

# The Maryland Gazette.

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ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1830.

NO. 42.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**JONAS GREEN,**  
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

**GEORGE M'NEIR,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

Has just returned from Philadelphia

and Baltimore, with a

**LARGE STOCK OF GOODS**

Patent Finished Cloth

**CASSIMERES & VESTINGS**

**NEW & SPLENDID.**

**BASIL SHEPARD,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

Has just returned from PHILADEL-

PHIA and BALTIMORE, with

the most choice selection of

**FALL & WINTER GOODS.**

**CLOTHS & VESTINGS,**

**WILLIAM BRYAN,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

Has just received a large and very

handsome assortment of

**CLOTHS,**

**Cassimeres and Vestings,**

**OF VARIOUS QUALITIES AND COLOURS,**

**REACHER WANTED.**

**FOR LEASE OR RENT.**

**FOR RENT.**

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## BOOKS JUST RECEIVED

From the N. York Protestant Episcopal Press,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The Family Visitor. 25

Dr. Waterland, on Regeneration & Justification. 25

Archbishop King, on the Invention of Men in the 25

Worship of God. 25

Jones Essay on the Church. 125

Dr. Barry's Doctrine of the Sacraments. 125

Taylor's Answer to the Question, Why are you a 125

Churchman. 125

Strong's Candid Examination of the Episcopal 125

Church. 125

Conversations on the Liturgy, by Rev. E. Davis. 125

A Letter from a Blacksmith. 125

The Last Day of the Week. 125

The First Day of the Week. 125

The Week Completed. 125

The Pink Tippet, in IV Parts, by Mrs. Cameron. 125

The Little Beggar, by Mrs. Sherwood. 65

The Miller's Family. 65

Procrastination, by Mrs. Sherwood. 65

Sunday School Tracts, Vol. I, and II. 65

The Mill-r's Daughter. 65

The Faithful Little Girl. 65

The Anniversary Book, or a story about William 65

Howard and Charles Curran. 65

Punctuality in attending Public Worship, 65

Harvest Home. 65

The Two Mothers or Memoirs of the last century, 575

Tales for Youth, (Frank & George, & Christmas 575

Day.) 575

Private Devotion, 575

Susan and Esther Hall, by Mrs. Cameron, 185

Gilpin's Monument of Parental Affection, 185

The Sailor Boy. 185

Re-converted Negro, by Mrs. Sherwood, 185

The Laborer Missionaries, 65

Duff's Sermons for Children, 2

Mary and Jane, a Dialogue, by Mrs. Cameron, 2

A Family in Eternity. 2

The Baptism. 65

A Farmer's Narrative of his Conversion, 65

Pocket Prayer Book, written by itself, 25

Life of Mowbray, by Mrs. Sherwood, 25

History of Robert Jones. 25

J. T. keeps FOR SALE.

**BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.**

**EPISCOPAL CATECHISMS, and SUN-**

**DAY SCHOOL BOOKS.**

He receives Subscriptions for the **CHIL-**

**DREN'S MAGAZINE, and the FAMILY**

**VISITOR; also for STANDARD WORKS**

of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the First

Volume of which is received.

**JOHN THOMPSON.**

October 14, 1830.

**CASH FOR NEGROES.**

WE WISH TO PURCHASE

**100 LIKELY NEGROES,**

Of both sexes,

from 12 to 25

years of age.

Field hands—

also, mechanics

of every de-

scription. Persons wishing to sell, will do well

to give us a call, as we are determined to give

**HIGHER PRICES FOR SLAVES,** than any

other purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in this

market. Any communication in writing will be

promptly attended to. We can at all times

be found at **Williamson's Hotel,** Annapolis.

**LEGG & WILLIAMS.**

Oct. 14th.

**\$100 REWARD.**

**RAN AWAY** from the subscriber, living on

W. St. a Negro Man named

**DICK HOBBS**

a carpenter and Joiner by trade.

He is about 27 years old, very

dark complexioned, 5 feet 6 or 7

inches high, has a scar over one of his eyes,

stammers if closely interrogated by a hatchet.

He had on when he went off a blue and white

country cloth roundabout, a pair of dark col-

ored pantaloons, a new linen trowsers, a hat

and a pair of shoes. He has a sister, living in the

upper part of Anne Arundel, and may have

gone in that direction, but I am rather inclined

to think that he has made for Pennsylvania. I

will give Fifty Dollars if taken in the State; or

the above reward if taken any where else, and

secured so that I get him again.

