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TO THE PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

J. SPITTALL, WOOD LETTER CUTTER AND ENGRAVED No. 21, Franklin Place, PHILADELPHIA.

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In a papication by petition in writing of Educated that it will meet with a of the clerry in general and devoted body aking is one which is not asseminate the principally ended in the clerry in general will expend the clerry in general will expend the clerry in parochial duties by afford the work and to observe the spiritual companion the work and the work and the companion of the work and the observe the spiritual companion that the work and the prejudices by the other denomination that the prejudices by the other denomination the property, real, personal and mixed, and the trace that the prejudices by the other denomination the property, real, personal and mixed, and the trace that the prejudices by the other denomination that the property is the property of the control of the work and the property of the control of the work and the property of the control of the work and the property of th

Jan. 14.—3:n. GIDEON WHITE.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE CULTIVATOR

WILL be commenced on the first of March next. The terms will continue to be FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

We tender our thanks to gentlemen who have kindly aided in the circulation of the CULTIVATOR, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their good offices in its behall.-If this paper enables one man, by the information it affords him, to add to the profits of his farm ten dollars a year, -and we mean to he medest in our supposition,—it will bene-fit ten men who take it one hundred dollars an Irish Gentleman in one and it will effect the most good in districts and towns where it has the greatest subscription; and hence every intelligent man wind wishes to promote the interests of his inegligible. urch of Christ shown; bourhood, (and who does not?) will be able to do so by increasing its circulation.

The Cultivator is a monthly publication t on of 16 quarto pages, devoted to Agricultural Improvement.

J. BUEL, Conductor, Albany, N. Y. TOR and COMMON SCHOOL ASSIST

ANT received at the Post Office, Annapo-A. COWAN.

February 4.

FUNERALS.

friends, and the public in general, that he has discontinued the Cabinet Making Besiness, and intends to confine himself for the future astogether to that of an UNDERTAK-

All orders for Funerals will be attended to at the shortest notice, either in the huat manner, or according to special direction.

He returns his thanks to the public for their patronage during the last twenty years, and hopes that his paomptness and attention will continue to merit their favour,
WASHING ION G. TUCK.

CIN. PRINTING Neatly executed at this OR BIOR

The Ataupland Gasette.

VOL. XCI.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1836.

Printed and Published by At the Brick Building on the Public

Price-Three Dollars per annum.

POETRY.

JONAS GREEN.

The magnificent poem we subjoin has appeared before in our columns—but so long ago, as that possibly it may have for most readers all the charm of novelty—and for all, it will bear repetition—for it is in the finest vein of poetic inspiration. [U. S. Guz.]

THE SONG OF THE FORGE. Clang, clang—the massive anvils ring; Clang, clang—a hundred hammers swing; Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky, 'The mighty blows still multiply, Clang clause still multiply,

Inte the thunder ratile of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply,
Clang, clang,
Say, brothers of the dusty brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?
Clang, clang—we forge the coulter now,
The coulter of the kindly plow;
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil,
May its broad furrow still unbind
The most benignant soil.
Clang, clang, our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tile,
Amidst the song of morning birds,
Amidst tool brozzes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May.
Along the green hill's sile.
When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide spread glory clothes the land,
When to the valleys from the brovy
Of each resplendent slope is roused
A tudy son of living gold,
We blees, we bless the PLOW.
Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows
Boneath the hammer's potent blows?

We bless, we bless the PLOW.
Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clang, clang—we forgo the giant chain
Which bears the gallant reasel's strain
Midst stormy wind sand advarso tides:
Secured by this the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.
Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive-dark before the breeze,
The storm cloud on the hill;

ane storm cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests though far away,
In boisterous climes his vessel, lay,
Reliant on our skill.
Say, on what sands theso links shall sloop,
Pathoms beneath the solemn deep:

Say, on what sands these links shall sloop,
Fathems beneath the solemn deep:
By Afric's pestilential shore,
By many an ice—berg, lone and hoar,
By many a palmy western isle,
By stormy Labrador,
By stormy La

The furnace's red breath?

The iron tempert of your blows.

