

POETS CORNER.
For the Maryland Gazette.
The following lines were hastily written on the death of a poor Black, which happened unexpectedly.
'POOR SAM IS DEAD!
His widow mourns—her constant cry,
My husband is no more!
Can reason of her self say why
I may't his loss deplore?
Though I'm a slave, and slave must be,
Till time with me's no more,
In anguish and in misery
Shall I his loss deplore.
His children young, sincerely lov'd
Poor Sam, both good and kind,
Who in his turn the Father prov'd,
Thought of untutor'd mind.
Their screams and cries to Heaven may reach,
Their Maker to implore,
In mercy great to give to each,
A consolation sure.
That may afflictions pow'r arrest,
And bid grief's mourning cease,
Till each poor child, tho' slave, be blest,
With everlasting peace.
'Tis not alone the rich or great,
On earth the mighty, strong,
Who roll in wealth, or move in state,
Whom honour doth belong—
That claim Almighty good and care,
In mercy to be found,
But white and black indifferent are
To Majesty profound.
Poor Sam, thy peace thou may't then make
With the Creator great,
While pard'ning pow'r will pleasure take
T'regard thy humble state—
In Christian faith, full sure I am,
(A faith that comfort brings)
Your Lord, as well for you, poor Sam,
Do's, as for us, requir'd.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.
The Algerines.—It may not be unreasonable to refer to the records of history for an account of the various exploits through which the pirates of the Mediterranean have either been repressed in their career by a partial chastisement, or stimulated to new outrages by a successful resistance.
The first, and certainly the most memorable expedition against the corsairs of Africa were supported by the military power, and stimulated by the personal command of Charles V. This political prince was enabled to summon the latent chivalry of the romantic ages to the support of a design which promised to unite all the enthusiastic notions of the first crusaders, with more sound anticipations of real benefit to mankind. His expedition to Tunis for the restoration of a deposed and persecuted monarch, was eminently successful; his last and more formidable attempt upon Algiers, unconquerable as it appeared, in the extent and splendor of the armament, the renown and religious devotion of the troops composing it, and what was of no less importance in that age, the benediction and exhortations of papal policy—this magnificent enterprise most miserably failed. Charles, like the ambitious conqueror of our own times, despised the prudence which would stop to consider the uncontrollable influence of the seasons upon the designs of man. He embarked amidst the threatenings and dangers of the autumnal storms, and only reached Algiers in safety, to exhibit a striking instance of the instability of human success, and the uncertain tenure of human greatness. In one night, after having terrified the Algerines by a display of his power, in one night, by the sudden fury of the elements, in less than an hour, 86 ships and 18 gallees were destroyed with all their crews and military stores; the army which had landed, was then deprived of all means of subsistence; the camp was deluged by torrents of rain; many of the troops, wandering about in despair, were destroyed by the Moors and Arabs; and the unhappy remnant of that magnificent expedition escaped with the greatest danger from the revenge of their insatiate pursuers.
The desperate attempt of John Gascon to burn the Algerine fleet in their own bay, can hardly be mentioned among the enterprises of the European states, although it received the sanction and assistance of Philip II. He failed, like his imperial predecessor, from too much temerity, & his miserable death served only as a warning to succeeding adventurers.
The Algerines continued for a long time to annoy the maritime powers of Europe; and after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, carried their depredations to the most terrifying excess. At length the French were roused to attempt something against them; and Beauheus defeated them in a naval engagement.
The squadron of English men of war, under sir Roger Mansel, soon after rendered itself ridiculous by returning, after great preparation, without firing a shot. The Venetians at last fitted out a powerful armament, and completely destroy-

ed the fleet of the pirates, tho' without curbing their predatory spirit, or freeing the seas from these perfidious robbers.
The shores and passages of the Mediterranean continued to be infested with impunity, till Louis XIV. provoked by the outrages committed in his own provinces, resolved upon inflicting a grievous retribution. As the accounts of Ad. Du Quesne's expedition show what may be accomplished in the attempt to humble the Algerines by a naval armament, we shall notice his progress and success somewhat in detail.
Admiral Du Quesne, sailed for Algiers in August, 1682; and having anchored before the town, cannonaded and bombarded it so furiously, that the whole place was soon in flames. The inhabitants were on the point of abandoning their dwelling, when the wind shifting, obliged the Admiral to return to Toulon. The Algerines immediately made the most dreadful reprisals on the French coast; and a new armament was destined to sail the next year.
