

# The Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1837.

VOL. XCII.

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**A LIST OF LETTERS  
REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, ANNAPOLIS, ON  
THE 1st October, 1837.**

- Robert Adams, A. Alexander, D. Brogan, Charles B. Barrett, Jacob Beck, (3) John Bowen, Moses D. Baker, Thomas Blair, Miss Julia W. Bordley, Bruce B. Brewer, John Brewer, Dr. Wm. Brower, (2) Jas. Boyle, Richard H. Cade, Philip C. Clayton, John S. Carr, John Carr, Joseph C. Carr, Thomas C. Carr, Geo. C. Carr, D. C. Diggs, Richard D. Doran, John Duffy, Harriette Davis, (2) Sally Davis, Henry Durrall, (2) John W. Duval, Alexander Evans, (4) Charles T. Flosser, Thos. D. Gray, (2) Samuel Gillpin, Thos. Gardner, R. E. Goodwin, (4) William B. Hayward, John Hill, Dr. Jos. Harper, Thomas Hord, Grace Hummels, Margaret Howard, Philip Hopkins, Jazd Hopkins, George H. Hopkins, Edward Hopkins, (3) Margaret Hall, Maria Jacobs, Edwin Jones, (2) Samuel Johnson, Catherine Kirby, David J. Kirby, Charity Lake, Catherine S. Luchett, Joan Lamb, Henrietta Morgan, (2) Eliza Mills, Ohio Moller, Thos. D. Marriott, James M. Morris, Henry Matthews, Rev. Mr. McKenney, (2) John McMillan, Mrs. Nicholson, Dan. Ovinge, Philip Pettibone, H. Price, Elizabeth Pledge, Joseph Roberts, William Ross, Stephen Robinson, Amy Simpson, A. Spence, (2) Ann E. Stewart, John N. Stewart, (2) Jas. N. Stoegett, Capt. Sumner, John Sewell, James M. Taysman, Thos. Taylor, Benjamin Taylor, Jas. G. Taylor, R. E. Thomas, Nathan Warfield, George Watts, John Wayne, Thos. Wann, George Wilson, Wm. P. Williams, Sarah H. Williamson, Alexander Waich, R. J. CRABB, P. M.

October 5.

**STATE OF MARYLAND,  
Anne-Arundel County, to wit:**

**HERREBY 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, short all round, switched tail, trots and canters, 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.

**PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
Conventions of the Province of Maryland,  
held at the City of Annapolis, in 1774, 1775,  
and 1776,  
as reported and for Sale by  
D. RIDGELY,  
Agent for the Publishers.**

## A BY-LAW Authorizing a further issue of Certificates of Debt.

Passed October 6, 1837.]

**SECTION 1.** Be it established and ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of Annapolis, and the authority of the same, That the Mayor cause to be prepared an additional amount of Certificates, or Evidences of Debt, not exceeding five thousand dollars, of a denomination of from six and one quarter cents to one dollar, which shall be signed by the Mayor, and when so signed shall be issued by him an equivalent amount of such bank paper, as will be received on deposit in the Farmers Bank of Maryland.

**Sec 2.** And be it further established and ordained by the authority aforesaid, That the money so received by the Mayor shall be by him deposited in the Farmers Bank of Maryland to the credit of the City of Annapolis, subject to be drawn out upon the check of the Committee appointed by the order of the 10th of July, 1837, and that said Committee be authorized to invest said money in the stock of the State of Maryland, or apply the same to the satisfaction of the debts now due from the City to the said Bank, and such other debts due from the City as the said Committee, or a majority thereof, shall deem most advantageous to the City: Provided however, that of the said fund the sum of \$500 shall remain on deposit in the said bank for the purpose of redeeming the Certificates hereby authorized to be issued, upon a sudden emergency, and before other arrangements can be made for that purpose.

**JOHN MILLER, Mayor.**

October 12.

## A BY-LAW To open and establish the lines of Compromise-Street in the City of Annapolis, and for other purposes.

[Passed September 11th, 1837.]

**SECTION 1.** Be it established and ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of Annapolis, That the land included within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, be, and the same is hereby declared to be a public street, and shall hereafter be for ever called and known by the name of Compromise-street, beginning for the said street in a line of Church-street, and running from thence with the east end of and brick warehouse of the Messrs Adams and John Miller, as follows, to wit: South twenty degrees fifteen minutes, East six hundred and ninety feet, to the waters edge, thence running and bounding on and with the water North nine degrees, West two hundred and forty feet, thence saving the water and running parallel with the first line North twenty degrees fifteen minutes West four hundred and fifty-two feet to the line of Church-street aforesaid.

