

The Maryland Gazette.

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NO. 46.

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

The Family Visitor, \$1 25
Dr. Waterland, on Regeneration & Justification, 25
Archbishop King, on the Invention of Men in the
Worship of God, 5
Jones Knap, on the Church, 124
Dr. Barrow's, Doctrine of the Sacraments, 124
Taylor's Answer to the Question, Why are you a
Churchman, 124
Green's Candid Examination of the Episcopal
Church, 124
Conversations on the Liturgy, by Rev. E. Davys, 124
A Letter from a Blacksmith, 182
The Last Day of the Week, 182
The Week Day of the Week, 182
The Week Completed, 182
The Book of Hours, in IV Parts, by Mrs. Cameron, 124
The Fish Beggars, by Mrs. Sherwood, 64
The Millon Family, 64
Peregrination, by Mrs. Sherwood, 2
Sunday School Tracts, Vol. I, and II, 50
The Miller's Daughter, 64
The Faithful Little Girl, 64
The Anniversary Book, or a story about William
Howard and Charles Curren, 64
Practicality in attending Public Worship, 2
Key to Home, 64
The Mothers of M. moirs the last century, 57
Tales for Youth, (Frank & George, & Christmas
Day), 25
Private Devotion, 37
Sion and Esther Hall, by Mrs. Cameron, 182
Glenn's Monument of Parental Affection, 182
The Sailor Boy, 182
Reception of Negro, by Mrs. Sherwood, 64
The Laboring Missionaries, 2
Dissertations for Children, 2
Mary and Jane, a Dialogue, by Mrs. Cameron, 64
A Family in Eternity, 64
The Baptism, 64
A Friend's Narrative of his Conversion, 64
Prayer-Book, written by itself, 512
History of Robert Jones, 25

J. T. keeps FOR SALE,

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,
EPISCOPAL CATECHISMS, and
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

He receives Subscriptions for the **CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE,** and the **FAMILY VISITER;** also for **STANDARD WORKS** of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the First Volume of which is received.

JOHN THOMPSON.

October 14, 1830.

JUST RECEIVED

From the N. York Protestant Episcopal Press

THE LIFE OF
BISHOP HEBER,
BY HIS WIDOW.
In Two Volumes.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Oct. 14

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Has just returned from Philadelphia
and Baltimore, with a
LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

In his line, consisting of some of the handsomest
Patent Finished Cloth

of various qualities and colours, with an assortment of
CASSIMERES & VESTINGS

suited to the season, which he respectfully in-
vites his friends to call and examine.

All of which he will make up at the shortest
notice, and in the most FASHIONABLE STYLE.
low for CASH, or to punctual men only.

Sept 25

6w

WILLIAM BRYAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Has just received a large and very
handsome assortment of

CLOTHS,
Cassimeres and Vestings,

Of Various Qualities and Colours,
Which he invites his friends and the public to
call and examine for their satisfaction; and will
make them up at the shortest notice and most
approved styles, to suit Customers.

Oct 7

ANN KARNEY

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of
Annapolis, and its vicinity, that she has on
hand, a fine assortment of

RIBBONS,

AND ALSO A SELECTION OF

Dunstable, Leghorn, and
Split Straw Bonnets,
which she will dispose of on the most moderate
terms.

She has likewise a quantity of Leghorn, for
the purpose of altering Leghorn Bonnets into
the present fashion. She returns her thanks
to the public in general, for their former pa-
tronnage, and respectfully asks a continuation
thereof.

Oct 21.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Salem, (Mass.) Gazette.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

There is no God, the fool hath said,

Exulting in his heart,

Then let me moulder with the dead,

This heaving pulse depart,

Dust will return to native dust,

Clay mingle with its clay—

The soul will never be blest nor curst,

There is no judgment day.

