EASTON GAZETTE

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VOL. XLVI. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1843. No. 28.

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 Graham's Magazine for July.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY JOSEPH C. CHANDLER.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we lived in vain,
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

BYRON.

In the spring I love to walk along the alleys of Laurel Hill, to mark the first expanding of the tree buds; and to see the flowers spring timidly up in the uncertain sun, and trembling at the breeze that sweeps across the Schuylkill. Summer, too, has its delights in this place: flowers mature, & fruits & vegetation strengthen, the trees stand out proud in their thickened foliage, and the scythe of the mower cuts down the accumulation of grass that pours its rich odors upon the senses in delightful languishage, like the blessed memory of those whom death hath laid beneath the teeming soil.

The autumn has double charms: the scared leaf sweeps widely round in the eddying between the tombs; and the grass has sobered down its hue. Standing amid these things, one thinks of the decaying forms of men ready to be shaken into the receptacle below, and this life loses a portion of the undue attraction that keeps us from a profitable contemplation of *that* which is to come.

Nor is winter destitute of delights in such a place. Thick masses of snow lie here and there in grave shapes, as if the spirit of the storm had fanned and winnowed the purest production of the clouds to make a monument for some air spirit that had ceased to do the errand of love.

Here and there the rose bush extends its thorny branches without a leaf, & the shriveled stems of flowers stretch up from beneath their snowy covering, monuments of kindly affections, and evidences that all is not lost. An open grave at such a time has not all the repulsive looks that it possesses in other seasons; the fresh earth comes up with comparative warmth, and the deep pit seems a hiding place to which we may retreat from the chills of the world, until the storms of life shall have passed away 'and one unbounded Spring encircles all.'

Leaning, some weeks since, over the post that forms the landmark of some lot holder in that populous abode of the dead, and looking down into a grave re-opened to receive a new tenant, I discovered, through the thin layer of gravel below, the coffin plate of the first occupant of the place; and on enquiry learned that the husband's grave had been opened to receive the body of the wife.

The chilly air of a February day, & the coldness increased by a layer of snow upon the ground, induced me to retreat into the house, where I found a person awaiting the funeral. It is natural to discourse of the dead when we lay them in the earth, and as neither my associate nor I had direct interest in the fate of the deceased, the freedom of gossip was not destroyed by any delicacy of feeling on the part of my companion, who seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances of the deceased.

Few young women of our city were deemed more attractive than Amelia Wilberson. Her beauty, her cultivated mind, and the respectable position of her family, gave her consequence in the eyes of young men; more than one of whom made an offer of name and hand, including, of course, for the present, a heart also. And it was evident that one of the many found his hopes strengthened by the good wishes of the parents, and not repressed by any particular coldness of the object of devotion.

Mr. Tudor, of respectable connection in the east, and fair standing in this city, demanded of the mother of Amelia permission to address the daughter; and having received the sanction which he claimed, it was expected by the parents that Amelia would communicate to them the proposition which she should receive. She was silent and when subsequently addressed evaded the subject, & yet continued to treat Mr. Tudor with as much courtesy at least, as the most favored visitors as the house could boast.

'My Daughter,' said Mrs. Wilberson to Amelia one day as they sat in the chamber of the former, 'not only do you appear to treat Mr. Tudor with reserve unbecoming the position in which he has placed himself in our family, but I am fearful that you are acquiring with him and with others a name not desirable to one so frank and candid as you have generally been.'

'But mother, I respectfully but promptly declined the offer of Mr. Tudor.'

'Promptly, my child, but not decidedly—too promptly to give the appearances of having well considered the offer, and yet not with the circumstances and decision that forbid a hope from perseverance.'

'Shall I to-day, mother, give him the answer verbally, or by letter?'

'Not by any means, my child unless he has to-day renewed his offer to you.'

'He has not. I hope he will not.'

'You don't like him then?'

'It is impossible to dislike Mr. Tudor for any qualities which he possesses,' said Amelia, somewhat hesitatingly.

