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SUBSCRIPTIONS
The Penny Magazine, Penny Cyclopaedia, Republic of Letters, New York Herald and New York Truth Teller, received by the "Room" of the subscriber, where specimens of this city to be selected in establishing.

NOTICE
WAS committed to my custody as a Runaway on the 30th April 1853, a Negro Man who calls himself
HENRY JOHNSON,
belonging to William D. Bowie, of Prince George's County. Said fellow is five feet and a half inches high, complexion black, and has lost one of his front teeth, his clothing consists of country cloth roundabout pants, and a cloak of country cloth, black cap, and old shoes and stockings. Whoever is hereby warned to prove property charges, and take him away, he will receive be discharged according to law.
ROBERT WELCH of B. Sh.'s
A. A. County.

PROSPECTUS.
The Subscriber proposes to publish, in Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county, Maryland, a weekly journal, to be called
THE BULLETIN.
It is calculated to supply this acknowledged desideratum to the populous and intelligent district in which the subscriber has the honor to reside, his hope of ultimate success is not its origin in sanguineousness of temper, but proceeds from the eminent advantages of its location. Published in the suburbs of a large and wealthy county, situated equidistant from the State and National capitals, facilities of an early communication of whatever may interest its patrons, are particularly afforded to the Editor; and though he may not hope to present to his readers much foreign information through the columns of his journal, it is still certain that intelligence of a local nature, interesting to all, and important to many, and otherwise unattainable, will by this means be communicated. It will also offer to those whose means are inadequate to the expense of the larger journals, at least a synoptical view of all the important information they contain; and he trusts that those of literary taste may sometimes find in its columns, articles not unworthy of the employment of their leisure. As the plan of every publication which is to find success in popular patronage, must first be approved before public patronage can be expected, the Editor would here mark the outlines of his design, with the full knowledge that it will constitute an ordeal, by which, to judge both its merit and the fidelity of its execution.

The Editor proposes to adapt his paper to the views of those by whom he is immediately surrounded, and among whom he must naturally find a majority of his patrons; he knows that to be intelligent and inquiring.—The literary department, shall, therefore, be as liberally regarded, and the most approved domestic and foreign periodicals resorted to for the welfare of our common country. To gratify this sentiment to the extent of his ability, his columns shall afford whatever intelligence of a political character may be calculated to interest them. No man, with the faculty of thought, is at this crisis neutral in regard to the party distinctions now prevalent in this country, and the Editor does not wish to disguise his political sentiments—they are in opposition to the measures of the present Administration. But having neither the temper nor the motive of a partisan, his comments on party movements shall be characterized by frankness of argument, not violence or abuse, as it never has been his practice, so shall he never become his habit to deal in political invective or party violence. He will cheerfully lend the aid of his columns to communications from all parties—reserving to himself the privilege of rejecting such, as are objectionable for personal allusion or indecorous language. In addition to the advantages of appropriate political and literary selections, he proposes to tempt into exercise whatever of talent may surround him, and with such assistance may not press unprofitably hope to render his paper useful and interesting. He asks the patronage of his friends longer, than he can merit and repay it, as he wishes not to be indebted to personal feeling, which would be detrimental to his editorial labors.

The Bulletin will be published on Thursday of each week. Terms of subscription \$3 per annum.

WILLIAM H. HALL,
Upper Marlboro', Feb. 14, 1853.

LITTELL'S MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.
PRICE.—Six Dollars a year, in advance—seven dollars and a half, if not in advance.
POSTAGE.—Five sheets, under 100 miles 75 cents; over 100 miles, 125 cents.
This work will be sent to any Post Office in the United States, carefully wrapped up, upon receipt of five dollars in part payment. A few complete sets are for sale.

ENLARGED SERIES OF THE MUSEUM.
MR. LITTELL has much pleasure in announcing to the patrons of the Museum, that he has made arrangements for the future publication of the work in a style much superior to the present—and nearly approaching what he has always desired that it should appear in. The circulation of the work is now so large, as to make it important to the proprietor that he should be able to give his whole attention to it. This hitherto prevented by the care and labour attendant upon a multifarious and widely extended business. With the view of completing more quickly the publication of Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious and Noble Characters, (a splendid work now in hand)—of effecting a settlement of accounts extending over the whole of the United States—and of making arrangements in all parts of the country for the vigorous prosecution of the publication of the Museum, he has made a contract with Mr. Adam Waldie of this city to print the work, attend to its distribution, and manage all the financial concerns appertaining to it after the present year.

Mr. Waldie is a practical printer, not surpassed in taste by any other in the country; and as he is advantageously and generally known as the publisher of the Select Circulating Library, it is supposed that he will have it in his power greatly to promote the sale of the Museum. He has contracted to issue it promptly, and thus will be corrected the greatest fault which has heretofore attended its management. The changes in the appearance of the work will be as follows:

1. It will be regularly and promptly published.
2. Will be uniformly and handsomely printed.
3. On better paper.
4. Will be considerably enlarged.

