

# The Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1838.

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VOL. XXIII.

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

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

**NOTICE.**  
I hereby forwarn all persons from purchasing the following described premises, lying in Allegany county, Md., being Perry and Sullivan's Lot, Numbered 2083, and William Sullivan's Lot, Numbered 1807, as no title whatever can be given for the same, without the concurrence of all the representatives of said Perry and Sullivan.  
**JOHN SULLIVAN,**  
**REBECCA SULLIVAN.**

**SI00 REWARD.**  
A WAY from the subscriber's plantation near Queen Anne, Prince George's county, Maryland, my negro fellow named FRANK. He is about 35 years of age, a mulatto high, cross-eyed, full suit of hair, broad mouth, and well made, and has a remarkable scar on his stomach or belly. His only clothing known was burlap shirts and trousers. No doubt he took other clothing with him. I will give the above reward of One Hundred Dollars for apprehending and securing the said fellow so that I get him again. Frank ran off on Sunday night last.

**JOHN WOOTTON,**  
Reckville, Md. Sept. 15th, 1838.

**MAMMOTH SHEET.**  
OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY NEWS  
AND LITERARY GAZETTE.  
Philadelphia, November 26, 1838.

THE very liberal patronage bestowed on 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. To those of our friends who are practical printers, it need not be mentioned that this undertaking has involved serious mechanical difficulties. The largest press in use for our ordinary impression—this would accommodate only a single page of the mammoth sheet, and we were obliged, therefore, to work four forms at different periods. The care used in preparing the paper—in rearing 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 supplementary expenses have made an aggregate cost, which would have deterred many from engaging in this enterprise. A gain of two thousand new subscribers will not repay the actual cost of this single number.

We flatter ourselves that, besides its extraordinary size, this number presents attractions that entitle it to some attention. It contains the whole of *Friendship's Offering* for 1837, the London copy of which costs \$4, and has 284 closely printed pages of letter 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 subscribers to their ordinary supply of miscellaneous 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 become so well known as to require no comment. We may take occasion to say, however, that in enterprise and resources we yield to no other publishers in this city or elsewhere, and we are determined that our paper shall not be surpassed. We have entered the field prepared for every way to realize our promise; that no similar publication shall excel that which we issue. Our articles, both original and selected, we are not ashamed to test by any comparison which can be adopted; and there is no periodical in the United States, monthly or weekly, which might not be proud of many of our contributors.

The issuing of this number may be regarded as an evidence of our intention and ability to merit success. Nor will it be the only effort—From time to time, as opportunity offers, we propose to adopt extraordinary means for the interest and gratification of our subscribers.

**L. A. GODEY, & Co.**  
Dec. 15.

**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 of Degan's wharf, and returns on Wednesday and Saturday.

**LEMUE G. TAYLOR.**

**THE SALMAGUNDI.**  
EMBELLISHED WITH A MULTITUDE OF COLORED ENGRAVINGS.  
NEW PERIODICAL of a novel character, bearing the above appellation, has commenced on the beginning of January, 1838. While it will furnish its patrons with the leading features of the news of the day, its principal object will be to serve up amusing and pungent satires which are daily floating along the tide of literature, and which, the want of a proper channel for their preservation, are positively lost to the Reading World. Original wits and humorists of our age will here have a medium de voted to the fulfilment of the scintillations of their wits. It is not necessary to detail the many attractions which this journal will possess; as the publisher will furnish a specimen number to every person who desires it—out of the city, will forward their orders, postage paid—and he pledges himself that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to make each succeeding number superior in every respect to the preceding ones. The SALMAGUNDI will be printed on large imperial paper, equal in size and quality to that which is at present used for the Gentleman's Vale Mecum. It is calculated that

500 ENGRAVINGS  
will be furnished to the patrons of this Journal in one year—besides, in addition to an extensive and choice selection of Satires, Criticisms, Humour and Wit, to be circulated through its columns, will form a Literary and amusing sequel of a superior and attractive order; the publisher relies with perfect confidence on the liberality of the American public and the spirit and tact with which this extensive undertaking will be prosecuted, to him successfully and profitably along with it.

**THE TERMS OF THE SALMAGUNDI** will be \$10 DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. No paper will be furnished unless this stipulation is strictly adhered to. Clubs of three will be supplied with paper for one year, by forwarding a five dollar note, postage paid. Clubs of seven will be supplied for the same term, by forwarding a ten dollar note. The papers are sent out of the city will be carefully packed in strong envelopes, to prevent their being injured in the mail.

