

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIII.

Annapolis, Thursday, November 13, 1828.

No. 46

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
Jonas Green,
CATCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Three Dollars per annum.
**Fresh and Splendid
VELVET CLOTHS.**
GEORGE WYTHE
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
Gloves, Collars & Suspenders
of which he will sell low for Cash.
particular men on moderate terms.
Sept. 18.

The Committee
Appointed to prepare the Annual
Report for the Young Men's Bible So-
ciety of Baltimore, being desirous of
receiving accurate information rela-
tive to the Bible operations of our
State since the first of December last,
and to the first of the present year,
and to forward to Mr. WILLIAM L.
HILL, the Corresponding Secretary
of the Society, an account of their pro-
ceedings up to the 15th November,
their annual Meeting will be held
on the 20th of the same month, and it is highly
material that these statements should
be received in time to enable us to
prepare the report.

Societies in Montgomery, Prince
George's, Charles and Saint Mary's
counties, will please make their re-
ports to Mr. J. COYLE, Jr. Secretary
of the Washington City Bible So-
ciety.

Editors throughout the State
are earnestly requested to publish the
report.
Oct. 30.

In Chancery,
October 24, 1828.
Ordered, that the sale of the real
estate of Amasa Litchum, made
and reported by the trustee, Hezekiah
Litchum, be ratified and confirm-
ed, on or before the 24th day of
November next, provided a copy of this
order be inserted once in each of three
successive weeks in some newspapers.
The report states the amount
to be \$165 00.
True copy.
Test. Ramsay Waters,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Notice.
The Commissioners of the Tax for
Anne-Arundel county, will meet at the
Court-House in the city of Annapolis,
on Tuesday the 25th day of November
next, for the purpose of hearing ap-
pals and making transfers &c.
By order, R. J. Cowman, Clik.
Oct. 30.

NOTICE.
The Levy Court of Anne-Arundel
County, will meet at the Court-House
in the city of Annapolis, on the fourth
day of November next, for the pur-
pose of settling with the super-
visors of the public roads.
By order,
Wm S. Green, Clik.
Oct. 30.

PUBLIC SALE.
By virtue of an order from the or-
derly court of Anne Arundel county,
the subscriber will offer at public sale,
on Saturday the 13th day of Novem-
ber next, at the residence of Wil-
liam Pitt Watkins, deceased, on Elk
Creek.

The Personal Estate
of said deceased, consisting of Horses,
Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, a valuable yoke
of Oxen, Corn, Fodder, Rye, Oats,
Household and Kitchen Furniture,
and various other articles.
TERMS OF SALE.
The sum of twenty dollars and up-
wards, and a credit of six months will
be given to the purchaser giving bond,
with interest from the day of sale,
for the payment of the cash to be
paid at the time of sale to commence at twelve
months.
Thos W. Watkins, adm'r.
Oct. 30.

In Chancery,
November 4, 1828.
On the petition of George Simmons,
Cephas Simmons, William Mos-
her, Lewis Sutton, adm'r. of
Henry Childs, and Hen-
ry Thompson,
vs.
Henry C. Brown, in the case of
Richard Brown, and others,
vs.
Robert Brown & others.

The petition in this case states, that
heretofore, to wit, on the 12th day of
March 1827, a decree was passed for
the sale of the real estate of Richard
Brown, deceased, upon a bill filed by
Richard Brown, and others, against
Robert Brown, and others. That on
the 11th day of May 1827, Louis Gas-
saway, the trustee, sold the said real
estate for the sum of \$1,748 50, which
sale has been ratified and confirmed.
That Henry C. Brown is entitled to
one-sixth part of the proceeds of said
sale, after deducting the costs of suit,
and the trustee's commission. That at
April term 1827, of Anne Arundel
county, court the petitioners, George
Simmons, Cephas Simmons and William
Mosher, recovered a judgment for an
attachment against the said Henry C.
Brown, for the sum of sixty-seven dol-
lars and ninety five and three fourth
cents, upon which costs, to the amount
of nine dollars and thirty one and two
third cents, have accrued. That at the
same time a judgment for an attach-
ment for the sum of fifty six dollars
and sixty six cents, with interest from
the 10th day of November 1823, was
rendered in favour of Lewis Sutton,
administrator of Henry Childs, for the
use of Henry Thompson, against the
said Henry C. Brown, upon which
costs amounting to \$9 85 have accrued.
That writs of attachment were issued
upon said judgments, returnable to Oc-
tober term 1827, upon which returns of
nulla bona were made. That said writs
were renewed to April and October
terms 1828, and similar returns of
nulla bona made thereon.

