

The Maryland Gazette.

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ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1832.

NO. 31.

STATE OF MARYLAND, SO. Anne Arundel County, Orphans Court.
Application by petition of John M. Welch, Administrator, do bonis non, of Sarah Welch, 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 in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.
THOMAS T. SIMMONS, Reg. Wills A. A. county.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.
THAT the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of Administration, do bonis non, on the personal estate of Sarah Welch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 12th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 12th day of June 1832.
JOHN M. WELCH, Adm'r. D. B. N. June 14. 6*

SIOO REWARD.
RAN away from the subscriber, on the 15th instant, Negro man

BEN,
He is about 35 years of age, about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, tolerable bright mulatto, rather slender built, slow of speech, speaks low, and has a down look when spoken to, he has a small grey fore hair, about the size of a dollar, which is conspicuous.
He was purchased of the late of the late Chancellor Johnson, in 1823, and as he was his carriage driver, and has also been mine, has travelled pretty generally throughout the State, and has a very general acquaintance in and about Annapolis and Baltimore. He will no doubt make his best way through one of those places out of the State; his object we believe to be Pennsylvania. It is probable that he has been furnished with a false pass, as several have obtained them from an individual in this neighborhood within the last year.
His clothing being various, cannot be correctly described, but will be found in part to be a drab roundabout, a mixed roundabout, and pantaloons to match, also possibly a Cassin coat, with a half worn black fur hat.
The above reward will be given if taken 40 miles or more from my residence, and 20 dollars elsewhere, so that I get him again.
BASIL MULLIKIN, Near Queen-Anne's, P. George's Co. Md. May 17.

Anne Arundel County, &c.
ON application to the Judges of Anne Arundel County Court by petition, in writing, of Beale Gaither of Anne Arundel county, stating that he is in actual confinement for debt only, and praying for the benefit of the Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled, An act for the relief of solvent debtors, passed at November session, 1823, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascertain, being annexed to his said petition, and the said Beale Gaither having satisfied the Court by competent testimony that he has resided two years within the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the time of his application, and the said Beale Gaither, having taken the oath by the said Act prescribed, for the delivering up his property, and given sufficient security for his personal appearance at the County Court of Anne Arundel county, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed Joshua Warfield, of Benjamin, a trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from said B. Gaither, a conveyance and possession of all his property real, personal and mixed, it is hereby ordered and adjudged, that the said Beale Gaither be discharged from his confinement, and that he give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three months, before the fourth Monday of October next, to appear before the said County Court, at the court house of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if any they have, why the said Beale Gaither should not have the benefit of the said Act, and the supplements thereto.
WILLIAM S. GREEN, Sm. May 17.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat MARYLAND, will commence her regular route for Annapolis, Cambridge (by Castle Haven) and Easton, on FRIDAY MORNING NEXT, the 30th March, at 7 o'clock, from her usual place of starting, lower end Dugan's wharf, and continue to leave Baltimore on every Tuesday and Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for the above places throughout the season.
Passage to Castle Haven or Easton \$2 50; to Annapolis \$1.
N. B. All Baggage at the risk of the owner or owners.
LEML. G. TAYLOR, Capt. March 24.

CASH FOR NEGROES.
I WISH TO PURCHASE 100 LIKELY NEGROES.
Of both sexes, from 13 to 25 years of age, field hands, also, mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any other purchaser who is now to be had in the market. Any communication in writing, will be promptly attended to. I can be found at Williams's Hotel, Annapolis.
WILLIAM WILKINS, May 1, 1832.

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PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

STANZAS.
We parted—when the western breeze
Blow freshly o'er the main,
But then I thought those quiet seas
Would bring me back again—
That hope, to each affection warm
Was, like the rainbow on the storm,
A sacred promise given—
That when the gathered clouds that cast
A shadow o'er my fate had pass'd,
All would be bright at even.
But the lone evening hour has come—
The shadows round me press—
And all my still acquiescent home
Thou comest not to bless—
Oh! bend a listening ear—
The voice of singing girls to hear—
By thine own river there—
And mingling in the gully waters
On light seraphic forms I gaze,
Yet none with thine compare.
They say that in a distant clime,
Beyond the mountain's prime
In south and heavy's glorious prime
They laid thee in the grave—
That stranger's hand thy heart sigh—
That stranger's hand thy heart sigh—
Received thy last request—
That thy bright spirit, o'er the storm
Of trial soared—and thy loved form
Went peacefully to rest.
Well, my light bark is on the stream—
And I will weep no more—
That only to the one dear dream
Of Her—now broken—gone—
And when the still moon rises on high,
To memory's ever watchful eye
Shall come—a vision bright,
And bid me not let love be flight,
And tell me can the love me yet,
In yonder world of light?

