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POET'S CORNER.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

BY L. E. L.
Can you forget me? I who have so cherished
The vest of truth that gave me memory's link;
The roses that you gave me, altho' perished,
Were precious in my sight; they made me
Think
You took them in their scentless beauty stee-
From the warm shelter of the garden wall;
Autumn, while the languid winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? I am not selfish
On selfish words—alas! I know their
Man's faith to woman is a little, dying
Upon the very breath that gave it birth;
But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it
then,
When thoughts would sometimes take a
tone of sadness,
And then unconsciously grow glad again.
Can you forget them?

Miscellaneous.

From the New Orleans Picayune, July 1st.
GEORGE WASHINGTON WIMPLE,
The man who prefers the Ballad to the Ballot.
About last night's room, an individual
might be seen, and was by the watchman
seen, and wending his way up St. Charles
street. His course was neither directly re-
gularly irregular. It might have been
a preparatory practice of the new
Polka dance, or such a succession of en-
deavors to kill cockroaches creeping on
the banquette. Now the Charles, who
is all strict-constructionists, and who en-
force the letter of the municipal ordinances
with as much rigor and exactness as the
Medes and Persians, and their laws, never
interfere with a man's manner of walking,
so long as it is able to walk on all; for
city lawgivers, with a walk and libel-
ity above all price, and beyond all praise,
have left it to every man to move along
as best he can, and have laid down no legal
definite mode of locomotion. But altho'
they have so ruled it with regard to men's
walking, they are more strict with refer-
ence to men's talking at a certain hour
of night, whether that talking be in tune or
out of tune—a sermon or a serenade—a
political speech or a serenade—a
political speech of a temperance. It was
in the enforcement of this peace preserv-
ing principle that the watchman at the
corner of Perdoux and St. Charles streets,
in a tone of imperative official authority,
bade our hero "shut up," who had just
been singing a song equal in meter and
melody to any of our modern political
lyrics, the chorus of which ran thus:
"Hurra for the stripes and stars,
Hurra for our nation,
Hurra for our Yankee tars,
And our universal nation."
"Orders you agree to shut up," said
the watchman. "You ain't no two ways
about it—you must either shut up yourself
or I'll shut you up like winkum!" Some
folks think watchmen ain't nobody, but
I'll let you know, old fellow, that they are
somebody, so sing small."
"Charles," said the vocalist, looking half
vaguely, half scornfully into the face
of the watchman. "Charles, thou art a
walking somnambulist, a moving mass
of mindless matter. Thou has got specula-
tion in thine eye, but thou has got no
music in thy soul. Thou art impenetrable
to the toms that wake the thoughts to ten-
derness—thou art impervious to the strains
that rouse and stir up the slumbering spi-
rit of patriotism. Thou—"
"O, that's all very fine," said the watch-
man, cutting off the peroration of the speak-
er, "it's all very fine, but it ain't no part
of the ordinance. Now disturbin' the peace
is, which consequently brings you within
the act protectin' the citizens in the nat-
ural enjoyment of their sleep."
It was in vain that the singer told the
watchman that he transcended his duty; that
his was an unjust interference with, and
violation of, the rights of a citizen; and
the watchman "toted" him off to the calaboose.
"What's your name?" said the officer of
the night.
"George Washington Wimple," replied
the prisoner.
"The watchman charges you," said the
officer, "with disturbing the peace."
"The watchman is a soulless, soulless
individual," said Wimple, "with a mind
as dark as Erubus. I was not disturbing
the peace sir; I was singing—singing for
rekindle the smouldering fire of patriotism
now almost extinguished in the breasts of
our citizens. The time and the occasion
called for it. The moon had already passed
its meridian time, in its oncoming travel,
had reached the sixty eighth anniversary
of our national independence. Who,

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

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...would not sing at such a time? Who would not send forth canticles burdened with patriotic pride on such an occasion? Were not those guns fired in Lafayette Square charged with patriotic praise to an extent that I must go off or burst?"

