

A bargain for Cash.

Valuable Woodland FOR SALE.

The subscriber will sell at private sale, part of a tract of land called "Henrietta's Allotment," containing 217 acres, lying in Anne Arundel county, three miles from the Head of Severn River, and 18 from the city of Baltimore; 177 acres, part of the above property, are thickly covered with wood, principally oak and hickory. The improvements are a log Dwelling House and kitchen, and a framed barn. The above property will be sold low for cash, or on a short credit. Persons wishing to view the land can be shown it by applying to Mr. Reynier, living on the premises. William Glover, Annapolis, Nov. 30.

Joseph Allein,

Respectfully informs his friends and fellow citizens of Anne Arundel and Annapolis, that at the solicitation of many voters, he is induced to offer himself as a Candidate for the Office of Sheriff at the election in 1827. July 20

THE STEAM-BOAT

MARYLAND
Will commence her regular route on Wednesday the first of March, at seven o'clock, from the lower end of Buchanan's wharf (immediately adjoining Maj. M. Kim's steam mill on Smith's wharf), for Annapolis and Easton, by way of Castle Haven; and on Thursday, 2d of March, will leave Easton by way of Castle Haven, at the same hour for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapolis at 2 o'clock, and continuing to leave the above places as follows: Buchanan's wharf, Baltimore, on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and Easton on Sundays and Thursdays at 7 o'clock during the season.

Passengers wishing to proceed to Philadelphia will be put on board the Union Line of steam boats in the Patapsco river, and arrive there by 9 o'clock next morning.

The Maryland will commence her route from Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertown on Monday, the 13th of March, leaving Buchanan's wharf at 9 o'clock every Monday, and Chestertown every Tuesday, at the same hour, for Queenstown and Baltimore during the season. Horses and Carriages will be taken on board from either of the above places except Queenstown.

All baggage at the risk of the owners. All persons expecting small packages or other freight, will send for them when the boat arrives, pay freight and take them away. Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven, will keep horses and carriages for the conveyance of passengers to and from Cambridge.

Passengers between Cambridge and Castle Haven, will settle the fare for their conveyance with Captain Jones. From the commencement of the ensuing season the rates to be charged for passage money to be as follows: From Easton and Castle Haven to Baltimore—and from Baltimore to Annapolis—

From Easton and from Castle Haven to Annapolis—and from Annapolis to either of those places 83 00
From Annapolis to Baltimore and from Baltimore to Annapolis 2 50
The fare between Baltimore and Chestertown the same as heretofore 1 50
Dinner on board. 50
HARRISON DICKINSON, Feb. 25

DECISIONS

OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND PUBLISHED

By Subscription.

THE DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND,

To be Reported by Thomas Harris, Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Secretary Johnson, Esquire, Attorney at Law.

These decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports already published by Messrs Harris and Johnson, which closes with the year 1805. It is proposed to publish the Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and four numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. This mode of publication, it is conceived possesses advantages which give it a decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in bulky volumes. It ensures the earlier publication of the Reports, and is not more than four numbers will be published in a year, the expense will be sensibly felt.

TERMS. The price of each number of the Report will be \$1.25, payable on delivery. Subscriptions to the above Work are received at GEORGE SHAW'S Store the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the County Clerks of the State.

Maryland Gazette.

[VOL. LXXXII.]

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1827.

No. 2.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

JONAS GREEN,

CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

MISCELLANY.

MY GODFATHER'S MANŒUVRING.

By Miss Mitford.