**THE SALMAGUNDI** will be published on alternate weeks—otherwise it would be impossible to procure the numerous Engravings which each number will contain—and general interest it will afford must be effected by this arrangement.

Address, **CHARLES ALEXANDER,** Franklin Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

## POETRY.

### LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER

BY ELIZA.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,  
Now verdant with the depth of shade,  
Beneath the wide arched oaks,  
There lies a little infant laid.  
Forgive this tear—a brother weeps—  
'Tis there the faded flower sleeps.  
She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
And summer's forests o'er her wave  
And sighing winds at autumn moan  
Around the little stranger's grave.  
As though they murmured at the fate,  
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,  
The funeral dirges faintly creep;  
These woe-worn songs to an organ tone,  
In all their solemn cadence sweep.  
And poor, unheard, along the wild,  
Their desert anthem o'er a child,  
She came, and passed. Can I forget,  
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,  
Ere three autumnal suns had set,  
Consigned her to her mother Earth:  
Joy and their memories pass away;  
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell;  
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,  
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell  
Upon her lonely place of rest.  
How could we guard her—may they bless  
Her slumbers in the wilderness.  
She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
For, all unheard, on ronder shore,  
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,  
At evening lifts its solemn roar,  
As, in one broad, eternal tide,  
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,  
There is no stone with gravestone,  
To tell of love and virtue blent  
In one almost too good to die,  
We need no such—her life's true story  
To point us to her resting place.  
She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;  
But midst the tears and April showers,  
The Genius of the Wild hath strown  
His gems of truth, his fairest flowers.  
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,  
In guardian fondness o'er the tomb.  
She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;  
But yearly is her green turf dressed,  
And still the summer winds are thrown,  
In annual wreaths across her breast,  
And still the sighing autumn breeze,  
And still the hallowed spot with leaves.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Items from late European Journals.

Paris, Sept. 26.—A remarkable sensation has been excited in Madrid by a murder committed by M. Rodriguez, the Deputy, on the person of his wife, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he was married about two years ago at Seville. M. Rodriguez, who is extremely jealous, accompanied his lady to a masked ball given by M. Vinadores. His wife's brother was amongst the guests incognito, and wishing to cure his brother-in-law of his failing, imprudently accosted him with an inquiry if he was still as jealous as ever. "I am at all events not jealous of you, beau masque," was the reply. "There you are wrong," said the mask "for you have a very handsome wife, with those charms I am deeply smitten." "So much for those worse for you," retorted M. Rodriguez. "By no means," said the brother, "for your wife returns my affection, and, as of proof of it, I can inform you that she has a violet mark under her right bosom." At these words M. Rodriguez seized the stranger with the utmost violence by the hand, exclaiming, "Your life or mine!—Meet me in a quarter of an hour at my house." He then tore his wife from the quadrille which she was dancing, and, without saying a word to her, hurried her home.

On reaching his hotel, he ascended the staircase with his wife still on his arm, dragged her into his cabinet without procuring a light, opened his secretary, and, taking from it a loaded pistol, placed the muzzle close to his wife's bosom, and shot her through the heart. At the report, a number of domestics, accompanied by the ill-fated lady's brother, who had been the involuntary cause of this frightful catastrophe, rushed into the room with lights. On witnessing the dreadful sight which met his eyes, the brother tore off his mask and proclaimed his near relationship to the victim. The disclosure deprived the wretched husband of his senses, and he was hurried from the spot in a state of raving madness, which the M. d'rid correspondent whom we quote, fears, but we might, perhaps, more charitably hope, he will not survive.

A handsome oyster girl, well known at Bordeaux, under the designation of *La Gentille Amelie*, and who usually took her station at the door of the Hotel de la Plaix, was drowned, a few days ago, in the Garonne, on landing in a boat from La Tremblade, at the little village of La Grange. The poor girl missed her footing on attempting to jump from the boat on the landing-place, and fell into the water to rise no more. In falling, she endeavoured to save herself by catching hold of a young man who had accompanied her, and who had jumped ashore before her to be in readiness to assist her. He was dragged along with her into the stream, and shared the same watery grave.

