

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIII.

Annapolis, Thursday, October 23, 1828.

No. 43

BOOK BINDING.
John W. Whittington
Respectfully informs the Public and his friends in general, that he has taken the Stand in Church Street opposite to the Office of the Maryland Gazette, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its various branches. He solicits a share of public patronage.
April 17.

COULTER'S Mineral Powders;
FOR SHARPENING RAZORS, STAGG INSTRUMENTS, &c.

We the subscribers, having used "H. Coultter's Mineral Powders," have no hesitation in stating, that we have found them superior to any thing we have used, for Razor Straps, obviating, in a great measure, the use of the Stone.

John Miller, R. I. Jones, David Ridgely, Henry Hobbs, W. Brown of Ben. Rd. Williams, D. Claude, James Buyle, Thos. Karney, Wm. Brewer, James Holland, G. G. Brewer, Edward Dobson, R. I. Ghehart, R. I. Crab,

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE POWDER.
Moisten the Strop with a small quantity of sweet oil, apply the powder by rubbing it on with the finger after which, to give it a smooth surface, rub it with either a pial or tumbler.

For sale, at the store of Messrs. A. & J. Miller, in boxes of 50 cts, and 25 cts.
Sept. 4.

Was Committed
To the jail of Anne Arundel county, on the 26th day of August last, negro man, who calls himself MING PLEASANTER, who says he is free, but has no papers. He is black complexion, 5 feet 5 inches high, and aged about 45 years, says he was born in Kent county, E. S. Md. near Dora and Smyrna. His clothing when committed, was linen shirt and trousers, striped roundabout and an old hat. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, or take him away, otherwise he will be discharged as usual.
Richard Iglehart, Sh' E. A. A. County
Sept. 1828.

FOR SALE,
At the Office of the Maryland Gazette, Blank Deeds, Appeal Bonds, according to the form prescribed by late act of assembly, Common Bonds, for payment of money.
Declarations of various kinds, &c. &c. Blank forms of any description printed in the neatest style, on moderate terms, and the shortest notice.
Sept. 4.

PROPOSAL
FOR PRINTING
The Journals of the Conventions of the Provinces of Maryland,
Held in the City of Annapolis, in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776.

IF Sufficient encouragement be offered, the Subscriber proposes to publish, in one volume octavo, the Journals of the Conventions of the Provinces of Maryland in the years 1774, '75 and '76. It is believed that there are not more than two copies of these Journals now extant; and from the circumstances that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be fairly concluded that they are, in a few years, destroyed by the mere decay of time. These Journals are the only authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unquiet period. Although we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the association of Provinces and Colonies, at that time formed, for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works embrace what may be termed its Domestic and Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to hand down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a public State Record of the voluntary sacrifices, daring spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during the period of doubt and dismay.

In the confident expectation that the citizens of Maryland will consider the proposed publication of sufficient importance to entitle it to their patronage, the Subscriber is induced to issue these proposals.
The Price per Copy, not to exceed 25 Cts.
J. GREEN.
PRINTING
Neatly executed at this Office.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
Jonas Green,
NICHOLSON-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.
—
Three Dollars per annum.

Fresh and Splendid VELVET CLOTHS.
GEORGE MONTEIR,
Merchant Tailor,
just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a Large Stock of Goods,
In his line, consisting of the best Velvet Cloths, and an assortment of Cassimeres, and a variety of VESTINGS,
Of the latest fashions, with an assortment of

Shirts, Collars & Suspenders, of which he will sell low for Cash, to punctual men on moderate terms.
Sept. 13.

HIGHLY VALUABLE Farm for Sale.
In pursuance of the directions of the will of Henrietta Hall, deceased, and her executor, offers for sale THE FARM on which the late Elward Hall resided, in Anne Arundel county. This Farm lies between the South River and the Patuxent, and is about five miles distant from Anne Arundel, and two miles from Point, and about twenty six miles from Baltimore. The tract contains about

EIGHT HUNDRED ACRES,
the finest land in the county, and every acre of which is fit to produce Tobacco; it is admirably adapted to the raising of Wheat, and is now in the highest state of cultivation. The improvements upon it are a Barn, two Tobacco Houses, two Quarters and Overseer's house, Corn House, Cow House, and a very good DWELLING HOUSE,

the Apple and Peach Orchard, and is plenty of wood to support the same, and it is admirably watered. The field having at least three acres in it.

