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. XXVII. **EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.** **NO. 46.**

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 Bicknell's Reporter.

THE WOOL TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The wool trade is likely to become very important in this country. Our farmers, who have the means of trying the experiment, should give due attention to the subject. A friend in England writes us, that in his opinion a few years will see wool exported from America, to the same extent and value as cotton. This perhaps, is rather wild, but the thought is full of enterprise. We have before us an article on the colonial wool trade of the U. Kingdom of Great Britain, which possesses interest in connexion with the subject. The writer remarking upon the present extent and character of the trade, says, "it is scarcely much over a quarter of a century when the announcement of a public sale of wools imported from a British colony, was a subject of derision on the part of not a few of the German and Spanish merchants connected with the trade in the wools of the two countries we have named, a topic judged as chimerical by the flock-masters and manufacturers of the United Kingdom."

The following paragraphs from the article may embody some hints of value to our agricultural friends.

"An increased degree of importance was attached to the sales of colonial wools in the year 1842, not only on account of the large demand which existed for them in the two preceding years, but in consequence of the rapid increase in the production of the staple in the British colonies. True it is that the first series of sales in this year went off flatly for Australian samples, but both clothiers and spinners found fault with them, as the fleeces offered were short in staple and weak in fibre. The stocks, too, in the hands of the dealers were at this period rather large, and in the manufacturing districts there was a very considerable amount of heaviness then prevailing. The April sales of the year now under consideration were limited, but the attendance was good, and Sydney wools (the remains of the last years clip) realized an advance of from 5 to 7½ per cent.—The sales now under review were the sixth and concluding series of the season. A small portion of the new clip was exhibited at the June sales, 1842, but the quality was not remarkable for the improvement that was certainly looked for. The lower qualities at those sales sold the best, for reasons here after to be stated. In the sale of the following month "the favourite flock of J. McA. was eagerly sought after, the condition being very superior," and as high as 2s. 2d. per lb.; was paid for a choice bale or two. The July sales passed off without any feature of moment. The following series of sales, however, gave ample testimony that the requests of the selling brokers, (a body known for their accurate knowledge of the quality of wools generally, their influence in the colonies, and on the continent in all matters connected with the staple,) had not been entirely disregarded; for in the comments upon sales of the month referred to the following remarks are given in a communication then sent to us:—

"Australian wool of fair to good quality was much sought for, and we have pleasure in finding many celebrated flocks, which had suffered from burs and prickles, and consequently low prices again recovering their high reputation, and realizing satisfactory prices according to times. Many considerable parcels still continue to be received in dingy, burry, prickly condition, and have produced apparently low prices. We are nevertheless induced to hope that a favorable season and increased care will eradicate this evil."

A few words of advice is thus given from another source—they were good then—they suit even the present day:—

"It is evident that wools in bad condition, whether from the colonies or elsewhere, are not suited to the wants of the day; and it will be more than ever requisite that the condition of the getting up of wools must be more attended to, as the miserable prices obtained for large masses of wool from all the colonies plainly indicate the absolute necessity of stricter attention being requisite on this material point."

At the December sales a great impetus was given by the timely receipt of extremely favourable intelligence from India and China. An authority on such matters, at the time now under especial notice thus refers to the subject of the displacement of foreign wools by colonel producers:—

At this moment, when colonial clothing wool is rapidly superceding, for general purposes, the demand for German and other foreign wools, too much care cannot be taken to keep up the character and quality of flocks which have acquired an enviable reputation; the evident deterioration in fibre and quality of several approved Sydney clothing flocks is much to be regretted, and we suspect it is the result of an endeavour to obtain a greater weight of fleece by crossing with coarser but heavier breeds; this must be attended with more risk, especially as the declension in the spinning demand by the introduction of cotton warps has seriously affected the value of combing wools."

The highest prices realized for Australian wools in the year 1842 were, for good to best clothing, 2s. 1d. 2s. 2d. per lb., and for good combing, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 1d. per lb. In this year the imports of New South Wales' wools into London were 32,095 bales, of the weight of 8,248,115 lbs. From Germany in the same period there were received into the port of London, 11,188 bales, and from Spain but 2,884 bales. The total quantity of Australian wools submitted to public competition in the year 1842 was, as near as may be, 26,000 to 26,500 bales.

