

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. XCIII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1836.

NO. 7.

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

NOTICE.

I DO hereby inform all persons from purchasing the following described premises, lying in Allegany county, Md., being Perry Sullivan's Lot, Numbered 2033, 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 William Sullivan.
**JOHN SULLIVAN, for
REBECCA SULLIVAN.**

REWARD.
BANKWAY from the subscriber's plan, lying near Queen Anne, Prince George's county, Maryland, a negro fellow named FRANK. He is about 35 years of age, a mulatto or yellow complexion, five feet and a half high, cross eyes, full set of hair, broad mouth, and well made, and has a remarkable scar on his stomach or belly. His only clothing known, was a burlap shirt and trousers. No doubt he has 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.
Rockville, Md. Sept. 13th, 1835.

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 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 sheet 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 special 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 text and press. Distinguished as the present age, and particularly our own country, has been for 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, that we require no comment. We may take occasion to say, however, that in enterprise and resources we yield to no other publisher in this city or elsewhere, and we are determined that our paper shall not be surpassed. We have endeavored the field prepared for zealously to react, and we stand ready in 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 **MA RYLAND**, leaves Baltimore, every **TUESDAY** morning, at **7 o'clock** for the above places, starting from the lower end of Dugan's wharf, and returns on Wednesday and Saturday.
LEWIS G. TAYLOR.

Address, CHARLES STREET, near the corner of the Public Circle, Philadelphia.

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 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 out 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 cheap," 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 utmost parts of our vast continent, carrying society to the secluded, 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 pungent 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 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, 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 duncebook 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 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, the proprietor has redeemed all his pledges to a generous public for many years, and has no fear of the non-fulfillment of the contract he felt. The Omnibus will be regularly maintained, and will contain in a year regular matter equal in amount to two volumes of Reed'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.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCE.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation.
That broke on the chaos and silence of night.
The creatures of Mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.
"Let there be light!"—The Great Spirit descended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept:
The sun in his glory a planet ascended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept.
"Let there be light!"—and the fruits and the flowers,
Responded in smiles to the new-lighted sky:
There was seed in the gale, there was bloom in the flowers,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.
"Let there be light!"—And the mild eye of woman,
Beam'd joy on the man who thus Paradise won;
There was joy—"till the foe to all happiness banish'd
Crept into those bowers—was heard—and was done."
"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defied his object and end,
Had waded from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandon'd a God and confounded a friend.
"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit eternal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of the Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.
"Let there be light!"—from Gethsemane springing,
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb,
Joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is overcome.

DISCULPATION.

From the Knickerbocker for June.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPLORING TOUR BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Performed in the years 1835, '36, and '37, with a map of the Oregon Territory. By Rev. Samuel Parker, A. M. In one volume, pp. 317. Illustrated by the author. New York: A. A. Barnard, 451 Broadway.

Spread before you, reader, a map of that portion of this continent which stretches westward from a line with the Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, and with the above-named river in your hand, follow its author in all his journeyings, until you reach with that iron-bound coast, where mountain barriers repel the back rolling waves of the Pacific, which stretches, without an intervening island, for five thousand miles, to the coast of Japan. What a vast extent of country you have traversed! how sublime the works of the Creator through which you have taken your way!

We lack space to follow our author in the detail of his wanderings, and shall not therefore attempt a notice at large of the volume under consideration, but shall endeavour to present, in a general view, some of its more prominent features.

Mr. Parker was sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions, and he appears to have been eminently faithful to his trust, amidst numerous perils and privations, which are recorded, not with vain boasting and exaggeration, but with modesty and brevity. His descriptions, indeed, are all of them graphic, without being minute or tedious. Before reaching the Black Hills he places before us the prairies, rolling in immense seas of verdure, on which millions of tons of grass grow up but to rot on the ground, or feed whole legions of that flame, over which sweep the cool breezes, like the trade winds of the ocean, and into whose green recesses frightened antelope bound away with half-whistling snuff, leaving the fleetest hound hopelessly in the rear. There herd the buffaloes, by thousands together, dotting the landscape, seeming scarce so huge as rabbits when surveyed at a distance from some verdant bill, swelling up in the emerald waste. Summer, and upon a more magnificent scale, are the scenes among the Rocky Mountains. Here are the visible footprints of God! Yonder, mountain above mountain, peak above peak, ten thousand feet heavenward, to regions of perpetual snow, rise the guardian Titans of that mighty region. Here the traveller treads his winding way through perpendicular cliffs that dim twilight glimmers upon his path even at midday. Anna he encounters, and a cataract descends a distant mountain, like a belt of snowy foam, girding its sides. On one hand, mountains spread out into horizontal plains, some rounded like domes, and others terminating in sharp cones and abrupt eminences, taking the forms of pillars, pyramids, and castles; on the other, vast circular embankments, thrown up by volcanic fire, mark out the site of a yawning crater; while far below, perchance, a river dashes away through a narrow, rocky passage, with a deep-toned roar in winding mazes, in mist and darkness. Follow the voyager as he descends the Columbia, subject to winds, rapids and falls two hundred miles from any whites, and amidst tribes of stranger Indians, all speaking a different language.

