

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, Thursday, December 20, 1827.

No. 51.

Co-partnership Dissolved. The co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under a firm of EVANS & IGLEHART, is dissolved on the 1st instant by mutual consent. All persons having claims against said concern, are requested to present them to either of the subscribers, for settlement, and those indebted to the same in any manner, are requested to come forward immediately, and settle the same.

JOSEPH EVANS,
JAMES IGLEHART,
Oct. 2nd, 1827.

NEW STORE. The subscriber having purchased the entire Stock of Goods belonging to Evans & Iglehart, on favourable terms, and having added to them a very superior assortment of

Low and Seasonable GOODS

Purchased principally with Cash, from the latest arrivals, our Goods are for sale at the lowest Cash price. We solicit a share of public patronage, as he is determined, by constant and unremitted attention, to gratify the expectations of those who may favor our custom, (being daily supplied with fresh Goods, and having been long a business in the same store formerly occupied by Evans & Iglehart, insuperably opposite to any convenient market-House and Dock.

JAMES IGLEHART,
Nov. 1, 1827.

DR DAVIS, Intends, on the first of January, to open a Classical and Mathematical School at his dwelling near the Capitol. The annual charges will be for Tuition, (Stationary not included) \$10. Board (Lodging, Washing, Fuel & Medicines, included) \$10. Total, \$20. Quarterly payments in advance will be accepted.

Nov. 15, 1827.

DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND, PUBLISHED BY Subscription.

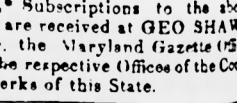
THE DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND, Reported by Thomas Harris Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Beverly Johnson, Esquire, Attorney at Law.

These Decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports, ready published by Messrs Harris & Johnson which closes with the year 1805. It is proposed to publish these Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and five numbers to constitute a volume. The number of each volume will vary from a full and complete Index to the code of publication, it is considered as a necessary advantage which gives decided preference to that of printing the Reports in bulky volumes. It is desired the earlier publication of the Reports and as not more than five numbers will be published in a year, the expense will not be so sensibly felt.

TERMS: The price of each number of the Reports will be \$1 25, payable on delivery.

* Subscriptions to the above work are received at GEO SHAW'S, No. 25, the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the Clerks of this State.

STEAM-BOAT



MARYLAND. The Maryland will discontinue its Sunday route until the Spring, when it will again resume her regular routes. She will likewise leave Annapolis for the Eastern Shore at 11 o'clock, instead of half past 11.

L. G. Taylor,

Just Published And for Sale At Shaw & Child's Store, Discourse on Education delivered by P. S. Key, Esq. in this City on the 22d day of February last. Price—25 cts. Annapolis, June 21.

PRINTING every description executed at this Office with neatness and dispatch.

VOL. LXXXII.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

Jonas Green,

MARKET STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Three Dollars per annum.

From the Boston Sentinel.

TO THE DEPARTED.

I have kind, ye are faded and cold:

I have press'd you are covered with

moil:

I have clas'd, thou art crumbling

down in your bosom the weeper will

cry:

Of my youth, I have witness'd your

face,

Of the dead, I have wept at your

grave:

I have weaths; were they worthy

of me?

Who will I gather a garland for me?

Of my youth ye are fading away,

And the room in the chamber of clay?

Who have thrush so hastily fled,

And the room in the green curtain'd

bed?

Of my youth, ye are faded and

cold:

And the room in the chamber of clay?

Who have thrush so hastily fled,

And the room in the green curtain'd

bed?

Of the Spring, ye are blasted and dead,

And the summer, your beauty has fled:

And the grief from the night of the tomb,

And the pestilence, will scatter the

seed.

From the Connecticut Herald.

LOVESICK WILLY.

Willy Wright, who kept a store,

nothing kept therein,

neither Jews, and some few kegs

of whiskey, and gin

and, often would exclaim,

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

My heart does burn!

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admirable humour, and the fascinations of his style in general, all conspire to make upon the reader a deep, but incorrect impression of the manner in which our country people treat "the master." To efface this, is my present object. Novelty I have none to offer—artifice I scorn—eloquence never sat upon my lips—my sole attractions are misery and truth.

