EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGARS'

He came too late: Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late: At once he felt
That all his power was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay,
No spell had memory.

He came too late: The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late:—Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love.

From the Keepsake, 1837.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABBY.

We miss her from these halls of mirth,
Her home is by a calmer hearth,
And gold and gems no longer grace
The loveliest daughter of her race.
She dwells in a secluded spot,
And her vain kindred name her not,
Save to deplore in baffled pride,
The fortunes of the exiled bride.

The exquisite and tutored song,
That once entranced this radient throng,
She murmurs now in woodland bowers,
Amid the stars, and trees, and flowers;
Yet one shall bless those syren lays,
And in those dark eyes warmly gaze,
And joyously the hours shall glide
O'er the fond lover and his bride,

Fair girl, rest calmly in thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed for scenes like this,
For feverish hopes, and jealous fears,
And heartless smiles, and hidden tears;
Thy gay companions mourn thy doom,
Think on their fading smiles and bloom,
Their feelings worn, and spirits tried,
And weep for them—young happy bride.

Far from the world's deceitful maze,
Thine are calm nights, and peaceful days,
And friendship's smile, and love's caress
Hallow thy household happiness;
Then in thy guarded home remain,
We would not wish thee here again,
And ever may good angelic guide
Thy ways in safety—gentle Bride.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GAMBLING IN LONDON.

A work has recently made its appearance, entitled "the Great Metropolis," in which is described a noted place, called Crockford's Gambling House, where the nobility resort. The keeper, who now mingles in the highest circles, was formerly an illiterate and vulgar fish monger, but has risen to great wealth by his establishment. It is stated of him that he is ready at any moment to except of a challenge to play any nobleman or gentleman for a stake of £100,000 The following is the manner of proceeding, on the introduction of new comers:

"When a pigeon is caught, it is very unusual to pluck him the first few nights. They allow him to go on winning for some time.—They continue to obtain information as to the extent of his resources. They regulate their movements accordingly. It matters, not though he be not well supplied with the ready; if his prospect of succeeding to a large fortune be undeniably good. Crockford's bank is at his service to nearly the full amount—supposing it were £50,000 or what he is understood to be certain of succeeding to. Some years ago, Lord C—— paid down £100,000 on his coming of age, for debts of honor he had contracted at Crockford's. Some idea may be formed of the extent of Crockford's establishment, and of the style in which it is kept up, when I mention that no fewer than 33 servants are constantly employed in it. There is one set of waiters for the day, and another for the night. They are decorated in the richest livery, and live in excellent style. They are amazingly polite to those who use the place; in other words, they perfectly understand their business. They contribute their quota, with the splendor of the place, the sumptuous suppers, and the delicious wines, to help on the flats on their way to ruin. The hour at which the hazard room is thrown open is eleven o'clock, and the dice are in immediate requisition. Crockford himself at that moment takes his station in a corner of the room, before a little desk; from that he never stirs till the playing is over. He acts on such occasions as his own clerk. No person belonging to the establishment is allowed, in any circumstances or under any pretext to enter the room, while the gamblers are at work. There is a Mr. Page, who acts as inspector, or groom porter, while the games are going on in the hazard room; but he is in the confidence of most of the noblemen who frequent that part of the house, and though paid for his services—some say, at the rate of fifty guineas per week—he can hardly be said to be one of Crockford's servants. In Crockford's very large sums are played for with cards; but it is at the hazard table; when the game is French hazard, that the work of plunder is carried on the most extensive scale. Seven years ago one pigeon was plucked in a few hours, to the tune of £50,000—the stakes were £10,000.

It is only three years since Lord C——, the grandson of an aged Noble Earl lost 30,000 in one night. The winner was a Noble Marquis, of sporting notoriety, who, according to report, was at that time if not now, a part proprietor of the establishment.—Losses of 5,000 £7,000 and 100,000£ in one night, are by no means uncommon when a rich flat is caught—The public appearance of no young nobleman, for many years past, has excited so much interest at Crockford's as that of the Duke of Buccleugh. The immense wealth into the possession of which they knew he would come when of age, was too tempting a prize to be overlooked. Every effort was accordingly made to decoy him into the great hell of St. James'; but it would not do. He never evinced the least disposition for play."