Not sold at private sale before the 2d of November next, I will on that day, upon the premises, sell the same by auction, at 2 o'clock noon. For terms, apply to John Glenn, Esq. of Baltimore, or to the subscriber at No. Anne, Prince George's county. J. E. Cowman, Executor.

NEGROES
of the deceased, over forty five years of age and under ten.
J. E. Cowman, Ex'r.
The Annapolis Gazette and National Intelligencer, Washington, will insert the above once a week until the day of sale, and for every their account \$5.00.
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Public Sale.
In order of the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber offers at public sale, at Huntwood farm, the residence of the late Edward H. Snowden, on Wednesday, the 28th of November next, if fair, if not the 29th day thereafter, and continue day by day until all be sold, all the personal estate of the late Gerrard Snowden, consisting of Household and Kitchen furniture, eighteen Negro men, women and children, eight head of Horses, a pair of which are black and well broke to the carriage, and perfectly gentle, two yoke of black Oxen, and all the stock of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, all the crop of Corn, and Corn Podder, Rye, and the Farming utensils, Ploughs, and all sorts of Carriage, used on the late Snowden's estate.
Bale to commence at 10 o'clock.

TERMS OF SALE.
The terms of sale are a credit of six months for all sums above twenty dollars, with bond and approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, and all sums under twenty dollars, to be paid in cash.
Reuben Snowden, Adm'r.
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MISCELLANY.

From the Legendary.

THE FRONTIER HOUSE.

BY MRS. S. HALE.
"I shall return before dark," said Edward Abbot to his young wife, as he kissed their boy, and laid it in her arms. "There is no danger Rebecca."

"But my dream of those frightful savages, Edward," said she.
"Oh! that should not frighten you," he replied. "Remember you had been hearing Indian stories all the evening, and the wise man says, 'a dream cometh through the multitude of business,' which our good Mr. Walker explains as meaning whatever most engrosses our thoughts, particularly just before we fall asleep. There have not been any traces of the savages discovered this season, and I should be sorry to raise an alarm in the town merely on the account of a dream."

"But you know Edward, they are a secret, as well as terrible enemy," said Mrs. Abbot, and raised her mild eyes to her husband's face with that pleading expression, when tears seem ready to start, and yet are checked by the fear of giving pain to the one the heart loves, that a fond husband finds it so difficult to withstand.

"I will not go to the garrison today," said he, laying down his hat.
"But you promised your father, and he expects you on important business," said Mrs. Abbot. "You must go. I know my fears are childish, but they shall not make me wicked. I am too apt to think my security depends on your presence. I forget the One Mighty to Save can defend me, and that trust in him is a shield to the Christian. You had better go."

"Not without you," said her husband, who now began to feel the fears she was endeavouring to shake off. "Come, prepare our little Edward, and we will go down together. If there has been any alarm, we will not return to-night."
Rebecca paused a few moments, as if considering her husband's proposition. The subtleties of the ancient schoolmen are not so perplexing, so difficult of explanation, so contradictory, as are often the feelings and wishes of the human heart. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed since Rebecca would have thought permission to accompany her husband would have obviated every inconvenience, and been attended with no danger. But other considerations now arose. Edward had been summoned to attend a public meeting on affairs of the town. Should she go with him it might excite notice, for the ladies of those days seldom visited, and should inquiries be made, she could hardly satisfy them without alluding to her fears, and then her dream must be told to justify her fears, and there was no telling where or when the excitement would stop. And moreover her husband might incur reproach from the elders for listening to his wife's fears and dreams, and thus raising agitation among the people. All these things might occur, because the wife of Edward Abbot could not stay alone one afternoon.