"My duty is to commit you for the night," said the officer. "It will rest with the recorder to-morrow morning to say how far you have offended against the laws?"

"I protest," said Wimple, "against this arbitrary infringement on the rights of a citizen—a patriotic citizen who loves his country as that black rascal Othello did his beautiful wife—not wisely, but too well; who—"

"O, look here, Mr. Thingamajay," said the watchman, "biggers aint got nollin' to do with making the out'-"

"I say again," said Wimple, "you have been guilty of my natural rights, and of the right of election, too; because political science has become a branch of vocal music. Voting by ballot is decidedly vulgar and corrupt; men will henceforth be hung into office; election will be by ballot and not by ballot. What better way is there, I should like to know, of ascertaining the voice of the people than by their capacity for singing?"

The officer told him he was not prepared to argue the question with him, and locked him up. We trust the recorder will take his patriotism into consideration this morning, and dispense with the usual "thirty days."

A YANKEE TRICK.

Two Englishmen, fresh from the northern county, in travelling through the west on horseback, happened to pass an evening at a house situated on the banks of the Mississippi river where they met with a Yankee pedlar, who had just disposed of his stock of goods, and was ready to go to any part of the world where interest might call him. By shrewd guesses, he soon found out every thing in relation to the circumstances, residence and business of his companions, and then kindly gave a history of himself. He no sooner announced himself as a Yankee, than the strangers, who had often heard of the shrewdness of their character, were all anxiety that he should play them a Yankee trick. This he modestly declined. They insisted, and offered to give him five dollars for a good Yankee trick. The money was taken with a promise, either to refund it or play a good trick, and morning was selected as the time for execution of the Yankee's skill. Pleas'd with each other, they all retired to bed in the same apartment, and when morning came, the Yankee rose up with the first light, gently dressed himself with the clothes of one of the strangers, took a pair of saddle-bags to which he had no title, and quietly leaving the house, was observed to go on board of a flat-boat bound for New Orleans. The strangers soon after awoke, and upon getting up to dress, beheld the sad reality of a Yankee trick. Having much money in their saddle-bags, they ascertained which way the Yankee had gone, and, obtaining a small skiff set out after him. The skiff was light and moving rapidly, an hour or two brought it along side of the flat-boat, where set the Yankee perfectly composed, in quiet possession of their clothes and saddle-bags. With much apparent pleasure he arose, and enquired after their health, and asked how they were pleased with the trick. The idea they then had of the Yankee is left to the imagination of the reader. However, he soon delivered their saddle-bags, which had not been opened, and exchanged clothes. The strangers, having deposited their saddle-bags in the skiff, very much dissatisfied, were about to leave, when the Yankee insisted upon their taking a parting glass together, and while drinking he stepped back, jumped into the skiff, and pushed off. Amid the execrations of the crew, he plied his paddle, and the skiff darted away from the flat-boat. Going up stream, pursuit with a flat-boat was useless. He was observed to land on the Arkansas shore, where, there is little doubt, he speedily doubled the money thus obtained.

M. LAFITTE, the great Parisian banker, who recently died, possessed of immense wealth, rose to fortune from an humble station in life. A foreign journal by a late arrival contains the following story of his first appearance in Paris.

When M. Lafitte came to Paris in 1773, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a bankinghouse, and to attain this object he called on M. Perregaux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Madle. Gurnard, which had been put up to lotte-ry by that lady and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Lafitte paid his first visit in Paris, and, as it were, took his first step in the Parisian world. The young provincial—poor and modest, timid and anxious—entered by that gateway which had presented so many of the fortunes of the last century. He was introduced into the boudoir of the danseuse, then became the cabinet of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit.

"It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment at least for the present," replied the banker; "all my offices have their full complement. If I require any one at a future time, I will see what can be done; but in the meantime I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect to have a vacancy for some time."