NOTES ON ILLINOIS.
Hill Animals.—The Buffalo has entirely left us. Before the country was settled, on immense prairies afforded pasturage to large herds of these animals; and traces of them are still remaining in the "Buffalo paths," which are to be seen in the several parts of the state. These are all well beaten tracks, leading generally from the prairies in the interior of the state, to the margins of the large rivers; showing the course of their migration as they changed their pastures periodically, from the low marshy alluvion to the dry upland plains. In the heat of summer they are driven from the latter by prairie fires, in the autumn they would be expelled from the former by the mosquitoes, in the spring the grass of the plains would afford abundant pasturage—while the herds could enjoy the warmth of the sun, and snuff the breeze that sweeps so freely over them; in the winter the rich cane of the river banks which is evergreen, would furnish food, while the low grounds, thickly covered with brush and forest, would afford protection from the bleak winds.
I know few subjects more interesting than the emigration of wild animals, connecting, as it does, the singular displays of brute instinct with a wonderful exhibition of the various supplies which nature has provided for the support of animal life, under an endless variety of circumstances. Their paths are narrow and remarkably direct, showing that the animals travelled in single file through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their place of destination.
Deers are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase to a certain extent with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood, from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from those attacks their young can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken.
We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of deer, yelling very near in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain; then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a near point, and in another direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer, and again borne away in the distance. We have passed whole nights in listening to such sounds, and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately past the door at which we sat, followed by his sulcious pursuers, who were but a few yards in the rear.
Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for their hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export. The former are purchased from the hunter at twenty-five cents a pair; the latter twenty cents a pound. In our villages we purchase, for tables, the saddle of venison with the hams attached, for 32 cents, which would be something like one cent per pound.
There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most generally the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback in the day time, selecting particularly certain hours, which are thought to be most favourable. It is said that during the

season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from its lair, precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a very curious display of instinct. This hour, therefore, is always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, whose keen eye penetrates the surrounding darkness.
On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game. It is extremely dangerous to approach a wounded deer. Timid and harmless as this animal is at other times, no sooner he finds himself deprived of the power of flight, than he becomes furious, and rushes upon his enemy, making desperate plunges with his sharp horns, and striking and trampling violently with his fore legs, which being extremely muscular and armed with sharp hoofs, can inflict very severe wounds.
Aware of these circumstances, the hunter approaches him with caution, and either seizes his prey by a second shot, where the first has been but partially successful, or, as is more frequently the case, causes his dog to seize the wounded animal, while he wades his own opportunity to stab him with a hunting knife. Sometimes where a noble buck is the victim, and the hunter is impatient or inexperienced, terrible conducts ensue on such occasions.
Another mode is to watch at night, in the neighbourhood of the salt licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or most generally in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed like a masked battery with long green boughs.
This practice is pursued only in summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly and objects may be readily discovered.
At the rising of the moon, or shortly after, the deer, having risen from their beds, approach the lick. Such places are generally denuded of timber, but surrounded by it, and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around, and sniffs the air. Then he advances a few steps and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze. The hunter sits motionless and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle shot, and until its position in relation to the hunter and the light, shall be favourable, when he fires with an unerring aim.
A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed.
Another practice is called driving, and is only practised in those parts of the country where this game is scarce, and where hunting is pursued as an amusement. A large party is made up, and the hunters ride forth with their dogs. The hunting ground is selected, and as it is pretty well known what tracks an individual is placed at each of those passes to intercept the returning animal.
The scene of action being thus, in some measure surrounded, small parties advance with the dogs from different directions, and the startled deer, in flying, most generally pass some of the persons who are concealed, and who fire at them as they pass.
The elk has disappeared. A few have been seen in late years, and some taken; but it is not known that any remain at this time within the limits of the state.

