THE 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. XXXIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851. No. 37.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY **SATURDAY MORNING,**

BY

GRAHAM & JOHNSON.

J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. In no case will the above terms be deviated from. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

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From the Christian World.

A PARABLE.

Worn and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured;
"Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers!
Lo! an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy, I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud bursts of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air;

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened, while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet;
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as of old, sublime;
Humbleness, and love and patience,
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved one of my heart.

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me."

GOING TO THE DOGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'I RECEIVED your bill to-day, Mr Leonard,' said a customer, as he entered the shop of a master mechanic.

'We are sending out our accounts at this season,' returned the mechanic, bowing.

'I want to pay you.'

'Very well, Mr. Baker, we're always glad to get money."

'But you must throw off something — Let me see,'—and the customer drew out the bill—'twenty-seven dollars and forty-six cents. Twenty-five will do. There, receipt the bill and I'll pay you.'

But Leonard shook his head.

'I can't deduct a cent from that bill, Mr Baker. Every article is charged at our regular price.'

'Oh yes, you can. Just make it twenty-five dollars, even money. Here it is,' and Baker counted out the cash.

'I'm sorry, Mr. Baker, but I cannot afford to deduct anything. If you'd only owed me twenty-five dollars your bill would have been just that amount. I would not have added a cent beyond what was due, nor can I take anything less than my own.

'Then you won't deduct the odd money?'

'I cannot, indeed.'

'Very well.' The manner of the customer changed. He was evidently offended. 'The bill is too high by just the sum I asked to have stricken off. But no matter, I can pay it.'

'Then you mean to insinuate,' said the mechanic, who was an independent sort of a man, 'that I am cheating you out of two dollars and forty-six cents?"

'I didn't say so.'

'But it is plain that you think so, or you wouldn't have asked an abatement. If you considered my charges just, you wouldn't dispute them.'

'Oh, never mind, never mind! we'll not waste words about it. Here's your money,' said Mr. Baker, and he added another five dollar bill to the sum he had laid down. The mechanic receipted the account and gave the change, both of which his customer thrust into his pocket with a petulent air, and then turned and left the shop without another word.

'It's the last bill he ever has against me,' muttered Baker to himself, as he walked away. "If that's his manner of treating customers, he'll soon go to the dogs. He was downright insulting, and no gentleman will stand that from another, much less from a vulgar mechanic. Mean to insinuate! Humph! Yes, I did mean to insinuate. —And Mr. Baker involuntarily quickened his pace. He'll soon go to the dogs. I've paid him a great deal of money, but it is the last dollar of mine he ever handles.'

Baker was as good as his word. He withdrew his custom from the offending mechanic, and gave it to another.

'I've got one of your old customers, Leonard,' said a friend in the same business to the mechanic, some six or eight months afterwards.

'Ah! who is it?'

'Baker.'

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

'How came you to lose him?'

'I'll tell you how you can keep him.'

'Well, how?'

'If your bill amounts to thirty dollars, make it thirty three and a few odd cents, by increasing some of its items. He will want the surplus knocked off, which you can afford to do; then he will pay it and think you just the man for him.'

'You lost him, then, because you wouldn't abate any thing from a true bill.'

'I did.'

'Thank you. But suppose my bill should be twenty six, or seven, or eight what then? I couldn't knock off the odd dollars for the purpose of making it even.'

'No In that case you must add until you get about thirty.'

'And fall back to that?'

'Yes. It will be knocking off the odd dollars which he will think clear gain.'

'That would hardly be honest.'

'Hardly. But you must do it or lose his custom some day or other.

'I shall have to accommodate him, I suppose. If he will be cheated, it can't be helped.'

On the very first bill that Baker paid to his new tradesman he obtained an abatement of one dollar and ninety cents odd money, but actually paid three dollars more than was justly due. Still he was very well satisfied, imagining that he had made a saving of one dollar and ninety cents.—The not over-scrupulous tradesman laughed in his sleeve and kept his customer.

Having withdrawn his support from Leonard, it was the candid opinion of Mr. Baker that he was "going to the dogs," as he expressed it, about as fast as a man could go. He often passed the shop, but rarely saw a customer.

In the eyes of Baker, the very grass seemed to grow upon the pavements before the door of the declining tradesman — Dust settled thickly in his window, and the old sign turned grayer and grayer in the bleaching air.

'Going to the dogs, and no wonder,' Baker would say to himself, as he went by. He appeared to take a strange interest in watching the gradual decay of the mechanic's fortunes. One day a mercantile friend said to him—

'Do you know anything about this Leonard?'