Last year the receipts of wool from New South Wales shewed a most enormous increase, viz: to 47,991 bales, of the aggregate weight of 12,334,600 lbs. The imports of Spanish wools in the same period were but 2,480 bales (mark, there were 23,453 bales received in 1836, and 90,450 bales from Gemany, of which 27,830 came to London of the latter, and 14,614 of the former;) while of German wools 9,964 bales only were imported into the port of London."

AMUSEMENT OF A MOORISH SULTAN.

The Meshwa herald now proclaimed that Shasha (the blow-giver) and the six fingered Alee each of free will, were about to test their strength, and that a royal donation of fifty gold mitzakel would be the reward of the conqueror. "May God bless our Lord" shouted by ten thousand voices, drowned the cry of the headd, "the deafener," as the people called him from his astounding voice. Both the champions were already on the appointed ground, when there arose the question which should receive the first blow. On this the sturdy Alee spoke: O mighty Shasha, slave of the Defender of the Faithful, the Sultan of the world! it is my duty to grant that advantage even to the meanest servant of our Lord." The blow-giver replied:—"Your course of life is run: it has reached its goal! Where shall I deal the fatal blow?" Alee pointed to the top of his head. The long & muscular arm of the black was now raised and poised in the air over the skull of Alee, who, with knees slightly bent, stood undaunted, before his antagonist, a broad grin upon his features, as if certain of his power of resisting all human strength. Down came the fist of the black, sounding like a sledge-hammer when struck with force against an anvil. Alee staggered, drops of sweat burst out upon his forehead, his eyes rolled with pain and seemed starting from their sockets; but, recovering, he shook himself, and, rubbing his bullet-shaped head and looking round, exclaimed:—"Allah! that is what you may call a blow! and what a blow, too! Allah! But now comes my turn, O Bokhary! and if it please the most mighty God, Shasha, the blow-giver, shall never deal another." Then, turning towards the Sultan, he craved to be allowed to place himself on equal height with his tall opponent. This was granted; and four soldiers were ordered to fetch a marble block that was at hand, but they found it too much for them. Alee ran to the spot, and having, with their assistance, put it on his shoulders, placed it in front of the Sultan. Then having doffed his gelab, he took his position on the block, and, clenching his six-fingered first and throwing his body slightly backwards, raised his arm, and seemed to choose a posture whereby he might secure the greatest power. He hesitated, and dropped his arm, as if to consider a little longer. And now the black man trembled, and over his sooty face there seemed to come a horrid paleness, as Alee resumed, in a yet more decided manner, his posture of attack. Down, rapid as a thunderbolt, fell Alee's fist, and with it fell the black, never to rise again. The Bokhary's skull was frightfully fractured, and he who had so often dealt the blows of death was now but as one of those who had met a like fate from his own relentless arm. "There is no power or strength but in God;" exclaimed the Sultan, as the black expired at his feet. "Give the clown," pointing to Alee, "the fifty ducates, and let him have safe conduct. Shasha is a great loss to my household; but who can avoid God's decrees, which are written in the Book of Fate." Alee took the purse; and, ere the sultan's mandate for him to be escorted could be put in force, he had mingled with the crowd, and was seen no more! Some said that the brethren of the black murdered him that night.—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.

—Appropos—here is a specimen, from a Michigan paper, which is the best bet on the election we have seen. Some Yankee girl is offering to bet on Polk's election with any respectable, good looking young man as follows:—"The stakes shall be the parties; if Polk is elected, I win, and marry the gentleman who bets against me; if he is not, the gentleman wins and marries me."

Never impose secrecy on a man to whom you communicate anything in confidence; he is sure to tell it to some friend if you do.

A GUESSING INSTITUTE.