"I have more fortitude, Edward," said Rebecca smiling. "I will not make a fool of you, though I appear like one myself. I will not go. It is nearly a mile, and you have no time to spare to carry the babe, or wait for me, and I ought not to go—so do not let me hinder you another moment."
The house of Edward Abbot stood on the western bank of the Merrimack, nearly a mile from the present village of Concord, then called Rumford. Edward was the first who ventured to reside at such a distance from the garrisons or fortified houses, and he had thus obtained a reputation of remarkable courage, of which he was quite as proud as a dashing blade of these polished days would be in accepting a challenge to a duel. His wife too, participated in his triumph, and the wish to spare him mortification was a powerful motive to inspire her with resolution to overcome her own fears and allow him to depart, when, from the presentiment she felt that danger was nigh, she would by the superstition of the times have been justified in detaining, or at least accompanying him. But she saw him depart without tears, watched him from the small window

until he entered the forest; and then betook herself to her household concerns. Yet she could not forbear going frequently to the door, and sometimes she would go forth and gaze all around their little domain, and then watch the progress of the sun, with an expression of countenance that, to an observer, would instantly have revealed the agitation and anxiety her heart was suffering. Every thing abroad was in perfect quietness. There was scarce a breath of air perceptible, and the waters of the Merrimack flowed without a ripple. The calm July sky looked a deeper and more heavenly blue, seen as it was by Rebecca from a spot circumscribed by tall trees, now clothed with such a fulness of foliage as made the forest look dark and almost impenetrable. Close around the house were planted corn and vegetables, and a field of wheat, in front of the dwelling, stretched in unbroken green to the river's brink. There was not a sound to be heard save the chirping of a robin that had built her nest on a chestnut which stood close to the southeast corner of the house, the only tree suffered to grow within the enclosure of Edward.

Rebecca watched the sun till it had sunk behind the western hills, and then she watched its beams on the clouds till the last faint tints had departed, and fixing her eyes steadfastly on that part of the forest from which she expected to see her husband emerge, she sat at the door, with her child in her arms, watching in vain for his appearance. The room into which she occasionally glanced, looked so gloomy and desolate she could not endure to enter it. Indeed, as the evening waxed later, and her fears increased, she sometimes imagined she saw strange figures and faces with gleaming eyes, such as she had beheld in her dream, moving around the dusky apartment. Ashamed of these fears, and knowing her husband, when he came, would chide her for thus exposing herself and her child to the evening dews, she breathed a prayer to Him who stilled the tempest, and entered the house. Her first care after placing her infant in his cradle, was to light a candle, and then, more reassured she took the Bible. The Bible was the talisman of our ancestors. It guarded them from evil, and guided them to good. Its pages were a direction in every trial. Rebecca read, and prayed alternately, mingling the idea of Edward, his safety and return, with every thought and wish, but still he came not. She had no means of ascertaining the lapse of time, except by the length of a candle consumed, or the stars, as there was no moon; but she conjectured it must be past midnight. Again and again she went forth and examined with searching glance around, but nothing could she see except the dark forest, in the distance, and close around her dwelling, the black stumps that stood like sentinels on guard, while nothing was heard save the soft murmur of the water, and at times a low rustling as the breeze stirred the leaves of the chestnut tree. At length as she stood at the corner of the house, beneath the shade of that tree, looking earnestly towards the woods, she thought she perceived something emerge from their shadow. If she did, it vanished instantly. She kept her eyes fixed on the spot. A bright star-light enabled her to discern the objects quite distinctly, even at a distance, especially when her faculties were roused and stimulated by hope and fear. After sometime, she again, and plainly saw a human figure. It rose from the ground, looked and pointed towards her house, and then again disappeared. She recollected her light. It could be seen from the window, and had probably attracted the notice of the savages, whom, she could no longer doubt were approaching. They had, as she fancied, waylaid and murdered her husband. They were coming to capture, perhaps murder, her and her child. What should she do? She never thought of attempting to escape without her babe; but in what direction should she fly, when, perhaps, the Indians surrounded the house? There was one moment of terrible agony, when the mingled form of her husband seemed before her, and she heard, in ideas, the shrieks of her infant beneath savage tortures, till her breath failed, and reason seemed departing. But she made a strong