From Bulwer's Monthly Magazine.
AFFAIR OF HONOUR.
A man had his nose pulled the other day; he was offered an apology; he alleged he was too poor to receive that species of satisfaction. Whether poor man is injured in the nose, he looks for a physical satisfaction that shall be equivalent to the physical pain; a sting in the year, nose; or other prominent and available organ, is exchangeable with a pot of porter or a crown piece; but how different are the feelings of a gentleman or thoroughly civilized person, when his nose has been wronged, or his person otherwise violated! The pain is not in the part affected, the agony is not felt where the fingers or the toes are applied, it instantly removes to the sensorium of honour, the imagination; though the feature may be tingling and the eye absolutely overflowing with the evidence of misery suffering, still the mischief is referred to quite another part of the constitution. Hence the difficulty of settling these matters. With the poor man his appendages have all a kind of *ad valorem* duty—a tariff of insult and offence; but the gentleman is a perfect Draco; he must not only have more, but it must be of a different kind; the wound has been inflicted on the flesh, but he feels it in the soul, and must expiate it in blood.
It is impossible not to see that this is the very perfection of reason and good sense;

nevertheless we like the easy way in which poor people settle these things.
Manion House.—Ebenezer Coker, a Billington's porter, was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished according to law for having amused himself by pulling the nose of John Dixon, without the owner's leave.
John Dixon deposed that he knew nothing of the defendant, and the defendant testified he squeezed his nose with such vengeance that he was obliged to call a hoffer.
"Why, said his Lordship, addressing Coker, you promised me faithfully, the last time you were here, you would not get drunk again."
"Me drunk," said Coker, "I ain't been able to yarn wittles, leave alone drink; and as for being drunk yesterday, I had a gin and a little more gin with a pint of coffee for breakfast. As for the assault as is charged on me, this here good man deserved what he got. I went into a public house to sell my scripps, which are precious dear now, and while my back was turned I see him put his hand into my basket in a becoming sort of way. Sir I don't call this hacking like a gentleman to go for to prig a poor man's scripps, and he told me to give him gones' my ears, for he want a going to be scandalized in no such way. Howsoever, as I knowed he'd been guilty of the crime, we got into a bargument, ven I might just have touched him on the nose."
"Well," said the Lord Mayor to the complainant, "I suppose you will be satisfied with an apology?"
"Complainant (scratching his head)—I can't afford to take a apology, as I'm only poor man, unless he stands a bit of 'summat to eat and a drop of 'summat to drink, and a little 'summat for myself."
"The defendant having consented to give the complainant sixpence, the Lord Mayor allowed them to settle the other 'summat's by dismissing the complaint."
If this affair had happened between persons of higher rank of life, how different would have been the story! Friends must have been called in—cabs and hackney coaches would have been put in requisition—bachelors would have sat up at each other's lodgings, and an attorney or two would have had a job. Then, in case of an apology, what sticking for a word, or a degree of compromise! how much paper would be wasted in rough drafts! what a struggle between saving of bacon and saving of honour! and, lastly, how big the affair would have looked next day in the columns of the Courier, and how the pros and cons would have been canvassed at the clubs! what sneers would have slurred over the finchier, and how many eulogies would have been spent upon the most ostentatious or the most blood-thirsty of the party! On the other hand, imagine it an affair where there appeared to be no means of settling without a meeting; then comes Battersea, and a tumbling among the wet grass, blue countenances, and a most forlorn night-cappish style of civility—ground measured three times over to conceal blundering, and at last, a pap or two, and no mischief. For the first time in the day the gentlemen are themselves again, shake hands, mount their vehicles, and return to breakfast as buoyant as their rolls, with the idea of having behaved with honour in an affair of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Then comes the Courier again, with another turn to the business, and the Sunday papers, with half the Alphabet initials, and ultimately a correspondence between the second, correcting some error in the reports; for instance, the gentlemen did not fight at six, but at sixteen paces, and so far from the business terminating in an unsatisfactory manner, they return to town in the same harouché. We may be wrong, but still we cannot help thinking that the 'summat to eat' and the 'summat to drink' of the poor man, with the Lord Mayor for witness, is perhaps as good a mode of settling the matter.
The sense of honour is a luxury of civilization; moralists would endeavour to give it, as economists desire to communicate to taste beyond potatoes: a dash of bacon in a dish of vegetables is considered by politicians a step farther from savagery. Just so the niceness of the honourable feelings indicate the class of social life in which a man is bred; a man may be too poor to keep a conscience—too low to keep a sense of honour; generally speaking, however, penury and conscience, and honour, are inconsistent terms; and incompatible qualities.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Directions for building Chimneys which will never require sweeping.—Instead of plastering the inside of Chimneys in the usual way, take mortar made with one peck of salt to each bushel of lime, adding as much sand and loam as will render it fit to work, and then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offsets for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly free from all danger of taking fire. The writer of this has tried the experiment, and after three years constant use of a chimney plastered as above directed he could never obtain a quart of soot, though he were continually employed a sweep to scrape it from top to bottom. To persons living in the country this method will be found valuable.

