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MISCELLANEOUS.

BURLESQUE IMITATION.

The following burlesque imitation of the modern style of ballad writing is taken from a London Magazine, for March, 1822.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man, A carpenter by trade; And he fell in love with Sally Brown, That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day, They met a press gang crew; And Sally she did faint away, Whilst Ben he was bro't to.

The Boatwain swore with wicked words, Enough to shock a saint, That tho' she did seem in a fit, 'Twas nothing but a feint.

Come girl, said he, hold up your head, He'll be as good as me; For when your swain is in our boat, A boatwain he will be.

So when they'd made their game of her, And taken off her elf She roused and found she only was A coming to herself.

And is he gone, and is he gone? She cried, and wept outright; Then I will to the water side, And see him out of sight.

A waterman came up to her, Now, young woman, said he, If you weep on so, you will make Eye water in the sea.

Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben, To sail with old Benbow; And her woe began to run afresh, As if she had said good woe!

Says he, they've only taken him To the Tender ship you see; The Tender, cried poor Sally Brown, What a hard ship that must be!

O! would I were a mermaid now, For then I'd follow him, But oh! I'm not a fish woman, And so I cannot swim.

Alas! I was not born beneath "The Virgin and the Scales," So I must curse my cruel stars, And walk about in Wales.

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place That's underneath the world; But in two years the ship came home And all the sails were fur'd!

But when he call'd on Sally Brown, To see how she went on, He found she'd got another Ben, Whose christian name was John.

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown, How could you serve me so, I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow!

Then reading on his 'bacco box, He heav'd a heavy sigh, And then began to eye his pipe, And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well," But could not, tho' he tried, His head was turn'd and so he chew'd His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth, At forty odd befe! They went and told the sexton, and The sexton toll'd the bell.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

From the pen of Mr. Montgomery, of Sheffield.

At every moment, every breath, Life trembles on the brink of death; A taper's flame, that upward turns, While downward to the dust it burns.

A moment ush'rd us to birth, Heirs of the commonwealth of earth; Moment by moment years are past, And one ere long will be our last.

'Tis that which struck us into light, And that which shall eclipse in night, There is a point no eye can see, Yet on it hangs eternity.

God for our portion then we choose, Or him forever then refuse; Where is that point of woe or bliss? Gone by?—to come?—no, here;—'tis this.

This is the moment, which begins; Now let us cast away our sins; This is the moment, as it ends, Our pain or paradise depends.

The past is fled, the future not; The present is our utmost lot; O God! henceforth our hearts incline To seek no other way but thine.

WOMAN.

'Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung, Not she denied him with unholy tongue; She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave, Lest at his cross, and earliest at his grave.'

ON MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light, So modest ease in beauty shines most bright; Unassuming charms with edges less than fall, And she who means no mischief does it all.

HOW TO BECOME CONSEQUENTIAL.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye, A frequent shrug of the os humeri, A nod significant, a stately gait, A bustling manner, and a tone of weight, A smile sarcastic, and expressive stare, Adapt all these as time and place will bear. This rest assur'd that those of little sense, Will set you down—a man of consequence.

From the Evangelical Monitor.

Extract from a Clergyman's Diary. He is always in his Shop.

This short sentence, I have sometimes thought, would form a good text on a useful and important subject. It was impressed with emphasis on my mind, by a small incident in my late journey. It was while passing an unfrequented road, through some of the newer settlements of Vermont, the shoe of my sleigh broke. The runner itself became endangered by the event, as it was slender, and was made to support a heavy chaise top suspended on braces. My two female companions were unable to walk, and we had not emerged from a tract of thick and extensive woodland. In this situation, I was compelled, although feeble in health, to drive my horses, running myself in an unbeaten track by their side, until we should open to a village, where we might procure the important aid of some mechanic.