At the close of the year 1825, my diabolical destiny sent me to H—, a village on the sea coast of a New England state, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight wintry weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty five children (if they can claim the name) of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the "young idea" could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that too in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging prompted me to spare my feelings, (the only ones affected by that exercise,) and to employ my ferula in ruling the writing books instead of the scholars; and I did desist soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the pupils, and which is a natural consequence in H—, with their parents was in the inverse ratio of flagellation dispensed. One great point was gained, but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished, namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success than to spare the rod and spoil the child. In justice to myself, it should here be remarked that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim, for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any given quantity of provisions. This is indispensable. Our country people never starve the master, though I admit, with the most cheerful alacrity, that they sometimes stuff him to death. Among them no abstemious man can be a favourite. Who ever asserts the contrary, either willfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The man of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogue's are told, possessed the "dilating powers of an anaconda," and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H—, if he has not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house at which I tarried, night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold, for all the birch consumed in school was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know, that as it was never employed to produce heat or impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance. But a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner, I was therefore kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. Dunning's, in the vicinity of the school house.

The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christian, I would say, barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury, dwindled into absolute propriety. At 12 o'clock I retreated to Mrs. Dunning's, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal, that in a week's time had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader "ex uno disce omnes"—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty eight days. First, came an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee pot that might have served for a moderate sized lighthouse. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. Dunning, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork, but what I suspected, from its colour, and tenacity, to be gum elastic.

This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all schoolmasters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language—till now I had never understood the expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Heracles; namely, a conical turret of dough nuts.—The detestable excellent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembling one of your insupportable little soap dumplings, at others it appears to be a kind of misogogous poutcake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of sliced dumplings. A plate of brown bread, an irre-

gular mass of junk beef, an apple pie resembling the top of an overgrown load stool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes, in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure but terrible path to popularity. "Come Master," said Mrs. Dunning, "reach to and help yourself—when you are amongst poor folks, you must put up with poor folk's fare." I strove to alleviate the good woman's anxiety by word and deed. I seized a potatoe, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonfuls of liquid pork generously poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and \$25 being at stake, I have been rashness in me to have refused the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, 90 degrees of apple-pie, and 11 dough nuts which were thrust upon me with the most distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws laboured mechanically, like any other grist mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have a deep impression in my favour. Delusive ideal! as evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. Dunning's son a promising young Vulcan, whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—and my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The dependence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. Dunning; Ah! Master you won't make out a dinner. I am afraid you don't like our fare. At that instant I wished myself an Esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one effort, and devoured two more dough nuts; but here a symptom of strangling rendered me still necked against all further solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school house, and merely remark that had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—that sympathy is not expected; for to me it is a moment of any thing but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and professed to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to meet without a sneer the solemn assurance that in six successive days I have devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can any sacrifice be fairly censured as extravagant. For although the demon of popularity may be easily lost at supper or breakfast, his votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears that among other articles, I consumed during the first week, six pounds of minced fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough nuts.

On Saturday morning three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. Their tameness was shocking to me. But it shortly ceased to be so, for after this they followed me with canine regularity, and without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them as intolerable bonas. A week had now elapsed, but not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was the benefit of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H—, at least, they estimate a man's intellectuality by the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The master (said they) is a fine, accommodating man—he isn't a mite particular about his 'vitae.'" So much accomplished in a single week would have put up any body, and meekness herself might have pardoned the innocent stratagem conveyed me to the neighbourhood of the village of B—, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street, was struck with my altered appearance, and expressed much sarcastic

regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed but once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to relate them in order and at large.

As for the reader, he be never so sleepy, the night mare shall keep him awake while we are in company—but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At 9 o'clock I found myself in bed, and a few minutes after, in the desert of Zahara—for the nightmare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in passing the Atlantic, my sides ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain-water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burning thirst the inward. Of how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere. My contemplation of the sky was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine, who encompassed me round about in concentric circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently bruised by the sun and distaste of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me seel all my hair. Yes—I was attacked literally, by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of dough-nuts. Henceforth let no melancholic victim of ennui, complain of feeling blue, till he has felt the "speiting of the pitiless storm." Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken to fire, when I ventured to raise my head which had been pumelled into the sand, and took a peep at the horizon. But, O horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the manna which had fallen to inaugurate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile, without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and I was quietly resigning myself to destiny, when my natural gravitating powers were suddenly suspended. For me this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough nuts, tumbled head over heels through space, and landed flat upon my back on the broad side of Saturn's belt. The planet which, to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was justled out of its orbit—instantly rolled over my carcass, and left it a slap jack. The crash awoke me, I was lying on my back, with the pillow on my face. After looking out of the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled again to bed; and there awaited the dawn of a day in a state between sleeping and waking—a state from which I sincerely hope the complainant reader is exempt.

