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. XXII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1839. No. 22.

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.

[From the London Metropolitan.]

THE PIRATE.

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent when the man at the mast-head sang out, 'Deck a-hoy! a sail to windward!'

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—'Every one to his post. We're in luck at last!'

Cardie's whistle responded to this order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by all the hideous countenances of our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already scenting blood, their eyes flashing with fires of cupidity and cruelty the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to. She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark. 'Give that fellow a shot between wind and water,' cried he; 'it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting.'

We were now within pistol-shot of the strangers, and Peters, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired and knocked the man's straw-hat from his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no farther injury.

'Pretty fair, that!' said Stamar; 'but another time level lower. Halloa, you sugar hogshead! send a boat aboard us.'

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming alongside us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or suspicion.

'Who the devil are you?' demanded Stamar, 'loblolly-boy of you craft, or cook's swab's second mate?'

'I am neither one nor the other, sir,' replied the young man, firmly, 'I am her lieutenant.'

'Oh, well, Mr. *Lieutenant*, you see my flag?—it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go you back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank.'

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

'Where are you bound from?' demanded Stamar.

'From Martinique.'

'What's your lading?'

'As usual from that port—sugar and coffee.'

'But how about specie? None of that, eh?'

The French captain made no reply.—The sound of his voice, when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain who had so unhapily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—'I see how it is—you *have* specie on board! Well; your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of.'

'There is no help for it,' replied the unfortunate captain, 'and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that we *have* specie on board. To it, & to every thing else we have, you are welcome; but I trust that, in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment.'

'For whom do you take us, messmates?' Fie upon your suspicions! You may go as soon as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you.'

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to go to his boat, accompanied by Lorenzo.

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, 'You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so *very* wicked—we others!'

The captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his route.

The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to. Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, 'Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!'

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels were completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; & when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantmen dreadfully torn by our shot—her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamer flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

'Fools! brute beasts!' he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; 'why did they not give it her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot! Master start me all those novices—put the very best men on board at the guns; above all see that they ram home well, and level low!'

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effects produced by our volley.—Frightful but impotent imprecation reached us through the atmosphere; and, at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, and anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking; and just as she was finally settling down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of the sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, he shouted, 'Shoot me off a few of those jolly fellows. *Mort Dieu!* they seem marvellously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our grog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say, there, some of you, and shoot me them off!'

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Shot following shot in quick succession, and man after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates. Now and then a cap or a straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulphing.

Suddenly, with a sound like the rushing of a high water spout, an immense chasm opened in the waves, the merchantman balanced herself for a moment or two, and then, with one lightning-like bound, descended; the tops of her masts were for an instant seen lashing the waters, and then she, and the unhappy wretches, who were still clinging to her, disappeared forever. To the tumult of the horrible scene that had been enacted there succeeded for a few moments a frightfully expressive silence, which was broken by the voice of Stamer, who in tones of infernal irony exclaimed. 'Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!'

EXECUTION OF THE PIRATE MARSAUD, AT BORDEAUX.

The Philadelphia Herald of Monday morning says:—"We are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman of this city, by whom the following letter has been received, dated

Bordeaux, March 21, 1839

"Captain Marsaud, who murdered the Captain and part of the crew, and took command of the French ship Alexandre, (which vessel was seized at Newport, R. I., sometime since, and sent under command of an officer from on board a French man-of-war to Bordeaux, has been tried, found guilty and executed at Bordeaux, for the above crime. A young man, his second officer, has also been tried and found guilty, but on account of his age, has been recommended to mercy.

The execution of Marsaud took place three hours after the passing of his sentence. Before his death he made a full confession of all his crimes. He said that seven men were thrown overboard by his order, and that the mate of the ship imploringly begged of him only *one half hour's time* in order that he might write to, and take a last farewell of his mother and offered him (Marsaud) the sum of 30,000 francs for said half hour, but that he unmercifully denied it to him.

It is very much wondered at, in Bordeaux, why it was that the French authorities in the United States, experienced so much difficulty from the American magistrates in having such a monster given up. It is also stated that four of the piratical crew who had a hand in the above mutiny and murders, are still in the United States, and that all the entreaties of the Commander of the French man-of-war Bergere, could not induce the Americans to give [illegible]

From the Knickerbocker.

DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.

BY "JACK GARNET."

'About four bells in the forenoon watch, the wind began to blow again from the northwest, and we made sail for the Horn: and at seven bells, the surgeon reported to the captain, that in consequence of some internal bruise, Wilson was much worse, and could not live the day out. This intelligence took very little hold of us, for it was a common thing, and no trick at all, for men to die on board; and accordingly it was little minded, and the conversation which followed this announcement in the mess room of the forward officers, may be taken as a fair sample of sailors' feeling on the subject.

"There, Sails," said the boatswain to the sail-maker, pointing to the sick bay, "there will be a job for you: something to take the turns out of your fingers. Get your palm and needle, and stand by to sew that man up in his hammock, & tell the gunner you want a couple of round shot for the use of the dispensary to ballast one of the doctor's chickens, and send him to Davy's locker feet foremost.'

"What's to pay, Pipes?" answered the sail maker, coolly; "has the doctor hulled one of the poor fellows at last? or have his life halliards parted at the tie? Send him some rat'in stuff, so that he can set up brace-backstays abaft, and cross his royal yards, and call all his hands up anchor."

"We sha'n't have to man the capstan for him,' interposed the gunner, as he mixed a pannakin of grog stuff enough to float a grape shot; we shall man the lee gangway, and Old Pipes will call "all hands to bury the dead."

'I say, Mac," said the master's mate to the purser's-steward 'how does Wilson's name stand on the books? You'll have to foot up his account, shortly, and give him his discharge from the state's service; he's going to ship under Commodore David Jones, aboard the ship, Pacific, ten thousand guns, besides stern and bow chasers. His time is about out, he's done with rations and grog."

"Well, I'll be d——d!" says Dandy Jack, the Carpenter, "if you don't take it easy!"—Here's a man dying, and you make no more of it than I would of plugging a shot hole in the ship's upper works.'

"After action's over, chips means," said the boatswain; "he'd take the best of d——d good care not to sling himself in a bowline over the ship's side, to plug a shot hole in time of action, for fear his own upper works would get knocked in with a round shot; for that would spoil the looks of his own figure head, and perhaps carry away his cat water."

"There, Chips," says the purser's steward, "you'd better haul off, and repair damages. Old Pipes carries too many guns for you."

"You be d——d!" said the carpenter, as he kicked over his camp stool, and made a straight wake for the deck.

And while these thoughtless men laughed and made a mock of death and all its horrors, the poor object of their mirth lay in his cot, surrounded by the noise and confusion on a man-of-war; silent and sad; knowing that he was beyond mortal aid, reflecting that now the last scene of life was to be acted; that nothing remained but to *die*. Come when it may, the hour of death is one of awful trial of deep, overwhelming solemnity: and no where is it more awful, more agonising than on board ship, at sea, far away from home and friends, destitute of the arm of support, the word of consolation, and the voice of prayer; where the only mention of the name of God, is in oaths, and blasphemies.

Would any one, accustomed to the quiet of the apartment of the sick on shore, have thought, from the scenes presented to his view on the berth-deck of our ship, that a fellow creature lay there at the point of death, and that every one was aware of it?

Although there was, in the immediate vicinity of the sick-bay, some little attention paid by the sailors to the feelings of their sick shipmate, by lowering the voice, and avoiding to touch his cot; yet in the crowded limits of the ship none were so far distant that the sensitive ear of sickness could avoid hearing their loud, thoughtless discourse. In one place, two men were fighting, and their fearful curses and violent blows grated harshly on *his* ear, who was so soon to stand in the presence of that God whose name they profaned, and whose wrath they invoked; while he, with his fast failing breath, besought his mercy.—Others were laughing, and telling stories, and enlarging upon the delights of *home*. That word had, but yesterday been the theme of his joyful meditations, in health his joy, in sickness his consolation; but both were now about to fail him; and here, ten thousand miles from home, his life was to end. Three years before, in the ardor of youth; he left his happy home and dear friends, to enter the service of the United States; and having now nearly circumnavigated the world, he was returning on the wings of hope, to taste the sweets of a mother's and sister's love.—But that bliss was not in store for him; he was fast falling into the cold embrace of death, and he was soon to be committed to the deep, and find his place of repose in the vast Pacific.