effort to recall her wandering senses, and then, with her clasped hands raised to Heaven, she took her resolution. With a noiseless step she entered her dwelling, extinguished the light, took her infant in her arms, and again stole softly forth, creeping along in the shadow of the house till she reached the spot from whence she had first seen the object that alarmed her. Here she stood perfectly still. Her infant lay on her bosom in profound sleep, as quiet and seemingly as breathless as though his spirit had already departed. She did not wait long before the same figure again rose, looked round, and again sank down as before. The moment it disappeared Rebecca passed swiftly and softly as a shadow over the space that separated the house from the chestnut tree. This tree was an uncommon large one, and there was a separation of the trunk into two branches, about three feet from the ground, where Rebecca thought it possible she might be concealed. She gained it, and placed herself in a position which allowed her to watch the door of her dwelling. All was silent for a long time—more than an hour, as she thought, and she began to doubt the reality of what she had seen, imagining she had been deceived and taken a stump for a human figure, and she was about to descend from the tree, when suddenly a savage crept by her between the house and the tree. Another and another followed, and it was with difficulty that she could suppress her screams. But she did suppress them, and the only sign she gave of fear was to press her infant closer to her bosom. They reached the door, and a sound of surprise at finding it open, was uttered by the first savage, and replied to by the second in the Indian language. After a short consultation they entered, and Rebecca soon saw a light gleam, and supposed they had kindled it to search for her. Her pulse beat wildly, yet she hoped to escape. It was not probable they would search a tree so near the house; they would rather suppose she had fled to a distance. Presently a crackling noise was heard in the house, the light flashed from the window, the Indians raised their wild yell as they rushed out and danced round with frantic gestures, and Rebecca saw that the house was on fire.

Still, the only sign she gave of fear was, as she unlocked the handkerchief from her neck and threw it over her child's face to screen his eyes from the glare of light that might awaken him, to press him closer and closer to her heart.
The house was unfinished—there was no plastering to delay for a moment, the progress of the fire, which had been kindled in the centre of the apartment, and fed by all the combustibles the savages could find in the dwelling. The flame streamed upwards and soon caught the rafters and boards, and it seemed scarce five minutes from the time Rebecca first saw the light till the blaze burst through the roof. The atmosphere, rarified by the heat around the burning building, suddenly expanded, and the colder and more dense air rushing in, it seemed as if the wind had violently arisen, and it drove the thick smoke, and showered the burning cinders directly on the chestnut tree. Rebecca felt the scorching heat, while the suffocating vapour almost deprived her of the power of respiration. She grew dizzy, yet, still the only movement she made was to turn her child a little in her arms that it might be more effectually shielded from the smoke and cinders. At that moment one of the savages approached, in the wild movements of his war dance, close to the tree. An eddy of wind swept away the smoke; the light fell full on the pale face of Rebecca; her eyes, as if by the power of fascination, were riveted on the Indian, his fiery glance was raised towards her, and their gazes met. The savage gave a start, and the note of his war song was shriller as he intently regarded his victim. Suddenly he turned away. Rebecca murmured a prayer, and resigned herself to death as she heard them all send forth a prolonged whoop.

"My boy! my husband! we shall meet, we shall all meet in Heaven!" she cried.
But why did not the savage approach? She listened, looked round—the whole clearing was illuminated

by the bright glare, and she saw three Indians flying, with the speed of frightened deer, to the covert of the wood. She did not pause to consider what had caused their flight; but obeying that instinct which bids shun the present danger, she sprang from the tree and rushed towards the river. She recollected a spot where the bank projected, beneath which during the summer months, the bed of the river was nearly dry; there she should, at least, be secure from the fire.

And there she sheltered herself. Her feet were immersed in water, and she stood in a stooping posture to screen herself from observation should the savages return to seek her. But her infant slumbered peacefully. None of her fears or dangers disturbed his repose, and when the morning light allowed her to gaze on its sweet face, tears of joy and thankfulness flowed fast down her cheeks, that she had been enabled thus to shield that dear, innocent one from the savages and the flames.

Soon after sunrise she heard sounds as of people approach, and soon recognized the voices of her friends from the garrison. Rebecca and her child were conveyed to the village, which her husband, she found, had left about sunset on the preceding evening. Nothing was known, or could be discovered of his fate; the inhabitants had been alarmed by the light from the burning building, and as soon as the morning was sufficiently advanced to allow them to penetrate the forest, they hastened to discover the cause of the fire.

Grief for the loss of her husband, combined with the terrors she had suffered, threw Rebecca into a violent fever, and her life was despaired of; but just as the disorder seemed approaching a final termination, Edward Abbot arrived at Mumford. He was surprised while walking homeward, by four Indians, one of whom seized his rifle, while another struck him such a blow on the head with his tomahawk, as totally deprived him for several hours of all recollection.

