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such, octavo, on the second and found of every month. Price per annum, \$125. Subscriptions and communications (rost to received by Judar Dobson, Agent, Natt Sfreet, Philadelphia.

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ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 24. 1830.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

SILENT WORSHIP.

BY J. O. WHITTIER. The morning was a summer one—the boughs
Of the green trees were lifted in the wind,
The soft South wind, that wandered over earth,
Touching the long grass and the quiet streams
With a light wing, as fearful to disturb
The sancity of worship.

One by one,
The multitude had gathered, in the deep

The militude had gathered, in the deep And bowing sense of man's unworthiness. Slowly and quietly they came—the young. And the grey man—the modest glancing girl, And the screnity of riper years. Like noiseless shadows, stealing to their seats. As the last footstep passed away, the breeze, With its light tones, was audible alone, Stiering the willows which o'erhung the dead, And whispered to the grave atones. Motionless

Motionless,
That congregation worshipped. Silence lay,
like a strange presence, on the very heart,
Which gathering nothing from the outward world
of signt or sound, or any thing which makes
Men's sacrifice a mockery, had turned
Deeply upon itself. The human heart
Hath a most complex fashioning. The ties
Which bind us to the circumstance of earth,
the interner varing for a hangings. And its strange yearning for a happiness, Drawn from material mockeries, are strong As the soul's master passion. It would its elements of happiness and love From instural creations, and contrive To blend the heartless vanities of man With the pure fountain of religious truth.

And vanity are things to be cast off, Eike an unseemly garment, from the heart That howeth unto God, and giveth up Its stubborn will, and earthward tendencies, For the mild teachings and deep soluces? Of the all quickening speid, and the light Which cometh unto all—a hung beam—An emaption from the Eternal Mind. Hath a more blessed influence on the heart That turneth from the word, and gathers in Its wandering affections, and subduces Its veil-mence of passion, and in meek And chastened reverence, awaits the time Of Him, who bids the worshipper be still, And know that He is God. Human pride

## From the London N. M. Mazazine. THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought woe, to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman:
But when she wood with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo man;
But now with folly and with pride, Their husband's pockets trimming, The ladies are so full of whims, That people call them whim-men.

#### -------THE DEATH OF POLON.

If Sebago Lake were in Scotland or France, or Italy, people would cross the Atlantic, to see it-sail on its waters-angle for its fine trout-and come home and tell of it. it is, many who live within three hours' ride, know less about it, than they know about the Lake of Geneva, or Loch Lo-

More than seventy years ago, a party of Indian warriors arrived, with their canoes on the northern shore of the afternoon, on a pleasant May-day, and near the close of the month. As the wind then blew fresh from the south, they concluded to lie by, for a few hours, confidently predicting that as the sun went down, there would be a change of wind to favour their descent of signed himself to a quiet and refreshing sleep. the Lake, in a south-castern une

this they were not disappointed. Soon after the sun had become obscured by the tops of those hills, which lie in the now good farming town of Baldwin and Sebaco, Indians pushed off from the shore, and by taking a few boughs, which they had bro-ken from a pine tree, were wafted down the Lake, by a gentle breeze from the northwest—having but little use for their paddles. These men were savages—nay savage warriors—they had been in a hundred fights, and had committed a thousand cruelties; yet, however unwilling the white man may be to allow it, they had hearts susceptible of tender emotions. They were the children of nature and the varied expression of her face, whether in smiles or in frowns, in sunof nature; and the varied expression of her face, whether in smiles or in frowns, in sunshine or in thunder, had a powerful influence over their feelings. The adjacent forests, on the hill tops, as well as by the water hile, had not then been galled by the axe, nor scathed by fire—they stood in their na-tive grandeur. The trees had just put on their new foliage, and the whole Lake was encircled by a deep green border. The little Energid lies, seen hero and there, on the bosom of the waters, with tall frees standing out of them; appeared at a distance, like ships anchored for the night in a capacious bay. Evening came on—and as twilight disappeared thousands of stars looked down disappeared, thousands of stars looked down from he hive darknes above, and as many more seemed to look up from the deep dim valers below. It was one of those evenings when every person, not altogether insensible to the beauties of nature, loves to go out, and look abroad upon the heavens—to see the varied flushes of the fading west,—to

to breathe the soft and spicy air, and to feel a quiet pensiveness come over him—pure, devout, and holy—a twilight of soul—such

The red warriors moved down the Lake; all was still, save when a loon would rise before them, or suddenly dip into the water, and show his head again at too great a dis-tance, to be reached by musket ball. When they came to the Images," they concluded to tarry there, till a late hour of the night.

