# EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL XVIII. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1835 NO. 29.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
*SATURDAY MORNING*
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

*ADVERTISEMENTS*

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.



## Public Sale of Valuable Property.

THE undersigned commissioners appointed by Talbot county Court, to value and divide the real estate of Samuel Yarnall, late of Talbot county deceased, by virtue of an order of said Court, will offer at public sale on TUESDAY the 21st of July, at the Court House door in the town of Easton, the following property, to wit: the Dwelling House and Plantation of the late Samuel Yarnell, situate within one mile of the town of Easton, directly on the road leading to Centreville. This Farm, by a resurvey caused to be made by the undersigned, contains the quantity of 147 1-4 acres of Land. The dwelling is a large and commodious brick house. This place from its vicinity to Easton and its pleasant situation, offers many inducements as a residence. The place will be shewn to any desirous of viewing it by Ennalls Roszell, Esq now residing upon it. At the same time will be offered a Lot of ground near "Hook Town," containing 3 3-4 acres of Land—Also, a Lot of ground with the improvements thereon, situate on the west side of Washington street, adjoining the residence of the late Thos. Perrin Smith. This Lot has a comfortable Dwelling upon it and a front of 55 feet and runs back to West street. Also a town Lot situate on the south side of South street, numbered on the Town Plot as Lot No. 30,—also, another Lot near the above, numbered as Lot 34, on the Town Plot. These last named Lots are without any improvements upon them. Also, another Lot whereon Jerry Banning (negro) resides, the improvements thereon belonging to said Jerry. The above property will be sold separate and distinct. The terms of sale are one third of the purchase money on the day of sale, the balance in two equal instalments of six and twelve months, secured by bond and sureties to be approved by the Commissioners, bearing interest from the day of sale. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money a good and sufficient title clear of all incumbrance will be given. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, and attendance given by

EDW'D. N. HAMBLETON,
JOHN EDMONDSON,
JOHN STEVENS,
JOHN M. G. EMORY,
SAML. T. KENNARD.
Commissioners.

June 27

## NEW SPRING GOODS

**Wilson & Taylor**

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore and have opened their usual supply of

**SPRING GOODS.**

to which they invite the attention of the friends and the public generally.

april 25

## NEW SPRING GOODS.

WM. H. & P. GROOME,

HAVE just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, their entire supply of

**SPRING GOODS,**

which added to their former stock makes their assortment very complete. They respectfully invite their friends and the public to give them a call. Among the articles received are a variety of

English & French Ginghams,

French Painted Lawns and Chintzes, and Fancy Gauze and other Handkerchiefs

may 2

## CARD.

*I. I. HITCHCOCK*

Late proprietor of the American Farmer Establishment, Baltimore, Md. having sold out that concern ENTIRE, will, within the present month (May,) open in Philadelphia an Agricultural and Horticultural Agency or commission Office, for the purchase and sale chiefly of choice Domestic Animals of all kinds.

He will also keep on hand, (when they can be had) the seed of the Cuba Grass, and the Skinless Oats, and whatever other agricultural seeds, especially grains and grasses, he can obtain, that may be new or peculiarly valuable. He will supply also in the proper season, the Morus Multicaulis, or new Chinese Mulberry, and the eggs of the Silk Worm.

He will also attend to the selection of fruit and ornamental Trees, Seeds and Plants, from the various Horticultural Establishments in and about Philadelphia.

Further particulars will be advertised hereafter.

may 32

## *Collector's Second Notice for* 1834.

The subscriber being desirous of completing his collections for the year 1834, earnestly requests all persons who stand indebted to him for county taxes to come forward and settle them without delay; as he must if possible settle with all those who have claims upon the County in the time specified by law which will expire on or about the 1st of March next, and it is impossible for him to pay them unless he is first paid; therefore all those that do not comply with this notice on or before that time may certainly expect the letter of the law enforced against them, without respect to persons; as his duty as an officer will compel him to this course. Persons holding property in the county and residing out it will please pay attention to this notice and save themselves trouble.

JNO. HARRINGTON, Collector of Talbot county.

Jan. 13


[From the New Novel, "Horse Shoe Robinson," by J. P. Kennedy, Esq.