The petition further states, that the
said Henry C. Brown is absent from
the state of Maryland, and has left no
property upon which said writs of at-
tachment can be levied. That the peti-
tioners have no other means of ob-
taining satisfaction of their several
claims than the fund under the direc-
tion of this court. And they pray that
an order may be passed directing the
share of the said Henry C. Brown, of
the proceeds of said sale, or so much
thereof as may be necessary, to be paid
to the said George Simmons, Cephas
Simmons, and William Mosher, and
Henry Thompson, assignees of Lewis
Sutton, administrator of Henry Childs,
in satisfaction of their respective claims.
It is thereupon, this 4th day of No-
vember 1828, adjudged and ordered,
that the petitioners, by causing a copy
of this order to be published once in
each of three successive weeks before
the 4th day of December next, in one
of the Annapolis newspapers, give
notice to the absent defendant Henry C.
Brown, of the nature and object of the
petition, that he be warned to appear
in this court in person, or by solicitor,
on or before the 4th day of March next,
to shew cause, if any he hath, why an
order should not pass as prayed by the
said petition.

True copy,
Test. Ramsay Waters,
Reg. Cur. Can.
Nov. 6.

Chancery Sale.
By virtue of a decree of the Court
of Chancery, the subscriber will ex-
pose to public sale, on Friday the 28th
day of November inst if fair, if not
the next fair day thereafter, at Hun-
ter's Tavern, in the County of Annapolis,
part of a Tract or Parcel of

LAND
Called "Beard's Habitation," contain-
ing about 162 acres, whereof John Ni-
cholson died seized, lying on the south
side of South River, being the same
land which was heretofore purchased
by John Beard, and which is now in
the possession of said Beard.
TERMS OF SALE:
The purchaser to give bond, with ap-
proved security, for payment of the
purchase money, within twelve months
from the day of sale, with interest from
the day of sale. On the ratification
of the sale, and payment of the pur-
chase money, the subscriber is author-
ized to execute a deed. Sale to com-
mence 12 o'clock.
Louis Gassaway, Trustee.
Nov. 6.

RAGS
Bought at the Store of the subscri-
ber.
Nov. 6.

MISCELLANY.

From the Palladium.
CANZONETT.
I've watched, this weary day,
Each footstep through the glade,
And all have passed unheeding by
From morning's light to evening's shade,
And now the gilded spire
Is fading into night,
And through the trees the bright watchfire
Is pouring floods of light.
He was not wont to stay
In those few hours of bliss;
Oh! those who have passed in light away,
And deeper woe may shroud this
He knew that mine was lost,
Which burned for him alone,
And peace below, and hopes above.
For him were gladly gone.
I hear his voice its tone
Of joy comes up the dell,
The hastened tread—there is but one
That knows the rugged path so well.
I cannot chide him now,
The weary day is o'er,
The lingering hours of bitter woe—
He cannot leave me more.

From Croke's Legends. THE GOOD WOMAN.

In a pleasant and not unpicturesque
valley of the White Knight's Coun-
try, at the foot of the Galte moun-
tains, lived Larry Dodd and his wife
Nancy. They rented a cabin and a
few acres of land, which they culti-
vated with great care, and its crops
rewarded their industry. They were
independent and respected by their
neighbours; they loved each other in
their marriageable part of way, and
few couples had altogether more the
appearance of comfort about them.

Larry was a hard working, and occa-
sionally hard drinking, Dutch built,
little man, with a fiddle head and
round stern; a steady going, straight
forward fellow, barring when he car-
ried too much whiskey, which it
must be confessed, might occasion-
ally prevent his walking on a chalked
line with philomathical accuracy.—
He had a moist ruddy countenance,
rather inclined to an expression of
gravity; and particularly so in the
morning; but taken together he was
generally looked upon as a marvel-
lous proper person, notwithstanding
he had, every day in the year, a
sort of unholy dew upon his face,
even in the coldest weather, which
gave rise to a supposition (amongst
censorious persons of course) that
Larry was apt to indulge in strong &
frequent potations. However, all
men of talents have their faults—in-
deed, who is without them? and as
Larry, setting aside his domestic vir-
tues and skill in farming, was decid-
edly the most distinguished breaker
of horses for forty miles round, he
must be in some degree excused con-
sidering the inducements of the stir-
rup cup, and the fox hunting society
in which he mixed, if he had also
been the greatest drunkard in the
country, but in truth this was not the
case.