Of this establishment the following anecdote is related:—"One night in June last Lord Ashgrove lost 4,000£, which he observed to the Earl of Linkwood, was the last farthing of ready cash at his command. The noble Lord, however, had undeniable prospective resources. "Excuse me, my Lud,' said Crockford making a very clumsy bow, but still it was the best at his disposal—'excuse me my lud, did I hear you say as how you had no more ready money? My lud, this ere is the bank (pointing to the bank:) if your ludship wishes it, 1,000£ or 2,000£, is quite at your ludship's service.' 'Really, Mr. Crockford, you are very obliging; but I shall not play any more to night.' Ashgrove," said Count Whiskero, 'Ashgrove do accept Mr. Crockford's liberal offer of 2,000£; perhaps you may win back all you have lost—'Nothing, I assure your ludship, will give me greater pleasure than to give the money,' said Crockford. 'Well, let me have 2,000£. Crockford dipped his fingers into the bank, took out 2,000£, and handed it to his ludship 'Perhaps your ludship will oblege me with a I O U and pay the amount at your convenience.' 'I shall be able to pay it you in a couple of months,' said his lordship, handing the ex-fishmonger the I O U. 'Your lordship is wery kind—werry.'—Lord Ashgrove resumed the game; in an hour and a half he was again pennyless."

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

We find the following amusing letter from John Randolph in a late number of the Richmond Compiler. It was read in evidence on the trial, before the General Court, of the validity of his wills

Roanoke, Saturday, Dec. 17th 1831. } Half past 12 }

Dear M——: On taking out my chariot this morning, for the first time since I got home, from your house, to clean it and the harness—for this dreadful spell of whether has frozen us all up until to day, the knife was found in the bottom of the carriage, where it must have dropped from a shallow waiscoat pocket, as I got in at your door, for I missed the knife soon afterwards. When I got home I had the pockets of the carriage searched and every thing there taksn out; and it was not until John had searched strictly into my portmanteau and bag, taken out every article therein, that I became perfectly convinced, of what I was before fully persuaded, that I had left the knife in my chamber at your house on Tuesday, the 6th and when I heard, it had not been seen, I took it for granted that your little yellow boy, having found it, had, according to the negro code of morality, appropriated it to himself. In this, it seems, I was mistaken, and I ask his pardon as the best amends that I can make him; and at the same time to relieve you and Mrs. M. from the unpleasant feeling that such a suspicion would occasion, I despatch this note by a special messenger, although I have a certain conveyance to morrow.

I make no apology to yourself or Mrs. M. for the frank expression of my suspicion, because Truth is the goddess at whose shrine I worship, and no Huguenot of France, or Metisco in Spain, or Judaibing Christain in Portugal, ever paid more dearly for his heretical schism, than I have done in leaving the established church of Falsehood and Grimace. I am well aware that ladies are delicate as they are charming creatures, and that in our intercourse with them we must strain the truth as far as possible. Brought up from their earliest infancy to disguise their real sentiments; for a woman would be a monster who did not practice this disguise, it is their privilege to be insincere—and we should despise them, and justly too, if they had that manly frankness and unreserve which constitutes the ornament of our character, as the very reverse does of theirs. We must therefore keep this in view in our intercourse with them, and recollect that as our point of honor is courage and frankness, theirs is chastity and dissimulation; for, as I said before, a woman who does not dissemble her real feelings is a monster of impudence. Now, therefore, it does happen, as Mr. Canning would say, that truth is very offensive to the ears of a lady, when to those of a gentleman, her husband for instance, it would be not at all so

To illustrate—Mrs. R. of B. my brother's widow, was beyond all comparison the nicest and best housewife that I ever saw. Not one drop of water was even suffered to stand upon her sideboard, except what was in the pitcher; the house from cellar to garret, and in every part as clean as hands could make it, and every thing as it sould be, to suit even my fastidious taste.

I lived there after my brother's death, from 1796 to 1810 inclusive, and never did I see or smell any thing to offend my senses, or my imagination but once. Except in autumn, I would defy you to find a leaf or a feather in the yard. No poultry were permitted to come into it, and we had no dirty children, white or negro, to make litter and filth. A strong enclosure of sawn plank, eight feet high, fenced in the kitchen, smoke house, ice house, veal house, wood house, in which the wood for the use of the house was stacked away under lock and key. The turkey and hen houses were in the same enclosure, which had two doors, one next the dwelling house for the use of the mistress and house servants, and one large enough to admit a wagon on the back or north side, beyond which was built a quarter, with two brick chimnies, and two rooms with fire places, and four rooms without for servants. There was also what I had forgot, a spinning and weaving house.

