

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1830.

NO. 40.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Stockholders of the **ANNAPOLIS TOBACCO INSPECTION COMPANY** is requested on Saturday the 9th day of October next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. to be held at Williams's Hotel, under the provisions of the charter.

H. M. YARDNER, } Commrs
L. NETH. }
Sept 23 R C tm

FARMERS BAY OF MARYLAND

The President and Directors of the Farmers Bay of Maryland, have declared a dividend of five per cent. on the stock of the said Bank, from the 1st of January, 1830, to the 31st of December, 1830, and to stockholders on the eastern shore, at the branch bank at Easton, upon personal application, on the exhibition of powers of attorney, or by correct simple order.

By order,
S. M. YARDNER, Cash.
To be inserted once a week for three weeks in the Gazette and American, Baltimore.
Sept 23 R 3 Sw

SALE.

Will be sold at Private Sale the HOUSE and LAND LOT lately occupied by the Subscriber on Francis St. Terms made known on application to

ISAAC HOLLAND.
Sept. 23. 2

ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY, TO WIT.

Whereas Anthony Smith, late Collector of the Tax for Anne Arundel county, hath returned to the Commissioners for said county, the following list of lands in said county, on which taxes are due for the year 1828, and on which there is no personal property to pay the same.

Names of Persons Assessed.	Names of Land.	Amount of Tax due.
Ad. John	Part of Paul's Chance and Worthless	23 17
Banks, Samuel and Allen	Bunker's Hill Fort-land	6 99
Beard Elizabeth	Part of Moorey's Choice, Lot No. 1	1 00
Beggs, Ruth	Burgess's Forest	2 20
Brown, Richard	Name unknown	1 41
Black, Christopher Jun.	Part of This or None	37
Burton, Joseph A.	House and Lot in Annapolis	2 64
Carroll, Joseph heirs	Gowry Banks	3 08
Cook, William	Swamp	2 07
Child, William of Wm's heirs	Name unknown	1 76
Chase, John	Part of Littleton Chaney's Purchase and Nancy's Park	4 97
Doyle, John of Marsh	Pig Point	5 30
Dorsey, John of John	Part of Happy Choice	1 94
Doris, Thomas	Name unknown	1 32
Elliot, Daniel	Part of Head Quarters	1 03
Forrest, Josiah	Name unknown	1 10
Flaherty, John	Addition to Forrest Range	2 57
Gill, Lewis	Part of Blowing Point	2 86
Gosway, Cassandra	Whorlberry Island	5 28
Hughes, Christopher Jun'r.	Part of Littleworth and Hayward's Discovery	2 64
Hammond, Matthias' heirs	Hammond's Enclosure, Part of Finland, Part of Hammond's Range and Hammond's Plains	48 21
Hammond, George W.	Part of Marsh's Forest, Part of Hammond's 4, 5 and 6 Connexion	21 76
Herman, John	Part of Wilderness	2 17
Hood, Joseph	Part of Finland	3 33
Hopon, Jesse's heirs	Two Lots in Lisbon	38
Jace, Anne	Part of Hopewell	37
Jane, Thomas K's heirs	Back Neck	53
Johnson John's heirs	Part of Whorl-berry Forrest	1 32
Jones, Isaac	Davidson's Reserve	1 76
Lucas, Ruth	Part of Holland's Choice	61
Lyon, Susanna	Part of Moorey's Choice and Body's Adventure, Lot No. 5	1 11
Marlock, Gilbert's heirs	House and Lot in Annapolis	1 76
Marmott, Caleb	Part of Duval's Delight	3 30
Mason, Samuel	Additional Defence	2 08
Mason, William T. T.	House and Lot in Annapolis	4 67
Morgan, Thomas	House and Lot in Annapolis	88
Fleming, James	Part of Plummer's Pasture	3 46
Paeps, Matthew	Part of Portland Manor	6 69
Parsonson, Welthy	Part of Mount Ville	64
Parsonson, Levy's heirs	Part of Fitzsimon's Gift	71
Parsonson, John	Part of Howard's Patapsco Range	12 40
Parsonson, Susanna	Part of Moorey's Choice and Body's Adventure	70
Parsonson, John	George's Luck	1 24
Parsonson, Henigata M. Rebecca		
Parsonson, Ann Maxwell	Part of Moorey's Choice and Body's Adventure	1 00
Parsonson, Stephen	House and Lot in Annapolis	3 52
Parsonson, Capt. William	Pig Point	4 47
Parsonson, William	Pig Point	1 28
Parsonson, Zadock	Pig Point	47
Parsonson, Benjamin's heirs	Gowry Banks	1 54
Parsonson, Benjamin G.	Two Lots in Lisbon	60
Parsonson, George Y.	Name unknown	2 64
Parsonson, Richard N.	Part of Ridgely's Range, Ridgely's Great Park and Dorsey's Grove	12 78
Parsonson, George's heirs	Part of Shipley's Adventure	5 52
Parsonson, John Sd.	Part of Moorehouse Generosity, and Dorsey's Addition to Thomas' Lot	11 56
Parsonson, James	Name unknown	1 76
Parsonson, Aquila	Water's Lot	1 57
Parsonson, Edward	Part of Hammond and Gist	1 76

