

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. XVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1837.

NO. 16.

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

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR.
THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known as the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books of the best literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryat, and sixty five of Mr. Brook's valuable Letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science, and Arts; Internal Improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public Journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest date.

It is published at the low price of \$2. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week, enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and when it is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the lakes. The paper has been known so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus; the publishers, therefore, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania states—“The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;” the other, the Inquirer and Daily Courier, says, “it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.” The New York Star says—“we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.”

The Albany Mercury of March 16th, 1836, says, “the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week. Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union. Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke, of Philadelphia, to publish in its columns, in the course of a year, several of the most interesting new works, that issue from the British press; which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.”

TERMS.
Waldie's LITERARY OMNIBUS will be issued every Friday morning, printed on paper of a quality superior to any other weekly sheet, and of the largest size. It will contain:
1. Books. The newest and the best that can be procured, equal every week to a London duodecimo volume, embracing Novels, Travels, Memoirs, &c., and only chargeable with newspaper postage.
2. Literary Reviews, Tales, Sketches, notices of books, and information from the world of letters, of every description.
3. The news of the week concentrated to a small compass, but in a sufficient amount to embrace a knowledge of the principal events, political and miscellaneous, of Europe and America.
The price will be two dollars for clubs of five subscribers where the paper is forwarded to one address. To clubs of two or three, five dollars; single mail subscribers, three dollars. The discount on uncurrent money will be charged to the remitter; the low price and superior paper absolutely prohibit paying a discount.

On no condition will a copy ever be sent until the payment is received in advance.
As the arrangements for the prosecution of this great literary undertaking are all made, and the proprietor has relinquished all his pledges to a generous public for many years, no fear of the non fulfillment of the contract need be felt. The Omnibus will be regularly issued, and will contain in a year reading matter equal in amount to 160 volumes of Beecher's Cyclopaedia, for the small sum mentioned above.
Address, post paid, ADAM WALDIE, 46 Carpenter St. Philadelphia.

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Editors throughout the Union, and Canada, will confer a favour by using the above or more conspicuous insertions, and accepting the work for a year as compensation.

FOR ANNAPOLIS AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat MARYLAND, leaves Baltimore every TUESDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for the above places, starting from the lower end of Dugan's wharf, and returns on Wednesday and Saturday.
N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.
EMIL G. TAYLOR.
May 5.

MAPS.
In addition to all of the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads, &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads, distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet, at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.
TERMS.
The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form, at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror, being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on

the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albany, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)
WOODWARD & CLARKE,
Philadelphia.

POETRY.

From the United States Gazette.
PRAYER.
Father, my weak lips pray,
Oh! guide my faltering tongue,
Till the low murmurs of thy lay,
Through thy blest realms have rung;
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
To pardon and to spare,
Hear, in thy bright and blessed land,
The contrite sinners prayer.
Father, a weary heart,
Hath come to thee for peace,
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its troubles cease.
It brings before thy throne,
Its weight of woes and care,
Oh! thou seepest its pleading tone,
The contrite sinner's prayer.
Father, it hath rebelled,
Wandered from thy path,
Nor heeded when the thunder swelled
Its weight of woes and care.
But now, a braided thing,
Neglected, pale and bare,
Low at thy footstool it doth bring,
The contrite sinner's prayer.
Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the host,
Ties to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary, rest.
Father—its sin is forgiven,
It pants with thee to share
The glorious heritage of heav'n,
Won by the contrite prayer.
C. H. W.

GOD AND HEAVEN.
BY DR. ROWLING.
The silver curtain is snapping,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal form in darkness wrapped,
The words funeral spoken:
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or the dead is the grassy sod,
And what for mourning men is left—
Oh! what is left—out God!
The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they were are faded,
The twilight dew hath veiled the sun,
And Hope's sweet dreamings all dead,
Ah! the thoughts of joy that were planted deep
From our lone and hearts are riven,
And what is left us when we weep—
Oh! what is left—but Heaven!

MISCELLANEOUS.
A GERMAN GHOST STORY.
The following strange and incredible story is related by Sir William Wrixall, in the first part of his "Historical memoirs." The reader will bear in mind that the incident occurred in Germany; and only that it is not located in the Hartz Mountains, we should pronounce it to be one of the most veritable ghost stories on record, not even excepting Sir Joseph Barrington's wonderful marvellous Ghost Music.