At night the doors of this enclosure were locked up—not a servant being allowed to sleep within it, although every one of them was in sound of the lady's bell.

On one unhappy day in a very hot and damp spell of weather, of long continuance, a piece of cold lamb was brought to the table that was spoiled—the first and last instance, in nearly fifteen years, of the slightest neglect in household economy. I ordered the waiter to take it away, it being spoiled. Mrs. R. resented this, and flatly contradicted me; and although the lamb absolutely stunk, she ate a part of it to prove her words true, and was affronted with me almost past forgiveness. I dare say that if I had not noticed the lamb, she might have given a hint to the servant to take it away; but the honest naked truth was not to be borne. We had no company but Dudley and her younger son, then schoolboy's and an Englishman named Knowles, who acted as an overseer or steward, and dined with us until he took to drink.

Mrs. R. stoutly denied that the lamb could be spoiled, because it had been boiled only the day before, and had been in the ice house ever since. I admitted her facts, but denied, her logic, which was truly a woman's. I maintained that the highest evidence was that of the senses; that we must reason from facts where we could get at them; and it was only where we could not, that it was fair to argue from probabilities; that the lamb stunk, and therefore was not sound. This she denied, and to prove her words, actually made a shift to swallow half a mouthful, which under other circumstances she would not have done for a thousand dollars. So much for the ladies; charming creatures, the salt of the earth, whom like uncle Toby and all other old bachelors, I never could thoroughly understand, for want of the key of matrimony which alone can unlock their secrets and make plain as many a husband can tell all the apparent contradictions in their characters. Yes, so much for the fairer and better part of creation, as from my soul I believe them to be, but who, as the Waverly man says Kings, are kittle cattle to shoe behind. And so it ought to be; for it is their poor and almost only privilege to kick; while we roam where we will, and they must sit still until they are asked. I therefore, am for upholding them in all their own proper privileges, so long as they don't encroach up on those of men. A woman who unsexes herself deserves to be treated, and will be treated as a man.

As to the honesty of servants, I have always thought mine "indifferent honest," as Hamlet says, and yet I should have been very sorry that the boy that bears this letter should find my knife, or either of two little urchins that you see here about the yard. I did'nt take it, master, for a negro never steals, I did'nt take it, sir; I find [found] it. What virtue in terms! Corporal Nym, a high professor and practitioner in the art of taking, says "the wise call it CONVEY." See Shakespeare. I never knew but three mulattoes whom I believed to be honest; and out of near 300 I have not a dozen slaves that will not take or convey.

John is as honest as you and I are. So is old Hetty, I know—and several of her children, I believe.—Queen is very honest, she is too lazy to steal. Juba is so so—but not strictly honest; he is a finder sometimes, and can be trusted with any thing but money, with which he will buy whiskey.

My best regards to Mrs. M.

Truly yours J. R. of Roanoke.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

'This is Moome's most delicate and charmed manufacture,' said Norman-stripping off his uniform plaid; 'if you are spell bound in it, the guilt be on the head of the sorceress.'

This affected gaiety was of brief duration. He wrapped the plaid closely around her; his trembling arm, gliding beneath its cumbrous folds, entwined her waist. In the rapturous delirium of that moment, he fell at her feet—he drew her towards him with a constraint, strong, gentle, irresistible. Her head sunk powerless on his bosom; and a moment of rapturous silence followed, ere Norman, in a voice perceptible only to the ear of love, could whisper—'*Monimia, I have dared to love!*' Monimia replied only by a deep quivering sigh. She made a feeble effort to disengage herself from his embrace. She slowly raised her face, beautiful in the paleness of overpowering emotion. A smile, tender, languid, enthusiastic, played over it—the smile of a soul in bliss. Her sighs fanned the cheek of Norman. He wildly printed on her lip the first kiss of unutterable, unextinguishable love. * * *

While he hung on that yielded lip, his soul seemed fled to Monimia. Her head again dropped on his shoulder—the sigh which dilated his breast heaved the bosom of Monimia. '*Monimia loves,*' thought Norman, holding his breath, lest it should dissolve the spell that bound him in enchantment. The first rapture of bliss, too exquisite for utterance, wore away in that mysterious silence which is the soft nurse of those delicious emotions that the human bosom feels but once and remembers for ever!—*Mrs. Johnstone's Clan Albin.*

Reason for Hanging—Sir Edward Coke said that the reason for hanging was, that the criminal was rejected both of Heaven and Earth, and was therefore suspended so as interfere with neither.