Nobody but Field, of the Revelle, at St. Louis, or Kendall, of the Picayune, could tell such a story as this, which we copy from an exchange paper:—

A seedy son of New England found himself, recently, all alone, unknown, and "hard up" in New Orleans. Of course, he soon set about guessing some way to get out of the scrape; and before he had quite whittled his stick away, he became absorbed in the inception of a grand thought. It seems, sitting down to guess, his astute brain made a plunge at once, among the metaphysical and scientific ramifications of GUESSING; and not long after, he might have been observed, with a sober sort of twinkling in his eye, marching off along the "levee," apparently looking for a house to let, humming—

Yankee Doodle! came along!
When fortune falls distressing,
There's nothing like a Yankee song,
And scientific guessing!

Early next day, our hero and another odd-looking genius were seen on a ladder, nailing up a broad strip of canvass all across the front of a house on the Levee: and, the job being completed, there was displayed in flaring, sprawling, straggling, broken-backed, decapitated, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, bow-legged, limping letters, Roman, German, Hebrew, caligraphic, chirographic, Arabian, Armenian, and Pothook-ian:—

NU ORLEENS GESSING INSTITOOT

GESSING TAUT IN ONE LESSEN.

Only 20 *Five Cents.*

The thing produced a sensation at once among sailors, pedlars, Levee laborers, and all sorts of stragglers. Our professor borrowed an old rotten awning, hung it up and divided his room in two, put his assistant at the door to take in quarters, turned a tincup upside down on the middle of an old rickety table, got a vial of vinegar, a pot of tar, a bottle of whiskey, and various other well-known odoriferous affairs arranged around him; and, with a black skull-cap on his head, and red stick in his hand, he made no bad "splurge" at the representation of a modern Faust. Madame Ludwig might have taken a lesson from him, ("you understand me now?") and Herr Alexander should have seen him.—He drew a mystic ring on the ceiling with charcoal, filling it up with most indescribe "curleeues," right over the table, and business soon commenced.

In straggled an open-mouthed inquirer after the mysteries of guessing.

"Stranger, good morning; walk up and proscribe yourself as a true inquirer after the irrevelations of Geeseology. Put your left hand upon the converted tin cup. Very well. Lift your right hand to the ceiling, and fix your eyes upon the magic circle. So. Now, if you wink, or remove your eye, you'll ruin the hul business, stranger; so, just hold still. Nor I precede to provoke the guessing spirit to descend upon you. What is this I hold under your nose?"

"Vinegar."

"Crimini jingo! you larn fast! what's this?"

"That's tar."

"Right again, my pupil; what's this?"

"Brimstone."

"Good you envelope the faculty realy amazing! Can you guess what this is?"

"Whiskey, by thunder!"

"All creation how quick you take it! are you sure it's whiskey?"

"Sure? well, I recon!"

"You'd better taste it and see. Is it whiskey?"

"Well it is."

Take a good swig, then; you'll do, stranger;—you're ready to graduate. Come in next. Hallo! mister, don't take that bottle away."

One after another, as fast as he could dispose of them, the Professor found his customers sideling half shyly in upon him all day long, and when, now and then, one would exhibit a belligerent spirit, between good humor and whiskey, the New England Magician still managed to send him off satisfied. Everybody coming out was questioned by the eager crowd in waiting as to "what sort of a show it was, anyhow?" and the answer was pretty generally the same: "First rate, and no mistake, and the last experiment is worth half the money."

The Professor counted his receipts that night, and finding a round sum to help him on West; sold his "institoot" for a premium to his enterprising assistant, and next morning he was off, jingling the silver in his pocket, and blessing devoutly the benefits of *science!*

A WET DAY AT THE TREMONT HOUSE.

—We heard a droll story, the other day, of the first visit of a western friend of ours to Boston, some years since. He had taken a 'run on' from N. York to see Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, the Common, &c., and knew nobody in the city, or, if he did, on the 'fall day' of which we speak, it would have made little difference, for the rain poured down in torrents, and from his room, in the upper part of the Tremont House he beheld the drenched passengers, endeavoring to restrain wayward umbrellas, *compelling* them across flooded intersections, while occasionally a buttoned up, wretched looking back would splash along the horses like drowning cats, the driver like a resusitated ditto. Out of another window he had an equally enlivening view of the old church yard, with its moaning trees, & mouldering monuments, from which he would again turn to the street in front, watching perhaps an occasional actor or actress; 'little people'—in their dives along the passage leading to the Tremont theatre, with a 'wonder' whether such draggle tailed and shocking bad hatted individuals could possibly have had any part in the spangled pageant of the night previous! But these mental resources could not last forever.