**Sec. 2.** And be it established and ordained by the authority aforesaid, That the city commissioners and port wardens be and they are hereby required and directed to open said street, and remove all obstructions in the same.

**Sec. 3.** And be it established and ordained, That the said commissioners are hereby authorized and required to cause a good and substantial wooden bridge to be erected over the run near the house of Daniel T. Hyde, of at least twelve feet in breadth.

**Sec. 4.** And be it established and ordained, That the sum of fifty dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated and opening said street and building the aforesaid bridge. Provided always, and that none of the petitioners for the said street shall be entitled to claim any damages from this corporation by reason of the opening of said street.

**JOHN MILLER, Mayor**

Sept. 21.

## CASH FOR ANY NUMBER OF NEGROES.

Including both sexes, from 10 to 35 years of age.

PERSONS having likely Servants to dispose of, and wishing the highest price, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to buy and give higher prices than any other purchaser, who is now or may come into this market. I can at all times be found at Mrs. Hunter's Tavern in Annapolis. All communications directed to me will be promptly attended to.

**ISAAC F. PURVIS.**

Sept. 12. P. S.—Any communications left with Mr. John Lamb, will be promptly attended to.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber having been recently appointed Treasurer to the Corporation of the city of Annapolis, informs all persons that he will upon every SATURDAY, from the hour of 12 o'clock, M. to 6 P. M. attend at the Store of Dubois & Weems, for the purpose of receiving and paying monies, and to attend to all business relating to the office of Treasurer.

**EDWARD DUBOIS.**

## POETRY.

From the American Weekly Messenger.  
**THE KNIGHTS RETURN.**

By C. H. W.  
The bright young eye is darkened,  
The gentle voice is mute,  
That hung like stars, and music,  
Above the silver lute.  
The chords have lost the echo  
That loved to linger long,  
When summer's evening starlight  
Beat down to hear their song.  
The hand that wreath'd its roses  
In g y and festive rings,  
Now droops in silent sorrow  
Across its quiet strings.  
A cry of war and battle  
Comes feebly on her ear;  
Her thoughts are with a warrior  
Her blessing on his spear.  
A sound of triumph  
Pails loudly on the air,  
One voice is 'mong the many—  
Her warrior knight is there.  
Mid deafening shouts of gladness,  
(A victor's proud and glad)  
Here a faint caught one echo  
Of loof, upon the sword.  
In glory from the battle,  
Unscathed amid its harms,  
The knight hath left his war horse—  
The lady's in his arms.  
Again those eyes the shaded,  
That gentle voice, the mute,  
Shall hang like stars, and music,  
Above that silver lute.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty five miles since morning, his patience throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained, by one who had recognised the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his Master's sake, of the benefits himself had received, from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack—and he had travelled on, refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he journeyed ever since then, and now as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked for haven of rest. A middle aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know, said she coldly, after scrutinizing for some time, the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, that we can let you in old man. You seem tired however, and I'll see if the Minister of the circuit, who is here to night, will let you lodge with him. The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively—then asked a few pertinent questions—and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smoothly shaven chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted, and led his faithful animal to the stable, where with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion, where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eye of the stranger, as he entered, in a room of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the vivacity and realness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown his room, to which he retired unnoticed—graced and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddle-bags, a well worn bible he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thought, holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn, dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old worn-down traveller, to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting

place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the great stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down, and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul, soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of his duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position, the stranger lay for some time in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark, to which the old man replied in a sly and manner that arrested his attention.— On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

How far have you come to day, old gentleman?  
Thirty-five miles.  
From where?  
From Springfield.  
Ah indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age.  
Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day, has exhausted me much. The young minister moved over a little.  
You do not belong to Springfield then?  
No, I have no abiding place.

How?  
I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears.  
Another move of the minister,  
How far have you travelled on your present journey?  
From Philadelphia. (In evident surprise.)  
The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time, since. Had it broken up when you left?  
It adjourned the day before I started.  
Ah indeed! moving still farther over, towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. Had Bishop George left when you came out?  
Yes—he started at the same time I did—we left in company!  
Indeed!