I say neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing up that are pasture for? forty acres of it would starve a cow? Right replied Hodge, and I am fencing it up to keep the cows out.

FAITHFUL NURSE.

Juliana Maria, the second wife of Frederick the fifth, of Denmark, anxious to secure the crown to her own son, plotted the murder of the crown prince Christian, to whom she was step mother. The young prince was indisposed and Juliana under the pretext of fondness was frequent in her visits to him. One day she found the prince's favorite nurse preparing some gruel for her young charge over a silver lamp. There being no other person in the room, she sent the nurse out to fetch something, and took that opportunity of putting a quantity of mineral poison into the gruel. The nurse, who was a Norwegian, had long suspected the queen's intentions, she, therefore, watched her closely, and perceived the queen put something into the gruel, and stir it up. She immediately called a domestic, of the name of Wolff, and told him to go to count Molakte and give him a ring that she handed to him, and requested his excellency to hasten to the apartments of the crown prince. She then re entered the room, and the queen told her to take gruel to the prince, as it was sufficiently boiled, and would, no doubt, do him good. Every limb shook with herror as the nurse took up the sauce-pan. "Why don't you go with it to the prince?" said Julia. "Pardon me, gracious queen," said the honest nurse, "but it is my duty to disobey you."—"How dare you to disobey my commands?" said the queen. The nurse did not reply but as the tears streamed down her cheek, she looked significantly at the gruel.

The queen, torn by rage and fear, at seeing her wicked plot frustrated to accuse the nurse of an attempt to poison the young prince, and was actually base enough to charge her with it in the presence of count Molckte. The truth however, was discovered; the king from that time never lived with the queen; and the faithful nurse was rewarded, and continued in her office.

THE "NAPOLEON" CHILD.

The following singular fact was observed some time back in a child in Oxford street, London, which, for its extraordinary character is worth notice. The child is an engaging little girl, about three years old. The color of her eyes is pale blue, and on the iris, or circle around the pupil, these inscriptions are seen:—

Left eye.	*Right eye.*
NAPOLEON.	EMPEREUR.
EMPEREUR.	NAPOLEON.

There are traced in the above sized letters, although all the letters, are not equally visible, the commencement NAP and EMP being most distinct. The color of the letters is almost white, and at first sight of the child, they appear like *rays*, which make the eyes appear vivacious and sparkling. The accuracy of the inscriptions is much assisted by the stillness of the eye on its being directed upwards, as to an object on the ceiling of the room, &c., and with this aid, the several letters may be traced with the naked eye. This effect is accounted for by the child's mother earnestly looking at a France piece of Napoleon's. It was given to her brother, previous to a long absence; and this operating upon her mind at a particular time in her life, has produced the appearance in question. It was visible at the child's birth, and has increased with her growth.

THE SECRET.

Mother, said a fine looking girl of ten years of age, 'I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning?' 'Why, my child?' 'Because, I think it must be to see some one you love very much.' 'And what induces you to think so?—'Because I have always noticed that when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual.'—'Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love much, and that after seeing him and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know any thing about it?' 'Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also.' 'Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening it is to see my blessed Saviour. I go to him, I pray to him, I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day—and especially to keep me from committing sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy upon your soul, and to save you from the ruin of those who go down to hell.' 'O! is that the secret,' said the child, then I must go with you. —*Eastern Bap.*

AN AMERICAN FEMALE SCULPTOR.

We have been shown a beautiful specimen of ALTO RELIEVO sculpture, by a young Kentucky lady, representing a scene in Venice, with the Bridge of Sighs. The material of the work seems to be a composition and the execution is admirable; reality, and to the life; the long, cool corridors—the verandas—the gondolas—ancient palaces, and warm blue sky of Italy, all so tastefully arranged and brought out so boldly that one can almost imagine himself in the enchanted city of the Doges. We hope this talented lady will try her hand on a more extended scale, for there is nothing that the far-famed damsels of Kentucky cannot do if they will, if all that we have of the romantic incidents of the early settlement of that State be true. The above truly interesting and talented production of American genius may be seen at our office.—*N. Y. Star.*

WOMEN.