As the sale of the work has increased, Mr. Littell has always been desirous of devoting the enlarged profits to its improvement—and although he does not wish the appearance of the next volume to be considered as entirely carrying out his plan, he trusts that the subscribers will be convinced, upon comparing it with any other work, that it is richly worth the price asked for it.

We shall not have satisfied our own wishes, in respect to this work, until it shall be so far enlarged and improved as to make it clear to every purchaser that he will herein receive all that is desirable in an American reader from all the Foreign Periodicals. That we can do so in a single work, by making it contain four or five times as much matter as an ordinary periodical, we have no doubt.—A great part of most of the Reviews and Magazines is composed of inferior articles, and we confidently appeal to those readers of the Museum who have been in the habit of looking over the British Journals, whether we have not already, in a very great degree, succeeded in copying all that was worth preservation.

As the work will now be considerably enlarged, we shall be able more fully to accomplish this object.

In order that he may, by frequent journeys from home, be the earlier able to finish all other business, and devote himself exclusively to the Museum, Mr. Littell has made arrangements with the Editor of Waldie's Library to edit this work after December, 1854. In the event of his death, the proprietor may be in however deficient the proprietor may be in other qualifications, he has always felt so zealous an affection for the Museum that he would not be willing to commit it, even for a moment, to the care of another, were he not confident that the facilities, will render it the ability of the new Editor, will render it more worthy of the patronage of the public than it has heretofore been. No change takes place in the Proprietorship.

Philadelphia, April 9.

Specimen Numbers may be seen at the Office of the Md. Gazette.

CASH FOR 150 NEGROES.
Including both sexes, from 10 to 35 years of age.
PERSONS having likely Servants to dispose of, and wishing the highest prices, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to buy, and give higher prices than any other purchaser, who is now or may come in this market. I can at all times be found at Mr. James Hunter's tavern, in Annapolis. All communications directed to me will be promptly attended to.
WILLIAM HOOPER.
May 31—2m.

POETRY.
(From the American Monthly Magazine.)
THE GREEN BIRD OF DEATH.
A WELCH LEGEND.
There is a legend current in South Wales, to the following purport, which the writer of the subjoined stanzas first learned from a native of that romantic land. It was supposed that at the death of the virtuous, the soul of some departed relative—a mother, sister, or lover, now glorified—returned in the shape of a beautiful green bird, giving warning to the beloved dying soul to bid adieu to the world, and calling on the parting soul to be its companion in flight to the Spirit-Land. This beautiful, though sorrowful visitant, was there called the "Green Bird of Death."

Their loud hymn of triumph the night-winds were swelling.
And deep lay the snow on the blossoms heath,
When around the low roof of a desolate dwelling,
Was heard the wild song of the Green Bird of Death.
Within that lone cottage a maiden lay dying—
Consumption's chill palm on her bosom was pressed;
And over her still slumber a mother was sighing,
When the note of the Death-Bird awoke her from rest—
"Ah! heard I ought" came that wild lay of sadness
"From the Bus of sweet promise? Is Death then at hand?"
Said the maiden—what thou come from the bowers of gladness,
To waite me away to the fair Spirit-Land?
Spread, spread thy green pinions; my faint soul is flying
To beth in the breeze that fan thy bright wing,
And back in that summer, eternally shining,
O'er which dreary winter no shadow can ding.

"Oh! breathe not the song in the accents of sorrow,
For why shouldst thou sing of Catharine's repose,
When, long ere the slow-dawning beams of tomorrow,
My spirit shall mingle in rapture with thine?"
Come, like my last sigh then, thou soul of my lover,
And bear me away from this cold world of pain,
To that bright music shore which nought may discover,
But his who hath sailed over Death's gloomy main.
"Spread, spread thy green pinions; life's poor lamp is wasting,
Its oil hath run low—can the flame longer live!
Its fitters are burst, and my spirit is tasting
The breeze of that blissful shore Death only can give."
No more said the maiden, with gentle emotion
Her soul with her lover's hath taken its flight,
Like two fond birds of Spring, they now cross the dark ocean—
Before them the day-dawn—behind them the night.
W. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE RESCUE.
From Carey and Hart's edition of "Ross's Narrative in search of a Northwest Passage."
There are many passages in this narrative, written in a plain, unpretending style, which we would gladly find room for, but must content ourselves with that describing the falling in of these torrid navigators with the ship which rescued them. It is simple and impressive.

26th March, 1853.—At four in the morning, when all were asleep, the lookout man, David Wood, thought he discovered a sail in the offing, and immediately informed Commodore Ross, who, by means of his glass, soon saw that it was in reality a ship. All hands were immediately out of their tents on the beach, discussing her rig, quality and course; though there were still some despairers, who maintained that it was only an iceberg.

No time was however lost; the boats were launched, and signals made by turning wet powder; when, completing our embarkation, we left our little harbor at six o'clock. Our progress was tedious, owing to alternate calms and light airs blowing in every direction; yet we made way towards the vessel, and had it remained calm where she was, should soon have been alongside. Unluckily, a breeze just then sprang up, and she was all sail to the southeastward, by which means the boat that was foremost was soon left astern, while the other two were steering more to the eastward, with the hope of cutting her off.