A rather ludicrous scene took place in the High-street, Worcester, on Wednesday week. A coach passing along had nearly run over a servant girl, when the coachman called out "take care Sally!" The girl, however, without attempting to escape the danger, looked up to the coachman, with an air of offended pride, and said—"It isn't Sally, or any such common stuff, it's Amelia Ann."

A CURSE FOR BROKEN SHINS. Make a paste of charcoal and water, and apply it to any sore place caused by the skin being rubbed off. This will immediately allay the smart and remove the inflammation.—Mech. Mag.

A little volume entitled "Tales of the Fireside," by a lady of Boston, has just appeared in that city, which is noticed in the papers in very favourable terms.

From Major Long's Expedition.

STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippi, [Falls of St. Anthony,] is not without a tale to hallow its scenery, and heighten the interest which, of itself, it is calculated to produce.—To Wazekota, an old Indian, we are indebted for the narration of the following transaction to which his mother was an eyewitness. An Indian of the Dacate nation had united himself early in life to a youthful female, whose name was Ampato Sapa, which signifies the dark day—with her he lived happily for several years, apparently enjoying every comfort which the savage life can afford. Their union had been blessed with two children, on whom both parents doated with that depth of feeling which is unknown to such as have other treasures besides those which spring from nature.—The man had acquired a reputation as a hunter, which drew round him many families, who were happy to place themselves under his protection, and avail themselves of such part of his chase as he needed not for the maintenance of his family. Desirous of strengthening their interest with him, some of them invited him to form a connexion with their family, observing, at the same time, that a man of his talents and importance required more than one woman to wait upon the numerous guests whom his reputation would induce to visit his lodge.—They assured him that he would soon be acknowledged as a chief, and that, in this case, a second wife was indispensable. Fired with the ambition of obtaining high honours, he resolved to increase his importance by an union with the daughter of an influential man of his tribe. He had accordingly taken a second wife, without having ever mentioned the subject to his former companion. Being desirous to introduce his bride into his lodge, in the manner which should be least offensive to the mother of his children, for whom he still retained much regard, he introduced the subject in these words:—"You know," said he, "that I can love no woman as fondly as I doat upon you.—With regret, I have seen you of late, subjected to toils, which must be oppressive to you, and from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I know no other way of doing so, than by associating to you in the household duties one, who shall relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests, whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me. I have therefore resolved upon taking another wife, but she shall always be subject to your control, and will always rank in my affections second to you." With the utmost anxiety, and the deepest concern, did his companion listen to this unexpected proposal. She expostulated in the kindest terms, entreating him with all the arguments which undissimuled love and the purest conjugal affection could suggest. She replied to all the objections which his duplicity led him to raise. Desirous of winning her from her opposition, the Indian still concealed the secret of his union with another, while she redoubled all her care to convince him that she was equal to the task imposed upon her. "When he again spoke on the subject, she pleaded all the endearments of their past life—she spoke of his former fondness for her, of his regard for her happiness, and that of her mutual offspring—she bade him beware of the consequences of this fatal purpose of his. Finding her bent upon withholding her consent to this plan, he informed her that all opposition on her part was unnecessary, as he had already selected another partner; and that if she could not see his new wife as a friend, she must receive her as a necessary incumbrance, for he had resolved that she should be an inmate in his house. Distressed at this information, she watched her opportunity, she stole away from the cabin with her infant, and fled to a distance where her father was. With him she remained until a party of Indians with whom he lived went up the Mississippi on a winter hunt. In the spring, as they were retreating with their canoes, loaded with peltries, they encamped near the falls. In the morning, as they left it, she lingered near the spot, then launched her light canoe, entered into it with her children, and paddled down the stream singing her death song. Too late did her friends perceive it—their attempts to prevent her from proceeding were of no avail—she was heard to sing in joyful voice the past pleasures which she had enjoyed, while she was the undivided object of her husband's affection.—Bully her voice was drowned in the sound of the cataract—the current carried down her frail bark with an inconceivable rapidity—It came to the edge of the precipice, was seen for a moment enveloped with spray; but never after was a trace of the canoe or its passengers seen.—The

