CLEMENT McWILLIAMS ENOCH NEALE.
JAMES A. MORGAN.

THE CULTIVATOR IS a monthly publication of 16 quarto pages and comprises about 200 pages in a lume, published at Albany, by the New Y Agricultural Society. It is exclus by devoted to Agriculture and the Impre ment of Youth. The publishing commi-are J. Buel, J. P. Beekman, and J. D. W. The object of the publication is to cultural community, in the cheapest pra-cable form; and the success of the under ing, and the character of the paper, are in

thousand, and comprised residents of thes The second volume was commenced The pages are so enlarged. each number contains as much matter eighteen pages of the first volume. It tains many engravings and cuts, executed mals and operations of husbandry. P will not exceed 18? cents per year to any p

was completed its subscribers exceeded e

The first volume will continue to be f nished at 50 cents a single copy. Communications to be addressed to J. Ba

Subscriptions received by A. Cowa at this office, where a specimen of t work can be seen.

PROSPECTUS

Of the Extra Globe. THE undersigned propose to issue the f number of a new series of the EXTR GLOBE, on Monday, the 25th of May ne and to publish it weekly for six months, maing twenty-six numbers; the last to contain Index to the whole. It will be printed on fine double royal paper, made up in quat form, like the Extra and Congressional the published by us last year. The 26 number will make 416 quarto royal pages.

It will contain the principal original arcles of the Daily and Semi-Weekly Globe notices of the public meetings, the election Union, in relation to the canvass for the a

of the present year will go far to decide.
The first number will contain the Proceed ngs of the Democratic National Conventimonth. An excellent Reporter has alrea the Convention, and the Specches which m

late it, for the purpose of obtaining subsc newspapers that copy this Prospectus. Subscribers should forward their names

time to reach us before the 25th May. If with all the numbers; because the work is pa print any number that may be exhausted. TERMS:

Eleven copies will be furnished for Te Dollars; twenty-two copies for Twenty Dol

lars, and so on in proportion. The price of this paper is so low, that we cannot afford to open accounts with those who

news-once be paid to any order, unless the money ac companies it. BLAIR & RIVES

June 11.

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to ap-

ourth

Pues

FUNERALS.

HE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that ne has discontinued the Cabinet Making Bu

siness, and intends to confine himself fo uture altogether to that of an UNDERTAK All orders for Funerals will be attended to at the shortest notice, either in the usual man-

He returns his thanks to the public for their patronage during the last twenty years, and hopes that his paimpiness and attention will

continue to merit their favour.
WASHINGTON G. TUCK.
Feb. 26.

PRINTING Neatly executed at this OFFICE.

The Atarpland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1835.

NO. 43.

Printed and Published by JONAS GREEN, athe Brick Building on the Public Circle.

Price-Three Dollars per quaum.

SUBSCRIPTIONS To the London, Edinburgh, Foreign, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews-the

Past Magazine, Penny Cyclopadia, Repub-Persy singazine, renny Cyclopaedia, Repub-col Letters, Parley's Magazine, and the New York Register, received at the "Room" of the subscriber, where specimen Numbers m be seen. FRINCIS M. JARBOE.

PR SPECTUS. THE Sabscriber proposes to publish, in Upper Isribro', Prince George's county, Maryland, a weekly journal, to be called

Canch street-Annapolis.

THE BULLETIN. Is andertaking to supply this acknowledged desideration to the populous and intelligat district in which the subscriber has the to reside, his hope of ultimate sucpens finds not its origin in sanguineness of esperanent, but proceeds from the eminent absentages of its location. Puolished in the according of a large and wealthy county, sit pitals, facilities of an early commuof whatever may interest its patrons, articularly afforded to the Editor; and he may not hope to present to his fierly much foreign information through the schan of his columns, not derivable from operals, it is still certain that intellipace of a local nature, interesting to all, alianortant to many, and otherwise unatusable, will by this means be communicated. livil also offer to those whose means are inilequite to the expense of the larger jourthe at least a synoptical view of all the imasts that those of literary taste may somezes find in its columns, articles not unwortirefthe employment of their leisure. As teplan of every publication which is to find issuccess in popular support, must first be appeal before public patronage can be expected, the Editor would here mark the outat of his design, with the full knowledge that it will constitute an ordeal, by which, to Sternine both its merit and the fidelity of

