The Maryland Gazette.

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JONAS GREEN,
THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

CE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MPANION TO WALDIE'S LIBRARY.

e cheapest reprint from English Periodicals ever offered to the public.

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1. The "COMPANION" will contain the earliest possible reprints of the best matter in the British periodicals.

2. It will be issued every fortnight, and the form will be the same as that of the Library—each number containing sixteen pages—thus, every six months, giving thirteen numbers, which can be bound with the Library at little or no more expense, and making a better sized volume; and to those who do not take the Library itself, a volume every year, of 416 quarto pages of the size of the present.

3. The price will be three dollars for a subscriber—five dollars for two—and clubs five and upwards will be supplied at two dollars each.

4. As the work will not be commenced, unless a sufficient patronage be obtained, *no payment is required* at present, only the name, sent free of postage. Those wishing to support the publication will be pleased therefore to announce their intention as early as possible, as it is intended to commence the work on the first of January next. On the issuing of the second number payment will be expected, as its appearance will evince a sufficiency of patronage.

The proprietor of the "Select Circulating Library," fully aware from experience of the advantages to the public of the rapid diffusion of cheap and select literature, has been induced to add the important feature to the work, and of course leaves it optional with the present subscribers and others to take it or not.

It is confidently believed, that, with the attention on the part of the Editor, who has already at hand the material for such a work, all the really valuable matter of the English literary and amusing publications may be comprised in this form at a rate of subscription and *postage*, so trifling as scarcely to be felt. It will form the cheapest reprint of reviews and magazines ever attempted in any country; a comparison with others it were useless here to enter upon, the 'Library' itself being the best test by which to judge of the difference between an octavo and a quarto page. It will be the study of the Editor to embody a record of the day, adapted to the wants of this country, which can have no competitor for value or cheapness; how far he is likely to do this he must leave at present to the decision of his readers.

Clubs of five individuals, who subscribe to the 'Library' and 'Companion' both, will obtain the two for six dollars, the *postage* (a very important consideration) to the *most distant* post office, *on the two*, will be *one dollar* and *ninety five cents*, divided into seventy eight payments, and *half that sum* for 100 miles or a less distance from Philadelphia, while the *same matter*, in the usual American reprints of reviews and magazines in octavo form would be eighteen dollars, and the postage as three to one. We make this assertion advisedly.

☞Subscriptions to the 'Companion,' will be taken either with or without the 'Library.'

The proprietor trusts that his punctuality and exactness in executing his part of the contract in the publication of the 'Library,' will be considered a sufficient guarantee of the completion of his proposed undertaking.

ADAM WALDIE.

Nov. 8 4t.

GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. To be conducted with the most Engravings.

By the Boston Bewick Company.

THE success which has attended the publication of the best Magazines from the British Press, has led to preparations for issuing a periodical more particularly adapted to the wants and tastes of the American people. While it will be the object of the proprietors to make the work strictly what its title imports it to be, it will, nevertheless, contain all articles of interest to its patrons which appear in foreign Magazines.

Extensive preparations have been entered into, both with artists and authors, to furnish from all parts of the Union, drawings and illustrations of every subject of interest, which the publishers confidently believe will render it in every way worthy of its title, and acceptable to the American People.

The first number of the American Magazine, will contain a series of twenty-three splendid engravings, with letter-press on the first of each month, and be continued monthly containing between forty and fifty imperial octavo pages, and be furnished at the low rate of two dollars per annum. It will consist—

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of distinguished Americans; Views of Public Buildings, Monuments and Improvements; Landscape Scenery; the boundless variety and beauty of which, in this country, will form an unceasing source of instruction and gratification; Engravings and descriptions of the character, habits &c. of Beasts, Birds, Fishes and Insects, together with every subject connected with the Geography, History, Natural and Artificial resources of the country, illustrated in a familiar and popular manner.

FREEMAN HUNT, Agent
of the Boston Bewick Company 47 Courts st.
Boston, July 17.

. Editors throughout the United States who will give the above Prospectus a few insertions in their respective papers, shall be entitled to one year's subscription to the same.

PROPOSALS
TO REPUBLISH THE
LONDON, EDINBURGH, FOREIGN AND WESTMINSTER
QUARTERLY REVIEWS.
FOR $8 PER ANNUM.

THE above Journals are already so well known to the public, that little need be said of their respective merits.

The well sustained reputation of the LONDON QUARTERLY, not only as an able defender of Tory principles, and the old order of things, but as the wittiest and most entertaining of Reviews, will always command the attention of the literary and scientific.

The EDINBURGH, celebrated for the vigor, learning and acuteness which its articles display, conducted by some of the principal literary men of the modern Athens, is an equally powerful champion of the moderate Reform party.

