Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS:
Thursday, August 24, 1837.

Republican Nomination for Anne-Arundel County.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

JOHN S. SELLMAN,
RICHARD W. HIGGINS,
GEORGE COOKE,
WESLEY LINTHICUM.

Calvert County.

JOHN PARRAN,
JOHN P. WAILES,
JAMES G. ALNUTT,
DANIEL KENT.

Baltimore County.

HUGH ELY,
THOMAS C. RISTEAU,
JOHN C. ORRICK,
JAMES TURNER.

Carroll County.

BROOK BOYLE,
JACOB SHOWER,
JACOB POUDER, Jr.
JAMES BARRETT.

Frederick County.

GEORGE W. ENT,
DANIEL S. BISER,
EZRA CRAMER,
JOHN W. GLYER.

From the Knickerbocker.

SUMMER EVENING,

WRITTEN AMONG THE BLUE-RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Lo! it is evening: down the mountain's side
The parting sunbeams slowly move away:
But, ere they fade, a lingering lustre shed,
That loiters brilliant on the smiling peak.
See how the horizon blushes—as the last
Declining, long-ring radiance of day
Skirts the faint eyes of Heaven—while soon
The desert mountain darkness glides upon,
And steals the cottage from the inquiring eye!

Hark! from the copse a plaintive murmur sighs,
That seems to tell a tale of sympathy.
'Tis the lone mavis, which lately saw
And felt the sunbeams dancing on its bosom:
Then o'er its gentle breast it stole in mirth,
And as it flowed, echoed to the lovely scene.

Ah! let me hie me to the twilight stream,
To muse the solemn, silent hour away!
But, as I move, upon the verge of heaven
The full broad moon, rising most of clouds,
That stand like brazen battlements aloft,
Unveils her silvery face, and gives a beam
Bright as noon, mild, and lovely as the hour.
Sometimes the angry clouds inter her form,
And leave me to revel in darkness—yet
Anon she bursts her prison, and looks down,
Like one that feels her consciousness and pride.

Here, from this eminence that tops the rill,
My eye goes wandering to the village night,
Where many a taper glimmers: there, methinks,
Contentment cheers the bosom—peace and mirth
Entwine the heart, and give a charm to life.
Where now is that tall spire, which lately gleamed
Amid the bright reflections of the day?
Ah! it hath vanished—shaded by the night,
It rises up unseen, and each fair mansion,
Save by the doubtful moon, is seen no more.

Hushed is the voice of nature: to her rest
The solitary bird hath gone—and naught
Save the dark whip-poor-will is heard abroad.
The meadow, but an hour ago alive
With grazing flocks and horses, and echoing lithe
The gentle music of the ploughman's whistle,
Lies cheerless and asleep—a lonely waste!

Still resting on this mossy rock, 'round which
The night-winds moan, let me indulge my soul—
For to my soul 'tis sweet to linger here.
Turn up thine eye to yon bright vaults of heaven,
All studded o'er with gems of light serene,
That glimmer through the mistiness of night:
See how they travel—their unceasing round
Weaving harmonious—and rejoiced to do
The will of their Creator: Ah! they say—
For, to the poet's ear they speak aloud—
They say: proud man is but a reptile thing,
Lowly and dark—and still with head erect,
Presumes to challenge his almighty Lord,
And dares to claim all grance to his will.
We, dressed in glory bright as heaven itself,
Supremely lifted from those humble walks,
To journey through interminable space,
Stoop with submission to the hand that traced
The pathway of our orbs and bids to twine
A wreath of gratitude and praise to Him.

Such is the language which those stars address
To melancholy man, while from the heath
Accordant voices rise. Lo! it is night—
Extinguished is the brilliant orb of day,
And none is left, save those bright stars above,
To cheer the solitary world. So thou,
Unwarning mad'st that one day see thy life
Extinguished by the chilly touch of death.
But still upon thy grave a light shall stream—
And 'tis the torch of *Hope* extinguished there
By meek Religion, to watch o'er thy dust,
Which life again shall animate and warm.

To-morrow, and the sun shall rise sublime,
Painting the face of nature; and each scene,
Tinged by its golden beams, shall glow and laugh,
Fraught with new life: so thou shalt lay thee down
Within the midnight chambers of the tomb,
And darkness shall encompass thee awhile;
But then the light of Immortality,
Bursting into the cold recess, shall shine,
And wake thee from thy slumbers: thou shalt rise,
And rob'd in never fading glory, live,
And rest thee on the bosom of thy God.

MISSIONARY LETTER.

