EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXVI. **EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1843.** **No. 30.**

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.

"THE PLUMMY."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

PART I.

In a narrow and thickly populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal shed; a dark, gaping dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of firewood, technically termed 'penny bundle,' a fringe of ropes of onions, suspended from the *once* whitewashed ceiling, and a whole barrel of Yarmouth bloaters at the door. A back room dimly seen in the distance, served as 'parlor, & kitchen and all,' to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three storied house, with the exception of the attics, was let out to lodgers' at weekly rents, varying from five shillings to half a crown.

One morning in the month of months, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of the real Walsend, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a genteel man walked into the shed, and asked 'if Mr. Cole was within?'

'If it's Job Cole you want I'm the man, replied the retailer of fuel.

'Can I have a few words with you in private?' demanded his visitor.

'Why, I don't see no objections to that,' replied Job 'if so be you'll wait till I've carried these coals. First come first served, all the world over, you know; at least, it's always bin my maximum. Shan' be long. Here, Fanny—Fanny, you slut come and take care o' shop, while I runs over to Mother Smithers.' bawled he; & down came a girl of twelve years of age, and, upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring cask, and began playing with the savory fish, glancing now and then at the gentlemen with a look between shyness and fear, who, on his part, endeavored to enter into a conversation with the child, but could extract nothing more than a timid 'Yes, sir,' or a No, sir.'

Her father, however, soon relieved guard, & throwing down the empty sack, cried 'That's the ticket! And now, sir, what's your business?'

'A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole,' replied the gentleman. 'But, before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions.'

'Ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies, as the saying is,' replied Job.—'But howsomdever, go it! You'll excuse me; but the fact is, I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me. I fear no bums, not I. 'Cause why?—I owe nothing to nobody'

'I've heard a good character of you in the neighborhood' replied the gentleman.

'Don't doubt it,' replied Job, with some confidence. 'I should like to see that man, woman or child, that could say black's the white of my eye, that's all.—Pay everbody--wish I could say as every body paid me!'

After a little further parley, the gentlemen induced Job to invite him to a conferrence in the little back room.

'Your name is Job Cole, I believe?'

'You've hit it--right as a trivit,' replied Job.

'Your farther's name was'—

'Job, too.'

'Have you, or had you any relations?'

'Why, let me see--yes. There's uncle John, but I never set eyes on him. I've heard farther talk of him. He went to Ingeys when a youngster—some—some 30 years ago—yes, thereabouts. But, if its the relations you want, I can settle your business in a jiffy. Here, Fanny, bring me down the Bible, you jade.'

The Bible was brought, and on the fly-leaf were written the names and dates of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummings, his wife, and his six children, the issue of his marriage.

'And where are all these brothers and sisters?' demanded the stranger.

'Dead! dead as herrings—gone to kingdom come a precious long time ago. I'm the only child they reared; and between you and me and the post, I dont think that I'm to be sneezed at!'

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

'I'm perfectly satisfied,' continued he, 'of your identity and I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property.'

'You don't say so?' exclaimed Job.—'Gadzooks!—but stop a minute,'—& rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out, 'Mother Cole!—I say, mother Cole! My eyes! but if this ain't just like a prize in the lottery. Better born lucky than rich. You'll take a drop o' something, though? What's your liquor?'

At this moment Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with the heat and exertion, and adorned with a broad bordered cap of the true London smoke tone and color.

'What the deuce is the matter!' said she, as she wiped her soaped and naked arm upon her blue apron.

'Matter enough, replied Job, with exultation. 'Sal, you baggage, this 'ere gentleman says that uncle John, as was in Ingey, has kicked the bucket, and left us lots o' tin.'

'Gracious goodness me!' exclaimed Mrs. Cole, floping down in a chair—'Well to be sure! I said something would happen. I see a stranger in the bars last night, and a pus popped out on the hearth. Pray, sir, how much may it be now?'

'Realy, ma'am I am not empowered to say; but it is a large sum—a very large sum, I know.'

'My goodness!' said Mrs. Cole, relaspsing for a moment into silence, and then rising, cried, 'Where's the gals? Dear me! its turned me quite topsy turvy Job, do call the gals.'

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered, followed by Dolly, a younger sister, about nine years of age.