In the autumn of 1778, I visited Dresden for the second time; a court which was rendered peculiarly agreeable to the English at that period, by the hospitality and polished manners of his Majesty's Minister to Saxony, Sir John Steyne; one of the best gentlemen who has been employed on Foreign Missions, during the course of the present reign—Dresden was then a place where the Illumines had made a deep and general impression on the public mind; Schrepler having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the chevalier de Saxe. Having given, in a former work, some account of the extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here; but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me, during my residence in Dresden, by the count de Felkesheim. He was a Livonian gentleman, settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, being together in the month of October, 1778, and our discourse accidentally turned on the character and performance of Schrepler; and he conversed, and he to me, with several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectacle of the Duke Courland. They all agreed in their account of the leading particulars.—Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery, that business was conducted, I have always considered him as an artful impostor and his audience as dupes. Yet I am not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances, as to treat them with ridicule, because they may seem to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the University of Konigsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures on ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who to me seemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinged with incredulity on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, he

lectured for him, in the course of his lectures to treat on the nature of spirits, as detached from matter, to discuss the immortal life of the soul and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so sensible an embarrassment both in his lan-

guage and his expression, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his department, and I entreated him tell me if they were well founded, or only imaginary suggestions.

The hesitation which you noticed, answered he, resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is so various: with the testimony of my senses. I am equally from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt, the existence of apparitions. But an appearance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they or any of the perceptions can be confided in, and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation, from other circumstances connected with the original fact, leaves me in that state of scepticism and suspense which perverted my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederick William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Konigsberg. I repaired thither, in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat parsonage house, where I passed the night in the bed chamber which had been occupied by my predecessor.

It was in the longest days of summer, and on the following morning which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad day light, I beheld the figure of a man, I dated in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked, he seemed always to leave a deep sigh. His countenance pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects; but, being impressed with too much fear and apprehension to rise, or to address myself to the appearances before me, I remained for some minutes a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word, or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two children, one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly followed him, till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove, which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

How very deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and how ever incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up, and having hastily dressed myself, I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavoured to dissipate the recollection, by considering the objects around me. In almost all the Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergyman, who held the living. A number of these paintings, in a rapid succession, passed before me, and I perceived, in the face of the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive.—“We considered him,” said the sexton, “as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days by a lingering illness, the course of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us, and which still form matter of conjecture. It is however commonly believed that he died of a broken heart.” My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or heard on the subject.—“Nothing respecting it,” answered he “is absolutely known, but several had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connection with a young woman of the neighborhood, by whom it is even asserted that he had two sons.”

As a confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children, who have been seen at the parsonage; boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time since before the decease of their supposed father; though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain that the surmise is an unfavourable opinion formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated if they did not produce the disorder of which our late pastor died; but he is gone to account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed.”

It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination and seemed to give proof of the existence of that I had seen. Yet, unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantasms which might have been the effect of error or deception, I never communicated to the sexton the circumstance which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there, without ever again witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away, as the autumn advanced.

When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell, having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in their respects, with the description given me by the sexton of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage.—This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on the appearance, which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitting the place and returned to Konigsberg; but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression, and has, in its effects, given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse.” Such was Count Felkesheim's story, which from its singularity appeared to me deserving of commemoration in whatever contempt we may justly hold similar anecdotes.

A correspondent informs us, says the Boston Morning Post, that certain gentlemen who keep temperance stores are licensed to sell alcohol as a medicine! And that they do a large business in this way—their customers generally being very much out of health.

We were infinitely amused with a story that was told us the other day—a story unquestionably true. All our readers know with what extreme readiness and with low little examination the Legislature granted divorces during its late session. Certain wags at Frankfort, it appears, took advantage of this easy disposition of the General Assembly, and played off a practical joke upon that honourable body. They handed in an application for the divorce of a certain couple, and the bill as usual, was passed without particular enquiry. Some days afterwards a gentleman in a distant part of the State having read the columns of the Frankfort Commonwealth, closed the paper in surprise and hurried off to his neighbor, a venerable old citizen, and exclaimed—“Why, neighbor, I am astonished, I never heard of my quarrel between you and your wife! I am lost in amazement!” A quarrel between me and my wife? ejaculated the old man—what do you mean? “I mean no offence Sir,” replied the first, “but I read your divorce in my paper and was puzzled to account for it. I supposed of course that you and Aunt Betsey had quarrelled.” “Mark ye, Sir,” responded the old man, “I am seventy years old, and my wife is sixty-eight—we have lived together forty-nine years and raised thirteen children—and there has never been the least ill-timed word between us in all our lives. Divorced! divorced! I divorced from my old wife? What! what the devil has sent you here with such a story.”

The neighbor made no reply, but coolly took the paper from his hat and handed it to the old man, who, with the aid of his spectacles, then and there read, to his utter dismay, an official statement of the actual dissolution of the matrimonial bonds of himself and his wife by the sovereign authority of the State. The agonies of the poor old couple, at finding themselves so, can readily be imagined. That night they went on separate pillows, but early on the following day, the good old souls trudged off for a marriage license, paid the fee, went before the nearest magistrate, and were duly joined a second time together, each fervently praying, that the Legislature would never again interfere with their conjugal ties.—Louisville Journal.

