds. But picturesque as was his dress, it was scarcely noticed by those who were enabled to obtain a view of his countenance. The soft, lustrous eyes, the superb forehead, the exquisite mouth and the Byronic chin of the noble Duke were exhaustless themes of admiration His whiskers were quite unexceptionable—his moustache was the very bow of Cupid, and when some one ventured to hint that if his features were examined critically his nose would be found to be a little too aquiline—a little too nearly approaching to the Jewish conformation, the suggestion was treated with such merited scorn as envy should always receive. I gazed on him a long time with that dubious feeling of half recognition which sometimes haunts us like a remembered dream. I could not recollect that I had ever been in company with the Duke, and yet I was sure that his face was not unfamiliar to me.

Great were the heart-burnings that night in the ball room. His highness did not dance, but amused himself with watching the many lovely forms that floated amid the mazes of the bewitching waltz Many a bright eye grew brighter beneath his glance—many a fair cheek blushed 'celestial rosy red' as the dancer's gossamar robe brushed the velvet trappings of the noble stranger.

The next day the duke exhibited himself on horseback, and thus afforded us an opportunity of observing his small and beautiful foot. His form was evidently diminutive, but the graceful cloak which seemed his constant companion forbade us to discover its proportions, and all were willing to believe that where the head was so fine, and the extremities so well shaped, the figure also must be good. As he rode slowly away the same vague feeling of recognition passed through my mind; and as he dismounted after his return, I discovered the mystery His horse alarmed by some unwonted sound, turned short round as he was about lighting, and to avoid an appearance of awkwardness, he was compelled to dismount with the sun full in his eyes. He raised his head and met the full blaze of light, without a momentary dropping of the eye-lid—and this simple incident at once dissipated all my doubts. He was the strange individual I had met on board the steamboat—the handsome stranger

My suspicions once aroused, I determined to watch the duke very narrowly, and discover, if possible, the meaning of this surprising metamorphose I found him gradually making himself acquainted with the loveliest among the females, and the richest among the men. His equippage & servants were always at the command of the ladies whom he honored with his admiration, and their brothers could not be so unreasonable as to object to an acquaintance with a man who displayed the decorations of innumerable order of knighthood—who hinted his consanguinity with the blood royal of France; and above all, who lost his money at billiards with so much grace and dignity.

Among the belles of the season, Matilda Easton, the orphan heiress of a southern planter, was conspicuous. She had visited the Springs under the protection of her aunt, a sentimental spinster of the old school, who doated on the production of the 'Minerva Press,' and expected all kinds of romantic improbabilities from the charms of her bewitching niece. Matilda was certainly a splendid creature, and with a little more self distrust would have been a very lovely woman; but, born at the south, and surrounded by slaves from her infancy, she had learned to look upon herself as a sort of earthly divinity whom men ought to worship rather than presume to love. She was just twenty, and in actual possession of her immense fortune; it was no wonder, therefore, that the duke singled her out as the object of his special attention. The undisguised delight with which Matilda enjoyed the triumph over her rivals, first made me doubt the better qualities of her nature. I, using the privilege of my years, endeavored in vain to arouse her suspicions, and to awaken her to a full sense of the danger she was incurring in this intimacy—but she was too self-willed to listen to an old man's caution, and nothing was left to me but to look on while the game was played.

In the course of a short time the billiard players found that the stranger could *win* money as amiably as he once lost it, and many a precipitate retreat from the summer abode of fashion, might be attributed to the grace with which the noble Duke presided over the table of fortune Many a young dandy, who had dealt out the highest ecomiums on his highness' affability, was obliged to add his regrets that a republican purse was quite insufficient to support so aristocratic an acquaintance. In the meantime the singular beauty of his countenance seemed to serve him instead of a letter of credit, and where he went he was sure of being well received. "Why does he always wear that cloak?" I asked Matilda, to whom he professed to have narrated many incidents in his life. "Oh, there is a very romantic story connected with it," replied she, "but it was related to me under a promise of secrecy; I can tell you enough, however, to account for his always wearing it. While travelling through Calabria he was fortunate enough to rescue a Spanish Prince from the hands of a banditti; in the sudden impulse of gratitude the Prince threw his own cloak, with its splendid diamond clasp, on the Duke's shoulders, and exacted from him a promise never to appear without it until they should meet again.' 'How long since this romantic adventure occurred?' I asked. 'About 3 years.'' "The Duke has been extremely careful of his royal gift, if he has been able to retain its first gloss so long," said I; but Matilda made no reply to my inuendo, and I questioned her no farther. I remained an anxious, though not an interested spectator of their proceedings, until I learned that Matilda had broken off an engagement of a year's standing with her cousin, a promising lawyer in Charleston, and then, in disgust, I quitted the Springs.

