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MEMORY

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that lov'd thee;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee;
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in oold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.
Sleep where the thunders fly,
Across the tossing billow;
Till canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-fog
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.
Watch in the deepest cell
Of the woman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.
Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the lioned lips are mute,
And the arch arm crushed forever:
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the oroken-hearted one,
"Thy pleasure to remember!"

THE VILLAGE CIRCLE.

How often is it the case, that those who formed the smiling band of youth in some glad village, whose hearts were linked by every fond and friendly tie, in a few years are blown about as leaves by autumn winds; some buried beneath the turf, or the wave, some in a far off country, dead to us who live to others yet; and others, perhaps the very pride of the hamlet, forgotten and forgotten of the world—the mere wreck of their former selves, simply vegetating in obscurity. Whose heart does not thrill and yearn, and suffer as they look around for the scenes, and friends of long ago? Whose heart, while thus in fancy's retrograde, does not respond? "I visited the home of my nativity, and I said the friends of my youth where are they? And echo answered "where are they?" I could long linger here; but let us to our story.
Never were there more united hearts—never more devoted friendship than linked the little circle of youth in the village of B.—They could now number but eight, but these were members of three or four families, nearly equal in age, in education and rank, in whose bosoms existed similar feelings, sentiments and hopes, producing the most perfect unity of hearts. No secret envious disturbed their private peace; no low jealousies broke in upon their happiness of their festal hours. Thus month and years passed on, with no change in outward circumstances, and no alienation of hearts, and I felt them thus my friends, my earliest and my best. But, doomed to vicissitude, many a changing year had sealed its toneless record, ere I visited the place of my nativity again, and O, how changed—
"I felt like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Its lights all dead,
Its garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

I looked around the well tried friends of my early days, and first of all I enquired for Susan Cuthbert and her brother George.— They had been to me like children of my own fond parents, and had seemed to feel for me a brotherly and sisterly affection; but it matters not what they had been to me in other days—how devoted our friendships, or how fond our attachment. I asked for them now, and I asked the mother, who in their infancy had folded them to her bosom, and who, with a mother's tenderness and anxiety, had watched over their ripening years, and in her care worn cheek, her tearful eye, and swelling bosom, I learned their fate. She was childless, and their graves, the linked in birth, the fondly reared, were far apart. Susan, while on a visit to her friends in a distant part of the state, was seized with a violent epidemic, which wasted her strength, impaired her constitution, and left her in such a feeble state that it was deemed inexpedient to remove her to her home, and after lingering thus a few months, she faded away from among the living, silently as the sickened lily sheds its petals. Her mother, already a widow, did not receive intelligence of her daughter's dangerous illness, until too late to administer the offices of affection. She hastened to her, but the last rites were finished, and she almost frantic mother, knelt long and piteously, in all the agony of bereavement, and then, in the desolation of her heart, she left her in the stranger's sepulchre. Her mother, in her previous, George having died, had been sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to the East Indies, and his constitution, naturally feeble, soon weakened beneath the rays of that tropical sun, and scarcely was the mother's grief assuaged for the death of her only daughter, when she received intelligence