/ Stretched on the dry leaves, the warriors

soon sunk into profound sleep—one only excepted, and this was their chief. This Sam was the descendant of brave men, and was then on ground, which he called his own. The forefathers of the tribe to which he belonged, had possessed the Lake and its outlet-a fine river-from the source to the mouth in Casco Bay; and these, with their adjacent lands, had fallen to him by inheriadjacent lands, had fallen to him by inheritance. Over his grand-father's grave he had sworn, and to his duite father's grave he had sworn, and to his dying father he had renewed the oath, that he would never relinquich the right to these possesssions, while drop of their blood coursed in his veins. But the white man had become strong, and the red man weak. The former, therefore, was able to make sad encroachments into the territory of his red brother.

Polon, for that was the name of the chief, had at this time gathered the last of his warriors, to make one more effort to regain his native rights. Early on the preceding day, they had started upon this excursion, from the head waters of the Androscoggin, 'full of courage and full of war ' The chief could not sleep. His breast was agitated with conflicting emotions warfare of the soul. He walked to the top of the crag-startled an eagle from his ciri -once, thought he, the red men were the engles of the forest-what are they now?-The moon was up, and the stately hemlock and thetall pine threw their huge shadows on the surface of the Like. But as she moved up the sky, their shadows waxed smaller and fainter, reminding him that his race was now a mere shadow-and that this shadow was rapidly disappearing before the searching power of his white foe. Whether the surrounding objects, the silence and melancholy of the evening had much effect on the feelings of the warrior; or whether the still small voice of some divine impulse told him that he had seen the sun for the last time, is not known. But he was indeed altered. Not that he was afraid to

'Polon never feared death!' But the thought that his father's wrongs were yet unavenged, and that no one would come up in his name, to avenge his ownfor in his fall his tribe would become extinct

—these thoughts were enough to shake, and subdue his heart, great as it was.

He prayed to the Spirit of the Lake, and called on the Great Spirit of the Universe to forgive his errors—to let him behave in the unequal conflict of the coming day, with a valour and spirit worthy of his name; and if he had rightly read his destiny, to receive him to the region of shadowy forests and sunny lakes, where he might fish and hunt with his departed friends, having none to molest or make afraid. The deep-deep agony was over. He strode calmly back, stretched forth his mauly form by the side of his less thoughtful warriors, and soon relong before sunrise the next morning,

Polon and his men were on the borders of the infant settlement of New Marsichead, and more than half way from the Lake to the sea-shore. The settlers at this time were expecting an attack and had concentrated res at the garrison-house, a building, the walls of which were constructed of hea vy timbers, and through which a musket ball would not pass. During the long con-tinued wars between the Indians and the white people, each party had been learners The former had acquired the use of fire arms and the latter had become expert in planning an ambuscade, or managing an irregular tree fight. The settlers cultivated their fields in rotation, going in a body and well armed. On the morning of which we now speak, they were proceeding from the garrison, to labour on a piece of land belonging to Brown one of their number. Soon after entering the woods, they were fired upon by a party of Polon's men, and the battle immediately mmenced. Stratagem was used on bot sides. The sure aim of the red chieftain had already brought two men to the ground; when Macchester, a white man, fixed his eye on Polon, whom he well knew. He secreted himself behind a tree, hastily clapping his hat on the muzzle of his gun, and his jacket around the barrel; these he causaly moved out to the view of Polon whose eye keen as it was, once deceived him,