Here, for miles, stretches a perpendicular balustrade wall, three or four hundred feet in height; there form the boiling eddies, and rush the varying currents; on one side opens a view of rolling prairies, and through a rocky vista on the other, rise the far-off mountains, mellowed in the beams of the morning sun. Now the traveller passes through a forest of trees, standing in their natural position in the bed of the river, twenty feet below the water's surface. Passing these, he comes to a group of islands lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with a wharf of natural basalt, but presently proceeds on his way, gliding now in solemn silence, and now interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, gradually growing on the ear, until the breaking water and feathery foam arise to the view. Pausing under a rocky cavern, by the shore, formed of semi-circular masses which have overthrown the stream for ages, "frowning terrible, impossible to climb," he awaits the morning, listening during the night watches to hear the distant cliffs

"reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high."
Such are the great features of the mission:ry's course until the boundary of the "far west" is reached, and he reposes for a time from his long and toilsome journey.
Our author gives us many details in relation to the Indians of the Oregon Territory, their habits, manners, &c. Since 1829 seven-eighths of the Indian population, below the Falls of Columbia, we are informed, have been swept away by disease, principally fever and ague, increased partly by intemperance, but greatly augmented by their mode of treatment. "In the burning stage of the fever they plunged them selves into the river, and continued in water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed." So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred that the shores of the Columbia were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated, and some entire tribes have disappeared; the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes.
The great mortality extended not only from the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far north and south—it is said as far as California. The natives have a standing clause in their system of table etiquette, which we have seen obeyed in civilized society without compulsory enactment; what the guest cannot eat in closing his repast, he must take away with him—a privilege of which the white man liberally avails himself, for the Indian cuisine is not over extensive nor delicious.
Some of the tribes have a famous amusement, called the "buffalo dancing march." Dressed in the skin of the neck and head of this animal, the horns all standing, they imitate his low bellow, and wheel and jump with wonderful fidelity to the original. The natives are exceedingly fond of the "fire-water," and one inveterate drinker, our author tells us, purloined, in sundry secret draughts, all the spirits in which our friend and correspondent, Mr. Townsend, had preserved a large assortment of venisonous reptiles which he collected beyond the Rocky Mountains. These tribes of Indians are truly "sublimities." One old chief described to Mr. Parker the impressions upon meeting for the first time with white men. Himself and his savage companions thought them a new race. Seeing their faces very pale, they supposed them to be suffering from some unknown cause with cold; and although it was mid-summer, they built a large fire and invited them into their lodge to warm themselves, where they persisted in wrapping them in buffalo robes!

Not the least attractive portion of this very interesting "Journal" is the account of a visit paid by the author to the Sandwich Islands, to which we can only make this brief reference, and he sailed from thence for the United States, and having been absent more than two years, and having journeyed upwards of twenty-eight thousand miles.

The traveller is of opinion that there are no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio railroad. And the work will be accomplished! Let the prediction be marked.
This great chain of communication will be made with links of iron. The treasures of the earth in the wide region are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadows, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystallized lakes of valuable salts—these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living who will make a trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise, valleys will be raised, and the uncaring first-iced will spout his hot, white breath, where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since tamed to stone, some, will be bared to the day by the laborers of the "Atlantic and Pacific Rail Road Company;" rocks which stand now as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of "villainous sulphuric acid;" and where the prairies stretch away, "like the round ocean, girdled with the sky," with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-embellished turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long, hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific seaboard. The very realms of chaos and old time will be invaded; while in the place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill, while "from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the Great Spirit."

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ANECDOTE OF BRANT.

In Colonel Stone's Life of Brant, is the following interesting anecdote of that celebrated Mohawk Chief. The incident occurred while he was sojourning in England, and mingling in the fashionable circles of the Metropolis.

"During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball, or masquerade, was got up with great splendour, and numerous attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Pericles coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glistened in his girdle like burnished silver. There was likewise in the gay and gallant throng, a stately Turkish Diplomat of rank, accompanied by two horris, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chief—his singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was as brilliant as the imagination could desire; but among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights, damsels and gipsies, there was to the eye of the Mohawk no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk, which, being natural, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted visor, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course, watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humour of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had the Hassan touched his facial point of honour, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasbourg trumpeter, than the chief made the hall resound with the appalling war whoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Mussulman's head, as though his good master, the Sultan, in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rang through that *saloon* of fashion; and breaking suddenly and with startling wildness upon the ears of the merry throng, its effects were prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror; while the female masqueraders—the gentle shepherdesses, and fortune-telling gypsies, Turks, Jews, and gnomes, bear traders and their bears, Palatine friars, and fortune-tellers, Sultans, naves, and Columbiads, shrieked, screamed, and scolded away, as though the Mohawk had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained; and the incident was accounted happy in the end as it was abominably enacted by the good humoured Mohawk."

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove, he says:—"A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless—the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who comprehend the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of fatality, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by notes of a tiny bird, and especially by those of a dove, that only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes and then alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a visiting visit to those wells, and listening to more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has seen to be the noblest work of God."—an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

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

The Steamboat **MA RYLAND** will leave Baltimore on **SUNDAY MORNING NEXT**, at eight o'clock, for the above places, starting from the lower end of Dugan'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 \$1.00, to St. Michael's and Wye Landing \$2.00.

N. B. All Baggage at the owner's risk.
LEWIS G. TAYLOR,
March 15.