

**A CARD.**  
MISS A. M. SCHAFER,  
RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Annapolis, that she intends opening a  
**SCHOOL**  
On Monday the 5th of September, for the instruction of Young Ladies. The different Branches embraced in her course of instruction are—  
Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Lace, and Head Work.

MISS SCHAFER still continues to teach Painting on Velvet, Chinese and Ebony Painting, Crystallizing and Wax Work—Alms, Shell, Rice, and Embossed Work.  
Thankful for past favours, she begs continuance. Her residence is in Corn-Hill street, three doors below the State-House. Sept. 1, 1831.

**AUCTION ROOM.**  
THE Subscriber having determined to open, for the accommodation of those who may be disposed to contribute to its advantages, an  
**AUCTION ROOM**  
in the Front Room of his Dwelling, situated in the City of Annapolis, for the reception of  
**Furniture, Books**  
And such other articles as are usually disposed of at VENUE. Persons sending articles to his Room, may be assured of the having the greatest care taken of them, and every exertion used to dispose of them to the best advantage. Sales at a distance and in the city, attended to as usual. Also—Goods received on Commission.  
N. B.—All kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice. He will be grateful for the patronage of his friends and the public.  
WILLIAM MCNEIR.  
Annapolis, Oct. 20.

**LAND AND NEGROES.**  
BY virtue of two several decrees of the Court of Chancery the subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on the premises, on Thursday the 8th day of December next, if fair, if not the first day thereafter,  
**THE FARM,**  
Whereon Col. Lewis Duvall, now deceased, lately resided, with the lands attached thereto, adjoining the city of Annapolis, containing about 340 acres. There is on the premises a large and elegant BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with out Houses, which are in good order, there is situated on the same the most valuable Shrubs and Fruit Trees; also a fine Orchard consisting of a variety of the best Fruit Trees. The land is of excellent quality, and well adapted to the growth of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Tobacco, &c. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of the above valuable property, as it is presumed, those inclined to purchase will refer to the previous notices.  
Also will be sold at the same time and place, in pursuance of the said decrees, a number of Negroes, consisting of Men, Women, Boys and Girls, amongst which are some valuable hands,—also a variety of stock belonging to said farm, plantation Utensils, &c. and Household and Kitchen Furniture.  
**TERMS OF SALE.**  
The purchaser of the Real Estate to give bond, with good security, for the payment of the purchase money in one and two years from the day of Sale—the personal property for cash, payable on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof.  
Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.  
LOUIS GASSAWAY Trustee.  
Baltimore Gazette, and National Intelligencer, will insert the above law 21th day of Sale, and forward their accounts for collection.  
Nov. 10.

**TRUSTEES SALE.**  
BY virtue of a Decree of the high Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at public sale on the premises, on Thursday the first day of December next, at 11 o'clock M.  
**A Valuable Real Estate**  
situated, lying and being in Anne Arundel County, near Elkridge Landing, and the Washington Turnpike road, and between 7 and 8 miles from the city of Baltimore, consisting of several tracts, or parts of tracts, or parcels of land adjoining each other, called "Caleb and Edward's Friendship," "Walkers Inheritance," and "Stony Run Hills" containing 235 acres, and twenty perches, of land; of which about one third is in wood.  
There is upon this land a valuable Mill, built of stone, with all the modern improvements in machinery, running 2 pair of stones, and with a fall of about 25 feet; and a small DWELLING HOUSE. The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are the fourth cash, one fourth in six months, one fourth in twelve months, and one fourth in eighteen months, with interest until paid, and the payments to be secured by bonds or notes, with security to be approved by the Trustees; and on the ratification of the sale, and on the payment of the whole purchase money, a Deed will be executed by the Trustee.  
JOHN SCOTT, Trustee.  
Nov. 10th.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
From the N. Y. Protestant Episcopal Press  
**THE HOLY BIBLE,**  
Price, \$1.25, \$1.75.  
**THE CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC,**  
For 1832—Price 6 Cents.  
For Sale at this Office, by  
J. THOMPSON.

