

tended either to conquer the Carracas, or to co-operate immediately in the plans of gen. Miranda.

From the Bedford (Penn.) Gaz.

We are informed by a gentleman of veracity from the western country—that about 300 young gentlemen from Pittsburg and the neighbouring counties (some of whom are of the first respectability) descended the Ohio last week, to join, as believed, the expedition under the direction of col. Burr. Our informant adds, that he considered the measure as a very popular one in that country—and that it was supposed the general rendezvous for the western waters would be at Natches.

Sixty sail of fishing vessels, from the Banks, arrived at Marblehead, during the last week in Nov.—They had on board 935,000 fish—estimated at 32,000 quintals—worth 4 dls. 66 c. per quint.

We hear from Lancaster, that the legislature have adjourned the election of a member for the senate of the United States, to the 2d Tuesday in January. [Phil. Pap.]

A daring outrage was committed on the Western mail stage on Tuesday morning the 16th inst. about half a mile from the bridge on the Lancaster turnpike road, on its route to the westward, by two or more footpads, who attempted to seize the horses, at the same time calling out to the driver to stop and deliver, which was not obeyed. Instantly a piece was discharged at him, but happily the contents struck the forepart of the stage by his side and he escaped unhurt. The assassin who fired was so near that the wadding of his piece fell on fire in the stage amongst the passengers, nine in number. The horses ran off from the fright, and it being dark no attempt was made at detection, at the time. For apprehending of the villains, Mr. Tomlinson offers a reward of 100 dollars. [Ibid.]

Among the various commands given to Jerome Bonaparte, it was reported that when capt. Biton failed from thence, that he was to take the command of the combined fleets in that harbour, and that the old admiral had resigned his command and had left the fleet—whether in disgust or not, is not said.

Aaron Burr, Esq; arrived in the town of Cincinnati on the 21st November. On the same evening two gentlemen arrived there, who informed that they had passed two boats descending the Ohio. One was a large keel, loaded with French muskets; and they believed the other was loaded with ordnance and muskets. The crew spoke nothing but French during their stay on board, and that they passed every town on the river by night.

They further mentioned that several large boats, loaded with provisions, would shortly follow under the command of Blannerhassell.

Burr's arriving there on the same evening gave it rather a squally appearance.—Telegraphic.

OMINOUS!

We have learnt that a gentleman apparently an officer of rank, immediately from Virginia, on his way to Kentucky, declared in this town a day or two past, that col. Burr had been noticed, and would be required in a very short time to account to the United States for his conduct. From the respectable source this information is derived, we incline to think the gentleman in question bore a commission to the amount of his obligations; and that the mail in two weeks will furnish important news.—Ohio Herald.

A gentleman who has arrived at Charleston direct from Africa, confirms the account of the death of the celebrated MUNGO PARK; published some time since.

The doors of the senate of the U. S. on the 16th inst. were closed a little before 12 o'clock, on a motion to proceed to the consideration of executive business.

A letter of resignation from SAMUEL RINGGOLD, Esq; a senator of this state, was received by the Senate on Saturday last.—We understand no appointment to fill the vacancy will be made this session.

MURDER OF J. P. PALM.

BERLIN, September 22.

You have no doubt read the particulars of the murder of the unfortunate book-feller Palm—and that, to intimidate others, Buonaparte ordered 6000 copies of the sentence of the mock tribunal to be circulated all over the continent. Some patriots here have, in revenge, subscribed for the publication and distribution of 60,000 copies of the inclosed letter, which he wrote to his wife some hours before his execution. You can form no idea of the general indignation this murder has excited here and every where else in Germany. The pity of his fate is only surpassed by the abhorrence of the tyrant who commanded and directed the assassins who perpetrated this atrocious deed.

LETTER FROM J. P. PALM TO HIS WIFE.

In the dungeon of the military prison of Braunau, August 26, 1806, six o'clock in the morning.

My dearest beloved—when you read these lines, you are a widow, and our dear, dear children have no father. My destiny is fixed; in five hours I shall die. But though I die the death of a criminal, you know that I have committed no crime; I am a victim of the present calamitous times! times which an untimely end can neither dishonour a man, nor whose whole life has been irreproachable, nor throw

rain on his surviving family. In our miserable days what virtue has not expired by the hands of the executioner? Do not let your affliction for the fate of a husband, deprive you of a firmness to support the duties of a mother. Our dear, dear babes (Oh, my God!—I shall never more press them or you to my burbling heart!) I have now a double claim to your maternal love, as well as on your maternal tenderness. Implant in their tender minds all those virtuous sentiments which made their good mother so very dear to their unfortunate father. I advise you to collect as soon as possible the wreck of our fortune (if any) and to retire with it to England or America. In those fortunate lands, innocence is still secure, and patriotism is yet revered.

“In my last fervent prayers, I recommended you all to the protection of an Omnipotent Providence, and to the compassion of those cotemporary patriots of all countries, whose noble bosoms sympathise with my own feelings, and deplore, if not weep over the destruction of liberty in wretched Germany.