Although amidst a multitude, he felt that he was alone, and recalling his thoughts from home and all external objects, and commending himself, and all who were dear to the care of Him who made the sea and prepared the dry land, he waited patiently for death. Its coming was not long delayed. At noon, in the heartless formalities of a man-of-war, the surgeon made his report to the captain, that 'at twelve o'clock, meridian, died, in consequence of an internal contusion; caused by falling from the hammock-nettings upon the deck James Wilson seaman.' The captain's reply was, as it always is, to all messages, 'Very good. Sir;' and then the sail maker, in presence of the assistant-surgeon and the master at-arms, proceeded to sew him up in his hammock, and putting in two round shot at the feet, to sink him, report was made that the dead was ready for burial.'

It is not customary, however, to bury the dead at noon, and therefore the body was brought on deck, laid on the lee-gang-way board, and covered with a jack, (a blue flag, with white stars,) there to lie, until the rules of naval etiquette would allow of its interment. Cape Horn was now in sight, and as we rapidly neared it, the wind northwest increased so much that at seven bells, in the afternoon watch, all hands were called to reef the topsails; and, immediately after the legal time, 'eight bells, having arrived, came the solemn call, 'All hands to bury the dead!' Every soul on board appeared on the lee gang way, according to rule, and all standing uncovered, the lieutenant, acting as chaplain, commenced reading the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church, appointed to be used at sea; and the gang-way board being placed upon the rail, and the lashings cast off, and the jack withdrawn it was ready to cast into the sea. The wind had increased to such a degree, that it drowned the voice of the reader, so that only hear and there a word was audible. The first lieutenant waved his hand, at the proper place in the service and the corpse was launched overboard; and the sullen splash fell impressively on every ear, announcing that *another* was gone to his long home.

We were now abreast of the Horn, about a mile distant, and although the wind was north-west, the waves dashed against those eternal rocks, in defiance of it, throwing the foam mountains high, and the loud roar of those conflicting elements was a fitting requiem for the soul of him who slept beneath their troubled waters. The sun went down in the pride of his strength and the full effulgence of his glory and his departing rays illuminated three of the noblest of the works of God, the Atlantic ocean in front, the Pacific ocean on the right, and on the left the noble promontory, Cape Horn, the last of the Andes.'

[Extract from a Journal.]

March 2.—*True Charity.*—A poor old woman had orders from a butcher to come to his stall every market-day, for a portion of meat, which a benevolent individual (who desired to be unknown) gave regularly to several indigent industrious persons. One day she was receiving it as usual, and chanced to see Mr. B. (reputed to be equally rich and covetous) standing near, and observing the distribution of the meat, in a burst of grateful eloquence and virtuous indignation, she exclaimed, 'Ah, how long will it be before *non* do as much for the poor! God bless the giver!

Mr. B. and the butcher exchanged a furtive glance, and the latter was interested afterwards to hear the former declare that 'he then reaped the full reward of his gifts when he found that he could so well bear her reproaches.' *He* was the unkown benefactor.

March 3.—The Nature of the mind like that of the body, sometimes stops growing for years and again will shoot up, one knoweth not how in a few short hours. Some characters are made in a moment.

March 4.—People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

March 5.—*Manners versus Morals.*—A recent elopement was discussed before old Lady Betty C., who took occasion to astonish her auditor by protesting her belief that *manners* more frequently prevent such disgraceful affairs than *morals*, adding, 'For my own part, I confess that sixty years this very day I should have gone off with the Captain Gossett of the Guards, if my nightcaps had been in good trim.'

March 6.—There *are* persons who will drown themselves to duck another, and many will get over shoes to splash a neighbour. Belinda says, 'I know that Chloe must be thirty, for she was turned of age when I was twenty-three.' Tom Wildash cries, 'I wonder how the deuce Dick keeps afloat his timbers cannot be very sound, for he was in the Bench when I was laid in lavender.'

Fair Chloe, too, is 'free to own Belinda's teeth are fine, but so they ought, we both employ the same dentist, and he is the first in town.'

March 7.—What *dates* lie buried in a crowded drawer!

March 8.—*Fast and Loose.*—Perhaps one should feel in matrimony as we do when our favorite songs are *bound up*: so long as they are loose, and throwing about from the desk to the Canterbury, from the Canterbury to the floor, we like to take them up and sing them, and fancy that we delight in them extremely, once let them be bound and the greatest favorites are no longer prized.