A rich proprietor, residing near Conflans Sainte Honorine, recently went into a barber's shop in the town to be shaved, accompanied by a remarkably fine but ferocious Newfoundland dog, of which he is the possessor. On proceeding to the operation, and taking hold of his customer's nose *secundum artem*, Strap found himself suddenly seized by the dog, who, imagining

that his master's personal safety was at stake, fastened his teeth firmly in the luckless barber's left arm, inflicting on him two most desperate wounds and ultimately relaxing his hold only when compelled by the tardy intervention of his master and several of the tonsor's neighbours. Having awaited for some compensation from the owner of the dog for the space of three weeks, during which he was under medical care, the barber appealed to the tribunal of Correctional Police of the town, which sentenced the former to a fine of 10fr., and 120fr. damages to the injured party.

About eight-months ago, the corpse of a man was found in a mill-pond, near Troyes, and was generally supposed to be that of an individual named Brillois, who some days previously to the occurrence had disappeared from his residence, and who was notorious for his frequent and copious libations to the jolly god. The corpse was even identified by Madame Brillois as that of her poor dear husband, and was accordingly buried under that name. After the customary period spent in decent lamentation, the inconsolable widow ventured upon second wedlock, and after the knot had been tied, was, a few mornings since, disgracefully surprised by the advent of M. Brillois himself in propria persona—"the real Simon Pure"—who appeared to claim his legitimate spouse. We have not heard how this "wife of two husbands" has ultimately disposed of the brace of claimants upon her heart and person.

**A BIT OF WRITIN' AND OTHER TALKS BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.**  
We have received from Mr. N. Hickman two volumes under the above title. They are from the pen of Benim, one of Ireland's most gifted sons, and an author who has beyond all others, succeeded in embodying the infinite humor of his countrymen, and drawing a correct picture of the Irish character. The present production will add to his reputation. As a specimen of the dramatic style in which he works up his incidents we give the following extract from the *Bit of Writin'.* It must be premised that Mrs. Moore the old woman mentioned is a widow, reduced from comparative opulence to pinching want, and after following her husband and her son to the grave, she is with a young unmarried daughter thrown upon charity for support and is on the eve of being turned out of her house when her son in law, Murty Meehan, calls on her with the tidings of unexpected success.

[*Belt Sun.*]  
"As Murty Meehan crossed the farm to Mrs. Moore's house, bent upon his matrimonial diplomacy, bitterly did he lament over the face of dilapidation worn by every thing around him, as well as on his path to the very door of the sad dwelling. The fences were all broken down, the land overrun with stones, weeds, thistles and brambles; and over that part of which had once afforded pasture to a goodly herd of cattle, and a fine flock of sheep a single half-fed cow—a present from himself by the way—now ranged untended and mournfully.

Nor did the once comfortable farm house and its adjuncts present a better appearance than the land. The disjointed gate of the front yard lay in the mire. No sturdy swine grunted and lorded it over the back yard, no grand chorus of cackling geese, turkey-cocks, and quack quack quacking ducks greeted his ear from its recesses; two or three old-maid hens, alone, who by sharing Moya's scanty meal of potatoes, just contrived to live uttered some fretful sounds in one of the corners. One end of the barn had fallen in. The house itself was fast bending to decay and ruin. Here and there the thatch had slid off its roof, or been blown away by the winds, and was all over that greenish hue which indicates, in such material, a speedy approach to decomposition, while rank grass, moss, weeds, and furze, flourished through it. The once decorated though small windows of the humble mansion were shattered, and their frame work shaken. Before the door, on both sides, lay a broken plough, a broken harrow, and the wreck of a farming cart, all had gone to pieces, in the weather as well as from the want of an eye and a hand to keep them in repair.

We have said that Murty Meehan scanned with a feeling heart all these symptoms of distress. One thought, however, brought him comfort. The old admiral's gold would put every thing to rights. In the scattered heap of it which he had just seen on his supportable there was surely enough for the purpose. And deriving spirits from this reflection! Murty crossed the threshold of the house.

Moya was seated to her knitting, inside the door, when he suddenly appeared before her with the usual "God save all here." Murty never paid a visit to the widow's abode without bringing some little present, or else volunteering and performing some little piece of service; even his placid, good-natured face was ever welcome. His sister in law sprang up threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him cordially.