# The Annapolis Gazette.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE DYING BOY.**  
It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back the spirit to its Maker, ere the heart  
Has grown familiar with the pangs of sin,  
And soon—to garner up its little fruits—  
I know a boy, whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,  
And when the eighth came round, and called him  
To rest in its light, he turned away,  
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.  
'Twas night—the summoned his accustomed friends  
To his room, bestowed his last request.  
Mother—'I'm dying now!  
There's a deep suffocation in my breast;  
As if some heavy load lay upon my breast,  
And on my brow.  
I feel the cold sweat stand;  
My lips grow dry, and tremulous—and my breath  
Comes freely up.—Oh, tell me is this death?  
Mother, your hand—  
Here—lay it on my wrist,  
And place the other thus beneath my breast!  
And say, sweet mother, when I am dead  
Shall I be missed?  
Never beside your knee,  
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;  
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay  
You taught me.  
Oh! at the time of prayer?  
When you look round—and see a vacant seat?  
You will not wait for my coming feet—  
You'll miss me there!  
Father—'I'm going home!  
To the good home you speak of, that blest land  
Where it is one bright summer always—and  
Storms do not come—  
I must be happy then;  
From pain and death you say I shall be free?  
That sickness never troubles me, and we  
Shall meet again!  
Brother—the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We've stayed to watch the budding things and  
flowers  
Forget it not!  
Plant these some box or pine  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A sweet offering to my memory,  
And call it mine.  
Sister—my young Rose-tree—  
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair—  
I give thee.  
And when its roses bloom—  
I shall be gone away—my short life done,  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb?  
Now, mother sing the tune  
You sang last night—I am weary and must sleep.  
Who was it called my name? Nay do not weep,  
You'll all come soon!  
Morning spread over the earth; her rosy wings—  
And the sweet sufferer, cold, and ivory-pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air  
Came through the open window, freighted with  
The savoury odours of the early spring—  
He breathed it not, the laugh of passers-by,  
Jared like a discord in some mournful tune,  
But veried not his slumbers.—He was dead.  
VIATOR.

**THE COTTAGERS—A TALE.**  
BY SAMUEL CONRAD.  
One stormy night, in the month November,  
Some one knocked at the door of the cottage  
of the hospitable Edmund Lawson, situated  
in the beautiful valley of ————  
Edmund,  
always awake to the calls of humanity, opened  
his door, when a stranger presented himself  
to view. His figure was tall and majestic—  
his countenance was emaciated, and bore  
upon it the deep traces of sorrow. His eyes  
beamed with intelligence, although its lustre  
appeared to have been somewhat dimmed, by  
either disease or misfortune. His dress was  
neat, but not extravagant, and his deportment  
and manners bespoke him a gentleman.  
Cottager, said the stranger, can you give  
me a moment's repose for the night, and my  
horse protection from the approach of  
winter? If you can, I will reward you  
generously, beyond your expectations, as I am  
sick and weary, and unable to travel further.  
Name not a reward to me, said Edmund;  
my cottage is but small, it is true, and my  
means are limited, but with an honest heart  
and an approving conscience, I can always  
welcome the unfortunate, to sit by my fire-  
side, and partake of such as I have to give  
them—come in, sir, come in.  
The stranger entered the cottage—the at-  
tentive Edmund took from him his great and  
sturdy chair, for him, before the fire,  
upon which he seated him, more wood, and then  
addressed to take care of the horse.—After  
some time, he returned and standing by the  
stranger's side, said—while, honest benevo-  
lence lighted up his countenance—now, sir,  
having provided for your horse, I will awaken  
my daughter, who shall furnish something  
comfortable for you; before you retire to  
rest.