'Come here and kiss me, dears, do' said Mrs Cole. 'Poor things! There, go to your father—we are ladies and gentlemen (!)now and no mistake. Fanny, go wash your sister's face and hands, and dress yourself—d'ye hear.'

The children, delighted quitted the parlor to execute her pleasing commands, and enjoy a holiday.

'Excuse me, sir,' said Job, 'but if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?'

'Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields who will be glad to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds.—They also authorised me to say, that if you should require any money, that I was to advance it.'

'That's handsome, at any rate,' replied Job, never refuse ready money. Spose you up a five pun note.'

'Any thing you please,' said the obliging gentlemen; and taking out his pocket book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same flimsy valuables.

'What a heap you've got there!' remarked Job surprised. 'I say, excuse me, but will you just let me have a peep at your trotters?'

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance. And then they all laughed heartily, and Job and Mrs. Cole both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitering at Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the offices of Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with some alterations and additions. Job's short, black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough from the admixture of rabbit down, and encircled by a boad ribband and a steel buckle; his ruddy, clean washed face set off to advantage by a canary colored Belcher handkerchief, his shirt collar, in the absence of starch, falling *a la* Byron; a large red waistcoat with red spots, a blue coat with yellow buttons, black smalls and grey worsted stockings, no gloves, but grasping an old cotton umbrella in his right red hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, 'purvided it should rain,' as she said; and as she had expended 'a matter of thirty shillings' on that article, she felt very anxious about its safety; and a very smart article it was too, being of a mongrel fashion, between Whitechapel and the West End, displaying good materials, of a great variety of color. A shawl, too—a real 'eight quarter' shawl depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof nearly touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her sweet gingham gown, with which it did not harmonize either in colors or texture; but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although considerably 'illustered.'

After referring twenty times to the well thumbed card, and reading down the lists of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

'Caught him at last, neat as ninepence!' exclaimed Job. 'Come along, old woman;' and entering the passage, he knocked at the door—a single timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good hard knock, and forgetting, in his excitement, the object of his visit, actually cried out Coals!'

Oh!' cried Mrs. Cole, checking him—'don't be a fool--don't.'

The door opened.

'Right as a trivet!' said he,

What's your business?' demanded the clerk,

'Business?—oh! that's it,' given the rumpled card. 'Don't be afeared on it, young chap. It's raythor a'iled to be sure; but it's all right. We're come about a matter o' money.

'Are you Mr. Cole?,

'Job Cole, at your service.'

'Oh!' cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, 'do me the favor to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes, ma'am,' continued he addressing Mrs. Cole, who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received; one handed chairs, and another the 'paper,' while a third entered a door, on which 'private' was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves before out popped their visiter of yesterday, smiling, and extending his hand.

'Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you, Mr. Cole. Good morning! madam,' turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her new bonnet and feathers at him and said, 'How d'ye do;'

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at their desk; but were, in fact scraping away with their nibless pens, and glancing their curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation, until summoned by a bell—'Now, if you please,' said he, and, opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson—a gentleman of the 'old school,' with powdered hair and gold spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of Uncle John,' and, folding it up, continued, 'You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?' inquired Mr Robinson.

'Not a jot, by the living Jingo!' cried honest Job. 'It's all ti-tum-ti and gibberish to me. Pray, sir, can't you give it us in plain English;'

Mr. Robinson smiled.

'Well then, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths you the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produces five thousand pounds a year, or nearly a hundred pounds per week.

'The devil it does!' exclaimed Job, 'and what are we to do with it, I should like to know?'

'Whatever you please,' replied Mr. Robinson; 'It is left entirely at your disposal.'

'My goodness!' exclaimed Mrs. Cole. 'Well it is better to be born lucky than rich.' Hold your fool's tongue, do,' interrupted Job. 'I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the dibs?'

'The money is invested in Fives in the Bank of England,' replied Mr. Robinson, 'where I should advise you to keep it.'

But, I say, remarked Job, 'do you think it is safe; I've heard of banks breaking you know.'

'It is perfectly safe, depend on't,' said Mr. Robinson, smiling. 'The half yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk shall go with you, if you please, to receive it'

'Thank'ee! thank'ee!' replied Job, 'I shall feel obleeged if you'll just put us in the way, like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks, and cut the old shop; Perhaps sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it's kept me and mine for a good many years.'