We hardly know which most to admire—the wit and humour of some of the expressions, or the tone of pious cheerfulness in others which compose the following extract of a letter from E. N. Sawtell, one of the foreign chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society, to the committee of the Society, in New York:

HAVRE, June 8, 1837.

You are indeed putting my faith to the test. My spirits sunk within me at getting no remittance by the Utica. To obtain funds here is entirely out of the question, for the prevailing opinion is, that all America has failed, from General Jackson down to the shoe black. In my letter, by Mr. Stoddard, I more than intimated that I must leave and return to America, and yet how to do it in the present embarrassed state of the chapel, is a thing that quite puzzles me. My situation is quite unlike that of a broken merchant, who, sometimes perhaps, out of the fragments of a vast estate, may line his pockets with something to feed his family. For me to *stop payment* is to *stop eating*—and I need not tell you what would be the next *stoppage* in this *stopping process;* in all probability it would be that of *breathing*—quite a serious failure *that*, particularly to a public speaker. Several little occurrences, however, have of late transpired, which encourage me to hope that in angling about I may yet catch a fish with money in his mouth.

A few days ago a hand cart stopped at my door loaded with chickens, ducks, fish, a turkey, a calf's head and feet; indeed, for variety, it bore no small resemblance to Peter's sheet, and I strongly suspect, that the same hand that let down the sheet had something to do in this matter. It appears that on the arrival of the Utica, their fresh provisions, which are packed in ice, must be disposed of, and in their disposals the officers kindly remembered their chaplain. They have ever manifested a deep interest in the cause of the chapel since I have been here. The Lord be praised, and a thousand thanks to them.

For many months my wardrobe had given ocular demonstration of hard times, and seemed strongly to sympathize with the deranged state of the commercial world. When it became entirely unable to meet its demands, I went to the tailor, was measured for a new suit, without either the courage to ask him to wait for his pay, or the honesty to tell him he was running a risk. It seems however that the American captains (an increased number of whom I rejoice to say attended the chapel) had been noticing the same thing, to wit, that the parson's outer man, to say nothing of the inner, needed a reformation, and intimated to some of my friends that they would make an attempt upon my person, if they were certain I would take no offence; being assured that I considered the servant not above his Lord, they very soon called on me, and intimated their wishes that I would get me a suit of clothes, and that they had the money to pay for them. I told them I was expecting a suit sent in, and feared they would come before I was prepared to pay for them.

Just as they began to count out the money, in came the tailor with his clothes. Surely, thought I, "I need to take no thought for my life, what I shall eat, nor for my body, what I shall put on." But like the Jews of old, who could murmur with the flesh between their teeth, I soon forgot it—for I was owing several hundred francs of borrowed money, which must be paid on a certain day in the following week; clouds thickened and darkened around me to such a degree, that I lost all faith, and my mind was not a little troubled in my preparations for the Sabbath, and on my way to the chapel, I felt as though a covering of sackcloth would suit me better than my new coat. I found, however, the chapel full of people, and many I knew to be Americans. I noticed particularly, one keen, black-eyed gentleman, who listened just as though he loved the truth. After preaching, he sought an introduction, walked home with me, and called to see me on Monday. I showed him your letter by the Utica; he went out but returned with a hundred dollars, which he put into my hands, saying, "if the winds change so as to detain the vessel, I shall have to call for this to pay my tavern bill;" but he who holds the winds in his fist did not suffer it to change, and that debt about which I was so faithless and unbelieving, is paid.

FROM FLORIDA.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 5.

Our Indian Affairs.—Gen Jesup, we learn from an authentic source, has succeeded in engaging the services of 1,000 Indians of different nations for the ensuing campaign against the Seminoles. They are from the following named tribes: 200 Delawares, 400 Shawnees, 100 Kickapoos, 100 Sacs and Foxes from Missouri, to be concentrated at St. Louis, Mo., and sent thence to Florida, and 200 Choctaws, to be concentrated at Little Rock, Arkansas, for the same service.

FROM CHARLESTON.

Office of the Mercantile Advertiser.
Wednesday Morning, Aug. 16, 1837.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

The steamboat Caroline, Captain Griffin, on her way from New Orleans to this city, burst her boiler near the Dog River bar, yesterday evening. Captain Griffin despatched a messenger over land for assistance, from whom we learned that the boilers were both bursted, and the chimneys thrown down.

P. S. Since the above was written, the Caroline has reached the city in tow of the Fox.

The Caroline blew up at 1 o'clock, P. M.; only one boiler burst. Mr. Levi, engineer, was badly scalded, but is expected to recover. Mr. John Smith, the steersman, died while coming up. Two negroes, deck passengers, were drowned. There were five cabin passengers, none of whom received any injury. Five firemen, McCarty, Hart, Crawley, Corn, McChntick, badly scalded.