I have said that my dear godfather was a great matchmaker. One of his exploits in this way, which occurred during my second visit to him and Mrs. Evelyn, I am now about to relate. Amongst the many distant cousins to whom I was introduced in that northern region, was a young kinswoman, of the name of Hervey—Lucy Hervey—an orphan heiress of considerable fortune, who lived in the same town and to the same street with my godfather, under the protection of a lady who had been the governess of her childhood, and continued with her as the friend of her youth. Sooth to say, their friendship was of that tender and sentimental sort at which the world, the wicked world, is so much apt to laugh. Miss Reid and Miss Hervey, were names quite as inseparable as goose and apple-sauce, or tongue and chick-
en. They regularly made their appearance together, and there would have appeared I know not what of impropriety in speaking of either singly—it would have looked like a phrase, so tender and inseparable as their union; although as far as resemblance went, no simile could be more inapplicable. Never were two people more unlike in mind and person. Lucy Hervey was a pretty little woman of six and twenty, but from a delicate figure, delicate features and most delicate complexion, looking much younger. Perhaps the total absence of strong expression, the mildness and simplicity of her countenance, and the artlessness and docility of her manner, might conduce to the mistake.—She was a sweet gentle creature, generous and affectionate, and not wanting in sense—although her entire reliance on her friend's judgment, and constant habit of obedience to her wishes, rendered the use of it somewhat rare. Miss Reid was a tall awkward woman, raw boned, lank, and huge, just what one fancies a man would be in petticoats—with a face that, except the beard, (certainly she had no beard,) might have favoured the supposition—so brown and bony and stern and ill favoured was her unfortunate visage. In one point she was lucky. There was no guessing at her age, certainly not within ten years, nor within twenty. She looked old—but with that figure, those features, and that complexion, she must have looked old at eighteen. To guess her age was impossible. Her voice was deep and dictatorial—her manner rough and assuming—and her conversation, unmercifully sensible and oracular—full of wise saws and modern instances. For the rest, in spite of her inauspicious exterior, she was a good sort of disagreeable woman—charitable and kind in her way—genuinely fond of Lucy Hervey, whom she petted and scolded and coaxed and managed just as a nurse manages a child—and tolerably well liked of all her acquaintance—except Mr. Evelyn, who had been at war with her for the last nine years, on the subject of his fair cousin's marriage—and had at last, come to regard her pretty much as a prime-minister may look on an opposition leader—as a regular opponent, an obstacle to be put down or swept away. I verily believe that he hated her as much as his kindly nature could hate any body. To be sure it was no slight grievance to have to air a subject for his matrimonial speculations, and a kinswoman too, just under his very eye, and to find all his plans thwarted by that execrable Governante—more especially, as without her aid, it was mortally certain that the pretty Lucy would never have the

heard to say no to any body. Ever since Miss Hervey was seventeen, my dear godpapa had been scheming for her advantage. It was quite melancholy to hear him count up the husbands she might have had—beginning with the duke's son, her partner at the first race ball—and ending with the young newly arrived physician his last protégé—now, he said, she might die an old maid; he had done with her. And there did actually appear to be a cessation of all his matrimonial plans in that quarter. Miss Reid herself laid aside her mistrust of him; and a truce, if not a peace, was tacitly concluded, between these sturdy antagonists.—Mr. Evelyn seemed to have given up the game—a strange thing for him to do whilst he had a pawn left! But so it was. His adversary had the board all to herself and was in a good humour as a winning player generally is. Miss Reid was never remembered so amiable. We saw them almost every day, as the fashion is amongst neighbours in small towns, and used to ride and walk together continually—although Lucy, whose health was delicate, frequently declined accompanying us on our more distant excursions. Our usual haunt, besides the dear godpapa was a Mr. Morris, the curate of the parish—an uncouth, gawky, lengthy man, with an astounding Westmoreland dialect, and almost portentous laugh. Really his habit was quite a shock to the nerves—a sort of oral shower bath—so sudden and so startling was the explosion. In loudness it resembled half a dozen ordinary laughs, rolled into one; and as the gentleman was of a facetious disposition and chorused his own good things, as well as those of other people, with this awful calmness, it was no joking matter. But he was, so excellent a person, so cordial, so jovial, so simple hearted, and so contented with a lot none of the most prosperous, that one could not help liking him, laugh and all. He was a widower, with one only son, a Cambridge scholar, of whom he was deservedly proud. Edward Morris, besides his academical honours (I think he had been senior wrangler of his year) was a very fine young man with an intelligent countenance, but exceedingly shy, silent and abstracted. I could not help thinking the poor youth was in love—but his father and Mr. Evelyn laid the whole blame on the mathematics. He would sit some time for an hour together, immersed as they said, in his calculations, with his eyes fixed on Lucy Hervey, as if her sweet face had been the problem he was solving. But your mathematicians are privileged people; and so apparently my fair cousin thought; for she took no notice, unless by blushing a shade deeper. It was worth while to look at Lucy Hervey, when Edward Morris was gazing on her in his absent fits—her cheeks were as red as a rose. How these blushes came to escape the notice of Miss Reid, I cannot tell, unless she might happen to have her attention engrossed by Edward's father. For certain that original paid her in his odd way great attention—was her constant beau in our walking parties—at her side at dinner; and manœuvred to get her for his partner at whist. She had the benefit of his best bon-mots, and his loudest laughs—and she seemed to me not to dislike the sound, so much as might have been expected from a lady of her particularity. I ventured to hint my observations to Mr. Evelyn, who chuckled, laid his forefinger against his nose, rubbed his hands, and called me a simpleton. Affairs were just in this position, when one night just as I was going to bed, my good godfather, with a little air of mystery (no uncommon preparation in his most trifling plans,) made an appointment to walk with me before breakfast, as far as a pet farm, about a mile out of the town, the superintendence of which was one of his greatest amusements.—Early the next morning, the housemaid, who usually attended me, made her appearance, and told me that her master was waiting for me; that I must make

