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. XX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1837. No. 11.

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.

Collector's Last Notice.

All persons indebted for County taxes are hereby notified, that unless they come forward and make payment before the 20th of this month (February) they will be dealt with agreeably to law. My deputies have positive orders to proceed with execution after that time.

WM. R. TRIPPE, Collector.

Feb. 4 tf

In my absence Mr. Harrington will attend to the business. W. R. T.

JOSEPH CROSBY,

No. 139 Market Street, Baltimore, Md.

Wholesale dealer in Fruit, & extensive manufacturer of

CONFECTIONARY,

Lemon Syrup, &c.

The following Articles always on hand, viz. Lemons, Oranges, Raisins, Prunes, Figs, Filberts, Walnuts, Palm Nuts, Dates, Currants, Almonds of all kinds, &c &c also Sweetmeats, such as Limes, Pine Apples, Oranges, Canton Ginger, Citron, &c. &c.

CANDIES

Of all kinds, and every other article in that line. His facilities being such for supplying himself with Goods, and also for manufacturing, he is determined to sell at as low prices, as can be purchased at any market in the United States.

☞ Orders from the Western Southern or other parts of the country, if accompanied with satisfactory references, addressed as above, will be promptly attended to.

☞ Goods carefully packed and forwarded with despach. A liberal credit given.

Feb. 11 5w

Notice of the Sale of an improved Lot in Easton.

The President, Directors & Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a Deed of Mortgage, passed and executed to them by William Vanderford and Margaret Ann his wife, bearing date the twenty fourth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty three, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House, of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, a lot or parcel of ground, situated and being in the town of Easton in the County aforesaid, whereon there is a good brick dwelling house and sundry other improvements, and which was purchased by the said William Vanderford, from one James Cockayne. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank, for the sum of three hundred dollars, current money, and some interest and costs, due from the said William Vanderford, and the terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser, by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS. J. BULLITT, Pres't. of the Branch Bank at Easton.

dec. 31, 1836. ts

NOTICE

OF THE SALE OF VALUABLE *LANDS IN TALBOT COUNTY.*

The President, Directors and Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a deed of mortgage, passed and executed to them, by William Hayward, deceased, bearing date the twenty fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty two, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of August next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, all and singular that farm and premises of him the said William Hayward, in his life time, lying and being in Talbot County aforesaid, consisting of the parcel of land called "Threobald's Addition," and of part of the tract of land, called "Sheepshead Point," bounded on the East by the land of Abednego Botfield, deceased, on the South by the public road leading to the Bay Side, on the West by the land that belonged to William W. Moore, and on the North West and North by the Cove and St. Michaels River, and containing the quantity of one hundred and sixty two and an half acres of land, more or less, which the said William Hayward purchased at public sale of the Sheriff of the said county, and died possessed of. The land is leased for the present year, therefore, possession will not be delivered to the purchaser, until the end of the year, but he will have the privilege of seeding wheat on the premises in due season, and on the usual terms. This farm being deficient in wood and timber, the purchaser will have the opportunity of obtaining a reasonable portion of wood land, convenient to the farm. There is an incumbrance on the land of the widow's dowor, which she will either sell for a reasonable price, or lease for a moderate rent. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of two thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS: J. BULLITT, Pres't. of the Branch Bank, at Easton.

Jan 21, 1837. 1w6m

THE STEAMBOAT



MARYLAND.

Will leave Baltimore for Annapolis and Easton, on Friday next, the 17th instant at 7 o'clock and leave Easton for Annapolis and Baltimore on Saturday, the 18th at the same hour. She will make one trip to and from the above places on the above days until further notice.

L. G. TAYLOR, Captain.

Feb. 11

WANTED,

Immediately for the present year, a man well qualified as a Teacher of sober and moral habits, to conduct the School in District No. 3, Election District, No. 3, to such a person, a liberal salary will be given—he of course, will produce good recommendations. Apply to

NICHOLAS MARTIN,
WM. R. TRIPPE,
J. S. MARTIN,
Trustees.

Feb 11 tf

Notice of the Sale of Valuable Lands in Talbot County.