FROM TEXAS.

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin publishes a letter from VERASCO, Texas, under date of 5th inst. which says:—

"The Honourable W. S. Fisher, Secretary of War, has resigned; Col. B. B. Bee is spoken of to fill his situation.

The army is still at Texana under the command of Col. Morehouse. They are in good health and subordinate.

Col. Wharton left here a few days since for Matamoras, in an American armed vessel for Matamoras, carrying thirty prisoners for the purpose of effecting an exchange. Whether the Flag of Truce will protect her remains to be seen. He is empowered to give his thirty for one, and in the same rate, for all of our prisoners in their possession.

The Brutus and Invincible have not been heard of—the Secretary of the Navy is in one of them. They are 20 days over sailing order.

I think in the absence of something definite from Mexico, the next congress will order a call for the army on furlough and invade Mexico. Ten thousand men can be raised for that purpose in thirty days here in Texas, and I, suppose, half that number in the States. The hostile Indians have retreated before our men, who are prosecuting the war with vigor, into their remotest villages.

Houston intends issuing his proclamation against duelling shortly. The corn crop is tremendous and cotton very fine. All other crops accordingly."

REMARKABLE ATROCITY.

A most remarkable attempt to murder a girl was recently made at the parish of L'Islet, Lower Canada. A girl about 19 years of age, of a respectable family in the parish, had gone to gather raspberries at the end of her father's farm, in company with a younger girl, a cousin, about 10 years of age. As they were preparing to return, a laborer, named Charles Gaudreaut, a native of St. Ignace, who has been long resident in the parish, joined them with his gun upon his shoulder, returning from pigeon shooting. After some conversation between them, on different matters, he appeared to be suddenly seized with a diabolical phrenzy, and seizing the two girls by their throats, he threw them to the ground; by dint of struggling the young girl got free, and ran to seek assistance, Gaudreault, left alone with his victim, took a large stone and struck her several blows upon the head and on the body; he then drew his knife from his pocket, and opened it with his teeth, he endeavoured to cut the throat of the girl, which he partially accomplished, after repeated efforts. Surprised, however, in his murderous design, he fled, leaving his victim for dead. The other girl returned with assistance, and every attention was paid to the sufferer, and it is thought she will recover. The murderer made his escape for two days, but after a hot pursuit, he was captured and committed to prison. He is represented as a good looking lad, but brutally ignorant.

A German brig has sailed from Portland, to Hull, England, with a full cargo of bones. Bone manure is highly valuable in England. Mills for grinding the bones being quite common. It is much used on wheat lands.—*Newburyport Herald.*

There is a steam mill for the grinding of bones in this vicinity. It is situated at West Cambridge, and some of the enterprising farmers of that town have availed themselves of the manure produced by it to a considerable extent.—*Boston Adv.*

A BOUNTY TO HUNTSMEN.

The inhabitants of Falmouth, in town meeting, have voted a bounty to any one who will kill the ravenous animal said to be prowling in the forest of that vicinity, of $85 in case it prove to be a wolf, and $100 if it prove to be a tiger, or other uncommon animal, provided the said animal be killed within the limits of the town of Falmouth.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF A HORRID MURDER.

The Ohio Star, printed at Ravenna, August 3d, states that the McKissons, charged with the murder of the wife of a son of one of them, and a brother of the other, were examined at Northfield, before the coronor, the day before:

The circumstances attending this foul murder are as follows: Mrs. Robert McKisson, her daughter, a girl about seventeen years of age, and a hired man, occupied a small log house in Northfield. Early in the evening of the 24th ult., the family retired to rest. The hired man occupying a bed in the chamber and Mrs McKisson and her daughter separate beds in the room below. The head of the daughter's bed was near the outside door. Some time after the family had retired, the girl was awakened by a person opening the door and coming into the room who, she discovered by the light of a few burning brands on the hearth, had an axe in his hand. Immediately upon his entering the room, and before the girl could give any alarm, he struck her senseless with the axe, inflicting a severe blow with the edge of it, upon the upper part of her head. When the girl recovered, she saw her mother lying upon her face upon the floor, and the murderer inflicting a blow with the axe behind her shoulder. The girl then screamed and awaked the man in the chamber, and the murderer fled, not without inflicting, however, a second and slighter blow upon the head of the girl with the axe, as he passed by her out of the room. In consequence of the agitation of the hired man and some unavoidable delay in procuring lights, nearly half an hour elapsed before the neighborhood was alarmed. When the neighbours arrived it was ascertained that Mrs. McKisson had received three wounds, two upon the head and one back of the shoulders. Both of the wounds upon her head penetrated the brain, and the one back of the shoulders penetrated the cavity of the chest. Mrs. McKisson lived about ten hours, during which time she was able to converse with those about her, and she declared the father of her husband to be her murderer.