haste, and that he desired I would be smart, as he expected a party to breakfast at the farm. This sort of injunction is seldom thrown away on a damsel of eighteen; accordingly, I adjusted, with all despatch, a new blue silk pelisse, and sallied forth into the corridor, which I heard him pacing as impatient as might be. There, to my no small consternation, instead of the usual gallant compliments of the most gallant of godfathers, I was received with very disapproving glances, told that I looked like an old woman in that dowdy coloured pelisse, and conjured to exchange it for a white gown. Half affronted, I nevertheless obeyed; doffed the pelisse, and donned the white gown, as ordered; and being crested this time with a bright smile, and a chuck under the chin, we set out in high good humour on our expedition. Instead, however, of proceeding straight to the farm, Mr. Evelyn made a slight deviation from our course, turning down the market place, and into the warehouse of a certain Mrs. Bennet, milliner and mantua-maker, a dashing, lover-dressed dame, who presided over the fashions for ten miles round, and marshalled a comely full of caps and bonnets at one side of the shop, whilst her husband, an obstinate, civil, bowing tradesman, dealt out gloves and stockings at the other. A little dark-pariaur hind was common to both. Into this den I was ushered, and Mrs. Bennet, with many apologies, began, at a signal from my godfather, to divest me of all my superfluous blueness, silk handkerchiefs, sash, and wrist-ribbands, (for with the constancy which is born of opposition, I had, in relinquishing my obnoxious pelisse, clung firmly to the obnoxious colour) replacing them by white satin ribbands and a beautiful white shawl; and finally, exchanging my straw bonnet for one of white silk, with a deep lace veil, that piece of delicate finery which all women delight in. Whilst I was now admiring the richness of the genuine Brussels point, and now looking at myself in a little glass which Mrs. Bennet was holding to my face, for the better display of her millinery, the bonnet, to do her justice, was pretty and becoming—during this engrossing contemplation, her smooth, silky husband, crept behind me with the stealthy pace of a cat, and relying, as it seems, on my preoccupation, actually drew my York-stangloves from my astonished hands, and substituted a pair of his own best white kid. This operation being completed, my godpapa putting his forefinger to his lip in token of secrecy, hurried me, with a look of great triumph, from the shop. He walked at a rapid pace; and between quick motion and amazement, I was too much out of breath to utter a word, till we had passed the old Gothic castle at the end of the town, and crossed the long bridge that spans its wide and winding river. I then raised questions on my dear old friend, who chuckled and nodded, and vented two or three half laughs, but vouchsafed nothing tending to a reply. At length we came to a spot where the road turned suddenly to the left (the way to the farm,) whilst, right before us, rose a knoll, on which stood the church, a large heavy, massive building, almost a cathedral, finely relieved by the range of woody hills which shut in the landscape. A turning gate, with a tall, straight cypress on either side, led into the church yard, and through this gate Mr. Evelyn passed. The church door was a little ajar, and through the crevice was seen peeping the long red nose of the clerk, a Bardolphian personage, to whom my godfather, who loved to oblige people in their own way, sometimes did the questionable service of clearing a big score at the Greyhound. His red nose and a skirt of his shabby black coat peeped through the porch, whilst behind one of the buttresses, glimmered for an instant, the white drapery of a female figure. I did not need these indications to convince me that a wedding was the object in view; that had been certain from the first, cashing of my

