

# The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1832.

NO. 25.

## BANK OF MARYLAND, Baltimore, Dec. 24th 1831.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors of this Institution, the following scale and rates have been adopted for the government of the officers thereof in receiving deposits of money subject to interest, viz:—  
For deposits payable in ninety days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 5 per cent.  
For deposits payable thirty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 4 per cent.  
On current accounts, or deposits subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the depositor, interest shall be allowed at the rate of 3 per cent.  
By order of R. WILSON, Cashier,  
May 17 5

STATE OF MARYLAND, SC.  
Anne Arundel County Orphan's Court,  
April 15th 1832.

ON application by petition of Aaron Hawkins and Mary Hawkins, Executors of Joshua Hawkins, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in the City of Annapolis.

THOMAS T. SIMMONS,  
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

### NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscribers of Anne Arundel County, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Joshua Hawkins, late of Anne Arundel county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor, to the subscribers, at or before the 15th day of October next, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this 18th day of April 1832.

AARON HAWKINS, } Ex'rs  
and  
MARY HAWKINS, }

April 26 63

### STATE OF MARYLAND, SC.

Anne Arundel County Orphan's Court,  
April 15th 1832.

ON application by petition of Elizabeth Collins, Administratrix of William Collins, late of Anne Arundel county deceased, it is ordered that she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers published in the City of Annapolis.

THOMAS T. SIMMONS,  
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

### NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscribers of Anne Arundel County, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Collins, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscribers, at or before the 15th day of October next, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 18th day of April 1832.

ELIZABETH COLLINSON, Adm'x  
April 26

### A BY-LAW

TO provide for a new assessment of the real and personal property in the City of Annapolis, and the precincts thereof.

Be it established and ordained, by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen and Common Council of the City of Annapolis, and the authorities of the same, that James Iglehart, James Allison and George McNeir, be, and they are hereby appointed assessors, to assess and value the real and personal property in this city and the precincts thereof.

And be it further established and ordained, by the authorities aforesaid, that the said assessors shall, in all cases, proceed and be governed by the provisions of the by-law passed April 15th 1819, entitled, "A by-law imposing a tax on the real and personal property within the city of Annapolis and the precincts thereof, and to assess and value the same."

And be it further established and ordained, by the aforesaid authorities, that if any person or persons shall offend against the provisions of the by-law aforesaid, such person or persons shall be subject to the fines and penalties therein directed.

D. CLAUDE, Mayor,  
May 10.

### PASSAGE TO BROAD CREEK

MAJOR JONES' Sloop leaves Annapolis for Broad Creek on Mondays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M., thence passengers will be taken in the mail stage to Queen's town, Wye Mills, and Easton, to arrive at Easton same evening by 5 o'clock, P. M. Returning, will leave Easton at 7 o'clock, A. M., on Sundays and Wednesdays, arrive at Broad Creek in time for dinner at Annapolis by 1 o'clock, P. M. same evenings.

Fare from Annapolis to Broad Creek \$1.00 from Broad Creek to Queen's town 1/2 from Broad Creek to Easton 1/2

For passage apply at the Bar of William and Swan's Hotel.  
All baggage at the risk of the owners.  
PERCY ROBINSON,  
Feb. 16.

### PRINTING

Neatly executed at this OFFICE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
JONAS GREEN,  
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

Know'st thou what travellers shall walk with thee  
On this day of pilgrimages?—Do Care or Pain,  
Bark's thy journey?—Soul!—art thou aware  
If foes or friends to thine eternal peace,  
Now in their secret chambers, gird themselves  
To bear thee company?—

The glorious Sun  
Comes forth exulting from yon purple hills;  
But ere he reach his portal, many an eye  
That gave him greeting, in Death's sleep shall close,  
Heard'st thou his ray?—Say, is that hand,  
Whose icy touch congeals the bounding veins,  
Forth from its drapery of darkness stretch'd  
To pluck thee by the skirts?