It was a providence as unexpected as it was desired, that we had proceeded but a few steps in these circumstances, when we were cheered with the prospect of a small cluster of buildings immediately at the foot of the foot of a hill, on the brow of which we had now arrived. I noticed a house of entertainment on one hand, and what happened to be a blacksmith's shop on the other. Pleased with the favourable prospect of a resting place, I was still agitated with the fear that the mechanic would not be in his shop; and if he were absent, I might be embarrassed by delay; for I was at this time reminded of what the multitude of my other thoughts had before excluded, that I was still 50 miles from the place where I had a public appointment for the evening; and it was now high noon.

I arrived safely, however, at the tavern, and, after providing for the comfort of my female friends, inquired immediately of the landlord, if a blacksmith was near. Yes, he replied, just across the way. And do you think he is in his shop? No doubt, said he. He is always in his shop. This was said with an emphasis, which assured me that I had fallen into good hands, and, while it cheered me in my misfortune, immediately interested me in the character of the blacksmith. I entered the shop and found him so intently engaged in his work, that he paid me no notice, until I spoke in his ear on my subject. Sir, I said, I am disabled from proceeding on my journey by a small incident and need your services. With very few words, he proceeded to my work, and in less than a half an hour fitted me off again for my journey.

Desirous of knowing a little more of the character and feelings of the man, I asked him if he found his business profitable. It affords me and my family a comfortable living, said he, since I have learned to be always in my shop. I was formerly miserably poor, as well as wicked; but I humbly trust that Religion has taught me diligence in a duty we owe to God as well as our families; and since I have learned to keep my shop instead of the bar room, the landlord has been richer by the payment of my old debts, and my family happier by a plentiful supply of bread; and my customers accommodated by the faithful & prompt execution of their work. This quarter of a dollar goes into the missionary box; and, by a little harder labour, I shall accomplish all I have already promised to my customers today; so that the Providence which has taxed you, will turn a tribute unto the LORD'S Treasury, and I shall be none the poorer.

This little incident raised in my mind three important reflections. The 1st is, that those events, which appear dark and adverse to us, are often overruled by Providence to the advancement of the most important objects. My misfortune led me to a deep sense of the Divine goodness, & was the means of bringing a tithing into the LORD'S Treasury, for the advancement of Religion. The 2d reflection is, that it is important a man be, at seasonable hours, always in his shop. The blacksmith, by doing so, greatly accommodated a traveller, enabled me to fulfil my engagements, and spared himself the difficulty as well as the guilt of saying he was too poor to give to objects of charity.

These remarks will appear the more striking in the case, if we contrast the result with the consequences of a failure on the part of the blacksmith. He, probably, would have been spending money instead of earning it. I should have incurred greater expense by delay, and many would have been disappointed in my failure to fulfil my evening appointment. If the fate of an empire had depended on my engagement, my failure would have just as much depended on the blacksmith; perhaps the salvation of souls was suspended on it.

The 3d reflection which this subject forces on my mind is, the value of Religion, which had rescued the blacksmith from the resort of dissipation, and kept him always in his shop.

From Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life THE HEAD STONE.

The coffin was led down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies, of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over—and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church yard. Here some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and enquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There a small knot of neighbours were speaking without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life; some of them so remote as

to be known only to the grey-headed persons of the groups. While a few yards further removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants, but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and grey walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere, but unimpassioned grief. They were Brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried; and there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them, for a longer time, and more intently, than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two Brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these Brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favour—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rank and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interest that duly considered, would have been one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been so fondly attached, and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clamsen during a feud.

Surely if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently side by side, while the earth, stones and ciods, were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two Brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A Head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder Brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger Brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you;—you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and it may be, the favourite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this Head-stone, had I not?"

During these words, the stone was sinking in the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder Brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; and the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, Brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot, I bow his head in express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us, at least, Brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder Brother, why he spoke not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,

Behold how good a thing it is, And how becoming well, Together such as brethren are In duty to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overpowered a heart, in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appeared to bow down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, Brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kinder and more humanly towards each other. As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hands, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was happily not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said, "I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote to an hour, when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the

mother who bore you, and Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the pathy struck him for the last time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you went up to them, and in a word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church yard arm in arm with the minister to the manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed, that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their request) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in no thing were they divided.