My dear father, replied Caroline, our  
guest looks so pale, so weary, and so wo-  
begone, that the smile refuses to rise to my lips  
when I think of him. And withal he seems  
so gentle and yet so melancholy—he speaks  
so kindly even whilst his voice trembles with  
sorrow, that I cannot refrain from venturing  
his grey hairs and compassionating his misfor-  
tunes.  
His sorrows may be the consequence of  
guilt, my child, said Edmund.  
Never—never—replied Caroline, with  
more than her usual energy. Guilt never in-  
habited a form so manly and dignified as that  
of our guest has been. Even now when worn  
down by melancholy and sorrow, his pallid,  
yet expressive face exhibits strong marks of  
candour and intelligence.  
You are an enthusiast, Caroline, said her

partaking of such humble fare as we had to  
place before him. I will call her, sir, and  
she will be here in a few moments.  
Use your pleasure, said the stranger; sor-  
row has so long inhabited my bosom, that I  
would be the last who wished to plant  
it in the breast of another. As the stranger  
said this, he placed his hands before his eyes  
whilst a deep draw and heavy sigh escaped  
him. Edmund noticed it, but he had too much  
of the milk of human kindness in his composi-  
tion, to wish to intrude upon the sorrows of  
another. He opened a door, which discovered  
a flight of stairs leading to the upper ap-  
artment, and called in a tone replete with  
fatherly affection—Caroline! Caroline! awake  
my dear Caroline.  
What want you with me, father? replied  
a voice, the melodious accents of which ap-  
peared to vibrate upon the stranger's heart,  
and fill him with some strange emotion. Are  
you not well, father, that you call me now?  
asked Caroline.  
I am well, my child, answered Edmund,  
but we have a stranger here, who is unwell,  
and worn with travelling—he must share our  
cottage and our fare for the night.  
I will be with you immediately, my father,  
was Caroline's reply.  
The stranger started at the first sound of  
Caroline's voice, but soon afterwards appear-  
ed to be occupied in deep and melancholy re-  
flection. Shortly after this, a beautiful girl,  
about eighteen years of age, entered the ap-  
artment. Her figure was light, but well  
proportioned—her cheeks glowed with the  
rosy hue of health—her raven black hair  
flowed in rich luxuriance around her, and  
"the soul speaking glance" of her sparkling  
eye, told an observer, that it was animated  
by a heart in which innocence and paternal  
affection held undisputed sway. Her light  
footsteps fell upon the floor unheeded by the  
stranger, who noticed not her appearance in  
the room, until her father said to her, Caro-  
line, I will call Hannah, and you can then  
prepare a repast for our guest.  
Do not disturb her, father, you know she  
was troubled with the rheumatism yesterday,  
and it would be a pity now to break her rest.  
I will prepare something for our guest myself.  
You are too kind, my good girl, said her  
indignant father; but do as you think proper.  
When you are happy, my love, I can never  
be otherwise, for there is a witchery around  
you, which dispels melancholy.  
As Edmund finished speaking, the stranger  
raised his head slowly from his hands, and  
turned his face towards where Caroline stood.  
As soon as his eye had glanced upon her fair  
form, and lovely countenance, he leaped  
upon his feet and exclaimed, as a hectic flush  
passed over his visage—Good Heavens! the  
image of my lost Eliza. He then stood like  
one petrified, and fixed his wild and eager  
gaze upon the now blushing and trembling  
Caroline.  
At length recovering his recollection—ex-  
cuse me, my friends, he said; the remem-  
brance of former times occasionally rushes  
upon me, at an unexpected moment, and de-  
prives me of my usual self possession.  
Make no apologies, said Edmund, here  
your sorrows and your feelings shall be sac-  
red; and any thing that Caroline or myself  
can do, shall be done with a cheerful heart  
and willing hand.  
Thank you, thank you, from my soul I  
thank you—the voice of kindness has so long  
been foreign to my ears, that it now sounds  
like the responsive echo of some dear depart-  
ed friend.  
Caroline now withdrew, and after a short  
absence returned. She displayed before the  
stranger a neat and clean repast, of which  
she invited him to partake. If it was not  
served up with elegance and splendor, neat-  
ness and a heartfelt welcome gave zest to the  
meal. The stranger's eye followed Caroline, as  
she glided around the table and ministered  
to the wants of the viands spread upon the hospitable  
board. When he arose from his chair, he  
re-seated himself by the fire and again sank  
into a deep reverie. His head fell upon his  
breast, the tear started to his eye, and his  
bosom heaved with many a sigh. Recovering  
himself after a short interval, he arose from  
his seat, and requested to be conducted to  
his chamber. Edmund taking a light, showed  
him his apartment and left him for the  
night. When he returned to the parlour, he  
found Caroline in a mood more than usually  
serious. Taking her hand & kindly kissing her  
rosy cheek, he said Caroline, my child, what  
employs your thoughts, that causes you to be  
thus sad.  
My dear father, replied Caroline, our  
guest looks so pale, so weary, and so wo-  
begone, that the smile refuses to rise to my lips  
when I think of him. And withal he seems  
so gentle and yet so melancholy—he speaks  
so kindly even whilst his voice trembles with  
sorrow, that I cannot refrain from venturing  
his grey hairs and compassionating his misfor-  
tunes.  
His sorrows may be the consequence of  
guilt, my child, said Edmund.  
Never—never—replied Caroline, with  
more than her usual energy. Guilt never in-  
habited a form so manly and dignified as that  
of our guest has been. Even now when worn  
down by melancholy and sorrow, his pallid,  
yet expressive face exhibits strong marks of  
candour and intelligence.  
You are an enthusiast, Caroline, said her