It is truly mortifying to observe the disgrace into which one of the noblest of our Anglo Saxon words is falling. WOMAN—to our shame be it spoken—is giving place to LADY on the one hand, and FEMALE on the other. Mrs. Fanny Butler most justly ridicules the New Yorker who addressed her as a FEMALE. We read in our religious papers of a certain number of FEMALES being present at church as if some animal were intended. On the other hand, all are so ambitious to be LADIES, that none are willing to be women. WOMEN'S SHOES will soon be unknown, while the "lady who is being committed to Bridewell" is like to be good American English. For a man to talk of "his lady" (his wife meaning) is exquisite MAUVAIS TON, and redolent of the suburbs. If Dr. Webster will not rise up for the rescue of WOMANhood he is no true man.

Bad Memory.—A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes sir.' 'Well what is it?' 'I knows him very well by sight, but rot me if I can remember his name.'

A BRAVE BOY.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." The Norfolk Herald publishes the following epistle as a "verbatim et literatim," copy of the original, written by a young spark who had made a dash at his flame, and had her safely under convoy, to acquaint her family of the fact, and at the same time to taunt them with the futility of their opposition to his union with the young lady. The Herald says the parties do not reside a thousand miles from the Ancient Metropolis of Virginia and that the gentleman certainly did not win his "lady-love" by a spell.

Nov the
29 1836

To All in home this may concern I have been opposed in what I have undertaking and by Those that have no Right to do so and as such I have taken this plan tho' attended with much expence but that I dount Regard so I get the object of all my wishes I have started from——to night with Miss——and my Sister for the perpos of Maring Miss ——before I Return and I suppose I have got tenn miles A hed in this time and if yon can over take mee come on and come well prepared too for if you dont you may be in danger, for I be damb if the man that gets hur from mee if he aint got to get my Life if you wont to no my Rought I will tell you I have A fresh horse for every twenty myels between hear and Sity of Richmond I will take the Peters Burg Stage to-morrow morning and then the Steam Cars and that will Land us whear I wont to be and that aint all but monney A plenty to pay every expence

I am & doant car
A dam enny how

This precious morceau was delivered to the brother of the lady, subscribed as follows:

"To enney man or woman or Child ho may wont to find us out, Look in this."

NEWSPAPERS.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Commercial Herald writes very sensibly to this effect.

"Few parents know the importance of a newspaper to their children. The inclination I had to read, I well recollect, was brought about by hearing the trial of Colonel Burr for treason talked of, and seeing that trial reported in the newspaper which my father then took. Having become interested in the affair, I always seized the newspaper on its arrival with avidity, and read the continuation of the trial. But few, perhaps not another paper was then taken in the neighborhood in which I lived, and the consequence was that I soon found I knew much more of what was going on in the world than my school and playmates and consequently became the oracle of our little circle. This gratified me, and I saw at once the advantage of reading, though I was then but ten years old. From that day to this I have never been without a newspaper, and may attribute my success in life to that circumstance."

SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

The following are the ages of the respective Sovereigns of Europe:—

The King of Sweden, (Bernadotte,)	72	years.
" Pope of Rome,	71	"
" King of England,	71	"
" King of Denmark,	66	"
" King of Prussia,	66	"
" King of the Netherlands,	65	"
" King of the French,	64	"
" King of Wurtemberg,	55	"
" Sultan,	51	"
" King of Bavaria,	50	"
" King of the Belgians,	46	"
" Emperor of Austria,	43	"
" Emperor of Russia,	40	"
" King of Sardinia,	38	"
" King of Naples,	36	"
" King of Greece,	21	"
" Queen of Portugal	17	"
" Queen of Spain,	6	"

A NEW PETITION.

We find by the Harrisburg Chronicle that our fellow citizens consider children either so much of a private calamity as to demand public aid, or so much of a public benefit as to deserve legislative bounty. The Chronicle says:

A petition was presented in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday, by Mr. Yearick of Union county, for Peter Streehom, stating that his family had been increased by the birth of three sons at one time, who were all doing well, and that being poor, he respectfully prayed for aid from the Legislature.

It is clear that something must be done—and we should recommend that the petition be referred to the committee on internal improvement.

THE SMITHS.

Of the *seven* individuals who periled their lives to save the persons on board the Mexican, and who did save the lives of eight, we notice that *six* were named *smith*. They honor the name.—U. S. Gaz.

Mr. Van Buren's majority in the state o Alabama, is ascertained to be 4.994—being one thousand more than was generally supposed.

MISSISSIPPI.—This is an Indian word, which was variously interpreted by our forefathers to mean, "Parent of Rivers," "or Eldest son of the Ocean."

