

ATWENTY News ? ... GAZETTE. ... December 26, 1836. ...

A NEW AND CHEAP PERIODICAL. Attention is requested from our readers in the following prospectus of a new, and even a cheaper book periodical, which will be issued from this office in the first week of next January.

As but very few copies will be printed but what are actually subscribed for, those who wish the Omnibus, must make their remittances at once. Books at Newspaper Postage. WALDIE'S LITERARY OMNIBUS.

It was one of the great objects of "Waldie's Literary," to make good reading cheaper, and to bring literature to every man's door. That object has been accomplished; we have given to books wings, and they have flown to the uttermost parts of our vast continent, carrying society to the secluded, occupation to the literary, information to all.

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 1st. Books, the newest and the best that can be procured, every week to a London duodecimo volume, embracing Novels, Travels, Memoirs, &c., and only chargeable with newspaper postage.

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 redeemed all his pledges to a generous public for many years, the fear of the non-fulfillment of the contract can be felt. The Omnibus will be regularly issued, and will contain in a year reading matter equal in amount to two volumes of Rees's Cyclopaedia, for the small sum mentioned above.

THE undersigned respectfully apprises his friends and the public at large that he will attend at all times to the preparation of DEEDS OF MANUMISSION, BILLS OF SALE, BONDS, LETTERS OF ATTORNEY, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, &c. Office in Church street—nearly opposite the City Hotel.

# The Maryland Gazette.

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.

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 32 volumes a year, and which 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.

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 1st. Books, the newest and the best that can be procured, every week to a London duodecimo volume, embracing Novels, Travels, Memoirs, &c., and only chargeable with newspaper postage.

THE QUARTO EDITION. Under the title of the PHILADELPHIA MIRROR, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of \$100, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature.

MAPS. In addition to all of which 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 Albion, 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.

THE paper will be sent in exchange to such newspapers as may oblige us by publishing our advertisements.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR VOL. IV. OF THE CULTIVATOR, A MONTHLY PUBLICATION, COMPRISING 200 PAGES IN A VOLUME, DEVOTED TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SOIL AND THE MIND.

THE Conductor tenders his acknowledgments to gentlemen, for their kind offices in extending the circulation of the Cultivator, and respectfully solicits the continuance of their good will. Putting out of the question our personal contributions, of the merits of which it does not become us to speak, we venture to say, there is no periodical of its price, that contains more matter directly useful to the great agricultural interest, than is to be found in the columns of the Cultivator. One volume contains as much matter, by printer's computation, as five ordinary duodecimoes, which sell at 75 to 125 cents each. If, then, as we believe, the paper is both cheap and useful, and calculated to promote improvement in the business of husbandry, every gentleman may benefit his community, by a moderate effort to extend its circulation.

THE entire Series of the Cultivator will be sent to order, at 50 cts. the volume, stitched, or \$2 for the three volumes bound together. 11 vols. for \$5. Subscriptions to the above work received by A. COWAN, Annapolis.

SAINT-MARY'S COUNTY COURT. March Term, 1837. ORDERED BY THE COURT, That the creditors of Benedict Gibson, a petitioner for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this state, be and appear before the County Court to be held at Leonard Town, on Monday for Saint-Mary's county, on the first Monday of August next, to file allegations, if any they have, and to recommend a permanent trustee for their benefit.

ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY, Sct. On application to the Court of Anne-Arundel county, by petition in writing of James S. Tongue, of Anne-Arundel county, stating that he is now in actual confinement, and praying for the benefit of the act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled, An act for the relief of pauper insolvent debtors, passed at December session 1805, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors on oath, so far as he can ascertain the same being annexed to his petition, and the said James S. Tongue having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years within the state of Maryland immediately preceding the time of his application, and the said James S. Tongue having taken on the oath by the said act prescribed for the delivering up his property, and given sufficient security for his personal appearance at the county court of Anne-Arundel county, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed Robert Welch of Ben. his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from the said James S. Tongue a conveyance and possession of all his property, real, personal and mixed, it is therefore ordered and adjudged, that the said James S. Tongue be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Anne-Arundel county, once a week for three consecutive months before the fourth Monday of October next, to appear before the said county court at the court house of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to show cause if any they have, why the said James S. Tongue should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements as prayed. Given under my hand this 20th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE Conventions of the Province Maryland. Held at the City of Annapolis, in 1774, 1775, and 1776. Just received and for Sale by D. RIDGELY, Agent for the Publishers. Subscribers copies are ready for delivery. Dec. 29.

