

# The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, December 4, 1828.

No. 49

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY  
**JONAS GREEN,**  
NORTH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Three Dollars per annum.

Fresh and Splendid  
**VELVET CLOTHS.**

**GEORGE WYTHE'S,**

Merchant Tailor,

just returned from Philadelphia

and Baltimore, with a

Large Stock of Goods,

in his line, consisting of

of the best Velvet Cloths, and

assortment of Cassimeres,

and a variety of

**VESTINGS,**

of the latest fashions, with an

assortment of

Gloves, Collars & Suspenders

which he will sell low for Cash,

and to retail men on moderate terms.

18.

**PRIVATE SALE.**

Will sell LOW at private sale, 250

acres of land lying in Allegany county,

will also sell at my dwelling,

county, say fifty or eighty bar-

rels long Corn, fifty or sixty

young Hogs, three fine brood

sows forward in fold by that

name of Elkridge called Prince

and one good Saddle Horse, some

which Cows, a quantity of corn

Blade and top Fodder, Corn

and one good road Waggon, one

Cart I will rent the Plantation

on I now reside, 50 acres of

land now seated in Rye, the build-

ing in good repair. For Lancelot

and others

Augustus Gymbrell, Agent.

at Severn, Anne

Arundel Co. Md. 2 3w

**In Chancery,**

November 24, 1828.

Ordered that the sale made and

by Bushrod W. Marriott, the

commissioner, appointed to make sale of

the estate of Nathan Waters, be

and confirmed, unless cause be

shown to the contrary on or before the

15th day of January next; Provided a copy

of the order be published twice a week

for three successive weeks in some

paper before the 24th day of De-

ceber next.

The report states that the land sold

for three dollars per acre.

Test. Ramsay Waters, Reg. Cur. Can. 2 3w

27.

**Constable's Sale.**

Writ of fieri facias, is

by Lloyd Selby, esq. a Justice

of the Peace and for Anne Arundel

county, at the suit of Hillel Moses An-

drus, against the goods and chattels

of the said tenements, of Francis Beve-

ly, as me directed, I have seized and

in execution, all the estate, right,

interest, property, claim and de-

mand in law and in equity, of the said

Bevelevy, and in and to his undi-

vided part of ten acres of land known

as the name of Warfield's Forest, a

tract of twenty six miles from Baltimore

to Western Falls, near the resi-

dence of the subscriber. On the said

land there is a Mill seat, called Sides

seat, with an excellent fall of wa-

ter, and I hereby give notice, that

on the 22nd day of December next, at

noon, on the premises, I

will offer for sale the said premises, so

far as taken in execution, by pub-

lic auction, to the highest bidder for

cash, and in satisfaction of the said

debt.

Witness my hand and seal, this 21st

day of December, 1828.

Seth Warfield, Con'ble.

**REMOVAL.**

Richard Gymbrell

has removed his Store from No. 71

to 217 Baltimore street, the store

previously occupied by Mr. Benjamin Har-

grett, where he has on hand a large

assortment of Dry Goods,

and offers at wholesale and re-

tail the most reasonable terms.

Merchants and others will

find it to their advantage to call and

see his stock.

Dec. 24 4w

**PRINTING**

executed at this Office.

**DISMISSEMENT.**

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY W. P. WILKIE.

I love to look on a scene like this,

Of wild and careless play,

And persuade myself that I'm not old,

And my locks are not yet gray.

For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,

And it makes the pulses fly,

To catch the thrill of a happy voice,

And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years,

And my heart is ripe for the reaper, death,

And my years are well nigh told.

It is very true—it is very true—

I'm old, and I hide my time—

But my heart will leap at a scene like this,

And I'll renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I'm with you there,

In the midst of the merry ring;

I can feel the thrill of the dancing joy,

And the rush of the breathless swing,

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,

And I whoop the smothered call,

And my feet slip up on the ready floor,

And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall

come,

And I shall be glad to go,

For the world at best is a weary place,

And my pulse is getting low,

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fall

In treading its gloomy way;

And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,

To see the young so gay.