With a disappointed heart the young as-

pirant for employment left the office, and while with a downcast look he traversed the courtyard he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lapel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate, but so it was.

From the window of his cabinet M. Perregaux had observed the situation of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers of human actions who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action he saw the revelation of a character, it was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of all the qualities which should be possessed by a good financier. A young man who would pick up a pin, could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and attain a high degree of prosperity.

In the evening of the same day M. Lafitte received the following note from M. Perregaux:—

"A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow morning."

The anticipations of the banker were not deceived. The young Lafitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From simple clerk he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris, and afterward in rapid succession deputy and president of the Council of Ministers, the highest office to which a citizen can aspire.

On what a trifling does the fortune of a man sometimes depend. But for the simple incident of the pin, M. Lafitte would, perhaps, never have entered into the house of M. Perregaux; another employer might have opened to him so wide a field of action, and his talents and intelligence would not have led to such magnificent results.

Little did M. Perregaux think that the hand which would pick up a pin was that of a man, generous to prodigality in doing good—a hand always open to succor honorable misfortune. Never were riches placed in better hands—never did banker or prince make a more noble use of them.

POINTS OF A HORSE.—It was formerly said that a horse should have three qualities of a woman, three of an ox, three of a mule, three of a deer, three of a wolf, three of a snake, three of a fox, three of a cat, and three of a snake. Mr. Horner of the Western Farmer and Gardener, gives the following interpretations of this, from Denton Olcott, the animal manager:—

"Three of a woman, deep chest, full body, long hair. Three of an ox, eye, nostril, joints. Of a mule, foot, strength, severance. Of a deer, head, legs, hair, eyes well. Of a wolf, breast, loin, lope. Of a sheep, face, patience, mildness. Of a fox, ear, tail, foot. Of a cat, walk, action, leap. Of a snake, sight, memory, and molting."

Ollcott, whose name is mentioned above, we are told, is much distinguished in Kentucky, for his success in taming animals. His rules, (as given in the Farmer and Gardener) seem to be simple and rational. His first object is to confine the animal in a small space. Then approach them slowly and quietly—induce them to eat salt from the hand—rub them over with the hands—always moving the hand with the direction of the hair—speak softly and soothingly to them, rubbing them at the same time about the face and head. Feed them only moderately, so that they may be always ready to take food and water. Never strike them a blow.

To prevent a horse from lying down in harness, he says, "tie him down with a rope, so that he cannot get up, and keep him so ten hours. Then let him get up, and work him for an hour. Give him water from your hand and feed him; this tends to make him like you, removes fear and restores confidence."

HONESTY.—Boys placed in circumstances of temptation cannot be too deeply impressed with the conviction that "honesty is the best policy"; that is to say, that in the long run they will make more by being honest than by taking that which is not their own. The following is a case in point. A nobleman travelling in Scotland, a number of years ago, was asked for alms in the High street of Edinburgh, by a little ragged boy. He said he had no change, upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be changed, ran off for that purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected to wait, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length the nobleman happened again to pass that way; the boy accosted him, and put the change he had procured into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he placed him at school, with the assurance of providing for him.

Curious instance of the intelligence of a dog is related. The animal belonged to a celebrated chemist, who tried upon the effect of a certain poison, and upon the next day administered a counter poison, which had the effect of preserving the poor creature's life. The next day another dose was offered him; but merc'd said he would not touch it. Different sorts of poisonous drugs were presented to him, but he reso-

lutely refused all. Bread was offered, but he would not touch it; meat, but he turned from it; water but he would not drink. To reassure him, his master offered him bread and meat of which he himself ate in the dog's presence, and that the sagacious animal hesitated not to partake. He was taken to a fountain, but he would drink nowhere but from the spot, where the water gushed free and fresh. This continued for several days, until the master, touched by the extraordinary intelligence of the poor creature, resolved to make no more attempts upon him with his poisons. The dog is now very gay and very happy, but will eat of nothing that he does not first see his master touch, nor will he drink except from the purest spring of the fountain.—*Edinburgh Weekly Register.*

Teacher Wanted.—The following is said to be a verbatim copy of an "excuse" for being "shut out," given by a father to his son John. "We imagine the old man must have been addicted to the same vice in his youth."