'Why?' asked Baker.

'Because, he wants to make a pretty large bill with me.'

'On time?'

'Yes, on the usual credit of six months.'

'Don't sell him. Why, the man is going to the dogs at railroad speed.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes. I'm looking every day to see him close up. He might have done well, for he understood his business. But he's so unaccommodating, and I may say insulting to his customers, that he drives the best ones away. I used to make large bills with him, but havn't dealt at his shop now for some time.'

'Ah! I was not aware of that. I am glad I spoke to you, for I shouldn't like to loose six or seven hundred dollars.'

'Six or seven hundred! Is it possible that he wants to buy so recklessly! Take my advice and don't think of trusting him.'

'I certainly shall not.'

When Leonard ordered the goods the merchant declined selling except for cash.

'As you please,' returned the mechanic indifferently, and went elsewhere and made his purchases.

It happened that Mr Leonard had a very pretty and interesting daughter, on whose education the mechanic had bestowed great pains; and it also happened that Baker had a son who, in most things, was a "chip of the old block." Particularly was he like his father in his great love of money, and scarcely had he reached his majority, ere he began to look about him with a careful eye, to a good matrimonial arrangement, by which plenty of money would be secured.

Adelaide Leonard, on account of her beauty and accomplishments, was much caressed, and mingled free in society.—Young Baker had met her frequently, and could not help being struck with her beauty, intelligence and grace.

'There is a charm for you,' said a friend to him one evening.

'In Miss Leonard?'

'Yes.'

'She's a charming girl,' replied the young man. 'I wonder if her father is worth anything?'

'People say so.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes. They say the old fellow has laid up something quite handsome; and as Adelaide is his only child, she will of course get it all."

'I was not aware of that.'

'It is all so I believe."

After this, young Baker was exceedingly attentive to Miss Leonard, and made perceptible inroads upon her heart. He even went so far as to visit pretty regularly at her house, and was meditating an avowal of his attachment, when his father said to him one day—

'What young lady was that I saw you with in the streets the other afternoon?"

'Her name is Leonard.'

'The daughter of old Leonard in —— street?'

'Yes, sir.'

Mr. Baker looked grave and shook his head.

'Do you know anything about her,' asked the son.

'Nothing about her; but I know that her father is going to the dogs as fast as ever a man went.'

'Indeed! I thought he was well off.'

'Oh, no, I've been looking to see his shop shut up, or to hear of his being sold out by the sheriff, every day, for these two years past.'

'Miss Leonard is a very lovely girl.'

'She's the daughter of a poor vulgar mechanic. If you see anything so very lovely in that, Henry, you have a strange taste.'

'There is no gainsaying Adelaide's personal attractions,' replied the son, 'but if her father is poor, that settles the matter as far as she and I are concerned. I am glad you introduced the subject, for I might have committed myself, and, when too late, discovered my error.'

'And a sad error it would have been, Henry. In any future matter of this kind, I hope you will be perfectly frank with me. I have a much more accurate knowledge of the condition and standing of people than you can possibly have.'

The son promised to do as his father wished. From that time the visits to Miss Leonard were abated, and his attentions to her, when they met in society, became coldly formal. The sweet young girl, whose feelings had really been interested, felt the change, and was for a time unhappy; but in a few months she recovered herself, and was again as bright and cheerful as usual.

Time went steadily on, sweeping down one and setting up another, and still old Leonard didn't go to the dogs, much to the surprise of Mr. Baker, who could not imagine how the mechanic kept his head above water after having driven away his best customers, as he must long since have done, if all were treated as he had been But he was satisfied of one thing, at least, and that was that the mechanic must be miserably poor, as he, in fact, deserved to be, according to his idea of the matter.

One day, about a year after this timely caution to his son in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months. Just opposite a large, new, and beautiful house, to which the painters were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed, Baker said—

'That's an elegant house. It has been built since I was in this neighborhood.'

'Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose didn't cost less than fifteen thousand dollars.'

'No, I should think not. Who built it? Do you know?'

'Yes. It was built by Leonard.'

'By whom?' Baker looked surprised.

'By old Leonard. You know him.'

'Impossible! He's not able to build a house like that.'

'Oh, yes he is, and a half a dozen more, if necessary.'

'Leonard?'

'Certainly. Why, he's worth at least seventy thousand dollars.

'You must be in error.'

'No. His daughter is to be married next month to an excellent young man, and this house has been built and is to be handsomely furnished as a marriage present.'

'Incredible! I thought he was going or had gone to the dogs, long ago.'

