The Maryland Gazette.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

To the London, Edinburgh, Foreign, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews—the Penny Magazine, Penny Cyclopædia, Republic of Letters, Parley's Magazine, and the New York Register, received at the "Room" of the subscriber, where specimen Numbers can be seen.

FRANCIS M. JARBOE.
Church street—Annapolis.

June 18.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish, in Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county, Maryland, a weekly journal, to be called

THE BULLETIN.

In undertaking to supply this acknowledged desideratum to the populous and intelligent district in which the subscriber has the fortune to reside, his hope of ultimate success finds not its origin in sanguineness of temperament, but proceeds from the eminent advantages of its location. Published in the metropolis of a large and wealthy county, situated equi-distant from the State and National capitals, facilities of an early communication of whatever may interest its patrons, are particularly afforded to the Editor; and though he may not hope to present to his friends much foreign information through the medium of his columns, not derivable from other journals, it is still certain that intelligence of a local nature, interesting to all, and important to many, and otherwise unattainable, will by this means be communicated. It will also offer to those whose means are inadequate to the expense of the larger journals, at least a synoptical view of all the important information they contain; and he trusts that those of literary taste may sometimes find in its columns, articles not unworthy of the employment of their leisure. As the plan of every publication which is to find its success in popular support, must first be approved before public patronage can be expected, the Editor would here mark the outline of his design, with the full knowledge that it will constitute an ordeal, by which, to determine both its merit and the fidelity of its prosecution.

The Editor proposes to adapt his paper to the wants of those by whom he is immediately surrounded, and among whom he must naturally find a majority of his patrons: he knows them to be intelligent and inquiring.—The Literary department, shall, therefore, be assiduously regarded; and the most approved domestic and foreign periodicals resorted to for belles lettres notices. He knows them to be patriotic, and that they feel a deep interest in the welfare of our common country. To gratify this sentiment to the extent of his abilities, his columns shall afford whatever intelligence of a political character may be calculated to interest them. No man, with the faculty of thought, is at this crisis neutral in reference to the party distinctions now prevailing in this country, and the Editor does not wish to disguise his political sentiments—they are in opposition to the measures of the present Administration. But having neither the temper nor the motive of a partisan, his comments upon party movements shall be characterized by frankness of argument, not violence or abuse; and as it never has been his practice, so shall it never become his habit to deal in political invective or party virulence. He will cheerfully lend the aid of his columns to communications from all parties—reserving to himself the privilege of rejecting such as are objectionable for personal allusion or indecorous language. In addition to the advantages of appropriate political and literary selections, he will also seek to tempt into exercise whatever of native talent may surround him; and with such aids he may not presumptuously hope to render his paper useful and interesting. He asks for the patronage of his friends longer than his efforts merit and repay it, as he wishes not to have that favour to personal feeling, which would be denied to his editorial labors.

The BULLETIN will be published on Thursday in each week. Terms of subscription $3 per annum.

WILLIAM H. HALL.
Upper Marlboro', Feb. 14, 1835.

FINAL NOTICE.

THE underwritten would again respectfully request all persons indebted to the late firm of Messrs. Williamson and Swann to call and settle *immediately*, as this notice may be considered *final* to all intents and purposes.

FRANCIS M. JARBOE.
Aug. 20.

FOR CHESTERTOWN AND CENTREVILLE.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, will leave Baltimore, on every Monday morning, at 6 o'clock, for Centreville and Chestertown, starting from the lower end of Dugan's wharf, and return the same day. She will continue this arrangement for the season.

N. B.—All baggage at the owner's risk.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.

LITTELL'S MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

PRICE.—Six Dollars a year, in advance—seven dollars and a half, if not in advance.

POSTAGE.—Five sheets, under 100 miles 7½ cents; over 100 miles, 12½ cents.

☞ This work will be sent to any Post Office in the United States, carefully wrapped up, upon receipt of *five dollars* in part payment. A few complete sets are for sale.

ENLARGED SERIES OF THE MUSEUM.

MR. LITTELL has much pleasure in announcing to the patrons of the Museum, that he has made arrangements for the future publication of the work in a style much superior to the present—and nearly approaching what he has always desired that it should appear in. The circulation of the work is now so large, as to make it important to the proprietor that he should be able to give his whole attention to it. This has hitherto been prevented by the care and labour attendant upon a multifarious and widely extended business. With the view of completing more quickly the publication of Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious and Noble Characters, (a splendid work now in hand)—of effecting a settlement of accounts extending over the whole of the United States—and of making arrangements in all parts of the country for the vigorous prosecution of the publication of the Museum, he has made a contract with Mr. Adam Waldie of this city to print the work, attend to its distribution, and manage all the financial concerns appertaining to it after the present year.