"A cherra-na-cherra, Moya, how is every little inch of you?"  
"Thank God, Murty I'm as well as my heart could desire; such was now her habitual answer, while her cheek, her eye, her very voice, contradicted her.

"An, the poor old mother, a-chorra, how does she hold up?"  
"Och, Murty, only poorly, poorly; she's making my heart to bleed for her—in good truth she is; and while Moya pressed the tears from her eyes with one hand, she pointed towards the window with the other.

The old woman was seated in a far corner, brooding, as usual, over her troubles. They presented to her mind the one monotonous subject of bitter study and chagrin. She had been comfortable—she was a pauper, happy and she was miserable; the respected mistress of a plentiful home, and she did not know how soon she must leave it for ever, to die under a strange roof, or perhaps on the road side. A plentiful home and now there was no butter in her dairy, no sides of bacon in her chimney, no brown loaf in her cupboard; the small vessel full of inferior potatoes, which simmered on a low fire, and a scanty allowance of milk from the ill-nourished "stripper" presented to her by Murty Meehan, were her only food.

Seated on a very low stool; the tail of her tattered gown was turned over her head and pinned partially round her face as if to shut her up with her own melancholy! her knees were crumpled up to her mouth—a favourite position—as we have noticed among our humble people of hopeless gloom, as if such a cringing and doubling of the person were meant to express the sense of self humiliation weighing upon the heart; her fingers were dove-tailed across her knees; and with an exaggeration of the rocking movement before noticed in her daughter Moya, during her visit to Murty Meehan, she swayed her body to and fro—the low wailing which occasionally timed the motion, imparting to it a character at once wild and despairing.

"How do you come on, my poor soul," asked Murty Meehan, bending his gigantic figure till his head came on a level with hers in her lowly position; and his tones expressed deep and extreme commiseration.

Startled from her wretched abstraction, she suddenly turned round and fixed her sombre eye on his; but it was some time before she could perfectly recognize and bring to mind the features of her son in law.

"Murty Meehan, is that you?" she at length said; "I didn't know you at once, the sight of my eyes is going from me—the very blessed eighth of my eye; yes, the way every thing else is gone from me—husband and sons—they're gone—gone this many a year—peace an' comfort, house an' land—they're gone, too, or else gone, fast, ay, fast, an' may be 'tis well that the old eyes will be fadin' too; the good Christians may be more open-handed when they see that the widow that begs a cow'd pee aty from them, is blind as well as poor."

"She's fittin' herself into the grave from me, this away," said Moya, still weeping, "an' there's no use in my tellin' her that he never shuts one door on us but he opens another—Mother, I'm strong, an' young, an' able to do for you."

"That child put the vexation on me, Murty Meehan," resumed the peevish and therefore selfish old woman; "just listen to the words of her mouth; she goes on talkin' o' doin' for me! does she call givin' me a mayl o' peccatious doin' for me! Is she able to put her hand agin the rascal of a sheriff an' his bailiffs; an' shuv 'em from the door? Will she block the land, till the land? Will she pay the black-hearted landlord his rent? Will she keep me in the house where I was born as I used to be kept in it? I'm not to be under that roof another week."

"Mother, mother, don't be so cast down in yourself," comforted Murty, as Moya turned away hopeless, and though not feeling offended, and weeping more than ever. "Bether times is comin'."

"Bether times! well ay, I know that the day I'm sent adrift over that threshold, the heart will burst in my body; an' then there will be the bether times—in the grave bether times, because I can't call to mind there the times that are gone; ay, ay, I know it well, an' I'm thankful to you for your comfort, Murty."

"She's sore afflicted," whispered Moya, coming back, and wishing by her remark to soften to Murty's ear her mother's bitter and hurtful words.

"Mother, you'll want none o' the grave's comforts yet a start, please God; you'll be livin' under the roof that covers you, an' that you was born under, this many a day to come, and you'll be livin' under it prosperous an' happy."

"Did you stork over here on your long legs, Murty Meehan, thinkin' you had a witless woman as well as a broken-hearted woman, to make your mock at? You have a house to co-maker you; don't jibe them that'll soon be house-les, an' that onst had a home o' plenty. Go to your own place an' take your geese on your knee, an' promise him a coach an' four horses if he stop cryin'; but don't bring such stories to the old widow in her misfortunes."

"Och, mother, mother!" gently remonstrated Moya; Murty 'ad never came to your hearthstone to mock you."