He paced his chamber, rang for a cocktail, rang for cigars, rang for the papers, on each occasion attended by 'John,' a tall, good looking, good humored Irishman, who appeared to understand his dessolate situation, and who in consequence, ventured upon sundry expressions of sympathy, such as—

'It's a murdthering wet day, sir, and how?' 'The devil fly away wid such weather say I sir, barrin' that it would be a blessin' to him!' &c.

Suddenly, as in a fit of desperation, the prisoner flung himself down by a table, looked 'John' full in the face, and exclaimed, in a determined tone—

'Bring me two bottles of champaign, here!'

The waiter regarded him with evident surprise, and some little consternation: for if ever discontent had expressed in suicidal accents, then had it spoken; and a landlord's inquest over one found dead-*drunk* was palpable presented to his mental vision.

'Is it two bottles you said sir?'

'Two bottles I said, and make haste about it.'

John took a few steps towards the door—found occasion to set a chair straight—stole a look back—and then, with an embarrassed 'hem,' evidently interested, and determined, if possible, to recall the harsh man to reason he repeated—

'*Two* bottles, you said, sir?'

'*Two* bottles, *d*—*n* you!'

John looked wildly; threw up his eyes, & disappeared. Re-opening the door, however immediately, and thrusting in one *cheek*, he took a glance with his ear, as it were and, somewhat between desperation remonstrance, ventured the final inquiry—

'Not two at *wunst*, sir?'

A ruinous dent in the door, within an inch of his head made by a boot-jack, closed the matter, and the door also just as suddenly, John taking himself down stairs in a state of considerable anxiety.

He returned in due time with a couple of bottles, placed them on the table before the immoveable stranger, and with a sort of puzzled look in his face for further orders.

'Now, sit down, d—n you and drink one of them.

'Oh, Holy! Is it one of the bottles?'

He was cut short by his neighbor's cork which hit him in the eye, and, with the air of a man yielding to preternatural influences down he sat, or another moment, to be looking at a miniature likeness of his entertainer through the bottom of a tumbler.

They have always kept choice 'brands' at the Tremont House, and a few glasses relieved John of much of the awe with which he had regarded the weather-bound gentlemen. The latter, smoking a cigar drank away gravely, only, by a nod, now and then directing John's attention to his bottle. The champaign waxed low, John waxed high; from respectful awe to ardent gratitude, mounting thence to fervent patriotism, flashing mirth, and even gushing song! His host was enlightened with regard to his (John's) 'respectable connexions at home;' assured that he wasn't at the moment speaking to 'one of the clargy,' whence John eloquently launched forth upon the orotorical flood of Catholic claims and Dan O'Connell. The gentleman from the West was in an act of pouring out the last scant glass, when John suddenly arose, rang the bell with great vigor, and sat down again. Two or three rings, each louder than the other, were necessary, however, before one appeared, that 'landing' being John's own peculiar province; but at length two wondering faces were thrust into the room, & John, with a tone of authority not to be resisted, cried out—

'Two more bottles on *my* account, d—n ye, and be quick about it!'

It was now the turn of the western man to stare; but John was on his connexions at home,' and not to be interfered with.—The wine came, and the waiters grinned, and John was glorious. The rainy day became one of a rosy sunshine; & when the hour brought together, the small party invited to dine with the stranger in Boston they were delighted to hear that the said city was the greatest place in the whole country, 'any how!'

John took our friend under his especial charge at dinner, and such *tit bits* as were selected for his enjoyment never before were even dreamt of; and upon his final departure, to say nothing of the 'Porterage' being refused, John, with a select few appeared grinning at the *depot*, and gave 'three cheers for the rale gentleman' as the train started.—*Richmond Compiler.*

A HORSE FIGHT.