'It is, then, Amelia, as I have reason to suspect—to *believe*, rather let me say, for suspicion is not the word to use towards you—is it that you cannot like Mr. Tudor on account of qualities in another person?'

Amelia made no reply.

'Then, my child, you love Henry Wilder.

'Mother, cou'd I love him without his avowal of affection for me?'

'Your own heart will tell you that, Amelia. Has Mr. Wilder offered himself to you?'

'Never, never mother.'

'It is strange,' said Mrs. Wilberson, that neither your father nor I have seen this.'

But it was not strange—neither father nor mother looked on to see what was going forward in the active scene, where the young and innocent heart of their child was open to every impression.—They heard her narative of the day's conversation and evening amusement; but where there is neither coquetry nor artifice, the young female has no conference with even a mother upon that strange confusion with which her heart is agitated as it begins to love.

'Does Mr. Wilder love you, Amelia?'

'I think he does?'

'Why, then, has he not avowed it?'

'Perhaps the difference between his position and that of father's is the cause.'

'But Amelia, his position is as good now as was your father's at his age.'

'That may be true mother, but he is very proud you know—and very, very bashful,' added Amelia, blushing deeply.

'Amelia' said Mrs Wilberson, 'I have received from Mr. Tudor a direct offer for your hand. He thinks he is acceptable, & he knows, so he says, that he can make you happy. He has been constantly in company with Wilder, and seems never to have suspected an attachment between you two; nay, he has even made a confidant in part of Mr. Wilder. He pressess his suit with great earnestness, and will look for a reply from me this afternoon.'

Amelia turned pale at the proposition, and yet was not wholly regretful. No woman ever received such an offer from a respectable man without a sense of pleasure—of gratitude, indeed—self love is gratified, even though the love for another is for a moment disturbed.

Mrs Wilberson pressed the suit of her client with all the earnestness of a patron, and yet without the authority of a parent. She set forth the advantages of the match and the probable comforts which it would ensure; while she gently hinted, to alarm the pride of her daughter, that it would be a source of mortification to her to find that she had refused so desirable an offer for the sake of constancy to a man who had never announced his intentions, or even his wishes to her, and might, for aught she knew, fulfil a marriage engagement with some other lady before the month was out.

Amelia was distressed, and having made some reply to her mother, asked time to consider the proposition.

'Let me,' said she, 'have one week in which to make up my mind.'

'And at the end of that time,' said Mrs. Wilberson, 'Mr Tudor may depend upon an answer?'

'He may.'

Almost every evening during this important week Tudor and Wilder were, with others, at the house of Mr. Wilberson; and poor Amelia, with an aching heart, weighed the merits of the two young men, hoping that Wilder would relieve her from the position in which she was placed.

On the evening before the answer was to be given, the two young men left the house together, and Tudor in the fullness of his heart told Wilder what he awaited on the coming morning.

Wilder passed a sleepless night. The next morning he addressed a note to Amelia, in which only the following lines were penned.

'Miss Wilberson: I ask only two days; postpone your answer until Monday evening, and if I do not prove that I deserve you, I relinquish all to Tudor.

'HENRY WILDER.'

Mrs. Wilberson was astonished to hear, at the end of the week, her daughter desirous again to postpone her answer; but the letter of Mr. Wilder seemed to warrant the request, and she excused her daughter to Tudor.

Mr Wilder did not present himself at the house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday evening. There was company in the room during the whole evening' and it was observed that Wilder was so agitated that he scarcely uttered a coherent sentence. He evidently sought an opportunity to speak to Amelia. He asked for Mrs Wilberson; she had retired.

The next morning, as Wilder was on his way to Mr. Wilberson's he met Tudor, who in a vain attempt to talk of some common place subject, revealed his secret that he had that morning been accepted at Mr. Wilberson's; at 'least,' said he, I am placed on probation.'

'But you are not well, Wilder.'

'No a sudden affection of the heart. I will leave you.'

The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, at the request of the latter once or twice postponed, but at length took place. The manly virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness insured gratitude, and the shrinking away from society by Amelia was construed by Tudor into special affection for himself; who could tell that it was not so? The constant attentions which a virtuous wife bestows on a worthy, a loving husband, must to him at least seem to be the evidence of love.

