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."

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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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 "Theobald'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 a Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

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

Jan. 21 1837 1w6m

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 Creek, called Fausley 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 let 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.3 1,1836. ts

WHEAT CRADLES.

JOHN B. FIRBANKS

Begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture to order at short notice,

WHEAT CRADLES

of the natural growth of the wood, well seasoned and warranted to save well. Persons wanting cradles will please to call as early as convenient,

He is also prepared to furnish at short notice,

Ploughs, Harrows, Draggs, Carts, Waggons, Cart wheels &c.

All of which will be warranted to be equal to any manufactured in this State or elsewhere.

June 10, 1837. eow3t

LUMBER, LUMBER.

For sale at Easton point, a cargo of White Pine Boards, and Shingles. Persons wishing to purchase, will please make early application, as the cost of removing it to town, will necessarily enhance the price.

J. H. McNEAL.

April 29

FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A RHINE SKETCH.

By T. C. Grattan, Esq. Author of 'Highways and Bye-ways.'

It is a pleasant arrangement among the peasantry of all countries, that the 'daily bread' for which the fathers work so hard is brought to them by one of their children This may appear a small matter: but time and circumstances often give great importance to small matters. The precision with which the German labourers rest from their toil at ten o'clock in the morning would of itself make one attach an exclusive value to that chosen hour. The thought that so many thousands of rural workmen are at that given moment reposing on the broad lap of nature, picturesquely served by their sons or daughters, and taking their simple refreshment with wholesome appetites and thankful hearts, is a pleasant thought. It puts one in good humour with human nature. It is pleasanter still to look closely on some group in your field or garden so employed, and preparatory hand-washing in the nearest fountain or stream might prepare you to except a ceremony more elaborate than that of sitting down to eat a section of dry brown bread—poetically *black*—for the national motto of Germany *Schwarzbrod und Freiheit*, is as much an exaggaration of fancy with regard to the *food* as to the *freedom*.

Thus is the *morgan brod* of Germany; and the *abend brod* is an *extremet* for four o'clock—a connecting link between dinner and supper. Now, happy is the man whose wife can afford to send him a jug of coffee at these middle meals; & happy was Johan Reisacher. Not that he had a wife at the time I knew him, but just a maiden sister who made his bed, his soup, and his coffee, with due attention and regularity. He *had*, however a daughter —the child of his old age, the consolation of the widower, his everyday companion out of school hours, the knitter and mender of his stockings, and he Hebe of his *abend-brod*.

Susannah Reisacher was one of those hardy straight-forward, strong built, and sober minded children that we meet with now and then; and at the first glance we assure ourselves that, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promises of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of household affairs,&steady beyond comparison in those she owed to her old father & her elderly aunt. She was twelve years old when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Briesach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Reisacher had the appearance of one who had been blown about by the *east* winds of life. He looked more worn than his thread bare gray jacket, and yet there was an air of precaution and economy about him that promised an unusual length of days both to himself and to his wardrobe. He was the oracle of his village, and a remarkable man in his way. He could ascertain when a dog or a cow had been looked at by an evil eye; and, if invoked, would counteract this spell, by burning certain withered weeds at midnight, in presence of the afflicted quadrupeds. He could, moreover, stop the gaping mouths of insignificent wounds by the mysterious utterance of two or three sentences (which no one ever heard;) and these (when assisted by cobwebs or certain chewed leaves) had been known to produce miraculous results.

But I must not trust myself with the precise detail of his many superfluous accomplishments. Let those already mentioned suffice; and let him stand out in my picture as a part and parcel of a group in which he does not form the principal figure—an injunct of that deep-rolling river on which my scene is laid, in which he enthusiastically gloried. from a conviction that he somehow (he knew not *how*) belonged to it or it to him. *He* used often to say, as he looked on it in its angry moods. that it was '*gestlich schon*,' which is, being interpreted, 'horribly beautiful;' and such it certainly was on the day that forms the epoch of my *sketch*.

