

The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, December 12, 1828.

No. 4

VOL. LXXIII.

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Price—Three Dollars per annum.
Brilliant Distribution
ON THE
PRIZES
ON THE
31st of December.

COHEN'S OFFICE.
Baltimore, November 27, 1828.
The three first sub-segments of the Maryland State Lottery, No. 6, of 1828, being over, in order to afford time for distant adventurers to receive small prizes, as well as to afford opportunity to those not yet supplied with tickets, to procure them, the drawing of the FOURTH SUB-SEGMENT, which completes the Lottery, will take place in the City of Baltimore on Wednesday the 31st of DECEMBER, when the whole of the following Prizes will be distributed.

HIGHEST PRIZE.
Ten Thousand Dollars
BRILLIANT LIST:
1 prize of \$10,000 is 10,000 dollars
1 prize of 3,000 is 3,000 dollars
1 prize of 2,000 is 2,000 dollars
1 prize of 1,000 is 1,000 dollars
5 prizes of 500 is 500 dollars
5 prizes of 100 is 500 dollars
10 prizes of 50 is 500 dollars
20 prizes of 20 is 800 dollars
40 prizes of 10 is 1,000 dollars
200 prizes of 5 is 2,000 dollars
The whole payable in CASH and as usual at COHEN'S OFFICE, to be had the moment they are drawn.
Whole Tickets, \$5 00 Quarters \$1 25
Half Tickets, 2 50 Eighths 62 1/2 cts
To be had in the greatest variety of N. at
COHEN'S OFFICE,
114 Market Street Baltimore,
Where the Capital Prizes in all the previous Classes were sold and where WITH THE GREAT PRIZES of

One Hundred Thousand Dollars
each were sold in former Lotteries and where more Capital Prizes have been sold than at any other Office in America.
ORDERS either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing Cash or Prizes, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if personal application. Address to
J. COHEN, JR. & BROTHERS,
Baltimore.
The Register containing the Official List, will be forwarded immediately after the drawing of those who may require it.
Baltimore, Nov. 27, 1828. 4w

More Luck
Swann's Office.
No. 12, 973, a prize of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, in the second sub-segment of the
MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY,
drawn on Wednesday, the 12th of November, was sold to a gentleman in this city.
AGAIN!!!
No. 13,538, a prize of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS; in the third sub-segment drawn on Wednesday, the 12th of November, was likewise sold to
SWANN'S OFFICE.
All tickets ending with either 3, 5, 7, or 9, are now determined. The sale of all others will be decided by the drawing of the fourth sub-segment, to take place on Wednesday, the 31st instant, on which day the whole of the following prizes will be distributed, and will complete the Lottery.
HIGHEST PRIZE
10,000 Dollars
1 prize of \$10,000 is 10,000 dollars
1 prize of 3,000 is 3,000 dollars
1 prize of 2,000 is 2,000 dollars
1 prize of 1,000 is 1,000 dollars
5 prizes of 500 is 500 dollars
5 prizes of 100 is 500 dollars
10 prizes of 50 is 500 dollars
20 prizes of 20 is 800 dollars
40 prizes of 10 is 1,000 dollars
200 prizes of 5 is 2,000 dollars
The whole of the prizes are payable in CASH, which can be had the moment they are drawn.
Whole Tickets, \$5 00
Half Tickets, 2 50
Quarters, 1 25
Eighths, 62 1/2 cts
To be had in the greatest variety of N. at
SWANN'S OFFICE,
Annapolis.

Wanted to Hire.
A subscriber wishes to hire a few or two stout servants, by the year, for which liberal wages will be Enquired of Wm. Brown of Annapolis, or to
RAGS
ought at the Store of the subscriber Geo. Shaw.

Fresh and Splendid
VELVET CLOTHS.
GEORGE WYNNE,
Merchant Tailor,
Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a
Large Stock of Goods,
In his line, consisting of
Some of the best Velvet Cloths, and an assortment of Cassimeres, and a variety of VESTINGS,
Of the latest fashions, with an assortment of
Stocks, Gloves, Collars & Suspenders.
All of which he will sell low for Cash, or to punctual customers on moderate terms.
Sept. 18. 14

PRIVATE SALE.
I will sell LOW at private sale, 760 acres of land lying in Allegany county. I will also sell at my dwelling, A. A. county, say fifty or eighty barrels prime long Corn fifty or sixty head of young Hogs three fine brood mares now forward in foal by that elegant horse of F. K. ridge called Prince Regent, one good Saddle Horse, some good M'leh Cows a quantity of good green Blade and top Fodder, Corn Sheeps &c one good road Waggon, one horse Cart. I will rent the Plantation whereon I now reside, 50 acres of which is now sowed in Rye, the buildings are in good repair. For Lancelot Gambrell and others
Augustin Gumbrell, Agent.
Head of Severn, Anne Arundel Co. Md.
Nov 27 4 3w