About ten o'clock we saw another sail to the northward, which appeared to be lying to for her boat; thinking, at one time, when she bore to, that she had seen us. That, however, proved not to be the case, as she soon bore up under all sail. In no long time it was apparent that she was fast leaving us; and it was the most anxious moment that we had yet experienced, to find that we were near to no less than two ships, either of which would have put an end to all our fears and all our toils, and that we should probably reach neither.

It was necessary, however, to keep up the courage of the men, by assuring them from time to time that we were coming up with them; when, most fortunately, it fell calm, and we really gained so fast, that at eleven o'clock we saw her heave to with all sails aback, and lower down a boat, which rowed immediately towards our own.

She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. "I was answered that it was the Isabella, of Hull, once commanded by Capt. Ross, on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the Victory. That the mate who commanded this boat, was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual bluntness of seamen on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead for two years—I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he

taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being "true men no impostors," on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the Isabella was commanded by Capt. Humphreys, when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board, repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England.

As we approached slowly after him to the ship, he jumped up the side, and in a moment the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within a cable's length, and were not long in getting on board my old vessel, where we were all received by Capt. Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome.

Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed, from charity, the attentions we received; for never was seen a more miserable looking set of wretches, while, that we were but a repulsive looking people, none of us could doubt. If to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more; but if to look so to be frightened away the so called charitable, no longer that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unhappily since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well dressed and well fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe, for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its terrors, as it is contrasted with wealth; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as seemed to be.

But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought was impossible, while the buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scenes which now opened. Every man was hungry and was to be fed, all were ragged and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his comrades did not deprive of all English sentiment. All, every thing, too, was to be done at once, it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together; while in the midst of all, there were interminable questions to be asked and answered on all sides; the adventures of the Victory, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done, for all of us, which care and kindness could perform. Night at length brought quiet and repose; and I trust there was not one among us who did not then express where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life and friends and civilization.

Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night, nor did it furnish me with the rest. It was for some time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change to break through what had become habit, and to insure us once more to the usages of our former days.

HOPE AND MEMORY.
A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.
The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She sat behind the child, and told me what she thought. "The child answered, 'I see a little babe!' And Memory said, 'I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old.'"
The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee."
But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, waving rainbow tresses into dreams. When he awoke, they came with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.
He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labour, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.
But at length Age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted thee?"
And she answered, "I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy and time purloins my key. But the gems that thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are!"
While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put

forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.
The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of Heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold and gently expired, as a robe giveth out its last odours.
Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said:
"Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine, Jesus hath redeemed it.—Mrs. Sigourney."

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
The distance of the Rocky mountains from the Pacific, is said to be about the same as that of the Alleghenies from the Atlantic, but the extent and height are far greater than those of the Alleghenies.—The area of their base is immense; but they are said to be of primitive formation. It is supposed that some of the peaks are volcanic; but it has not been ascertained that this is the fact. The distance from St. Louis, at the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, to the Rocky mountains, is two thousand and five hundred miles, and from the western settlements of Missouri, eight or nine hundred. There is a belt of woodland for two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles from the Mississippi, and then begins extensive plains reaching to the foot of those mountains. These plains are mostly a barren desert, like some parts of Arabia, and are visited or possessed by the buff loes, elk, and other wild animals.
Some branches of the Missouri river run a great distance among the mountains; and the gates of the river, so called, seem to have been formed by the rushing of the water from the higher parts of the mountains to the plains below. The banks of the river in the mountains are twice the height of the mountains on the North river, near West Point. The chasm is one hundred and fifty yards wide.
The range is frequently called the Oregon mountains. It is nearer to the Pacific ocean than to the Mississippi river; and the Oregon has its rise on the western slope. Their black and precipitous appearance has given them the name by which they are generally known in the United States. The sources of the rivers running into the Mississippi east, and the Oregon west, are not very distant; and in some parts there are low places or valleys; which has led to the belief that a canal will be made to connect the eastern and western rivers, within half a century.—Amer. Mag.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.
It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble; cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap, like angels, from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars hold their festival around the midnight throne, and set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth—There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
It is strange that any one should be opposed to Sunday schools. It is strange that any parent should neglect to send all his children to such schools. We know that idle objections are solemnly adduced against them, and political fears are felt or affected at their extent. Nonsense! Will our country ever suffer because her sons are intelligent? Will she ever have reason to regret that they are pious? These unostentatious schools may be the instruments of her salvation. Give us light—and liberty is safe. A nation of men ignorant, vicious and intemperate—cannot long be otherwise than a nation of slaves.
Sunday schools are doing incalculable benefit to this country. They are dispensing from ten thousand points the saving influence of truth and virtue. Let them be cherished.—Phil. Gazette.

BONES.
Considerable excitement was produced this morning within a small circle by the discovery of a quantity of human bones in the earth, just beneath the floor of the house No. 73 William st, which together with all the block from Cedar to Liberty, is being pulled down. The bones were in a mass, the feet, ribs and skull mingled together, and the sides of the cavity as originally formed in the earth for their interment are still quite distinct. The house was built in 1823, but whether the bones were deposited before or since the building was erected is not yet determined.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

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OFFICE.