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THE GIPSY CHILD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

He sprung to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent;
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands,
That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands,
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born heir;
But the mother wept and the father smiled,
With heartfelt joy o'er the Gipsy Child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but sward,
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him I ween;
But fragments are spread, and the wood-fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the Gipsy Child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire
His raven hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue.
With the deep carnation flushing through;
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth.
All pure and white as their own pearl wreath;
And the courtly dame and damsel mild,
Will turn to gaze on the Gipsy Child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song.
He wanders at night fall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl.
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
His dower is scant and his life is wild,
But kings might envy the Gipsy Child.

THE PEASANT GIRL.

A Romance in the life of a Nobleman.

BY JULES JANIN.

When I first embarked in my professional career, (says Sir Thomas Lawrence, to whose manuscript "Recollections" we are indebted for the story,) I spent some years in Italy. What a fairy land of glorious things is *Italy*—the bright and beautiful, where painter's hand and poet's eye may gather their richest inspiration, it is *Rome*, with its statues and its music, its relics and its skies, to the young and ardent heart, the strong and indulgent imagination, the refined and cultivated intellect!—During the time I studied there, my constant companion was Lord W———; he was young, and his health made a residence abroad as desirable as it was delightful to him; he was possessed of splendid talents, and seldom mixing in the gaities and dissipations of the young English men of rank then resident at Rome, bestowed his time almost entirely in a devotion to *Art*, which led to our intimate acquaintance. He painted well, and never, even in after experience, have I met with a mind so alive to the beauty of the master-pieces around us, or so deeply and richly imbued with that feeling which constitutes the *Poetry* of painting. Many and delightful were the hours we have spent in communing, or in meditating, upon the beauty which in all its forms was so rife on every side, or in giving to the canvas the crude, yet glowing thoughts which struggled for expression. We were in the habit of wandering, with our books and colors, in the neighborhood of Rome, to sketch—now some sturdy figure, now ancient relic of the Cæsars; and one day we approached a group of peasants for the purpose of transferring their picturesque dresses to the foreground of some half-finished picture; we approached them with *indifference*—but we left them, with feelings how different! Working in the fields, her face shaded by the large straw hat of the country, was a young girl, so perfectly and splendidly beautiful, that our astonishment could only find relief in exclamations. She was not tall, but her head and face equalled the most lovely visions which have ever been embodied in marble, or traced upon canvas. Faultlessly classical was every feature, whilst the clear dark sunny skin, and rich liquid eyes, and exquisitely turned figure, astonished even our practiced eyes. She was fitted to grace a court; and, as we entered into conversation with her, we were not less struck by the calm indifference with which she beheld our admiration, than with the dignified manner which *precluded* the slightest familiarity of word or look. In the course of that day we called upon Sir Henry K——, with whose large and delightful family we were slightly acquainted. Lord W——, though unusually silent, could not forbear detailing our adventure, and describing the beautiful peasant: "I dare say—I am sure it must have been Bianca," said Miss K. "That is her name; I heard it," said Lord W——, eagerly; "do you know her?" "Oh, yes! she is quite our protegee, and we are very fond of her." "She is an extraordinary girl," interrupted Lord K., "or I should not allow her, as I have done, to be the occasional companion of my daughters;—but she sometimes stays with us, and indeed is coming to-night, and when that is the case we make her the lion to any of our friends whom we can depend upon; it does Bianca no harm, since admiration cannot make her vain, or kindness familiar. We have a *soiree* to-morrow night, and, if you will give us the pleasure of your company, you will find her here."—With thanks we accepted the invitation; the evening, so impatiently longed for by Lord W——, at length arrived. We entered the room, and modestly seated, at a little distance from the rest of the party was the beautiful Bianca—rising and continuing to stand when any lady honored her with attention; she remained seated with her usual quiet dignity when gentlemen addressed her. The room was crowded with English and Italians, many of them artists, and as several of them had not seen her before, her beauty created a great sensation, as all agreed, that her face realized the beau ideal, even of Greece.—Lord W. alone did not approach the lovely peasant girl; silent beyond his usual taciturnity, he stood literally gazing his soul away—at length he went up to her, and his respectful, and almost timid manner, so different to the fixed gaze of the artists, or the bolder glances of the merely idle, won her more animated attention; but soon after he had joined her the party broke up, and we departed. From that day Lord W. became a constant visitor at Lady K.'s—for *Bianca* was often there; his walks took only one direction—that which led to *Bianca's* cabin; if he painted, the features were *Bianca's;* and if he spoke, it was of *her;* "her beauty, her purity her dignity, her language, all so far, so infinitely above her station." In short, he loved her with all the fervor of romance, with all the devotion of a first and engrossing passion, before whose overwhelming influence it grieved me to see that every other thought and pursuit were giving way. One evening, when the glorious Italian sunset was giving to the landscape the look of one living Claude, I had unconsciously taken the road we had traversed on the day we first became acquainted with the beautiful peasant. At some distance before me I saw Lord W. in earnest conversation with a young girl who could only be *Bianca;* they were walking quickly towards the wretched mud cabin of two rooms, which was the home of the most lovely woman in Italy! As they approached it, Bianca raised her head, and made a farewell gesture to Lord W., then giving her hand to a youth of her own station, who sprung forward to receive her, she disappeared. I hurried forward, and in another moment met Lord W.; his pale cheeks had on them one red spot; his tall figure was bowed as if with age and infirmity, and his hands were clasped convulsively; on his countenance, his young and joyous countenance, was stamped despair. For a long time he grasped my arm, and his parched white lips refused to utter a sound; at length he said: "I did not expect this; I cannot *live* without her—she cannot know *how* I have loved her! She has refused to marry me; she has told me, av, *me!* she loves another—a peasant boy!" added he, with a glance of fury which almost alarmed me; "I, whose only vision since that fatal day, has been to see that girl my wife—*I*, who would have been proud to own her. She has told *me* she loves her *Guido,*" added he, in a fearful whisper of concentrated rage. I entreated him to be more calm; he laughed. "Calm, when I have lost Bianca!—*you* have not loved her." He became silent, overcome by the violence of his emotions.