March 9.—*The Master Key.*—On saying to a lady who was absently examining a huge bunch of keys that 'any near her on the sofa, 'Is one of your keys a *master* key?' Mr. I. wittily said, 'No; but she has often *missed her* keys.'—(Mr. Keys.)

March 10.—*The Bankrupt Banker.*—An extravagant bankrupt banker was asked by his vexed creditors how he could account for the disposal of his capital. His reply might be applicable to many others if they were as candid—'I have educated my sons and married my daughters.

March 11.—*The Cornelius of the North.*—At the time that Russia was so sorely beset by the French, the Ladies testified their patriotism by sacrificing their jewels to the public fund. When tranquility was restored, these jewels (of which authenticated list had been carefully preserved) were replaced by, in many cases, exact fac-similes, but *all in iron*. Many bracelets had the head of the emperor beautifully executed, but all in the same stern material: no unapt type of the harsh circumstances which led to the generous sacrifice.

March 12.—*Tradesmen* often try to sell their goods by assuring customers that they 'sell more of this article than any in their shop.' Such assurance has always upon me the effect of warning me not to purchase a hat precisely like that of all my neighbors.

March 13.—Some individuals are not rich enough *to afford* to be mean—the wealthy may indulge in being so with impunity.

March 14.—*A Child's thought true Philosophy.*—*Mamma.* 'Fetch me your gloves, Hal, off the hall table, and I will mend them this evening.'

Hal. 'Mamma, I do not like to go—it is dark.'

Mamma. 'Does the dark hurt you Hal?'

Hal. 'No, but I dread it, for it is always *black*.'

March 15.—*Many a 'Good Day's' Work.*—A popular physician declared that he believed he owed great part of his success to his *daily address*.

'How so?' asked a friend.

'I never,' replied the doctor, 'offend the tenacious plebian by saying 'Good morning,' when *he* has dined, nor the conventional patrician by saying 'Good afternoon,' before *he* has done so.'

'What then?'

'I say 'Good day' and thrive by it.'

March 16.—*Moral from the Forty Thieves.*—The late Lord C——n used to say, that he had learnt, from his experience in diplomacy, the wisdom of the wife of Cassim Baba, who secretly greased the measure which she lent to her husband's brother, to find out what had been put into it, by what remained thereon. You may generally discover what a companion's mind has been measuring last, for if he be properly greased, some portion of his secret thoughts will be betrayed by his words, and a skilful politician will turn this to account as was done in the Forty Thieves.

March 17.—*Truth in Childhood.*—There was sound truth in little Hal's philosophy when he declared 'he could see any colour he liked on his pillow.' He meant by pressing his eyes tightly down upon it. Has not an older eye the same power and inclination?

March 18.—Many eager aspirants after fame forget that nothing has a *firm* foundation, whose whole structure is disclosed. The splendid pillar, with triumphal statue, strikes our eye, and while we gaze entaptured, we are too apt to overlook the fact, that its *foundation is deep in the ground*. But nothing that is intrinsically good or great is based upon a surface; and they who seek to be the builders of a lasting work must be content to dig, and lay the groundwork deep, securely, and unseen.

March 19.—Too many writers of fiction of the present day continue to draw characters, as convicts do their paintings, i. e. *copying mere copies*, and often even by fourths, till the whole is gross caricature, instead of that free, bold sketching from the life, which only can win popularity, and be secure of fame, when sketch and sketcher both have ceased to be aught but a memory of the days gone by.

March 21.—*The Clouds.*—Clouds are a mystery in our childish years, and haply not less so in after life.

Beautiful curtains between earth and heaven! sole instance ye of motion void of noise, of colour without mass, of form without compression! What is it clips ye round, and weaves your varied shapes and tints your dazzling hues?

"Tranquil its spirit seems and floateth slow,
Even in its very motion there is rest.
Wilson.

Yes, there is rest among your crowded folds, and we may note the delicate tinctures, and almost count their shades; anon a breeze sweeps by, and the light fabric melts away, more softly than the foam floats on the summer-sea—than morning steals on night—than age succeeds to youth; but it were vain to multiply what it excels. There is but *one* flush on this nether earth, which can compete in softness, brilliancy and beauty, with the summer's cloud—the radiant blush of woman as it glows and fades!