'Leonard?' The friend could not help laughing aloud. 'He go to the dogs. Oh, no. There isn't a man in his trade that does so good a business, as little show as he makes. Good work, good prices, and punctuality, are the cardinal virtues of his establishment, and make all substantial — How in the world could you take up such a notion?'

'I don't know, but such has been my impression for a long time,' replied Baker, who felt exceedingly cut down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so in view of the elegant house and seventy thousand dollars which might all have belonged to his son in time, if he had not fallen into such an egregious error about old Leonard.

So the world moves on. People are prone to think that what they smile on lives and what they frown on is blighted, and must die.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, Aug. 28.

Riot and Outrage at Camp Meeting—Incendiarism—Property Destroyed, &c.—The Saint James' camp meeting closed this morning. There were 60 conversions.—Good order prevailed during the meeting, until last night, when a band of desperadoes, being driven from the camp ground for bad conduct, proceeded a short distance, within sight of the Camp, and fired the barn, stable, and out houses, belonging to Chas. Hipsley. Two valuable horses, with carriage, wagons, and an entire stock of grain, were consumed, before assistance could be obtained. The parties are known, and it is hoped they will be brought to speedy justice.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE IN VIRGINIA — The citizens of Charlottesville, in public meeting, have appointed a committee of five gentlemen to invite President FILLMORE to visit that place on his return from the Springs to Washington Every where in his travels in Virginia he has been greeted with the utmost cordiality and kind feeling. The Warrington, Va, Whig has the following article:

The following nomination comes to us endorsed by some of the most highly respectable Union Whigs in this and adjoining counties. Though unwilling to assume anything like an attitude of dictation in this matter, we may say, that, if the candidate nominated below should be the choice of the Whigs of Virginia and of the South generally, we will give him our hearty and strenuous support; for, of many distinguished Whigs who would fill the Presidential chair with the utmost dignity and propriety, we know of no one more eminently qualified than Millard Fillmore:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Allow us, through your columns, as old Whigs of Virginia, attached to this Union and to Virginia as Washington left them—to Virginia *in* the Union and not *out* of it—to name for the next Presidency a citizen and statesman whose present administration of the Government has been distinguished by wisdom, firmness, and patriotism, who has pledged himself to maintain the Union at all hazards, and at the same time to respect the rights and sovereignty of the States in the Union. We therefore nominate Millard Fillmore to the Whigs of Virginia and the other States as the next President. Yours, &c, &c,

WHIG FARMERS OF VIRGINIA.

The New York Tribune says that some of the leading engineers of that city, after having viewed and decided on the positive merits of the following described invention, have taken it up, and that the public may expect to see shortly its application to steam navigation:

Combined Vapor Engine—Some three months since, an eminent Frenchman, Monsieur P. V. Du Trembley, arrived at our port with an enormous model of an invention made by him, termed a Combined Vapor Engine. This had been already recognized by the French Government, and had sustained the scrutiny and favorable report of the most eminent British engineers.—The term is itself descriptive What is proposed, was, with a given amount of fuel, to obtain more than double the force that has ever yet been attained, either by a stationary, marine or locomotive engine, to all which it was declared applicable; and this by means of employing the exhaust steam of the steam cylinder, by passing it into an air-tight vessel termed a vaporiser, of limited dimensions, which vessel contains numerous small pipes, to be filled with any liquid capable of boiling at a low temperature. The steam coming into contact with the liquid in the tubes, by means of the intermediate pipe, imparts a portion of its own caloric, and subsides itself into water, being, in fact, condensed. The liquid, on the other hand, receiving instantaneously an amount of caloric sufficient to vaporise it, is conducted, as vapor, to a cylinder yet larger, in which it exerts, on a piston connected by means of cranks with the shaft, a proportionable power

Monsieur P. V. Du Trembley, having established his engine—one of twenty horse power, and built at Mulhouse, in France, at the Novelty Works—excited the attention of our chief ship builders, civil engineers, the directors and owners of our ocean steamship lines, and members of the engineering branch of the Government Naval Department. The experiments have verified the claims on which the reputation of this engine was obtained abroad, and established beyond a doubt, the certainty of obtaining by its means a gain of at least 50 per cent in the saving of fuel, and this with proportionate economy in space—a main condition in profitable navigation—together with the avoidance of incrustation and other incidental evils to which our present marine engines, more especially, have been subjected.

SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH — The Winchester Virginian gives the particulars of a horrid affair in Clarke county, Va, on Wednesday week, which has excited great indignation in that section. The result of it was that Col James Castleman, and his son Stephen, were indicted on Monday last for having cruelly and unmercifully beaten two slaves the Wednesday previous, (causing the death of one of them,) belonging to the former. They have been held to bail in the sum of $5,000 each.