Several fine barb stallions, held by the Hackkem's slaves, were lead forward, amongst which was a powerful black colt, who having managed, by rearing and plunging to break loose from his conductor, attacked, with thrown back ears, and open mouth, another of the stud; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Arabs, accustomed to such freaks, a desperate fight ensued: wheeling round as quick as lightning, rearing and using their fore feet as dexterously as an expert boxer; then galloping away from those who endeavoured to catch them, determined to have out their duel, snorting and squeaking most wildly. This was a moment for the admirers of horse-flesh to see every muscle and nerve come into play in their fine action, unrestrained. The black colt was at length seized by the neck by his more vigorous adversary, who, pressing him to the ground, held him there till men came to the rescue and separated the combatants.—Drummond Hay's Western Barbary.

The English Laborer.—The British Farmer's Magazine for October contains a speech by Col. Powell, a gallant officer of the British army, but now a farmer, at an agricultural festival at Hay upon the occasion of the presentation to him of an honorary testimonial. In Col. Powell's speech as reported in the Hereford Times, the following passage occurs:

We often hear at public meetings observations made relative to the condition of the agricultural laborers of this kingdom, as compared with men of their class in other countries, and some will go so far as to say that our agricultural laborers are better fed, better clad, and better housed than any other of their class abroad; and that they generally get a hot dinner most days of the week. Now if these gentlemen who make these assertions at these meetings, for political purposes, to deceive others would only, when they are taking their morning rides, and paying their morning visits, see the agricultural laborer, when he is partaking of his mid-day meal, they would then see the man, and his wife, with three or four children, around the table, with a huge bowl of smoking hot potatoes and salt; no bread, no butter, no bacon.—(Hear, hear.) Such is his meal, in many instances, when working near home; but let them watch that man when he goes to work at a distance, and is compelled to take his meal with him; in the middle of the day he may be observed reuring to rest himself under the shelter of a thick hedge, protecting himself from a strong north-easter, and taking from a little bag a piece of bread, often of very ordinary quality; when he has done pecking it he may be seen directing his steps to the nearest place where he may obtain a draught of clear water.—Such many of you know to be the case with many an honest, hardworking labourer.

THE BOOK OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

—A very natural curiosity having been expressed by the public, both at home & abroad, in regard to the progress of the "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the years 183[illegible] 1839, 1840, 1841, & 42, by Charles Wilks, U. S. N." and but little or nothing having been published to gratify that curiosity, we have applied to the proper source, and have been permitted to say that considerable progress has been made at Philadelphia in printing the work. It will consist, first, of five demi-quarto volumes of about five hundred pages each illustrated very superbly with sixty-eight steel plates, about forty-six steel vignets worked on pages of letter press and two hundred wood cuts scattered through the work, with four very large maps and several smaller ones. This edition is ordered by Congress for distribution to foreign powers and a few libraries; it will be a very small one.

A second edition, (if such may be called when both are simultaneously printed,) of octavo size, will be published, and be under the control of Lea & Blanchard, of this city. The copy right of this belongs to and has been secured by the author. It will contain the same illustrations the whole of which are in a very forward state; nearly two volumes of both editions are actually printed. From what we learn we should probably be safe in stating our belief that the whole will be ready for publication in three months. More attention has been given to the mere "getting up" of this work than to any other published in this country. It is purely, in all its parts an American production; the illustrations are highly creditable to our artist & draughtsmen, and may be classed with the best that have appeared in Europe, a large portion of these we have seen. When we nib our critical pen after the publication, we shall endeavor to convey to our readers a correct account of the literary execution. Great labor has undoubtedly been bestowed by author, artists, and scientific gentlemen attached to the Expedition, to make this a truly elegant work. We anticipate its publication, in common with our countrymen, with considerable impatience.—*Smith's Journal of Belles Lettres.*

THE NATURALIZATION LAW OF MOSES.

Extract from Prof. Wines on the Civil Government of the Hebrews.

"I proceed to an exposition of the provision of the Hebrew Constitution, in refence to the admission of foreigners to the right of citizenship. And, if I mistake not we shall find it characterised by the same wise and patriotic forecast which marks all the other enactments of this admirable code."