Mr. Waldie is a practical printer, not surpassed in taste by any other in the country; and as he is advantageously and generally known as the publisher of the Select Circulating Library, it is supposed that he will have it in his power greatly to promote the sale of the Museum. He has contracted to issue it promptly, and thus will be corrected the greatest fault which has heretofore attended its management. The changes in the appearance of the work will be as follows:

1. It will be regularly and promptly published.
2. Will be uniformly and handsomely printed.
3. On better paper.
4. Will be considerably enlarged.

As the sale of the work has increased, Mr. Littell has always been desirous of devoting the enlarged profits to its improvement—and although he does not wish the appearance of the next volume to be considered as entirely carrying out his plan, he trusts that the subscribers will be convinced, upon comparing it with any other work, that it is richly worth the price asked for it.

We shall not have satisfied our own wishes, in respect to this work, until it shall be so far enlarged and improved as to make it clear to every purchaser that he will herein receive all that is desirable to an American reader from all the Foreign Periodicals. That we can do so in a single work, by making it contain four or five times as much matter as an ordinary periodical, we have no doubt.—A great part of most of the Reviews and Magazines is composed of inferior articles, and we confidently appeal to those readers of the Museum who have been in the habit of looking over the British Journals, whether we have not already, in a very great degree, succeeded in copying all that was worth preservation.

As the work will now be considerably enlarged, we shall be able more fully to accomplish this object.

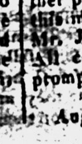
In order that he may, by frequent journies from home, be the earlier able to finish all other business and devote himself exclusively to the Museum, Mr. Littell has made arrangements with the Editor of Waldie's Library to edit this work after December, 1834. However deficient the proprietor may be in other qualifications, he has always felt so zealous an affection for the Museum that he would not be willing to commit it, even for a time, to the care of another; were he not confident that the facilities, the experience and the ability of the new Editor, will render it more worthy of the patronage of the public than it has heretofore been. No change takes place in the Proprietorship.

Philadelphia, April 9.

☞ *Specimen Numbers may be seen at the Office of the Md. Gazette.*

CASH FOR ANY NUMBER OF NEGROES,

Including both sexes, from 10 to 25 years of age.



PERSONS having likely Servants to dispose of, and wishing the highest prices, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to buy, and give higher prices than any other purchaser, who is now or may come into this market. I can at all times be found at Mr. James Hunter's Tavern, in Annapolis. All communications directed to me will be promptly attended to.

ISAAC F. PURVIS.

Aug. 27—6m.

A FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at Private Sale his Farm on Broad Creek, about five miles from Annapolis, containing about

One Hundred and Fifty-four Acres,

more or less. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of the Land, as those disposed to purchase will no doubt view the premises.

If the above Farm is not sold at Private Sale before MONDAY the 12th day of October next, it will on that day, if fair, if not the first fair day thereafter, be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, at which time the terms will be made known.

THOMAS R. BEARD.

Sept. 3.— 4

THE GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM; OR, THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC COMPANION,

Interspersed with a multitude of Engravings, including Portraits of celebrated Winning Horses, Philosophical and Natural Phenomena, Legerdemain, &c.

IT is now six months since this publication was commenced in Philadelphia—and although the publishers have used no extraneous means to circulate a knowledge of its merits, yet such is the satisfaction manifested by that portion of the public who have been made acquainted with its character and contents, that its list of patrons continues constantly and rapidly to increase. This paper is now distributed regularly every week over a wide portion of the Union, and the most satisfactory assurances are received that it will eventually become one of the most popular among the numerous excellent periodicals which issue from the American press. No exertions will be spared to establish its permanent reputation more extensively; and if the liberal sanction of those for whom it is especially designed shall warrant, its future improvement—both as regards typographical neatness and embellishment—will be materially advanced.