The President, Directors & Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a Deed of Mortgage, passed and executed to them, by Lambert W. Spencer, bearing date the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty one, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday the 18th day of July next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, those parts of the several tracts of Land, called Ashby, Tilghman's Fortune, Harding's Endeavor, and Betty's Addition, adjoining each other, and lying and being in the County aforesaid, on the South East side of Miles River, adjoining the ferry and on the North East side of the road leading from the said ferry to Easton, which were purchased by the said Lambert. W. Spencer from one Charles D. Barrow, and contain the quantity of one hundred and ninety acres and one half acre of land, more or less; and also those parts of the tracts of land, called Daley's Delight and Tilghman's Fortune, lying and being in the said County, on the South side of a Creek, called Peasley Creek, which were purchased by the said Spencer from one James Seth, contain the quantity of twenty four acres and one half acre of land, more or less, and adjoin the first mentioned lands. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs, due from the said Lambert W. Spencer. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser, by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS J BULLITT, Pres't. of the Branch Bank at Easton.

dec 31, 1836. ts

IN CHANCERY,

14th January 1837.

James Redman, administrator de bonis non of Stewart Redman. vs. Henrietta alias Hetty Paca, widow of John P. Paca, Jr. dec'd.—Ann Nicholson Paca, John P. Paca and Julianna Chew Paca infant children of John P. Paca, Jr. dec'd.

The Bill of complaint in this cause states, that John P. Paca, Jr. of Talbot county now deceased, in his life time, viz: on or about the 1st of September 1830 contracted with Stewart Redman, the complainants intestate, in his life time for the purchase of a certain tract of Land in Talbot county on a branch of Wye River at the head thereof called and known as "part of Hindman's Estate Resurveyed," for the sum of four thousand dollars—stipulating to pay the purchase money in three years from the 1st day of January 1831, and an annual rent of two hundred and forty dollars, until the payment of the purchase money. That the said John P. Paca, Jr. took possession of the said land, having given his bond for the purchase money—That suit was brought and judgment recovered in Talbot county Court on the 28th of May 1835. That during the year 1835 and after the recovery of the said judgment, the said Stewart Redman died. That a certain John Redman was appointed the administrator of his effects who died in December of the same year before he had fully administered the estate and that Jas. Redman the complainant in the said Bill, became the Administrator "de bonis non" The Bill further states that John P. Paca, Jr. departed this life in December 1835 without having paid any part of the said judgment; leaving a widow Henrietta alias Hetty Paca, and two infant children, Ann Nicholson and John P., and one since born Julianna Chew. That there has been no administration of his effects, and likely to be none, his personal estate, if any, being so inconsiderable—The object of the said Bill of complaint therefore is to obtain a Decree of the Court of Chancery of Maryland for a sale of the said Lands and premises to satisfy the said Judgment, interest, costs and charges

The said Bill of complaint having been filed in this Court and two successive subpœnas having been returned "non est" as to Henrietta alias Hetty Paca widow of the said John P. Paca, Jr. dec'd she being of full age, & the said subpœnas having been delivered to the Sheriff of Talbot county at least twenty days before the first day of the Term to which such subpœnas were returnable.

It is thereupon, Ordered that the complainant by inserting and publishing this order for three successive weeks in some newspapers before the 28th day of February next, give notice of the said Bill of complaint and of the object thereof, warning the said Henrietta alias Hetty Paca widow of the late John P. Paca, Jr. dec'd, to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on the tenth day of June next, to shew cause if any she have why a Decree should not be made and passed as prayed for in said Bill.

True Copy
Test
RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Can.
Feb. 5 3w

SAMUEL WELLER'S STEP-MOTHER.

'That 'ere your governor's luggage, Sammy?' inquired Mr. Weller senior, of his affectionate son, as he entered the yard of the Bull inn, Whitechapel, with a travelling bag and a small portmanteau.

'You might ha' made a vorser guess than tha', old feller,' replied Mr. Weller the younger, setting down his burden in the yard, and sitting himself down upon it afterwards. 'The governor hissell 'll be down here presently.'

'He's a cabbin' it, I suppose?' said the father.

'Yes, he's a havin' two mile o' danger at eight pence,' responded the son.—'How's mother-in-law this mornin'?'

'Queer, Sammy, queer,' replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive gravity. 'She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She's too good a creature for me Sammy—I feel I don't deserve her.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Samuel, 'that's werry self-deny-in' o' you.'

'Werry,' replied his parent, with a sigh. 'She's got hold o' some invention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new-birth, I thinks they calls it. I should werry much like to see that system in action, Sammy. I should werry much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse.

'What do you think them women does t'other day,' continued Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his fore finger, some half-dozen times. 'What do you think they does, t'other day, Sammy?'

'Don't know,' replied Sam, 'what?'