It was within a few minutes, more or less, of four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my evening walk on the other side of the river; for the mid day meal had been long over, and, like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well-known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his young attendant, There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat—her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings; and there sat old Johan, at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and grey hairs. The coffee-jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination; and, from his smiles and gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling, altogether amiable. The *schwarz brod* remained beside him for graver discussion. But just at that moment I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business of one of more importance than his ease, friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, and declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and, on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to his angular transit, first against the current and then with it, with geometrical precision, and in five minutes we were on the opposite side of the river, which moved on in a sullen swell reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slowly above. During those five minutes I had proceeded in tempting the venerable *connisseur* to accompany me to a village not quite half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowances for the errors of its education and its potato diet, was very much the sort of animal that I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reisacher on such a matter was to bind him to you for ever. But I scarcely know what unlucky prophecy or abortive imprecation might have followed the rejection of his advice if once solicited. There was a self-apinionated stubbornness about him, that never forgave a slight offered to his judgment. But I am again dipping into his character, when it was his daughter's conduct I want to describe.

'Susannah, child,' said the old man, keep the boat here, and wait for me. I shall be back in *three little half hours*. Let no one persuade you to cross, for the wind is rising, and the current is very strong; and the weather seems upon the change; I feel that we should have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long.' And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by, and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky, (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming) lest his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant me to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept across the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reisacher preferred not seeing and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss; and a sudden stop was put to one of my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

'There will be a storm,' said I.

'Aye, indeed there will; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming,' replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. 'Yet the child need not get wet for all that unless she likes it; for is not there the old tarpaulin and the oars, whereof she may make a covering?'

I saw clearly that old Reisacher was appealing to himself, rather than to me, so I waited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the wood ranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not; and the storm increased, and so, at last did the father's anxiety increase about his only child

'I must go back,' said he gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine; 'Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, Sir, I never saw it more furious, and never so suddenly aroused. It is *gastlich schon*! Isn't it!'

'It is a fine sight to look at from this safe distance,' said I; 'but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat that is tossed about so roughly.'

'Tis true for you, Sir; I doubt if it be not in great danger,' observed Johan, eyeing keenly the wave-buffetted little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of firewood, so heavily, that even in the smoothest water, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavoring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tattered looking sail, but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clear over it from stem to stern

'I'll just wish you good evening, Sir, and hurry on to the ferry: and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive, for that ledge of rock just above the station is hard to steer past in such a dreadful squall,' said my companionwith benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The danger to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed, was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it made scarcely any way, was nevertheless gaining on us, as we approached the ferry in a now clearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid from the two men who were imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her for a few minutes; and as we ascended again, in breathless impatience, we caught a near view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reisacher. and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who has not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few hundred yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent, for there was to all appearance no help at hand. Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the banks, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen; and now and then the dismal echo of their shouts was felt rather than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

'It's all over with her now; and there she goes, sure enough?' exclaimed Reisacher, as a powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

'They must be lost before we can reach the river,' added he, catching at the railing by the roadside, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank —The rain how swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposite influence of wind and tide.

'No, it cannot be! Yet—yes, it is, it is Susannah striving to steer towards the wreck!' exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny; and when his gaze was sure of its object. he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish—

'Oh, my child! my Susannah! It *is* her—it *is* the boat. She will perish. Oh, save her! save her! *Her Gott!*' And with incredible speed he darted away from our resting-place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm, as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been erewhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us on the boiling surf, and the heroic child—her young heart buoyant with pity's life blood—working her helm-like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through,—at the furious wind, which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her,—and at the broad lightning which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their capsized boat, and she was nearly in as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction to her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The gray-headed old man now grasped convulsively, and, wildly stretching forth his arms he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing men were, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what snatches of instruction they could utter as to the means of approaching them. But alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified, as it might have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle; and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung upon it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, swept by within a dozen yards of the ferry-boat.

