

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. XXIII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1836.

NO. 23.

Sec. 24. And be it enacted, That the elec- tions to be held in pursuance of this act, shall be held on the first Wednesday of October, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, and for the election of delegates on the same day in every year thereafter...

Sec. 25. And be it enacted, That in all elec- tions for governor, the city of Annapolis shall be deemed and taken as part of Anne Arundel county.

Sec. 26. And be it enacted, That the relation of master and slave, in this State, shall not be abolished unless a bill to abolish the same, shall be passed by a unanimous vote of the members of each branch of the General Assembly...

CHAPTER 24. An act to confirm an act, entitled, an act to amend the Constitution and form of Government of the State of Maryland, passed at December session, eighteen hundred and thirty six, chapter one hundred and ninety seven.

THE SALMAGUNDI, AND NEWS OF THE DAY, EMBELLISHED WITH A MULTITUDE OF COMIC ENGRAVINGS.

500 ENGRAVINGS will be furnished to the patrons of this Journal in one year—these, in addition to an extensive and choice selection of Satire, Criticism, Humour and Wit, to be circulated through its columns, will form a Literary Banquet of a superior and attractive order...

Sec. 27. And be it enacted, That the city of Annapolis shall continue to be the seat of government, and the place of holding the sessions of the court of appeals for the Western Shore, and the high court of chancery.

Sec. 28. And be it enacted, That if this act shall be confirmed by the General Assembly, after a new election of delegates, in the first session after such new election, agreeably to the provisions of the constitution and form of government, then and in such case, this act, and the alterations and amendments of the constitution therein contained, shall be taken and considered, and shall constitute and be valid as a part of said constitution and form of government...

The Salmagundi will be published on alternate weeks—otherwise it would be impossible to procure the numerous Embellishments which each number will contain—and the general interest it will afford must be enhanced by this arrangement.

Printed and Published by JONAS GREEN, At the Brick Building on the Public Circle. Price—Three Dollars per annum.

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

SECTION 1. Be it established and ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of Annapolis, and by the authority of the same, That the City Commissioners be and they are hereby authorized and directed to cause that certain street commencing at the corner of East-street and terminating at the corner of Charles-street, to be laid out and established as a public street, and that the same shall be laid out and established as a public street, to be bounded and bounded by the following lines, to wit: By the line of the lot on the north side of said street, owned by Charles Henshaw's lot on said street, and running to the lower end of Jerusalem street, to the lower end of Jerusalem street, and to the corner of Fleet-street, brick house on the corner of Fleet-street, to be graded and curbed, and that the same shall be fixed and established in the name of the City Commissioners, and that they cause to be fixed and established the breadth of the roadway on that part of the street directed to be curbed in pursuance of the provisions of this by-law.

CHAPTER 25. An act to amend the Constitution and form of Government of the State of Maryland, passed at December session, eighteen hundred and thirty six, chapter one hundred and ninety seven.

MAMMOTH SHEET. OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY NEWS, AND LITERARY GAZETTE. Philadelphia, November 26, 1835.

THE SATURDAY NEWS, since its commencement in July last, and a desire to meet that patronage by corresponding exertions, have 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.

TERMS W. W. W. 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: 1st. Novels, the newest and the best that can be procured, equal every week to a London 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 into a small compass, but in a sufficient amount to embrace a knowledge of the principal events, political and miscellaneous, of Europe and America.

ADAM WALDIE, 46 Carpenter St. Philadelphia. Editors throughout the Union, and Canada, will confer a favour by giving the above one or more conspicuous insertions, and accepting the work for a year as compensation.

PRINTING Neatly executed at this Office.

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 make books cheap beyond all precedent.

Books at Newspaper Postage. WALDIE'S LITERARY OMNIBUS. NOVEL AND IMPORTANT LITERARY ENTERPRISE!

IT was one of the great objects of "Waldie's Literary," "to make good reading cheaper, and to bring literature to every man's door."

THE Select Circulating Library, now as ever so great a favourite, will continue to make its weekly visits, and to be issued in a form for binding and preservation, and its price and form will remain the same.

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POETRY.

THE CAT SERENADE. WITH AN EXPLANATORY INDEX.

The cat discourse of the night. It is the hour—the Awry hour, Of fading light and folding flower, And night and love, and beauty's power.

