

The Maryland Gazette.

Vol. XLIII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1836.

No. 24.

Printed and Published by
SONAS GREENE,
At the Brick Building on the Public
Square.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

A BY-LAW
Authorizing the laying of Curb on a portion
of East-Street, and for other purposes.

[Passed May 14th, 1836.]

SECTION 1. Be it established and or-
dained by the Mayor, Recorder, Alder-
men, and Common Council of the city of
Annapolis, and by the authority of the same,
That the City Commissioners be and they are
herby authorized and directed to cause that
part of East-street commencing at the cor-
ner of Charles Henshaw's lot on said street,
and ending by the lower end of Jeremiah
Hughes' brick house on the corner of Fleet-
street, to be graded and curbed, and that
they cause to be laid and established the
breadth of the footway on that part of the
said street directed to be curbed in pursu-
ance of the provisions of this by-law.

Sec. 2. And be it established and ordain-
ed by the authority aforesaid, That the sum
of one hundred and fifty dollars be and the
same is hereby appropriated for that pur-
pose, to be paid by the Treasurer to the or-
der of the City Commissioners, out of any
unappropriated money in the treasury.

Sec. 3. And be it established and ordain-
ed by the authority aforesaid, That it shall
be the duty of each and every proprietor of
a lot fronting on that portion of said street
directed to be curbed by the provisions of
this by-law, to cause the footway so far as
the same shall bind on his, her or their lot,
to be paved with good red paving brick, and
each and every person who shall neglect to
pave the same for the space of thirty days
after being notified by the said Commission-
ers, or a majority of them, shall forfeit and
pay the sum of Twenty Dollars for every
week thereafter that the same may remain
unpaved.

May 17. JOHN MILLER, Mayor.

MAMMOTH SHEET.
OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY NEWS
AND LITERARY GAZETTE,
Philadelphia, November 26, 1836.

THE very liberal patronage bestowed on
the SATURDAY NEWS, since its
commencement in July last, and a desire to
meet that patronage by corresponding exer-
tions, has induced us this week to publish
a Double Number—being the largest sheet
ever printed in Philadelphia for any purpose,
and the largest literary paper ever printed in
the United States. To those of our friends
who are practical printers, it need not be
mentioned that this undertaking has involved
serious mechanical difficulties. The largest
sheet is used for our ordinary impression—
but this would accommodate only a single
page of the mammoth sheet, and we were ob-
liged, therefore, to work four forms at dif-
ferent periods. The care used in preparing
the paper—in removing and folding the
sheets, &c., can only be estimated by those
who have seen the experiment made; and
added to the necessarily increased amount of
composition, press work, &c., these supple-
mentary expenses have deterred many from
engaging in the enterprise. A gain of two
thousand new subscribers will not repay the
actual cost of this single number.

We flatter ourselves that, besides its ex-
traordinary size, this number presents at-
tractions that entitle it to some attention.—
It contains the whole of *Friendship's Offer-
ing* for 1837, the London copy of which costs
\$2 and has 384 closely printed pages of let-
ter press. Distinguished as the present age,
and particularly our own country, has been
for cheap reprints, we believe this surpasses
any former instance. For four cents subscri-
bers to the *Saturday News* receive, in addi-
tion to their ordinary supply of miscellane-
ous matter, an English annual, the largest
yet received for the coming season, and they
receive it, moreover, in a form that, from its
novelty, gives it additional value.

Of the general character of the *Saturday
News* we need not speak. That has now be-
come so well known as to require no com-
ment. We may take occasion to say, how-
ever, that in enterprise and resources we
vie with no other publishers in this city or
elsewhere, and we are determined that our
paper shall not be surpassed. We have en-
tered the field prepared for zealous competi-
tion, and we stand ready in every way to re-
alize our promise, that no similar publication
shall excel that which we issue. Our articles,
both original and selected, are not ashamed
to test by any comparison which can be ad-
mitted; and there is no periodical in the U-
nited States, monthly or weekly, which might
not be proud of many of our contributors.

The issuing of this number may be regard-
ed as an evidence of our intention and abili-
ty to meet success. Nor will it be the only
effort—From time to time, as opportunity of-
fers, we propose to adopt extraordinary
means for the interest and gratification of our
subscribers.