Eternal God!  
To whom a thousand years are as the watch  
Of one brief night,—no eye save thine can read  
Of this day's good or ill.—Thine Holy Word  
No fast can exorcise nor enemy destroy.—  
Flesh oil, this morn, with prayerful lips we seek,  
Lest some fierce robber from his ambush-path  
Should rush rapacious on our spirit's wealth  
Here at thine armoury we lowly kneel,  
Aking a weapon from thy boundless stores:  
The sword, the spear, the helmet, or the shield,  
As most thou see'st we need,—for Thou alone  
Dost weigh our weakness and our want foresee.—  
—So lead us day by day: thy robed Word  
Fast in our hearts,—and ever through our deeds  
Its fragrance flowing, and when life shall fleet,  
Bid us go down to Jordan,—and pass on  
To the firm footing of the eternal hills.

L. H. S.

### THE CRIMINAL.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

The dungeon walls were dark and high—  
The narrow pavement bare—  
No sunlight of the blessed sky  
Might ever enter there:  
In all the melancholy weeks  
The prisoner chain'd had lain,  
No breath of heaven had kiss'd his cheeks,  
Or cool'd his fever'd brain.

For him—a wale—sleep—there came  
No vision of sweet rest:  
Undying memory, like a flame,  
Burn'd in his guilty breast:  
Dark as the weary gloom around,  
His soul was liv'd within;  
For, oh! he liv'd but in the sound  
Of shamelessness and sin!

His mother heard his final doom,  
With shrieks that thrill'd through all;  
O! nought could save him from the tomb!  
Must he—must he! thus fall?  
The arrow pierc'd her aged head,  
With cold and deadly pain:  
She totter'd to her bed—  
And never rose again!

His father spoke not—but the pale  
And quivering lip confess'd  
The agonies which did assail  
His miserable breast:  
His eyes were closed, as if the light  
Was loathsome to behold;  
But tears burst from the lids to sight—  
They could not be controll'd!

Fast fell the fatal hours—he trod  
Life's very brink, alone—  
Yet had no hope—no go—no God!  
His heart was turn'd to stone:  
I saw him as he pass'd along,  
A brand'd death to die;  
Wild curses were upon his tongue—  
Despair and Blasphemy!

If there be one these lines may teach  
A moral, not in vain  
Have I endeavored thus to reach  
The hearts of the ungodly strain:  
The picture is from life—each day  
As sad a tale records—  
Virtue! may thy eternal ray  
Light all our deeds and words!

### BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.

By Miss Horton.

'Twas wondrous strange, how great the change,  
Since I was in my teens,  
Then I had waxed, and billet-doux,  
And joined the gayest scenes,  
But lovers now have ceased to vow—  
No way, they now contrive  
To poison, hang, or drown themselves—  
Because I'm twenty-five.

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,  
I ne'er abroad would roam,  
Without—"The bliss, the honour, Miss  
Of seeing you safe home."  
Pursued, and scarce alive—  
Through all the dark without a spark—  
Because I'm twenty-five.

They need to call, and ask me all  
About my health so frail,  
And though a ride would help my side,  
And turn my cheek less pale,  
But now, alas! if I am ill,  
None cares what I revive,  
And my pale cheek in rain may speak,  
Because I'm twenty-five.

Now if a ride improves my side,  
For that is deemed quite proper for  
A person of my age—  
And then no hand is offered me,  
To help me out alive—  
They think it won't hurt me to fall,  
Because I'm twenty-five.

O dear—"is there that every year,  
I'm slighted more and more?  
For not a hand reaches to show  
His hand within my door,  
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,  
My spirit now revive,  
And one might hear as well be dead  
As say—"I'm twenty-five."

### THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those people whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies, and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon among the military, who, by their profession, and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the R-publicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troops had halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain near a spring, formed a circle, and placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speaking to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advanced towards him.

Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trousers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer, and he was still more moved, when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have exacted the miniature of my wife; will you, when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lamballe?—My wife and my children reside with her."

Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "in the name of heaven do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from the ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait, they will be certain that I parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, which he found in doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you, say no more!" cried the other abruptly, "the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke he put it into his pocket, and added, "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy to refresh you?"

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis—"A fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach my destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to serve him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he—"I will give you a chance, which if well managed may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me that you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for *voiture de requisition*—I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy, and escape."