From the Emporium.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses, "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss; here's one that will look delightfully twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the young lady, "there are thorns among them—but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet, and it's a Forget me not." "Pardon me, Miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged; 'to whom?' to master Charles Leland," "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady—"well, but here's another, what a beautiful pair! they are twin flowers—they are both for that gentleman," said the little girl, "oh! a fix for him," said the young lady; but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers and returned them to the basket, then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought, he had been neglectful of late; but then the flowers—she knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought, to receive them from his hand, & to hear him say, Harriet forget me not, would be a sweet atonement for many little offences. But once the thought stole to her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh; and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "accept," said he, "my humble offering, and forget me." Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom—where is the other," said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment's silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself blushed deeply and turned it off, but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said, forget me!

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve, rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and in spirit; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbours, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl, and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it, it was a "forget me not," she examined it—it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family; and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting, that for one rumour told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower," Jane, said she, "oh a bean to be sure," said Jane archly; "don't you see—Forget me not!" and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though, come sing,

I'll dearly love this pretty flower, For his own sake who bid me keep it— 'I'll wear it my bosom's"

"Hush Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah! it's your heart, said Jane, or you would not look so dull." "Well if it is my heart, said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed. Harriet felt that she was injured; and the more she thought about it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before, the time for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! If he wants to be freed from his engagement, said she to herself, I will give him no trouble;

and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She pressed out a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it; and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands—and about a month afterwards he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About 40 years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternality to which he belonged, from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and courtship and an engagement, which he alleged was broken off by his capricious mistress for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new blown forget me not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause," asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity—none to my knowledge, "as heaven is my witness," "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet. The stranger gazed in astonishment—it was Leland himself, and he recognised his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they met; and before they parted the mischief made by the twin flowers was all explained away, & might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget me not's; or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married, but they corresponded constantly afterwards, and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever had looked before.

Now, I have only to say at the conclusion of my story, to my juvenile readers, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off. Let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won, will be the easiest wounded; and believe me, there is much truth in Tom Moore's sentiment:

A something light as air—a look, A word unkind or wrongly spoken, The love that tempest never shook, A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

ANECDOTE.

An English traveller, after describing the fête given at Paris in honour of the late peace with England, concludes with the following anecdote— "A lusty young Frenchman, who from his head dress, a la Titus, I shall distinguish by that name escorting a lady, whom on account of her beautiful hair, I shall style Berenice, stood on one of the hindmost benches. The belle, habited in a tunic à la Grecque, with a species of sandals which displayed the elegant form of her leg, was unfortunately not of a stature sufficiently commanding to see over the heads of the other spectators. It was to no purpose that the gentleman called out "a bas les chapeaux!" when the hats were off the lady still saw no better. What will not gallantry suggest to a man of fashionable education? Our considerate youth perceived, at no great distance some person standing on a plank supported by a couple of casks. Confiding the fair Berenice to my care, he vanished; but, almost in an instant, he reappeared followed by two men, bearing an empty hoghead, which it seems, he procured from the tavern at the west entrance of the Thuilleries. To place the cask near the feet of the lady, pay for it, and fix her on it was the business of a moment. Here then she was, like a statue on his pedestal, enjoying the double gratification of seeing and being seen. But for enjoyment to be complete, we must share it with those we love. On examining the space where she stood, the lady saw there was room for two; and accordingly invited the gentleman to place himself beside her. In vain he protested her entreaties; in vain he feared to incommode her. She commanded; he could do no less than obey. Sitting upon the cask, he thence nimbly sprang to the top of the hoghead, while by the light of the neighbouring clusters of lamps, every one was admiring the mutual attention of this sympathising pair, in went the head of the hoghead!

Our till then enraptured couple fell suddenly up to the middle of the leg in the wine less left in the cask, by which they were bespattered up to their very eyes. Nor was this all; being too eager to extricate themselves they overset the cask, and came to the ground rolling in it and its offensive contents. It would be no easy matter to picture the ludicrous situation of citizen Titus and Madam Berenice. This being the only mischief resulting from their fall a universal burst of laughter seized the surrounding spectators [in which] took so considerable a share that I could not immediately afford my assistance."