blue ribbands, but I was still at a loss as to the parties, and felt quite relieved by Mr. Evelyn's question, "Pray, my dear, were you ever a bride's maid?" since in the extremity of my perplexity, I had something like an apprehension that an unknown beau might appear at the call of this mighty manager, and I be, destined to play the part of a bride myself. Comforted to find that I was only to enact the confidante; I had now leisure to be exceedingly curious as to my prima donna. My curiosity was speedily gratified. "On entering the church we had found only a neighbouring clergyman, not Mr. Morris, at the altar; and, looking round at the opening of another door I perceived the worthy curate in a jetty clerical suit, bristling with newness, handing Miss Reid, beflowered, and handmaided, and all in a flutter of bridal finery, in great state, up the aisle. Mr. Evelyn advanced to meet them, took the lady's fair hand from Mr. Morris, and led her along with all the grace of an old courtier. He fell into the procession at the proper place; the amiable pair were duly married, and I thought my office over. I was never more mistaken in my life. In the midst of the customary conclusion of kissing and wishing joy, and writing and signing registers and certificates,—which form so important and disagreeable a part of that disagreeable and important ceremony—Mr. Evelyn had vanished; and just as the bride was inquiring for him with the intention of leaving the church, he re-appeared, through the very same side door which had admitted the first happy couple, leading Lucy Hervey, and followed by Edward Morris. The latter evidently expected them; the new step-mother as evidently did not. Never did a thief, taken in the market, seem more astonished than that sage government! Lucy, on her part, blushed and hung back, and looked shy and prettier than ever; the old man grinned—the clergyman, who had shown some symptoms of astonishment, at the first wedding, now smiled at Mr. Evelyn, as if this accounted and made amends for it, whilst the dear godpapa himself chuckled and nodded, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled both bride and bride's maid under the chin, and seemed ready to cut capers for joy. Again the book was opened at the page of destiny, again I held the milk white glove, and after nine years of unsuccessful manœuvring, my cousin Lucy was married.—It was, undoubtedly, the most triumphant event of the good old man's life; and I don't believe that either couple ever saw cause to regret the dexterity in the art of match making which produced their double union. They have been as happy as people usually are in this work-a-day-world, especially the young mathematician and his pretty wife, and their wedding day is still remembered in W. for besides his munificence to singer, ringer, sexton, and clerk, Mr. Evelyn roasted two sheep on the occasion, gave away ten bride cakes, and made the whole town tipsy."

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE Legislature of Maryland. HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.

BILLS PASSED AND SENT TO THE SENATE.

To extend to Thomas St. Clair, the benefit of an act passed 1822, ch. 152; and a bill for the relief of Mary Hall.

PETITIONS PRESENTED.

By Mr. Crabb, from Mary Johnson, to be placed on the pension list. Mr. Tyson, from Samuel Sherwood, and others, of Baltimore, for a lottery to build a Methodist church. Mr. Thomas, from Mary Snowden, to record a deed. Mr. Barnes, a memorial from the Westminster, Taney-Town and Emmitsburg turnpike company, for relief. Mr. Done, from the levy court of Somerset, to confirm their proceedings. Mr. Linticum, from William Hood & Moses Deaver, for support.

LEAVES GRANTED.

Mr. Lansdale, to report a supplement to the act authorising commissioners to lay out a road.

Mr. Tyson, to incorporate the Maryland Savings Institution.

Mr. Du Val, to provide for the removal of all bonds given by certain officers of this state.

BILLS REPORTED.

By Mr. Turner, A further supplement to an act for the recovery of small debts out of court.

Mr. Hope, a bill relating to the levy court and commissioners of the tax for H of old.

Mr. Du Val, a supplement to an act to provide for the public instruction of youth in primary schools, throughout this state.

On motion of Mr. Crabb, Ordered, That the committee on the militia inquire into the expediency of allowing compensation to Brigade Inspectors, and report thereon to this house.

Mr. Sappington, chairman of the committee on elections and privileges, delivered a report, including the following communication from two of the delegates from Dorchester county.

December 29th, 1826.

To the Chairman of the Committee of Elections.

The undersigned delegates to the general assembly from Dorchester county, beg leave most respectfully to represent—that their colleague, Samuel L. Raleigh, esq. a delegate elect and returned to this house, comes here under a constitutional disability to take a seat, by reason of having, previous to and since his election, exercised the functions of a regularly ordained and licensed minister of the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church. For the purpose of having a definite decision on the subject, whereby it may be finally put to rest in this & similar cases, we merely suggest the propriety of the committee of elections inquiring into and reporting on his case.

With due consideration, We have the honour to be, &c. Brice I. Goldsborough, Martin L. Wright.