'I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern,' said Mr. Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to the shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved to him. 'If you will allow me, I will also seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you, and to protect your interests.'

'We're much obleeged to you, sir, I'm sure; ain't we Job' said Mrs. Cole.

'Werry,' replied Job, lost in thought for a moment. 'I tell you what it is, sir, I'm rather daized with this luck, and don't hardly know which way to turn—Now I shouldn't like to make an ass of myself, you know, nor exactly let our neighbors think as we was proud, so we'll consider on it. Meantime I should like a trifle just for a shindy. There's my old chum, Tom Simson the grocer, he's a large family, and I know he wants a new front, 'cause he's talked to me about it. I s'pose a matter of twenty pounds or so would set all things to right in that quarter. Do you think I may go as far as that?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Robinson; 'that is a mere trifle, and although you will, of course, move in different society from what you have been accustomed to, I think it will redound greatly to your honor to remember those friends from whom you have received friendly offices. Suppose I advance you a hundred pounds now, and see me again to-morrow, or the following day.'

'I should be afeared to have so much in the house, indeed I should, sir,' said Mrs. Cole. 'Thirty will be enough, and to spare.'

'Lots,' said Job.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat up nearly the whole night, talking over their great fortune, and forming a thousand different projects for the future; and after putting the amount upon paper, and puzzling over the sum for a considerable time, they at last began to have a glimmering of the extent and value of their possessions.

They were both illiterate, but very good natured and right minded people; and Job, in the fullness of his heart resolved to give the remainder of his stock to the poor families who regularly dealt with him, and the very next morning his shop was swarmed, and he was so happy.

By the evening, the shed was entirely cleared, and he sent to the Blue Anchor, and borrowed chairs and tables, and ordered a hot supper with oceans of drink, for all his friends & their families in the neighborhood, amounting to about thirty persons in all. It was, in truth, a merry meeting, and the conviviality was kept up till a late hour.

His chum, Tom Simpson, was eloquent and grateful, for Job had dropped in on the morning to invite him, and told him he had had a bit of good luck in the way of a legacy; and then touched upon the coveted new front to his premises.

I'll stand a trifle towards it. Here, catch hold, Tom!' said he, putting a twenty pound note into his hand, 'and don't forget to come at eight'—and away he ran, leaving the astonished grocer in ecstacies at his unostentatious liberality.

The next day the empty shed was opened as usual; and at eleven o'clock Job and his spouse repaired again to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fortunately they had fallen into excellent hands, for the firm was highly respectable, and Mr Robinson they had seen was a gentleman, and a man of property, and felt a great interest in the honest legatee. He took a house for them, and furnished it; and at once proposed that the two girls should be forthwith sent to a first rate boarding school.

In respect to the father and mother there existed a greater difficulty, for, as [illegible] it was as difficult to teach an old dog new tricks.'

Mr. Robinson, however, recommended a young gentleman of polished manners, but blessed with no fortune, who was to fill the situation of tutor, steward, secretary, and companion to Job; and also provided Mrs. Cole with a companion,' and housekeeper, 'to l'arn her manners,' as Job said, laughing.

They both, however, had sense enough to see the propriety of this arrangement, & in six months had certainly made considerable advance, especially Mrs. Cole, for women of all grades are naturally more genteel than the male part of the creation; as for Job, he could not for the life of him give up his accustomed pipe, and his pint of porter in the veritable pewter, before he retired for the night; and this was the only luxury of his former days that he could not be prevailed upon to abandon. The girls rapidly improved, and Job himself declared that he was convinced that education was a fine thing, after all.

They could not, however, expend one half their income; the luxuries of the richly born they could neither understand nor appropriate; but they gave away a vast sum in charity, although Job would not allow his name to be 'stuck' in the papers.

Mr Robinson, who was a real friend, invited them frequently to his table in a family, until, finding they were presentable, he gradually introduced them and their children into society: and, as there was neither pride on Job's part, nor a vulgar assumption on his wife's, they were every where well received, & gave in return such pleasant parties, under the direction and management of Mr. Frederick Lawson, the tutor, who was every way fitted by birth and taste to do the honors in an admirable manner, that their numerous acquaintances eagerly accepted the invitations, especially after the first party, when many went in mere curiosity, but returned home with expressions of delight and amazement at the display. Job had discrimination enough to discover that it was not his money alone that made these parties pass so pleasantly, but that it was the skilful arrangement of his tutor.