POETRY. From the Philadelphia Saturday News. We introduce to our readers to-day, the production of a gifted sister of a late lamented and distinguished officer of our navy. "The Wish" breathes the true spirit of poetry, and such as we should be pleased to welcome often to our columns.

THE WISH. By S. W. PERRY, FIFTH OF THE LATE COMMODORE O. H. PERRY, U. S. NAVY. Old were I yonder planet fair, Through the wide arch of heaven to roam; Or might her gentle empire share, A mortal will a spirit's power. Enrobb'd in train of silvery light, Beside a twinkling starry gem; Half hid in veil of ether bright, And crown'd with crescent diadem. High on the feather'd clouds I'd sail, And glance o'er all the scene below; My gliding beams of life bestow. The holy Alps tops I'd climb, Where steep of man yet never dare, Whence icy pillars rise sublime, And from my diamonds sparkling there, Or wind through deepest glens my way, Where silencing dwells in endless sleep, Or on the foaming cataract play, But none where youthful lovers rove, Whence waves bend each floating stem, By rippling stream, or rustling grove, My smiles should bless the scene for them. And where the widowed mourner sighs, I'd gently steal and linger near, Win sleep to soothe her fearful fears, Or all her lonely vigil share: And say I've seen that distant grave, Where her fond steps must never stray; And when its dewy flowers were, Nightly should beam my trembling ray. To the lone sailor I would come, Over the pathless, billowy deep, Who, moving on his far-off home, His silent watch he pensive keeps. For him I'd chase the midnight glow, And through the clouds of silver snow, For him the dancing spray illumine, And rays of soft effulgence shed. When rushing winds are raging high, And hoar'ly roars the fearful storm; And through the air, and black'ned sky, The wide and dread expense deform; My stinging beams should seek him where His reeling bark is tossed divin', Burst through the storm his hopes to cheer, And point his fainting track to heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS. Extract from Mr. Irving's New Work. "The Rocky Mountains, or adventures, scenes, and incidents in the Fur West." The two rival bands, however, had not long been mingled in this social manner, before the ancient jealousy began to break out, in a new form. The senior chief of the Shoshonics was a thinking man, and a man of observation. He had been among the Nez Percés; listened to the new code of morality and religion received from the white men, and attended their devotional exercises. He had observed the effect of all this in elevating the tribe in the estimation of the white men; and determined, by the same means, to gain for his own tribe a superiority over their ignorant rivals, the Eataws. He accordingly assembled his people, and promulgated among them the mongrel doctrines and form of worship of the Nez Percés; recommending the same to their adoption. The Shoshonics were struck with the novelty, at least, of the measure, and entered into it with spirit. They began to observe Sundays and holidays, and to have their devotional dances, and chants, and other ceremonies; about which, the ignorant Eataws knew nothing; while they exerted their usual competition in shooting and horse racing, and the renowned game of hand.

Matters were going on thus pleasantly and prosperously, in this motley community of white and red men, when, one morning, two stark free trappers, arrayed in the height of savage finery, and mounted on steeds as fine and as fiery as themselves, and all jingling with hawk's bells, came galloping, with whoop and halloo, into the camp. They were fresh from the winter encampment of the American Fur Company, in the Green river valley; and had come to pay their old comrades of Capt. Bonneville's company a visit.—An idea may be formed from the scenes we have already given of conviviality in the wilderness, of the manner in which these game birds were received by those of their feather in the camp. What feasting—what revelling—what boasting—what bragging—what ranting and roaring, and racing and gambling and squabbling and fighting, ensued among these boon companions Captain Bonneville, it is true, maintained always a certain degree of law and order in his camp, and checked each ferocious excess—but the trappers, in their seasons of idleness and indulgence, to repay them for the long privations, and almost incredible hardships of their periods of active service.