Sir, You please to excuse my son John for being tardy for he didn't leave the house till fifteen minutes ago, and then the clock had run down so that we could not tell what time he did leave. I don't thank you for flagging him before coming home for a excuse. He had the hopping coil six years ago."

Resignation.—It is vain for us to cast anchor here; the anchor dries on the cable breaks, and again we are driven forth into an ocean of trouble and uncertainty. Desirable as it would be for us to get on with our election from three dreadful situations. Doubtless it is good for us that the measure and manner of the furnace in which we are to be purified is left to our choice.—*Mr. Grant's Lecture.*

"I'll bet you any sum you please that Clay'll be elected," said a Lowell cobbler the other day. "If there's ten thousand dollars, to begin with," replied the Banker, "I'll don't care to whom the remark was addressed. This was a choker. The cobbler sloped down to a v at once. Coats had better not meddle with Banker Hill's! Here's the grip under the lee of the old battle gown, and no mistake.—*Boston Post.*

When adversity assails you don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortune, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them. Take the matter coolly, and like a Christian, and then God will help you—and your fellow men, also.

"Honor is to justice as the flower to the plant; its effluence, its bloom, its consummation! But honor that does not spring from justice is but a piece of painted rag, an artificial rose, which the men millioners of society would palm upon us as more natural than the true."
"I wish you had been Eve," said an merchant to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam!"

"Mrs. Spriggs, how's your husband this afternoon?" "Well, the doctor says as how as if he lives till morning, he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't live till mor'nin', he shan't have no hopes of him."

"The widow Larkins keeps a tavern in Kentucky, and her daughters dish up fowls so handsomely that their chickens fight every day to decide which shall be spitted first!"

"In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's foot!"

Piety, which does not sweeten a man's natural temper, may be compared to fruit before it is ripe—good in its kind, but not arrived at perfection.

"Here, you hograter," said a native dandy to an honest Irish laborer, "come and tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to whiskey punch." "A' by my soul, yer honor, a gintleman," retorted Pat.

"The last lay of the minstrel," as Jerry observed on seeing a music grinder lying in the gutter drunk.

POLITICAL.

Eloquent Extract from the Speech of Mr. Dallas, (democratic candidate for Vice President) in the Senate of the United States, February 8, 1833, upon the re-appearing collection bill. See Gales & Seaton's Congressional Debates, vol. 9th, part 1st, page 430.

"Sir, I have heard our army and navy strangely characterized in the course of this discussion. They have been termed hired mercenaries. Do they merit the imputation? Are the band of gallant officers who have shielded you from invasion, or carried the national flag in triumph over every sea and every sun, hired mercenaries? We need no such language during the war. The trade and sailors who were away were seen struggling with a hungry foe, and sending into our ports, to be greeted with our acclamations, prize after prize; or while the scarlet trappings of British enterprise and valor glittered on the heights of Baltimore, or on the plains of New Orleans, destined at both places to encounter a relic of revolutionary war. We used no such words as 'hired mercenaries' then; they were unknown, alike to our hearts and our lips; and may they pass into utter oblivion before times equally trying shall again occur.