**CONSCIENCE.**—From the Broken

Vow, one of a series of tales

just published by Mr. Gaddrick, is

copied the following forcible descrip-

tion of that internal monitor, which

is justly designated as the empire of

the Deity: "Conscience is the divin-

est gift of God to man; it is that

which ever speaks, if man would

listen, of an Omnipresent Deity. It

is not the thunder peal nor the flash-

ing lightning; it is not the raging of

the ocean storm, nor the terrific fury

of a tornado; nor the fiery boiling of

the lava from its mountain furnace;

it is none of these that speaks to the

heart of man, but the spirit within

him, that says, these are the aveng-

ing forms of an offended God—Con-

science! It is the consciousness,

deeply implanted in the soul, of the

existence, of the unescapable pres-

ence of a Superior Being; and its

upbraidings are the torments, the self-

abasement, and the confusion of one

who knows himself to be standing

before a justly offended Judge. Let

a man have sickness and sorrow, and

scorn, and shame of face, and pov-

erty, and exile; every evil that can

be poured out of the vials of wrath

upon suffering humanity, and he may

hear all with patience, save the hor-

rors, the undying horrors of a re-

proving conscience."

ther trick, however, was practised

on me; and as I found afterwards, I

was indebted for such indulgence to

one which they reserved for me at

night, and which was such as, per-

haps, all my English phlegm would

not have permitted me to bear with

patience. I escaped, however, be-

ing put to the proof by the merest

accident—the arrival of a poor Scotch

surveyor, who was thought a fitter

subject for the often repeated experi-

ment.

My substitute was treated with

great, indeed, with extreme hospita-

lity; he was helped to every thing to

excess; his glass was never allowed

to stand full or empty for one minute.

The potatoes were suspended not

until, and only while, the cloth was

laid for supper, during and after

which they were resumed with reno-

vated energy. Our entertainer was

like the landlord described by Addi-

son; the liquor seemed to have no o-

ther effect upon himself than any o-

ther vessel in the house. It was not

so with his Scotch guest, who was

by this time, much farther advanced

upon the cruise of intoxication than

half sea over—he was literally dead

drunk. In this state he was conduct-

ed to his chamber, a fine, lofty, Got-

thic apartment, with a bedstead that

seemed coeval with the building. I

say seemed, for that was by no means

the case, it being in reality a modern

structure, and entirely of the inven-

tion of our host. It was dark mahog-

any, with its four posts extending

completely to the ceiling of the cham-

ber. The Scotchman, with a good

deal of assistance, was soon undress-

ed in the place of repose. All the party

then retired, wishing him a good

night, and removing the candle for

fear of accident.

When the door was closed, I was

for the first time, made acquainted

with the structure of the bedstead,

which our host considered as his

master-piece. Upon the touching of

a spring outside of the door, the

bed was so acted upon by a pul-

ley, that it ascended slowly and

smoothly through the four posts, un-

til it came within two or three feet

of the ceiling. The snoring of the

Scotchman was the signal for touch-

ing the spring, and he was soon at

the proper altitude. The trick, to be

sure, might have cost him his neck,

but 'Deuce may care,' was the reply

of J—, to my suggestion to that

effect. The servants, as I before ob-

served, are all so disciplined to second

the mischievous fun of their master,

that they required no instruction how

to act. In one moment the house was

in an uproar; cries of—'fire! fire!'

were heard in different directions. A

pile of shavings was set in a blaze op-

posite the very window where poor

Sawney slept. J—'s voice was

continually heard exclaiming, 'Good

Heavens! save the poor Scotch gen-

tleman, if possible; the flames here

get into the room just under him!'

At this moment we heard him bellow

out.

A sudden silence took place—every

light was extinguished, and the

whole house seemed to be buried in

the most profound repose. The

Scotchman's voice could alone be

heard, roaring out, in the high dia-

lect of his country, for assistance.—

At length, two of the men servants,

in their shirts, entered the room with

a candle just lit, and yawning, as if

immediately roused from their sleep.

They found him sprawling on the

floor—'Lord bless us, Sir, what is

the matter?' 'Matter!' says he, why,

isn't the house on fire?' 'God forbid,

Sir!' 'What was the reason of the

cries of fire, then?' 'Bless you,

Sir, you must have been dreaming;

why there's not so much as a mouse

stirring, and his honour & the whole

family have been asleep these three

hours.' The Scotchman now gave

up all testimony of his own senses—

'I must ha' been dreamin,' indeed,

and ha' hurt myself by falling out of

the bed.' 'Hurt yourself, Sir; not

much, I hope, the bed is so low;—

and by this time it had been made

to descend to its first level. The poor

Scot was quite confused—quite a-

shamed at disturbing the family; be-

gged a thousand pardons—accompan-

ied the servants to the door, closed it

after them, and was left once more

in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime

was not yet performed. The spring

had been immediately touched upon

closing the door, and the bed was

soon beyond the reach of our guest.

We could hear him groping about,