The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang—a burning shower clear
And brilliant of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the SWORD.

The sword! a name of dread, yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for the altar and its hearth,
While for the last that gave him birth,
The war drums roll, the tempest cound,
How sacred is it then!
Whenever for the truth and right,
It dashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain pars,
As that were fell Leonidas,
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or midst crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,
Or, as when sunk the Armada's prids.
It pleams above the stormy tide; Of, as when sunk the Armada's pride.
It gleams above the stormy tide;
Still, still, where'er the battle word
Is Liberty, where men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the SWORD:

From the London Metropolitan for January. THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

The leaves from the trees Are all dropping away, Like the friends of my youth. That are gone to decay Vain world that I dwell in, From thy spells that once flung Their enchantment o'er me. Their enchantment o'er me,
We dream away life
From the mind's very birth,
And worship, as idols,
The nothings of earth;
Till time wings the knell
Of our youth's dying years,
And thought, like the sear lift
Of Autumn, appears.
Reflection come lete. Or Autumn, appears.
Reflection comes late,
But it tarries full long,
When Life's banquet is stripe
Of its garland and song:
Yet wisely doth God
In his mercy decroe,
That our feelings should change
Like the leaves of the tree.

As the worm, that will turn
To a butterfly gay,
Spins its own snowy shroud:
So wo creatures of clay
May weave such a garment
Of light, for the timb,
As will lay up the soul
"Gainst a season of bloom. The leaves from the trees
Are all dropping away,
Like the dends of my youth.
That are to decay,
But hope points to me;
As to nature, a spring,
When my spirit shall rise
Like the bird on the wing,

PREVENT MORTIFICATION OR ALLAY INFLAMMATION. Take dry clay, wet it with sharp vinegar, d make a plaster, and lay it on the part afted, of the thickness of a quarter or a half MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF HORROR.

The following narrative of the massacre of Col. Dade and his companions was taken down by an officer at Tampa Bay, from the lips of Rawson Clark, one of the three soldiers who survived that horrid butchery It first appeared in the Portland Courier Although it does not differ. materially, from the published accounts, its particularity invests it with a thrilling interest. After describing the early stages of the march, he thus

It was eight o'clock. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the advanced guard, and this was immediately followed by a musket shot from that quarter. Captain him with the blows of their axes and their results of the shot of the shot in the shot of the these shots, before a volley, as if from a that I had received in my head gave to me thousand rines, was poured in upon us from the appearance of naving occurs and through the front, and all along our left flank. I the brain, for the negroes, after catching me looked around me, and it seemed as if I was the only one left standing in the right wing.

"d—n him, he's dead enough!" They then Neither could I, until several other vollies stripped me of my clothes, shoes, and hat had been fired at us, see an enemy—and and left me. After stripping all the dead in when I did, I could only see their heads and this manner, they trumbled off the cannon in arms peering out from the long grass, far and the direction the Indians had gone, and went near, and from behind the pile trees. The ground seemed to me an open pine barren, in their geer, and burn the wagon. no hammock near that I could see. On our right, and a little to our rear, was a large pond of water some distance off. Ail aparticularly towards the left, and abounding with long high grass. The first fre of the Indians was the most destructive, seemingly killing or disabling one haif of our men.

We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. i, for one, never fired without seeing my man, that is, his head and shoulders:—the Indians chiefly fired laying or squatting in the grass. Lt. Bassinger fired five or six rounds of cannister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one half or three quarters of a mile off, after having fired not more than 12 or 15 rounds. We immediatly their began to tell trees, and erect a little triangular breastwork. Some of us went forward to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground by the first volley, and his horse dashed into the midst of the enemy. Whilst gathering the cartridges, I saw LA. Mudge sitting with his back recining against his head fallen, and evidently dying. I his head fallen, and evidently dying. The interpreter Louis, it is said, fell by the first We have since learned that this fellow shammed dead-that his life was afterwards spared through the intercession of the Chief Jumper, and that, being an educated negro, he read all the despatches and letters that were found about the dead, to the