that the mission of her son was ended! Unattended by the friends who could have soothed the agony of sickness, he perished there—the Brahmin, only, knew his place of rest!
But Emma Gray—the pride, the beauty of the hamlet—where was she? So gay, so lovely, and inheritor of so dark a fate—scared a tongue could utter her history. Flattered, admired, and caressed from her very childhood, she was not prepared for adverse storms; though an orphan and fortuneless, the mighty lingered near her, and the proud she would fain have linked his destiny with hers; but with the loftiest hopes, and the most chastened and dignified aspirations, it was not strange that she should have yielded her affections to one so fascinating in manners, and so imposing in appearance as Francis Elliott. Talented, wealthy, and of high profession, he had emigrated from the south but a few months previous to his intimacy with Emma. Such an effect has a fair exterior on the human heart, even though it shelter the most degrading principles, that all were eager to share his attention. A fond and increasing attachment was early discovered between him and Emma, and soon, indeed, was it matured, and she became the wife, the tender—the too tender, too devoted wife of Francis Elliott. For a while the stream of popularity spread wide its current around him, and summer friends, that sickening ephemera, swarmed thick in the rising vapour. But he who has no character at home, cannot long support one abroad; and it was soon ascertained that Elliott had brought with him from his native country but the appearance of honor, and the show of respectability. Of dissolute principles and licentious habits, he indulged in every excess of folly and extravagance. His native sense of dignity decayed as his passion for vice strengthened, and ere long Emma was left to weep away the evening hours with a hope—and yet a dread of his return, while he was at the brothel, or the gaming table, drinking deep of the debauchery. Not a riot in the street but he headed it, and no mischief or meanness abroad but he was known among it. Such a being Emma would once have looked upon with absolute loathing, but a thing so strange and unaccountable is woman's love, that now when he returned reeling and brutish from the midnight revel, she would hover around him with a fondness unchecked, untiring, but all how unrequited! Pollution held him in her filthy grasp; and thus early lost to every tender and noble sentiment, he regarded not her smiles and tears. For base, sensual and unhalloved pleasure, he had cast away the fondest, the most devoted affection, as though it were of little worth. The heart of Emma had ever been alive to the most delicate sensibility, and with such a lot, it had settled on her like the mildew and the blight of Egypt. Neglect and unkindness had done their worst; her cup of sorrow was full; and, I had almost said, not unfortunately was the light of reason quenched, for with that she ceased to feel; with that was closed up all sense of wrong and ill; and in unconscious grief she looked from her grated window as they silently bore along the idol of her heart, unwept, unhonoured to the drunkard's grave! Her friends having found every means ineffectual to restore her to reason, soon after this event conveyed her to the state insane hospital, Charleston, Mass. And now, as the stranger visits that abode of misery, he observes a female attired in a neat black dress, of dignified air, and youthful form, and features strongly marked by melancholy and despair. A lock of hair is carefully pinned to her sleeve, and she fancies it the gift of a lover, now on a journey, but who will ere long, return to claim her as his bride. She seldom smiles; but when she does, the spirit and the beauty of Emma Gray beam forth, and something of her former self returns. But the mirrored image is again in a moment marred and crushed, and the beauty of the village of B.—in the meridian of life, is still a maniac!

There was Robert Jones and James Sheldon—they had grown up with the affection and intimacy of brothers, both possessing the most promising talents, and endeared to their friends by similar qualities of heart. Classmates and graduates in the same college, both had selected the same profession, and when acquired, had formed a plan of visiting a foreign country in company for the purpose of adding to their stock of knowledge. It was in the autumn of the year when they embarked on their projected expedition, little dreaming that the wide ocean which now bore them with their hopes along, was soon to separate their graves. However, a prosperous voyage soon landed them on the shores of Liverpool; yet there they lingered not, but journeyed on and together, wandered through Italy's rich vales, and scaled the lofty Alps, and looked on Spain's time ruined castles, and then by Rome's old battlements sat down. The "days of many hands" they heard, and gathered much of curious and rare in a galaxy. Alas! they wreathed their garlands but to deck their tombs! How true it is that earth is not the home of virtue; and that genius and talent seldom linger here. Sheldon did not return to his native land again, a few weeks previous to their intended return, a violent cold fixed itself on his lungs, and he became a hopeless victim of consumption. Jones, anxious to watch by his bed, as with a brother's tenderness and endeavored by deeds of kindness to soothe his agony and if possi-

ble, to remove disease. But the hectic on his cheek daily brightened, his eye grew more livid, his lip paler, and they made his grave, beneath the shade of a citron grove upon the classic shores of Greece.
Jones returned to his native village; but amidst the smiles and welcomes of his friends, and with all his blushing honours thick upon him, he laid him down to die! He had brought the seeds of disease from that sickly southern climate, and in a few weeks after his return, there was a silent gathering in the village church of B.—a hearse was slowly driven to the door and sadly and solemnly exonerated of its burden; a prayer was offered; the pall disposed—a momentary lingering in the church yard, and the sun as it set threw its last ray on the new laid turf, that covered the remains of one of the most noble and talented of earth—Robert Jones!

But there was one heart that suffered more than shipwreck on that day; one heart in whose grief not only the stranger could not intermeddle, but in which the choicest friend might have failed to sympathize; one heart that sad event had widowed in the morn of life, and doomed to a solitude more dreary than the hermit's cell: "for there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around, & sees in the vast concourse of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows and receive the answering sigh." Mary Sheldon, the sister of James, had long been fondly attached to Jones, and her affection had fully reciprocated, though secretly. It had been, however, generally known in the village, that he was attentive to her, and her friends suspected an absolute engagement; nevertheless, nothing was certainly known, except that he was often at the house of Col. Sheldon. From the first period of his illness, his reason left him, so that they were unable to communicate the fact that they were actually to have been married in a few months, had life and health been spared; and he died adding that to the many secrets of the grave.—Cases of violent illness in a country village are soon known, and intelligence of this was early communicated to Mary, and she was thrown into a state of the most painful anxiety, which was only increased by daily reports. She was informed his death was hourly expected but no word of consolation came upon her heart, and no tone of soothing fell upon her ear. A look to her then would have been more than charity value, but that she was forbidden to share; for she could not go in the delicacy of her grief to the afflicted family, and communicate the fact of their being ignorant, & claim her dying, dead—for he was dead, and none knew that Mary Sheldon was his affianced bride! Dead! and she had not shared the mourner's precious privilege, that of pressing the chilled lip, or of closing the glazed eye. With the crowd, on the day of his funeral, she sought her way to the church, and one look upon his corpse, in the face and a listless, gazing multitude, was all that was left her—enough to fill with bitterness a stouter than that maiden's heart—and she returned to her home in the desolation and loneliness of grief. Fortunately, among the throng, her tear had been observed, and these awakened suspicions of truth. Information of this was communicated to the parents of Jones, and they repaired to her dwelling, and in her anguish and agony she made known the fact; and, as though anxious to do kindness to the memory of their beloved son, and repair their innocent wrong, they took her to their own house, and adopted her as their own daughter. But a breach so wide was never closed; a heart so buried in the grave could never more share the joys—the hopes—the loves of the living! And in after years, though
"Lovers around her were sighing,
Coldly she turned from their gaze and wept;
For her heart was in his grave lying."

And when I met her, the lively friend of my youth, years had passed since that sad event; yet on her countenance sat the visible expression of recent bereavement and sorrow. All I found to look upon after an absence of ten years of that little band that formed the cheerful social circle of my youth, and she—how altered! alas! for earth, so full of change!
But the history of two others I have yet to record, and they are briefly told. William Armstrong was always a sober youth, and from his boyhood fond of books and study. He possessed a rare genius, a lofty and aspiring ambition; but possessing neither wealth nor influential friends who could feel interested for him, he seemed destined to comparative obscurity. He was simply a mechanic without birth or fortune, if we speak as titles and dignities teach, but he had talents and education; and born and bred in Massachusetts, he needed no other guarantee to distinction. These without the trappings of gold, where the mind's the stature of the man, could secure him honour and respectability, and they did; for in a few years he became, though self taught, one of the most distinguished attorneys in the county of H.—At length he removed to a distant part of the state, and at the age of thirty five was elected a member of the national council. A distinguished citizen, lawyer and statesman, he still lives, proving that he can be great who is wise and good.
Caroline Matthews was an only daughter; the joy of her mother, the pride of her father, and by her amiable character endeared to all

who knew her. Always lively and cheerful she was the light of the village band. When quite young she was married to a young gentleman from Boston, Mass. Her health and constitution from her childhood had been delicate and feeble. In about two years after her marriage she became the mother of a promising son, and from that time her health rapidly declined, and her husband doating and fond, and anxious to detain the spirit of his being longer here, deemed a sea voyage expedient, and therefore embarked with her, leaving their infant son behind—for England. When they arrived her health seemed indeed a little improved, but she very soon relapsed into her former feeble state. But so loath is the soul to lose its hold of earth, that she still hoped for a recovery, and planned for life with all the eagerness and energy of health. But the bloom upon her cheek, to her husband spoke the language of another world, and already he felt alone on earth. Fearful lest he should be obliged to consign the friend of his bosom to the pitiless waves, as they sat out on their return to America, he begged permission of the captain of the vessel in which they sailed, to take on board a coffin, that in case of her decease on the passage, he might bear her dead to the land of his home. But it was forbidden him; and such was the superstition of the sailors, that lest they should become mutinous and unmanageable, the captain would not suffer even a plank or board sufficient for such a purpose to be taken into the ship. Bitter indeed was the husband's grief, when he saw her daily fading on his bosom, and no grave but the mighty deep around him. At length came on the parting hour, dark and deep, and awful! One look of love she gave—oh! how unlike that on her bridal morn—no freezing kiss—no kind injunction for her boy—and then the lip quivered, and the errand of life was done! A few moments, still and solitary, the bereaved one knelt by his dead; and then in the might of his agony, he gave her unconfined to the ocean depths! Happy indeed are they who can kneel upon the turf that covers the urns of beloved friends; it soothes the heart to think their dust shall mingle with our own; but
"No mark the proud seas keep
To show where he that wept may pause again to weep."

My story is done; and in the words of another, whose language and sentiments I am proud to adopt, "my object was to exhibit scenes such as do actually exist in real life; such as I have known," and "if my simple page should touch pleasantly a chord in the heart of any, its end will be answered."
Buffalo, N. Y.
From the Court Journal.
Statistics of the Turkish Empire, and Reforms of the present Sultan.
The extent of the Ottoman empire is estimated at 48,745 square miles of which 10,000 are in Europe. Its European population is, however, calculated in different ways; Balbi makes it 9,500,000. Hassel 19,183,000, while according to some, it is 10,600,000. Of this population hardly more than 2,271,000 are Mahometans; the rest are idolaters, Jews and Christians. Of these 3,000,000 are Greeks, 3,000,000 Jews, and 80,000 Armenians. The sum total of the population of Turkey in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, is 23,650,000 souls.
The amount of the annual revenue of the empire, is only about 2,900,000 sterling; but the expenditure of the state does not exceed 27,000,000. The national debt amounts to between 7 and 8 millions. The miri or revenue just mentioned, belong to the public treasury of Turkey; there is however, another branch of revenue, derived from presents, inheritances, the imperial domains, and certain forfeitures, which belong to the ilah hane or klaznetz (imperial treasury). The accumulation of this sum is said to be enormous, and each Sultan is required to add to its bulk by a given sum proportioned to the length of his reign.
Since the destruction of the Janissaries, it is impossible to estimate precisely the military force of the Turks; but before that event, the regular troops amounted to 30,000 cavalry, and 124,000 infantry, and the feudal militia was composed of 120,000 men, of whom the greater part were cavalry. The naval force amounted in 1826 to 21 ships of the line, 31 frigates, 8 corvettes, and 30 gunboats, carrying altogether about 2,990 cannons, and 5,300 men. This portion, however, of defensive means was crippled at the battle of Navarino.
Turkey in Europe contains one town of 500,000 inhabitants, one of 50,000, 12 of 20,000, and twenty of 10,000.
The order of the Crescent, was instituted by Selim III in the year 1697, and is divided into three classes. The reigning sovereign takes the following titles:—We, the Sultan, son of a sultan Shakan, Mahmud II., Kan son of the victorious Sultan Abdul-Hamed, by the infinite grace of the creator of the world and eternal God, and by the mediation and miraculous acts of Mahomet Mustapha, chief of the prophets, whom the benediction of God preserves; servant and master of the cities of Mecca, Medina and Kadi, towards which the eyes of the whole world are turned in kind prayer. Padishah, of the great cities of Stamboul, Edrenee and Bursa, whom all kings regard with envy.
The reigning Padishah, or Grand Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, Mahmud II. was born

on the 30th July, 1783, and ascended the throne 29th July, 1808. He is the 13th generation from Osman I. the founder of his dynasty, and the 30th sovereign of that dynasty.
The following are the most striking and important of the reforms which the present Sultan has introduced into his Empire. These innovations, of which we shall briefly mention the most important, prove that there is a great tendency in the Turkish Empire to new ideas, and that, however we have been deceived in our estimate of the Sultan's character, the whole of his opinions accord with the present state of European civilization.
By a hatt-i-sherif of the 30th June, 1826, the Sultan renounced the right of confiscation, thither assumed by the Porte, of the property of all public officers condemned to suffer death.
He has reformed a number of abuses in the Ottoman marine; introduced a better system of discipline among the sailors, and taken means to ameliorate the education of Cadets in that department, as regards manœuvring and naval evolutions.
He has published a series of ordonnances, having for their object the more perfect administration of the police in the capital, the determining of the rights of corporate bodies, and the affording of protection to Rajas, or subjects not Mahometan.
He has established a better arrangement for the prevention and extinction of fire. Formerly the men employed on this service were often themselves the incendiaries, or oppressed those who suffered from the fire by odious exactions and vexations, particularly the Rajas.
He has likewise established better order among the street porters, visiting with punishment all those who are disorderly.
He has erected manufactories of cloth, and of arms for the army.
He has established telegraphs on the heights surrounding the capital.
He has purchased an English steam boat, for the service of the government. It was in this vessel he embarked when he was last absent for the space of three days from his capital. Before his time, no Sultan dared to trust his person on the open sea.
He has founded a school for the education of dragomans or interpreters. The French language has already been taught in this school.
He has attempted to separate the military and civil powers, which are at present united in the persons of the Pashas. The Pashas have hitherto collected the revenues of the provinces in their government on their own account, contenting themselves, with merely paying a portion into the imperial treasury, under the name of a contribution. The Sultan has tried to collect these revenues on account of the state, assigning fixed incomes to the provincial governors.—The project has not, however, succeeded, having had to encounter too powerful an opposition on the part of the Pashas.
He has established military hospitals and spacious barracks, in which order and elegance are united.
After a previous deliberation with the Muffis and Ulemas he has granted permission to medical persons to dissect human bodies after death, a thing interdicted by law.
In conclusion, we cannot pass by in silence his resolution to have two of his children inoculated for the small pox by French physicians.