In May, 1683, Du Quesne with his squadron cast anchor before Algiers; where being joined by the Marquis d'Alfraville, at the head of five stout vessels, it was resolved to bombard the town next day. Accordingly 100 bombs were thrown into it the first day, which did terrible execution; while the besieged made some hundred discharges of their cannon against them without doing any considerable damage. The following night the bombs were again thrown into the city in such numbers that the Day's palace and other edifices were almost destroyed; some of the batteries were dismantled, and several ships sunk in the port. The Day and Turkish Bashaw, as well as the whole soldiery alarmed at this dreadful havoc, immediately sued for peace. As a preliminary, the immediate surrender was insisted on of all Christian captives who had been taken fighting under the French flag; which being granted, 142 of them were immediately delivered up, with a promise of sending him the remainder as soon as they could be got from the different parts of the country—Accordingly Du Quesne sent his Commissary-General and one of his Engineers into the town; but with express orders to insist upon the delivery of all the French Captives without exception, together with the effects they had taken from the French; and that Mezomorto, their then Admiral, and Hall Rais, one of their captains, should be given as hostages.
This last demand having embarrassed the Dey, he assembled the Divan, and acquainted them with it; upon which Mezomorto fell into a violent passion, and told the assembly that the cowardice of those who sat at the helm had occasioned the ruin of Algiers; but that, for his part, he would never consent to deliver up any thing that had been taken from the French. He immediately acquainted the soldiery with what had passed, which so exasperated them, that they murdered the Dey that very night, and on the morrow chose Mezomorto in his place. This was no sooner done, than he cancelled all the articles of peace which had been made, and hostilities were renewed with greater fury than ever.
The French admiral now kept pouring in such a volley of bombs, that in less than three days the greater part of the city was reduced to ashes, and the fire burnt with such vehemence, that the sea was enlightened with it more than two leagues round. Mezomorto, unmoved at all these disasters and the vast number of the slain, whose blood ran in rivulets along the streets, or rather, grown furious and desperate, sought only how to wreak his revenge on the enemy; and, not content with causing all the French in the city to be murdered, ordered their consul to be tied hand and foot and fastened alive to the mouth of a mortar, from whence he was shot against their navy. By this piece of inhumanity, Du Quesne, was so exasperated, that he did not leave Algiers, till he had utterly destroyed all their fortification and shipping, almost all the lower part, and about two thirds of the upper part of the city, by which means it became nearly a heap of ruins.
On Saturday afternoon a young gentleman of this city caught off the Battery, with a hook and line, nearly two hundred striped Bass, weighing from a quarter to one pound and a half. Several others caught nearly a similar number.—*York paper of Oct. 14.*

A DAY AT MADRID.
From a picture of Madrid taken on the spot. By Christian Augustus Fisher. Translated from the German.
I wake—'tis four o'clock in the morning! The whole broadstreet of Alcaiz is spread before me like an immense square—churches, palaces, and convents, at the further end the shady walks of the Prado—a grand sublime sight baffling description.
The matin bell announces the early mass, the streets become more animated—Veiled women in black, men in long brown cloaks with red isillas, wearing their hair in a kind of net-work, hanging low down their back. The doors of all the balconies open, and water is sprinkled out before every house.
Now the goat keepers with their little herds enter the gates, crying milk! milk! goat's milk! fresh and warm! who will have any? There I see market women pass by with their asses loaded with vegetables, bakers with bread, in carts made of Spanish reed—water carriers and porters hastening to commence their day's work, while with a hoarse voice two consequential looking algaizils proclaim the theft committed on the preceding night.
By degrees, all the warehouses, shops, & booths, are opened. The publicans (taberneros) expose their wine cups; the chocolate women get their pots ready—the water carriers begin to chant "Quin beb?" (wilt thou drink?) and the hackney coach and hackney chaise drivers, with the persons who let mules for hire, take their usual stands.
Soon the whole street resounds with various cries of numberless criers—God white co! Onions, onions from Gallia! Walnuts walnuts from Bistay!—Onions, oranges from Murcia! Hot smoked sausages from Estramadura! Tomatoes, large tomatoes! sweet citrons, sweet citrons! Barley water! ice water! a new journal, a new gazette! Water-melons! Long Malaga raisins! Olives, olives from Seville! Milk rolls, fresh and hot! Grapes grapes! Figs, new Figs! Pomegranates, pomegranates from Valencia!