We had barely raised our breast work knee high when we again saw the Indians advancing in great numbers over the hill to They came on boldly till within a long musket shot, when they spread them selves from tree to tree to surround us. We immediately extended as Light Infantry, covering ourselves by the trees and opening a brisk fire from cannon and musketry. The former I don't think could have done

much mischles, the Indians were so scattered. Capt. Gardner, Lt. Bassinger, and Dr. .Gatlin, were the only officers left unburt by the volley which killed Col. Dade. Lt. Henderson had his left arm broken, but he continued to load his musket and to fire it, resting on the stump, until he was finally shot down towards the close of the second attack, and during the day he kept up his spirits and cheered the men. Lt. Keyes had both his arms broken in the first attack; they were bound up and slung in a handkerchief, and he sat for the remainder of the day, until he was killed; reclining against the brestwork -his head often reposing upon it-regardless of every thing that was passing around

"Our men were by degrees all cut down We had maintained a steady fight from 8 entil 2 P. M. or thereabouts, and allowing three quarters of an hour interval between the first and second attack, had been pretty husily engaged for more than 5 hours. Lt. B. was the only officer left alive, and he severelly, wounded. He told me as the Indians approached to lay down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy made Indian, of middle stature, painted down to the waist, (corresponding in description to Micanopy) seemed o be the Chief. He made them a speech frequently pointing to the breastwork.—At length they charged into the work;—there was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive—
offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accountrements and carrying away our arms. They offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accountre-

then retired in a body in the direction from whence they came.

Immediately upon their retreat, forty or fifty negroes on horseback galloped up and alighted, tied their beasts, and commenced with hoorid shouts and yells the butchery of the wounded, together with an indiscriminate plunder, stripping the bodies of the dead of ciothing, watches and money, and splitting open the heads of all who showed the least sign of life, with their axes and knives, and accompanying their bloody work with obscene and faunting derisions, and with frequent cries of "what have you got to

"Lieut. B., hearing the negroes butcher-Fraser had rode by me a moment before in fiendish laughter. Having been wounded in that direction. I never saw him afterwards. five different places myself, I was pretty I had not time to think of the meaning of well covered with blood, and two scratches thousand rifles, was poured in upon us from the appearance of having been shot through away. I saw them first shoot down the oxen

One of the other soldiers who escaped, says they threw the cannon into the pond, and burned its carriage also. Shortly after round us were heavy pine trees, very open, the negroes went away, one Wilson, of Capt. G.'s company crept from under some of the dead bodies, and hardly seemed to be hurt at all. He asked me to go with him back to the Fort, and I was going to follow him. when, as he jumped over the breastwork, an Indian sprang from behind a tree and show him down. I then by quiet until 9 o'clock that night, when De Cony, the only living soul beside myself, and I started, upon our journey. We knew it was nearest to go to Fort King, but we did not know the way, and we had seen the enemies retreat in that direction. As I came out I saw Dr. G. lying supped amongst the dead. The last I saw of him whilst living was kneeting behind the brestwork with two double barrel guns by him, and he said " Vell, I have got four barrels for them." Capt. G. after being severely wounded, cried out, "I can give you no more orders, my lads, do your best?" I last saw a negro spurn his body, saying with an oath, "that's one of their officers."

(G. was dressed in soldier's clothes.) My comrade and myself got along quite well until the next day, when we met an Indian on horseback, and with a rifle, coming up the road .- Our only chance was to separate—we did so. I took the right and he the left of the road. The Indian pursued him. Shrtely afterwards I heard a rifle shot, and a little after another. I concealed myself among some scrub and Saw Palmetto. and after awhile saw the Indian pass, locking for me. Suddenly, however, he put spurs to his horse, and went off at a gallop towards the road.

I made something of a circuit before struck the beaten track again. That night I was a good deal annoyed by the wolves, who had scented my blood, and came very close to me; the next day, the 30th, I reached the Fort.

From the Philadelphia United States Guzette. GRAY'S ELEGY.

taining Gray's Elegy in a country church yard. Most of our readers, of course, recollect the exquisite gem, and may wonder how it acquired such a large setting as a whole volume. Yet so it is—a full octavo volume, and no other reading matter in the book.