Public Sale of Land.
The subscriber, under authority invested in him by the last will of the late Thomas Mitchell, of Prince George's county will sell to the highest bidder on Saturday, the 27th instant, if fair, if not the first fair day thereafter, (Sunday excepted) at 11 o'clock A. M. upon the premises, a tract of land called

FINLAND,
Containing about 128 acres, (three fourths of which are heavily wooded) lying in Anne Arundel county, near Donaldson's Mills, on the new road to Baltimore, from which place it is distant about 15 miles, and about 5 miles from Edlicott's Forge, (purchased from the late Dr. Snowden). A further description is deemed unnecessary, as it is supposed all persons wishing to purchase will view the land before the day of sale, which will be shown them by Mr. Richard Donaldson, living near it.
THE TERMS
Will be liberal and accommodating, and made known on the day of sale.
JOHN MITCHELL Executor of Thos. Mitchell, deceased

In Chancery,
27th Nov. 1828.
Ordered, That the sale of the property in the cause of Richard T. Lowndes, and others, against William B. Jackson, made and reported by the trustee, Louis Gassaway, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 27th day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in some one newspaper before the 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sales to be three thousand dollars.
True copy,
Test. 2 Ramsay Waters, Reg. Cur. Can 3w
Dec 11.

In Chancery,
29th November 1828.
Ordered, That the sale made and reported by John Legenbell, trustee for the sale of the real estate of John Legenbell, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 29th day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in some one newspaper before the 29th day of December next. The report states the amount of sales to be \$1100.
True copy,
Test. 3 Ramsay Waters, Reg. Cur. Can 3w
Dec. 8.

House of Delegates,
December Session: 1827.
Has been completed and is ready for distribution. A few copies for sale at this office, price \$1 50.

MISCELLANY.
COLD WINTER IS COMING.
Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—
Gay Zephyr has filled his fan;
His lanes are coach'd in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as warm as you can.
Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start;
From his home on the mountain afar;
He is shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,
And snow wreathes embellish his car.
Cold Winter is coming—Hark did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown?
The children of Nature all tremble in fear,
For to them is his power made known.
Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!
The soft lute is remov'd from the ladies lorn bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.
Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage-bird hastes away,
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist he roves,
And returns like the sun-shine in May.
Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream;
And the bane of his petticoat breath
Will seal up the waters, till in the moon-beam,
They lie stiff as a chamber or death!
Cold Winter is coming—and soon shall we see
On the pines, by the genius Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower and tree;
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.
Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip;
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he comes unawares,
And turn it to ice on your lip.
Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Holla! warm—the tyant beware;
He's so busy, that to strike the young hero's fan;
He's so cold he'll not favour the fair.
Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before,
It seems I've not much else to say.
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away.

Communicated for the Richmond Enquirer.
A German neighbour of mine, whom I saw a few days ago, and who had just returned from the state of Ohio, gave me the following account of a speech-delivered by another German, at one of the elections which lately took place in that state for members of Congress; which, if you think proper, you can give a place in the Enquirer.
"He told the people that dey had formerly had in der employ an old horse called 'Confederashun'; dat after his old horse had been broken town and worn out in de service, dey had determined to turn him out to grass and to git a young one in his place, which dey named 'Constitution'."—
Dat dis young horse was given to Washington to prake and to shentle; and be sure Washington was a fine ridur. Dat Washington stroaked him, and gentled him and road him for six years—after dat time was out he returned him pack to de beepel, fat, and slick and fine. Dat de beepel had den to look out for anoder ridur for dis fine horse, and Shon Adams from somewhere apout Poston, was abointed to rite him. Put de beepel was very much disabointed in Mr. Shon Adams for he did not no how to manage de prute. He road him wid a gag-pride—and odervise so misused him dat at de end of four years he was all put upon the lif. De beepel den told Mr. Shon Adams he should not rite dat horse any longer—dat he must get towne. He accordingly gits town. Put so much ashame of de condition in which he had left de bore pruit dat he slip'd off to Poston apout midnite.
The beepel den got one Jefferson, a fine ridur from Virginia, to take charge of der horse 'Constitution,' who shet berry strait upon him and road him well, and took good care of him for s'bout year, darin all which time he was quite slick and fat excepting endurin de Eimpago when he was a little binch for foot.
After Jefferson got tired of riting, de beepel told Mr. Madison, a spruce, didy, little fellow, also from Virginia, to mount. Madison rote berry well, but being rider too small to manage him—he was berry near being throwt out of de saddle in the time of de war. Madison did not like all dis stumping and easpering apout and got towne after riting for eight year.
De beepel den told Mister Munro dat he would have to rite de horse as dey lik'd de Virginia riders berry well—so up Mister Munro git. De wedder brooving good and do road