it is stated by the Indians that often in the morning a voice has been heard to sing a doleful ditty along the edge of the fall, and it dwells ever upon the inconsistency of her husband. Nay, more assert that her spirit has been seen wandering near the spot with her children wrapped to her bosom. Such are the tales of traditions which the Indians treasure up, and which they relate to the voyager, forcing a tear from the eyes of the most relentless.

From the Boston Evening Bulletin, Nov. 28

CURIOSITY.

The human mind is a most curious sort of machine; and its curiosity is not the least curious ingredient in its composition. This is one of those universal properties that influence people of all classes, and help to establish and demonstrate the doctrine of man's perpetuity as well as original equality.—All men are not born equal, but remain so, in more respects than certain aristocratic physiologists are disposed to allow. The boot-black who takes his sixpence for polishing a dandy's visage, and the gentleman's gratification—this is the curiosity of interest. The statesman, who flourishes feathers of rhetoric in public halls, and very much obliges the printer by condescending to furnish copies of speeches for the press, listens with eagerness as the indifferent multitude utters sentence laudatory or condemnatory—this is the curiosity of pride. There are divers other species of this queer quality, appertaining to the intermediate grades of society, which we have neither leisure or inclination to particularize.

But, if we ever before entertained doubts of the fact, that the spirit of curiosity operates powerfully, though diversely, upon all the men and all the women that inhabit the upper crust of this eviscerated globe, we were last evening perfectly confirmed in our present conclusion. A fellow in a brown thread bare surtout, cowhide brogues, and trowsers home made of two blue yarns here opposed to two black ones there—with a visage struggling between wonderment and dirt-unsurmounted by a chapeau that had been felt and flapped for many a season, strolled in to the office, and very deliberately engrossed our only supernumerary chair—a very genteel companion forthwith, and a worthy!

There he sat with all the orifices and emunctories that emptied themselves, or claimed outlets upon the surface of his noddle, open, wide open, gaping, staring, hearkening, and making wry efforts to think. For the space of an hour, he spake not. There he sat, and stared—like the ever lasting Rat in the mansion of Lord Fitzgally-hogmagag. Now and then the type setters would exchange shrewd grimaces and winks clandestine. Still, the visitor sat and stared. We thought of Blackwood and all his nightmare themes. The man was perfectly sober, and perfectly at home—he appeared to voluptuate in his own amazement. His countenance bespoke a variety of clumsy raptures and terrific enjoyments oddly mixed together; but his tongue lay motionless upon his nether grinders, while he sat, and stared, and seemed to ruminate. The pause was awful—'twas past all endurance, the fingers were fast taking hold of fingers that rattled among the types, and a sudden fit of cramp crooked our very quill. At length the stranger moved—and sneezed—and coughed—ayh—toms indicative of speech. He raised his right arm, then the remainder of his body, and stood, and stared again. He spake, and never did human accent touch the ear of suspensive mellifluously.

"I say, mister, do ye make books here?"

Yes, my friend, we make newspapers.

"Cause I want to buy a primer."

At an adjourned meeting of citizens of Boston a report was submitted and resolutions were adopted, strongly recommending the claims which have been advanced by some of the manufacturers to exclusive protection, and recommending that a memorial to Congress be forthwith put in for a lawless expressive of the sense of the commercial part of the community, upon the expediency of measures urged upon that body by the manufacturing interest.

Balt. Gazette.

PENNSYLVANIA TREASURY.

The receipts into the treasury of the state of Pennsylvania for the year ending Nov. 30 are \$1,555,727 75. The disbursements were \$1,675,071 30. The balance in the treasury, in consequence of the amount brought forward from last year's accounts, is now \$157,657 45.