Is there no God? Go ask the sun

Whence he his being had—

The stars from whence their course begun,

Who them in glory clad,

Go ask the moon that nightly rides

Through the sea of liquid blue,

Old ocean with its heaving tides,

Whence he his virtues drew,

Is there no God? Ask yonder bird,

That warbles forth his praise—

Creation with its thousand herds,

That by the waters graze,

Is there no God? Ask of the streams

That fertilize the earth,

And sparkle in the noontide beams,

Like things of heavenly birth.

Go ask the thunder as it rolls

Along the bending sky—

The lightning's flashing from the poles,

The meteor's burning eye.

This is the answer nature gives—

God sitteth on his throne;

Without him, nought created lives;

He stood and stands alone!

She tells it from the hollow deep

And from the crystal sky,

The winds along the heavens that sweep,

Proclaim in language high—

There is a God whose moving hand

Gave motion, life and joy

To yonder bright and starry band,

And can as well destroy.

Unhappy man! whose earth-bound soul

Has never longed to fly

Beyond the limits of the pole,

To him who dwells on high;

But, like a brute rush to the tomb

Without one glorious hope;

Reckless of time eternal doom,

Till hell upon thee ope.

Behold the lilies of the field,

They bow their necks to God,

All nature doth her homage yield,

The sea, the fire, the floods;

And can mute nature be more wise

Than heaven-descended man?

O lip that not ye azure skies!

You know she never can.

For God hath placed within his breast,

A soul that ne'er can die;

It spanneth time, and space and rest,

'Twas made to dwell on high.

Then pause awhile ye foolish man!

And bow the knee to Him

Who was ere time his course began,

When heaven and earth were dim.

He now gave himself implicitly up to the di-
rection of the dwarf. The day afterwards,
Jacob and the dwarf set out with their caps
on their heads, and two empty wallets under
their arms; to the castle of the Knight. Dur-
ing the bridal ceremony they placed them-
selves upon the large round table, around
which the bridegrooms and the bride were to
sit. The dwarf then instructed the tittering
shepherd in the part he was to perform.

In the course of an hour the whole com-
pany entered the room in pairs, and all took the
places which were pointed out to them accord-
ing to their several dignities, little suspect-
ing the presence of any other guests.

And now the frolic began. The invisible
dwarf pulled out the pins which fastened the
myrtle garland on the bride's head, and Ja-
cob pushed a large dish out of the hand of the
butler which splashed the gravy over the
scolding guests. Meanwhile, the bridal
wreath fell from the head of the bride—a bad
omen, which might well wrinkle the brow of
the old ladies, and set the young ones a whis-
pering.

A pause ensued, in which the guests, who
waited the filling of the bumpers, to resume
the conversation, set their jaws briskly in
motion.

But, good saints defend us! What was
the surprise of the whole company, when, on
the appearance of the second course, they
stretched their hands out towards the deli-
cacies—scarcely had they got a morsel on their
forks, and raised to their mouths, ere it was
snatched away by the dwarf or by Jacob, who
crammed it with much laughter into their in-
visible wallets. The guests opened their eyes
wider and wider,—their faces lengthened
more and more,—a silence like that of mid-
night in a cemetery, reigned throughout the
whole room,—knives, mouths, jaws, were
laid at rest, while each gaped in blank asto-
nishment upon his neighbour. Flagon after
flagon, cup after cup now disappeared from
the table, and still the thief remained invis-
ible! Well might the hair of the guests now
begin to rise on end; every where all was sil-
ent as death, not a sound was heard but the
chattering of teeth.

How they might best make their way out of
the enchanted room, or hide themselves un-
der the table, became now a question with the
horror-stricken guests. Most of them were
about to adopt the latter alternative when
the dwarf having suddenly snatched the cap
from the head of his companion, all at once
the culprit stood revealed to their astonished
sight, sitting upon his heels, with each arm
supported by a well filled wallet.