The different Plays and Farces that will appear in the course of a year, of themselves, will be worth more than FOUR times the amount of subscription. The following is a list of those which have already appeared:—

Charles the First,	Miss Mitford.
Is She a Brigand,	R. P. Smith.
The Hunchback,	J. S. Knowles.
The Deep, Deep Sea,	J. R. Planche.
Cheap Living,	F. Reynolds.
Shakspeare's Early Days,	C. A. Somerset.
Henri Quatre,	R. P. Smith.
Beggar of Bethnal Green,	J. S. Knowles.
Husbands and Wives,	
Man of Ten Thousand,	Thomas Holcroft.
The Ladies Man,	William E. Burton.
I'll Tell You What,	Mrs. Inchbald.
The Golden Farmer,	Benjamin Webster.
Speculation,	F. M. Reynolds.
Olympic Devils,	Planche & Dance.
Englishman in India,	
Shakespeare Festival,	W. T. Moncrieff.
The East-Indian,	M. G. Lewis.
My Friend the Governor,	J. R. Planche.
Victorine,	H. M. Milner.
The Omnibus,	
The Child of Nature,	Mrs. Inchbald.
The Rencontre,	
The Duel,	R. B. Peake.
The Sisters,	W. Barrymore.
Vidocq,	
Hernani,	James Kennedy.

The MSS of the Irish Ambassador, the favourite and highly interesting drama, in which Tyrone Power so successfully amused the Public, as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, has been obtained by the publishers, and will be published forthwith.

The Sporting Intelligence, at home and abroad, occupies a considerable portion of our columns, and is collected from the most authentic sources. Among the Portraits of celebrated Winning Horses which have been given, are:

The American Trotting Horse, Edwin Forrest.
The Imported Racing Horse, Messenger.
The favourite Racing Mare, Ariel, and her foal, by Eclipse.
Bond's celebrated Trotting Horse, Norfolk Phenomenon.
The well known English Race Horse, Touchstone.
A correct Picture of a Race Course, occupying the width of seven columns.

Among a variety of other Embellishments of subjects of interest, which have been published, are the following:

A complete Treatise on Riding, with fourteen Illustrations, for the improvement of Ladies in that most healthy of all exercises.

Explanation of the Automaton Chess Player, illustrated by eleven engravings.

The subjects which are particularly embraced in the Vade Mecum, will be more distinctly understood from the following summary of them:

The Turf and all matters connected therewith.
On the Structure and Character of the Horse.
On the Improvement of Horned Cattle.
Rules for Novices in Shooting.
Methods for Feeding and Training Dogs.
Biographies of celebrated Horses, with their Portraits.
Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, &c.
Approved Games, from Hoyle and others.
Criticisms on Plays and Actors.
The most popular Songs, set to music.
The art of Legerdemain illustrated.
A variety of Recipes adapted to Domestic Economy.
An Epitome of important passing events.
Gentlemen's Quarterly Review of the Fashions.

The Vade Mecum is printed on large imperial paper, of a beautiful white texture, and is published every Saturday, at *Three Dollars* per annum, in advance. Orders from abroad, postage paid, will be promptly attended to, and the paper carefully packed to prevent it from rubbing by mail.

The Modern Acting Drama, a volume of about 300 pages—containing the Plays, Farces, &c., which appear in the Vade Mecum, neatly printed, and bound in elastic covers, for transportation—is published every six weeks. Eight volumes will constitute a set, or one year's subscription, the terms for which is *Three Dollars*, payable in advance.

Subscribers to the Vade Mecum are entitled to a deduction of one third. An order for four setts will be thankfully received, and the work forwarded to any direction, by enclosing a ten dollar note—postage paid.

A premium, consisting of two volumes, 500 pages each, of the Novelists Magazine, containing eight different Novels, by the most popular authors, will be presented to the Agent, who shall procure, four, names to the Modern Acting Drama, or the Gentlemen's Vade Mecum, and remit the amount of one year's subscription for each.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above works, will address CHARLES ALEXANDER, No. 3, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place—Philadelphia.

July 30.

POETRY.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Gazette.

The enclosed may at least be a literary curiosity, being the production of a vagrant, and written in one of the cells of our Alms House. The author writes from sad experience, and describes his own condition as well as that of many of his fellow-inmates. Medical men will appreciate the accuracy of his delineation, and every one must be startled at the sad spectacle. It is most lamentable that one capable of such writing should become so degraded as to make his own debasement the theme of his muse. If you think it worthy of publication, it is at your service.

LINES ON THE EVILS FLOWING FROM INTEMPERANCE.

DEDICATED TO THE MEDICAL GENTLEMEN ATTACHED TO THE BALTIMORE ALMS HOUSE.

By James Fitzpatrick.

Thou deadly foe of human kind,
Thou fell destroyer of the mind,
Of all that's good and fair;
Thy cruel grasp, so firm and strong,
To ruin urges swift along,
And sinks them in despair,
All usefulness thou dost destroy,
And every hope of future joy,
Which worth and fame attest,
Genius and worth are buried low,
And agonizing pain and wo
Soon occupy the breast.