But the health of Amelia gave way, & her husband found it necessary to convey her to one of the West India Islands, to avoid the rigors and changes of the winter months in the Middle States.

'Put into my trunk,' said she to her servant 'that work box; a Christmas Present,' said she to her husband, 'from Mr. Wilder, and I have not used it since the night before the day you troubled my mother so early for an answer.'

'Poor Wilder,' said Tudor 'I hope he finds himself well and easy where he is; if he stands ever in need I trust he will remember he has friends who are able & willing to serve him.'

A tear glistened in the eye of Amelia; her husband kissed the cheek which it wet, and advised haste in further packing.

When Tudor and his wife reached Havanah, they made preparations for a winter's residence in the interior of the island, and found themselves comfortable among those who derived benefit from their expenditures, and were anxious to prolong the advantages of the visit by multiplying its comforts.

One day, when alone in her chamber, Amelia opened her trunk and discovered the small box, the present of Wilder, which she had brought from home and she determined to dispose therein he[illegible] the box she discovered a neatly folded letter, sealed and addressed to Miss Amelia Wilberson; she hastily broke the seal and read.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16, 1841.

'Miss Wilberso: I have for months sought to express to you in words my feelings & the wishes with which your charms have inspired me. I am sensible of my own unworthiness, but I cannot answer to my own heart for the lasting misery I should inflict upon myself, were I at this moment and under present circumstances to allow my fears and my consciousness of undeservedness to prevent me from addressing you by letter. I am unable at the present moment to find an opportunity to address you orally. How much and how long I have ventured to love you I will not attempt to describe, but I know that my proposition *may* come too late to morrow. May I hope—may I venture to approach your parents with the assurance that you have not forbidden me—give me at least a few weeks to hope in—I know where the danger lies—and who is my rival—I do him no wrong—I only ask that I may win your affections—if he has them, then God bless him—may he is blessed—and he is worthy the blessing.—I will call at your door to-morrow morning, if you will not see me, a single word by letter through your servant, will inform me of my fate and my duty.

'Most respectfully,
"HENRY WILDER."

When Tudor returned to the room his wife was sitting apparently abstracted with the letter of Wilder crushed in her hands. She seemed the very picture of despair.

"Are you well?' asked he.

"I am faint, very faint."

While Tudor hastened to procure some aid, Amelia thrust the letter into her trunk, and awaited her husband's return.

From that day Tudor marked a change in the conduct of his wife; a severer discharge of duties and more fixed attention to religious concerns. The spring arrived, and Tudor and his wife returned to Havana and took passage for the United States.

Whether Tudor had imbibed disease in Havana, or whether other causes operated, it was not known; but he had scarcely reached his house in Philadelphia before he found himself so unwell that he was compelled to call in medical advice.

The disease gained strength, and Amelia, laying aside all other duties, or merging them in those of the wife, devoted herself night and day to the care of her husband. No application was made to him, no medicine administered without her direct aid. She hovered over his bed like a guardian angel, and seemed to lose all thoughts of self in her devotion to the sick. It was noticed by some as remarkable, that the care and attention, nay, the language of Amelia to her husband had less of the tender, wife like solicitude, than of the thorough devotion, the all-sacrificing attention of the careful nurse. It is difficult to describe in words the differenc between these two kinds of attention, and yet the difference is obvious to *some*.

Religious devotion, a solemn sense of duty to our kind a deep and abiding sympathy for the suffering, and a familiarity with the office, will make the sick bed labors of one most efficient, most useful. If to these be added a deep, undisturbed, *particular* affection, then there is a longer resting of the eyes upon the patient after the attention bestowed, the hand lingers yet more upon the temple it bathes, and a closer breathing is observed as a new symptom is developed. It is not the duty performed, but that which is to be discharged something of a slight jealousy of all that would share in lest they should monopolize the labors.