The deathlike silence gave place to the
most outrageous uproar; every arm and every
tongue was again in motion, while Jacob,
with his head hanging down like a broken
reed, was dragged away, under a thousand
curse, towards a dark dungeon, where ser-
pents and newts crawled about, there to starve
beside his emptied wallets.

They were just about to lower the unfortu-
nate shepherd into this loathsome place and
all around stood the guests, mocking and jeer-
ing the trembling rustic, when lo! the invis-
ible dwarf approaches the half-dead shepherd,
claps the cap again on his head, and in the
twinkling of an eye the prisoner disappears.

The spectators stood there as if changed
into many stones with faces as long as a yard,
for the full space of an hour, without bethink-
ing themselves either of eating or drinking
or the merriment of the wedding. And there
they might have been standing to this hour,
had not the dwarf, compassionating their blank
amazement, taken off his cap and revealed
himself for a minute's space in his true form.
'Now, Sir Knight,' said he, 'do not bound
me again with your dogs out of your castle
yard; and you, Jacob, I hope you will in fu-
ture put your bag-pipes a little while aside,
when I politely ask that favour of you.'

The guests now tumbled over one another,
and scrambled out of the house where the
mysterious dwarf had appeared.

THE HUSKING PARTY.

There is not a pleasanter thing in the whole
round of country life, than the good old fash-
ioned husking party. Talk of the rout—the
masquerade and the card table, as much as
you please, they are all dull, heartless and
insipid, compared to the laudable and useful
custom of our ancestors. Just fancy to your-
self a warm mild evening in autumn; when
the harvest moon is up among the stars, and
the streams, and the hills, and the tall trees,
are touched with inflammation; and a group of
happy kind hearted beings, from the grey-
haired old man, to the young and beautiful
girl, are assembled around the abundant fruits
of a neighbour's persevering industry. We
have heard the presence of females objected to,
as highly improper and unbecoming; but this
we deny. The assemblage is not one of stran-
gers—where doubts and apprehensions must
fetter every moment and seal every lip; but
those who have lived together as children of
one family from infancy upward—who have
met each other on all terms and in all situa-
tions, in the kitchen or the parlour—on the
field or the workshop, with the same frank smile
of welcome. And pray where is the harm, of
mirth, pleasure, tempered as they are here,
with pure unadorned modesty?

There is no affectation in such a group—
there is openness, a frankness; a buoyancy of
spirit, which will be sought in vain among
those who have mingled with the fashionable
world, and learned from its hollow back-

ries and popular vices to tamper with the
heart's best feelings—to curl the lip at sincer-
ity, and betray without scruple the artless and
unsuspecting. No—no! nothing of this. The
girl that seats herself at the husking, and the
honest plain dressed youth beside her, have
no sentimental novel borrowed nonsense to
exchange—they are under no constraint to
imitate this or that great heroine or hero; they
never read and sighed over the pernicious pa-
ges of Moore and Byron, nor looked on un-
blushingly at an immodest theatrical repre-
sentation. On the contrary, they had drawn
their beautiful notions of love and friendship,
from the praiseworthy example and maxims
of their ancestors. There is a world of reali-
ty, and a pleasant one it is too, for they are
little given to day dreaming; and the incidents
of life—its alternate light and shadow—are
met without the bitter disappointments which
follow so closely upon the dreams of the ro-
mantic and idle visionary.

But we have grown sentimental on this sub-
ject, and verily, it is one we cannot talk a-
bout calmly. The good old days of our an-
cestors are pleasant to our memory—we love
every song that a century ago rang among the
wild woods of New England.

American Manufac.

NOVEMBER.

It has been fashionable to stigmatize this
month as 'the saddest of the year,' a season
of gloom and frost—a time for suicide and
the blue-devils. 'Tis a villainous abuse of one
of the cleverest nymphs among the twelve
sisters. True—November has not the light,
airy beauty of May, nor the softness and vol-
uptuous charm of June—but there is an honest
and familiar frankness in her coming,
which renders her, uncouth and rude as she
may be—an agreeable visitant. She is like
the buxom fair one of the by-gone times of
our grandmothers—with her tresses unadorn-
ed and with a homely garb, but with a kind-
ly spirit and a warm heart.