THE GIPSEY FORTUNE TELLER.

Some young ladies who had been taking a walk were accosted by a gipsy woman who for a small reward very politely offered to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water, that stood near. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water, each in anxious expectation of getting a glance of the "beloved object;" but, lo! in stead of beholding the "form and sparkling eyes glancing from below," "Sure you are mistaken, woman," exclaimed one of them, "for we see nothing but our own faces in the water." "Very true, mem," replied the vagabond fortune teller, "but these will be your husbands' faces when you are married.—[London Paper.

APOTHEGM.

Misfortunes cannot be avoided; but they may be sweetened, if not overcome by patience, fortitude, resolution, and the assistance of good men.

A Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale a tract of land lying in South River Neck containing upwards of 300 acres. The land, from the subscriber's own experience is susceptible of being brought to a high state of improvement, by the application of clover and plaster; a considerable part of this land is situated to the growth of wheat and other grain, and other parts to the cultivation of tobacco. There is a small dwelling house upon the premises which will receive an additional tenant to accommodate a large family by the expiration of the present year, at which time possession will be given; also other out houses suitable for the purposes of farming and planting. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of this land, as it is presumed that persons wishing to purchase will survey the premises before they determine to buy. This land will be sold on very accommodating terms; the purchaser, by paying a part in cash, can have the remaining time to pay the balance of the purchase money. Persons wishing to purchase will please to make application to the subscriber at Williamson's Hotel, Annapolis. Mr. R. Thorn, the present tenant, will show the land to those wishing to purchase. Should the above land not be sold at private sale before Wednesday the 4th day of September next, it will on that day be offered at public auction on the premises, and will positively be sold to the highest bidder. JOS. MAYO. June 17. 1892.

Family Flour. The subscribers keep, and intend keeping, a regular supply of the Best Family Flour, which they will sell at a very small advance on the Baltimore price, for Cash. Adam & Jno. Miller. July 4.

FOUND. Some months since, in Prince-George's street, in this city an old fashioned GOLD SETT FINGER RING, a Mocha stone set round with Garnets on the top. The owner may have the same, on application at this office, by proving property, and paying the expense of advertising. June 13 3w.

This is to give Notice, That the subscriber intends to apply, by petition in writing, to the Honourable the judges of the county court for Anne Arundel county, to be held at the City of Annapolis on the third Monday in October next, for a commission to mark and bound all the following tracts or parcels of land, of which the subscriber is seized, lying and being in Anne Arundel County, and State of Maryland, known by the name of "Bear Hills," "Benson's Request," "Boyce Beginning," and "Robert's Lot;" whereof all persons in any wise concerned or interested, are hereby desired to take notice. THOMAS WORTHINGTON, (of Nicholas.) July 25th 1892.

FOR SALE, Two Likely Black Boys, One aged eight years, the other seven. For terms apply to Jacob Wheeler, Prince-George's county, or to BARNUM D. WHEELER. July 23.

For Sale, The valuable Establishment in the City of Annapolis, late the property of Dr. Upton Scott, and now occupied by Samuel Chase, Esq. consisting of a large & convenient Dwelling House with Stable, Carriage House, suitable out buildings, an extensive garden, containing a great variety of fruit of the best kinds, a Green House, all enclosed with a substantial brick wall. Also a lot containing two acres of ground, situated on the Spa Creek, and convenient to the above Establishment, enclosed with a post and rail fence. The situation is pleasant and healthy, and well calculated to afford an agreeable residence to a family. For terms apply to col. Henry Maynardier, Annapolis. C. BIRNIE.

NOTICE. ADAM & JOHN MILLER, Having purchased of George & John Barber, & Co. their well selected STOCK OF GOODS, offer them for sale (at their old stand) on the most reasonable and accommodating terms for cash, or to punctual dealers, at short dates. Oct. 11, 1891.

Just Published. And for sale at this Office and at Mr. George Shaw's Store—price 25cts. The Constitution of Maryland, To which is prefixed, The Declaration of Rights—With the amendments thereto, as amended, Oct. 26.