'Goes and gets up a grand tea drinkin, for a fellow they calls their shepherd,' said Mr Weller. 'I was a standing starin' in, at the pictur shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it; tickets half-a-crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller; and when I got home, there was the committee a sittin' in our back parlour—fourteen women; I wish you could ha' heard 'em, Sammy. There they was, a passin' resolutions and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a worrying me to go, and what with my looking for'ard to seein' some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket; at six o'clock on the Friday evenin' I dresses myself out, werry smart, and off I goes with the old 'ooman, and up we walks into a fust floor where there was tee things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me, as if they'd never seen a rayther stout gen'lm'n of eight-and-fifty afore. By and by, there comes a great bustle down stairs, and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neckcloth rushes up, and sings out. 'Here's the shepherd a coming to visit his faithful flock:' and in comes a fat chap in black, with a great white face, a smilin' away like clock work. Such go in's on, Sammy. 'The kiss of peace,' says the shepherd, and then he kissed the women all round, and ven he'd done, the man with the red nose began. I was just a thinkin' whether I hadn't better begin too—'specially as there was a werry nice lady a sittin' next me—ven in comes the tea, and your mother in-law, as had been makin' the kettle boil, down stairs. At it they went tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Sammy, while the tea was a brewing; such a grace, such eatin' and drinkin'. I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink—never.—The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well; arter the tea was over, they sang another hymn, & then the shepherd began to preach; and werry well he did it, con-siderin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up, all of a sudden, and hollers out, 'Where is the sinner; where is the mis'rable sinner?' upon which, all the women looked at me, and began to groan as if they was dying. I thought it was rather sing'lar, but hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and lookin' very hard at me, says, 'Where is the sinner; where is the mis'rable sinner? and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather savage at this, so I takes a step or two for'ard and says, 'My friend,' says I, 'did you apply that e're observation to me?'—Stead of beggin' my pardon as any gen'lm'n ha' done, he got more abusive than ever; called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts o' names. So my blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the Shepherd from under the table.'

BORES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE

Your professed story-teller is a bore but your story teller who never finishes a story is a bore ten times over. Tom Endless never opens his lips but to tell you some anecdote or other à propos of something, or of nothing. You cannot name a person, or allude to an event, or mention a place, but he recollects some curious incident, or interesting particular which is just brought to his mind, & which while it is fresh in his memory, he really must relate—Tom, however, never related a whole anecdote in his life; he resembles the late Marquis of Londonderry, of whose parliamentary speaking it has been said that he never concluded a sentence. Tom starts fair; but he seems to lose the scent immediately; or other game coming in view, he cannot resist the temptation of following it, always letting the last object divert his attention from the former, until, in the course of a day's hunting, he has chased, perhaps, twenty different foxes without taking a single brush.

'Mr. Endless, you carry a snuff box, I believe?'

I could not have asked a more unlucky question. Never did I pay so dear for a pinch of snuff in my life. You shall hear.

'That snuff box, sir, was my grandfather's, he got it in a very odd way—I'll tell you the story.—He had a favorite greyhound, which had been given to him by his friend Lord Broadlands—by the by, poor Lord Broadlands met a melancholy end; he was travelling in Italy for the health of his daughter—a celebrated beauty in her day; she was married afterwards to a Col. Lunstock, of the 15th Light Dragoons. A very curious circumstance occurred at the wedding I have heard my father tell it a hundred times. Just as the clergyman came to the words 'honor and obey,' a Miss Clappersione, (I think her name was Clappersione,) observed something stirring under the communion table, which she took for a mouse—some ladies, you know, cannot endure mice. My own mother met a serious accident once in consequence of a fright she got from a rat.—Rats, to be sure, are odious creatures, but their cunning is wonderful.—Did I never tell you what the rats did on board the T——mendous, when my uncle had the command of her?—Well, I'll tell it you now—it will make you laugh. You remember my uncle? as gallant an officer as ever stepped upon quarter deck. He got his estate in Suffolk in a very singular manner—you have heard me tell it? One day he was walking in Picadilly, an old gentleman, with a gold-headed cane in one hand, & a brown gingham umbrella in the other—you may guess he was an oddity; but old fellows are apt to be oddities—there was my grandfather himself.'—

Now, Sir, sieze your opportunity, and bring him back to the snuff box!

'Ay, ay, the snuff box—I am going to tell you how my grandmother got it. Did you observe the miniature inside the lid? It is the likeness of a Spanish lady who met with one of the strangest adventures you ever heard of. A relation of my own met with an extraordinary adventure in Spain; I had better tell it to you while it is on my memory. The person I allude to was remarkably short of hearing. It is a great disadvantage to be short of hearing.'

Disadvantage! I know no blessing this would can afford comparable to it! If it were to escape Tom Endless, I heartily wish I was 'deaf as a post.' If the FACHEUX spare me another month, and I can find sixpence to buy a pen, ink and paper, I shall write you 'the pleasures of a deaf man,' with an ineffective on aurists.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—The melancholy effects of this raging epidemic in the metropolis and its environs, has been most severely felt for the last fortnight.—During last week, the greater number of the clerks at the war-office, admiralty, navy pay office, the stamp office, the treasury, post office, and other government offices, have been prevented from attending to their daily avocations; in consequence of which, great delay was caused to public business. In the royal navy hospital of Greenwich, there have been upward of 150 deaths among the aged 'old tars,' & the infirmary is nearly filled with those on the sick list. Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, the gallant governor has been most unremitting in affording every comfort to them. At the royal military college of Chelsea, the deaths have been very great, and numbers are confined in the sick wards. At Woolwich the epidemic has been so prevalent, that forty to fifty men per day belonging to the royal artillery, royal engineers, sappers and miners, and the other troops doing duty there in the absence of the royal marines at Passages and St. Sebastian in Spain, have been admitted into the military hospital; among whom the deaths have averaged from five to eight per diem, by violent inflammation of the lungs.

Among the three regiments of Foot Guards, and the three regiments of Horse Guards, doing duty at the tower, St. James' palace, the *Horse* Guards, and at Windsor, the epidemic has raged to a very great degree; so that many of the soldiers who are not affected, have been obliged to do double duty for their comrades. At the St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar square, the Wellington Barracks in the Birdcagewalk, and the Cavalry Barracks in Regent's park and Knightsbridge, extra wards have been appropriated; and also in the tower, where it appears to have attacked the men with greater effect, being so near the water, than at the other quarters in the West end. Yesterday the churches which have generally full congregations, presented a mournful scene, by the non-attendance of many, who, the Sunday before were in perfect health, and now no more, which melancholy event was noticed by the clergymen from the pulpit.

The number of burials yesterday afternoon in the different cemeteries in the environs of the metropolis, were as numerous as during the raging of the cholera in 1832 and '33. At old St. Pancras burial ground, there were 69 during the past week. At St. Martin's Camden Town, St. Andrew's in Gray's Inn lane, St. Marylebone, St. John's, St. Giles, St. Luke's Chelsea, and the burial ground on the Borough and Lambeth side of the water, where the epidemic appears to prevail the most, from the low situation of the ground being of an extremely damp nature, the deaths have been very great. The police force has suffered much, as out of that corps there are upward of 800 men unable to do duty in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather they had been exposed to nightly, for the last three weeks. In the workhouse the number of poor who have died far exceeds any return that has been made for the last twenty years, which circumstance ought to be investigated by the Poor Law Commissioners.

From the Schenectady (N. Y. Standard)

The following interesting and eloquent letter from Mr. Wirt, was written after he was attacked by the disease which threatened to prove fatal to his most valuable life:

Letter of Mr. Wirt on the subject of the temperance, dated

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14th, 1831.

To the Rev. Mr. Nevins.

My Dear Sir—I had hoped that I was about to escape the prevailing *influenza*, but I find my health so much impaired by it this morning, that it will not be in my power to attend the temperance meeting of this evening, as I proposed to have done. In this and in all things, His will be done, His holy will, whe'er it cross my own.' I should have been glad to have been permitted to bear my humble testimony in the cause of temperance. I have been for more than forty years a close observer of life and manners, in various parts of the United States, and I know not the evil that will bear a moments comparison with intemperance. It is no exaggeration to say, as has been often said, that this single cause has produced more vice, crime, poverty, and wretchedness in every form, domestic and social, than all the other ills that scourge us combined. In truth, it is scarcely possible to meet with misery, in any shape, in this country, which will not be found on examination, to have proceeded, directly or indirectly, from the excessive use of ardent spirits. Want is one of its immediate consequences. The sad spectacle of starving and destitute families, and of ignorant, half naked, vicious children, ought never to be presented in a country like this, where the demand for labor is constant, the field unlimited, the sources of supply inexhaustible, and where there is none to make us afraid; and it never would be presented, or very rarely indeed, were it not for the desolation brought upon families by the general use of this deadly poison. It paralyzes the arm, the brain, the heart. All the best affections, all the energies of the mind, wither under its influence. The man becomes a maniac, and is locked up in a hospital, or imbrues his hands in the blood of his wife and children, and is sent to the gallows, or doomed to the penitentiary, or, if he escapes these consequences, he becomes a walking pestilence on the earth, miserable to himself, and loathsome to all who behold him. How often do we see, too, whole families contaminated by the vicious example of the parent—husbands, wives, daughters, and sons, all drunkards and furies; sometimes, wives murdering their husbands; at others, husbands their wives; and, worst of all, if worse can be, in such a group of horrors, children murdering their parents. But below this grade of crime, how much is there of unseen and untold misery throughout our otherwise happy land, proceeding from this fatal cause alone.