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That unless the county charges aforesaid are paid within thirty days after the publication of this notice, that the said Lands, or such parts thereof, as will be sufficient to pay the tax and costs thereon, will be sold to the highest bidder, agreeably to the directions of the act of assembly entitled, "An act for the more effectual collection of the county charges in the several counties in this state."

By order,
R. J. COWMAN, Clk. Comrs. of A. C.
To be published once a week for four weeks in the Maryland Gazette, Republican and Carrollian, Annapolis, and Baltimore Republican.
Sept 20

NEW & SPLENDID.

BASIL SHEPHARD,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Has just returned from PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE, with the most choice selection of

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

They consist in part of the most superior quality of **BLACK, BLUE, OLIVE, BROWN and GREY**

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

With a choice selection of the richest and latest importations of

VESTINGS.

He will be glad to make them up in the latest and most approved fashions, or will dispose of them unmade to those who prefer.

ALSO, a neat and more general assortment than before, of GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, STOCKS, COLLARS and SUSPENDERS.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine them.

Sept 23 3 Sw

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

In his line, consisting of some of the handsomest

Patent Finished Cloth

Of various qualities and colours, with an assortment of

CASSIMERES & VESTINGS

suitable to the season, which he respectfully invites his friends to call and examine.

All of which he will make up at the shortest notice, and in the most FASHIONABLE STYLE, low for cash, or to particular men only.

Sept 23 3 Sw

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the British Magazine.

MUTATIONS OF THE WORLD.

"As a creature Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

A vessel was passing the calm summer sea, And its streamers were floating and fanned by the breeze;

While the radiance above, the bright waters beneath, Smiled a promise of joy, and of safety from death;

And it seemed, as it sailed along, gallant and free, A bright spot on the waves of eternity's sea;

Where now is that vessel gone?—sunk in the wave And the billows roll over its crew in their grave.

A city once stood in its power and its prime, Which mocked all the rude devastations of time;

While its pinnacles high, and its banners unfurled, Seemed to threaten with slavery half of the world;

Where now is its glory?—his crushed to the ground, And its mouldering ruins lie falling around;

While the breeze, as it sighs through the moss on the walls, Speaks the shout of the free often pealed through the halls.

Where the abode of the soul of long ages gone by, And a voice whispers thence, every creature must die.

I thought on the heart once so light and so gay, With smiles like the beams of a bright summer's day,

Each year as it came brought more bliss than the last, And the hopes of the future were bright as the past;

Those years of the future are still flowing on, But where is that cheerful beam—broken and gone!

Those hopes, once so brilliant, are hushed in the grave, Disappointment's chill blights all the fruit that they gave.