TRIUMPH OF ELOQUENCE IN A GOOD CAUSE.

An interesting incident occurred at the close of an argumentative and eloquent appeal in favour of the temperance cause, delivered by Professor Davies, at West Point, on Sunday evening the 10th inst. In the course of the address, the orator had, with his characteristic clearness of mind, set before us the evils of intemperance to the community in general—showing that before the institution of Temperance Societies, thirty five thousand of our population had been annually destroyed, by this scourge,—worse than pestilence or war, property, equally with life, had fallen before it.
"Twenty-eight million of dollars annually was the tax which, as a nation, we paid to intemperance; and was there not a call that we should arise in our united might to oppose it? What should we think of a citizen, who, if an army had passed thro' our land annually, levying a tribute of twenty-eight millions and slaying thirty-five thousand of our countrymen—what should we think of him who should refuse to oppose this enemy? Much more should we oppose this insidious foe, which brought not only poverty and death, but sin. Mr. Davies here showed the great good which Temperance Societies had effected in the diminution of the evils which he had stated; though what remained were still of awful magnitude.
The orator here became pathetic; for though the subject is hackneyed, we were made to feel that the picture of the wreck of humanity, which he set before us was that of a friend, and, alas! most of us could assign a habitation and a name—aye, and a name once dear as our life blood, to the being which the orator set before us, in the affecting change which we were doomed to see. The eye once beaming with intelligence and affection for us fixed in the glance of worse than idocy, imbecile and tottering, we offer him our aid, and he does not know us! The orator then presented home the arguments, that all should unite in the associations formed against intemperance—if not for themselves, yet for the sake of others. If one of us was known to be in some physical danger which we could avert, would not all arouse to save him? We ought not to say that we wish well to the cause, yet do nothing, because what we can do is so little. The rain by which God gives his harvest to man, comes in single drops. The young cadets were appealed to by every motive which touches the heart. The parental form seemed again to stand before each one, pronouncing the simple benediction and charge with which he left his home.—God bless you, my son! do well! By all these endearing recollections they were exhorted to place themselves out of the reach of contamination by intemperance, by solemnly pledging themselves to abstain from ardent spirits. The audience, during this address, which gave us time to draw our minds to the subject, but was not long enough to fatigue, had settled into profound attention. The moment the orator closed, a startling voice, as of an old man strongly moved, exclaimed, Professor Davies! Professor Davies! We turned our eyes and beheld, rising from his seat, the venerable figure and the white head of one of the few relics of our revolution—the worthy Major Allen, once aid to Gen. Knox. "Professor Davies," said the excellent old man, "I want an opportunity to sign that constitution. I thought from my age that my influence would be of no avail; but I was wrong, and now, and here, the old officer will sign the constitution."
The murmur of applause, grew loud, the interesting young cadets, showed by their countenances, the ardent with which their intelligent and sensitive minds were inspired by a generous cause; and as the venerable speaker uttered, in a voice made shriller by emotion—"but now the old officer will sign that constitution,"—a voice from the moving crowd exclaimed,—"and the young ones will follow you." Whether or not this was the voice of one of the cadets, I could not tell; but we learned the next day, that many of them had signed the constitution, and others had begged that copies of it might be sent to their rooms.
N. Y. Com. Adv.