Amelia did her duty faithfully—and when the gleam of reason returned to her husband, he thanked her for all her wife like cares, her patience with him under all trials, and especially for the unceasing attention with which she had solaced him in sickness, and smoothed his bed of death. 'All these,' he added, as he turned his bright eye upon his wife, full of grateful affection "all these, Amelia, all these are fruits of your undivided love; may Heaven bless you for such kindness of heart to one who could only try to deserve it. How happy have I been even on this bed from which I felt I could not rise; how proud, indeed to be thus attended, to be the single object of the love of one so pure.'

The lip of Tudor trembled convulsively—the spirit fled while it was breathing out its love and gratitude.

Amelia was unable to attend the funeral of her husband, and it was not until some months after his death that she rode to Laurel Hill.

Leaving the carriage she was conducted to the grave of Tudor, and, hanging over the hillock, she thought of all the virtues which had adorned his character, and most of those that commanded his memory to her constant gratitude.

Strange as it may seem to some—and perhaps unfruitful to the duties of one lately widowed—but as she thus mused over the grave of Tudor, she thought of Wilder, of his love for her, of her feelings for him, of all that had passed, all that both had suffered, and then the new freedom of her own position passed her mi[illegible]

Let us not smile at such thoughts, under such circumstances; if the thoughts of every man or woman were blazoned forth, those of Amelia would seem natural and pure. They were pure; they were visitants not tenants of the mind; they came but she entertained them not; and when she thought of her *freedom*, she chastened the mind, and kneeling upon the new laid sod, she vowed solemnly, dutifully, sternly, to live and die the widow of him below. She would make a sacrifice of more than the Indian widow makes—The great suttee which should distinguish her mourning should be her heart. To cherish constant love for the dead, and to preserve herself from other love, is a sacrifice which any woman might make; but to sacrifice a love of the living to the memory of the deceased; to live day by day through a cheerless life, chained to the memory of the departed, and constrained by love of the living, that should be the offering expiatory of the wrong which she had committed; a wrong unfelt by the object, but still inflicted.

Amelia rose from the grave of her husband, strong in her new formed resolution. She turned to depart, and her eye rested on the care worn features of Wilder. He was leaning against a large tree, and seemed absorbed in the scene before him. No sooner did he discover that he was seen by Amelia, than he turned and left the place. Amelia was conveyed to the carriage, and thence to her chamber. Several months after that scene a servant entered the chamber of Amelia, and said that a gentleman, wrapped closely in a cloak had requested that a note should be given her, and he would wait an answer.

The note bore only the words,

'Shall I meet you once more, & when?
'February 2, 1843. H. W.'

Amelia raised herself from her pillow, and with much emphasis said:—

'Tell the gentleman *he may meet me next week where he saw me last.*'

* * * * * * *

The heavy tramp of horses upon the frozen gravel walks denoted the approach of the funeral train. We went forth to the grave. The coffin was borne forward and lowered into its resting place. A short service was read, and the company turned to depart. I lingered to see the closing of the grave, and to think over the vicissitudes of her who had now come to rest in the earth with her husband, and to think of what might have been her fate had her affections been allowed to minister to her comfort.

As the grave digger took his shovel to conclude his labours, a hand was laid upon his arm.

'You will, my friend, pause a little—give me only a moment.'

He looked down and sighed, 'And here at length we meet.'

The grave digger thrust his shovel in the earth and beckoned me away.

When we had returned the stranger had drawn his hat over his brow, and was wiping some sand from his knees.

He departed.

'Do you know that gentleman?' said I to the grave digger.

'He visits us often, he said 'and I think he will soon take up his rest among us here.'

'What is his name?' I asked.

He pointed to a stake—land mark between Tudor's burying place and the adjoining one—it was marked

'H. Wilder's lot.'

And, before the grass grew green upon the resting place of Tudor and his wife—before the birds had formed their new alliances of love and care—before even affection had planted a rose between these tenements, Wilder was carried forth to occupy the nearest place to Amelia which propriety would allow.

THE SUPPOSED MURDERESS.