The FOREIGN QUARTERLY occupies a neutral ground in Politics, and is devoted to continental literature.

The WESTMINSTER is but little known in this country. It may be considered as the advocate of the Radicals, and the mouth piece of Benthamism. It represents the principles of a party already numerous in England, and fast increasing in the United States.

The numbers will be put to press immediately after they shall be received from Europe; and will contain the entire matter of the above works; making four annual volumes of upwards of six hundred pages.

They will be executed in as good style, and be printed in a shape but little differing from that of the European editions.

The price will be $8 per annum, payable three months after the delivery of the first number. The English copies cannot be had for less than $30. Of the three at present republished, two of them alone cost $10.

Any individual procuring four subscribers, and remitting $30 on the receipt of the first Number, will be allowed an additional copy.

☞Subscription papers to be returned, and all communications to be addressed, post paid to Theodore Foster, Albany, N. Y.

Oct. '6.

Subscriptions received at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From a London Paper.

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

If this delicious grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its color show;
For that's the softest joy I know:
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just, to soothe, and then—to die.

My father, when our fortune smiled,
With jewels deck'd his sightless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But, ah! they had no charms for me!
A trickling tear bedew'd my arm—
I felt it—and my heart was warm!
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

From the New York Mirror.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS, OR NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Bring all the shops of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, together around the City Hall, remove their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street, cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old musselmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazzar of Constantinople. You can scarcely get an idea of it without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning, and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three story houses, and the dim light so favourable to shopkeepers, comes struggling down through skylights, never cleaned except by the rains of heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are crowded as in a church aisle after service; and pushed twice one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, to look at the eyes, the next by a fat slave carrying a child, again by a *kervas* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to enjoy in your corner, and under the motley crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be ten yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves. The purchaser, seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to open his lips except to tell you the price. If he ever cries *chouse* or *stolo* (the only word a real Turk ever knows or admits into his language,) he is stared at by his neighbours as a man would in Broadway, who should break out with an Italian *bravura*.—Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to the kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction of Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty. Five times a day, if he were cursing from the plague, the mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked slippers. Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmacks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer to desired article. Feeling not the least timidity except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying 'by your leave.' Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat, with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness, or if you have rings or a watch guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles. But a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs (every minute article has its peculiar bazar) and wishing to look at some of unusual beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbow in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and another white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently, my fine eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and as I leaned towards her, rubbed her forefinger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark skinned orientials, and she wished to satisfy herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an oriental salaam, but to my mortification, the lady only gathered up her *yashmack*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constantinople friends inform me that I am to lay no 'unction to my soul' from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying a bout as much space as the body of the City Hall in New York, is what is called *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions, by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between 7 and 12 of the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls, are old and of established credit. Here are subjects for the pencil! If you can take your eye from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue and see what a range there is of glorious old gray beards, with their snowy turbans! There are the Turks of the old *regime*, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a 'dog of a christian,' and broke in upon the customs of the orient.

These are your opium eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by Houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who regard a certain of the miracle of Mahomet's coffin as of the length of the rope, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz!

I have spoke many an hour in the bezestein, stopping my fancy in its race to enchantment, and sometimes trying to make a purchase for myself or others. It is curious to see what perfect indifference these old cross legs attend to the wants of a Christian. I was joking round one day with an English traveller, whom I had known in Italy, when a Persian rose from [illegible] on one of the stalls arrested my companion's attention. He had with him his 'Turkish ottoman,' and as the old merchant was smoking and looking right at us, we pointed to the cross over his head, and the interpreter asked to see it. The mussulman smoked calmly on, taking no more notice of us than of the white clouds curling through his beard. He might have sat for Michael Angelo's Moses. Utterly calm, and of a statue-like repose of countenance and postures with a large old fashioned turban, and a curling beard half mingled with gray, his neck bare, and his fine bust enveloped in the flowing and bright colored drapery of the east—I had never seen a more majestic figure. He evidently did not wish to have any thing to do with us. At last I took out my snuff box, and addressing him with 'effendi' the Turkish title of courtesy, laid my hand on my breast and offered him a pinch. Tobacco in this unaccustomed shape is a luxury here, and the amber mouthpiece emerged from his mustache, and putting his three fingers into my box, he said '*pekkhe!*' the Turkish ejaculation of approval. He then made room for us on his carpet, and with a cloth measure took the robe from its nail, and spread it before us. My friend bought it unhesitatingly for a dressing gown, and we spent an hour in looking at shawls, of prices perfectly startling, arms, chalices for incense, spotless amber for pipes, pearls, bracelets of the time of Sultan Selim, and endless variety of 'things rich and rare.' The closing of the bezestein gates interrupted our agreeable employment, and our old friend gave us the parting salaam very cordially for a Turk. I have been there frequently since, and never pass without offering my snuff box, and taking a whiff or two from his pipe, which I cannot refuse, though it is not out of his mouth, except when offered to a friend, from sunrise till midnight.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