It strikes ten; the guards mount; dragoons, Swiss regiments, Walloon guards, Spanish infantry. "Alo ples vin Donne Manuela!" (Let us go to mass.)
All the bells are ringing, all the streets are covered with rock roses, rich carpets hanging from every balcony, and altars raised on every square, under canopies of state. The procession sets out. What a number of neat little angels, with paste board wings, covered with fine powdered bob wings, and robes of gold brocade! What swarms of priests! How many beautiful girls! all pleasant and in mixed groups.
The clock proclaims noonday. We return through the square of the Puerto del Sol. All the rufes (trafflers) have begun, all the hackney waiters are busy, and the whole square thronged with people.
One o'clock—we are all called to dinner; a great deal of saffron; many love apples, plenty of oil and pimento! But then, wine from La Mancha, oil Ceres & Maaga! What a nice thing is Spanish cookery.
La Siesta! La Siesta! Senores! A deadly silence is in all the streets, all the window shutters are put up or the curtains let down; even the most industrious porter stretches his length on his mat, and falls a sleep at the fountain with his pitcher behind him.
At four o'clock every body repairs to the bull fight, to the canal, or to the Prado; all is gaiety & merriment, one equipage after another drive full speed to those places of diversion.
The Puerto del Sol becomes as crowded as before and the water carriers and the orange women, the procurers of the frail fair, are all as busy as bees.
Thus passes the afternoon, and the dusky shades of evening set in at last. All the bells ring, and every Spaniard says the prayers of salutation to the virgin.
Now all hasten to the tertulias and theatres, and in a few minutes the rattling of carriages resounds in every street. The lamps before the houses or the images of the Virgin, are already lighted; the merchants and dealers have illuminated their houses and shops, and the sellers of ice, water, & lemonade, their stalls. Every where are seen rush lights, paper lanterns, and puggies on the tables of fruit women and cake men.
Mean while the crowd on the square has prodigiously increased,

and it is soon stowed with people. In one part you will hear the soft sounds of the guitar, or senudilla; in another, a female ballad singer, tells in rhyme the tale of the last murder committed; in a third a thundering missionary attempts to move the hearts of obdurate sinners, while the light footed Cyprian corps carries off his audience by dozens. Soon passes the rosy and tattooed with music and the equipages return from the theatres.
It grows still later; the crowds begin to disperse—by one o'clock in the morning all the streets are still quiet, and only here and there resounds a solitary guitar through the solitary gloom of night.
From the Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser.
AGRICULTURAL.
At a stated meeting of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, held Oct. 8th, 1816, the following communication was read, and the information therein contained being considered highly important, and interesting to Farmers, it was ordered that it be published.
S. HAZARD, Assist. Sec'y.
CORN GRUBS, OR CUT WORMS.
Belmont, Aug. 8, 1816.
Sir,
This season has been remarkably unpropitious to our crops of Indian Corn, which, however, are far better than we could have expected, and will on the whole, be plentiful (altho' in many parts of our country they have been greatly injured) if we should be favoured with a mild autumn. The ravages of the Grub, or Cut Worm, have been uncommonly ruinous. In our 3d vol. 282, I mention that the Corn Grubs, or Cutworms, are the progeny of the Beetles (called by Entomologists, Scarabeus Carnifex,) which we see rolling balls of cow dung to be deposited in the earth, for the shelter of their offspring contained in them, and progress to the state in which they are so mischievous to us. The holes in which the balls are lodged are never deeper than should be the furrows of good ploughing—Therefore, the prevention of this scourge, so often deplored and so seldom guarded against, is always in the power of every provident farmer, and if he will not prevent, he ought not to complain of the injuries to which his corn crops are subject.—The preventive in fall ploughing, which exposes the progeny of the Grub to destruction, by frosts and other inclemencies of the winter. During a period of more than fifty years, I have been personally engaged, or constantly interested in practical farming, and I can truly say, that I never suffered any material injury from Grubs, when I turned up my fields intended for corn, in the fall of the year. I always harrowed the fallow and previously thereto, often rolled down the sod. When I could procure lime at that season, or early in the Spring, I was, and am still in the habit of spreading it on the corn fallow—and, although this is a sure destroyer of the progeny of the Beetle, yet the effect was manifest without the application of lime. If fall ploughing yielded no other benefits, (and numerous are its advantages) one would imagine that this would be sufficient to recommend it to general adoption. Yet, although the practice has been of late years more commendably attended to than formerly, it is really deplorable that it is not universally followed. Merely ploughing is salutary; but the harrowing and thereby completely separating the clods, and breaking up the nests or depositaries of vermin, is equally essential. Besides, the sod being thus decomposed, and access of air prevented by harrowing, (and if previously rolled, the more so,) the weeds and grass do not vegetate in the spring. If undisturbed, and they may so remain if the seed be shallow planted, these pests become rotted; and assist, instead of impeding the growth of the crop.