"Our Union is an incalculable blessing. While it has lasted, what have we not accomplished, both in peace and in war? All the great objects of human associations have been cultivated and attained with unexampled rapidity and ease. Liberty has been cherished and made forever stable; science has been stored in her hundred treasures, and mastered in her thousand ramparts; happiness has been diffused itself throughout an immense population, forging its own way over a boundless region of country, and wealth and power have gradually made the American people rivals of Greece and Roman fame. All the high aims, too, of a virtuous ambition have been reached in war. Independence consummated; renown, every where acknowledged; glory, bright amongst the brightest; yield away the constitution and the Union, and where are we? Fractured in fragments, and not able to claim one portion of the past peculiarly its own? Sir, our Union is not merely a blessing—it is a political necessity. We cannot exist without it. I mean, that all of existence which is worth having must depend upon it. Our conflicts could not endure the incessant conflicts of civil and international strife; our independence would be an unreal mockery, and our very memories would turn to bitterness. The senator from Virginia justly compared our political institutions to the planetary system. I wish he would agree with me in saying, that the great principles of attraction and repulsion are equally necessary in the two cases; that the sudden interruption of either must be fatal; and that the national Union of sovereign States can alone preserve us from darkness and chaos."

SONG FOR YOUNG HICKORY.
BY "PER SE," OF THE OHIO STATESMAN.
Air—"Dummett's Bluff."

The glorious old hickory tree,
The stately old hickory tree,
Is sinking away from age and decay,
And soon it must fall the old tree.
Hurrah for the hickory tree,
For long it has shelter'd the free,
From the storms of oppression, the wind and the sun,
And the tyrant far over the sea.

But near to that noble old tree,
In the country of West Tennessee,
We've a rising young hickory to stand
in his place.
And there's not a dead spot in the tree:
Hurrah for the hickory tree,
The tallest in West Tennessee.
It is spreading its limbs to the east and the west,
To the Lakes and the Mexican sea.
Hurrah, &c.

It's good to be equal in laws,
In the blood purchased rights of the free;
It's good to support the republican cause,
Around the hickory tree.
Hurrah for the hickory tree,
The noble young hickory tree,
So thrifty and tall, you shall see in the fall,
It will spread to the lakes and the sea.
Hurrah, &c.

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.
Mr. Bronson, of the Quarterly Review, was largely quoted from by the Whigs a few months since, and considered by them most veritable reliable authority, we therefore invite their attention to the following article from the Review giving a graphic description of the "Embodiment" and his yoke-fellow. The reviewer, Mr. Bronson, passes a warm eulogium on the political and personal character of Mr. Polk, and after pointing out the dangerous tendency of the general domestic policy of the Whigs, whom he characterizes as "the party of modern Federalism"—he turns from the party to its present leaders, whom he thus sketches.

"Messrs Clay and Frelinghuyesen represent what we may term ultra Whiggism. Mr. Clay is unquestionably a man of ability. He is a splendid orator; he has great power over the men with whom he comes into immediate contact; but he is no statesman. He is ambitious, but short sighted; bold, daring, but incapable of appreciating general principles, or of perceiving the relation between effects and their causes, when these causes are not near at hand. Yet he is abashed by no inconsistency, disturbed by no contradiction, and can defend with a firm countenance and without the

least misgiving what every body has himself seen to be a political fallacy, or a logical absurdity. Refute him, denounce him with mathematical certainty that his proposition is false, confront him with names, dates, figures, and he stands unmoved, unconscious of what you have done; reiterates his proposition in a colder tone, re-asserts it with glowing confidence, and points forth, the full tide of his rich and persuasive eloquence in its defence. You stand aghast. What can the man mean? His insensibility confronts you, and you almost begin to distrust your own demonstration against him, though as certain as the demonstration of a problem in Euclid.

In regard to right and wrong, he manifests the same singular self-possession. He is no more disturbed by being convicted of moral insensibility than of intellectual absurdity. He sees no moral absurdity in determining right and wrong by parallels of latitude, and in declaring a thing to be right on one side of a given parallel, and wrong on the other. A man of rare abilities, but apparently void of both moral and intellectual conscience, who finds no difficulty in withstanding, when necessary to his purposes, the eternal laws both of logic and morality, and therefore a man whom no power under that of the Almighty can restrain, he must needs be the most dangerous man to be placed at the head of the Government; it is possible to conceive. There is no man in the world to which we would not do. Not a few even of the Whigs feel that he is an unsafe man; even the manufacturers themselves support him with fear and trembling; the noblest of all the Whigs has denounced him on more occasions than one, and now only claims him with faint praise."