SOMETHING GRAPHIC.
The following letter was written some time since, by a boy in Indiana, to his father at New Orleans:
“Dear daddy, corn is dull, brother John is dead likewise.
Excuse haste and a bad pain.
Yours omnipotent,
JOHN M'CLURE.”

The Greenfield Mercury states that two full grown Balmain trees were lately dug from the ground in Halifax, Vermont, placed erect upon ox sleds, and in that position drawn into that

village, a distance of twenty miles. Their removal occupied a day and a half. The trees are designed to decorate the abode of Franklin Ripley, Esq. a gentleman whose rural taste has improved his grounds until they are said to exhibit a beauty not surpassed in any section of the country.

Extract of a letter from a young gentleman of Philadelphia, dated U. S. Frigate Constitution, Cadiz, Dec. 31, 1836.
We spent the summer in cruising along the coasts of Italy and Syria. We made short stays at Sidon, Beirut, Tripoli, and Jaffa, from whence we went to Jerusalem. I will now give you a description of our visit. We left Jaffa for Jerusalem, distant forty five miles, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, about fifty in company, armed with pistols and cutlasses, mounted on mules, and arrived at Ramla at 10 o'clock in the evening, about sixteen miles from Jaffa; it is a very mean, dirty place, but remarkable as the place in which Joseph lived, who begged the body of Jesus from Herod, and placed it in a new Sepulchre, Math. 27. We left there at 12, and travelled all night, and arrived at Jerusalem about 7 o'clock in the morning. The road is cut through the mountain, and only room for one mule to pass at a time, and so bad in some places that we were obliged to dismount and walk. The mountains are said to be infested with robbers. On our arrival in Jerusalem, we took up our quarters in a French Convent, and were obliged to sleep on the floor. We first visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built on Mount Calvary, over the spot on which our Saviour was crucified. Inside of the Church is the sepulchre in which our Saviour was laid, and the hole in which the cross was placed.—They also showed us the hole in the rock occasioned by the earthquake, when our Saviour came up from the tomb.

They have a great many curiosities, among which is the sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, the first Christian King of Jerusalem. We next visited a heap of rubbish, said to be the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, at one time the most magnificent building in the world, which is rendered remarkable from the saying of our Saviour, that not one stone should be left standing on another. It was destroyed by the Romans, and upwards of six thousand people perished, having fled there for protection. Outside of the city are the pools of Bethesda and Gileon, and the tomb of the Virgin Mary. In the Valley of Jehoshaphat, is the tomb of King Jehoshaphat, Absalom's pillar, the tomb of Zachariah, and the Royal Sepulchre. We next visited the Mount Olives, it is about one mile from the city. In a building erected on the spot from which our Saviour ascended into Heaven, is a square stone, on which is the print of a foot, said to be that of our Saviour. I could distinguish the toes, and that was all. I also saw the Garden of Gethsemane, where our Saviour suffered such agony.

We next visited Bethlehem the birth place of our Saviour. They showed us a manger, said to be the one in which our Saviour was laid; also a grotto in a rock in which the Virgin Mary hid herself and babe when Herod gave the order for all the little children to be killed; also the field in which the shepherds were attending their flocks when they heard the voice informing them of the birth of our Saviour. Our stay was so short that we could not see every thing that we wished to. I purchased some beads, made out of olive wood, and some pearl shells, and had them consecrated in the Holy Sepulchre.

We sailed from Jaffa for Alexandria, in Egypt, at one time the greatest commercial city in the world. There is nothing of interest to be seen but Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the Catacombs, where they preserve their dead. I went into them, and had to stoop on all fours, and enter through a small hole in a rock. There is large square chambers cut inside, in which they place the dead in an upright posture. There is nothing in them now but skeletons and bones. It was a very dreary place.

We arrived here on the 27th of December, Major Eaton, our Ambassador to the Court of Spain is staying here with his family, and he has been here some time. He visited the ship, and we were all presented to him.

LONDON FASHIONS.
GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
HAS just received direct from London Dress Coats, Pantalons and Vest, as specimens of his skill, and invites his friends and those disposed to patronize him, to call and examine them, together with a large and general assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, and VESTING, all of the latest importations.

TAKEN UP, SHORT!
EAR Turkey Point, South River, about the 16th February last, THREE BARRELS, supposed to be two of F. B. Rum, and one of Brandy, without any particular marks. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.
THOMAS BULLLEY.
March 9.

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TAILOR,
direct from London Pantalons and Vest, as specimens of his skill, and invites his friends to patronize him, together with a quantity of CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, and VESTING, all of the latest importations.

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N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.
EMIL G. TAYLOR.
May 5.

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