At this moment old Reisacher started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back; but, screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah, and it seemed at once to paralyze her skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent, who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceiving that their combined hope of safety depended entirely on the possibility of his gaining the ferry-boat—for his companion could not swim—he resolved to trust himself, inexpert, exhausted and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new-nerved arms to buffet every wave, and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he little by little approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind, and she labored at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer; he grasped the prow —heaved himself up the side—caught the oar from his preserver's hands—and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exhaustion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

And how to describe old Reisacher's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferry boat bounding triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously-rescued freight;—the tears, the blessings, the thanksgivings—the love, the pride, the gratitude!—all fell down in plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervid but silent thought.

Susannah—calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration —was destined to the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action, without knowing, at the time, its uncommon merit.

The Grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstances, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a medal as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, 'She trusted in God.' She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education; for some voluntary subscriptions procured her many additional advantages; and she walked at the head of her village schoolfellows in their daily promenades, with step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the event which has given her name its local immortality.

But since the year 1831 friend Reisacher has lost his old sister, and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buchholz does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day (for Susannah is now seventeen) that the gratitude of Martin, who is still unmarried, was, about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the female branch of the Reisacher family.

From the Boston Herald.

I'LL BEAR IT IN MIND.

During a recent visit 'down east,' we were much amused with the conversation of a certain live yankee, who hailed from the land of steady habits, corn-cobs, and rye and Indian tooth picks. Among other things he related the following, which we give as near as we can recollect.

'Do you live in Boston?

'Yes,' we replied.

'No offence—I only asked, 'cause I thought you might be travelling eastward on a visit —no offence, but I 'spose you have haint you?'

'I was born and bread in Connecticut, the land of steady habits, as they call it. I lived there as long as I could, and then I moved down east—I mean away down east, about two miles beyond sunrise, where the summer commences in the fall, and the thunder clouds are regularly frightened off. But I say, you, if there aint Squire Farkins or I'm a fool.

Here Jonathan pointed to a tall, gaunt, elderly man, dressed in a long-tailed grizzly-gray roundabout, with a hat resembling a chimney pot, at one extreme of his body, and a thick pair of cow-hide brogans, firmly tied with leather shoe-strings at the other.

'Who is he, friend?' we inquired.

'Why, he's Squire Farkins, a lawyer from A——, but I guess between you & me he's no temperance man, except it is BETWEEN DRINKS, and I rather think he's drank something a leetle stronger than cold water this morning. But he looks out for No. 1—as the saying is—he wants his fee as much as our Doctor Ames.—I 'spose you heern of him, haint you?'

'I never have,' we answered.

'Well, then, I'll teil you. One day I met the Doctor over at Uncle Samkins' store buying groceries. It was awful cold. It was so cold that the smoke froze in the chimnies.—I felt a leetle hoarse, and my tongue looked somewhat furry, so says I, Doctor this is tarnal rawish and cold; says he, 'yes,' and says I my head feels rather disagreeable and achish like; what do you think I'd better do? Says he, friend S——, the best thing you can do is to go home, soak your feet, and take a sweat —'cause if you don't you might have a fever. Says I Doctor, I was fast thinking a sweat would do me good, and now I guess I'll try it. So home I went, and drinked a bowl of tansey tea, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver it's no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was all well again Well. a day or two afterward I met the Doctor, and says he, neighbor S——, Ive got a small bill again you. I looked at him and says I, a bill —and said he, yes, a bill for advice, you know at Simkins' store the other day. What do you think the doctor had charged me? why one dollar for telling me to go home and take a sweat. Well doctor says I' because I din't want to be small you know, it's all right, and I'll BEAR IT IN MIND.