When he did recover he found himself lying at the foot of the tree, his hands bound and an Indian guarding him. All efforts to escape he found to be in vain, and he silently submitted to his fate. In about a day the three savages joined the one who guarded him, and conversing very hastily for a few moments, they began a hurried march. Edward perceived one of the Indians examining him often and attentively. At length on the fourth day, as the savage was alone with the prisoner, he by signs, questioned Edward concerning the house where he used to reside. Edward made, on the white birch with a coal taken from the fire, a drawing of his little plantation and house, including, of course, the chestnut tree. The Indian surveyed it in silence, and Edward thought no more of the matter. Early the next morning Edward was awakened by the same Indian, who motioned him to rise and follow. The rest of the party were not in sight. Edward obeyed, and followed him two days, travelling rapidly, till he found himself on the borders of the Merrimack. The Indian then pointed in a direction to Concord, and instantly disappeared in the woods.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that Edward's presence operated much more favourably on Rebecca

than had all the remedies prescribed by the good Doctor Carter, and she soon recovered. The conduct of the Indian excited great curiosity, and made much talk in the village, but for a long time, the mystery baffled all conjecture. After many months an Indian that could speak English, explained the secret.

It seemed that several years before Rebecca was married, an Indian, with his wife and child, came into the house of her father and asked for food. The old people were absent, and a hired man, acting as many do when clothed in a little brief authority, ordered them from the house. Rebecca, then a playful, laughing little girl, interposed and prevented them from being thus inhospitably treated. She brought forth the best food the house afforded, and took the Indian babe in her arms and fed it; and to that act of charity, so gracefully performed, she was indebted for her own and her child's life, and her husband's liberty.

WINE & SILK.
There is perhaps no country in the world where the vine grows more luxuriantly and abundantly than in North Carolina; and mulberry trees of the largest and finest growth are to be found every where in our State. It is a matter of astonishment that all our farmers do not make wine, at least, if not silk. A farmer in South Carolina, last year, from four acres of land, sold wine to the amount of \$2,400. A few of our farmers have small vineyards, but we would like to see it become general—for if cheap wine could be substituted for the miserable whiskey that is now doing so much injury in the country, it would have a most happy effect. Not only would its extent to culture give a great scope to agricultural industry, but it would yield a greater revenue to planters, by far, than our present crops. One of our most respectable farmers in the vicinity of Newbern, last year, succeeded perfectly well in raising the silk worms, and has on his estate a grove of 300 mulberry trees.
Newbern Sentinel.

A boy three years of age was particularly backward in his tongue, and his parents feared that he would never talk; send him to a girl's school, said a friend. The girl was adopted, and succeeded beyond expectation.

"On the Fence."—This phrase is a very common one, and originated as follows:—General Washington once asked a negro belonging to Judge Imlay, of New-York, whether his master was a Whig or a Tory? The reply was—"Massa on de fence; him want to know which de strongest party."
New Jersey paper.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.
There have been martyrs in the cause of Religion that have sung the song of victory while the flames curled around them; there have been champions for freedom and the country, who have fearlessly rushed on to battle and to death; but there is no image more affecting than that of a patient, widowed mother, devoting her days and nights to her helpless children, and suffering martyrdom without a martyr's crown.

There is a paper printed in Salem, called "The Hive," which is five inches long and three in width.

THE MODE AND TIME OF VOTING FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE United States in the several States.			
States.	Mode.	Time of Election.	Electors.
Maine,	General Ticket.	November 3d.	9
Vermont,	do.	11th	7
New Hampshire,	do.	3d	8
Massachusetts,	do.	3d	15
Rhode-Island,	do.	19th	4
Connecticut,	do.	3d	8
New-York,	Districts	Nov. 3d, 4th, and 5th	36
New-Jersey,	General Ticket	Nov. 4th and 5th.	8
Pennsylvania,	do.	October 31st	28
Delaware,	Legislature	—	3
Maryland,	Districts	Nov. 10th	11
Virginia,	General Ticket	3d	24
North Carolina,	do.	13th	13
South Carolina,	Legislature	—	11
Georgia,	General Ticket	Nov. 3d	9
Tennessee,	Districts	Nov. 13th and 14th	11
Alabama,	General Ticket.	Nov. 10th	7
Mississippi,	do.	—	5
Louisiana,	do.	Nov. 3d, 4th and 5th	5
Kentucky,	do.	November	14
Ohio,	do.	Nov. 31st	16
Indiana,	do.	—	5
Illinois,	do.	Nov. 3d	5
Missouri,	do.	Nov. 3d	9