"Ah my God—if it were possible! But you forget, I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sou!" And, unfortunately, I have very little; only four assignats of five francs each; you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper, "be sure you are not seen to take them out: and God speed you!"

Duplessis turned away without speaking, but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few minutes afterwards, the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other, indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial? You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray, then, what would you have me do with him, for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him: My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troops, already too small for a part of country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is—Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow: and

certainly, captain, you cannot say that you cannot spare three men."

"Well," replied the other, with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way; but remember I tell you, you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell corporal Gilard, La Porte, and Desmouville, to remain with him: we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared, that notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by the window, but the men before upon the alert, had all three fired at once: he fell dead upon the spot, and they buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth; it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic, only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot; that, however, as they had done their duty by shooting him, when he had attempted to escape, and returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply enquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment, saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out without beat of drum, and they escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to — while on the road he recollected the mission which he accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfill it, though he felt an unpleasable reluctance to be the bearer of the news to a mother. When he presented himself to the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house, but she has arranged with the innkeeper over the way to receive you instead."

"It is not lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

"The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of horror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment showing Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady, of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl, four or five years old, at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she, "go Pauline and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with emotion, and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"

"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah, not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved!" "Yes," cried the mother, in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with the tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy, and her little girl, that they might also caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were these caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure and heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he, at least; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him." "My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. Heaven be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. How I wish that you could see him, but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lamballe?" "No, I can only stop for to-night." "Well at least for to-night you will stop with us; and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him."

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay you twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait, my husband desired, if ever I was fortunate enough to see to tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning, Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable family, whom

he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister, upon the produce of a little farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself in his arms exclaimed, "Heaven be praised, my dear preserver; that I am allowed to thank you once, at least before I die!" It was Duplessis, returned after so long an absence to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and had come back rich, Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience." "And without promotion?" "I have not sought it." "No, but you have well deserved it; I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns." "I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend about his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on the subject, "does the owner demand for it?" "Twenty-three thousand francs," (near four thousand dollars.) "That is lucky, for it is exactly the sum you have in La Fayette's hands." "You joke." "No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that amount." "But can you think that I shall rob you?" "Not at all; the money is yours; it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs." "Impossible."

"I will convince you that it is very possible and true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place it in the public funds. We lived retired, and she consequently had much leisure and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recognition for his services, and I bring you one.—Means have been found to represent to the king, that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valour, and he shows his sense of your services, by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef de battalion*."

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity.—Need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it?

### From the Providence Journal June 2.

EXECUTION.—Amasa E. Walsley was publicly executed yesterday, pursuant to the sentence of the Supreme Judicial Court.

At the March term of the Supreme Judicial Court, he was indicted for the murder of John Burke, also for the murder of Hannah Frank; on the first of which indictments, he was tried and convicted. The testimony against him was of a positive nature, and so clear as to leave no doubt in the mind of the court and jury of his guilt.

Fidela Smith swore, that on the night of the 18th of last September, she saw the prisoner and his brother whip John Burke and Hannah Frank. Burke and Hannah had been at the house of prisoner's brother, and in about ten minutes after they had left the house prisoner and his brother went in pursuit of them, for the purpose of whipping them. Witness went with them, and when they overtook Burke and Hannah, the prisoner being two or three rods ahead, threw them both down; and commenced beating them with a pine stick, which he had picked up in the road; the stick was about three feet long, and as large round as the leg of a chair. With that stick the prisoner struck them across their heads and hands. After witness got up to them, she did not hear Burke speak; Hannah tried to make a noise, and the prisoner choked her; prisoner struck Burke about a dozen times; Hannah begged him not to kill her, to which he made no reply. Prisoner's brother told her if he was going to kill them he would not stand by and see him do it. When witness went away, Burke and Hannah were laying still. Prisoner had drunk something in the course of the evening.

Eliazar Baker, swore that he saw Hannah Frank on the evening of the 19th September she was sitting down and leaning against a pine tree near the place described by Fidela Smith, and about eight rods from the place where her body was found. Witness and another person found her body the following Monday, and shortly afterwards found the

body of Burke. Their bodies were thirty or forty rods apart. [Here witness described particularly the situation in which Burke's body was when found.] The head was severed from the body, but lay so close to it, that the fact was not discovered until the body was moved. Several other witnesses testified to the finding and the situation of the body of Burke: he was found near a cart path in Burrillville.