On his first engagement he had paid him two hundred pounds per annum; but hearing that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, whom he supported, he generously added another hundred, and gave a hint to Mrs. Cole to make them presents now and then, out of her superfluities, which the kind soul most readily complied with.

When Fanny, his eldest daughter had attained her eighteenth year, he took her from school, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, and engaged an accomplished woman to finish her education. She was a quick, sprightly girl, and very pretty, and had already acquired a tone and manner which surprised and gratified her excellent parents.

About a month after her return home, Job, addressing his tutor, said, 'Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Cole and me have been thinking—'

'Mrs Cole and I have been thinking, if you please, sir,' interrupted Mr. Lawson.

'Well, never mind grammar, and all that, just now,' continued Job, 'for I am speaking natural. We've been thinking it's rather awkward since Fanny has come home to have a gentleman always fluttering about her.'

Mr. Frederick Lawson blushed & trembled; he evidently saw the issue; he bowed and was silent.

'Now tell me, don't you think a likely young fellow like you is dangerous; human nature, you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind.'

'I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views,' replied Mr. Lawson.

Cool!' said Job; 'then you don't fret much about leaving!'

'Indeed sir, you wrong me—"

'And perhaps you don't think the girl worth looking at, and there's no danger!'

'Sir, I do think she is a very charming young lady, but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron.'

'You think the old coalman's daughter not good enough, mayhap, for a gentleman!'

'I am too poor and too dependant to entertain any thoughts upon the subject.'

'Nonsense! a gentleman's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scuddick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fan. I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that's all. And Mrs. Cole's my way of thinking; so look to it.'

A month after this singular *tete-a-tete*, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esquire, to the hymeneal altar. And proud was the honest coalman of such an alliance; although many scheming mammas, who had eligible sons, were terribly put out, and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking of, and he worth a plum, too.

AN INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Gen. Dearborn has communicated the following to the Boston Courier:—

"When I entered the room, at Concert Hall on the morning of the 17th, where the members of the Society of Cincinnati were to assemble, for the purpose of joining the procession, I found several old soldiers of the Revolution, who had come there by mistake instead of going to the State House.

While in conversation with one of the members of the Society, I was surprised to hear the notes of a fife in the room & turning in the direction from whence they proceeded, discovered an aged man, seated, among the old soldiers, who was performing on that instrument. I immediately went and took a seat beside him and listened until he had concluded playing Washington's March, when the following conversation ensued:

Were you a fifer in the revolutionary army? 'I was.' In what corps? 'Nixon's regiment and Nixon's brigade.' How long did you serve? 'Three years. I was in the campaigns in the Jerseys, and I was present at the execution of Major Andre. How old are you? 'I am in my 83d year.' Where do you live? 'In Springfield.' What is your name? 'Thaddeus Ferry.' He then played Yankee Doodle, and remarkably well. He had a grandson with him who appeared to be ten or twelve years old, and who had accompanied his grandfather, apparently to take care of him, as the veteran was feeble, and so deaf as to render it difficult to converse with him.

How remarkable, that after the lapse of time which had intervened since the close of the revolution, there should be heard in the Society of the Cincinnati, on the 68th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, a fifer of Washington's army, playing the march of that illustrious patriot, and the spirit stirring national air of Yankee doodle, which had so often cheered the American camp, during the glorious struggle for liberty and national independence.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT AND OF SEARCH.—Mr. T——,one of the deputy sheriffs, of manners most polite, and of bearing the most gallant, called yesterday at a house in execution of his duty, where he met an amiable and interesting young lady.

"I am come, madam," said the organ of the law, calmly raising his hat from his head, and making, at the same time, a gentle inclination of the body, "I am come madam 'to pay you a visit!"

"Sir" said the lady, "you are welcome.

Pray be seated. To whom, may I ask, am I indebted for this unexpected act of courtesy?"