* * * * *

By degrees he grew somewhat more composed, but he had honored and loved the young Italian girl too well to forget her soon. Rome became hateful to him, and he soon left it to seek, in the solitude and grandeur of Switzerland, a balm for the young spirit which had not yet learnt to bear with sorrow and disappointment; and, perhaps, when the veil of passion was removed, he felt that Bianca, with all her beauty, could scarcely be a mate for him who wore one of England's proudest coronets.

Years had past, and had sobered the passionate youth into the dignified nobleman, when, not long ago, Lord W. invited me to visit him at his princely seat in ——shire. We had often met in town, but it was my first visit to him there.—We had been talking over our youthful companionship, when Lord W. said, "you must come and see my gallery, dear ——, for I am proud of it." He might well be so, for it was splendid; and his own pictures did not disgrace the old and valuable collection. He took me up to *one.* I could not mistake it—the features, the eyes! It was the peasant girl—the long-loved Bianca!

"Old days, you see," said he, with a sigh, "are not quite forgotten yet. How beautiful she was! But things are changed since I would have given rank and wealth to win that girl—yes! things are *changed.* I painted that picture to show *Lady W.* the creature whom I once thought the most perfect work of heaven! By the way, I heard from Lady K. that *she,* Bianca, is happy with 'her Guido!' has six children, and has grown *fat.*" Alas! for the Romance of Early Days!

HUNTING ON THE NUECES.

From Capt. Henry's Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico.

A party of five officers left the camp for a three day's hunt on the Nueces. The second day we had all returned for some grub, except D., when we saw him coming on horseback with (as we supposed) a deer behind him. To our joy, instead of a deer, he threw down an enormous panther.