Larry was a man of mixed habits,
as well in his mode of life and his
drink, as in his costume. His dress
accorded well with his character—a
sort of half and half between farmer
and horse jockey. He wore a blue
coat of stout cloth, with short skirts,
and a stand up collar; his waistcoat
was red, and his low habiliments
were made of leather, which in course
of time had shrunk so much that
they fitted like second skin, and long
use had absorbed their moisture to
such a degree that they made a strange
sort of cracking noise as he walked
along. A hat covered with oil skin;
a cutting whip, and jagged at the
ends; a pair of second hand, or to
speak more correctly, second footed
greasy top boots, that seemed never
to have imbibed a refreshing draught
of Warren's blacking of matchless
lustre! and one spur without a rowel,
completed the every day dress of
Larry Dodd. Thus equipped was
Larry returning from Gashel, mounted
on a rough-coated and wall-eyed
nag, though notwithstanding these
and a few other trifling blemishes, a
well built animal; having just pur-
chased the said nag, with a fancy
that he could make his own money
again off his bargain, and may be
turn an odd penny more by it at the
 ensuing Kilborerry. Well pleased
with himself, he trotted fair and easy
along the road in the delicious &
lingering twilight of a lovely June
evening; thinking of nothing at all,
only whistling, and wondering would
horses always be so low. 'If they
go at this rate,' said he to himself,
'for half nothing, and that paid in
better buyer's notes, who would be

the fool to walk?' This very thought,
indeed, was passing in his mind,
when his attention was aroused by a
woman pacing by the side of his
horse, and hurrying on, as if endea-
vouring to reach her destination be-
fore the night closed in. Her figure,
considering the long strides she took,
appeared to be under the common
size—rather of the dumpy order; but
further, as to whether the damsel
was young or old, fair or brown, pret-
ty or ugly, Larry could form no pre-
cise notion, from her wearing a large
cloak (the usual garb of the female
Irish peasant) the hood of which was
turned up, completely concealed every
feature.

Enveloped in the mass of dark and
concealing drapery, the strange wo-
man, without much exertion, con-
trived to keep up with Larry Dodd's
steed for sometime, when his master
very civilly offered her a lift behind
him; as far as he was going her way.
'Civility begets civility,' they say,
however, he received no answer, and
thinking that the lady's silence pro-
ceeded only from bashfulness, like a
man of true gallantry, not a word
more said Larry, until he pulled up
by the side of a gap, and then says,
he, 'Maccolleen' beg, just jump up
behind me without a word more,
though never a one have you spoke,
and I'll take you safe and sound thro'
the lonesome bit of road that is be-
fore us.'

She jumped at the offer, sura-
enough, and up with her on the back
of the horse as light as a feather.
In an instant there she was seated
behind Larry, with her hand and
arm buckled round his waist holding
on.

'I hope you comfortable there,
my dear,' said Larry, in his own
good humoured way; but there was
no answer, and on they went—trot,
trot—along the road; and all
was so still and so quiet that you
might have heard the sound of the
hoofs on the limestone a mile off; for
that matter there was nothing else to
hear except the moaning of a distant
stream, that kept a continued drone,
like a nurse lushing. Larry, who
had a keen ear, did not, however,
require so profound a silence to de-
tect the click of one of the shoes.
'Tis only loose the shoe is,' said he
to his companion, as they were just
entering on the lonesome bit of road
of which he had before spoken. Some
old trees, with huge trunks, all cov-
ered, and irregular branches festooned
with ivy, grew over a dark pool of
water, which had been formed as a
drinking place for cattle; and in
the distance was seen the majestic
head of Galtee more. Here the horse,
as if in grateful recognition, made a
dead halt; and Larry, not knowing
what vicious tricks his new purchase
might have, and unwilling that thro'
any odd chance the young woman
should get spilt in the water, dis-
mounted, thinking to lead the horse
quietly by the pool.