*An adventure wherein it is apparent that the actions of real life are full as marvellous as the inventions of romance.*

David Ramsay's house was situated on a by-road, between five and six miles from Musgrove's mill, and at about the distance of one mile from the principal route of travel between Ninety-six and Blackstock's. In passing from the military post, that had been established at the former place, towards the latter, Ramsay's lay off to the left with a piece of dense wood intervening. The by-way, leading through the farm, diverged from the main road and traversed this road until it reached the cultivated grounds immediately round Ramsay's dwelling. In the journey from Musgrove's mill to this point of divergence, the traveller was obliged to ride some two or three miles upon the great road leading from the British garrison,—a road that, at the time of my story, was much frequented by the military parties, scouts and patroles that were concerned in keeping up the communication between the several posts which were established by the British authorities along that frontier. Amongst the whig parties, also, there were various occasions which brought them under the necessity of frequent passage through this same district, and which, therefore furnished opportunities for collision and skirmish with the opposite forces.

It is a matter of historical notoriety, that immediately after the fall of Charleston, and the rapid subjugation of South Carolina that followed this event, there were three bold and skilful soldiers who undertook to carry on the war of resistance to the established authorities, upon a settled and digested plan of annoyance, under the most discouraging state of destitution, as regarded all the means of offence, that perhaps, history records. It will not detract from the fame of other patriots of similar enthusiasm and of equal bravery, to mention the names of Marion, Sumpter and Pickens, in connection with this plan of keeping up an apparently hopeless partisan warfare, which had neither promise of men, money nor arms,—and yet which was so nobly sustained, amidst accumulated discomfitures, as to lead eventually to the subversion of the 'Tory ascendency' and the expulsion of the British power. According to the plan of operations concerted amongst these chieftains, Marion took the lower country under his supervision; Pickens the south western districts, bordering upon the Savannah river; and to Sumpter was allotted all that tract of country lying between the Broad and Catawba rivers, from the angle of their junction, below Camblen, up to the mountain districts of North Carolina. How faithfully these men made good their promise to the country, is not only written in authentic history, but it is also told in many a legend amongst the older inhabitants of the region that was made the theatre of action. It only concerns my story to refer to the fact, that the events, which have occupied my last five or six chapters, transpired in that range more peculiarly appropriated to Sumpter, and that the high road from Blackstock's towards Ninety six, was almost as necessary for communication between Sumpter & Pickens, as between the several British garrisons.

On the morning that succeeded the night on which Horse Shoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's, the stout and honest sergeant have been seen, about, eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninty-Six at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest, by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innes was encamped along the Ennoree, within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent; and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey, by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging parties of Tories, whose motion he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in, what he called, 'fair flight'—and once to ensconce himself, a full half hour, under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore according to his own phrase, 'dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods towards Ramsay's with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning:' and with this circumspection, he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practised soldier, whom frequent frays has taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoitre before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the out houses.

The barking of a house dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query,

'Where is your master, you powder monkey?—stop that dog!'

'Yaick—ya hound!'—cried the boy, aiming a blow at the dog's head with his hand.—'What is you making a fuss about?—Massa done gone, sa.'

'Where?'—inquired the sergeant.

'Got on his critter, arter breckfus, and started away, like all de world.'

'Your mistress?'

'She home, sa, shelling beans.'

'Any sodgers or strangers there?'

'All gone, sa'—replied the negro.

Robinson, having thus satisfied himself, as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to take his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

'Mistress Ramsay, said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at table, with a large trencher before her, in which she was plying that household thrift which the negro described,—luck to you ma'am, and all your house! I hope you hav'nt none of these clinking and clattering bullies about you, that are as thick over this country as the frogs in the kneading troughs—that they tell of.'

'Good lack—Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson!' exclaimed the matron, offering the sergeant her hand. 'What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience sake, tell me!'

'I am alone,'—said Robinson,—'and a little wettish, mistress,' he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it:—'it has just sot up a rain, and looks as if it was going to give us enough on't—You don't mind doing a little dinner work of a sunday, I see,—shelling of beans, I spose, is tantamount to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the sabbath—ha, ha!—Where's Davy?'

'He's gone over to the meeting house on Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden:—perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?'

'Faith, that's a mistake, mistress Ramsay. Though I don't doubt that they are hard upon the scratches, by this time. But, at this present spreading, I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps and that's myself; and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance, that hangs in this old belt by my side, (pointing to his sword)—and that I captured from the enemy at Bradstock's. I was hoping I might find John Ramsay at home.—I have need of him as a recruit.'