This is an illustrative edition. Each page contains one verse of the elegy, beautifully printed, under an exquisite engraving, illus trative of the text. Some of these are the handsomest specimens of wood engraving we ever saw. Only one side of the leaf is printed on, and each picture is defended from friction or pressure with the opposite thick paper, by the interposition of a tissue leaf.

This Elegy is calculated always to awalten feerings of pleasurable melancholy, to send the thoughts away to the tomb, to bid them study there the end of man, and bring back their lessons of wisdom, gathered from the worms. Many of the verses would naturalled the did not hesitate to assign to the great felly direct the artist to the exhibition of a male authors of our day a rank not inferior grave yard, tombs, epitaphs, &c &c. and he to that of the most gifted and polished of has thus illustrated much of the text, not by the other sex. But, above all, he delighted any repetition, but by an ingenious and successful change of the subject and the views, though the scene is the same, or nearly the

same, in most of them.

The grave thus shown in doubtless most prolific in profitable reflection, and in a chas-

reflection. Our grief, or our consideration, pressed by dangers and difficulties, which in the midst of the emblems of mortality, the swelling mound and the lettered head stone is all for others. We "consider the dead that be, already dead," and think up in "their places now left vacant." We compare their once vivacious inovements with their present rest—the joyful spiritle of the eye, the tressured honey of the lip, and the brilliant face of beauty, with the orbits socket, the noi-ome mouth and the fleshio scull that remain-and we mourn the change. The engraver of the volume has used his art to create these reflections, indeed, and he has been successful. But he has done more. The illustrations of the two verses, the one beginning

"For who to damo forgetfulness a proy"and the other.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies"-are treasures. They teach us to contemplate not the end of others, but our own death.

When man can abstract himself from the light and business of life, and imagine himself stretched upon the bed of death-realise that it is himself, so long deemed immortal —that he is passing away, and that not only shall he see no more this beautiful world, but he shall be soon torgotten, as those who do this, he has learned to think, and think profitably of death.

The two pictures before us are beautifully instructive. The first represents a dying man, stretched upon a bed, and a female hand is gently opening a casement, to ellow the rays of an evening sun to rest upon his pallid and death struck features. The other picture represents the dying man pouring out his last breath upon the breast of a female. We have been looking at the features of the woman. We think they are those of his mother. It is best they should be so. We may love a wife—we may live for her alone—and indeed die for her, but not with her -at least not aline. In moments of utter helplessnerss, whether in the cradle or on the death bed, there is no charm like a mother's voice. Shen the scarcy dream disturb, the infant, or when the death struggle bends the mun, how soothing to hear the low whisper -

Tis thy mother sits beside thoe, And her arms shall be try gaird.

We would not underrate the devoted kindness, the ever watchful care, the almost shavelike attention of a loving wife to a husband tortured with sickness. But it seems to us that death would lose one pang, if a mother could close the dimming eye. have strangely wandered from a notice of the elegant book, but our readers, we hope, who have become accustomed to our wanderings, will excuse the deviation.

JUDGE MARSHALL'S RESPECT FOR THE FEMALE SEX.

The following is an extract from Jidge Story's Eulogy upon his character which vas one of the noblest that ever adorned our country. [Philad. Gaz. "May I be permitted also in this presence

to allude to another trait in his character,

which lets us at once into the inmost reces ses of his feelings with an unerring certainty. I allude to the high value in held the female sex, as the friends, the companions, and the equals of man—I do not here mean to refer to the courtesy and delicate kindness, with which he was accustoined to treat the sex; but rather to the unaffecthments, their tal and their excellencies. The scoffs and jeers of the morose, the bitter taunts of the sati-rists, and the lighter ridicule of the witty, so profusely and often so ungenerously poured out upon transient follies or fashions, found no sympathies in his bosom. He was still farther above the common place finiteries by which frivolity seeks to administer aliment to personal vanity, vice or to make its approaches for baser purposes. He spoke to the sex when present, as he spoke of them when absent, in language of just appeal to their un-derstandings, their tastes and their duties. He paid a voluntary homage to their genius, and to the beautiful productions of it, which now adorn every branch of literature and learning He read their productions with a glowing gratitude.—He proudly proclaimed their merits, and vindicated on all occasions their claims to the highest distinction. And to dwell upon the admirable adaptation of their minds, and sensibilities, and affections. to the exalted duties assigned to them by Providence. Their superior purity, their singleness of heart, their exquisite perception of moral and religious sentiment, their