Asel Alger swore that he saw the prisoner on the 20th September, and that his shirt sleeves was bloody. Prisoner told him that he had fought with Willis Steere, and that he knocked him down seven times, and that at the last time the blood flew on him. Afterwards prisoner told him that he did not mean he had been fighting, but that he dreamed it, and that the blood on his shirt was Pigeon's blood.

The circumstances relating to the shirt were corroborated by other witnesses, one of whom swore that prisoner said the blood on his shirt came from his nose.

Daniel Mann swore that since the prisoner's confinement in jail, he went to see him and conversed with him relative to the offence with which he was charged. Prisoner said he was intoxicated at the time he beat Burke. Witness asked him what weapon he used, and he said a club, with which he knocked him down. After the first beating they returned to his brother's house, and afterwards went back and finished them. Witness asked prisoner if he cut Burke's head off, and he replied yes. He appeared to understand the conversation, and was not intoxicated at the time.

Joel Aldrich swore, that the prisoner confessed to him, that on the night after the first beating he gave Burke, he went to him—Burke asked him for some water; he replied, "damn you, I will give you water," and that he then cut his head off.—This confession was made the last of January, in the Jail.

In this short account of the trial of Amasa E. Walsley, we have only stated the strong points sworn to, by the Government witnesses.—Many witnesses were examined for the prisoner, and an attempt was made to discredit some of the Government witnesses.

The charge of Judge Eddy, to the prisoner, we have already published. During the trial, the prisoner appeared perfectly composed, and received his sentence without any apparent emotion.

As no account of the trial has yet been published, we have deemed it due to the public, to give the material parts of the testimony, on which the verdict of "guilty," was returned. To our mind it was conclusive.

At the last session of the Legislature, a petition for a reprieve was rejected, and since that time, all hope of pardon has been taken from the unfortunate but guilty criminal.

We have cautiously avoided publishing any part of the testimony, which could in any degree affect the rights of others, implicated in the most foul and horrid murder of John Burke and Hannah Frank.

The prisoner was taken from the jail at twenty minutes before ten o'clock and placed in a hackney coach, accompanied by the Sheriff, Col. Henry R. Mumford, and the Rev. Dr. Crocker, and the Rev. Mr. Patterson, and was conveyed to the place of execution, about two miles from the centre of this city, at the junction of the Providence and Patuxet Turnpike and the old road. He was attired with a white muslin gown spotted with black, white stockings and black slippers.

At the place of execution the warrant for his execution was read by the Sheriff, and an appropriate prayer offered to the Throne of Mercy by the Rev. Mr. Patterson. The prisoner expressed to the Sheriff a desire to address the spectators, but his strength appeared to fail him. After every preparation had been completed, he was informed by the Sheriff that the time had arrived when the execution of the law was to take place, and desired him to give the fatal signal by dropping a handkerchief.—This he did in a few seconds, and the Sheriff, at a quarter before 11 o'clock, cut the cord, and in a moment he was suspended in the air, a victim to the violated laws of his country. He died with scarce a struggle; and after hanging forty minutes his body was taken down and delivered to his friends. From the commencement of the preparations for his execution, and for weeks before, he was perfectly sensible that his execution was inevitable. His conduct, to the last moment, was marked with great firmness, and resignation.

Such were the perfect and complete arrangements made by the sheriff that no accident happened during the performance of this most unpleasant and disagreeable duty. Every part was conducted with the utmost propriety; and although no military escort or guard was called to preserve order, yet in an immense crowd of all ages, sexes and conditions, composing near 10,000 persons, there was no noise or disturbance, and during the moments of the execution a general silence pervaded the spectators, who seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

A Canawler asked his captain, what A. M. stood for, after a man's name? to which the captain answered, with a look of great assecuracy, "why Anti Mason, you darr'd fool."

A Canawler asked his captain, what A. M. stood for, after a man's name? to which the captain answered, with a look of great assecuracy, "why Anti Mason, you darr'd fool."