Mr. Frelinghuyesen is quite a different man; and while agreeing with Clay in all obvious measures to which Mr. Clay himself stands pledged, he represents certain other elements of the Whig party, from which still more evil, if possible, is to be apprehended. Mr. Frelinghuyesen is not only a Whig in the worst sense of the term, but he is also the very impersonation of narrow minded, ignorant, conceited bigotry; a man who boldly attacks religious liberty, demands the unshallowed union of Church and State, and contends that the Government should legally recognize the religion of the majority, and declare whatsoever goes counter to that to be *contra bonos mores*. He concentrates in himself the whole spirit of "Native Americanism" and "no popery," which displayed itself so brilliantly in the recent burning of the Catholic dwellings, seminaries, and churches in the city of Philadelphia.

THE LOSS OF TEXAS.
We are in greater danger of losing Texas than ever. The information which we gave in the last Enquirer, upon the best authority, assigns upon the reasons for this apprehension. 1. Gen. Houston has not recently been in favor of annexation. 2. He had been previously negotiating with Great Britain for a treaty—and nothing but the wishes of the people of Texas, and the influence of General Jackson over the mind of his ancient comrade, could have overruled his objections, and wrung from him a reluctant consent to an immediate annexation with the United States. 3. Six months were allowed for the ratification of his Treaty with us—and his Commissioners at Washington were instructed to open the negotiation with Great Britain through Mr. Pakenham at Washington, in case the Senate should reject the Treaty.—4. Col. Henderson, one of the Commissioners, has returned to Texas, for the purpose of recruiting on the people to wait a little longer, and arrest the movement of negotiation with Great Britain. 5. Mr. Van Zandt, the other Commissioner, has resigned his office, sooner than comply with the instructions of his Government. 6. The course of Mr. Clay and his followers in the Senate, has changed the whole action of Santa Anna. Had the Treaty been ratified, he would have acquiesced—but he will scarcely give his consent in advance, especially as Great Britain and France have now interposed their remonstrances with us—attempting to turn Texas against annexation, by stipulating her independence from Mexico, and by guaranteeing to her several important commercial privileges; and Great Britain particularly is intriguing with Mexico, to prevent her yielding her assent to the annexation of Texas with the United States. Such, we suspect—indeed, such we understand, are some of the important features of this important transaction—and, therefore, we say, we were never in greater danger of losing Texas, than at the present moment.

Should these ominous signs be fulfilled, and Texas be lost to us, then may we ask with Mr. McDuffie, "upon whom is this responsibility to rest?" The greater portion of it will fall upon Mr. Henry Clay. His unfortunate letter has principally sowed the seed of this mischief.—The last man in America, after his speech in 1820, and his negotiation in 1825, who should have resisted the re-acquisition of this beautiful and important country, and the key to our Western frontier, is the very man who has consummated the evil. He has commanded his followers to go against the Treaty—and his idolatrous man-worshippers, as loyal to his wishes as the ancient vassals were to their feudal Lords, will be held mainly responsible for this egregious transgression against the best interests of his country.—*Rich. Eng.*

"**Vagabond Foreigners**" is the insulting and degrading title applied by the New Orleans correspondent of the National Intelligencer to those "naturalized citizens" who were robbed of that title by the Whig judges of that city. Let it be passed around, and let it be remembered.

Jonathan H. Green, the founder and leader of the anti-gambling movement in Baltimore, is now in Kentucky, or was the last we heard from him, laboring successfully in the novel cause to which he has devoted his energies.

We hope he will not neglect to visit Ashland.—*Troy Budget.*