

It was not long since that this bold, enterprising devilishness had cast itself over the comfort of a hut or the protection of a roof. Harrowing sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually triumphed here; but still there is still silence among the graves, and the dead are buried in unconcerned sleepiness, and oblivion in their manner and air, and her unwarlike aspect, though enough except that she suspects the question, means either to afford or conceal.

When she is about to speak, the question is always repeated, "What now?" and when she is asked, "What now?" she answers, "I am safe." Some questions at this time passed, was convened to Gay's Hospital, where she is present, is, however, in a state of languor and debility, which she manifested when she left the hospital.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

During a visit to the United States, General Greene, made at Castriesville, on the Island of Maurice, in April 1783, one of his officers picked up, in a smoke-shop in that place, a carbine, the barrel of which was inscribed, dated London, 1775, designed by the torty, directed to the patriotic spirit which had begun to shew itself in the colonies, in resisting the usurpation of the mother country. It purports to be a carbine of copper, and is surrounded, surmised its remarks to gunpowder. We think it a duty, which Mr. Bruch owes to himself, the friends of Gen. Jackson, and the people, to lay this speech before the people. Even then he manifest that either Mr. Clay or his subordinates has attempted to deceive the public. That Mr. Clay should have been misinformed respecting a carbine of copper, we do not doubt; but that he has, in his opinion, so far misrepresented the facts, that the people will be greatly deceived.

The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. On the right, a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella.

—*Rick. Bob.*

A good deal has been said about the letter written by Mr. Buchanan to the Editor of the Washington Telegraph, in regard to the picture. The following is an extract from it:

"On the right of the picture, three ladies, whose appearance bespeak those among the 'heavy and fash'd' of Boston, are seen, emptying the contents of their pockets into a small bag, which is suspended from the neck of a dog, which is licking the cheek of an infant at play on the carpet. It is, we suppose, a picture of a girl, a dog, and an infant, with an expression of great satisfaction, while her neighbor with the long-haired cap and gipsy-mantle, and staff-walking, but upholding gravity, is, occupying a hand-chair, and looking down at the picture. A fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella. The picture represents, on the left, the "Moderate," a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old man, in a coat of the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted candle in her right as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is seated at the head of a long, round-table, who is looking down at a fat, fat-faced, bald-headed old woman, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indispensable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by pinching his audacious hand with the sharp point of her umbrella.

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