'Ah, Mr. Robinson,—John has a heavy life of it—over there with Sumpter. The boy is often without his natural rest, or a meal's victuals, and the general thinks so much of him, that he cant spare him to come home. I hav'nt the heart to complain, as long as John's services is of any account, but it does seem, Mr. Robinson, like needless tempting of the mercies of Providence. We thought he might have been here to day;—yet I am glad he did'nt come; for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in, this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign, that belongs to Ninety-Six; and four great Scotchmen with him, and in red coats, they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house; and calling for this; and calling for that; as if they owned the free simple of every thing on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse Shoe, to see them turn out in the yard and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them; and I not daring to say a word: though, I did give them a piece of my mind, too.'—

'Who is at home with you? inquired the sergeant eagerly.—

'Nobody but my young st boy, Andrew,' answered the dame. 'And then the filthy, toping rioters,' she continued, exalting her voice.—

'What arms have you in your house?' asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

'We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John. They must call for drink too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern.'—

'They took the route towards Ninety-Six, you said, mistress Ramsay?'

'Yes,—they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?'—

'Isn't there an old field, about a mile from here, on that road?' inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts—

'Certain,' replied the hostess. 'You must remember the cobbler that died of drink on the road side?'

'There is a shabby, ricketty cabin in the middle of the field; am I right, good woman?'

'Yes.'

'And nobody lives in it. It has no door to it?'

'There ha'n't been a family there these seven years.

'I know the place, very well, said the sergeant thoughtfully, 'there is woods just on this side of it.'

'That's true,' replied the dame: 'but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?'—

'How long before this rain began, was it that they quitted the house?'

'Not above fifteen minutes.'

'Mistress Ramsay; bring the rifle and pistol both; and the powder horn and bullets.'—

'As you say, Mr. Horse Shoe;' answered the dame as she turned round to leave the room, 'but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do.'

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

'Where is Andy?' asked Horse Shoe

The hostess went to the door and called her son,—and, almost immediately after yards, a sturdy boy, of about twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the apartment,—his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

'How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?'—asked Horse Shoe.

'I'm agreed,'—replied the boy,—'if you will tell me what to do'

'You are not going to take the boy out, on any of your desperate projects, Mr Horse Shoe?'—said the mother, with the tear starting instantly into her eyes—'You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger!'—

'Bless your soul, mistress Ramsay, there ar'nt no danger about it!—Don't take on so. It is a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done,—and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have took them'—

'Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars.—God protect him!—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another,'—she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

'Oh it aint nothing,'—said Andrew, in a sprightly tone—'It is only snapping of a pistol, mother,—pooh!—If I'm not a fraid, you ought'n't to be.'

'I give my honour, mistress Ramsay,'—said Robinson,—'that I will bring or send your son, safe back in one hour; and that he shan't be put in any sort of danger whatsoever;—come,—that's a good woman.'—

'You are not deceiving me Mr. Robinson?' asked the matron, wiping away a tear—'You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?'—

'On the honesty of a sodger, ma'am, replied Horse Shoe.—'the lad shall be in no danger—as said before; whatsomedever.'

'Then I will say no more,—answered the mother—'But Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you.'

Horse Shoe now loaded the fire-arms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put his pistol into the hands of the boy;—then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestations of that light heartedness, which no difficulties ever seemed to have power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with a encouraging laugh—'Andy and me will teach them Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war; we will *surround* the ragamuffins.'

'Now Andy, my lad,'—said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter,—'you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down'—he continued, as the boy sprung upon the horse's rump,—,and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this.'

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace but little above a walk.

'Andy,' he said,—'We have got rather a ticklish sort of a job, before us—so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it and was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut, when this rain came up,—and then, it was the most supposable case in the world, that they would naturally go into it, as the dryest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along, until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field; and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench;—you know what that means, Andy?'—

'It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them,'—replied Andrew.—

'Pretty exactly,'—said the sergeant. 'But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels,—and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls.'

'Yes; I understand,'—said the boy eagerly—

'No you don't,'—replied Horse Shoe;—'but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and bellow like fine fellows, for quarters. And, thereupon Andy, I'll cry out 'stand fast,'—as if I was speaking to my own men,—and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt,—because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered.—Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen: & when you have done that; why, all's done; But if you should hear any popping of fire arms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off; do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?'

'Oh yes,'—replied the lad,—'and I'll do what you want,—and more too, may be, Mr. Robinson.'

'*Captain* Robinson,—remember, Andy; you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotchmen.'