The cat pleads his sufferings. O bid me not alone depart, I feel the burning tear drop start— O speak and heal a bursting heart.

And why he loveth not. I love thee not for loathed pelf, Or stolen scraps from pantry shelf— But O! I love thee for thy self.

The cat saith jealous. And if ane'er I should dare, With look of love on thee to glare, By heaven, I'll eat him, hide and hair.

And propheseth his coming death. Too great I feel this load of woe, Soon, soon in death I slumber bow, And o'er my grave shall catnip grow!

The cat exalteth his voice. Yet once again before I die, I raise my feeble love-voice high— And loud and yet a louder cry!

MISCELLANEOUS. THE CUP OF POISON. Weevil unfortunate as he was in his jokes, was no less so in his more serious attempts; his whole career was one grand mistake—

Having purchased some white arsenic, upon the paper of which was duly printed "arsenic-poison," he consigned the deleterious mineral to the flames...

DEATH OF THE HERMIT. An inquest was held on the 4th of July, over the body of Hope Peterkin, a Scotchman, aged about 45 years, found drowned in the Passaic river, a short distance below this city.

What have you done? shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper and turning pale as Parian marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy-look he could assume; and clapping his hands to his face he buried his head in the cushion of the sofa.

My dear Mr. Weevil!" said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognized

a neighboring apothecary—what could have impelled you to this rash act? Weevil was really alarmed by the crowd which he had so unexpectedly brought about his ears.

"What act!" demanded Weevil. "You have swallowed poison!" "Nonsense—nonsense—" said Weevil. "Where is the cup ma'am?" "He has thrown it away," replied Mrs. Weevil, sobbing aloud; "but—here is the horrible paper."

The apothecary looked at the paper shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and then looked significantly at his assistants, who immediately laid violent hands upon the disconcerted Weevil, and threw him at length upon the sofa.

"What in the devil are you about?" demanded Jesse glaring wildly upon the medical operator, as he drew a stomach pump from his coat-pocket.

"You must submit, sir," said he, "resistance will avail you nothing." "Pooh! pooh! nonsense—pon my soul 'twas only a joke! a mere ruse—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling. "May I die if—"

A CHILD CARRIED AWAY BY A BABOON. Flocks of baboons are known to infest the gardens in the suburbs of Calcutta.

It seized the child again and leaped from one tree to another, and so on, pursued by the people, screaming and shouting for a quarter of an hour or more. The baboon was then observed to leap over a tree without its victim; this was alarming and puzzling, for none could guess what had become of the child, until they heard its cries.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC. Which would be the most dangerous, to deposit the money of the Government in the hands of 80 Banks, 80 Presidents, 80 Cashiers, 600 Directors and about 10,000 Stockholders without any security for its repayment, or to appoint 80 Receivers of the Public Funds, who must give heavy security, and who would be prohibited, by law, from lending the same to friends and parasites, as the banks have always done?

"What have you done?" shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper and turning pale as Parian marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy-look he could assume; and clapping his hands to his face he buried his head in the cushion of the sofa.

"Where the dickens has she gone?" cried he rising. "Jane!"—no answer. He rested upon his elbow and listened. A tramping of many feet upon the stairs, aroused him from his posture; and the next moment his better half rushed wildly into the room, followed by three men and the servant maid.

My dear Mr. Weevil!" said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognized

neighbours, to enable him to procure the necessities of life. He was, in the language of those best acquainted with him, one of the honestest men living. In his youth he had received a liberal education, and was a first rate scholar. He spent most of his time in reading and writing. His remarks on certain passages of the Bible, written in the margin, show that he was no stranger to its contents. He left no property, excepting a great number of letters from his friends and correspondents in this country and in Europe, and a large bundle of manuscripts of his own writing. Hope had never been married, and the reason he gave for remaining single was that he had been engaged to a lady in Scotland, and never, to the day of his death, did he abandon the idea of yet being able to return and fulfil his engagement with her.—Newark Eagle.

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper.

About the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan embarked in a barge at the Falls of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands,) with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from having always been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended, and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he laid down as he thought to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded to the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved as a last hope of life to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontier in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about 60 miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian? L. B.

Uncle of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louis. ville.