FILIAL DUTY.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

We ought to attend to our business, and not to meddle with the affairs of others unless we are applied to, to render a service. We should condemn no one unheard.

An old lady lately died with the lock-jaw, occasioned by 'talking scandal' for twelve hours, without one minute's cessation! Poor thing.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE WESTERN SHORE.

WESTERN SHORE TREASURY, Annapolis, 26th Dec. 1836. }

To the Honorable
the General Assembly of Maryland;

The Treasurer of the Western Shore, in obedience to the 3d section of the act of December session, 1824, chapter 149, submits the following Report.

In the year ended 1st Dec. 1836; he received $2,131,440 18, viz.

On account of		
Auction duties,		35,714 66
Bank Stock—for dividends,		36,271 34
Bank Bonuses,		77,715 00
Fines and Forfeitures,		2,646 70
Indian Lands,		105 00
Interest—on personal accounts,		2,950 56
Licenses—to Auctioneers,		6,450 00
of Billiard Tables,		1,460 33
to Dealers in Lottery Tickets		7,007 31
to Hawkers & Pedlars		580 00
of Marriages,		7,783 20
of ordinaries,		22,382 63
for Races & Fisheries		123 13
to retail Spirituous Liquors,		170 58
to Traders,		33,225 57
to Victuallers,		32 96
Loans—of 1835 and 1836,		35,600 00
Road Stock—for dividends,		425 00
State Lotteries,		16,715 32
State 6 per cent Stock,		1,650,160 00
State Tobacco Inspect'n in Balt.		17,370 10
Tax for Colonization,		6,785 94
Tax use of the Colonization Society,		556 25
Taxes in Chancery,		288 29
Tax on Plaintiffs,		4,240 90
The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company—for interest on the State's advance; 6,250 00 the 1-5 of receipts for passengers on the Washington Branch 31,033 66		37,283 66
The Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road Company—for interest on the State's advance, 67 50 on their Bonds,	33,125 00	33,192 50
The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company—for interest on their Bonds,		68,250,00
The direct Tax—for 1835,		514 51
The Eastern Shore Treasury,		17,045 89
The Land Office,		2,395 10
The Penitentiary—for interest,		3,834 86
The State's Wharves in Balt.		926 56
The Union Manufacturing Company of Maryland,		200 00
The University of Maryland—for interest,		1,036 32
		2,131,440 18
And there remained in the Western Shore Treasury, 1st Dec. 1835,		29,078 19
Making an aggregate of		$2,160,518 37

Of the sums so received, amounting to $2,131,440 18

$31,029 46 cents. were for revenue accrued before the year 1836, viz:

—on account of		
Auction Duties,		502 00
Fines and Forfeiture,	1,615 97	
Indian Lands,	105 00	
Interest—on personal accounts	292 90	
Licences—of Billiard Tables,	482 68	
to Hawkers & Pedlars	200 00	
of Marriages,	1,537 38	
of Ordinaries,	4,497 26	
of Races & Fisheries,	44 10	
to retail Spirituous liquors,	170 53	
to traders,	8,159 58	
to Victuallers,	22 03	
State Tobacco Inspection in Baltimore,	580 96	
Tax for Colonization,	933 99	
Tax for the use of the Colonization Society	200 00	
Taxes in Chancery	208 34	
Taxes on Plaintiffs,	1,378 53	
The Direct Tax,	514 51	
The Eastern Shore Treasury,	8,624 87	
The University of Maryland, for interest,	848 82	
		$31,026 46

To which, add the receipts on the following accounts, viz:

Loans—of 1835 and 1836	35,600 00	
State 6 per ct. Stock	1,650,160 00	
		1,685,760 00
Making,		1,716,789 46

That amount deducted from the receipts into the Treasury in 1836, shows this sum to have been the amount of revenue accrued in 1835 which was received in that year 414,650 72

Of the said aggregate in the Western Shore Treasury in the course of the year ending 1st December, 1836,—amounting to $2,160,518 37

He disbursed in that year, $2,129,819 75, on the following accounts, viz:

Civil Officers,	15,912 94
Colleges, Academies and Schools,	19,099 99
Commissioners,	1,231 13
Contingent Expenses,	3,770 35
Indemnity 5 per cent Stock,	20,000 00
Indian Annuities,	33 33
Interest on Public debt	194,974 65
Miscellaneous Expenses,	33,470 66

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