The Editor proposes to adapt his paper to the The Enter proposes of the siminediately sur-mited those by whom he is immediately sur-graded, and among whom he must natural-rhad a majority of his patrons; he knows hem to be intelligent and inquiring .-Lierary department, shall, therefore, be asin the welfare of our common country. To gatify this sentiment to the extent of his abiatt, his columns shall afford whatever intelliference to the party distinctions now prevail-ing in this country, and the Editor does not wish to disguise his political sentiments—they are opposition to the measures of the present Uninistration. But having neither the temer for the motive of a partisan, his comments pon party movements shall be characterized befrankness of argument, not violence or abuse -tal as it never has been his practice, so shall itnever become his habit to deal in political irrective or party virulence. He will cheer-fally lend the aid of his columns to communications from all parties-reserving to himself the privilege of rejecting such as are objectinable for personal allusion or indecorous langage. In addition to the advantages of appropriate political and literary selections, he trusts alse to tempt into exercise whatever of native talent may surround him, and with such ailshemay not presumptuously hope to render his hemay not presumptuously nope to renter his paper useful and interesting. He asks soft the patronage of his friends longer than his efforts merit and repay it, as he wishes not be one that favour to personal feeling, which

rould be denied to his editorial labors. The BULLETIN will be published on Thursday in each week. Terms of subscription 83

WILLIAM II. HALL,

Upper Marlbro', Reb. 14, 1835.

WINAL NOTICE. MIB underwritten would again respect-ing fully request all persons indebted to the late firm of masses. Williamson and Swann to call and settle immediately, as this active may be considered final to all intents

and purposes. FRANCIS M. JARBOE.



Baltimore, on every
Monday morning, at 6
o'clock, for Centreville
and Chestertown, starting from the lower end
Dugan's wharf, and return the same day. She
will continue this arrangement for the season.
N. B. All happens at the dwner's risk. N. B.—All baggage at the owner's risk. LEM'L. G. TAYLOR,

LITTELL'S MUSEUM

FOREIGN LITERATURE. SCIENCE AND ART.

PRICE. -Six Dollars a year, in advance-Postage. - Five sheets, under 160 miles

d cents; over 100 miles, 121 cents. 17 This work will be sent to any Post Office in the United States, carefully wrapped up, upon receipt of fire dollars in part payment. A few complete sets are for sale.

EXLARGED SERIES OF THE MUSE-

IN. 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 approachng 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 shole attention to it. This has hither to been prevented by the care and labour attendan ipon 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 second to fit it for the haunt of solen a meditation. A ! 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 converting the Museum, he has made a converting the Mr. Adam Waldie of this city to print the work, attend to its distribution, and manage all the financial concerns apportain-

ing 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 premote the sale of the Museum. He has contracted to sale of the Museum. issue it promptly, and thes wil be corrected the greatest fault which has heretofore attended its management. The changes in the appearance of the work will be as follows: It will be regularly and promptly pub-

lished. 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 Editisty regarded, and the most approved the next volume to be considered as enfractic and loreign periodicals resorted to tirely carrying out his plan, he trusts that the subscribers will be convinced, upon compatriotic, and that they feel a deep interest paring it with any other work, that it is rich To ly worth the price asked for it.

We shall not have satisfied our own wish es, in respect to this work, until it shall be te of a political character may be calcula so far enlarged and improved as to make it tel to interest them. No man, with the fa-city of thought, is at this crisis neutral in re-ference to the party distinctions now prevail-hyjathis country, and the Editor does not wish 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 interior 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 pre-

As the work will now be considerably en larged, we shall be able more fully to accom-

plish this object. In order that he may, by frequent journies In order that he may, by frequent journals from home, be the earlier able to finish all of the business, and devote himself exclusively to the Museum, Mr. Littell has made arto the Museum, the Editor of Waldie's Lirangements with the E brary to edit this work after December, 1834. However deficient the proprietor may be in other qualifications, he has always felt so 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 time, to the care of another, were he not contime, to the care of another, were he not confident that the facilities, the experience and 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.