"The Images' took their name from a erag of rock, rising to an imbureae beight, and harging over the water, which was many hundred feet deep at its very base. On the front of the rock, were drawn, with red paint, several figures, beging a rude resemblance of

watch the parting rays of the gone-down sun and he lost his fire. Posting himself in an -to enjoy the mild twinkling of the stare angle formed by two logs, the one crossing angle formed by two logs, the one crossing the other. he began to reload his gun, when Manchester fired from behind the tree, and Polon fell. The Indians at the fall of the leader, set up a dismal yell, and both parties left the ground. The white men retreated to the garrison, and the Indians into the thick woods carrying on their shoulders the body of the much loved chief. They had not gone far, however, when they found that their enemies, being reinforced, were in fresh pursuit. They were convinced that resistance would be in vain, and flight impossible, unless they could dispose of their venerated burden. In this emergency several of them assended a tall, but not large tree, swayed over the top, turning up the root on one side, under which they cast the lifeless body;-the tree righted, grew as vigorously as before. Thus fell Polonthere still lie the bones of the brave warrior

## PRIZE TRAGEDY.

Mr. John Augustus Stone the successful author of the tragedy of 'Metamora,' is a comedian of some abilities, and the same gentleman whose address for the benefit of the Greeks won such general approbation at the Theatre of this city. He has also gained much credit as the author of the 'Banker of The decision of the committee of literary gentlemen as to the excellence of Mr. Stone's tragedy, it is said, will justify the trust placed in them. The play is finely calculated for effect, the scenery is imposing. and the plot highly interesting. The great strength of the piece lies in the hero 'Meta-mora,' who stands boldly forth in the full majesty of his native character. This hero cannot but meet with a noble representative in our own Forrest.

The Boston Statesman contains an extract from one of the rejected tragedies, by B. B. Curtis, Esq. of Burlington, Vt. Its title is 'Eskan,' and the character of the Indian chief, it is said, is sketched with a bold and daring hand, in many instances exceedingly eloquent; and the under plot, which is part-ly drawn, the author says, from Mr. Leggett's popular tale, the 'Rifle,' is managed with skill and effect.'

We think our readers will be pleased with the following extracts. . Emerald.

ACT II.—Scene I.
A dark and solitary wood, stumps and trees partly burnt and decayed; in the buck ground is seen the ruin of an In-

dian dicelling.

(Enter Eskah and Wharroo.)

E. 'Tis hereabouts, my son; a little further, a few more steps; the dead grass and rank weeds mark it; 'tis here-there, there! My son, look, look, there, was the home of thy sires! and their spirits are moaning in the winds; hear them, hark! was that not your mother's voice? Again-Maiomi speak again. They are gone-hushed. Come, my son, we will find their ashes.

(They rush among the ruins and kneel.)

W. Shall I find where they killed my

E. 'Twas here, this place-and yet I remember not; the fire was around them all, swift, and terrible. I cannot think of it, boy-my-brain, my brain-hah! what, this! another joint?-I thought I had buried them all. Come close to me, (places his hand on Wharroo's head) they come around us, they look upon us, they speak, hear them! They say, remember, remember, remember this alter of death, where the white man spared not our race, nor our kindred; remember and seek, forget not-seek him that de-

stroyed."
Wharroo will remember.

E. The great spirit will give thee strength, and memory, and manhood, my son. When Eskah's fail, Great Spirit, give him the fire of the clouds, that is swift, and sure; let his eye see, and his hand strike, where the encis hid, if Eskah does not; for thry spared not his race, nor his kindred, but gave them to the fiames, and the fiery death-an here, would Eskah rest with them, and minhere, would Eskah rest with them, and min-gle ashes with sahes—but must not, 'till the blow is struck, 'till the fire goes out, 'till hate shall die, 'till many suns have set. Wharroo, my son—son of the bright cloud, and the rainbow, (for it rested on the hills when Malomi gave thee to me,) come—[Wharroo takes from his bosom a small casket and opens it—Eskah goes among the ruins. opens it—Eskah goes among the ruins, takes ashes in his hand, comes forward and puts them in the casket.] Thy MOTHER (They retire slowly, keeping their eyes fixed on the ruin.)
The following passage is from the closing

the rolling rivers. 'Behold, these are ours,' said they—'the blossoms and the fruit, and the ripe corn-the hills and the swift deer, they are ours, nor shall the white man take them from us or make us afraid. 'Welcome they cried, 'welcome to-morrow.' Maiomi. thy mother, was there, and all my warriors;

welcome they cried.—To-morrow, Eskah will be with them.