fine, de horse did not fealter much endurin de eight years dat he was upon his pack.
When Mister Munro got tired of riting de beepel told Gen. Jackshun dat he must get upon de horse; an General Jackshun bin one foot in de bitrup & was about throwing de oder leg over de saddle, when Mr. John Quince Adams hallow'd to him, and told him dat horse was pro't out for him to rite, and dat he must not git upon dat horse, to which Gen. Jackshun at first bid no attention, and was about quietly seaten himself in de saddle. By dis time Mister Adams got very uneasy, and did cry out to General Jackshun you shall not git upon dat horse!—You shall not mount dat horse!—Mister Henry Clay hearin a fus among dem come out to see what was de matter. Mister Adams den tells Mister Clay you must assist me in bullin dat man town—I will den git upon de horse and you shall git up behind me—so dey went to work and bull'd General Jackshun down, and both mounted de horse together. Dey have not yet rote de horse four years when dey have almost kill him. De boor animal is lame and blind and spavind, and what is worse den all, he has got de chest founder. Besides, he has got a sore pack, and if dey do not take care he will kick up and throw dem both in de mud together."
After the Dutchman had finished this speech, he told the people that they would soon want a rider for their favourite horse, and that if they would put up General Jackshun, he would, after riding him awhile, return him into their hands fat and slick as General Washington had done.
Botetourt, Nov. 12, 1828.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW
In a winding, unfrequented road, in the South of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small, irregular dwelling, and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon to see the old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low browed cottage covered with the clustering cypresses, and the cleared brook, which, after dashing and foaming, & brawling and playing off all the sirs of a mountain river whilst pent up in the stream, was no sooner let loose than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger has stayed his steps to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when the accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in the mouth and jug in hand like de Tenier's boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulder carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter sitting about the poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.
The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of with elms in the front of the porch, a superb group of out-buildings behind an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filberted walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, and strawberry beds sloping into the very stream; so that the cows which, in sultry weather, came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows to cool themselves in the waters, could almost crop the leaves as they stood. "In my mind that was the pleasantest scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old building, perhaps at the miller's daughter.
Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would, to be sure, limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular; that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence; and no sooner did she appear, than even critics felt the

power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face with all its faults so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, on the side next the sun, were relieved by rich curls of brown hair of the hue of the rind of the horsechestnut, turning, when the sun shone on them, into threads of gold. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round short and child-like. Add to this a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue, and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.
But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the apple of his eye, kept her away from all the junksies, at which rural flirtations are generally begun. Accordingly our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen without a lover. She had indeed had two of fers; one from a dashing horse dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night, as they were chaffing about the price, and took the refusal in such judgdon that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to cheat the offending papa twice as much as he intended in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and parish clerk, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still, from habit, 'young Sam. Robinson.' He, one fine evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak to, astoundedly refused, master Sam. Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again with his wonted phlegm, playing a manful part in emptying the air jug and discussing the Welsh rabbit, he appeared as usual on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed entirely to have forgotten his unlucky proposal.
Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant to the great farm. The quiet, respectable old couple, who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a young tenant from a distant county, the younger son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of the admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey, who being unmarried, and of a kindly and social disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance, was an awe altogether different from her usual shamesfacedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he insisted upon being called, the compliment of running a way as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door, then she staid in the room, then she listened, then she laughed outright, then she ventured to look up, then she began to talk in her turn, and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as her own father.
On his side it was clear that the young farmer, with his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than his simple village lass. He passed over the little humors proper to her as a beautiful and spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother, was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own

inside too lonely; and the parties of the neighbourhood, too boisterous; the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude and society without dissipation, and thither he resorted accordingly. His peculiar Ranger talking position of the hearth rug, just so comfortably as if his own domestic; Miss Katy's large tabby cat, a dog later by profession, not merely submitting to the adaptation, but even raising its head to greet her bristles on his approach.
So the world went for three months more. One or two little mishaps had occurred between the parties. Once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May, Katy having taken fright at the lion and lions being painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half led, half forced, into the booth, to look at the living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, said taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a ribbon—an election ribbon. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person, and gracious manner of a country candidate, who called to request a father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look green and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that quarrel was pretermitted. At last a real serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favourite. She was an intelligent unaffected young woman, a few days older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might also be called plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing and her conversation so attractive, that few people after passing an evening in her society remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who on her part looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself on her wedding times when most pleased with their new neighbour, how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey! And now that her cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world if they had never met. They were evidently delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that rank of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy that poor Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserably frow from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort except when she could creep along to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite sure that she was wretched—and then she cried again.
In the mean while, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled a wiser head than that of our simple miller maid. A secret—could it be a love secret? and the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.
Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening towards the end of June, the cousin called for a walk, and was suddenly detained by Edward Grey, when he took a sudden from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long and narrow meadows, sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by higher hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasing