

The Maryland Gazette

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1834.

NO. 30.



SLAVES FOR SALE

SEVERAL Slaves of both sexes and ages for sale on reasonable terms. They are two able bodied young men to work on a Farm; two young Women used to house-work, and children. They must not be removed from the State. Enquire at the office of the Maryland Gazette, Annapolis.

The Baltimore Chronicle and Herald will publish the above twice a week for three months, for the accounts to this office.

MR. & MRS. HAMILTON'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

This Institution is situated in a healthy and pleasant part of the corner of Saratoga and Covington streets.

After having conducted an extensive School for young ladies, for several years in North Carolina, and Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton removed to this city in 1831, and opened a Seminary for young ladies, on a scientific plan, which has received an unprecedented patronage.

Mr. & Mrs. H. have liberally provided the school with every apparatus necessary to treat their instruction. Their apparatus is equal to any that has ever been found in private Seminars, and their chemical is sufficiently extensive to illustrate any subject treated upon in the books of the school.

The Library contains upwards of 1500 volumes of the best authors, connected with the studies pursued in the school, to which young ladies have general access.

SHERRIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias issued out of Annapolis against George Court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Upton D. Welch at suit of Ruben Washfield, Captain Capito, Isabella Dinsmore and Ann Kille, and others, I have seized and taken execution, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, both at law and in equity, of said Upton D. Welch, of, in and to all that tract or parts of a tract of land and premises, called John's Last Shift, containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, more or less, also one other Tract called 'No. 2,' containing One Hundred and Ninety Acres of Land, more or less, being the last and premises at present occupied by Upton D. Welch, lying and being in Anne Arundel county, near Sykesville; also the following Negroes, one Negro Man named Sam, one Negro Woman named Rachel, and one Negro Boy named William; sundry Cattle, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Plantation Utensils, and on THURSDAY, 25th September instant, at Sykesville, I shall proceed to sell the said property to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid. Sale to commence at eleven o'clock.

WALWIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY

NOTICE.—For the sake of circulating the said new series, and making the volume correspond both in date and price, the subscriber has concluded to print additional numbers in the second series of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished gratuitously to those who engaged with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, &c. who shall have paid before the 25th of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unpaid at the publication of this No. will be sent the list, and charged SIX DOLLARS, as announced.

FOR ANNAPOPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, commences her route on TUESDAY, the 9th inst., leaving the lower end of Dupont's wharf, and of Annapolis.

Wharf, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis (Cambridge by Castle Haven), and Easton, to return from the Eastern Shore on every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Easton at 5 o'clock, and Annapolis at 6 o'clock. On Monday, commence her Chesterdown Trip on Monday, 22nd April, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, and return the same day, leaving Chesterdown at 10 o'clock, calling at Corlica wharf, for the traveling passengers.

N. B. All baggage at the owners risk. Passage to or from Easton or Cambridge, \$1.00. Passage to Chesterdown or Corlica, 50 cts. Children under 12 years of age half price. L. TAYLOR, Master.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN.

THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following beautiful little piece, is from the pen of Mr. Lyte a review of whose poem may be found in the last number of the Quarterly. In the words of the first stanza, Mr. Lyte is certainly not the first person who when stopping to pluck a flower, stopped to think. 'We question, however, whether any of his predecessors have made a better use of the petal.

The twelfth evening of our absence from Annapolis was the most beautiful I ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time on deck, that her own feverish brow might be cooled by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Shortly but brightly the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and other sky swells out in soft gleams and benedictions, and from upon the crests of the waves was lighted up like wreaths of snow.

THE BEWAVED SISTER.

BY ANON. A narrative of an accident in a city of the South, with a general allusion to the country in England to which the country, with two small children, the one a boy of six, and the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most beloved I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their bursts of childish and innocent mirth, drew them as near to me as if I had been the father of their infancy. They were born to each other, and in the whole world of nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him, and I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their relatives.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof as the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were neglected, and made frequent inquiries for their father, but their sorrows were easily soothed, and regret for his absence changed to pleasant anticipation of his return.

The day of our departure at last arrived, I set sail on a quiet afternoon of sunny sky. It was a scene of beauty, and my sister and I were withly and joyously as the vessel sailed in the springtime. It seems to me, as if man's control had stopped at the shore, that was retreating behind us, the world of waters to give back the peace of the upper skies, purely and peacefully as at the first holy Sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and, as the great Sun, like the eye of his Creator, sank in the west, suggestive shadows of gold, and crimson, and blue, came floating over the waves, like light from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on this scene steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim day were melting into shadow, they took their father's hands, and a few natural tears fell forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little ones to let me lead them to the cabin, and returned to look out again upon the Ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing on the deck, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning round, saw that a girl had stolen alone to my side. In a moment, the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At that moment, she glared faintly, and at intervals, but she came brightly out, and shone like a thing upon the brow of the evening. At my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone, which told that a thought of reprieve was at her heart. She inquired with anxiety and eagerness, whether, in the far distance to which we were going, that same bright thing would be visible, and seemed to regard it

as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was untroubled by any important incident.—The sea was at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the distant horizon. On the eighth day, the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning, he was confined by a fever, to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter woe that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the convulsions of her brother's danger, came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not—she complained not—but, after long, she sat by the bed of the young sufferer, an image of grief and beautiful affection.

At the period of which I have to speak, 1788, the passion which predominated amongst the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo, was that of gaming. But those games were calculation or address, civilized the chances of fortune could not suffice them for their love of play; there must needs be some of those games where chance would govern every combination of the mind, at those games where a throw of the dice would stagger a fortune, or in a twinkling, accumulate a fortune. It was at dice that the greatest night or feeling capable for stimulating their senses, and it was not unusual to see a whole plantation, a cargo of negroes, cast as a stake upon the table board.

Well, then, in 1788, (trusting to my memory) there served in the capacity of captain, in the regiment of Port au Prince, the son of a rich sugar merchant belonging to the colony. Captain Severy numbered twenty five or six years, and in addition to being placed at the head of a large farm, he, by his education, cultivated the military profession. Some could rival his address at small sports, none surpassed his dexterity at his pistol; at once, brave and rashness, he did not despise his fatal skill, and in general could make good sport of those who dared to measure with him; he was boasting even to his residence, had scarcely among his numerous duels received any scratches, and had already lost a long train of blood in society. Still he possessed good qualities. Severy was more distinguished than he was by his frankness, his sense of right, could not restrain his fatal passion for duelling. It is necessary to add, that he was a gambler.

One evening in a playhouse, a place of resort for the gamblers of Port au Prince, the gamblers were amusing themselves at *gouillard* (a kind of billiard) and the society was sufficiently numerous to amuse the play. In a case gaming receptively they were *gouillard*, singly playing *gouillard* (billiard) when a party of stog came, (bringing show balls) till the party arrived. An officer of the French marine, captain of a frigate, who had been residing for some time in the colony, entered at this moment into the gaming room. In passing a look at the game, he gave a look at the players, and perceived some pieces of money before the play.

At the sight of this immense sum, the French officer, who fancied to have risked a few dollars, recoiled in amazement, then pushing back the tray of gold which was presented to him, he should believe myself wanting in delicacy, were I to appropriate that sum as having lawfully gained it. 'It is but right to tell you, gentlemen, that in making up the game, I thought to have risked but the moderate sum which I had perceived upon the table. I neither wish, nor ought to regard that gold as my own.'

'You have as much right to it as you would have had to pay it, had you lost.'

A DUEL AT ST. DOMINGO.

Translated from Le Courier des Etats Unis, for the N. Y. Times.

Some years previous to the negro insurrection at St. Domingo, sided and seconded by England, in hatred for the succors which France had supplied N. England with, dur-

ing the war of independence, the fine French Colony was at its summit of grandeur and prosperity. Culture and industry had amassed for it more gold than its mines could furnish to the voracious Spaniards; this metal was in active circulation, and with it advanced luxury and superfluities of pleasures. Beneath the burning sky of the tropic, passions naturally warm became inflamed and ungovernable, when wealth, which alone is able to generate them, comes and offers new incentives.

The twelfth evening of our absence from Annapolis was the most beautiful I ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time on deck, that her own feverish brow might be cooled by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Shortly but brightly the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and other sky swells out in soft gleams and benedictions, and from upon the crests of the waves was lighted up like wreaths of snow.

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At the period of which I have to speak, 1788, the passion which predominated amongst the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo, was that of gaming. But those games were calculation or address, civilized the chances of fortune could not suffice them for their love of play; there must needs be some of those games where chance would govern every combination of the mind, at those games where a throw of the dice would stagger a fortune, or in a twinkling, accumulate a fortune.

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At the sight of this immense sum, the French officer, who fancied to have risked a few dollars, recoiled in amazement, then pushing back the tray of gold which was presented to him, he should believe myself wanting in delicacy, were I to appropriate that sum as having lawfully gained it. 'It is but right to tell you, gentlemen, that in making up the game, I thought to have risked but the moderate sum which I had perceived upon the table. I neither wish, nor ought to regard that gold as my own.'

'You have as much right to it as you would have had to pay it, had you lost.'

'You deceive yourself, if you imagine that I should not have believed my honor stained in refusing to acquit a debt which I had not contracted, and consequently I should stain it by appropriating a sum I had not gained.'

In preparation; others, animated with the feeling of brutal curiosity, formed a close circle around the gamblers, who, seated in face of each other, and separated by a table four feet wide, were watching the preliminaries of the duel. Meantime a third person loaded the fatal weapon in presence of Severy and the French officer, a deadly silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the calm was unbroken save by some words devoid of spleen exchanged between the adversaries, who alone appeared to have retained their *sang froid* during this tragical moment.

As soon as the pistol was ready the parties took it, and examined if all was right, then laying it down upon the table, where two hands full of dice were scattered, each took up three with his dice-box. It was decided that the French officer should have the first throw. He then shakes with a firm hand the box which might render or deprive him of the speech of his life; he throws the dice, which the eager looks of the dumb circle closely follow.

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'You would have paid, Mr. Commandant,' returned Severy, elevating his voice and laying stress upon the words: 'You would have paid. 'Is it I who tell you.'

'There was in the language, and still more in the Captain's tone, an idea of provocation which did not escape the marine officer. He likewise retorted in a bitter tone, and it was soon too late, when the friends of the two gamblers were willing to intercede, to prevent an awkward result. Each of the parties considered himself grossly insulted that any medium to their respective wrongs became impossible, and a duel inevitable.

every nerve and muscle in her beautifully turned neck and lovely countenance into full play, and giving to her features that varied, yet eloquent expression, that few except the most unfeeling can resist. 'Oh—well,—sir!—she at last faltered out apparently with much difficulty. 'I don't know,' was the unfeeling answer. She dropped her head again—but for a moment only—and that pang was stifled. She raised it once more, and looked imploringly upon the brutal being before her. 'Oh, sir!' she exclaimed in a tone of subdued agony,—'oh, sir, let me speak to him—if it is but one word only; let me see him,—let me look at him—if it is but for a moment, and through the grate—I have travelled all the way from—' (a distance of 54 miles) on purpose to see him—do, sir, for the love—' 'I tell you, you shan't, and so you might as well shut up your clam shell at once!' was the obliging reply of the turkey to this feeling request. The quick accelerated motion of my pulse, and the hot blood that rushed through my veins and mounted to my temples, convinced me that it was dangerous to stop long within the sphere of insulted beauty; and I thought it prudent to depart, before my feelings mastered my discretion, and prompted me to commit some foolish, Quixotic act, the probable issue on which was immediately before me just over the wall. I walked on a few steps, and then looked back. The sufferer had crossed to the opposite side of the street, and stood on the walk, looking earnestly at the prison that held all she loved on earth. I passed on a little further, did not look back once more. There she was still on the spot—gazing as if her eyes would pierce the dark, frowning walls before her. I dared not look longer, but hurried on, in rather a melancholy state of mind.

My life is my property, sir, says Severy, throwing down the dice box, and seizing the pistol; recommend your soul to God.'

He had not time to finish. The ball of Severy had shattered his skull, and dispersed his brains amongst the curious gazers, frozen with horror.

After this shocking deed, where, in general opinion, all blame was attached to Severy, that officer, already degraded by his companions, impressed them still more with a strong feeling of repugnance. Absolutely avoided by every one of good repute, he returned to his fellow citizens, hate for hate—led him for his insane and when the insurrection broke out at St. Domingo, he joined the enemy's ranks, when he fought in command under orders of the English general Maitland. There he showed proofs, more than once, not only of extreme bravery, but of great skill in strategy. It was to him that the insurgents owe nearly all their success up to the last engagement near Thomon, where he was killed by a ball in his side, at the moment when victory had declared for him.

THE BLIND MAN'S BIBLE.

We have before us, in a gootly sized quarto volume, the Gospel of St. Mark, printed or rather embossed for the use of the blind. This is the first book that has been prepared in this country, on this plan. It is the handy work of Mr. Snider, the gentleman who acts as secretary of the institution, and is a beautiful illustration, if not fulfilment, of the prophecy, 'the blind shall see.' This admirable specimen of the art of embossing letters, is worthy the attention of the curious.

There is in Camden St. a school-house, on the window sill of which is painted (it having originally been a grocery store) 'Powder and Shot.' 'What the deuce have powder and shot to do with education?' asked a gentleman of a friend as they were passing. 'A great deal replied the wag, 'as it is not the schoolmaster's calling to teach the young idea how to shoot.'

NOT SO BAD.

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