Corn Starch. we are advised by an excellent house keeper, is no wise inferior to wheat starch, while it can be made with half the labour and expense. As this is the season for making it, we have obtained from our informant, for the Cultivator,

Directions for making it.. Take 30 good ears of green corn, fit for eating, grate the corn with a large grater, a lanthorn will do, into a pail of water; turn the whole through a fine metal cullender, or a coarse cloth strainer, to separate the hulls, &c.; then change the water two or three times, to render the starch, which settles to the bottom, white and clean; and after the last water is removed, the starch may be cut in slices, laid out a few days to dry, when it is fit for use, and may be kept any length of time. This quantity will suffice a year for a small family.

To Boil Meat.—Let the following rules govern. After the water begins to boil, it should be kept boiling til the meat is cooked. Put the meat into cold water, sufficiently only to cover and to keep it covered during the cooking process. More water than this renders the meat less savory, and weakens the broth. The water should be heated gradually according to the thickness of the article boiled; the larger the piece of meat, the more moderate should be the fire. If the water boils before the meat is heated through, the latter will be hardened, and shrink up as if it were scorched. The slower it boils, the tenderer, plumper and whiter it will be. Fresh killed meat requires longer boiling, than that which butchers call ripe, and is withal more tough and hard.

To Steam Potatoes.—Put them clean washed, with their skins on, into a steam sauce pan, and let the water under them be about half boiling; let them continue to boil rather quickly till they are done. *If the water once relaxes from its heat, the goodness of the potatoe is sure to be affected, and to become soddened, be the quality ever so good.* A too precipitate boiling is equally disadvantageous: as the higher part to the surface of the root begins to crack and open, while the centre part continues unheated and undecomposed.

To Make Potatoe Bread.—Boil the potatoes not quite so soft as common, then dry them a short time on the fire, peel them while hot, and pound them as fine as possible; next put a small quantity of pearl ash to new yeast; while it is working briskly, add as much rye meal or flour as can be worked in. Mix the whole well together, but do not add any water to it. After the dough is thus prepared, let it stand an hour and a half or two hours before it is put into the oven.—Observe it will not require so long baking as regular flour bread.

Apple Jelly.—Take of apple juice strained 4lbs. sugar 1lb Boil to a Jelly. Cul.

Purifying Water.—Pulverised Alum, possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred briskly round at the time) will after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of spring water. Four gallons, it is said, may be purified by a single tea spoonful.

Cooking Potatoes.—Of all the good things which our prodigal earth, through the patient industry of farmers, there is nothing which is so agreeable to the palate as the *potatoe*, nor any one vegetable so esteemed; yet this is so frequently rendered unpalatable by the manner of cooking it, that but comparatively few are acquainted with the real flavor of this esculent root—Lovers of mealy potatoes will do well to attend to the following method communicated to us by a lady of this town, whereby potatoes a year old may be rendered as delicious as new ones boiled in the common manner.—Peel them, put them into cold water, and let them remain 2 or 3 hours; then boil them in water which has been salted, observing that it boils when they are put in; pour off the water when they are done, shake them well for a short time, put them on the fire again, and at the expiration of 10 or 15 minutes they will be ready for the table.

Lancaster Gaz.

Vinegar in Cream.—The difficulty and labour frequently attending the churning of butter, led me to try a variety of experiments to ascertain if a method could be discovered for making butter come quicker than the usual mode. After trying several things, I found that by adding a tablespoon full of good vinegar to 4 gallons of cream when put into the churn, I obtained butter in from 7 to 8 minutes. If this information will be of any service to your subscribers, you are at liberty to publish it.

Far. & Mech.

ASTONISHING CURIOSITY.

On the evening of the 2d inst. a gentleman in this village found in his wine cellar a live striped snake, nine inches long, suspended between two shelves by the tail, by a spider's web. The snake hung so that his head could not reach the shelf below him by about an inch, and several spiders were then upon him, sucking his juice. The shelves were about two feet apart, and the lower one was just below the bottom of a cellar window, through which the snake passed into it. From the shelf above there was a web in the shape of an inverted cone, eight or ten inches in diameter at the top, and concentrated to a focus about six or eight inches from the under side of the shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied thread of the spider's web, apparently as large as a common sewing silk and by this cord the snake was suspended.

Upon a critical examination through a magnifying glass the following curious facts appeared. The mouth of the snake was fast tied up, by a great number of threads being wound around it so tight that he could not run out his tongue. His tail was tied in a knot, so as to leave a small loop or ring through which the cord was fastened; and the end of