In the midst of all this feasting and frolicking, a freak of the tender passion intervened, and wrought a complete change in the scene. Among the Indian beauties in the camp of the Eataws and Shoshonics, the free trappers discovered two, who had whom figured as their squaws. These connections frequently take place for a season; and sometimes, continue for years, if not perpetually; but are apt to be broken

when the free trapper starts off, suddenly, on some distant and rough expedition. In the present instance, these wild blades were anxious to regain their bellies; nor were the latter loath to come under their protection. The free trapper combines, in the eye of an Indian girl, all that is dashing and heroic in a warrior of her own race, whose gait, and garb, and bravery, he emulates, with all that is gallant and glorious in the white man. And then the indulgence with which he treats her; the finery in which she decks her out; the star in which she moves; the way she enjoys over both his purse and person, instead of being the drudge and slave of an Indian husband; obliged to carry his pack, and build his lodge, and make his fire and bear his cross humors and dry blows. No; there is no comparison, in the eyes of an aspiring belle of the wilderness, between a free trapper and an Indian brave.

With respect to one of the parties, the matter was easily arranged. The beauty in question was a pert little Eataw wench, that had been taken prisoner, in some war excursion, by a Shoshonic. She was readily ransomed for a few articles of trifling value; and forthwith figured about the camp in fine array, with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes; and a tossed up, coquetish air, that made her the envy, admiration, and abhorrence, of all the Eastern-dressed, hard working squaws of her acquaintance. As to the other beauty, it was quite a different matter. She had become the wife of a Shoshonic brave. It is true, he had another wife, of older date than the wife in question; who, therefore, took command in his household, and treated his new spouse as a slave; but the latter was the wife of his last fancy, his latest caprice; and was precious in his eyes. All attempt to bargain with him, therefore, was useless; the very proposition was repulsed with anger and disdain. The spirit of the trapper was roused; his pride was piqued as well as his passion. He endeavoured to prevail upon his quondam mistress to cope with him. His horses were fleet; the winter nights were long and dark; before daylight they would be beyond the reach of pursuit; and once at the encampment in Green river valley, they might set the whole land of Shoshonics at defiance.

The Indian girl listened and longed. Her heart yearned after the ease and splendor of condition of a trapper's bride, and throbb'd to be freed from the capricious control of the premier squaw; but she dreaded the failure of the plan, and the fury of a Shoshonic husband.— They parted; the Indian girl in tears, and the made-up traveller more mad than ever, with his thwarted passion.

Their interviews had, probably, been detected, and the jealousy of the Shoshonic brave aroused; a clamor of angry voices was heard in his lodge, with the sound of blows, and of female weeping and lamenting. At night, as the trapper lay tossing on his pallet, a soft voice whispered at the door of his lodge. His mistress stood trembling before him. She was ready to follow whithersoever he should lead. In an instant he was up and out. He had two prime horses, sure, and swift of foot, and of great wind. With stealthy quiet, they were brought up and saddled; and, in a few moments, he and his prize were careering over the snow, with which the whole country was covered. In the eagerness of escape, they had made no provision for their journey; days must elapse before they could reach their haven of safety, and in the desolation of winter. For the present, however, they thought of nothing but flight; urging their horses forward over the dreary wastes, and fancying, in the howling of every blast, they heard the yell of the pursuer.

At early dawn, the Shoshonic became aware of his loss. Mounting his swiftest horse, he set off in hot pursuit. He soon found the trail of the fugitives, and spurred on in hopes of overtaking them. The winds, however, which swept the valley, had drifted the light snow into the prints made by the horses' hoofs. In a little while, he lost all trace of them, and was completely thrown out of the chase. He knew, however, the situation of the camp toward which they were bound, and a direct course through the mountains by which he might arrive there sooner than the fugitives. Through the most rugged defiles, therefore, he urged his course day and night, scarce pausing until he reached the camp. It was some time before the fugitive made their appearance. Six days had they been traversing the wintry wilds. They came, haggard with hunger and fatigue, and their horses faltering under them. The first object that met their eyes, on entering the camp, was the Shoshonic brave. He rushed, knife in hand, to plunge it in the heart that had proved false to him.—The trapper threw himself before the covering form of his mistress, and, feeble and exhausted as he was, prepared for a deadly struggle. The Shoshonic paused. His habitually ave of the white man checked his arm; the trapper's friends crowded to the spot, and arrested him. A parley ensued. A kind of criminal adjudication took place; such as frequently occurs in civilized life. A couple of horses were declared to be a fair compensation for the loss of a woman who had previously lost her heart; with this, the Shoshonic brave was fain to pacify his passion. He returned to Captain Bonneville's camp, somewhat crest fallen, it is