November is after all a pleasant season.—
What if the flowers are dying, one after an-
other, as the frost, like a vegetable pestilence,
passes over them? What if the leaves do
wither, and wear for a time the yellow and
sickly hue of decay, and then fall, with eve-
ry breathing of the wind, like wearied birds
stricken down from their resting-place? What
if a change does come over the things, which
we have loved, when we know that it is this
change—the shifting aspect of the seasons—
this variety of Nature, which makes the
world so beautiful and beloved? If flower
and leaf and herbage, and all the glorious
things of Summer are departing—there are
other joys and other scenes in perspective.
There are the gathering around the household
fire—the long and pleasant evenings—the
song—the merriment—the glad Thanksgiving,
the Christmas Ball!—Then too the long bright
evenings of approaching Winter—when the
earth is white with the beautiful vestment of
snow—when the whole Heaven is brilliant
with stars—and the clear moonlight casts the
still shadows of the skeleton trees upon the
white lustre which surrounds them. Who, at
such a time, does not love the sleigh ride—the
merry, joyous sleigh ride?—Who has not
gazed until his eyes ached with the magnifi-
cence of the scene, upon the frost work of
Winter—when the fine, misty rain has be-
come frozen upon every visible object? Sum-
mer has nothing to compare with the simple
scenery of winter, when

'The frost performs its silent ministry,
Unhelped by any wind.'

when every blade of grass and every twig
flashes like a living diamond—when every
tree rises like a tall column of silver, and the
branches, long, tapering and leafless, glow
like the jewelry which lightened on the eye
of Aladdin in the cave of the Enchanter.

The glory of the summer has gone by—the
beautiful greenness has become withered and
dead. Were this all—were there no associa-
tions of moral desolation—of fading hopes—
of hearts withering in the bosoms of the liv-
ing—connected with the decaying scenery a-
round us, we would not indulge in a moment's
melancholy. The season of flowers will come
again—the streams will flow gracefully and
lightly as before—the streams will again toss
their cumbersome load of greenness to the sun
light—and by mossy stone and winding rivu-
let, the young blossoms will start up, as at
the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the
human heart has no change like that of Na-
ture. It has no second spring-time. Once
blighted in its hour of freshness, it wears for-
ever after the mark of the spoiler. The dews
of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of
sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sear
of blighted feeling will never again wak-
en into life, nor the crushed flowers of hope
blossom with their wonted beauty.

N. E. Review.

CENSUS ANECDOTE.

A marshal in our neighbouring counties, on
making a call at the house of one Cornwell,
who to use an Eastern phrase, was at the time
pretty well corseted, enquired who was the
head of the family. 'She is,' replied the man,
pointing to his better part. 'You are a board-
er, I suppose,' said the census man. 'Yes I
board here, except DRINKING and LODGING;
and where do you DRINK and LODGE?' 'I
drink at the grocery and lodge in the barn.'

Portland Advocate.

RULES FOR MAKING GOOD BUTTER.

If you have four or five cows, it is best to
churn every day and by no means less fre-
quent than every other day. If you cannot
churn every day, throw into the cream when
gathered a handful of nice salt. In very warm
weather, when milk sours soon, put 2 heaping
table spoonfuls of salt in every pail of milk be-
fore straining. The quantity as well as the
quality of the butter is greatly improved by this
method. If you have ice, put a small piece into
every pan of milk; and also into the cream when
you churn. If you have no ice, put the cream
into a pail, and hang it into the well, twelve
hours before churning. In the warm season,
cream should be skimmed as soon as it is in
the least sour, and in the coldest weather milk
should not stand more than thirty-six or forty-
eight hours. The utmost care should be
taken to keep every article used in making
butter, perfectly sweet, by frequent and thor-
ough scalding. *Journal of Humanity.*

French method of making Mortar for building.