The following letter was not received by us in the regular course after its date. But as it contains a gratifying account of the manner in which Com. Downes and his officers were received at the Cape of Good Hope, we publish it, although somewhat out of season.
N. Y. Dist. Adv.
Extract of a letter, dated on board the U. S. ship Potomac, Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, December 12, 1831.
While our ship is getting under weigh, I seize a few moments to give you a brief account of our visit at this place. We arrived here on the 6th inst. after a passage of thirty days from Rio de Janeiro. Our voyage was attended with no very remarkable incident. The first part of it was very boisterous, the latter, pleasant. On the 5th inst. about noon, "high land ahead!" was announced from the foreyard, which proved to be Table Mountain, at a distance of about fifty miles, and before night we had run very near to it; but in consequence of not being well acquainted with the entrance to Table Bay, we stood off during the night, and by the next morning, found ourselves near False Cape—a distance of about thirty miles. Having now but a slight breeze and a strong current set-

ting against us, we made very slow progress, and by noon were completely becalmed, and that too within a few miles of the bay, which was somewhat tantalizing. Not long after, however, a fine breeze sprung up, and we were soon inside of the bay. We lay to, for a few minutes, to receive on board the Port Captain; James Bance, Esq., and the Officer of Health, John Laing, Esq. Before we had moored ship, the bay was alive with sail boats, crowded with eager spectators, making towards us, and swiftly gliding around us to reconnoitre our ship—the first American frigate that ever greeted South African eyes.
Soon after we came to anchor we exchanged salutes with the batteries in town. Our arrival produced great excitement. It seems that the British Admiral had been daily expected from England, and when intelligence was communicated from the signal station, on Lion's Rump, to the post office, that a large ship was approaching, bearing an Admiral's Ensign, they very naturally concluded that ours was His Majesty's ship; nor were we able to undeceive them, for we did not discern their signals. They very soon, however, ascertained our character.
There might perhaps have been a momentary disappointment, as it had been a long time since they had heard from England; but our subsequent reception has evinced an interest in us, of their part, little dreamed of by us before. Our ship has been an object of curiosity ever since we have been here. She has been daily thronged with visitors, and among them some of the first and most respectable people of the place, and has been greatly admired. Our officers have received the most marked attention while ashore, and have been daily thronged with invitations from the inhabitants, to come and partake of the hospitalities of their houses. Places of curiosity have been made of easy access to us, and wherever we have been we have met the most welcome reception. The Governor of the place, His Excellency General, the Honourable Sir Galbraith Lower, Cole, O. C. B. sought an early opportunity to invite Commodore Downes to an entertainment at his residence. And day before yesterday, the 10th inst. a public dinner was given to our officers by those of the seventh second regiment of Scottish Highlanders. The entertainment was most superb, it was conducted in grand style—every thing was served up in the most splendid manner, and the highest degree of harmony and good feeling prevailed on the occasion.

Seldom have I heard of music than that performed by the Highland Banns. Their sweet and soft native airs thrill through you, searching every nerve. You are carried back to the days of Wallace and Bruce, and are marching on with them to glorious victory. You hear the loud bugle and shrill clarion of war echoing and re-echoing through every glen and mountain cave. Scottish mrs, played by native Scotchmen, have a more thrilling effect upon me, than when performed by any other class of musicians. They play with more taste and greater judgment.
Many visits have been made by our officers to Constantia, the famous wine depot—I have only time to say, that they were all very hospitably entertained by the gentlemen in possession of the estate. We had plenty of wine, but no delicious morsels of grapes, as we were a month or two too early for them. We live at distance so remote from these people, that we appeared to be objects of curiosity to them. They could hardly believe the Americans were a race of men so hale, robust and athletic as we appeared to be. And many were surprised on hearing us talk English. They doubtless confounded us with South Americans. A great majority of the inhabitants are undoubtedly ignorant of our history and this may account for their gazing at us so much.
The people generally, however, I should judge, are intelligent. Very much is done for the cause of education, and rich men send their sons to Europe to be educated. I think I have never met with more kind and hospitable people than I have found here; and I shall have reason as long as I live to remember the kind treatment received at the Cape of Good Hope. We have now several very polite invitations from gentlemen in the country, and which we are sorry not to be able to accept; for, from the high source from which they come, we have every reason to expect splendid entertainments.
It would give us great pleasure to remain here for a longer time, but we must now bid Cape Town and its inhabitants, a long farewell, for our ship is just on the wing.

FREQUENT DRINKING.
Frequent drinking after the sun has risen should be avoided; it causes the same sickness, drooping, and thirst in the animal, that may be observed in the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be completely saturated with water at night, and will preserve their freshness through the whole of the following day, though exposed to the sun; yet, if slightly watered in the morning, how different is their appearance? So it is with man. During the whole of our desert travelling, on going to rest, I always drank as much water as I could possibly swallow, and frequently until the same hour on the following night, never ventured to put the cup to my lips; yet I suffered less from the heat and thirst than my companions, who usually drank during the day. *Danham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa.*