I looked on the starry sky, howlless and free, And it seemed in its vastness an emblem of thee;

Though clouds may sweep o'er it and tempests may howl, They but sully its brightness and calm for an hour;

While all earthly things vanish, their pride and their fame, Still Thou art immutable, ever the same!

From the Dover Enquirer.

TALE OF A PUMPKIN.

More than a century ago, when the settlements of New-Hampshire were confined to some half a dozen towns and those towns formed an humble province of the British empire, there dwelt on the banks of the Piscataqua in the vicinity of the "Great Bay," a man whom we shall call Peter Labaree—although in those days he was known by no other cognomen than "Uncle Pete." Peter—like the great apostle of that name, of a more olden time—was by occupation a fisherman; to which he superadded, at his convenience or opportunity, that of a fowler. In his younger days he had been unequalled in either science. Twenty-five, or, indeed, ten years before the time of which we write, no one that sailed upon the blue tide of the swift Piscataqua could guide their skills with such unerring precision to the richest fishing grounds; or, when there, excel him in drawing from the deep its finny tribe. With the rifle he was then without an equal; and woe to the hapless fowl that ventured within its reach. On the wing, or the bash, or the wave, it was all one to him; he could calculate for all contingencies—and it was seldom, very seldom, that his "foregoing conclusions" did not become history. But he was now an old man. Notwithstanding his humble occupation, time had "staked note" of him as it passed; and he found with the weight of four score years on his brow, that he was not all that he had been. However, he was yet a hale and vigorous old man; and although he could occasionally trim his sail to the wind or bring his rifle to a sight, with something of the skill of manhood, he was too far advanced in life to rely solely on them for subsistence. Fish and fowl, however, were to him the staff of life; and when he could no longer draw so frequently, as in his most skillful days, on the wild bird, he reared large flocks of tame geese. This he found an extremely productive business. Drawing their subsistence from the waters that surrounded his dwelling, and wandering without restraint wherever instinct led, they enjoyed all the freedom of their less civilized brethren, without being infected with the ambition, or possessing the ability like them to take wing. When they were fit for their destiny, their master had no other trouble but to chase them across the bosom of the bay, and either by the fleetness of his skill, or the yet unerring aim of his rifle, make captive of any number he choose. From this, and similar sources, Peter Labaree for many years drew bread.

On this occasion Peter's flock was mostly destroyed. About that time of the season when they first became eatable, he observed for several days in succession, as he told over their number while they were swimming around a headland, at a short distance from his door, that they were one, and sometimes two, minutes, at every count. He had never suffered before from deprivations in this quarter; and he was now at a loss to account for this daring inroad upon his possessions. He was not troubled with neighbours—the nearest being four or five miles; and even if he had been, such was the stern honesty of the times, and the respect which all bore for uncle Peter, they would not have touched a feather of his flock. From the native of the forest, he had not of late years received molestation; as they too well knew the length of his rifle, and the skill of him who drew its trigger, to venture within its reach on any other than pacific commerce. The beasts of the forest he had long since exiled from the vicinity of his dwelling; and he was satisfied, moreover, from the silent manner in which his fowls disappeared, that it was not among them that he was to look for the poacher. In short, the matter

was inexplicable to him; but while he was wondering at the mystery, the number of his feathered family still continued to decrease. Every day some one of the finest and fattest of the flock, on which he had cast many an epicurean eye, disappeared. Flesh and blood could bear this iniquitous tribute to an unknown extortioner no longer. Rising one morning with the sun, uncle Peter armed himself with his rifle, with the determination of unravelling the mystery. Taking a seat on the bank that commanded an extensive view of the bay, but where he was himself hid from observation, he watched with an eagle eye the movements of his geese, who were sailing and gamboling, as usual, far out on the bosom of the stream.