The Winchester Republican says—

From the evidence of the principal witness, a white laborer, the negro was fastened up for punishment, by having his hands tied, and a chain put around his neck, thrown over a beam, and locked, just leaving sufficient length for the unfortunate object to stand upon the ground. He was then whipped with the tongue strap of a wagon, having a heavy buckle at the end, having been previously stripped, that the blows might be laid on the bare skin. After beating him in the most unprecedented manner, for some time, they left him bound in the situation described, for the purpose of whipping his companion. The occurrence took place about sunset. A son of Castleman deposed that, about ten o'clock at night his father came into his house, and announced that the negro was dead. He had been left in the standing position in which he was whipped, and died in that way.

LIME PREVENTS DECAY IN FENCES.

Accident in some instances has led to the discovery that lime applied to wood preserves it from decay. The whitewashing of fences is practised, more as a substitute for paint and for appearance sake, than to prevent decay. Even this superficial mode of applying lime is of some use in preserving wood. Having full confidence in the efficacy of lime as a preservative of wood to make fence posts less subject to rot, I have this season for the first time, used it as follows:

I provided a number of narrow boards, about three feet long, of various breadths, and one inch thick, with a hole in the end of each. When the hole in the ground was ready for the reception of the post, some lime was put into it; on this lime the post was placed; some of the narrow boards were then selected, and placed to and around the post in the hole after the usual manner; and when filled the boards were drawn out. This is done with greater facility, by putting a stick into a hole in the upper end of the board, by which it may be raised by a lever or pry, if too fast to draw out otherwise. The boards being all removed, to fill the space they occupied with quick-lime; if but partially it is better than if totally slacked, because as it is slacked it will expand, and make the posts stand very firm. If altogether slacked, it also swells, and makes the posts quite secure. From three to five posts with hewn or uniform butts will require one bushel of lime.—Boards to surround the post half an inch thick (and perhaps this thickness of lime may be sufficient) would not take that quantity. The lime is all the additional expense, except the extra labor (which is very trifling) to be incurred by setting a fence, with that part of the post in the ground enveloped in lime.

To prevent the ground from adhering to the posts at the surface, and occasioning their decay, this part being the one which generally first begins to rot, lime mortar is applied, plastering round the posts with an elevation, adjoining to the wood. Into this mortar, gravel was pressed to prevent the rains from washing it away. This mortar may be applied at any time most convenient after the fence is made.

GUANO FOR WHEAT.

The editor of the American Farmer, who well understands the subject, is inquired of by a correspondent as follows:—"Would it be proper to fallow your land, harrow it and sow the guano, or guano and plaster, with the wheat, and put them in with the shovel plow?". He replies:

"The guano should be mixed with plaster at the rate of 100 lbs. of guano to 25 lbs. of plaster, sown broadcast, and plowed in as soon after as possible; the ground then to be harrowed until a fine tilth is obtained, preparatory to sowing the wheat, which may be either plowed or harrowed in, provided the seed is not covered more than two or three inches. Water furrows should then be formed and the field rolled across the furrows. Unless the soil be very poor, 200 lbs. of guano will be enough—if very poor, 300 lbs. to the acre should be applied. The depth of the furrow is not material, as the plants will find the guano whether covered 4, 6 or 8 inches.

The editor of the American Agriculturist states that from the experiments for the last four years of some of the best farmers and planters in the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, where this fertilizer is used more extensively than in any other States in the Union it is demonstrated.

"That the most economical application of guano, is at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, sown broadcast, upon very poor land prepared for wheat, and plowed in, *no matter how deep*, upon which sow the wheat and harrow or plow in without disturbing the guano. In no case fail to sow clover upon the wheat, the time for which varies from November to May, in the opinion of different persons, for the benefit derived from the guano to the clover, and through that to the land, is of more value than the wheat, and the average increase of that is at least five bushels to the hundred pounds of guano used. The great fertilizing principles of guano are phosphate of lime and ammonia, which is very volatile and should not be exposed to the action of rain and sun upon the surface of the ground, unless mixed with plaster or some other absorbing substance."

TIMELY HINTS.