"Well done, D." was the involuntary expression. "Where did you kill him?—under what circumstances?"

"Easy, my boys—just hold your horses; I'll tell you; but just tip me some grog, for I am rather used up. Well I shot a busting big buck, and saw it fall about a hundred yards from me, in a 'mot.'—Knowing when 'Old King Death' (name of his Wesson rifle) sends a ball that it is all up with anything it hits, I gave myself no uneasiness about the buck and was crawling upon another, when I heard the greatest fuss and growling where the buck fell, and concluded the wolves must have got it. I ran up and got within six feet before I saw the cause of all this confusion; when, simultaneously with my sight, with a sharp cat growl and desperate leap, a panther sprung at me. I had barely time to fall back a few feet, when he brushed past me in full leap, just missing my person, and alighting on the ground about twenty feet from me. He instantly turned towards me and prepared, with teeth shown, tail on his back, & death in his eye, to make another spring at me. I drew up, 'King Death,' saying, 'it is you or I, old fellow,' cracked away and shot him through the centre of his forehead, a little lower than the eyes. He fell, and with some desperate struggles, died, relieving me from rather an unpleasant predicament."

"Good! old fellow! Bring out that bottle of Cozzens' old brandy, none but the best to drink to the panther-killer."

It certainly was a dangerous, most fearfully dangerous situation. D.'s coolness, daring, and ready command of nerve, saved his life. The animal weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, was seven feet eight inches from tip to tip, and four feet high. The spotted tigers are terrible animals, and the fiercest hunting dogs cower at their approach. Col. C. of Texas, told, me, that on the Bernard, river, while hunting coons with a friend, the dogs treed, in an immense live oak, something over which they made an unusual commotion. Being the youngest, it was his fate to climb the tree, and get, as they thought, the coon down. The tree was directly on a river bank, and its horizontal branches reached nearly across.

The trees are no saplings in that section of the country, the live oaks especially; for they do say that under the shades of some, five hundred persons could dine. If they could have had these trees in the sylvan times of merry England, what dances the good people could have had under them! But to return. He climbed the tree, and crawling out on one of those horizontal limbs, expecting every moment to see the coon, what should present itself, upon rising up to look around, but an immense spotted tiger, with eyes "like balls of fire." What to do was the question. He could not back out; he dared not drop in the river, for it was full of alligators. He fell upon this plan; swung himself below the limb and hung on by his hands! The tiger walked over him, descended the tree, and went through a crowd of dogs, as fierce ones as there were in Texas, who never even growled at him.

MORDECAI GIST.

The name of Gist has been suffered to fall into too much neglect; for he was one of the best and bravest officers in the war of independence. Like Smallwood, Williams, and Howard, he owed his birth to Maryland, a State which has reason to be proud of the galaxy of great soldiers she furnished to her country. Gist was born in 1743. In 1775 he was selected to command a company of volunteers raised in Baltimore, being the first body of troops furnished by his native state to the army. Early in 1776, he was made a major of the continental line. At the battle of Long Island, Gist commanded his regiment, the colonel and lieutenant colonel being absent; and fought with the greatest bravery. During the campaign of 1777, he earned additional reputation, and was raised to the rank of colonel. In January 1779, he was further promoted, by being made a Brigadier General. In perusing the history of the Revolution the reader continually finds the names of Gist and Smallwood joined together in heroic deeds—two noble souls were they—who, at the head of the Maryland troops, frequently obtained victory, and even in defeat won glory.—In 1780 Gist was attached to the Southern army.