**JOSEPH ATWELL.**

Oct. 7.

**PUBLIC SALE.**

By virtue of an order from the Orphan

Court of Anne Arundel county, the sub-

scriber will offer at Public Sale, at the resi-

dence of Joseph Jones, deceased, near McMillan's

tavern, on Thursday the 28th instant,

**THE PERSONAL ESTATE**

Of said deceased, consisting of

**HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP,**

and Hogs, Plantation Utensils, Household and

Kitchen Furniture.

**TERMS OF SALE.**—For all sums of Ten

Dollars, or upwards, a credit of six months

will be allowed, the purchaser giving bond,

with security, for the payment thereof under

Ten Dollars, the Cash to be paid.

**EDZABETH JONES, Adm'r.**

Oct. 14.

**NOTICE.**

ALL persons indebted to us on bond, note,

or open account, are respectfully requested

to call and settle the same, as it is impossible

to give further indulgence.

**ADAM & JOHN MILLER.**

Oct. 7.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JANE T. RUSSELL.**

Who died on board the U. S. Sloop of War Peacock

When the evening gale from the water roar'd,

And the spangled flag from its height was lowered,

And silence reigned on board the bark's deck—

Where the searings gazed on the billows dark—

Then sadly sounded the solemn tread,

As the muffled drum

Called the weeping crew to bury the dead.

In his winding-sheet the gallant youth lay,

Lovely in death—while a smile seemed to play

On those lips which a mother oft had pressed

To hers, while affection thrilled her breast;

But soon the funeral service was read,

And the muffled drum

Was heard as the waves received the dead.

For a moment he floated upon the wave,

Then sank, regretted, to his watery grave,

'Mid the pearls of care the unfathom'd deep,

Where the mermaids sit 'mid the worms to weep

And where his lifeless body shall rest,

Till the angel call,

From Zion's walls,

His spirit come to the realms of the blest.

From the New-England Review.

**THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.**

The Bachelor—the confirmed systematic

old Bachelor. God pity him! Man, nor wo-

man, nor child will not. He is as one mark-

ed out and fitted for the abuse and cavillings

of his neighbors. He is a lonely wanderer

on the great thoroughfare of Being—his sym-

pathies fettered down in his bosom—his sym-

paties unshar'd, unreciprocated, and wander-

ing like the winged messenger of the Patri-

arch of the De-Jude, over the broad waste of an

unsocial humanity; and finding no rest—no

place of refuge—no beautiful island in the eter-

nal solitude—no green branched forest

looking above the desolation, where the weary

wisdom might be folded, and the fainting

heart have rest.

It is a weary thought for the human heart

to brood over, that in the wide universe of life

there is no other heart to quicken with our

own—no smile to welcome our coming—no

eye to brighten with our joy or weep with our

affliction. There is no thought which falls so

heavily and darkly on the human spirit: it is

as if a leaden hand had been laid upon it—

never to be lifted—never to be warmed from its

frozen communion.

Yet, there is much in a Bachelor's life, which

is pleasant—much of real and unadulterated

happiness. The romance of the married passes

rapidly away, never to return. The cares

and duties of domestic life break in upon the

beautiful dream; and the sundered links of

imagination are never again united. Not so

with the Bachelor. Romance is to him as the

breath of life itself; and as age comes on, he

gathers back to himself the day dreams of his

boyhood; and, if less vivid than the long-past

reality, they are more sweetly beautiful, as

the moonlight hues of memory linger upon

them.

Light airy forms have lent their sleep,

And eyes smiled on him, like the moon's

Will without eyes, though ravish'd

Clustering upon the bosom's smooch

And thin, white fingers, like gold

Have pass'd along his favored breast

I had a friend of this description—a Bachelor

of fifty, a kind, free-hearted fellow, who

frequently amused me with his allusions to

the events of his earlier years. Wearing with

the loneliness and silence of his existence, he

found a certain relief in the treasured memo-

ries of the past. Sorrow and joy were per-

equally mingled in these remembrances, like

the shadow and sunshine of an April land-

scape, yet both were treasured up and loved

and mused over.

"I had a dream last night," said he, as I

entered his apartment one cold morning in