L. A. GOBEY, & Co.
Dec. 15.

PRINTING
Neatly executed at the Office.

A NEW AND CHEAP PERIODICAL

Attention is requested from our readers by
the following prospectus of a new, and even
a cheaper book periodical, which will be is-
sued 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 make
books cheap beyond all precedent. It will
contain the works of the day, which are much
sought after, but are comparatively dear, and
which cannot penetrate the interior in any
made half so rapidly as by mail, in which
volumes of books are prohibited. A fifty-
cent American reprint will be furnished en-
tire for from four to six cents; a Marryat pa-
per for twelve cents, and others in propor-
tion.

As but very few copies will be printed but
what are actually subscribed for, those who
wish the Omnibus, must make their remit-
tances at once.

Books at Newspaper Postage.

WALDIE'S LITERARY OMNI- BUS.

NOVEL AND IMPORTANT LI- TERARY ENTERPRISE!

NOVELS, TALES, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, TRA-
VELS, REVIEWS, AND THE NEWS OF THE
DAY.

It was one of the great objects of "Wal-
die's Literary," to make good reading
easier, and to bring literature to every
man's door. That object has been accom-
plished; we have given to books, wings, and
they have flown to the uttermost parts of our
vast continent, carrying society to the seclu-
ded, occupation to the literary, information to
all. We now propose still further to re-
duce prices, and render the access to a li-
terary 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
matters, 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 favorite, 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, is-
sue 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 se-
veral 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 enlighten and
enrich the family circle, and to give to it,
at an expense which shall be no considera-
tion to any, a mass of reading that in boot-
form would alarm the pockets of the prudent,
and to do it in a manner that the most scrup-
tulous shall acknowledge "the power of con-
centration 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 pa-
per of a quality superior to any other weekly
sheet, and of the largest size. It will con-
tain:

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

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 e-
vents, 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,
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dollars. The discount on uncurrent money
will be charged to the remitter; the low price
and superior paper absolutely prohibit pay-
ing 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 the non-fulfillment of the contract
can be felt. The Omnibus will be regularly
issued, and will contain in a year reading mat-
ter equal in amount to two volumes of Rec's
Cyclopedia, for the small sum mentioned a-
bove.

Address, post paid,
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46 Carpenter St. Philadelphia.

Editors throughout the Union, and Can-
ada, will confer a favor by giving the above
one or more conspicuous insertions, and ac-
cepting the work for a year as compensation.

POETRY.

After the battle of Salamis, on Lord Hill,
The British General, was walking over the blood-
stained field, he observed a soldier in a gloomy
mood, leaning upon his fire-lock. Struck with
his manner, he advanced and asked him what
he was thinking of. The soldier, answering his
commander's salute, replied—"I am thinking,
my Lord, of the number of widows and orphans
I have this day made for one shilling."

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

He stood in the soldier's plain,
What did away the battle's din:
Around him crowded by the slain:
And groans and sighs and wail:
As many a bleeding, ghastly form,
Rolled in his life's blood, fresh and warm.
Horseman and rider wither'd,
Now bit the dust in agony:
The soldier's widow's lonely woe,
(Like the wild Shell-drake's cry at sea,
When sinks the dying tempest's sound,
And leaves the mountain echo round,
The fight was o'er, the field was won,
And victory claimed her loud hurra:
The weary Soldier's work was done;
The conquer'd and the Conqueror
Alike, amid the wreck of strife,
Laid down to die, or wait to live.
The shattered cannon smother'd with gore,
The Silken Banner soiled and torn,
The jeweled cross the Hero wore,
The broken drum, the battered horn,
The hillocks mark'd the pike—the dirt,
All bore the sword of bloody work:
"Twas even; and, leaning on his Gun
With breast by nature courage steel'd,
In gloomy mood still linger'd one,
When eyes had glanced o'er many a dead,
And whose fierce spirit never without
A bidding to the feast of blood,
Long had he mused, when his voice
Spoke loudly in his leader's ear:
"What leads the brow, while all rejoice?"
He turned and saw his Leader near;
Then with a sigh that well did suit,
Fell promptly to the soldier's feet,
"My General," said he, "I saw him fall
A while ago, and thought I was mad."
"How many widows in their sadness,
"And Orphans—Oh the dreadful trade,
"For one poor shilling, I have made!"
Bright set the Sun o'er Elv's hills,
And soft the silver moon beams shone
On old Castille's mountain rills,
Yet still the soldier watch'd alone—
But, when arose the morning's sun!
In death's cold sleep he graced his gun!
Washington, June, 1836. J. E. D.