The bravery of Gist was never more brilliantly displayed than at the disastrous battle of Camden. Gates, puffed up with conceit from his victory at Saratoga, deemed his name alone sufficient to obtain success; and accordingly advanced, by hasty marches towards Camden, as if the only danger he had to fear was the escape of the enemy. Cornwallis, the boldest and ablest of the royal generals, resolved to meet Gates, though his troops were little more than half the number of those of the America. But then the British soldiers were composed of eight hundred regulars. The two armies, marching to surprise each other, met in the night of the 15th of August, 17[illegible]. A skirmish took place, when, by tacit consent, each drew off till morning. At dawn the battle began, in the midst of a thick fog. Gates, at the moment of going into action, foolishly attempted to change the position of his left and centre, both composed of militia, and the consequence was, that Cornwallis seizing the oversight, charged on the instant with the British grenadiers, and totally routed that portion of the American army. But Gist, who led the right, honorably maintained his post. In vain Lord Rawdon charged his ranks; in vain the brave De Kalb fell fighting almost at his side; like a solid rock, resisting the surging tide, Gist and his brave Marylanders stood unmoved. But, at last, the numbers of the foe prevailed. Gates, with nine-tenths of the army, had fled; and then Gist, rallying a few men, consented to retreat.

For his heroic conduct on this occasion, Gist received a vote of thanks from Congress; and De Kalb spent his dying moments in dictating a letter to Smallwood and him, expressing high admiration of their bravery. In 1782, Gist commanded in the affair at Combahee, the last engagement of the war. Here he obtained a victory. When peace was declared, he retired to a plantation he had acquired near Charleston, where he remained till his death in 1792.

Gist had a tall, graceful figure; and expressive face, lighted up by a bright eye; and an air of chivalric resolution. He was possessed of great muscular strength. He was three times married, and had after the war, two sons, the first of whom he named 'United,' and the second, 'States.'

A PARABLE FOR LADIES.

NAOMI, the young and lovely daughter of Salathiel and Judith, was troubled in spirit because, at the approaching feasts of trumpets, she would be compelled to appear in her plain, undyed stole, while some of her young acquaintance would appear in blue and purple and fine linen of the land of Egypt. [illegible] mother saw the glow that appeared upon the face of the girl, and, taking her apart, related this parable.

[illegible] saint to the guardian spirit of the [illegible]ered tribe:

"King genius, why is it that the coarse-voiced strutting peacock spreads his gaudy train to the sun, dazzling the eyes of every beholder with his richly burnished neck and royal crown, to the astonishment of every passer-by, whilst I, in my plain plumage, am overlooked and forgotten by all? The ways, kind genius, seem not to be equal towards those under thy care and protection."

The genius listened to her complaint, and thus replied:

"I will grant you a train similar in richness to that of the gaudy bird you seem to envy, and shall demand of thee one condition in return."

"What is that?" eagerly inquired the dove, overjoyed at the prospect of possessing what seemed to promise so much happiness.

"It is," said the genius, "that you consent to surrender all those qualities of meekness, tenderness, constancy and love for which thy family have been distinguised in all times."

"Let me consider," said the dove. "No; I cannot consent to such an exchange.—No, not for all the gaudy plumage, the showy train of that vain bird, will I surrender those qualities of which you speak, the distinguished features of my family from time immemorial. I must decline, good genius, the conditions you propose."

"Then why complain, dear bird? Has not Providence bestowed on you the qualities which thou valuest more than all the gaudy adornings you admire? And art thou discontented still?

A tear started in the eye of the dove, at this mild rebuke of her guardian spirit, and she promised never to complain.

The beautiful girl, who had entered into the story with deeper and tender emotion, raised her fine blue eyes to meet her mother's gaze, and as they rolled upwards, suffused with penitential tears, she said in a sudden tone, with a smile like that assumed by all nature, when the bow of God appears in the heavens after a storm,—"My mother, I think I know what that story means. Let me be your dove? let me have that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and I am satisfied to see others appear in rich and gaudy apparel."

HINTS TO LADIES.—"Men of sense," says Mrs. Thompson, "I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestibility—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience, of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fufil those ill contrived vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar—such men want for their companions, not dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringlettina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faint if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepperdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a fox-hunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate—she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of boddice.

From the Philadelphia American.

SANTA ANNA'S CAREER.

His early Life—Treachery and Revolts—Military achievements and Butcheries—His Banishment and return to Mexico, and his present position.