Life is short: The poor pittance of 70 years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbour lies interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence.— Look behind you through the trace of time, a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man.— You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave: be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment is big with innumerable events, which came not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.
Blair.

Extract of a letter from Rome.
His Holiness Gregory XVI. by a special rescript dated January 18, 1832, granted the Rev. Mr. Pice, of Baltimore, permission to be examined for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Accordingly he stood his examination before the Professors of the Sapienza and Minerva, and was reputed worthy to be promoted to the dignity. He was solemnly invested with the ring and other insignia, on the 27th January. A few days after, as a reward for his writings, the Pope honoured him with the golden Cross and Spar. This is the first instance of an American having received either of these honours immediately from the Pope at Rome. Philad. Am. Daily Ad.
Ney, "the bravest of the brave," fought five hundred battles for France, but never one against her. He was condemned for a single error in the Chamber of Peers, by a vote of one hundred and sixty to seventeen, to die the death of a traitor. His widow receives a pension of 20,000*fr.* What a lesson!

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Annapolis, 1832.
Application by petition of John Arnold, Executor of the last will and testament of Elijah Redmond, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased, it is ordered that the said will be proved, and the executor appointed, and that the same be published once a week, for the space of six weeks, in one of the newspapers published in the city of Annapolis.
THOMAS T. SIMMONS,
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
That the subscriber of Anne Arundel County, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Anne Arundel County, in Maryland, the testamentary on the personal estate of Elijah Redmond, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, at or before the 15th day of September next, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate, under my hand this 13th day of March 1832.
JOHN ARNOLD, Executor,
Annapolis.

G. I. GRAMMER, JR.
ESPECTFULLY notifies his friends and the public, that he has just opened, at the residence of his father, nearly opposite the old brick building formerly occupied as a boarding house by Mrs. Robinson. A choice and well selected assortment of
GROCERIES,
which he will be happy to dispose of on reasonable terms, for Cash.
Dec 15.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.
GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR
As just received a large and handsome assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of the latest importations, among which are
Patent Finished Cloths
of various qualities and colours, with
CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS
of the latest style, suitable for the present and approaching seasons.
He requests his friends and the public to call and examine. All of which he will make up in the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style, for cash, or to punctual note only.
Sept. 29, 1831.

TO RENT,
THE BRICK HOUSE and LOT,
fronting on Green Street, formerly owned by Mr. Bruce B. Brewer.
To a good Tenant the rent will be low. Also, an OFFICE in West Street between the offices of Alexander Randall and J. H. Nicholson, Esquires. The rent of the latter property is fixed at \$50 per annum.
R. I. JONES.

PASSAGE TO BROAD CREEK.
MAJOR JONES' Sloop leaves Annapolis for Broad Creek, on Mondays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M., thence passengers will be taken in the mail stage to Queen's-town, Wye Mills, and Easton, to arrive at Easton same evening by 5 o'clock, P. M. Returning, will leave Easton at 7 o'clock, A. M. on Sundays and Wednesdays, arrive at Broad Creek in time for dinner; at Annapolis, by 3 o'clock, P. M. same evenings.
Fare from Annapolis to Broad Creek \$1 50, from Broad Creek to Queen's-town 75, from Broad Creek to Easton 1 50.
For passage apply at the Ban of Williams and Swann's Hotel.
All baggage at the risk of the owners.
PERRY ROBINSON,
Feb. 16,

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND
WILL, until further notice, leave Baltimore on Monday next, and every succeeding Monday, at 7 o'clock, M., and return the same day, leaving Annapolis at 10 o'clock.
On Tuesdays, leave Baltimore at 7 o'clock, M., for Easton, and return on Wednesdays, leaving Annapolis at 1 o'clock.
On Fridays, she will leave Baltimore for Annapolis, at 7 o'clock, M., and return on Saturday, at 1 o'clock.
All Baggage at the risk of the owners.
Feb. 9.

CASH FOR NEGROES.
WE WISH TO PURCHASE
100 LIKELY NEGROES.
Of both sexes, from 13 to 25 years of age, sold hands, also mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will send to the office as early as we are determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any other market, and in case of any communication in writing, will be promptly attended to. We can start time to be found at Williams's Hotel, Annapolis.
December 15, 1831.