I. Irena too.

E. My poor bird tester Wharroo.) my son—my boy safe; they did not kill him, and he shall live to remember—they will not how. Eskah to look upon his children. The deny Eskah to look upon his children. The Great Spirit will keep you both, when I am -und this death to come-Irena, go awhile to our good Emma. I No no, Irena must not go from her fa-ther no no.

have killed her father. Go now, and come again soon-she may come with you, tell her Eskah would see her.

E. A little while and comfort her; they

I. And she will come with me to you?.

E. Yes, and—stay—this, (folds ther to his bosom,) now. (Exit Irena.) Wharroo, they will kill thy father. W. Wharroo will live and remember

the'n. E. The Great Spirit will give thee life and strength and memory, my boy-but this death for me-was Eskah a prisoner from the battle, with brave enemies around him to tell them his deeds with every pang, returning hate for hate, with the song of triumph; Eskah could die the warrior's death honor his name-but this which the white man gives-Wharron, would'st see thy father -come, let's see, (takes Wharroo's arm and rolls up h s sleeve. ) no no, 'tis but a tender shoot and would fail, should he obey me-well-

(Enter Officer.)

Of E.kah, have you any request to make, or word to say? if you have, name it, for your time wears apace. There is a holy man near by, if you would have him sent

for-E. Eskah's prayers have gone up to the Great Spirit

Of. Have you nothing to say for your children? they must soon be left, and without a father, mother or friend.

E. Mother, mother, friend, why, there they are! in the flames! enwrapt, writhing n—see! there they gisp and suck in the hot death! See! they choke, and the fire consumes their heart!—Now hear them shriek that horrible cry-their tongues roll outtheir eyes burst their sockets, their flesh is dropping from their bones-ah hah! now the timbers crush them-ah hark! hark! they call me, they call E-kah-he comeshe comes. [Seizes the dagger in the offi-cer's belt and stabs himself.]—I come—I come-I co-[fulls and dies.]

LORD BYRON AND HIS PET BEAR. We perceive that our friend Moore has omitted some of the most whimsical of Lord Byron's juvenile pranks; amongst them, one which we remember was much laughed at, and became a stock story with the and became a stock story with the 'knights of the whip, 'and drew many a half-crown from 'lots of gemmen vot likes to ride on coachee's left' It is well known that the young poet had a favourite bear—they were remarkably partial to each other. One of his land was very tired, haveing travelled a great way, an scarce of work, and could not get any, and was very hungry indeed, and very sleepy, and footbook, and the land was very hungry indeed, and very sleepy, and footbook, and the land was very hungry indeed, and very sleepy, and footbook, and the land was very hungry indeed, and very sleepy, and footbook, and the pennoth of tobacco, and four pennoth of gin and waster, and haveing nothing to eat all day I was very tired, haveing nothing to eat all day I was very t spar at Ursa, till the poet became tired and Ursa irritated: for though generally a tame and docile quadruped, he was muzzled for fear of accidents. His Lordship was suddenly called down to Nottinghamshire. He had taken places for "two gentlemen" in a northern mail, in the names of Byron and 'Tivas a dark November night; the friends arrived in Lombard street in a hacknev coach a little before eight. —The off-door of the mail, at his Lordship's demand, was opened, Byron placed his own travelling cap on Bruin's head and pushed him into the 'vehicle of letters,' followed, and immediately ately made him squat on the seat, looking as demure as a Quaker in a brown upper Benjamin. They occupied the whole of the back: and it so happened that the two B's (Byron and Bruin) were the only pas sengers who started from the Post Offic

The following passage is from the closing scene.

ACT V.—Scene V.

A Prison: Eskah seated—Irena [daughter of Eskah] seated beside him seatching I. Ha sleeps. Ah! heavy is Irena's heart; I shall no more sing to him when he wakes, and be his morning bird, for they will kill Irena's father, & she will die too. (he soakes)

E, Where; Where; Ah' here, and my

bird, my little bird. I have slept long, long | pared to the infliction of silence on an bird, my little bird. I have slept long, long — when are they coming to kill me?