I am persuaded that if we could have a statistical survey and report of the affairs of unhappy families and individuals, with the causes of their misery annexed, we should find nine cases out of ten, if not in still greater proportion, resulting from the use of ardent spirits alone. With this conviction, which seems to have become universal among reflecting men, the apathy shown to the continuance of the evil can only be ascribed to the circumstance that the mischief though verbally admitted, is not seen and felt in all its enormity. If some fatal plague, of a contagious character, were imported into our country and had commenced its ravages in our cities, we should see the most prompt and vigorous measures at once adopted to repress and extinguish it; but what are the most fearful plagues that ever carried death and havoc in their train through the eastern countries, compared with this? They are only occasional, this is perenial. They are confined by climates or place; this malady is of all climates, and at all times and places. They kill the body at once; this consumes both body and soul by a lingering and dreadful death, involving the dearest connexions in the vortex of ruin. What parent, however exemplary himself can ever feel that his son is safe, while this living fountain of poison is within his reach—God grant that it may soon become a fountain, sealed in our country at least. What a relief, what a delightful relief would it be to turn from the awful and horrid past, to the pure, peaceful and happy future? to see the springs of life and feeling and intelligence renewed on every hand; health, industry, and prosperity glowing around us, the altars of domestic peace and love rekindled in every family; and the religion of the Saviour presented with a fair field for its celestial action.

The progress already made by our temperance societies in advancing this golden age proves them to be of a divine origin. May the Almighty crown his own work with full and speedy success.

I remain, dear Sir,
Respectfully and truly yours,
WILLIAM WIRT.

WASHINGTON—BYRON.

A good boy generally makes a good man,' said the mother of Washington; 'George was also a good boy.' Here we see one great secret of his greatness. George Washington had a mother who made him a good boy, and instilled into his heart those principles which raised him to be the benefactor of his country, and one of the brightest ornaments of the world. The mother of Washington is entitled to a nation's gratitude. She taught her boy the principles of obedience, and moral courage, and virtue—She in a great measure, formed the character of the hero and the statesman. It was by her own fireside that she taught her playful boy to govern himself, and thus was he prepared for the brilliant career of usefulness which he afterwards persued. We are indebted to God for the gift of Washington; but we are no less indebted to Him for the gift of his inestimable mother. Had she been a weak, and indulgent and unfaithful parent, the unchecked energies of Washington might have elevated him to the throne of a tyrant, or youthful disobedience might have prepared the way for a life of crime and a dishonored grave.

Byron had a mother just the reverse of lady Washington; and the character of the mother was transferred to the son. We cannot wonder then at his character and conduct, for we see them to be the almost necessary consequence of the education he received and the scenes he witnessed in his mother's parlor.—She would, at one time, allow him to disobey with impunity; again, she would fly into a rage and beat him. She thus taught him to defy authority human and divine; to indulge without restraint in sin; to give himself up to the power of every maddening passion. It was the mother of Byron who laid the foundation of his pre-eminence in guilt. She taught him to plunge into that sea of profligacy & wretchedness, upon whose agitated waves he was tost for life. If the crimes of the poet deserve the execration of the world—the world cannot forget that it was the mother who fostered in his youthful heart, those passions, which made the son a curse to his fellow men. Had Byron and Washington exchanged cradles during the first month of their infancy, it is very certain that their characters would have been entirely changed; and it is by no means improbable, that Washington might have been the licentious profligate, and Byron the exemplar of virtue, and the benefactor of nations.—*Mother at Home by Abbott.*

Modest Assurance. A Scotch thief having been proved in the Glasgow police court, lately, to have stolen a herring barrel from a man in Stockwell street, the principal accuser proceeded to address the magistrate thus:—'Deed, sir Baillie, the man at the bar is a great rogue. The stealing o' the barrel is naething to some o' his tricks. He stole my sign-board last week, and what does your honor think he did wi't?'

Magistrate—'That would be hard for me to say.'

Witness—'Weel, Sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it to my ain shop, wi' my ain name on't, and offered to sell me't, as he said *he thought it would be* o' mair use to me than ony body else.'

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0117.jpg