

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. XCII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1837.

NO. 40.

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

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On the 1st of July, 1837, will be published, on beautiful paper, of an extra large royal octavo size, and neatly strung in a coloured cover, the first number of a new periodical work,

ENTITLED,

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
Edited by WILLIAM F. BURTON, Philadelphia.
To whom all original Communications will be addressed.

THE announcement of a new Periodical in the present state of affairs, may create some feeling of surprise, but having contemplated an alteration in a certain number of a very popular monthly publication, "Every Body's Album," the proprietors deem it best to proceed in the perfected arrangements, and produce a periodical embodying the most wholesome parts of the old work, but conducted with sufficient energy and talent to ensure the success of their new arrangements. The respectable and extensive subscription list of the Album, to which this work is designed as a successor, will ensure equal to that of any other monthly work in the United States, and guarantee the continuance of its publication, with the certainty of payment to the enterprise of the proprietors.

The contents of the Gentleman's Magazine will, in every respect, be answerable to the meaning of the title. We do not pretend, in our literary pursuits, to fly as eagles soar, above the ken of man; nor shall we be content with merely skimming the surface of the ground; our pages will not be filled with untrue predictions, nor shall we display the ordinary of our critical acumen in matters "beyond the veil of the unknown." In short we do not mean to be philosophically learned, nor philosophically dull. We wish to produce a gentlemanly, agreeable, and useful work, in a series of literary melange, possessing variety to suit all palates and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlour table of every gentleman in the United States.

In the varied and appropriate contents attached to each number of the Gentleman's Magazine, original articles will be found, from some of the most educated writers of the day—say humorous and didactic—graphic delineations of men and manners—free and valuable notices of the lighter portions of the Literature of continental Europe. A series of original biographical sketches of the principal stars in the Dramatic and literary circles, extracted from rare and valuable works. An original copy right song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the music, in every number.

The Gentleman's Magazine will contain seventy-two extra sized octavo pages, of two columns each, forming, at the close of the year, two large handsome volumes of one thousand and twenty-eight pages each, containing each column containing one-third more than an octavo page of average proportions. Several engravings will be given in the course of the year; and the proprietors pledge themselves that the Gentleman's Magazine shall be THE MOST INTERESTING AND THE CHEAPEST MONTHLY WORK ISSUED IN THE UNITED STATES.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following inducements for Clubbing, the advantage of which is, that the subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably three dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a five dollar bill will produce two copies to the same direction, or a club of ten dollars will command five copies.

All letters, postage paid, addressed to Charles Alexander, Atholton Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia, will meet with the earliest attention.
June 29.

ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY, Sec.

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 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 allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed Robert Welch of the county, 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 he have, why the said James S. Tongue should not have the benefit of the said act and appendments 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 Sm.

May 25.

PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

By L. G. TAYLOR.

POETRY.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PARAPHRASED IN AN ACROSTIC.

By Thomas Sturtevant, Jun.—a Soldier in the 25th Regiment of the U. States Infantry, and a Prisoner of War in the Province of Upper Canada.

OUR Lord and King, who reign'st enthron'd on high;

FATHER of light, mysterious Deity!

ON Calvary's cross he died, but reign'st above;

HEAVEN is the dwelling place of God our King.

HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names transcend;

BE thou adored, our Almighty Friend.

THY glory shines beyond creation's space.

NAMED in the Book of Justice and of Grace.

THY Kingdom towers beyond the starry skies:

KINGDOM of Satan's fall, but thine shall rise.

COME to our aid, O God, our Heavenly One,

THY great and everlasting will be done!

WILL God make known his will, his power display?

BE it the work of mortals to obey.

DOE in the great, the wonderful work of love,

ON Calvary's cross he died, but reign'st above;

EARTH bears the record in thy holy Word:

AS heaven adores thy love on earth, O Lord;

IT shines transcendent in the eternal skies.

IS praised in heaven, for man Jehovah's vice.

IN songs immortal angels laud thy name.

HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.

GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give

US in this world, and may our souls destroy.

WILLS which we never can pay, or then receive,

DAY without end in our eternal home;

OUR needs none supply from day to day.

DAILY assist us and aid us when we pray.

BREAD we eat, and food we eat, and bread we eat,

AND make us grateful when thy blessing lend.

FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place

US the vile rebels of a rebel race:

OUR follies, faults, and trespasses overlook,

DEBT we owe, and may our souls destroy.

AS we, O Lord, our neighbour's faults overlook,

WE beg that thou blot ours from thy memory's book:

FORGIVE our enemies, extend thy grace

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

OUR souls to save, O God, our Heavenly One.

because gunt and haggard, and could get no sleep.

Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed curtains, and the night mare snored in his ear.

The worse he smoked the more he smoked and tumbled; and the motto of course, the worse he grew.

His wife alternately stormed—remonstrated—entreated; but all in vain.

She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the anvil—she substituted a short stemmed one, which for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Thus the unhappy Notary ran gradually down at the heel.

What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hyped.

He imagined that he was going to die, and suffered in quick succession, all the diseases that ever beset mortal man.

Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom; every uneasy feeling after dinner, a sure prognostic of some mortal disease.

In vain did his friends attempt to reason, and then laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination!

His only answer was, "Do let me alone, I know better than you, what ails me."