"Why, the fact is, madam" said the deputy, "I have an attachment for certain articles of property, which I have reason to believe are secreted in this house, and for which I feel bound to make a search."

"Really, sir," said the lady, "from your manner when you first entered, I had imagined it was for myself you had the *attachment*, and I therefore bade you welcome. I must now tell you, however, that, though in favor of the right of *visit*, I am decidedly opposed to the right of *search*; so, with your permission, I will show you to the door."

Mr. T—— had too much native gallantry in him to offer any opposition to the will of so pretty a lady, so putting his gray castor on what phrenologists call the chamber of the brain, he bade the lady a "*very* good morning," and withdrew.—[*N. O Picayune.*

AGRICULTURAL

From Bicknell's Reporter.

THE INFLUENCE OF AGRICULTURE.

CORN, WHEAT, &c.

We have noticed with pleasure in the late number of Hunt's Magazine and the Southern Literary Messenger, several admirable articles on the Census, and particularly on the tables, which give a condensed view of the progress of agriculture and population in this country. A writer in the well conducted periodical published by Mr. Hunt, shews very conclusively, that agriculture and commerce mutually depend upon each other, and that the success of the former, in this country especially, gives an immense impulse to the latter. He argues that of the vessels that are daily taking in their cargoes in the harbors of Charleston and N. Orleans and the intervening ports, it is safe to say that the principal portion of those freights is derived from the cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice, as well as the other agricultural staples of the surrounding territory. The same is the case with the commerce of the Mississippi: and we find the numerous steam ships and flat boats which ply upon that river during season of navigation, are laden with the agricultural products of the states that border its banks, or that are sent down through the interior by the Ohio.—The commerce of the lakes is maintained, moreover in a great measure by the transportation of the agricultural produce of the great states of Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, lying upon their borders, to the eastern markets; and the same may be said of the canal and rail road transportation of the greater number of the states as well as our coastwise trade. Furthermore, if we examine the decks and holds of the ships which are constantly setting sail from our commercial towns both at the east and south, we find that agriculture supplies the great bulk of the cargoes which are exported abroad. It is agriculture indeed which gives life blood to the trade and commerce of the country, and is doubtless as important to the solid vigor of commercial enterprise as nutritious food to the health of the human body. Withdraw this resource from our commerce, and the veins and arteries of the commercial system would sink into a state of collapse, exhibiting the cadaverous and pallid hue of disease and starvation. Of the amount of the several species of agricultural products yielded by the country, we are furnished with a full data by the statistical returns, which although perhaps not entirely accurate, present as complete a statement as could, under the circumstances, have been furnished. By a table compiled from these returns, it appears that we have produced during the year ending the 1st of June, 1840, the products, a statement of which we here subjoin, with their amount.

Live Stock.	
Horses and mules	4 333 669
Neat Cattle	14 971 586
Sheep	19 311 374
Swine	26,301,293
Poultry of all kinds, estimated value	$9 344 410
Cereal Grains.	
No. of bushels wheat	84 823 272
" " barley	4 161 504
" " oats	123 071 341
" " rye	18 645 567
" " buckwheat	7 291 743
" " Indian Corn	377,531,875
Various Crops.	
No. of pounds of wool	35 302 114
" " hops	1 238 502
" " wax	628 303
Bushels of potatoes	108,298 060
Tons of hay	10 248,108
Tons of hemp and flax	95,251
Tobacco, Cotton. Sugar, &c.	
Pounds of tobacco gathered	219,163,319
" rice	80 841 422
" cotton gathered	790 479,275
" silk cocoons	61,552
" sugar made	155 100 809
Cords of wood sold	5,088,891
Value of the produce of the dairy	$33,757,008
" " orchard	$7,256 904
Gallons of wine made	124,734
Value of home made or family goods	$29,023,380

He also states as a fact which has escaped the observation of many that the Indian corn raised in Tennessee is nearly three times the amount raised in Pennsylvania, and more than four times the quantity produced in the great State of New York, and yet Tennessee, in the north, is hardly looked upon as an agricultural State.

Tables are given which shew that two thirds of the crop of Indian corn is raised in the slave holding States—and of this quantity but a very small portion is exported. It is the great staple for the food of all classes—and for beast as well as man. In these States, a comparatively small amount of wheat is raised, though

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