

# The Maryland Gazette.

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SHEET.

FRIDAY  
GAZETTE.

number 28, 1837.

Attention is requested from our readers to 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. It will not be in so conventional a form for binding as the present, with which it will in no way interfere, but it will make books cheap beyond all precedent. It will contain the works of the day, which are such sought after, but are comparatively dear, and which cannot penetrate the interior in any mode half so rapidly as by mail, in which volumes of books are prohibited. A fifty cent American reprint will be furnished entire for from four to six cents; a Marryat novel for twelve cents, and others in proportion.

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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.

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NOVEL AND IMPORTANT LITERARY ENTERPRISE!!  
NOVELS, TALES, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, REVIEWS, AND THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

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 remotest parts of our vast continent, carrying society to the secluded, occupation to the literary, information to all. We now propose still further to reduce prices, and render the access to a literary banquet more than twofold accessible; we gave and shall continue to give in the quarto library a volume weekly for two cents a day; we now propose to give a volume in the same period for less than four cents a week, and to add as a piquant seasoning to the dish a few columns of shorter literary matter, and a summary of the news and events of the day. We know by experience and calculation that we can go still further in the matter of reduction, and we feel that there is still verge enough for us to aim at offering to an increasing literary appetite that mental food which it craves.

The Select Circulating Library, now as ever so great a favourite, will continue to make its weekly visits, and to be issued in a form for binding and preservation, and its price and form will remain the same. But we shall, in the first week of January 1837, issue a huge sheet of the size of the largest newspapers of America, but on very superior paper, also filled with books of the newest and most entertaining, though in their several departments of Novels, Tales, Voyages, Travels, &c., select in their character, joined with reading such as usually should fill a weekly newspaper. By this method we hope to accomplish a great good; to enliven and enlighten the family circles; and to give to it, at an expense which shall be no consideration to us, a mass of reading that in book form will alarm the pockets of the prudent, and to do it in a manner that the most sceptical shall acknowledge "the power of concentration can no farther go." No book which appears in Waldie's Quarto Library will be published in the Omnibus, which will be an entirely distinct periodical.

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:

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The price will be two dollars to clubs of five subscribers where the paper is forwarded to one address. To clubs of two individuals, five dollars; single mail subscribers, three dollars. The discount on unexpired numbers will be charged to the remitter; the low price and superior paper absolutely prohibit paying a discount.

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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, no 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 Rec's Cyclopaedia, for the small sum mentioned above.

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

NOTICE.  
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.

FRANCIS M. JARBOE.

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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 dates.

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. The paper has been now 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 Star says—"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 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 really 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 re-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 to 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."

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. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the \$300 premium, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Mrs. Sedgwick, author of Hope Leslie, The Greenwood, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

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 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.

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 duodecimos, 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. We plead not for ourselves, but for the great interest which it is our pride and pleasure to serve.

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.

March 23.

ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY, Sect.

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 sundry 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 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 all questions 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.

WM S GREEN, CLK.  
A. A. County Court.  
May 27. 8

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, in and 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.

By order, JO HARRIS, CLK.  
True copy, JO HARRIS, CLK.  
St. Mary's County Court  
May 11. 11

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.

## POETRY.

From the United States Gazette.

The following beautiful lines, upon the Text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," were written by Mr. CHARLES, a Clergyman of Edinburgh, and first appeared several years since in Blackwood's Magazine, under the signature of C., but we are not aware that they have ever appeared in print in this country.

Oh by that gracious rule,  
Were we but wise to steer;  
On the wide sea of thought,  
What moments trouble freight:  
Were speed us here.

But we, perverse and blind,  
As covetous of pain,  
Not only seek for more,  
Yet hidden—but live o'er  
The past again.

This life is called brief,  
Man, on the earth but crawl:  
His three score years and ten,  
And less a forenoon—and then,  
The ripe fruit falls.

Yet betwixt birth and death,  
Were but the life of man,  
By his thoughts measured,  
To what an age would spread,  
That little span.

There are who're born and die,  
Eat, sleep, walk, rest between,  
Talk, act by clock-work too,  
So pass in order due.

Over the scene,  
With these the past is past,  
The future nothing yet,  
And so from day to day;  
They breathe, till called to pay,  
The last great debt.

Their life in truth is brief,  
A speck, a point of time;  
Whether in good old age,  
Endeth their pilgrimage,  
Or at its prime.

But other some there are,  
I call them not more wise:  
With whom the reckless mind,  
Still lingereth behind,  
Or forward flies.

With these things pass away,  
But past things are not dead,  
In the heart's treasury;  
Deep, hidden deep, they lie,  
Unwithered.

And there the soul retires,  
From the dull things that are,  
To mingle oft and long,  
With the time-hallowed throng,  
Of those that were.

Then into life start out,  
The scenes long vanished,  
Then we behold again,  
The forms that long have lain—  
Among the dead.

We feel their grasp of love!  
We meet their beaming eye,  
We hear their voice—ah no;  
'Twas our own murmuring low,  
Unconsciously.

The years shift on and on,  
Years rapidly pass by,  
And now still watch we keep,  
As in disturbed sleep;  
The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,  
Seen by the dim weak light,  
Shuddering, we gaze and pray,  
And weep, and wish away  
The long, long, night.

And there in early life,  
Enchanted land she sees,  
Blue skies, and sunbright bowers,  
Reflected—and tall towers,  
On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect,  
Over that bright blue sky,  
And rough winds rend the trees,  
And lash the glassy seas,  
To billows high.

And then the next thing seen,  
By that dim light may be,  
With helm and rudder lost,  
A lone wreck, tempest tost,  
On the dark sea.

Thus o'er the soul extend,  
Her brief existence here,  
Thus multiplies she,  
Yes to infinity  
Her short career.

Presumptuous and unwearied,  
As if the present sun,  
Were little of life's wear:  
Why weepeth she to know,  
Hills yet to come.

Look up! look up my soul,  
To loftier mysteries,  
Trust in his word to thee,  
Who saith "all tears shall be  
Wiped from all eyes."

And when thou turnest back,  
Oh what can chain thee here,  
Seek out the spots of light,  
On "memory's waste" yet bright,  
Or if too near.

To desolate plains they lie,  
All dark with guilt and tears,  
Still, still retrace the past,  
Till thou alight at last,  
On life's first years.

Tien not a passing cloud,  
Obscures the sunny scene,  
No light on the young tree,  
No thought of what may be,  
Or what hath been.

But all in hope—not hope,  
For all things are possessed;  
No peace without alloy,  
And innocence and joy,  
In the young breast.

And all confiding love,  
And holy ignorance;  
Their blessed will soon torn,  
From eyes foredoomed to mourn,  
For man's offence.

Oh! thither weary spirit,  
Flee from this world defiled;  
How, oh heart sick and sore,  
I've wished I were once more,  
A little child.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.  
JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, decimated the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding woods the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air, Morgan had seated himself at the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee, his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal.

That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant too seemed to partake of its parents feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playing humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another and another in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realised by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell on its cheek looked up in its mother's face threw its little arms round her neck, and wept aloud.

a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he was knocked down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk. Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on only with knives. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly wounded & bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house busily engaged in drinking and plundering were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until he came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down—reloaded his gun, and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the bright luminary of Heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground; his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of about six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At the moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife in his side and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted and he remained undiscovered and unscathed an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left a battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heartrending sensations, and he looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious bear covered all over with blood, now approached him, he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head