The hours passed along—but nothing molested them; and uncle Pete was on the point of abandoning the post, when a large pumpkin, glistening with the yellow fullness of autumn, caught his eye, sailing lightly down with the current. A pumpkin in that situation, in those latter times, when a fresher sweeps them off by cart loads, would not certainly be an object of special wonder. But in those days this product was not reared so plentifully as now; and as they were held then, as they now are, in high repute, they were gathered in at autumn with particular care. The one floating down the stream, therefore, attracted the attention of uncle Pete—and for a moment he forgot his flock. As his eye followed in its downward passage he was somewhat surprised to observe that it drifted gradually out of the main current, and directly towards his geese, which were on the other side of the channel. He watched its movements with a curious eye, and when it was within a yard of his geese, he was somewhat startled to observe that one then suddenly disappeared. The old man rubbed his eyes, and waiting until it had drifted past them, counted them over, thinking that his sight might have deceived him. But it had not—one of them was gone; and turning his eye again to the pumpkin, he was in time to see that it drifted around a point of land, which hid it from his view. Here then was the manner in which so many of his flock had probably disappeared; he had seen the fowl go down but how? Surely not by human agency; nor from any visible cause; after all, the pumpkin had passed quietly by, perhaps as any pumpkin would, drifting at random amid the counter currents of the stream. The old man viewed the subject in every possible shape, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion; and counting his flock once more he returned thoughtfully to his hut.

The delusion of witchcraft at that time, overspread New-England. The most learned and enlightened believed in the supernatural; and uncle Pete could not be supposed to be much above the superstition of the times. He had heard of the miraculous doings 'prestigious spirits,' and though he could not say that he had ever seen them, he believed in their power and existence as firmly as he believed in his bible. It was not, therefore, strange that in witnessing the mysterious disappearance of his geese, a thought of these should cross his mind; and that he should incline to the opinion that it was missing thro' their agency. He was no coward; he had never flinched at the sight of man; nor shrunk from an encounter with any foe that could be overcome by mortal means; and even now, although he was persuaded that it was a perilous task to war with fiends and devils, or those who could invoke these auxiliaries to their aid, he did not by any means think of abandoning his flock to the destiny that seemed to await it. However he determined to watch another day. He did so; and again saw with wonder and regret, another of the nestlings of his flock disappear. The same pumpkin, large and full-ripe, floated lightly down the stream; and when it was within a short distance of the flock, one of their number suddenly and silently sunk as before.

Whatever, as has already been remarked, might have been uncle Pete's opinion of the power of supernatural spirits, he was not the man to submit tamely and with philosophic apathy to these exactions from his substance, even from them; and though he was now fully satisfied that he was beset and afflicted by their machinations, he resolutely determined to defend his rights, even though he should be compelled to contend with fearful odds.

Pounding the only silver coin which his slender coffers contained, into a slug suitable to the bore of his rifle, and loading that weapon with a double charge of powder, he dropped the precious talisman and a brace of balls upon it, with the determination of trying their effect upon his enemy, be he man, pumpkin, or devil, should he again make free with his property. He fixed upon the next day for the conflict.

Taking his seat as usual, where he could see all that passed, and yet remain himself unseen, he awaited in breathless anxiety, the appearance of this mysterious foe. It came duly as it was wont, and made directly for his flock, now reduced by daily abductions to the mere skeleton of what it had been; and as it passed by, a goose disappeared as usual. At that critical moment the old man drew up his rifle; the nerve of manhood was firm within him—and with a deliberate aim and a steady hand he drew the trigger. The pumpkin was seen no more; but an Indian leaped his length from the stream, as the crack of the rifle echoed through the air, and uttering the shriek of death, disappeared again forever in

to its bosom. Uncle Pete was troubled no again; and in due time the remainder of the geese smoked upon his own board. A. B.

THE FOUR BRAHMINES.

FROM THE BOSTON TRIBUNE.