THE LARGEST SNAKE YET.

As Mr. Eliakim Thomas was returning on Saturday week, from an excursion on the Catskill mountain, he heard a great rustling among the leaves close by, and presently the startling sound of the rattles, apparently, of an enormous snake. He stood momentarally upon his guard; and it was well he did so, for, on looking about him, he presently discovered the appalling sight of a rattlesnake, with his head at least, four feet from the ground, his body coil above coil, his eyes flashing fire, his skin very minute changing color, and his long fangs displayed, as in the very act of springing upon his intended victim.

Such a sight would have stricken terror into the soul of almost any other man, except the gentleman in question. Mr. Thomas, who is an old hunter, had seen rattlesnakes before. And as this animal always gives timely warning before he strikes, so Mr. Thomas did not, in the present instance, for a moment lose his presence of mind.

But not to trust himself too near his honourable, but dangerous enemy, he kept at a prudent distance; and elevating his rifle, which, fortunately he had with him, he let fly a charge into the mouth of the snake, which, passing through his brain and out at the back of his head, killed him dead on the spot. Then taking a hooked stick, which he had prepared for the purpose, he fastened it in the very orifice he had just made in Mr. Snake's skull and thus conveniently, but with a good deal of hard toil, dragged him to the village of Catskill.

There, procuring a two foot rule of a carpenter, he proceeded to the measurement of his slain adversary; and found his dimensions to be as follows: Length, 11 feet, 9 inches; circumference in the largest part, 12 inches; ditto, round the head, 6¼ inches; ditto, round the first rattle, 3 inches ditto, round the last, 2 inches: length of the whole series of rattles, 3 feet 8 inches; number of rattles, 83; length of the 2 poisonous fangs, 2¼ inches.

His weight was found to be within one ounce of 27 pounds. And, on trying out his oil, after being duly divested of his skin, there was found to be very nearly five quarts. The skin has been stuffed, preparatory, as we understand, to being presented to the American Museum, in New York. But, whatever may be its destination, it cannot but prove a real treat to the lovers of natural history, wheresoever they may be.

This immense snake is believed to have been the largest of his species, of which we have any record.—*Catskill Observer.*

EXTRAORDINARY TWINS.

De Morgentzjerna, (a Swedish journal,) contains an account of a natural phenomenon, more extraordinary than that of the Siamese twins. In the small village of Biclodin, twelve years ago, two male twins were born, joined together back to back, and placed in such a position that when one stood up he was obliged to carry his brother on his back, his legs above and his head below; in this position they could change alternately. The children were both perfectly formed, and their growth has been equal, which gives rise to the idea that the adherence is neither organic nor so firm but that they may be separated; this, at least, is the opinion of the medical men who have visited them. What is curious is, that they change their positions with great regularity; when one is fatigued he utters a faint cry, and the change of position or jump takes place immediately. This happens every quarter of an hour, with such precision, that the number of turns they make serves as a clock to their parents. About a year ago, while they were playing, they executed a number of evolutions, or somersets, in such a way that they went over a great deal of ground with much rapidity; and since this discovery they have been employed as messengers, as they are able to reach any spot with greater rapidity than a horse. The summerset is similar to that executed by clowns, who throw themselves over with the hands and feet. The only difference is that the movement is perfectly natural to the twins. In the country they are called the brothers furstiva, (four booted brothers.)

With all deference to the *Morgentzjerna*, we hold this story of the four booted brothers to be a match for the sea serpent, the petrified men, the moon hoax, or any thing else we have got on this side of the Atlantic in the way of the marvelous.

In the packet ship Oxford, sailed yesterday for Liverpool, were 130 steerage passengers, returning to their own country, finding it impossible to get employment in this. Several thousands would do the same, had they the means. Two men had secreted themselves on board, but were ferreted out by the crew, and set on shore at Staten Island, which detained the ship getting out on her regular day, (16th;) at the same time, a woman was discovered having a dead infant child with her, which was also immediately sent on shore for interment Captain Rathbone and his officers deserve much praise for their forbearance, after discovering the loafers, by taking the trouble of launching their boat, (being stowed away,) and putting them and their baggage ashore—some others would have given them a rope's end in the bargain.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

THE INGRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.