The N. Y. Herald says that the woman who is charged with the murder of her husband has been visited by several benevolent Scotish gentlemen, who were desierous of rendering her every assistance in their power, consistent with humanity and propriety. To all their tenders of services, however, she returned but one answer, accompanied with a daft, silly, unmeaning smile "Hey, woil, what are ye going to gie me?"

On her examination, she was dressed in a plain cotton gown, of a brown and orange colored figure, with a blue, brown and orange check apron to match; a fine straw bonnet, neatly trimmed with light blue ribbon, and a small black veil; inside the bonnet was decorated with neat blue flowers and orange blossoms. She is taller than the ordinary run of women; remarkably well formed; tall, large clear blue eyes, that have a most strange expression, between silliness and absolute lunacy. Her complexion is light, but her cheeks are red and stubborn; her eyebrows and lashes are very light, and her hair is of a dark auburn; her forehead is exceedingly low, and has a repulsive look, especially as where the organ of benevolence is located she is nearly bald. During the whole proceedings she exhibited a perfect stupid indifference to all that was going on. She had an apple in her hand in which she had drilled a hole, and kept poking her finger into it, & sucking the same as she would chew it. If she is not a poor stupid, dat creature, she presents the best imitation of one we ever saw.

It appears that she did not come to this country of her own accord. Her friends in Scotland, finding the turn that matters were taking, employed the shoemaker Spears, of Simmons, to conduct her out to this country—first to N. York, and then to some acquaintances in Wisconsin. They gave him, for this purpose, funds sufficient to pay their expenses to New York, and thirty five sovereigns besides. This was all the money they had.

Mr. Price said, if she was deranged, there was no reason why they should go on and exhibit proofs of guilt to a deranged mind. He would consent to a postponement until Saturday, the 1st of July.

This was finally agreed to by all parties, and the case therefore stands adjourned until next Saturday.

Through the whole proceedings, the prisoners exhibited a stupid stoid indifference to all that was going on; and was the least concerned person in the whole room.

Mr. Price is of opinion that she was not alone in the murder, and that in Scotland she can be used as a witness against others. It appears that from her childhood, she has been in the habit of using "Fowlers's Solution of Arsenic," for a cutaneous affection of the arm, and it is asserted that she continually poured some of this solution into the medicines and gruels her husband drank before his death.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Of the fifty six signers of the Declaration of Independence, it is stated that nine were born in Massachusetts; eight in Virginia; five in Maryland; four in Connecticut; four in New Jersey; four in Pennsylvania; four in South Carolina; three in New York; three in Delaware; two in Rhode Island; one in Maine; three in Ireland; two in England; two in Scotland and one in Wales.

Twenty one were attorneys; ten mechanics; four physicians; three farmers; one clergyman; one printer; sixteen were men of fortune.

Eight were graduates of Harvard college; four of Yale; three of New Jersey; two of Philadelphia; two of William and Mary; three of Cambridge, England; two of Edinburg, and one of St. Omer's.

At the time of their deaths, five were over 90 years of age; seven between 80 and 90; eleven between 70 and 80; twelve between 60 and 70; eleven between 50 and 60; seven between 40 and 50; one died at the age of 27 and the age of two uncertain.

At the time of signing the declaration, the average age of the members was 44 years.

They lived to the average age of more than sixty five years and ten months—The youngest member was Edward Rutlege, of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch, of the same State, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the declaration. He lived untill 1790, and survived 16 of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in in 1707, and died in 1785.

Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his 96th year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his 91st year.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM AUDUBON.

The following extracts from a letter from J. J. Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, to Dr. G. B. Smith, of Baltimore, we copy from the Baltimore Patriot. They will be read with interest:

MISSOURI RIVER, May 24, 1843.