father. Let us now retire to rest, and we  
will speak further of the stranger in the  
morning. Good night, and heaven protect you.  
This saying, he left the parlour, and shortly  
afterwards Caroline withdrew to her cham-  
ber.  
In the morning, Caroline arose early and  
assisted Hannah, the only domestic employ-  
ed in their little household, to arrange the  
furniture and put the parlour in order for the  
reception of the stranger.—Edmund was em-  
ployed in taking care of the stranger's horse,  
when he saluted Caroline, who replied to his  
salutation with innate modesty and grace.  
His appearance was less pallid and melanc-  
holy, than it had been on the preceding evening,  
and the ease of his manner and deport-  
ment, plainly indicated that he had passed  
much of his time in the first circles of society.  
Have you lived long in this beautiful cot-  
tage? inquired the stranger, as he looked  
from the window. In summer this must be  
a little paradise. In such a place as this, with  
a few friends around me, I could pass the  
twilight of life which remains for me, with  
as much delight as I ever expect to experience  
in this world of woe.  
Why not remain with us then? replied the  
artless Caroline. My father, I am sure,  
would be pleased to have your society, and I  
affection of a child. Oh! do stay with us—  
our cottage is not large, but it is sufficiently  
capacious to contain us all comfortably.  
Lovely innocent, said the stranger, you  
know not what you ask—believe me, that  
wealth can give happiness. I possess wealth,  
but am wretched. I have houses and lands,  
yet have no home, but am a lonely and soli-  
tary wanderer. I will not, however, trouble  
your young heart with my sorrows. Enjoy  
the season of youth while it lasts—be happy  
while you can, for sorrow, alas! too soon  
overtakes us, do what we may to avoid it.  
You have not yet, however, answered my  
question, how long have you resided in this  
cottage?  
From my infancy, sir, replied Caroline.  
Your mother—is she yet living? asked the  
stranger.  
Alas! replied Caroline, whilst the tear rose  
to her eye, I never knew a mother's love—  
I never experienced a mother's care or kind-  
ness. She perished in giving me existence.  
My father has been all in all to me, and my  
heart clings to him with more than a  
daughter's affection.  
The child of sorrow myself, it seems as  
if I were doomed to be the cause of sorrow  
to others. Intending not, my lovely girl,  
to wound your tender feelings, and I regret  
that I spoke of your mother.  
Regret it not, said Caroline, because al-  
though I never saw my mother, my father  
has often depicted her virtues to me, and  
it does my heart good to speak of her and  
them.  
One question more, sweet Caroline. You  
have not yet informed me of your name, and  
I know no more of it than Caroline.  
My name, sir, is Caroline Lawson.  
Lawson! almost screamed the stranger, as  
he recoiled, tottered and sank into a chair, with  
his face pale as that of an inhabitant of the  
silent tomb, and his lips quivering with  
strong emotion.  
Caroline, alarmed and terrified, reached  
him a glass of water, which he beautifully swallow-  
ed. When he was somewhat revived by it,  
with a hurried and impetuous voice, he ex-  
claimed—your father—your father—what is  
the name of your father—tell me—tell me  
quickly, or I shall perish before your eyes.  
The sense before her was unintelligible to  
the frightened Caroline, and she timidly re-  
plied, my father's name, sir, is Edmund Law-  
son.  
The stranger raised his hands and eyes to  
Heaven, sank upon his knees, and in a voice  
scarcely articulate, exclaimed—Gracious  
Providence, how wise and yet how inscrutable  
are all thy ways. His head then sank  
upon the chair, upon which he had been seat-  
ed, and he appeared to be engaged in fervent,  
but silent prayer. After some time, he  
arose and taking Caroline kindly by the  
hand, he said, you must excuse me, my dear  
Caroline, for the afflict I have occasioned  
you—excuse me now, and I will retire to my  
chamber, and endeavour to compose my agi-  
tated feelings. He then withdrew and closed  
the door behind him.  
When he was gone, Caroline went in  
search of her father, to whom she narrated  
what had occurred in the parlour.—He was  
at a loss to account for the stranger's con-  
duct, but clothed in conscious innocence, he  
approached nothing from it.  
When Edmund and Caroline returned, they  
found the breakfast table set, and the break-  
fast prepared by the faithful Hannah. They  
waited for some time before the stranger ap-  
peared. His countenance was now more  
settled and composed; and his manner more  
reserved than it had hitherto been.—When  
they were seated at the table, the eyes were  
alternately cast upon Edmund and Caroline,  
with a glance so scrutinizing and penetrating,  
that it greatly embarrassed both of them.  
The stranger at length observed this, and  
turned to look upon them. "I do not meanly  
and speak of it." When the stranger re-  
turned, he said, "I have been thinking of  
Hannah, the stranger, turned to Edmund and