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

CASH FOR ANY NUMBER OF NEGROES, Including both sexes, from 10 to 35 years of

PERSONS having likely Servants to dispose of, and wishing the highest pices, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to buy and give higher prices than any and give higher prices than any other purchaser, who is now or may come into 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.
ISAAC P. PURVIS.

POETRY.

FEMALE FAITH. She loved you when the sunny light Of bliss was on your brow; That bliss has sunk in sorrows night, And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when the joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time has swept
Unlike HER love away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—deport—
And then she loved you most, O such the generous faith that grows In woman's gentle breast;

Tis like that star that stays and glows Alone in night's dark vest .-

MISCELLANEOUS.

During my residence in the country, I used frequent Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its reposit

nsweet dry, so jure, so calm, so bright.
The brills of the carth and sky."
I do not pretend to be what is called a deposit man; at there are feelings that visit me in the country burch and the boatiful serepity of nature, which I experience to where cle ; and if not a more religious I

oor worms around me. The only being who seeme thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate picty of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending inder the weight of years and infirmities. The lingerngs of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress though humble in the extreme, we s scruptiously clean. Some trivial respect, to , had been award. poor, but sat alone on the stops to the alter. She seem ed to have survived all love, all miendship, all society; and to have nothing leither but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly thing and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book which her pulsied hand and tailing eyes, would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart -I full persuaded that the faltering voice of that poer woman arese to heaven far before the responses of the

tracted me. It stood on a linedly round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wourd its way through a long roach of soft meadow scentry. The church was surrounded by you trees which scened alteratives a surrounded by you trees which scened alteratives are surrounded by you trees which scened alteratives and surrounded by your trees which scened alteratives. Still there was a kindly feeling toward her inset coval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from arround them, with rooks and crows generatives and melancholy, and sunk into his prove. The widow, left lonely, in her age and feeble, mass, could no longer support nesself, and came upon the parts. Still there was a kindly feeling toward between the parts. sunny merimag, watening two rateour is who were one, a she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived soli-ging acrive. They had chosen enough the most remote and a tary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature sunry merning, watching two labourers who were digthe indigent and friendless were huddled into tinction of worldly rank, which extended thus down into the very dast, the tell of the bill announced the approach of the faneral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coilin of the plainest materials, without pall or covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The scaton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no nore with an air of cold indisserence. There were no mastened towards her, but his steps were faint and fall mock mourners in the trappings of affected worbut tering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like there was one real mourner who feebly tottered ofter the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceas. ed—the poor old woman whom I had seen scated on the steps of the alter. She was supported by an humble deed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by steps or the alter. She was enjoyed the train, and some of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose a. of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with children curiosity, on the grief of the

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parron issued from the church porch arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand and attended by the clerk. with prayer-book in nanu and attended by the cierk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the surviver was pennyless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scurce. ly be heard at the grave; and never before did I hear

the funeral service, that sublime and touching core-mony, turned into a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Summers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings

of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposite the coffin in the

stle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and look ed about in faint wildness. As the men approached wrang her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to ruise her from the earth, and to whisper semething like consolation-"Nay, now-nay, now don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only sha her head and wring her hands, as one not to be

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creak. ing of the cords seemed to agenize her; but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as it any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my

throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, and leaving behind her the remains of all that as dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and are the distress of the right they have friends to southe -pleasure to beguile-a world to divert and dissipate their grief. What are the sorrows of the young? the at to the but a wintry day, and who can look for no y ore; the so are indeed rorrows which make us feel

mang the mother to her lenely habitation, and I drew freto her some particul rs connected with the affecting cone I had witnessed.

trem chilehood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occup tions, and the assistance of a smell garden led, had supported them lice or ditally, and constartably, & led a happy and

grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—"Oh, Sirf" said the good women, the was a comely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so du on Sunday, dressed out in t is best, so tall, so straight so cheery, supporting his old mother to church-for the was always fonder of fearing on George's arm, than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might be proud of him, for a finer lid there was not in the country

rearrity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plica on a neighbouring river. He had not even long in this employ when woman arese to heaven for before the responses of the clerk, the swell-off the organization of the cloud.