“Reward the friend who delivers this, and forgive, and teach our dear children to forgive my murderer. May heaven pardon him as much as I do. I cannot—I dare not say more—my breast is too full. Oh, my God! never—never more to behold and embrace them and you!!! Almighty creator! bless and preserve you all until we meet in another and better world, to part no more. With my last breath, your ever affectionate husband.

“JOHN PALM.”

•• THIS Gazette, No. 3128, completes the year with all our customers.

THURSDAY, the 25th Instant, being the ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR, our usual Day of Publication is anticipated.

In CHANCERY, December 9, 1806.

ORDERED, That the sale made by JOHN ROSS, trustee for the sale of the real estate of John With, deceased, shall be raised and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the second day of February, 1807, provided a copy of this order be inserted three times in the Maryland Gazette before the ninth day of January, 1807.

The report states, that a small brick house, in the city of Annapolis, and lot, was sold for 215 dollars, and a two story brick house and lot, in the said city, was sold for 790 dollars, subject to dower.

True copy,

Test. SAMUEL HARVEY HOWARD,
Reg. Cur. Can.

This is to give notice,

THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the orphans court of Calvert county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of FRANCIS WHITTINGTON, sen. late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the ninth day of July next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand, this seventeenth day of December, eighteen hundred and six.

REBECCA WHITTINGTON, Adm.atrix
of FRANCIS WHITTINGTON, sen.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY once more forewarn all persons from hunting with either dog or gun on my land, lying on the north side of Severn, in Anne-Arundel county, as I am determined to prosecute all such offenders without respect of persons.

FREDERICK GRAMMER.
Annapolis, December 16, 1806.

Anne-Arundel County Court,

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1806.

RULED by the court, that all suits transmitted from the general court to this court, under the act of assembly, entitled, An act to provide for the organization and regulation of the courts of common law in this state, and for the administration of justice, and continued last court under the rule to employ new counsel, shall not continue longer than the end of the next court, under the said rule, and the suitors interested therein are hereby required to appear to the same, in person, or by counsel, on or before the second day of next term, or the same will be tried or discontinued, as the case may be; during the said term.

Ordered by the court, that the said rule be published in the Maryland Gazette, of Annapolis, and the Federal Gazette, of the city of Baltimore, once a fortnight for six months.

By order,

NICH: HARWOOD, Clk.

Lottery Intelligence.

THE Managers respectfully inform the public, that they intend to commence the drawing of St. Paul's Parish Lottery on the first Tuesday in December, and that they purpose to draw 1000 tickets, every week, till the drawing be completed, which will be the first week in April. Tickets may be had at the original price of five dollars, of each of the managers, and of other persons authorized to sell them, until the commencement of the drawing, at which time it is intended to sell such as may be on hand to a company which has made overtures for purchasing them. Prizes in the precincts Market House Lottery, will be taken in payment.

Poet's Corner.

SELECTED.

THE ORPHANS.

MY chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray,
Tipt with resplendent gold the vane,
Of the old church, across the way.
Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mould'ring round the ancient pile.
There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flatter'd stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.
A faded beach its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.
A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.
My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer.

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,
“Lady, we've not enough to eat,
“And if we had, we would not waste.
“But sister Mary's naughty gown,
“And will not eat what'er I say,
“Tho' shure I am, the bread's her own,
“And she has tasted none to-day.”

“Indeed (the nan star'd MARY said)
“TH' HUNGRY eats I'll eat no more;
“For yesterday I got some bread,
“He's had none since the day before.”

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' deprived of speech—
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.
With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus a tale of woe impart.

“Before my father went away,
“Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
“Sister and I did nought but play—
“We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.
“And then poor mother did so cry,
“And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell;
“She told us that she soon should die,
“And bade us love each other well.

“She said that when the war is o'er,
“Perhaps we might our father see;
“But if we never saw him more,
“That God our father then would be.
“She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
“And we no more a mother have—
“Here many a day we sat and cried
“Together on poor mother's grave.

“But when our father came not here,
“I thought if we could find the sea,
“We should be shure to meet him there,
“And once again might happy be.
“We hand in hand went many a mile,
“And ask'd our way of all we met,
“And some did sigh, and some did smile,
“And we of some did victuals get.

“But when we reach'd the sea, and found,
“'Twas one great water round us spread,
“We thought that father must be drown'd,
“And cried and wish'd us both were dead.
“So we return'd to mother's grave,
“And only wish with her to be!
“For Goody, when this bread she gave,
“Said father died beyond the sea.

“Then since no parents have we here,
“We'll go and seek for God around;
“Lady, pray can you tell us where,
“That God, our father, may be found?
“He lives in heav'n, mother said,
“And Goody says that mother's there;
“So if she thinks we want his aid,
“I think, perhaps, she'll send him here.”

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, come both and live with me—
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.
And God will be your father still;
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

ANECDOTE.

TWO sailors passing by a tailor's shop, observed a tailor at work with his coat off—and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different colours of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poor fellow.—When one of the tars cried out to the other—“Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of Cabbage grow on one stump before.” [London Pap.]