The method used by the masons in some
parts of France, is to put the lime in a sort
of trough raised on four legs, about eighteen
inches from the ground; and then to pour in
sufficient water to slack the lime, adding,
when properly slacked, more water, and stir-
ring it until it is about the consistence of
thin milk. At one end of the trough is a hole
four inches square, covered with a wire grat-
ing, and closed by a wooden slide or shutter;
when the lime has been rendered liquid as
above, the shutter or slide is withdrawn, and
the fluid runs out through the wire grating in-
to a reservoir, formed on the ground by the
well sifted sand or drift, which sand or drift
the fluid lime is frequently mixed to make the
mortar. Is not this a cleaner way than our
clumsy one of sifting the lime in the streets
or roads through a coarse sieve, covering with
a destructive white powder every thing near,
and putting out the eyes of passers-by? It
also makes a better mortar.

HYDROPHOBIA.

As the horrible disease appears to be pre-
valent at this time throughout the country, all
information calculated to effect a cure is de-
sirable. The following preventive of this ma-
lady is from the "American Journal of Sci-
ence," and is said to have been discovered
by the French Chemist and Surgeon, M. Cos-
ter, who highly recommends it. It is this,
"that chlorine has the power to decompose
and destroy the deadly poison of the saliva of
the mad dog." The article (chlorine) is
cheap, and should, in conjunction with the
mode of using it, be in the possession of every
family, because delay will render it abor-
tive.

It is prepared and applied in the following
manner:
Make a strong wash by dissolving two
table spoonfuls of the chlorine of lime in half
a pint of water, and instantly and repeatedly
bathe the part bitten. The poison will in this
way be decomposed. It has proved success-
ful when applied in six hours after the animal
has been bitten.

A speedy and certain remedy for chilblains
is chalk, dipped in vinegar. Dip a piece of
chalk in vinegar, and rub it gently over the
surface of the chilblain.

Isinglass, boiled in spirits of wine, will pro-
duce a fine transparent cement, which will u-
nite broken glass so as to render the fracture
almost imperceptible; and perfectly secure.

TO PRODUCE EARLY CABBAGES.

A writer in the Domestic Encyclopedia,
gives the following method to produce early
cabbages: In the spring, as soon as the sprouts
on the cabbage stalks have grown to the length
of a plant fit for setting, cut them out with a
small slice of the stalk, about two inches
long; and if the season permit, plant them in
a garden; and the usual care will produce good
cabbages.

BRAKE DE GIG.

A Frenchman once kept a livery stable in
this city, who could speak English but poorly,
and sometimes, as appears by the follow-
ing story, spoke it worse than he understood
it. One morning a gentleman called to hire a
horse 'well broke to the gig,' as he was about
to flourish a new vehicle of that description.
'Eh! oui, monsieur, I ave de cheval vat is
sure broke to de gig, he will do it parfontment
—The horse was hired, placed in the new
gig but soon came back, with it dangling to
his heels, and miserably 'broke.' Our knight
of the whip complained sadly of the cheating
Frenchman; but could get no other reply
than 'ma foi, did I not foretell you, he brakes
the gig, he brake all the gig vat he is over
put to, so you ask for a horse vel broke to de
gig, I vas sure I could varrant him. The gig
owner went away with an exclamation of re-
gret, that all Frenchman should ever drive
any thing larger than frogs.

Sat. Eve. Bulletin.

Some mischievous wags, one night, pulled
down a Farmer's sign and put it over a Law-
yer's door; in the morning it read, all sorts
of Turning and Twisting done here.

Cowles, in his excellent History of Plants,
notices the virtues of hemp thus ironically:
'By this cordage ships are guided—bells are
rung, beds are corded, & rogues kept in awe.'