I am fond of loitering about country chardles, and this wess of delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a linell, round which a small firm, grew nearly sea and melancholy, and sunk into his firm, grew nearly sea and melancholy, and sunk into his she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived soliwere chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then

It was but a few days before the time at which these freumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for a repast when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and fala child. The poor woman gazed upon him with vacant and wandering eyes-"On my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was inong the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such meeting, where joy and sorrow were completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age. Nature, however, was exhausted in him, and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many sleepless nights, and never rose from it

The villagers when they heard that George Sommers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every con fort and assistance their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk, he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant: and se seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness, that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has finguished, even in advanced life, in sickness and deepon. dency; who that has pined on a weary bod in the neg-lect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on he mother "that looked on his childhood," that sme ed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh: earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so that ship on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business: the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most writhing. The

convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love ensemblerish him n spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast

him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Sommers had known what it was to be in sickness and none to sooth—lonely and in prices. from his sight; and if she moved away, his everyou follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her ending over him; when he would take her hand and lay it on his bosom, and tall over with the tranquility of a

My first may is en tion, was to visit the outline of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assence, and if possible comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows I did not venture to in-

The next Sunday I was in the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between her pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so-a faded black hand-kerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief that passed show.

When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrew at the elter of her Gos, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more com fortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quiet. ly brouthed ber last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

A SOLDIER'S UNCLAIMED DEPOSITE.' The Editor of the Winchester Republican, in publishing our notice of the late Gen. Piku's Deposite, adds much to the interest of the incident, by giving the letter to which we only reterred, as follows:-Al. Advertiser.

[From the Winchester (Va.) Republican.]
We subjoin the letter alluded to in the forcgoing. It was the last ever written by Gen. he was catroped by a pressigning and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but this yourself to Mrs. Pike.' The hero's wife this yourself to Mrs. Pike.' The hero's wife has followed him to the grave, but perchance, the hero's youthful and widowed daughter may yet grace the National Mansion with her presence. The people seem to be rising en masse for her brave old father in-law. -Ed. Win. Rep.

. My dear Clara: We are now standing on and off the harbour of York, which we shall attack at day light in the morning; I shall dedicate these last moments to you, my love, and to-morrow throw all other ideas but my country to the winds. As yet I know not it Gen. Dearborn lands; he has acted honourably so far, and I feel great gratitude to the old gentleman; my sword and pen shall both be exercised to do him hon-I have no new injunction, no new charge to give you, nor one new idea to communicate; yet we love to commune with those we love, nore especially when we conceive it may be the last time in this world. Should I fall defend my memory; and only believe had I lived, I would have aspired to deeds worthy of your husband. Remember me with a father's love-a father's care, to our dear daughter; and believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of love and friend-MONTGOMERY." ship, your

"It appears this was the signature the General used when addressing his wife; it will be recollected that his name was 'Zebulen Montgomery Pike?"

MUSICAL TASTE.

A clever caricature has lately appeared, re-presenting a young lab (at her piano forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the folowing dialogue takes place;

Lady.—Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical? Geutleman.—Vy, no, Miss; I am not musical nyself, but I have a wery hexcellent snuff box

Dr. Johnson once said, "that when he happened to be with a knot of young ladies engaged with their needles, he considered himself, as in a school of virtue, for he regarded them as thus providing a sanctuary against the most danger-ous anares of the soul, by enabling them to banish idleness, its attendant train of passions, fancies, fears, sorrows and desires."

vot is.

How to MAKE THE WINTER PASS AWAY QUICK-Give a note to the Bank for 90 days, and Spring will come as soon as you are prepared for it.

The Siamese Twins have embarked from Now York, via Liverpool, on their way to Asia-