I had been but a few days at my old winter lodging in the City Hotel, when I found the Duke of Piombino was among us. Matilda had returned to her splendid house near the Battery and the Duke took up his abode in the vicinity, determined to follow up his advantage. Living in the house with him, I could not but observe the admirable manner in which he conducted his manœuvers. His fine horsemanship—his skill in music—his vast erudition—all were topics of praise in the circles where he visited; but I could not divest myself of the belief that equestrian skill was all that he actually possessed The picturesque beauty of his attitude as he flung back the drapery of his short cloak: and striking a few cords on the guitar, breathed in low, sweet voice, some simple French or Spanish love song, was enough to disarm all criticism, and many a sensible girl, charmed by the magic of his tones forgot to ask whether it was the gift of nature, or the effect of cultivation. His reputation for learning, he was careful not to endanger. Allusion to strange personal adventures were much more common in his mouth than philosophical discussions, and he had a tact seldom equalled in turning the conversation from book to things, from actions to persons.

At length I received a card to attend the wedding of the rich and beautiful Matilda Easton. How shall I describe the fairy-like beauty with which her magnificent abode was infested on that festal night? The rooms were converted into Turkish pavilions of unequalled splendor, hangings of silk and gold covered the walls, cushions of eider down, covered with the costliest satins, were piled upon the floors, the staircases were crowded with the richest exotics, and every thing wore the appearance of an oriental festival The guests were attired with proportionate richness but murmurs of admiration echoed through the rooms as the bridal party entered. Six bridesmaids attended the stately bride, who in her rich robe of white velvet, embroidered with silver, and looped with diamonds looked "every inch a queen!" The ordinary splendor of the duke's attire left no opportunity for great display that evening, but the almost radiant beauty of his countenance, flushed as it was with triumph, was noticed by all.

The next morning the happy pair left the city for Washington, but before dinner time all the Broadway loungers were whispering some strange story about the duke's cloak It was said that it had been worn less to produce a graceful effect than to hide a most *ungraceful* deformity—in short, the lady's femme de chambre has discovered that the noble bridegroom had a hump-back.

A few months after, Matilda's vast property was converted into bills of exchange, and they departed for Europe, intending to make the grand tour, while the ancient palace of the Ducal territory of Piombino should be newly furnished to receive its republican mistress.

Poor Matilda! she has been for some time a boarder in a convent in the South of France. Her pride will not allow her to return to her native land, and the remnant of her fortune has enabled her to purchase a home among strangers. The discovery which she made of his personal deformity was the first shock she encountered; but to reconcile her to this he had shown her a *fleur de lys* stamped deeply on his shoulder as with a hot iron, which he informed her, under a solemn injunction of secrecy, was an indisputable proof of his Bourbon blood, as all members of royal family received that impression immediately after birth. This served to console the ambitious wife for many sorrows. She saw her money wasted at the gaming table—she heard her husband spoken lightly of among his servants—she felt his estrangement from herself, but still she ceased not to pride herself in the thought that she was the wife of a prince of the blood. But the final blow came. A party of *gen de arms* one day entered their magnificent hotel & seized him as a felon escaped from the galliés. The *fleur de lys*, the proof of his royal birth, was in fact the badge of merited infamy!

His history may be told in a few words. He was a French Jew, whose original employment had been the never failing resource of the poor Israelite, dealing in old clothes. Five years previous he had been branded and condemned to the galliés for swindling, but having succeeded in making his escape, he determined to push his fortune in America. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui cout." A run of luck at the gaming table gave him funds to commence his grand experiment,—an accomplice, less favoured by nature, assumed the station of his valet, while he played to perfection the noble Duke, and we have already seen how he succeeded.

Whether his career is yet ended I cannot say, but my last meeting with the noble Duke del Piombino was during a visit to France a few months since, when I saw him, chained by the neck to a fellow scoundrel, and busily employed in mending the road near Paris.

The fate of the lovely Matilda is a melancholy one; but who of the loungers in fashionable life cannot recall a somewhat similar case? When we shall cease to ape foreign follies and foreign vices—when we shall learn to value the title of "American citizen" above the proudest peerage that Europe can boast, then, and not till then, shall we cease to hear of such things.

TEXAS

Extracts from a letter from John Scott, Esq. formerly of Hillsboro', to a gentleman in that place, dated

City of Houston, Texas, March 10, 1839.

An emigrant should not stop short of Texas. Thousands from the richest parts of the valley of the Mississippi are pouring into this new Republic A Farmer may grow rich here upon one fourth of the labor it takes to support his family in Orange.—If they move at all, let them come to Texas. The best geographical account of the country, is one lately passed published in New York by a Mr Newall Probably, Turner & Hughes of Raleigh, may have it for sale. I recommend it to the perusal of every one who thinks of Texas. It is a small volume.

The late Congress appointed five commissioners to locate the seat of Government. It will be on the Colorado, or a little east of it, in a fertile, well watered, and delightful country, as healthy as any part of the globe.

By coming next fall, each head of a family will secure 640 acres of bounty land, and each single man 320 acres, provided they arrive before the first day of January, 1840, at which time the law expires.