From the last accounts from Mexico, Santa Anna would appear to be, at length, completely fallen,—no longer a military chief at the head of armies,—no longer a President and virtual dictator, the ruling spirit and master of his country,—no longer even a fugitive, contending with dignity and courage even against fate,—but a helpless, hopeless submissive victim and prisoner, patiently expecting the ignomy of a trial, in which he is to be arraigned for military incompetency, and we are even told peculation or robbery of the public treasury.

The life of Santa Anna illustrates in an extraordinary degree the vicissitudes of that fortitude, which, in the ancient times of superstition, and fable, was worshipped as a controlling divinity; though it resembles less the career of a democratic chief and military demagogue of our own era and hemisphere, than the history of the slave of an oriental monarch.—a Narses, or Belisarius, or some palace menial, raised by the caprice of fortune, or the purple, from the lowest obscurity up, through all intermediate posts and dignities, to the glory of military command, and triumph, and mastership—only, by a similar caprice to be suddenly pulled down and degraded even below the depths of former insignificance. Or,—if we must find the Mexican ex President a more dignified parallel, he can be compared to Demetrius, the destroyer of cities, the very football of fortune; who with more valor, the advantage of royal lineage, and a character as infamous for debauchery as Santa Anna's has been for blood,—ran through every adventure of fortune, to rise and fall,—to be exiled and recalled,—to win thrones and be driven from them,—to fight and conquer, and be conquered,—and finally, to end the drama of ambition in unutterable wretchedness, and degredation, and in chains.

It is now twenty-six years since *Colonel* Santa Anna rose from obscurity, a partisan of Iturbide; under whose auspices he drove the Spaniards out of Vera Cruz, and was appointed governor of that city in 1821. He was the faithful slave of the usurper, his impartial master; but having incurred the displeasure of that caricature of royalty, and being threatened with the loss of commission, he seduced his regiment to revolt, invited the old revolutionary chief, Victoria, from his mountain concealment, to head the rebellion, and thus had the merit of dethroning the emperor and restoring the republic. But the republic not rewarding that merit in a degree equal to his expectations, Santa Anna revolted again, and against it, marching in 1823 with a corps of six hundred fellow-traitors from Tampico to San Luis Potosi; where he spread his flag, modestly proclaiming himself Protector of the Republic. The patriotic speculation entirely failed: the rebel was captured and dismissed to retirement on his Xalapa estate for five years. In 1825, he was partially restored to favor; and in 1828, after the presidential election of that year, he again got up a rebellion, for the purpose of deposing Pedraza, the President elect, and substituting Guerrero, the defeated candidate.—This enterprise happened to be successful; and Santa Anna was rewarded with the posts of secretary of war and commander-in-chief of the army, early in 1829. It was in the same year that Spain sent her last invading army, under Barradas, who landed at Tampico, to be beaten and captured with his whole force, by Santa Anna. Yellow fever, and the incompetency of Barradas were powerful auxiliaries; but this was the most glorious exploit of Santa Anna's life.

From that moment until he took the reins himself, the standing occupation of Santa Anna consisted in making & unmaking Presidents. He dethroned Guerrero, and put Bustamente in his place—taking care to have Guerrero shot for treason—in 1834. Next year Santa Anna turned against Bustamente, and actually had Pedraza, his former victim, brought back from exile to finish some two or three months of his unexpired Presidential term. In 1833, Santa Anna was elected President himself, put down several insurrections, refused Dictatorship offered, by the army, as Cæsar did his crown; and, in 1836, destroyed the federal constitution and system of independent States, (similar to our own,) substituting the central system, by which the sovereignty of the States was merged in a consolidated central government. Elated with the success of his schemes, and still at the head of affairs, Santa Anna marched into Texas to commit the butcheries of the Alamo, and suffer, at San Jacinto, the retribution of an overthrow, more disgraceful than was ever, perhaps, suffered by any general, great or small, before his time.