watches by the couch of sickness and smooths the bed of death, and smiles even in the agonies of its own sufferings. These were the favorite topies of his confidential conversation, and on these he expatiated with an enthusiasm which showed them to be present in his daily meditations."

[From the Norristown Herald.] WHERE IS THE FREIGHT TO COME

There never was an improvement underta-There never was an improvement undertaken to facilitate travel or transportation, but the above question was repeatedly asked, and so often asked to the injury, and frequently to the craire failure of undertakings which, if completed, would prove the most valuable. The same question was asked of the Morristown Rail Read. "Where is the freight to come from?" The managers become disheartened—the enterprise lay dormant, until it fell into the hands of enterprising suneartened—the enterprise lay dormant, until it fell into the hands of enterprising supervisors, who pushed it to completion, now the question is asked with astonishment 'where does the freight come from?'

We perceive that a portion of the citizens of Bucks, county have had a meeting.

of Bucks county have had a meeting, the proceedings of which will be found in an adoining column, and resolved in favour of -Rail Road from New Hope to Norristown. The plan is feasible. The old question will no doubt be there repeated by a thousand tongues, and all arguments set down as airy nothings. Let such be referred to the Nor-risiown Rail Road for example.

It will be remembered that the single track now laid on this road, was done in great haste, and although executed with such great haste, and annuago executed despatch, appears permanently constructed—the Company was scarcely provided with means to carry passengers—and with burning the construction of the cons means to carry passengers—and with bur-then cars only sufficient for the accommodation of travelling trunks &c., and although constantly increasing the number, they still find it difficult to accommodate half the increasing patronage.

During the past week, in addition to the usual number of passengers, 184 tons of Coal and Merchandize were transported on the road; of which not 100 lbs, were carried for either of the seven large stores in the Borough-not 100 lbs. were carried for either of the extensive cotton factories—not 100 lbs. were carried for the two large merchant mills. "Where does the freight come

If our friends in Bucks succeed in constructing a Rail Road to this place, they have every reason to expect a similar exclamation of surprise—"Where does the freight come from?"

A FAIR HIT.

A young aspirant for literary and fashionable distinction, who had in vain laid the foundation, for what he had hoped, would luxuriate into a large pair of whiskers, lately asked one of our village belles what she hought of them -To which she replied, with much naivette, that they were like un-to the Western country—extensively laid out, but thinly settled—Berwick Gaz.

WEARING FLANNELS.

As the genial su ishine of spring advances, those accustomed to wearing flanuel under garments are too much disposed to lay them suddenly aside. This is an error of great magnitude. Keer them on till the east wind is no longer elaberated; till the flowers are We are indebted to Mr. Henry Perkins, ed to treat the sex; but rather to the unaffect.

No. 134 Chesnut street, for a volume conin the very meridian of life, in consequence of not understanding, or by neglecting this simple important advice.—Medical Jour.

TO KILL CABBAGE LICE.

As these vermin infest cabbages, and not unfrequently impede their growth very much, the following receipt is given in sub-stance as we find it. Make a strong decoction of tobseco, and when cool apply it to the plants by means of a syringe. This v-ringe should be about two feet long and an inch in diameter, having a eap of lead or tin perforated with very small holes to prevent the liquid from falling with too much force upon the plants. One application a day for two or three days will generally destroy all

FOR RAISING CABBAGE.

Take from the stump of an old cabbages which you generally set out early, the most prominent shoots after they have sufficienty expanded themselves; and set them out in the same manner you do your plants, and they will immediately take root and afford you a very early and luxuriant cabbago. Those who have tried this method affirm that they are much earlier and far superior to