Many cultivators, who devote a fair proportion of attention to their fruit trees in spring forget and almost neglect them at midsummer. To such we would briefly suggest the importance of keeping a constant eye to them, in order to preserve them in good cultivation, and to prevent disaster from the attacks of enemies. A tree will not thrive, unless it is widely and deeply spaded about, or otherwise kept with a clean and mellow soil. For newly trasplanted trees, mulching or covering heavily with straw or other litter, is of great importance in the hot season. On dry soils, the fruit of the raspberry is greatly benefitted by mulching. With gooseberries, a deep littering is indispensable. If the black rot should make its appearance on the plum, all the affected parts should immediately cut off and burned. This, if repeated when necessary, will keep the trees clear of the evil. The labour of watching and cutting will not be a tenth part as much as every gardiner willingly devotes to the culture of a crop of cabbages. Pear trees, affected with the blight are to be similarly treated. Newly transplanted trees, with tall naked stems, are often injured by the hot sun striking upon them, especially at points which happen to incline from its rays. They may be protected by two narrow boards nailed together, so as to enclose the trunk of the tree in the angle.—Stiff white paper, wrapped loosely around, and tied with twine, serves a good purpose.

THE CABINET AND CUBA.

The course adopted by President Fillmore and his official advisers, in reference to the recent events in Cuba, cannot but meet with the approval of every enlightened, just and well balanced mind.

The attitude assumed in regard to expeditions from this country is unquestionably the correct one. If the United States expects to maintain an honorable position among Christian powers, if it would not place itself without the brotherhood of civilized nations, it must observe those maxims which, originating in a desire to promote harmony, have grown by long continued consent, into the authority of prescription, and are recognized in the aggregate, *as the law of nations.* One of the most important of these maxims is that no government shall knowingly permit an armed expedition to set out from its shores, in order to invade a nation with which that government is at peace. The open sanction of such enterprises, and often even a secret connivance at them, has been considered equivalent to a declaration of war. Consequently we must either forbid such expeditions, or prepare for the alternative, hostilities with Spain. Are we ready for this? Or would a war, begun under such auspices, be anything but a blot on our reputation.

In instructing the federal officers to use every possible means to prevent the sailing of volunteers, the President and Cabinet have, therefore, but peformed a duty, the neglect of which would have brought disgrace upon their high offices. But, in demanding information as to the butchery at Havana, our government is also right. We know, that, among many well-meaning people, the abhorrence of the Lopez expedition, begun and managed as it was, is so excessive that the deaths of his misguided victims are heard without commiseration, while the brutality of the Spanish populace is regarded almost with approbation. But such are not our sentiments.—Our disapproval of the invasion neither close our sympathies against the sufferers, nor allows us to forget their claims upon their country. An American citizen, like an erring son, may abandon his home, may disgrace his government, and may even involve himself in criminal offences against other powers; but the country and parent, notwithstanding all, owes it to her, to himself and to God, to watch over him still, to see that no injustice is done him, and when he shall be condemned, if condemned he is, to alleviate, as far as possible, his pangs, and to intercede for time to prepare him for another world. In the cases of the worst murderers, the intercession of a mother for pardon even is regarded with sympathy and praised as becoming to her position. A nation is the mother of her citizens, and can never err, either in demanding a fair trial for her outcast children, or in using her kind offices to alleviate their fate.

We commend President Fillmore and his Cabinet, therefore, both for the firmness with which they seek to prevent breaches of law, and for the compassionate regard they exhibit to the unfortunate, the misguided, or even the criminal. They are prepared, we believe, to do their duty fully; their duty towards Spain in preventing, if possible, expeditions from our soil; their duty towards the adventurers in demanding a fair trial and conclusive proof of guilt in case of arrest. It is difficult to hold an even balance; but, we believe, our Government is doing this; and we are satisfied that if they continue in their impartial course, they will receive the applause of an intelligent community.—*Philadel. Bulletin.*

TRAGICAL OCCURRENCE—*A Son Mortally Wounded by his Father.*—On Sunday night, about half-past eight o'clock, a tragical and unnatural deed was perpetrated at Cincinnati, which, in all probability, will cause the death of a worthy young man, named Lewis Houseman, a watchman. The particulars are given by the Gazette as follows:

Barnard Houseman, in a partial state of intoxication, was creating a disturbance in the street, when his son Lewis approached and told him he was a watchman and must preserve the peace, begging him at the same time for God's sake to be quiet. With an expression of rage, the father in an instant drew a long knife, and, springing on his son, plunged it twice into him —once in the left side of the neck and once in the abdomen, inflicting ghastly wounds. The unfortunate son muttering an exclamation of agony, directly fell to the ground, when Barnard turned and fled to his dwelling, a short distance off, where he was arrested—the doors being found strongly barricaded. While in charge of the constable, the unnatural parent was told he had killed his son, to which he replied, "I am glad of it—he ought to have been killed long ago." It is said Barnard, had, on several occasions, of late, threatened to kill his son.

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