said—Mr. Lawson, for that I understand to  
be your name, I beg that you will favour me  
with a private interview, as I have some com-  
munications to make to you, which, perhaps,  
may not be at present proper for your daugh-  
ter's ear.  
With pleasure, replied Lawson—Caroline,  
my daughter, withdraw for a short time  
when we have finished our conversation, I  
will call you.  
Caroline instantly obeyed. When she had  
closed the door, the stranger turned his dark  
eye full upon the countenance of Edmund,  
and scrutinized it, as if he would read his  
innmost thoughts. After a pause of a few mo-  
ments, the stranger commenced. Mr. Law-  
son, said he, I am about to make a request,  
which may perhaps appear a strange one,  
coming as it does from a person unknown to  
you even by name. Rest assured, however,  
that my request proceeds from no motives of  
idle curiosity, but is founded upon matter  
which may hereafter have great influence  
over your happiness and mine, and over the  
future prospects of your lovely daughter. De-  
pend upon me, I beseech you, but answer me  
honestly and truly—more depends upon it,  
than you can at present be aware of. The  
request I have to make, is, that you will fa-  
vour me with the story of your life.  
That I will readily do, replied Edmund.—  
I have no concealments, and I care not if the  
whole world knew my history, which is but  
a short one. A mystery hangs about my in-  
fancy, the veil of which I have never been able  
to penetrate. The first recollection I  
have of myself, is when I was at the house  
of a man by the name of Philip Myers, in the  
county of ———— Myers and his wife were  
kind and attentive to me, and I venerated  
them as my parents, as I knew no others.—  
I was sent to school, and not a shade of sor-  
row passed over my youthful mind until I was  
old enough to enquire concerning my parents.  
I then discovered that I was a being alone  
upon the world, without one to whom I could  
look for support or protection. This preyed  
upon my mind and for a long time gave it a  
tinge of melancholy which I was unable to  
eradicate. I subsequently learned from my  
kind protectors, that when I was an infant,  
I was brought to their house by a lady and  
her servant, who prevailed upon Myers and  
his wife to receive me, by depositing in their  
hands three thousand dollars for my sup-  
port and tuition, with a promise of a fur-  
ther supply when that should be exhaust-  
ed. I continued in the family of Myers until  
I attained the age of eighteen, when I  
went to the city of Philadelphia, with the  
remains of my three thousand dollars, which  
Myers forced me to receive, without deduct-  
ing any thing for my boarding during the time  
I had been with him. When I arrived in the  
city, I presented the letters of recommenda-  
tion, which Mr. Myers had procured for me,  
and was fortunate enough to obtain at once,  
a situation in the counting-house of Mr. John-  
ston, an old and respectable merchant. I  
remained with him, as his clerk, for four  
years, when having amassed property suffi-  
cient to satisfy his desires, he took me into  
partnership and left the management of the  
concern entirely to me. Our business prosper-  
ed, and in a few years I found myself in a  
situation to justify me in turning my  
thoughts to matrimony. A young lady, who  
frequently visited the house of Mr. Johnston,  
and who had frequent opportunity of seeing  
the lovely Eliza Williamson, I wooed and won the  
lovely Eliza Williamson.  
Happiness now smiled around me, and for  
two years not one sorrow was mingled in  
my cup of bliss, until that fatal hour which  
gave me a daughter, and forever deprived  
me of my mother. All now was dark and  
gloomy around me, business was irksome,  
and with the consent of Johnston, we dis-  
solved the partnership, closed the concerns,  
and I retired to this cottage, which I had pre-  
viously purchased. Here, I have ever since  
remained, my daughter being my only care,  
and my only desire now is, to see her settled  
happily in this world, before I am called to  
another and a better one. My motive for liv-  
ing thus secluded and solitary, is to instil  
into the mind of my beloved Caroline, ideas  
of industry and economy, which may hereaf-  
ter prove serviceable to her.  
The stranger had listened with fixed and  
mute attention, whilst Edmund was speaking,  
and his countenance had varied with the vary-  
ing incidents he had related. He now  
broke silence, and asked Edmund: If he had  
no token or some articles by which he might  
possibly trace his parents?  
Edmund replied, that he yet had a minia-  
ture which was said to be that of his mother.  
Let me see it, eagerly exclaimed the stran-  
ger.  
Edmund left the room, and in a few  
moments returned with it in his hand. The  
moment it caught the stranger's eye, he turned  
pale, trembled, & vibrating forward, caught  
Edmund in his arms, exclaiming, "I see my  
mother! my long lost mother, have I at last found  
her! Come! let me see her face and cheer  
my few remaining days, by the vain affec-  
tion of a mother."  
And how I tried to see my father? ex-  
claimed Edmund, as he pressed the old  
man's face to his own.—I never shall be hap-  
py, until I have seen him.—I have seen him  
past and present, and the old man's face  
Hannah, the stranger, turned to Edmund and

