

The Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1835.

NO. 28.

VOL. XXIII.

Printed and Published by
J. S. GREEN,
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Circle.
Price—Three Dollars per annum.

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners for Anne-Arundel county will meet at the court house in the city of Annapolis, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of October next, for the purpose of settling with the supervisors of the public roads, hearing appeals and making transfers, and transacting the ordinary business of the Levy Court.

By order,
R. J. COYMAN, CLK.
August 30

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county, in the State of Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of the late Reese Williams, of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are warned to exhibit them, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of November next, they will otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

**WILLIAM HUGHES,
GEORGE KILGORE,**
Executors of Reese Williams.

August 16.

MAMMOTH SHEET.

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

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—or one of the largest presses in Philadelphia is used for our ordinary impression—but 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 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 supplementary expenses have made an aggregate cost, which would 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 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 384 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 the *Saturday News* receive, in addition 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 in this city or elsewhere, and we are determined that our paper shall not be surpassed. We have entered the field prepared for zealous competition, and we stand ready in every way to realize our promise, that 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 and FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock for the above places, starting from the lower end of the wharf, and returns on Wednesday and Saturday.

W. M. G. TAYLOR.
May 26.

A NEW AND CHEAP PERIODICAL.

Attention is requested from our readers to the following prospectus of a new, and ever a cheaper book periodical, which will be issued from this office in the first week of next January. It will not be 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 mode half so rapidly as by mail, in which volumes of books are prohibited. A fifty-cent American reprint will be furnished entire for four to six cents; a Marryat novel for twelve cents, and others in proportion.

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

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

NOVELS, TALES, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, REVIEWS, AND THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

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. That object has been accomplished; we have given to books wings, and they have flown to the uttermost parts of our vast continent, carrying society to the seclusion, occupation, to the literary, information to all. We now propose still further to reduce prices, and render the access to a literary 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 favourite, will continue in a form, for binding and preservation, and its price for firm 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 newest 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 enlighten 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,

1st. Books, 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 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 remitters; 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 the non fulfilment 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 Rees'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 giving the above one or more conspicuous insertions, and accepting the work for a year as compensation.

POETRY.

From the *Palladium of Liberty.*

Ye merry MECHANICS, come join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along;
Though some may be poor, and some rich there may be,
Yet all are contented and happy and free.

Ye TAILORS, of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town,
Remember that Adam, your father and head,
Though Lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.

Ye MASONS, who work in stone, mortar and brick,
And lay the foundation, deep, solid and thick,
Though hard be your labour, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye SMITHS, who forge tools for all trades here below;
You have nothing to fear, while you smite and you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you're careful to strike while your iron is hot.

Ye SHOEMAKERS, noble from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with your awl to the last.
And COBBERS, all merry, not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our soles.

Ye CABINET MAKERS, brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good.
And JOINERS and CARPENTERS, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades, yet keep your eyes clear.

Ye HATTERS, who sit, with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block for a blockhead to wear,
Though charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye COACH MAKERS, must not by tax be controuled,
But slip off your coaches, and bring us home gold;
The roll of your coach made COPERTIOUS reel,
And fancy the world to turn round upon wheels.

Ye CARRIERS and SPINNERS and WEAVERS attend,
And take the advice of Poor Richard your friend;
Stick close to your looms, and your wheels and your cart,
And you need have no fears of the times being hard.

Ye PRINTERS, who give us our learning and news,
You impart to our souls the Christian and Jew,
Let your favourite toasts ever sound in the street,
The freedom of Press and a volume in sheet.

Ye COOPERS, who rattle with drivers and ads,
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads,
The famous old ballad of Love in a Tub,
You may sing to the tune of your raba-dub-dub.

Ye SHIPBUILDERS, RIGGERS, and makers of SALES,
Already the New Constitution prevails,
And soon you shall see o'er the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

Each TRADESMAN, turn out, with his tool in his hand,
To cheer the Arts, and keep keener through the land,
Each Plebeian and Journeyman join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Lexington Standard.*

The end of most governments, and especially ours, is the happiness of the subjects or citizens. They have forbidden gambling—therefore it is against the happiness of the people, should be discontinued, and its votaries scorned, despised.

The first object, the constant aim of the professional gambler, is to get his neighbor's property for nothing. When he fails to do this his occupation is gone. He says, if by superior skill, (more probably superior adroitness in cheating or stuffing the cards) he wins his adversary's money, it is fair and honorable. According to this, it is right and just, for the strong to impose upon the weak, for the wise to defraud, to plunder the foolish—but so say not our laws, nor the opinion of the enlightened world.

Honesty is a jewel more brilliant than ever decked a prince or monarch's crown. It is man's highest honour—his brightest ornament. If he possesses it, though neither wealthy nor intelligent he is the noblest work of God. In what does it consist? In taking another's goods and chattels and giving him no equivalent? In entrapping the young, the inexperienced, and the drunk? In despoiling them of what their own, or ancestor's hard industry had acquired and consigning them to penury and want? If so, the gambler is a most honest man!

The price of virtue is abstinence from many indulgences that are pleasant and agreeable—vigilance over our vicious passions. The best and purest men, cannot, without difficulty, preserve it unimpaired. A thousand things lead them astray—interest, ambition, &c. To attain laudable objects many good men use, perhaps unintentionally, unworthy means. How much more apt is he to use base ones, whose end is criminal, advices are evil, associates corrupt.

"Evil associates corrupt good manners," is a remark not less true than trite. We are truly creatures of imitation. Look at the offspring of the dissolute and of the pure in character, and see what a close resemblance they bear to their respective progenitors. We adopt the model placed before us, whether it be good or bad. Experience, that best of teachers, forcibly illustrates this fact. It is well known that the companions of gamblers are not generally of irreproachable reputation—ergo, gamblers are corrupt.