March 22.—*The Cow Lady.*—Lord and Lady B. carried their young family to Spa. During a stay of several weeks they became familiarly acquainted with many of the neighboring peasants, and one old woman availed herself so far of his lordship's benevolence, as to create an interest for herself in his mind. In one of their chats, she contrived to say—'If I had but a cow, I should be perfectly happy.' His lordship resolved to make her so, and accordingly a cow was bought, and given to her, and the family left Spa on a tour while her raptures were at their height.

March 23.—After an absence of two months, the family returned, and Lord B. curious to know how high the thermometer of perfect happiness stood, called at the cottage. On his entrance, the old dame exclaimed—'O the bonny cow, the beautiful cow! She is a perfect treasure, my lord! It only grieves me not to have a hovel, however poor, to shelter the beast in at night.'

The happiness giver was piqued to try and complete his work; the hovel was built, and behold the old dame on the summit of possession, happy!

The party went to Paris; but as the winter came, worked their way back to Spa, where one of the first to welcome them was the 'cow-lady,' as the children called her.

'Well, how go on the cow and her house?' asked my lord.

'O sir, how *can* they go on, when there's no hay for the beast? if I *had* but a haystack!'

Nothing but an expectation that he might be asked for the field it had grown on, could have deterred his lordship from adding the haystack.

This event happened many years ago, but the children who have now children of their own, (and lovely children too,) always know papa is in a peculiarly happy vein, when after dinner he tells the story of 'The Cow lady and the Haystack.'

March 24.—Castles in the air are the shuttlecocks of sixteen; as fast as one falls, another springs up in *its* place, and there is no beam so cool, no head so fully filled with the fashionable *ologies* of the hour, but some odd day in youth, a coach and six, or its equivalent, hath driven through it.

March 25.—A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliments one woman at the expense of another.

March 26.—THE TELL-TALE TREES.—A facetious old gentleman rode one day along a road, which two lovers had perambulated the same morning; the young lady was visiting in his house.—When they met at dinner the damsel asked her host, 'if he had a pleasant ride.'

'Extremely so, my dear; the trees whispered to me all the way.'

Indeed, sir! what could they say?

'Why, my dear, the great oak outside the town told me that you had paused under it to adjust your shawl; the elm-row said that Sir A. had squeezed your hand the whole way it extends; the brook betrayed the tender declaration and the stunted little sycamore had heard the first kiss.'

March 27.—I have known the simplicity of childhood in persons of mature age, and again, the grossness of experience, in those who could not have *learned* ill.

March 28.—*Peter the Second.*—A rascally broken-down lawyer was the constant plague of his fraternity, as he always took care to tax each one he met: he asked for *loans*, but his friends knew well that by loans was meant gifts.

Our Peter Cholesterol one day (in the week previous to the assizes) on a prosperous brother attorney, and modestly preferred the old request—the loan of a guinea.'

The tired out lawyer said,—'Here are two guineas, which I'll gladly give you out and out, if you engage never to come to me again.'

Peter's grave face of calculation was a fine study at this moment. But he withstood temptation—magnanimously waving the guineas from him, he exclaimed with his slow shaking head—'I feel your kindness, sir, and am most grateful for it, but I must be allowed to say that I rate *your* acquaintance at far more than two guineas, besides, sir, my best harvest (the assizes) now is near, and if I can but rub on till then by borrowing *one* from you, my rents will come in duly from the bench and the bar.'

Peter was right—his friend's acquaintance *was* proved to be worth more than two guineas, and he was wise not to *lower his rents*.

March 29.—*The Cynthia of the moment.*—'How dull fair Cynthia looked to-night,' said a Lydia Languish, one morning to her waiting-maid, as she disrobed after driving home from the county ball.

What young lady was dull, because she did not get partners, ma'am?' asked the puzzled abigail.

March 30.—State, like velvet, is heavy and cumbersome alone, and when it adornes the satin of courtesy, it is elegant, rich and admired.

March 31.—*Quid pro quo.*—The last Duke of A—— married his daughter's governess.

'I wonder,' said he to the Marquis of E., (who had married a poor Welsh girl,)

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0575.jpg