'By the piper's luck, that always
found what he wanted,' said Larry
recollecting himself 'I've a nail in
my pocket; tis not the first time I've
put on a shoe, and may be wont be
the last, for here is no want of pav-
ing stones to make hammers in plen-
ty.'

No sooner was Larry off, than off
with a spring came the young woman
at his side. Her feet touched the
ground without making the least
noise in life, and away she bounded
like an ill mannered wench, as she
was, without saying 'by your leave,'
or no matter what else. She seemed
to glide rather than run, not along
the road but across the field, up to-
wards the old ivy-covered walls, of
Kilnaslattery church—and a pretty
church it was.

'Not so fast, if you please, young
woman—not so fast,' cried Larry,
calling after her; but away she ran,
and Larry followed, his leathern gar-
ment, already described, crack, crack,
crackling at every step he took.—
'Where's my wages!' said Larry;
'Thorum pog, ma colleen oge, sure
I've earned a kiss from your pair of
pretty lips—and I'll have it too!'
But she went on faster and faster,
regardless of these and other flattering
speeches from her pursuer; at last
she came to the church-yard wall,
and then over with her in an instant.

'Well, she's a mighty smart crea-
ture, any how: To be sure, how
deat she steps upon her pasterns! Did
any one ever see the like of that be-

fore; but I'll not be balked by any
woman that ever wore a head, or
any ditch either,' exclaimed Larry,
as with a desperate bound he vaulted,
scrambled and tumbled over the wall
into the church-yard. Up he got
from the elastic sod of a newly
made grave, in which Tado Leary
made grave, in which Tado Leary
soul!—and on went Larry, stum-
bling over head-stones, and foot-
stones, over old graves and new
graves, pieces of coffins, and the
skulls and bones of dead men—the
Lord save us!—they were scattered
about there as plenty as paving stones;
floundering amidst great overgrown
dock leaves and brambles, that with
their long prickly arms, tangled
round his limbs, and held him back
with a fearful grasp.

Meantime the merry wench in
cloak moved through all these ob-
structions as evenly and as gaily as if
the church yard, crowded as it was
with graves, and grave stones, (for
people came to be buried here from
far and near,) had been the floor of a
dancing room. Round and round the
walls of the old church she went.
'I'll just wait,' said Larry, seeing
this, and thinking it all nothing but
a trick to frighten him—'when she
comes round again, if I don't take
the kiss, I won't, that's all; and here
she is!' Larry Dodd spring forward
with open arms, and clasped her in
them—a woman it is true, but a wo-
man without any lips to kiss, by rea-
son of her having no head.

'Murder!' cried he. 'Well, that
accounts for her not speaking.' Hav-
ing uttered these words, Larry him-
self became dumb with fear and as-
tonishment; his blood seemed turned
to ice, and a dizziness came over him,
and staggering like a drunken man,
he rolled against the broken window
of the ruin, horrified at the convic-
tion, that he had actually held a Dul-
lahan in his embrace.

When he recovered to something
like a feeling of consciousness, he
slowly opened his eyes, and then, in-
deed, a scene of wonder burst upon
him. In the midst of the room stood
an old wheel of torture, ornamented
with heads, like Cork gaul; when the
heads of Murfy Sullivan, and other
gentlemen were stuck upon it. This
was plainly visible in the strange
light which spread itself around. It
was fearful to behold; but Larry could
not choose but look, for his limbs
were powerless through the wonder
and fear.

'Tis less as it was, he would have
called for help, but his tongue cleav-
ed to the roof of his mouth, and not
one word could he say. In short,
there was Larry gazing thro' a shat-
tered window of the church, with his
eyes bleared and almost starting from
their sockets; his breast rested on
the thickness of the wall, over which
one side, his head and out stretched
neck projected; and on the other, al-
though one toe touched the ground,
it derived no support from thence—
terror as it were, kept him balanced.
Strange noises assailed his ears, until
at last they tingled painfully in the
sharp clatter of little bells, which
kept up a continued ding, ding, ding;
marrowless bones rattled and clank-
ed, and the deep and solemn round
of a great bell came booming on the
light wind.

Twas a spectre ring,
That bell when it swung;
Swing, swing!
And the chain it squeaked,
And the pulley creaked,
Swing, swing!
And with every roll,
Of the deep death toll,
Ding, dong!
The hollow vault rang,
As the clapper went bang,
Ding, dong!