The gambler's life is one of hazard—not unfrequently he risks his fortune upon a single game. If unsuccessful, he generally seeks oblivion in his ill luck in the intoxicating bowl—in beastial drunkenness—calls down imprecations upon his adversary—reproaches his loss by practising, on others, the trick that induced his own defeat. Repetition of wrong soon effaces the distinction between it and its corrective—right. Well may it then be said that the gambler's occupation is demoralising.

Breaches of the peace are committed by none so often as the gambler. In fits of excitement, occasioned by contradiction or loss, he often inflicts the blow, or stains his hands with his fellow's blood—To his door murder and other damning crimes are not unfrequently traced.

He is not fit for the imitation of the youth—his morals are loose—his course is erratic. But we know his fine address and insinuating man-

ners find their way to the heart of the young-Serpent-like, he twines himself slyly around and then crushes his too confiding victim. We then should teach our children to avoid him as their arch enemy.

His course, like the sirocco's, is marked with desolation and ruin—with the bitter and scalding tear of fair and helpless woman—with the blasted hopes and naked fortunes of the young and unwary. Look at the miserable and haggard youth, with the mark of a premature grave stamped upon his face—once he was sober, virtuous, ambitious, all that a fond parent could wish—he was first the gambler's victim, now the bottle's slave.

But it may be asked does not the gambler do some good to neutralize his acknowledged evil. I fear I cannot with truth, answer in the affirmative.

The gambler—I mean the professional gambler—adds little to his nation's wealth, for he neither toils nor labours. We see not his fields here whitened with our great staple, nor covered elsewhere with the other rich and valuable products of the earth. Mechanics and machinery owe scarcely nothing to him. He has not extended the bounds of science, and in the wide and beautiful field of literature planted a single flower. Search the history of the world and you will find this is true, and for the simple reason that he devotes his whole energies and time to his profession—gaming. What benefit is he then to the country? None; unless it be one, like the viper, to sting the bosom that nourished and warmed him into existence.

Has AMON PATRIE a place in his heart? No! for he is a bird of passage—here to-day and here to-morrow—all sports are alike to him—he seldom has an interest in the soil—that ties him so strongly to our country. The laws hold over him, in terror, the swords of justice; or, as he styles it, vengeance. He will therefore consider, very naturally, his country and enemy as synonymous terms; and experience teaches us that few obey the scriptural command, "love thy enemies."

The gambler is said to be the very soul of generosity. This, with many, like the mantle of charity, covers a thousand faults. Perhaps however his generosity is rather highly appreciated. Does your taking from me, without compensation, my property, and bestowing it lavishly on another probably undeserving, merit praise? In other words: Is the ruin of a thousand and atoned for by making one happy? No more then of the gambler's generosity!

I have above denounced gamblers and gamblers generally; and though it may be granted that an honest gambler is now and then singled out from the pack of imipity, yet such exceptions furnish no apology or extenuation for a profession so dishonourable and criminal.

I think Mr. Editor you will now agree with me in saying that the laws prohibiting gambling are not impolitic, or unwise, and were not enacted in a persecuting spirit; and also that they should be strictly enforced in Lexington—for gaming, for the last few months, has been carried on here, in defiance of public sentiment and public decency. Let them be rigidly enforced and the people generally refuse to associate with gamblers and the "evil practice of gaming" will soon be suppressed in our town, and we cleared from the charge under which we now rest, of being a "gambling community."

THE PRISONER OF ROCHELLE.

Here is a scene from the *Vaudeville* of "The Prisoner of Rochelle"—which kept the audience in a roar of laughter each night of its performance. We copy it with the permission of Miss Bunyic, for whom the play was expressly written by J. H. Hewitt, Esq. Corporal Cartouch amuses himself with going through the manual exercises, while Leza, seated at her worktable, abstractedly questions him concerning matrimony.—*Bull. Trans.*

Leza—If a girl were to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?
Cartouch—Present arms!
Leza—She would doubtless look to you for—
C—Support!
Leza—And then what a heavy burden you'd have to—

C—Carry!
Leza—Your butcher and baker would have to—
C—Charge!
Leza—Your prospects of course, would not—
C—Advance!
Leza—And you'd have to—
C—Bout face!
Leza—And never have any—
C—Rest!
Leza—Now, Corporal, pray give me your—
C—Attention!
Leza—A man of your years is not able to bear such a—

C—Load!
Leza—You are not in your—
C—Prime!
Leza—Your wife may—
C—Bout!
Leza—Leave you, but she will soon—
C—Return!
Leza—And then you'd have to bear all on your—

C—Shoulder!
Leza—Would you be—
C—Ready!
Leza—I think you would have some other—

C—Aim!
Leza—And you'd throw all your epistles into the—
C—Fire! (Fires the musket.)

A GENTLE REPROOF.

BY S. SLEMPER.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, faultfinding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leave eat a boiled frog."

"Why my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You know better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish."

"Favourite dish indeed," grumbled the discontented husband, "I dare say it is an unpalatable wisky-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull frog, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such a lesson—and he was as good as his word.

Anne-Arundel County, Oct.

AN application to the County Court of Anne-Arundel county, by petition in writing of James B. Brewer, 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 said petition, and the said James B. Brewer having satisfied the said Court 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 B. Brewer 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 the court having appointed William Brewer his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from said James B. Brewer a conveyance and possession of all his property real, personal and mixed—he is hereby ordered and adjudged, that the said James B. Brewer 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, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to shew cause, if any they have, why the said James B. Brewer should not have the benefit of the said act, and supplements, as prayed.

By order,
WM. S. GREEN, CLK.