SLEEPING SINNERS.

'Twas on a shining summer's day,
As stonies quite old fashioned say,
A sleepy sort of sinners,
Proceeding with religious airs,
Their zealous piety to show,
When they had eat their dinner:
Scenes had the Parson in his text,
When he felt most exhorting vex'd,
To see his heary nose,
Proceeding with religious airs,
He quietly heard the sleeper's moan,
Forgetting him and God,
And lot descending from his seat,
The Parson full of holy heat,
At leaving thus his lazar,
Trembling with religious awe,
And said—"good sir, you snore so loud,
I fear you'll wake your neighbour."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We are wrong in supposing that all romance
has evaporated, and that the reign of matters
of fact and utility is absolute. Sometimes there
is a little outbreak—a little rebellion. A cir-
cumstance has lately occurred in the South of
France realizing a fairy tale. An old man, now
aged seventy-nine, was obliged to leave France
during the revolution; he had lost his wife, who
left behind her two sons and a daughter. For-
ced to fly for his life, penniless and destitute, he
passed the period of the exile of the Bourbons
in procuring a scanty subsistence in Italy, Ger-
many, and other parts of Europe, and afterwards
served in the armies of the Empire. Having re-
turned to his native town, finding himself for-
gotten by his friends, dispossessed of his estate,
unable to give any intelligence of his children,
he resigned himself with content to all the privations
of poverty, and, with a courage worthy of
few years, endeavoured to prevent his becom-
ing a burthen to the charitable, by making him-
self useful in the office of a lawyer of some ce-
lebrity at Marisilles. One of the students of the
office who had travelled in Italy, was struck
with a resemblance between the old man and a
lady he had met in society in Italy. "I once had
three children, but they are all dead," said he.
The young man persisted in his inquiries, and
the result was a conviction that the lady in
question was the daughter of the emigre. "Sir,"
said he, "your daughter lives in a palace at Mi-
lan. I know her, she is the Countess Otolina
Visconti, the wife of a dignitary of the Austrian
Empire. It was true. Mr. Napollon had given
his daughter in charge to a Milanese lady when
two years old. All his letters written to her
during his exile had miscarried. He supposed
her dead. She had been well educated, and the
beauty of her person and the graces of her mind
had captivated an Italian of a noble family, who
sought her hand. She knew the history of her
family, and had long supposed her father dead.
She was made acquainted with the circumstances,
and the result is, an union of father and
daughter after a separation of forty-seven years.
—New York American.

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the
clock maker grew uneasy. It's pretty well on
in the evening, I guess, said he, and Miss Pug-
wash is as certain in her temper as a tea-
tray in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with
her tantrums; she'll stretch out her neck and
him like a goose with a flock of geese. I
wonder what our sixth Pugwash was a thinkin'
on when he signed articles of partnership with
that are woman; she's not a bad looking piece
of furniture either, and it's a proper pity such a
clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip
—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua
Hopewell's apple trees.

The old minister had an orchard of most par-
ticular good fruit, for he was a great hand at
buddin and graftin; and what not, and the or-
chard (it was on the south side of the house)
stretched right to the road. Well, there were
some trees hung over the fence, I never seen
such beauty, the apples hung in ropes, for all
the world like strings of onions, and the fruit
was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's
apples, and when other folks lost there'n from
the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a
hook, but there never was so much as a nibble
at 'em. So I said to him one day, Minister,
said I; how on air'd do you manage to keep
your fruit that's so exposed, when no one can't
do it no how? Why, says he, they are dreadful
pretty fruit, ain't they? I guess, said I, there
ain't the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well,
says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't
let on to no one about it. That are row next
the fence, I grafted it myself; I took great pains
to get the right kind. I went clean up to Roxbury
and away down to Squashneck creek. [I
was afraid he was going to give day and date
for every graft, being a terrible long winded
man in his brag] so says I, I know that minister,
but how do you preserve them? Why I was a-
bout to tell you, said he, when you stopped me.
That are outward row I grafted myself with the
choicest kind I could find, and succeeded, they
are beautiful; but so eternal sour, no human soul
can eat them. Well, the boys think the old
minister's graftin has all succeeded about as
well as that row, and they search no farther.
They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my
sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's
apples, very tempting fruit to look at, but de-
perate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth
when he married, I guess it's pretty puckerly by
this time. However, if she goes to act ugly,
I'll give her a dose of "soft sawder," that will
take the fro out of her frontispiece, and make
her dial plate as smooth as a lick of copal var-
nish. It's a pity she's such a kickin devil, too,
she has good points—good eyes—good foot-
neat pattern—fine chest—a good sort of limbe,
and carries a good —. But here we are,
now you'll see what "soft sawder" will do.