If any one is disposed to question the truth of this oft-repeated charge, let him turn aside with us for a moment from the strife of politics and the turmoil of the world, and contemplate a striking and melancholy testimonial of the justice of the accusation.

In a private vault, in the suburbs of our city, there was, some years ago, deposited—temporarily, as we then supposed, the body of one, who, had he lived, would in all probability have stood *first* in the Nation, as he had been in his own State. Many can remember how the shock of his sudden death made every heart thrill, and every tongue, whether friend or foe, eloquent in his praise.

Years have since passed away. Decay has done its work alike upon that noble form and the frail fabric in which it was laid. The wood of the coffin has crumbled away—the bones of the dead have fallen out, and lie scattered upon the floor of the vault! There, forgotten—neglected—irreverently exposed—lies all that remains of DE WITT CLINTON!

Is it creditable to the *Empire State*, that he to whom she is so much indebted for that proud title—who so well merits from her every honour that can be paid to departed excellence—should be left to moulder in obscurity, without a stone to mark the spot—nay without the decencies of ordinary sepulture? Far better and more honourable for our country, could the adulation which of late has been so lavishly and so unworthily displayed towards the living, be changed into fitting respect for the memory of the ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

COMMODORE TINGEY.

The worthy old officer, of whom the subjoined anecdote is told, was for many years commandant of the navy yard of this city, where he resided, and where he finally died and is worthy of preservation, as belonging to the naval History of our country.

"When Captain TINGEY commanded the Ganges in 1799, being off Cape Nichola Mole, he was boarded by a boat from the English frigate Surprise and all the Englishmen on board were demanded, and also permission to examine the protections of the American seamen. Captain TINGEY returned the following noble and manly answer. A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. 'I do not expect to succeed in a contest with you, but I will die at my quarters, before a man shall be taken from the ship.' The crew gave three hearty cheers hastened with alacrity to their quarters, and called for Yankee Doodle. The captain of the Surprise, on hearing of the determination of the Yankees, chose rather to pursue his course than to do battle for dead men. —*Boston Journal.*

GREAT BIRD CAGE IN CHINA.

W. Beals, the owner of the garden, is an English gentleman, who has spent the last thirty years of his life in collecting all that is rare and beautiful. Of flowers I am disappointed; indeed, I have seen none in China equal to ours. His camelias, were, however, very splendid, and one variety which I never saw before. But the birds—the birds—yes, my eyes have really seen the beautiful BIRD OF PARADISE in all the radiance of its plumage. There were more than two hundred varieties of the most beautiful and rare birds, such as I thought could not exist but in fancy. The manner in which his aviary is arranged would delight you. From the summit of two immense rocks he has thrown a fine wire grating, embracing in its extent four or five large trees, (completely *overtopped* by the grating,) and an artificial brook and fountain. In this large aviary all the birds are placed at freedom. It is a most beautiful sight to see them, of such varied hues, all sporting in their lovely abode; some rioting on the trees, singing most sweetly; others walking slowly under their shades, and again others playing in the fountain, sailing gracefully along, or diving and shaking their wings."—*Extract from a letter.*

HOGG.

The late James Hogg, popularly known by the name of the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the greatest peasant poets that Scotland ever produced, could neither read nor write at the age of 20. He passed a youth of poverty and hardship, but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd, among the most pastoral valleys in the world. His haunts were among scenes

"The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherd trod."

Living for years in this solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. For many years he seldom saw the "human face divine," except once a week, when he came down from the mountains to renew his weekly store of provender. To this youth of romantic seclusion we may ascribe the fertility of his mind in images of external nature.—*Anecdotes of books and authors.*

HARD TIMES.

A fellow lately advertised for a wife in a western paper, and received seven letters of acceptance the next day.

THE BUCKEYES.

In Hebron, Ohio, there are two sisters, one of whom, 15 years of age, weighs two hundred and eighty pounds—the other is 17 years of age and weighs *three hundred and twenty pounds.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on Friday last, at an advanced age, after suffering for many years the greatest affliction which human life is heir to, Miss MARY DAVIS, of this city.

——, on Friday evening last, at an advanced age, after a painful illness, Mrs. MARGARET LAMB, of this city.

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners for Anne Arundel county will meet at the court house in the city of Annapolis, on TUESDAY, the 31st day of October next, for the purpose of settling with the supervisors of the roads, hearing appeals and making transfers, and transacting the ordinary business of the Levy Court.

By order,

R. J. COWMAN, Clk.

August 24 — R. — tm.

FOR SALE,

A FEMALE SERVANT for a term of years—Enquire at this office.

April 27.