Health, reputation, and good name,
And Trophies of a well earn'd fame,
All, all forever fled:
Degraded, scorn'd, and lost to shame,
No sympathy from man to claim,
Nor place to lay his head.

Then *Mania a potu* with its train
Of horrors, terrors and of pain—
The wretched victim knows:
What dreadful thoughts oppress his mind,
Of danger, blood and all such kind—
Imaginary woes.

Trembling each limb with pain and fear,
Distrusting every person near—
E'en friends he once lov'd best:
And many a Foe is in his sight,
With murd'rous weapons glitt'ring bright,
To pierce his tortur'd breast.

He raves, he cries in furious sound,
He sees dismay and terror round—
In ev'ry shape and mould:
His features horror-struck with wo,
His eyes their baleful glances throw—
Too dreadful to behold.

His weak, emaciated form,
Sinks 'neath this dreadful mental storm,
Expiring nature groans;
And signs display that all is o'er,
And struggling with grim Death, no more
The King of Terror owns.

If fainting Nature should revive,
And the dread contest should survive
Of pain and mental strife;
Then Pity's breast may heave the sigh,
When on that form she casts her eye—
A Maniac for life!

How many in that dreadful hour,
Assisted by Demoniac pow'r—
His hands in blood did steep!
The suicidal blow he gave,
That sunk him in untimely grave,
In infamy to sleep!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

European Correspondence of the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN LONDON.—June, 1835.

I have been travelling to and fro about this immense city for a week,—and I have seen neither the beginning nor end. I have walked for miles, and then I was miles from the end. I have sought the end in long rides in Omnibuses, but wherever they carried me, all was city, city—one perpetual glittering of shops,—one continued trampling of feet, one endless rattling over the pavements. Not yet have I been over the Thames, and there is a great city over there. Not yet have I seen a single show, and yet I have run about till I was wearied and flushed with sights and novelties innumerable. In all other cities that I have been, one can find at least a place for the beginning of an observation,—but there seems to be none here. The very magnitude of the distances to be run over deters one from attempting it at all. There is so much to see that one does not know where to begin to see it. Six New Yorks would make but one London.—The whole of Maine crowded upon one continuous territory, and then multiplied by four would not make one London,—so thickly is man jostled by man,—such is his love for society! How would Daniel Boone feel here! he who could not endure the sight of a neighbor's smoke, or to hear the barking of his dog? The Penny Post which is established here is a most admirable contrivance for connecting together the parts of this great metropolis. For two pence, about four cents, I can send a note to an acquaintance six miles off,—and receive an answer the same day. The offices of the Penny post are scattered all over the city,—and then there is a travelling man with his little bag, who jingles his bell under almost every window.—The accuracy with which business is done, in this miniature Post Office Establishment, proves that it is under good regulation,—and I have been told that it is profitable, as it must be, when the notes of so many people daily run through it.

The first day I was in London I delivered myself up to street reveries, going just where a fancy carried me, without caring much where it was,—and though I started as soon as breakfast was over, night was upon me before I dreamed of its approach.—Much of the architecture was novel, such as an American never sees at home,—the huge pile of Westminster for example, the tower of London, the images about Temple Bar, the lofty St. Pauls, and many antique churches in the middle of the most crowded streets. Equipages, the carriages, the rich liveries of servants, with their flashing caps and plumes, outriders, &c. &c. were all new. Here were a tribe of them in deep black with cockades on as signs of mourning,—and there were others in flashing red, and forcibly contrasting white. All looked like a grand parade day of the officers of an American militia. The Club House, magnificent structures, attracted my attention. I gazed with surprise upon the massive bridge of stone over the now smoked and dirty Thames. I fell upon St. James's Park,—and indeed I thought I was in a paradise. Here in the heart of a city is the *rus in urbe*,—a charming Lake, artificial though it is—the most beautiful lawn I ever saw—walks as delightful as fancy can desire,—trees of magnificent foliage—a little wilderness of wild bushes, aye all the fascinations of country life, and this too open to the public in the heart of a city! You have but to wander a short way from the turbulence of the Strand, or the bustle of Pall Mall, or *Pell Mell*, as they call it here,—and you are all alone, with the wild birds, chirping most merrily over your head, the lamp frisking about you, and the fish with his shining sides in the lake at your feet.