"Mother, the colcen gays the thruth, blantly continued Murty; "I was never given to say or do what 'ud give pain to the heart of a stranger, not to talk of you; an' I tell you again an' I know what I'm sayin'; that you'll live in an' the old house to the ind o' your days, ay, an' comfortable an' happy, if you like."

Moya had begun to listen to Murty with a beating heart; now she looked at him in breath-

less interest. The widow relaxed her clasped fingers from her knees, put back with one hand the neglected grey hairs from her face and rested the palm of the other on her low stool, that so she might enable herself to turn round a gaze her full wonder into the speaker's face. Her fluent words ceased.

"First and foremost, Murty went on, "you don't owe a kiffin o' rint in the world wide, this blessed moment! there's the inamor's romantic in full to the present day." He laid it on her knees. "An will you b'lieve me now, mother dear?"

Moya uttering a low scream of joy, suddenly knelt, clasping her hands, looking upwards and moving her lips in prayer. The aged woman snatched up the paper, started on her feet flung back the gown which had been hooded round her head tottered to the rush-light in the middle of the floor read the writing, and saw no mockery.

"May the old widow's blessing, she began also kneeling, "fall in a plentiful shower on the head that—that—she could not go on; a passion of tears interrupted her speech. Moya piously finished for her the intended blessing, adding, "An' mine with it, our Father in Heaven misg— the blessing o' the poor widow's orphan child on whoever it is that takes my mother out of her sore trouble this holy and blessed night!"

—She then arose to assist her parent off the floor to her low stool again.

"'Tis more nor two years," resumed Mrs. Moore, wiping with her apron the plentiful moisture from her eyes and her wrinkles, "more nor two years since a tear fell from me; my heart was crushed over wid bitterness, like the water when the frost is upon it; an' I'm crying now because the thaw, is come to me; don't be a feared Moya; don't let it trouble you, nor you, Murty asterone; it's the joy makes me cry, and it will do me good."

*I know of no pursuit in which more real or important services can be rendered to any country, than by improving its agriculture.*  
WASHINGTON.

**SUBSCRIPTION**  
FOR THE  
FIFTH VOLUME OF  
**THE CULTIVATOR**  
CONDUCTED BY J. BULL.  
Office, No. 3, Washington-street, Albany.

THE CULTIVATOR is a monthly publication of 16 pages, devoted to agriculture, on a sheet of the largest size of paper—28 by 40 inches. The price is ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in advance. The postage on a volume of the *Cultivator* will not exceed 18 cents to any part of the Union, and within the state, and a circle of 100 miles, it will be but 12 cents. A volume will contain more than 200 pages quarto, will be illustrated with cuts of animals, implements, &c. and be furnished with a copious index. It will comprise as much letter press print as 1500 pages of common duodecimo—such as the *Penny Magazine*, published by the British Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, and which, at two dollars per annum, has been reputed to be the cheapest periodical any where published.

The *Cultivator* will continue to treat of the science of agriculture, to furnish instructions for the best models of practice in all the departments of husbandry, in horticulture, and other rural affairs, and to furnish useful lessons for the improvement of the young mind. The Conductor will endeavor to render it a *present help*, and a volume of *useful reference*, to all who have the ambition to distinguish themselves in rural labours and rural improvements—to help themselves and to benefit society.

Subscriptions to the above work received by  
**A. COWAN, Annapolis.**

**OUR THREE FIRST VOLUMES.**  
The second edition of vol. 1, and the first edition of the 2d and 3d vols. of the *Cultivator*, being about expended, and the demand for them continuing unabated, we are printing another edition, which will be completed with all despatch. Orders will, in the mean time, be received, and the volumes forwarded as soon as published. When completed, stitched and bound volumes will be forwarded to our agents in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, &c.

July 5.  
**FOR ANNAPOLIS, ST. MICHAELS, AND WYE LANDING.**  
The Steam Boat **MARYLAND** will leave Baltimore on **SUNDAY MORNING NEXT**, at eight o'clock, for the above places from the lower end of Degan's wharf. Returning the next day, leaving Wye Landing at 8 o'clock for St. Michaels, Annapolis and Baltimore. She will continue this route throughout the season. Passage to Annapolis \$1 50, to St. Michaels, and Wye Landing \$2 50.

N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.  
**LEMUE G. TAYLOR.**