hitherto wretched John Lawson. That, my  
son, is the picture of your misguided mother,  
who in one imprudent hour ruined her happi-  
ness and my own. Listen to me, Edmund,  
whilst I give you a brief sketch of the unhap-  
py circumstances, which have caused you to  
be so long lost to me. At some future period  
I will give you a more detailed story of my  
life. When I had arrived at the age of  
twenty-five, I was married to your mother,  
with whom I lived happily until you were  
eighteen months old, when a villain stole in-  
to my bower of bliss, and under the disguise  
of friendship and virtue, poisoned the spring  
of all my happiness. The base seducer fled  
from my just revenge, and with him fled your  
guilty mother. Their flight I could have  
borne, had they but left me you, my son; but  
the unfeeling monsters took you with them,  
and left me wretched and alone. I had then  
pursued in every direction but from that day  
until this blessed hour, I could gain no intelli-  
gence of them or you. My heart withered  
within me when I discovered all search to be  
fruitless, and I wandered I scarcely knew  
where or whether Providence, however, at  
length guided me to your cottage, and I shall  
now be happy. But where is my grand-daugh-  
ter? I long to press her in my arms, for she  
is the image of what your mother was at her  
age.  
Caroline was called and made acquainted  
with as much of what had just transpired, as  
was deemed necessary. She sprang into the  
arms of her grandfather, and clung to him  
with the embrace of true affection.  
The old man became an inmate of the cot-  
tage, and is now sinking gradually, but with-  
out ceasing to "that bourne from whence no  
traveller returns."  
Caroline about a year after the discovery of  
her grand-father, was led to the altar by an  
amiable and worthy young man, with whom  
she lives happy and contented. She is beloved  
by all who know her, and almost idolized by  
her father and grand-father, by whom her  
every wish is gratified.

**COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF LA-  
VALETTE.**  
All my comrades had obtained advance-  
ment; the General (Buonaparte) wished to  
reward me also; but not willing to expose  
himself to refusal from Government, he de-  
termined to bring about a marriage between  
me and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day,  
when I had accompanied him to the Treasury,  
to expedite the sending off of the sums that  
were required at Toulon for the fleet, he  
ordered his coachman to drive along the  
new Boulevards, that he might have at his  
leisure a conversation with me. "I cannot  
make a major of you," he said; "I must there-  
fore give you a wife—you shall marry Emi-  
lie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome,  
and very well educated. Do you know her?"  
I have seen her twice. But, General, I have  
no fortune.—We are going to Africa; I may be  
killed—what will become in that case, of my  
poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking  
for marriage. "Men must marry to have  
children—that is the chief aim of life. Kill-  
ed, you certainly may be. Well, in that  
case she will be the widow of one of my aides-  
de-camp—of a defender of his country.—  
She will have a pension, and may again marry  
advantageously. Now she is the daughter  
of an emigrant, that nobody will have; my  
wife cannot introduce her into society. She,  
poor girl deserves a better fate. Come, this  
business must be quickly settled. Talk to-  
morrow with Madame Buonaparte about it;  
the mother has already given her consent.—  
The wedding shall take place in eight days;  
I will allow you a fortnight for your honey-  
moon. You must then come and join us at  
Toulon on the 29th." (It was then on 15th.)  
I could not help laughing all the while he  
spoke. At last I said, "I will do whatever  
you please. But will the girl have me? I do  
not wish to force her inclinations." "She is  
tired of her boarding school, and she would  
be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's.  
During your absence, she will live with her  
grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not  
be killed; and you will find her when you  
come back. Come, come! the thing is set-  
tled. Tell the coachman to drive me home."  
In the evening, I went to see Madame Bu-  
onaparte. She knew what was going forward,  
and was kind enough to show some satisfac-  
tion, and called me her nephew. "To-mor-  
row," she said, "you shall go to St. Germain,  
I will introduce you to my niece. You will  
be delighted with her. She is a charming  
girl!" Accordingly, next day, the General,  
Madame Buonaparte, Eugene and I, went in  
an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped  
at Madame Campan's. The jail was a  
great event at the boarding school; all the  
young girls were at the windows, in the par-  
lour, or in the court yard, for they had ob-  
tained a holiday. As I soon entered the gar-  
den. Among the forty young ladies, I sought  
anxiously, who was to be my bride. Her  
name, I fortunately, led her to me; that she  
might submit the General, and embrace her  
aunt: She was, in truth, the prettiest of them  
all: Her stature was tall, and most grace-  
fully elegant; her features were charming,  
and the glow of her beautiful complexion was  
heightened by her confidence. Her basket-  
ry was so great, that the General could not  
help laughing at her; but he went on further:  
"I have decided that you should breakfast on  
the grass in the garden; in the evening, you  
shall dine at the table of the General."