Before I had seen prettier things, I fancied Boston Common to be the most charming place on earth of the kind; but St. James's Park is as much its superior in beauty, as that is the superior of the common field. About it, there is most delusive regular irregularity. Art has so managed, as to conceal itself in nature. The trees have seemed to come up as they pleased. The bushes apparently have had their own way. The margin of the Lake is not as on Boston Common of regularly laid stones, but of stones apparently tumbled in by some chance or other. In all these things the English so much excel us, that we have the lessons of years to learn. The Parks in and about London are many—some public, more private; but all little Edens, made admirably beautiful by art, and enjoyed the more as in such a wide-spread city. I wandered over Hyde Park, by the house of the Duke of Wellington, over Green Park, and by Regent's Park, the largest in the city, much of which however, is private property. Wherever the English could reserve a green spot to be ornamented with walks and shaded by trees, much to their credit they have reserved it,—and this it is which has made the West End of London, the fashionable end, so charming a residence. Regent street seemed like a street of palaces,—and many of the people in it, and about it in the fashionable hour, such is the rush of carriages,—the display of pomp and tinsel—appeared as if they had dropped from some more dazzling sphere. There is a place in it called the Quadrant, in form of a quadrant,—and a prettier place for effect architecture could not well design at an equal expense. And then the shops (they never say stores here as we do)—I cannot describe the wealth they display, such is the profusion of it,—of silks and jewelry—of silver and gold—of all that can attract or fascinate the eye, set forth in unrivalled tastes. An American woman (I never say lady when I can help it except in a certain case for woman is a better word) would grow frantic here, unless she had money enough to spend,—and then if she had, have mercy on her husband's pocket amid so many temptations! Indeed I can hardly avoid purchasing almost every cheap portable thing I see, and every thing is cheap here compared with our prices, as I see by the labels of prices in the windows,—every thing in the silk, woolen, and linen line—of hosiery and stocks and neckcloths, and jewelry, &c., but as to what is leather, or of leather, the price here is nearly double what it is in America. Of books, I make no purchases—guide books except. The price is enormous, Fanny Kemble's work for example selling for about four dollars, for there is an excise of about six cents a pound on paper, and the expense of advertising, without which a book will not sell here, is monstrous. But—the splendor of the shops of London I could not exaggerate in description, if I were to make the attempt. All the wealth and splendor of the world seems to centre and sparkle in some of them. For money, a man can have every thing he wants, almost any thing he can fancy, whether it be of comfort or of luxury. I love to wander among them for hours, and I often find myself lost from my way, as I have been tempted from street to street.—But adieu for the present. To send this by the next Packet, I must send it immediately. You shall hear from me again, profusely too, when the next Liverpool packet comes.

From the Boston Transcript.

RUIZ, THE PIRATE,

Who has been twice reprieved by the President, once for sixty and again for thirty days, on the score of insanity, was hung this morning at 10 o'clock in the Prison Yard, his last term of reprieve having expired, and a jury of Physicians having pronounced him sane. It is generally believed that he has been so from the first,—and that his insanity was pretended. He was attended this morning by a Catholic Priest and the Spanish Consul. He was informed by the Priest that there was no hope of escape, and that he must die this morning. He was again so informed at half past nine o'clock, and was told that the time now approached. He enquired how soon—and on being told in half an hour—he did not seem to be much affected, but asked for water—which being brought, he soaked bread in it and ate heartily. He walked to the gallows with firmness and a manner approaching to levity,—it was not until he was placed on the platform and the officer proceeded to tie his feet together and draw the cap over his eyes that hope—which he had evidently cherished until then, fled and left him trembling with despair, his frame shook and his whole body was convulsed with emotion.

The cord was soon cut, the platform fell, and he died quickly and with scarcely a struggle. Marshal Sibley had adopted every measure in his power to prevent general publicity being given to his intention to execute him this morning, and the spectators were very few, both in the jail-yard and out-side the walls. The arrangements for the execution were made with perfect propriety and regard to the feelings of humanity.

From a Paris Paper.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

The following extraordinary case, the details of which are given by one of the actors in the tragedy, came on before the Court of Assize in Paris. In 1826, Prosper Bancal, accompanied by his sister, went on a visit to the family of M. Trousset, a merchant of Angouleme, when he, for the first time, saw Madame Prielland, who was then twenty years of age. Although he only remained there eight days, so great an intimacy had sprung up between Madame Prielland and himself, that after his departure they corresponded for five months, when, at the request of her husband, the correspondence ceased. From that period until 1831, when Bancal left France for Senegal, he and Madame Priel