L. Oh no, no they shall not, you shall sleep sgain; Irena will watch.

E. It was a sweet sleep, if sleep it was. I was not here.

L. Yes.

E. I was with my fathers, yes—In the green vallies and groves where they did repose. They led me to the cooling shades and sunsy banks, beside the fountains and the rolling rivers. Behold, these are ours, sleeping opponent, and cast a longing eye sleeping opponent, and cast a longing eye towards the quiet gentleman in the fur cap in t'other corner, and re-opened his 'vomitory of vociferation' with-'Hem! a nice bit of road this here, Sir, jess to Vetstun.—(no answer. He's a deaf'un, perhaps,' and in a louder key he re commenced—'A very dark cold night this is Sir!,—Like Brutus over Cæsar's body, Snip paused for a reply while the emoryo Peer, to smother a laugh, was obliged to issue a tremendous snore

that almost alarmed his quiescent friend Bruin. The tailor eased off from his snoring Lordship towards the supposed dolf gentle nan, and, bent on conversation, was determined to have an answer; and, in defiance of Chesterfield, sought to seize a breast button, but encountered nothing but fur. 'Ah! Sir,' bawled the tailor, 'this here's a werry nice warm travelling coat of your'n.' Receiving no reply but a growl and a snore, Snip in despair, gave his tongue a holiday—and slept. Aurora's early beams had already peeped into the coach windows, when he awoke to unthought of horrors; for the first object which caught his sight was Bruin's head, with muzzled mouth, but glaring eyes, within three feet of his own boiled gooseberry gog-

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'the deaf gentleman in the nice varm travelling coat is a real live bear!—Help! murder coach! stop! roused the slumbering guard. Let me out!' shouted snip—and out he went; and the poet and his pet were left in full possession of the interior, while the tailor measured the seat of the box for the rest of the journey. The way bill is still extant, though not written in choice Italian,' as Hamlet says, but Ladlane English, and the story is known, and still told by many an old Whip on the northern road.

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

China was full of books before there was a man in Europe who could either read or write. One of the Mahometan rules for securing happiness in the married state was this.—Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that your husbands behave to you.' Some of the Bridges of London are built, and some of the streets paved, with Scotch stone; there are excellent freestone quarries near Bath, but the expense of conveyance to London by land is greater than from Scotland by sea. The Athenians allowed no ummarried man to hold any public office. The custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head, when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom. The Greeks shaved their heads when they wished to show respect to the memory of a great man. A fluent speaker will pronounce 7200 words in an hour, 150 in a minute, and 2 in a moment.

# A PROBABLE CASE!

George Beal, labourer, was indicted at York assizes feloniously for taking out of a stable at Upton, a bay mare, the property of Joseph Clarkson. When called upon for his defence he delivered the following curious nerrative: He said 'I had a glass of beer, a pennoth of tobacco, and four pennoth of gin I did not know where to hig down; I wander-I did not know where to hig down; I wantered about, at last I came to a stable, it was very dark, and I very drunk, not haveing any thing to eat all day, and on opening the stable door I fell ower upon something which I felt was very warm; it was a very cald night, I felt myself very comfortable and fell fast asleep, for I wanted sleep very much, and to my great surprise did not wake till the mars had carried me to a very great distance. I did not wake until I came to a toll gate, and sho man asked me for the toll; but while on the mare, and asleep, I think I passed by a sweep and a woman, and when I awoke I did not know where I was. I therefore naterfully though the mare was my own, haveing carried me so far without my knowledge or consent. Gentlemen of the Jury and my Lord Judge that is all I know about the matter. The Jury, after a few minutes' consulation, found the prison, ers guilty. ed about, at last I came to a stable, it was veers guilty.

To advertise in a daily paper in London for one year, costs six hundred dollars. In the western country, it is expected you will advertise for nothing and be grateful for the patronage.

\*\*Cincinnati American.\*\*

A certain Justice of the Peace, would only hear one of the parties in a case before him, he said, when because it always puzzled him, he said, he heard both 1 1