The late Congress passed a law to establish a line of military forts, from Red River to Rio Grande, a distance of six hundred miles, over a delightful and salubrious and fertile region of country, to protect the frontier settlements. Each fort is to contain a square of land, of nine miles each. A bounty of one section is to be given to every able bodied settler, who will locate himself, and open a farm and keep it up for three years, within either boundary of the Forts. This added to the 640 acres, will make 800 acres of land, the bounty for settling in one of the choicest portions of the earth!

Families who come to TEXAS by land should cross the Mississippi river somewhere between Natchez and Vicksburg, and enter Texas on the Red River side—It will be the shortest and most direct route to the new city of Austin

Houston was commenced in 1837, when the first house was built; now its population is about 5000 souls. The hardy sons of 'the old North State,' muster strong here; more so, perhaps, than from any other State of the Union. MEMUCAN HUNT, formerly of Granville, is now Secretary of the Navy.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.

"I will record in this place," says Mr. FLINT, in his Travels in America, 'a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair example of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river In the Sabbath School at new Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances: A man was descending the river with three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert Island on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, and these at a little prairie opposite the island, within a great distance He wanted more whiskey, although he had been drinking too freely Against the persuasions of his children, he left them, to cross over to these houses and renew his supply The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could dissuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them he should return that night. He left them in tears, and exposed the pitiless peltings of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage and the man was drowned.

"These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty ragged dress, for he had taken his blankets with him. They neither had fire nor shelter and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewed and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources She made them creep together, and draw their feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning, the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about, setting them an example Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem if Providence had a special eye to these children, for in the course of the day some Indians landed on the island and found them, and, as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them."

TRIUMPHS OF LABOR.

We have rarely seen the mighty results of the labor of man more strikingly elucidated than in the following extract of an address by Henry Coleman, to several Agricultural Societies of this State assembled at their annual festival last October. We find it in the New England Farmer.

Two years since, I traversed the great Erie canal from one end to the other; I floated on the waters of the Ohio canal; and I returned to the sea-shore by the Pittsburg and Pennsylvania canals and rail roads. What a magnificent excursion! What mighty triumphs of art and labor are here. What an expanding of the imagination! How many beautiful and splendid visions have floated before the mind, which were surpassed by the great realities. Here were mountains levelled and valleys filled. Here were deep basins excavated, and noble and long stretching embankments, which rivalled the neighboring hills. Here were rivers hundreds of miles in length flowing at man's pleasure, and in channels formed by his hands. Here were streams crossing streams on beautifully arched aqueducts Here were mountains of granite pierced through and through, and a passage opened through the heart of a damantine barriers for vehicles freighted with human life. Here were deep inland oceans mingling their waters with the mighty sea that sweeps from pole to pole, and bearing upon their quiet tides ten thousand floating and deeply laden arks; myriads of human beings, active in pursuits of business or pleasure, accumulations of wealth from the deep and tangled recesses of the forest now first springing into life under the touch of civilization, from the shores of the Western Ocean; accumulations, whose growing extent difies all calculation. All this, too is the work of a little animal of the ordinary height of sixty inches, with only two feet and two hands, and of an average duration of life less than twenty years.—His mighty implements in these great exploits, were only a kind of Robinson Crusoe assortment, a hoe, a pick-x, and a spade. Such are the great results of intelligent, concentrated, persevereing labor, achievements of our own times, and scarcely a quarter of a century old.

These results are wonderful. They are no miraculous creation. They are the fruits of the labor of individuals, applied in its most minute forms, and at successive times. When De Witt Clinton first struck a spade a little bigger than a man's two hands into the ground, and said, 'This shall bring the mighty waters of Lake Superior into the ocean, and the vast, as yet unimagined treasures of the great West shall float upon their descending current,' few minds could believe that this was any other than such stuff as dreams are made of. But the prediction was accomplished and in his day. The thundering cannon never sent a more electrifying appeal, than when its successive acclamations along the whole bright line announced that the nuptial union between the vast lakes of the north and the beautiful Atlantic was consummated. Never was a gladder note poured into the patriot's ear since the Declaration of 1779, than the assurance which then fell upon it, that these internal communications, these glittering silver bands, were to form the strong bonds of friendly union and sympathy with those distant territories now brought into such near conjunction: territories before scarcely known to each other by name, now shaking hands with each other as next door neighbors. Such are the great results of labor.

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

Some body has manufactured the following: 'He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the papers regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time in differently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.'

An old and esteemed friend writing to us, says: "Do not forget the *20th of April* It was the day on which the noble machine, the Constitution, received its first impulse, and has proceeded so happily ever since. The 4th of March was to have been the day for commencing the Grand Experiment; but the roads were so bad, and the Conscript Fathers mostly travelled on horseback, in those primitive days of the Republic, that a quorem could not be had till the *20th of April*, 1789, when the first inauguration of a President of the United States took place in the old Federal Hall, New York—and an august ceremonial it was On that occasion, the first President was dressed wholly in American Manufactures. When the 30th of April arrives, I will have seen FIFTY YEARS of the success of the great experiment of Self-Government, Equal Rights, and Equal Laws."

Alex. Gaz.