In 1838, he rose again from the contempt, into which that disgrace had thrown him, and distinguished himself by suppressing the Federal insurrection of Mexia and ordering that unlucky patriot, or adventurer, to be shot on the field of battle. Then came, within the same year, the attack of the French admiral, Baudin, on the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; which gave the Mexican hero the opportunity to repel the descent of the Prince de Joinville, and lose a leg in the service of his country. This was next to the capture of Barradas, the most glorious of his feats, and gained him the title of *Benemerita*, or the Well deserving of his country,—to which his whole life has proved he has but a very equivocal claim.

In 1840 we find him at his old trick of revolutionizing a President out of his chair. Bustamente was again deposed. Santa Anna became dictator; and his leg was buried in the capital, at the Church of San Pablo, with more honor and pomp than will be hereafter, perhaps, bestowed on his entire body. In 1844, Paredes made his first essay at a *pronunciamento*; and, in 1845, and *Benemerito* (his buried leg torn out of its grave by enraged leperos) was banished to Cuba; where he remained, until, by a surprising stroke, universally considered the very master-piece of American political intrigue, he was sent—or passed—back to Mexico, to be made President and Commander in Chief once more, and, as such, raise large armies to fight great battles with our own forces, and lose them. In the conflict with the Americans of the North, he genius and his fortune have always failed him. He never before showed half as much talent, courage, energy, or devotion to his country as he has displayed in the present war. All however, has proved in vain. Every fight has been a defeat. His star and his reputation have sunk together. Power and popular appreciation have all been withdrawn.—Friends and country abandoned him alike: and now, an object apparently of equal contempt and hatred, the Benemerito submits to the commands and the arrest of Pena y Pena, a President appointed by himself, and awaits the results of a degrading trial, and perhaps an ignominious conviction.

This is a fair sketch of the career of Santa Anna, the Mexican patriot, the "Napoleon of the South." But whether the career be entirely closed, remains yet to be seen. Santa Anna has often fallen before—never indeed, so deeply as now; but he has always risen again, "stronger than ever. It is not impossible that he may flash up once more into importance. His countrymen are the most fickle of all people in the world; and Santa Anna, with all his faults, and the absence of all the qualities of genius that mark the great man, is by far the ablest one, both as a soldier and statesman, in all Mexico.

SENSITIVE PLANT.—A young lady, endowed with the most delicate nerves, mentioned one evening, to a few friends assembled in her drawing room, that she had a horror of the rose. "The perfume of the flower," said she, "gives me the vertigo." The conversation was interrupted by the visit of a fair friend, who was going to a ball, and wore a rose-bud in her head dress. Our fair heroine turned pale directly, tossed her arms and fell gracefully in a syncope upon the ottoman. "What a strange nervous susceptibility! What a delicate and impressible organization!" cried the spectators. "For heaven's sake, madam, go away! Don't you see that you have caused this spasm?" "I?" replied the astonished lady. "Yes, of course, it is the perfume of the rose-bud in your hair." "Really, if it is so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower—but judge before your sentence." The flower, detached from the head-dress, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators, but their solicitude soon gave way to a different emotion.—*The fatal rosebud was an artificial one.*—*Blackwood.*

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The farmers, in the county of Aberdeen, Scotland, practise the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors: Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of sugar, and one part of saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for sixteen ounces of butter; work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says, "I have ate butter cured with the above composition, that has been kept three years, and it was as sweet as at first."—But it must be noted that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is begun to be used; if it be sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it; and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will then be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards. The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.

When the remains of the gallant Walker were taken to Puebla, the booth of a carpenter made the coffin too small, whereupon Lieut. Clinton, of Scott's company, 1st Pa., off with his uniform, rolled up his sleeves, and made him a coffin himself.—He is a carpenter, it is stated, and is from Moyamensing or Southwark, of Philadelphia. Lieut. Brooke, of the same company, who is a Blacksmith, entered a smithery and made the nails.

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