Have the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.  
How did the Bishop look. He is getting quite old and feeble is he not?  
He carries his age tolerably well.—But his labour is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength.  
He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?  
We travelled alone for a long distance. You travelled alone with the Bishop?  
Yes! we have been intimate for years! You intimate with Bishop George?  
Yes, why not?  
Bless me! Why did I not know that! But may I be so bold as to enquire your name?  
After a moment's hesitation the stranger replied—  
George.  
George! Not Bishop George?  
They call me Bishop George, neckly replied the old man.

Why, then, bless me! Bishop George, exclaimed the now abashed preacher springing from the bed—You have had no supper! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?  
Stop—stop my friend, said the Bishop gravely. I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at best but a man, and has no claims beyond common humanity.

A night of severer mortification the young minister had never experienced. The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrine of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly did he endeavour to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and urged him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with him, long and fervently, before he left the chamber; and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the Bishop awoke with a thousand and sincere apologies. He mildly alluded, then and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop taking up his saddlebags, was preparing to depart.

But surely, Bishop, urged the distressed man, you will not thus leave us! Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table.  
No Sister!—I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor toil worn traveller, worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges.

And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not

act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not reign in his heart, but he desired to teach a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati and the young minister was present in his official position as a Deacon, and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the Conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. — was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful enquiries, and found that since he had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious, as he was before worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother, while the young preacher wept as a child, upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.—[Ball. Athenaeum.

## HOPE AND MEMORY.

By Mrs. Sigourney. A little baby lay in its cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse came and gave it a cake, Hope promised it another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought it a flower, over which it clasped its hands and crowded, Hope told of brighter ones which it should gather for itself.

The baby grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that shall be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once, when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake up with a smile as sweet as the merry lay I sing thee."

But Memory said, "Hope is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we will be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissue into dreams. When he awoke, they came with the lark to bid him good morning, and gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him from his labour, and every night he spoke with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at length, Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye, the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow-chair like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

And she answered, "I fear so; for the lock of casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary, and sleep, and then Time purloins my key. But the gems thou didst give me when life was new, I can account for all. See how bright they are."

While they thus sad y conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn folded under her garment and tried its strength in a heaven-vary flight.

The old man lay down to die, and when his sun went forth from the body, the angels took it, and Memory walked with it through the open gate to heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold, and gently expired, as a rose giving out its last odors. Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into the bosom of a glorious form, and said, "Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine. Jesus hath redeemed it."

## SUNDAY MORNING FOR ANNAPO- LIS.

The Steamboat MARYLAND leaves Baltimore every SUNDAY MORNING, at eight o'clock, for Annapolis, and returns in the Afternoon, starting from the lower end Dugan's wharf, her usual place of starting.

**LEWIS G. TAYLOR.**

## A NEW AND CHEAP PERIODICAL.

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 convenient a form for binding as the present, with which it will in no way interfere, but it will be *books cheap beyond all precedent*. It will contain the works of the day, which are 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 current for from four to six cents; a British novel for twelve cents, and others in proportion.

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The Select Circulating Library, now as ever so great a favorite, will continue to make its weekly visits, and to be issued in a form for binding and preservation, and its price every way 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 most 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 circle, and to give to it, at an expense which shall be no consideration to any, a mass of reading that in book form would 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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2d. Literary Reviews, Tales, Sketches, notices of books, and information from "the world of letters," of every description.

3d. The news of the week concentrated, to a small compass, but in a sufficient amount to embrace a knowledge of the principal events, political and miscellaneous, of Europe and America.

The price will be two dollars 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 uncurrent money will be charged to the remitter; the low price and superior paper, absolutely prohibit paying a discount.

On no condition will a copy ever be sent until the payment is received in advance.

As the arrangements for the prosecution of this great literary undertaking are all made, and the proprietor has redeemed all his pledges to a generous public for many years, no fear of 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 Keel's Cyclopaedia, for the small sum mentioned above.

Address, post paid.

**ADAM WALDIE,**  
46 Carpenter St. Philadelphia.

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

## FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, leaves Baltimore every TUESDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for the above places, starting from the lower end Dugan's wharf, and returns on Wednesday at 8 o'clock.

**LEWIS G. TAYLOR.**

N. B. All Baggage at the owner's risk.