"I sympathise, most sincerely, with an eloquent rebuke, administered by a distinguished Divine* but a few weeks ago, in one of the pulpits of this city, of that mercenary patriotism which would repel from our shores the friendless and the oppressed of other climes. I say emphatically, 'Let them come!' Let every ship that enters our harbours pour them by hundreds upon our soil. The first civilized men who settled as permanent residents on this continent, sought, in the then howling wilderness, among savages and wild beasts a refuge from tyranny and oppression; a home where they could breathe the air of freedom, where they could think without a master, and above all where they could worship God without asking a titled and purse-proud hierarchy when, or where or how. God forbid that civilized and christianised America,—America blessed with free institutions, and embellished with the trophies of science and religion,—should be more hard hearted than America peopled with the wolf, the panther, the buffalo, & the painted Indian! God forbid that my native country, whose boast it is to be free and happy herself, should ever cease to afford to the sons and daughters of sorrow fleeing from the wrongs and miseries of European despotism, a hearty welcome and a happy home!

"But are we, therefore, to permit these foreign refugees to overturn our liberties, and render the government under which we live so frappily, as little worth as any of the worn out and tottering dynasties of Europe? Have they any of that attachment to our institutions, which would make them at once safe depositaries of political power! Are they qualified either by their education, habits or sympathies, to exercise the most precious of a freemen's franchises, and march to the ballot box almost within the first 24 hours after their arrival upon our shores?

"In my opinion, our American law makers might profitably go to school to Moses in this, as well as on several other question of public policy; and if they should not carry the principle of his naturalization laws to the full extent that he did, it would at least be instructive to them to contemplate the procedure of a true patriot and an able statesman,—and one, too, under the guidance of divine wisdom.

"Admissions to citizenship was denominated by Moses, "entering into the Congregation of Jehovah." He ordained that this should never take place in the first or second generation. Some nations, as the Ammonites and Moabites, for particular reasons, were not to be admitted to the tenth generation; that is, never. But the Edomites, Egyptians, and probably foreigners of other nations, could become Israelitish citizens in the third generation. That is to say, the grand children of those who had immigrated into Judea from foreign climes, could be admitted to the privileges of natives of the soil. Why this jealousy of foreign influence? The reason is plain. Moses was an intelligent & devoted lover of his country's liberties, & he was not willing that they should be lightly subjected to the peril of destruction, through the ignorance and recklessness of foreign voters. Hence he required that foreigners should become, so to speak, naturalized in their sentiments, habits, sympathies and manners, before by a legal naturalization they should be incorporated into the body politic and invested with the rights and dignities of citizens. And, certainly, the principle of this enactment must commend itself to every sober understanding, as founded in the wisest policy and the most true hearted patriotism though doubtless, the application of the principle need not, in all cases, be carried to an equal degree of rigor."—

*Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia.

The Methodists.—From the minutes of the annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1843—44, just published, (says the N. Y. Post) it appears that the nett increase of members during the year, was 102,831. This, added to the increase of the previous year, namely, 154,624, makes the unprecedented increase of 257,455 in the short period of two years, and the whole number of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1,171,356. The number of the travelling preachers, or regular clergy, is 4,282; of the superannuated, or worn out travelling preachers, 339, and that of the local or lay preachers, 8,087. Total number of preachers 12,708. In other words, the number of Methodist Preachers in the United States and Texas; exceeds that of the standing army of the United States. It is a fact worthy of notice, that out of the whole number of *travelling* preachers, it was found necessary during the last year to expel only two from the connexion. The number of withdrawals was thirty one.—Within the bounds of four conferences, namely the Baltimore, the Philadelphia, the New Jersey, and the New York, the aggregate decrease was 7,514. In the city of Baltimore, the white membership was reduced from 9239 to 8782; and the colored membership from 1530 to 1453, showing an aggregate decrease of 1534. The twenty four churches of the city and liberties of Philadelphia have had their white membership reduced from 11,093 to 10,315, and the colored from 231 to 177, aggregate decrease 799. The white membership of the twenty two churches of New York city and county has decreased from 9746 to 9424—but the colored has increased from 34 to 54; nett decrease, 302. In the five churches of Brooklyn; the white membership has been reduced from 2020 to 1820, and the colored from 11 to 8 total decrease 203.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0563.jpg