Well a few days arter the doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and some or other one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, Doctor, I guess if you don't drive that wheel pin in an inch, the wheel might come off—says he, I thank you, and so he drive in the pin. Well, I went into the house and made a charge of it, when I met the doctor I gave him the bill. Hallo, says he, what upon earth is this? Why that's for advice. Advice for what? says he. Why for driving in your wheel pin, says I—I've charged you you just seven and six. Well, says he, the difference between your bill and mine is twenty five cents. Yes says I, that all you owe me. Well says he, I'll bear it in mind;—but the Doctor is as tight as a candlemould, and I guess he's able to bear it in mind.

Criticism.—The editor of the Boston Courier thus caustically touches a folly which seems rather to need the mendicament of such ridicule, than any greater censure.—*U S. Gazette.*

We believe, with an honest conscience that a greater farrago of twaddling fooleries could not be scraped together from the four quarters of the earth, than what is offered us in the newspapers, to show how marvelously respectable Americans are in the eyes of foreigners. We can hardly take up a paper, without having some stupendous fudge of this sort thrust into our face. The silly nincompoopish things that as gravely put forth every day, in illustration of this important point, almost make us ashamed of our species. We have seen a good portion of a solid column, headed 'Americans in Europe,' or something equally *ad captandum vulgus*. all proving the American people to be the most wonderful on earth, because a certain merchant in Bishopsgate street, was born in the United States. We have seen the news go the round of all the journals, that an American at Paris rode in a fine coach, with fellows in red breeches to wait upon him, and that this equipage, was thought to beat the Duke of Doddington's, a circumstance which seemed to be thought highly reputable to the nation of the noodles who published, as well as the noodles who read, the astounding tale. We remember that when the King of Belgium's rail road was opened, or his baby was christened, —we forgot exactly which, the American flag was hoisted *among others*, which our sapient editors did not fail to trumpet throughout the land, from Maine to Michigan, as a superlative compliment to our respective selves,—overlooking, in the raptures of their glorification, the small circumstance, that the stars and stripes were one of a company of thirteen hundred and sixty eight other flags and that in this respectable company were the colours of Hayti and Ashantee, Tunis, Tripoli, Owhyhee, the Republic of Andorra, the Imam of Muscat, the King of Bantam and the Cubo Sama of Japan; and that moreover the American flag was ranked next to that of the Duchy of Oldenburgh, which is so prodigious a territory that when the Duke shakes his wig, he powders his whole empire. In short, the ineffable silliness of the stuff that is every day written upon this subject is so notorious, that if the example of newspapers could prove any thing, there would be no difficulty in proving the American people to be *born idiots*, with not an idea in their heads except that of their own transcendal excellence.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.

The following are the titles of some of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was 'something in a name.'

GODLY BOOKS.

'A most delectable sweet perfumed Nose-Gay, for God's saints to smell at'—'A pair of Bellows, to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry'—'The Snuffers of Divine Love'—'Hooks and Eyes for believers' Breeches.'—*High* heeled Shoes, for Dwarfs in Holiness.'—Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant.'—'A sigh of sorrow for the Sinners of Sion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an Earthern Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish.'—'The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the soul sneeze with Devotion.'—'Salvation's Vantage Ground! or a Louping stand for heavy Believers'—'A shot aimed at the Devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant.'—'A Reaping *Hook* well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.'—'Seven sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed Wm. Humnis' handful of Honey Suckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented.'

JOHN'S LATEST.

The English papers are in the habit of quoting from the journals of this country, the toughest stories that appear therein, and administering them to the craving appetites of their readers for marvels, under the peculiar and specific title of Jonothans'—the said 'Jonothans' being put forth as synonymous with 'big lies.' Thus the most extravagant of the several snake stories—the account of the petrified men—old Juice Meth—and sundry other remarkables have been duly served out to the Londoners as 'Jonothans'; and they would fain have us believe that English ingenuity cannot compete with that of our country, in the fabrication of these wonderful [illegible] They do themselves and their [illegible] injustice. The [illegible] country wicked[illegible] journalists of the first [illegible] have an uncommon fullsky in this line