Well, Gentlemen, things were in this state, when one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in his over-coat, with a cap on his head, and an fustian trowsers with a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy reveries.

It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked, the night before, with a violent fever, and growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the Notary to draw up his last will and testament.

The case was urgent, and admitting neither excuse nor delay; and the Notary, tugging a handkerchief around his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and shiverings of heart, to be drawn to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found every thing in the greatest confusion.

On entering the house, he met against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm, and a pharmaceutical instrument somewhat long; and a few steps farther he met the house-keeper—for the wine dealer was an old bachelor—tugging up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die—without making his will.

He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him lying under a huge pile of bed-clothes, in a prostrated state, calling aloud for a draught of cold water.

The Notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back, the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have let him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bedside, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed,

"Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last! You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah, grand diable! how hot is it here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?"

As the case was an urgent one, the Notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the wine-dealer's sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Pater-noster with the gibberish of the dramsop and the card table.

"Take care! take care! There now—Credo in centip-ing-a-ling! give me some of that—Cent-edix! Why you old publican, this wine is poisoned—I know your tricks! Sanctum ecclesiam catholicam.—Well, well, we shall see, Imbecile! To have a tierce major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven. By St. Anthony, capot! You are lured ed—Ha! ha! I told you so. I knew you well—there—there—don't interrupt me—Carnis resurrectionis it ritum detestantur!"

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the Notary sat covering over the fire, gazing at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cogniac.

Already his fears were on the alert; and the ill-odour of contagion fitted to and through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him, and said,

"Dreadful sickly time, this! The disorder seems to be spreading."

"What disorder?" exclaimed the Notary, with a movement of surprise.

"Two died yesterday, and three to day," continued the apothecary, without answering the question. "Very sickly time, Sir—very."

"But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off my friend so suddenly?"

"What disease? Why scarlet fever, to be sure."

"And is it contagious?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I am a dead man!" exclaimed the Notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. "I am a dead man! Now don't deceive me—don't, will you! What—What are the symptoms?"

"A sharp, burning pain in the right side," said the apothecary.

"Oh, what a fool I was to come here! Take me home—take me home—and let die in the bosom of my family."

In vain did the house-keeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him; he was not a man to be reasoned with; he answered, that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay.

Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city; and the whole neighbourhood was a-bed and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, Gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our Notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth.

Overhead the leaden clouds were beaten to and fro, and through them the new-lit moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cork-boat in the surf; now allowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted up in its bosom, and dashed with silver spray.

The trees by the road-side groined with a sound of evil omen, and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long hard trot, while the rider, filled with symptoms of dire disease, and presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he was fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed.

The apprehensions of the Notary had so far subsided, that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up hill; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed by his nerve like a needle.

"It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners! And must I die in a ditch after all! He! Get up—get up!"

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry-scurry—up hill and down—panting and blowing like all possessed. At every leap, the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase.

At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a half franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side.

To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were naught to him; for though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die—died of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were screeching a corner of the streets, seeing the Notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story.

But that, till the Notary, down this street, and up that, went at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bed chamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the Notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows, to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window curtain.

"Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!" he exclaimed almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night!" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep!"

"Oh, diable! diable! Come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice! Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!"

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the Notary stalked into his domestic pale and laggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armor of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armor was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

"My dear wife!" he exclaimed with more tenderness, than he had exhibited for many years—"Reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his over-coat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the Notary's pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and lo! it was bare to the skin!

Cont. waistcoat and linen were burnt through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head!

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The Notary put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes! And so ends my story.

STATE OF MARYLAND,

Anne-Arundel County, to wit:

I HEREBY CERTIFY, that Albert G. Warfield, of Anne-Arundel county, brought before me, the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said county, this 22d day of September, in the year 1837, as a Stray trespassing upon his enclosure, a SORREL MARE, about six years old, fourteen hands high, a star in the forehead, and a white stripe about six inches long on the nose, a white stripe on the right eye just above the sight, shod all round, switched tail, trots and canthers, no other perceptible marks.

Given under my hand this 22d day of September 1837.

ALFRED WARFIELD.

The owner of the above described Mare is directed to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

ALBERT G. WARFIELD,

near Lisbon, A. A. County, Sept. 28.

BOSTON PIANO FORTES.

SAMUEL CARUSI, Washington City, Agent for the celebrated Factory of Gilbert & Co. Boston, will attend in cases for Piano Fortes, and warrant them in all orders for not less than one year, and on very accommodating terms.

A Piano from said factory may be seen at Richard J. Crabb's, Esq.

S. C. will shortly receive a supply of German Pianos from several of the best houses there. Piano Fortes made to order. Orders for Piano Fortes or any other Musical Instruments, left with Robert Welch, Esq. will meet with prompt attention.

SAM'L CARUSI,

Publisher and Dealer in every article in the Music line.

June 22.

CORN MEAL.

THE WIND-MILL of the subscriber at Annapolis, being now in good repair, and an attentive Miller employed, will receive Grain to be ground for food.

Wanted, a YOKE OF GOOD OXEN, for which a reasonable price will be given.

NICHOLS BREWER, Jr.

May 25.

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 printers' 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 its circulation, 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 83 for the three volumes bound together. 11 vols. for 85.

Subscriptions to the above work received by