It was strange music to dance by;
nevertheless moving to it, round and
round the wheel set with skulls, were
well dressed ladies and gentlemen,
and soldiers and sailors, and priests
and publicans, and jockeys and jenn-
hys, but all without their heads.—
Some poor skeletons, whose bleached
bones were ill covered by moth eaten
palls—and who were not admitted in-
to the ring, amused themselves by
bowling their brainless noddles at one
another, which seemed to enjoy the
sport beyond measure.

Larry did not know what to think;
his brains were all in a mist, and los-
ing the balance which he had so long
maintained, he fell head foremost in-
to the midst of the company of Dul-
lahan.
'I'm done for, and lost forever,'

roared Larry, with his heels turned
towards the stars, and soused down he
came.

'Welcome Larry Dodd, welcome,'
cried every head, bobbing up and
down in the air. 'A drink for Lar-
ry Dodd, shouted they, as with one
voice, that quivered like a shako on
the bagpipes. No sooner said than
done, for a player at heads, catching
his own as it was bowled at him, for
fear of its going astray, put the head,
without a word, under his left arm,
and with the right stretched out, pre-
sented a brimming cup to Larry, who
to show his manners, drank it off like
a man.

'Tis capital stuff, he would have
said—which surely it was, but he got
no farther than cap, when decapitated
was he, and his head began dancing
over his shoulders like those of the
rest of the party. Larry, however,
was not the first man who lost his
head through the temptation of look-
ing at the bottom of a brimming cup.
Nothing more did he remember clear-
ly, for it seems body and head being
parted is not very favourable to
thought, but a great hurry scurry
with the noise of carriages, and the
cracking of whips.

When his senses returned, his first
act was to put up his hand to where
his head formerly grew, and to his
great joy there he found it still. He
then shook it gently, but his head re-
mained firm enough, and assured of
this, he proceeded to open his eyes
and look around him. It was broad
day light, and in the old church of
Kilnaslattery he found himself lying,
with that head, the loss of which he
had anticipated, quietly resting, poor
youth upon the lap of earth.

'Could it have been an ugly dream!
Oh no!' said Larry, a dream could
never have brought me here, stretch-
ed on the flat of my back, with that
death's head, and cross narrow bones
forefronting me on the fine old tomb-
stone there that was faced by Pat
Keane of Kilmara; but where is the
horse? He got up slowly, every
joint aching with pain, from the
bruises he had received, and went to
the pool of water, but no horse was
there. 'Tis home I must go,' said
Larry with a rueful countenance, that
how will I face Nancy? What will
I tell her about the horse, and the
seven I O U's that he cost me? 'Tis
them Dullahans that have made their
own of him from me, the horse steal-
ing robbers of the world, that have
no fear of the gillows! but what's
gone, is gone, that's a clear case,' so
saying, he turned his steps home-
wards, and arrived at his cabin about
noon, without encountering any fur-
ther adventures. There he found Nan-
cy, who, as he expected, looked as
black as a thundercloud, at him, for
being out all night.

She listened to the marvellous
relation which he gave, with the
exclamations of astonishment, and
when he had concluded, of grief at
the loss of his horse, that he had paid
for like an honest man in I O U's—
three of which, she knew to be as
good as gold.

'But what took you to the old
church at all, out of the road, and at
that time of the night Larry?' inquired
his wife.

Larry looked like a criminal for
whom there was no reprieve—he
scratched his head for an excuse; but
not one could he muster up—for he
knew not what to say.

'Oh! Larry, Larry, muttered Nan-
cy, after waiting some time for his
answer, her jealous fears during the
pause, rising like balm; 'tis the very
same way with you as with any other
man, you are all alike for that matter.
I've no pity for you; but confess the
truth!'

Larry shuddered at the tempest
which he perceived; was about to
break upon his devoted head. 'Nancy,'
said he, 'I do confess; it was a young
woman without any head that—'
His wife heard no more. 'A wo-
man, I knew it was cried she; but a
woman without a head Larry!—well,
it is long before Nancy Gollagher
ever thought it would come to that
with her! that she should be left de-
solate and alone here, by her baste of
a husband; for a woman without a
head! O father, father! and O mo-
ther, mother! it is well you are low
to day! that you do not see this afflic-
tion and disgrace to your daughter
that you reared decent and tender. O
Larry, you, villain, you will be the
death of your lawful wife going alas
such, O!—O!—O!—'