tragic; but parried the officious condolences of his friends, by observing, that two good horses were very good pay for one bad wife. (From the Texas Telegraph, May 23.) AUDUBON. This distinguished naturalist has left our shores. We sincerely deplore the necessity which compelled him to limit his researches to Galveston Bay alone. It is pleasing at this period to turn from the noisy tumult of war and contemplate the character of this truly great man. Born in Louisiana when Texas formed a constituent part of her territory, he early directed his great mind to the advancement of the science of natural history in his native country; and with a noble zeal, unchecked by disappointment and unabated by age, he has employed the whole of his valuable life thus far in accomplishing his laudable design. The snows of the north have found him wandering amid the summer haunts of the birds of passage, and the tropical sun has illumined his daring path to the winter homes of these aerial voyagers. The bolts of war have hurled around, but he needed them not—science was his guiding star and to him all was peace. The peculiar situation of Texas relative to Louisiana at his birth might, under other circumstances, have enabled us to claim him as a native, but the illustrious sons of science are "citizens of the world," and justly entitled to the privileges of citizenship, from every enlightened nation which honors virtue and talent. We understand a proposition will be made in Congress to confer on him the honours of citizenship, the measure is worthy of the liberal and enlightened policy of the age, and by securing the unanimous support of both houses of Congress, will prove to an admiring world that the young set of nations is among the foremost to extend her infant hand to the encouragement of science and the arts.

SNAKE FIGHT—STARTLING ADVENTURE. On Saturday last Mr. John Foster, who resides near the Washington Print Works, in this town, discovered near his house a large black snake; he seized a billet of wood and pursued him some twenty yards, to near a small tree, when the serpent turned, raised himself in an upright position, and prepared to act upon the defensive. He threw the billet of wood and missed him, whereupon his snakeship came at him full tilt; him mouth thrown open, and with his fiery eyes and forked tongue exhibiting all the venom of his species. Mr. F. seized a small stick, and as he came up made a pass at him but he dodged it and gave back. This repeated several times the snake all the time with his eye steadily and piercingly fixed upon that of Mr. F. After some minutes spent in this way the snake suddenly vanished, and," says Mr. F. "as quick as thought itself I beheld him upon the limb of a tree, about ten feet above my head, and in the very act of springing upon me." The distance from the ground to the extremity of the limb where the serpent prepared for a leap, could not have been less than twenty five to thirty feet, and yet Mr. F. had only time to change the direction of his own eyes ere they met the keen gaze of the serpent in his new position. He then called to his brother to bring him a loaded gun, keeping his eye upon the snake until he was shot dead from the tree.— Before they left the spot still a larger one appeared, much more venomous than the first, being determined to revenge the death of its mate. This one they also killed; she measured 5 feet 7 inches in diameter. The mate was 5 feet 2 inches long, and three inches in diameter.—North River Times.

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE. The Norfolk Beacon contains an account of a dinner given to Com. Kennedy of the U. S. Navy, in one of the Sandwich Islands, at the country seat of J. C. Jones, Esq. in September last—at which "food in the native style," including "baked dogs," was abundantly served up.—Songs, toasts, cheers, bumpers, and speeches, all came in their turn. The "monster" balloon of Mr. Green, so designated on account of its enormous dimensions, made an ascent on from London on the 15th of last month. It carried up besides Mr. G. six other gentlemen. The party was carried by a strong wind a distance of 25 miles in 28 minutes, when they descended in safety. A short time since two fishermen found in the Seine, near the Isle Cés Cygnes a small wooden box, bound with iron, which was much rusted. The lock was, however, in good preservation, and the box hermetically sealed. On the lid was discovered some fleurs de lys partly effaced, and the initials M. de V. surmounted by a double Royal Crown. The fishermen, on breaking open the box, discovered a man's head, embalmed, in a state of perfect preservation; and at the bottom of it a scarf, some dried flowers, and a small dagger, the point of which was stained with blood. One of the most celebrated historians of France has purchased the box and its contents. The initials suggest the idea that the box formerly belonged to Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henry IV; and that the head is that of Coconas, which she had caused to be embalmed after his tragical death.