When we entered the house, the traveller's
room was all in darkness, and on opening the
opposite door into the sitting room, we found
the female part of the family extinguishing the
fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom
in her hand, and was in the act (the last act
of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth.

The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell
upon her tall, fine figure, and beautiful face, re-
vealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's
comments.

Good evening, marm, said Mr. Slick, how do
you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she,
why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect
to disturb him this time of night, I hope? Oh
no said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry
to have disturbed you, but we got detained long-
er than we expected, I am sorry that —.
So as I said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep
an inn when he has no occasion for it, his family
can't expect to rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gath-
ering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently
held out his hand and exclaimed, well, if that
ain't a beautiful child—come here my little man,
and shake hands along with me—well, I de-
clare, if that are little feller ain't the finest child
I ever seed—what, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue,
where did you get them pretty rosy cheeks;
stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my
old mother could see that child, it is such a treat.
In our country, said he, turning to me, the chil-
dren are all as pale as chalk, or yellor as an
orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a
show in our country—come to me, my man—
Here the "soft sawder" began to operate. Mrs.
Pugwash said it's milder tone than we had yet
heard. "Go my dear to the gentleman—go
dear." Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he
would go to the States along with him, told him
all the girls there would fall in love with him,
for they did not see such a beautiful face once in
a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see
—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also, as
I am alive; why you are mamma's own boy, as
I very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentle-
man, said Mrs. Pugwash—Sally, make a fire in
the next room. She ought to be proud of you,
he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I
be continued. Well, if I live to return here, I
must paint your face, and have it put on my
clock, and our folks will buy the clocks for the
sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he,
again addressing me, such a likeness between
one human and another, as between this beauti-
ful little boy and his mother. I ain't sure you
have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash to me;

you must be hungry and weary too. I will get
you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so
much trouble, said I. Not the least trouble in
the world; on the contrary a pleasure.

We were then usher'd into the next room,
where the fire was now blazing do, but Mr.
Slick protested he could not proceed without
the little boy, and linger'd behind me to suc-
tain his age, and concluded by asking the child
if he had any aims that looked like diamonds.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, it's a pity
she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with
those critters is to get them to start, after that
there is no trouble with them if you don't check
'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run
back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick
himself would'n't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess,
don't understand the nature of the critter; she'll
never go kind in harness for him. When I see
a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe
with those women folk, for I have always found
that the road to a woman's heart lies through her
child.

SAM SLICK.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned offers his services to
the public as a Collector of Accounts
and other evidences of debt against individ-
uals, resident within the limits of the lower
counties of Maryland and District of Col-
umbia. His purposes (in the course of the
present season) visiting the counties of Anne-
Arundel, Prince-George's, Calvert, Charles
and St. Mary's. Persons having claims in
all or either of the said counties, can have
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them, properly authenticated, per letters,
(post paid) to

F. M. JARBOE, Annapolis, Md.

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N. B. He will also attend to the prepara-
tion of

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June 7.

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rendered to any country, than by
improving its Agriculture.

WASHINGTON.

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themselves and to benefit society.

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A. COWAN, Annapolis.

N. B. Those who wish the *Cultivator* will
please send their subscription by the 10th of
February next.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, ST. MICHAEL'S,
AND WYE LANDING.

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RYLAND will leave
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MORNING NEXT, at
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bove places from the lower end of Dagan's
wharf. Returning the next day, leaving
Wye Landing at 8 o'clock for St. Michael's
Annapolis and Baltimore. She will continue
this route throughout the season. Passage
to Annapolis \$1 50, to St. Michael's and
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LEWIS G. TAYLOR,
May 26.