My Dear Friend—As it happens that we are now fast on a bar, about 150 miles below Fort St. Pierre, one of the many establishments of the American Fur Company, I have taken it into my head to bore you with another letter, and you must make the best of it. I will, however, try to give it some interest as far as I can. Since my last to you, dated May 18, the country has assumed a different aspect and that for the worse.—The river has become more contracted between the hills through which it passes, and has also become more straight. we meet with less water, fewer snags, and many more sand bars. The bluffs have become more abrupt and more picturesque in their forms for as the effects of cold and thaw take place, the irregular portions lose their softer parts, and the harder parts assume the shapes of battlements, towers, &c. and when viewed from a distance look not unlike curiously built cities. The trees are becoming scarcer and of extremely stunted growth, and in the ravines that wind their way between the hills, the growth is principally red cedar. The hills themselves, which gradually ascend to plains of immense extent are one and all of the very poorest description; so much so that one can scarcely conceive how millions of buffaloes, antelopes, deer, &c. manage to subsist, and yet they do so, and grow fat between this and autumn. Then, my dear friend, we have reached those wild, and, to my eye, melancholy looking districts on which those countless multitudes of monstrous sized animals live, and die mad by the arrow and rifle bullet than even by drowning while attempting to cross the rapid Missouri. The shores are strewed with their carcasses, on which the wolf, the raven, and the vulture gorge themselves at leisure and unmolested, for hunters rarely if ever shoot at any of these. We have seen many elks, a abundance of deer, antelopes buffaloes, wild cats, wolves, and coyotes. Our folks have shot buffaloes, but I hope not done so, simply because they are worthless through poverty, and when killed only display a mass of bones and skin, with a very thin portion of flesh, and if you shoot a bull the rankness of its better parts is quite enough to revolt the stomach of all but starving men.

The winter has been so very severe, that Buffaloes have been 3 or 400 miles lower down the river than they had been for twenty years. The calves have been nearly all destroyed. In the way of plants, we have seen some Cactuses unknown to us previously, and intend to take plenty of specimens home with us. We have also found a quantity of wild sweet scented Pea that perfumes the whole atmosphere. It grows over all the hilly & grassy, dreary plains and hills, of which I have spoken. There exists a root called here the white apple, which is farinaceous, and makes a good mush when dried and pounded fine. Of these we shall take specimens. We have collected every thing that was in bloom, & shall continue to do so, when in seed & ripe, for all our friends, far and near—In Zoology, we have done pretty fair; in Ornithology better, as we have already four *new birds*, and will, no doubt, find more. We have felt all the transitions of weather that we have at the Eastward, the thermometer ranging from 44° to 92° in the same day. We are sadly annoyed by heavy and almost constant winds that retard our progress, more or less, almost daily. We have caught only a few cat fish and these I do not much relish. No otters, beavers, musk rats, or even minks, are found in or about the turbid waters of this all-mighty stream, the water of which looks more like that of a hog puddle than any thing else that I can compare it to. About one-tenth of its bulk forms a deposit in half an hour. Springs of magnesia abound in many of the ravines. Sulpuar, and oxide of iron show themselves frequently. Immense bluffs of white, blue & yellow sand stone, are also found, as well as banks of granite, even on the tops of the highest hills. But not a single specimen of fossil remains, as yet, although we were assured that they abounded along these bluffs. We were equally assured we should see no small birds, and have seen millions of them, including almost every species we find in the Eastern States.

May 29th.—We are now at Fort *George*, not more than 20 miles from Fort St Pierre, but may have to put ashore one half of our cargo, as the water is as low now as it was high when we left St. Louis. This is a great disappointment to us all, as Forte St Pierre is the place where one half of our cargo has to be delivered. No one can form an idea of the quantity of buffaloes we have seen since writing the above. The prairies, the hills, and the ravines are all dotted with these heavy looking animals. We had a pleasant excursion across the *Great Bend*, where the river runs 26 miles, and our walk exceeded not three and a half. We encamped one night, and fed upon the best venison I ever eat—it was of that species of deer called the black tailed or mule deer. We saw, the next day, upwards of 5000 buffaloes feeding in the praries around us, but they are too poor at present to eat, and for this reason none, or few, were killed. I have meet with an opportunity for forwarding this to St. Louis, quite unexpectedly, and will take it—therefore excuse further details at present. Remember me to all, and believe me yours, ever and sincerely,

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

In thirteen counties in the State of Michigan there are no less than three hundred and eighty six flouring and saw mills.

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