'I'll not forget that neither,'—answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope; as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe had designed for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field; & it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered a smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel.—Andrew was instantly posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of the young Ramsay might be depended upon he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds; abruptly reigned up his steed, in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end; and, in the corner opposite the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle, thrust himself one space inside of the door, and to level his rifle at the group beside the fire, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant; shouting at the same time—

'Surrender to captain Robinson of the Free Will Volunteers, and the Continental Congress; or you are all dead men! Halt,'—he vociferated in a voice of thunder, as if speaking to a corps under his command; 'file off, corner right and left, to both sides of the house. The first man that budges a foot from that there fire place, shall have fifty balls through his body.'—

'To arms!—cried the young officer who commanded the squad inside of the house. 'Leap to your arms, men! Why do you stand, you villains?' he added, as he perceived his men hesitate to move towards the corner, where the muskets were piled—

'I don't want your blood young man,' said Robinson coolly, as he still levelled his rifle at the officer,—'nor that of your people'—but by my father's son I'll not leave one of you to be put upon a muster roll, if you move an inch!'

Both parties now stood, for a brief space eyeing each other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of mixed doubt and anger visible on the countenance of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions and met the stern glance of the sergeant—whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson, that his stratagem would be discovered.

'Upon him—at the risk of your lives!'—cried the officer:—and, on the instant one of the soldiers moved rapidly towards the further wall; upon which the sergeant, apprehending the seizure of the weapons, sprang forward in such a manner as would have brought his body immediately before them, but a decayed plank in the door caught his foot and he fell to his knee. It was a lucky accident,—for the discharge of a pistol by the officer, planted a bullet in the log of the cabin, which would have been lodged, full in the square breast of the gallant Horse Shoe, if he had retained his perpendicular position. His footing, however, was recovered almost as soon as it was lost and the next moment found him bravely posted in front of the fire arms with his own weapon thrust almost into the face of the foremost assailant.—The hurry, confusion and peril of the crisis did not take away his self possession,—but he now found himself unexpectedly thrown into a situation of infinite difficulty, where all the chances of fight were against him.

'Back men, and guard the door,'—he cried out as if again addressing his troop.—'Sir, I will not be answerable for consequences if my troopers once come into this house. If you do hope for quarters give up on the spot.'—

'His men has retreated,'—cried one of the soldiers. 'Upon him boys!'—and instantly two or three pressed upon the sergeant, who, seizing his rifle in both hands, bore them back by main force until he had thrown them postrate on the floor.—He then leaped towards the the door with the intention of making good his retreat.

'Shall I let loose upon them, captain? said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut.—'Come on my brave boys he shouted as he turned his face towards the field.

'Keep them outside of the door; stand fast,'; cried the doughty sergeant again, with admirable promptitude in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. 'Sir you see that you are beaten; let me warn you once more to save the lives of your men, its impossible for me to keep my people off a minute longer. What signifies fighting five to one?'

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said—

'Lower your rifle, sir.; In the presence of a superior force taken by surprise and without arms it is my duty to save blood shed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command.'

'I'll make the terms agreeable,—replied the sergeant.; 'Never doubt me sir.—Right hand file advance and receive the arms of the prisoners!'—

'I'm here captain,' said Andrew in a conceited tone as if it were a mere occasion of merriment;—and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons retreating with them some paces from the door.

'Now, sir,—said Horse Shoe, to the ensign; 'your sword, and whatever else you thought have about you of the ammunitions of war!'

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.—

'Private property, I presume, will be protected,'—he said.

'Undoubtedly,' replied Robinson:—'your name?—if I mought take the freedom.'

Ensign St. Jerremyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of Light infantry.'—

'Ensign your servant,' added Horse Shoe, aiming at an unusual exhibition of politeness. 'You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you hant much beard on your chin; I'll certify for you. But, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now and form yourselves in a line before the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm,—they are of a marciful breed'—

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with the most profound astonishment to find, in place of the large detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but one horse, one man and one boy. Their first emotions where expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some, to resist the authority that now controled them; and sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors.—The sergeant no sooner perceived this, than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and, at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips:—

'By my hand,'—he said; 'if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away, from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it.'

'You have my word sir,'—said the Ensign. 'Lead on; we'll follow.'

'By your leave; my pretty gentleman; you will lead, and I'll follow,' replied Horse Shoe. 'It may be a new piece of drill to you; but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honour, and to walk them in front.'

'As you please, sir,'—answered the Ensign. 'Where do you take us?'—

'You will march back the road you came,'—said the sergeant.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners now marched in double files from the hut, back towards Ramsay's; Horse Shoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe, (having all the fire arms packed upon his shoulders,) bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

'Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress,'—said the sergeant, as he halted his prisoners at the door; and what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold'

Heaven bless my child; my boy, my