Adjourned. Thursday, Jan. 4.

PETITIONS PRESENTED.

Mr. Price, from Nathan Fitzpatrick, a revolutionary soldier; also a petition from Elizabeth Blakely, of Baltimore county, for a divorce. Mr. Hope, from sundry inhabitants of Harford, praying that the trustees of the poor of said county may be elected annually by the levy court. Mr. Stricker, from Jane Atkinson, of the city of Baltimore, for a divorce. Mr. Tyson, from Francis McMahon, Chas. McGirr, Matthew Hughes, James Kerr, John McMahon, and others, of Baltimore, to be incorporated by the name of "St. Patrick's Society." Mr. E. Hughes, from Thomas Davis and Richard H. Griffith, commissioners on the part of Montgomery county, for the passage of a law to authorise them to return a plot of said road so soon as the same shall be opened to the Anne Arundel line; also a petition from Esther, a coloured woman, of Montgomery, for relief. Mr. Speed,

from Anne Merriken, of Anne Arundel, for pecuniary relief.

On motion by Mr. Crabb, the committee to whom was referred the communication of the Hon. John C. Weems, respecting the establishment of a naval academy at the city of Annapolis, was enlarged, by the addition of Messrs. R. Thomas, Beach, E. Hughes, Barnes, Tyson, Banning and Done.

LEAVES GRANTED.

Mr. Peter, to report a bill to alter and amend the 3d section of the act to reduce into one the acts of assembly respecting elections.

Mr. Peach, to report a bill for the relief of Sarah Russell, of Prince-George's.

Mr. J. W. Thomas, to report a bill authorising the governor and council to appoint inspectors of salted fish in the city of Baltimore, and for other purposes.

Mr. Linticum, to report a bill to close up part of an old road, and to make public the new road there-in mentioned.

Mr. Turner, to report a bill to regulate the gauging of casks, and the inspection of domestic distilled liquors in this state.

Mr. Brooke, to report a bill to empower the several county courts in this state, to enter up judgments in favour of defendants, where claims may be of greater amount than those of plaintiffs, and for other purposes.

Mr. Ridgway, to report a bill supplementary to the supplement to an act relative to licenses, passed Dec. session, 1824, ch. 148.

Mr. Sappington, to report a bill supplementary to the act to tax certain offices.

BILLS REPORTED.

Mr. Tyson reported a bill to incorporate a mutual beneficial society in Baltimore, by the name of the Saint-Patrick's Society.

Mr. Thomas, a bill to abolish all such parts of the constitution, as relate to the time & manner of electing the senate, and the mode of filling up vacancies in that body, so that each county, and the city of Baltimore, may have a senator to be elected immediately by the people.

The speaker laid before the house a report from the clerk of St. Mary's county court, relative to the attendance of the judges of that court.

Leave of absence was granted to Mr. Lansdale.

The clerk of the senate delivered a bill to alter the time of holding the county courts of Frederick county, and for other purposes; originated in, and passed by that body. Read.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Kept by a gentleman residing near South River Bridge, 1826.

December. Winds.

1 Clear, fine weather for the season. N W
2 Clear and cold. N W
3 Clear and cold. N E
4 Clear, cloudy, cool, snow 2 inches deep. N W
5 Clear, cool. N E
6 Cloudy, moderate. S W
7 Foggy morning, moderate. S W
8 Cloudy, moderate, rain at night. S W
9 Cloudy. S W
10 Clear, cool, smart blow, snow squall. N W
11 Clear, cool, hard frost, cloudy. W
12 Cloudy, cool, little ice at bridge. W
13 Cloudy, white frost. W N W
14 Clear, cool, white frost. W N W
15 Clear, white frost. W N W
16 Cloudy, very mild. W S W
17 Cloudy, mild, like for rain. W S W
18 Rain, hail and snow. S E
19 Clear, cool, smart blow. N W
20 Clear, pleasant. N W
21 Cloudy, moderate. S W
22 Clear, moderate. S W
23 Cloudy, cool, heavy blow at night, very cold. N W
24 Clear, cold, heavy blow. S W
25 Flying clouds, snow in the night. N W
26 Snow, hail and rain. N W
27 Cloudy, heavy blow and cold. W N W
28 Cloudy, coldest day. S W
29 Clear, moderate, South river frozen over to the mouth. W
30 Cloudy, cold, a little snow. W N W
31 Clear, moderate. W N W