The Mahometan way, though it continued long in India, left entire not only the religion, but the other customs of the Hindus.—Those "pleasant stories" that we call the Arabian Nights, are not, I believe, much spread in India, nor have the Hindus many similar inventions, except the marvellous legends of their gods. Yet every other country of the east has not only libraries of stories, but itinerant orators who rehearse or invent. Sir John Malcolm, who has told us more than all we ever knew before of Persia; has recorded one, abounding in humor, called Achmet the Cobbler. There may be more among the Hindus than I am aware of, for I know little of the literature of India. I remember but one, and that you will find in a book, if your search should be as long as mine. I may as well relate it, if only to establish my own claim to the distinction coveted by the four Brahmins.

Four Brahmins, whose minds were such as without injury might have transmigrated into as many camels, were on the road to a feast, given by some good soul more pious than wise, to the whole cast of which the travellers were members. They met with a soldier, who gave the salute appropriated to Brahmins, of "Health to your worship!" but afterwards a division arose among the three as to the individual who was honoured with the salute of the polite soldier. The dispute was leading from argument to blows, when the advice of the least stupid was taken, and all went back for the decision of the soldier himself. The man of war happened also to be no conjurer, yet he was wise enough to see at a glance, to which of the two general classes of mankind the Brahmins pertained, and replied that his salutation was intended for him who was the most of a fool.

The soldier then went his way, and the wise men were satisfied for a time, till they discovered that the question hinged upon a new point, when they were again at issue on their individual claims for that kind of eminence indicated by the man of the sword and it was agreed to refer that very doubtful question to the magistrate of the next village.—He having heard the story, very properly required that each claimant to the honour of the soldier's salute, should make out his title to superior stupidity, by relating the most foolish act he was ever fortunate enough to commit.

The first of the sagacious Brahmins related that having received of a merchant a rich web of cloth for attire, he hung it upon a tree to dry, when a dog ran under it and might have brushed it—for the touch of a dog would have been pollution to the purity of his cast. To be certain whether the brute had touched it or not, he himself crawled underneath upon all-fours, without touching the cloth. But, said he, I had forgotten that the dog had a turned up tail, that must have risen somewhat above his back. I therefore furnished myself with the same appendage, made of twisted palm leaves, which I wore by way of experiment, crawled again under the cloth and brushed it. I tore it into strips and cursed the master of that dog. I ought not to omit, however, to say, that I performed the dog's part to a wonder, and felt perfectly at home with the tail, though I have other reasons, I flatter myself, to expect a favourable decision of the court. But perhaps you will be better satisfied with my pretensions, were you to see me on all fours, as what you will see may strike you as favourably as what you have heard. So saying, the good Brahmin gave an exhibition that was highly corroborative of the other evidence of his claim.

The second son of Bramah began—"Having been shaved one day by a travelling barber, I directed my wife to give him a penny. She had not so small a coin, and the shaver had no change but he removed the difficulty by proposing to shave my wife. But she did not see the reason of the proceeding, though it was plain enough to my own intellects, and her resistance compelled me to hold her while the barber shaved her head. Her cries raised the village, and our friends came running in, asking what crime she had committed to deserve so heavy a punishment. No crime, said I, whatever, and I only designed to get our charge from the barber. When they heard me speak thus, both her relatives and mine unanimously anticipated the decision which I trust the court has already made, saying this fellow is the greatest fool in existence. It is this action of mine that gives me a right to despise the claim of my comrade who has just spoken, though he has put in a very strong case."

The third of the sages referred, for the most satisfactory proof of his stupidity, to the time when he first resolved to be married.—"Having," said he, "first obtained my mother's consent, upon a promise of behaving well in my absence, I went after the lady. On the day of my return the sun was exceedingly hot, and the roads lay through burning sand. My betrothed, overcome with fatigue, could go no further, but laid herself down, saying she would die there. I did not, for a sufficient reason, lose my wits, but I asked advice of a merchant who passed with a team of fifty oxen; he offered to purchase my companion at a fair price, and having appraised her trinkets at nineteen pagodas, he completed the