MISS A. M. SCHAFER, RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Annapolis, that she intends opening a SCHOOL On Monday the 5th of September, for the instruction of Young Ladies. The different Branches embraced in her course of instruction are— Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Lace, and Head Work. MISS SCHAFER still continues to teach Painting on Velvet, Chinese and Ebony Painting, Crystallizing and Wax Work—Alms, Shell, Rice, and Embossed Work. Thankful for past favours, she begs continuance. Her residence is in Corn-Hill street, three doors below the State-House. Sept. 1, 1831.

THE Subscriber having determined to open, for the accommodation of those who may be disposed to contribute to its advantages, an AUCTION ROOM in the Front Room of his Dwelling, situated in the City of Annapolis, for the reception of Furniture, Books And such other articles as are usually disposed of at VENUE. Persons sending articles to his Room, may be assured of the having the greatest care taken of them, and every exertion used to dispose of them to the best advantage. Sales at a distance and in the city, attended to as usual. Also—Goods received on Commission. N. B.—All kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice. He will be grateful for the patronage of his friends and the public. WILLIAM MCNEIR. Annapolis, Oct. 20.

BY virtue of two several decrees of the Court of Chancery the subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on the premises, on Thursday the 8th day of December next, if fair, if not the first day thereafter, THE FARM, Whereon Col. Lewis Duvall, now deceased, lately resided, with the lands attached thereto, adjoining the city of Annapolis, containing about 340 acres. There is on the premises a large and elegant BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with out Houses, which are in good order, there is situated on the same the most valuable Shrubs and Fruit Trees; also a fine Orchard consisting of a variety of the best Fruit Trees. The land is of excellent quality, and well adapted to the growth of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Tobacco, &c. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of the above valuable property, as it is presumed, those inclined to purchase will refer to the previous notices. Also will be sold at the same time and place, in pursuance of the said decrees, a number of Negroes, consisting of Men, Women, Boys and Girls, amongst which are some valuable hands,—also a variety of stock belonging to said farm, plantation Utensils, &c. and Household and Kitchen Furniture. TERMS OF SALE. The purchaser of the Real Estate to give bond, with good security, for the payment of the purchase money in one and two years from the day of Sale—the personal property for cash, payable on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock. LOUIS GASSAWAY Trustee. Baltimore Gazette, and National Intelligencer, will insert the above law 21th day of Sale, and forward their accounts for collection. Nov. 10.

BY virtue of a Decree of the high Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at public sale on the premises, on Thursday the first day of December next, at 11 o'clock M. A Valuable Real Estate situated, lying and being in Anne Arundel County, near Elkridge Landing, and the Washington Turnpike road, and between 7 and 8 miles from the city of Baltimore, consisting of several tracts, or parts of tracts, or parcels of land adjoining each other, called "Caleb and Edward's Friendship," "Walkers Inheritance," and "Stony Run Hills" containing 235 acres, and twenty perches, of land; of which about one third is in wood. There is upon this land a valuable Mill, built of stone, with all the modern improvements in machinery, running 2 pair of stones, and with a fall of about 25 feet; and a small DWELLING HOUSE. The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are the fourth cash, one fourth in six months, one fourth in twelve months, and one fourth in eighteen months, with interest until paid, and the payments to be secured by bonds or notes, with security to be approved by the Trustees; and on the ratification of the sale, and on the payment of the whole purchase money, a Deed will be executed by the Trustee. JOHN SCOTT, Trustee. Nov. 10th.

JUST RECEIVED From the N. Y. Protestant Episcopal Press THE HOLY BIBLE, Price, \$1.25, \$1.75. THE CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC, For 1832—Price 6 Cents. For Sale at this Office, by J. THOMPSON.