I have made extensive inquiries this season, and I have found universally, that those who fall ploughed judiciously, escaped the Grub. In some instances, where the field was only partially ploughed, or the work ill managed, the Grub was more or less injurious; and I considered these as exceptions to the general fact, without shaking the principles of the practice. In some fields only partially fall ploughed, the superior vigour of the corn is strikingly perceptible. Ploughing, or backing up a few furrows in the spring, and leaving balks for the

worms to feed on, may have advantages; but this is a miserably substitute for fall ploughing—and a disgusting proof of negligence and slovenly farming, though it may occasionally succeed. I am your very obedient servant,
RICHARD PETERS,
Robert Vaux, Esq.,
Secretary to the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture.
ON TURNIPS.
[Communicated to the Agricultural Society, by Gen. Humphreys.]
It is again recommended, in conformity to the suggestion in last year's Agricultural Almanack, that turnips, intended for the feed of live stock, should be sown a fortnight or three weeks earlier than has been commonly practised. This will usually meet with fewer enemies, from the season and insect to impede their growth or destroy the crop. The ground should be carefully prepared, by being well manured and mellowed. It would be a valuable experiment to try, suitable, and, as far as may be, an equal portion of dry ashes, leached ashes, and plaster of Paris; an equal portion of sand, of the same kind or s. i. Some farmers, who have tried incorporating the soil with plaster of Paris, in small balks for the sake of sowing it more evenly and giving a new spring to its vegetative principle, assert, that this method has succeeded perfectly. The crops in 1816 turned out very abundant, and richly rewarded the labour of the husbandman. It is believed, that double the number of acres were improved in the culture of turnips, in the State of Connecticut, than in any former year. From the success generally resulting from the cultivation, it is expected that the quantity will, the next summer, be greatly increased, to the emolument of the State.
From the Catskill Recorder.
MONITORY.
'The Summer is ended'
There is an appointed time for man upon earth, and our days are rapid in hastening to a close.
"Our life is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste the instant they take fire."
The summer of another year is ended. We have gathered in the fruits of the field, to support us during the rigours of the inclement season. We have laid up treasure on earth; we have been as solicitous to lay up treasure in Heaven. We have manifested that heavenly mildness by suitable expressions of gratitude to the beneficent Giver of every good and perfect gift. And while on the other hand his judgments have been abroad in the earth, we have learned righteousness—receiving them as chastisements thereby evincing that we are his sons.
To many the summer of life is ended. Happy if they have improved the fleeting seasons! Those who have neglected the great end of their existence, have lived thus far in vain. They have slumbered while they should have been up and doing; have been sinking deeper and deeper into destructive prejudices and hardness of heart; continually adding to the enormous weight of their transgressions.
And finally, let us fear lest our summer of privilege and grace shall shortly come to a close. To many of us, alas! it may be already ending. This was the case with the rebellious and impenitent posterity of Abraham, when the prophet groaned forth his desperate lamentation. Let us then look towards this holy temple, that it may not be the fate of our souls poignantly to reflect—"the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."
Notice is hereby given,
That a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly, praying that a law may pass to make public roads that lead from the public road between Piscataway and Mr. Samuel Bond's through the lands of the heirs of Col. John H. Besnes, of Williams, Lyles, and of Joseph Boardman, to Piscataway Creek, and to the Corps Landing of Mrs. Mary Boardman.
Sept. 7, 1816.
Basill Bowles,
87.

MARYLAND
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JONAS GREEN,
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Notice is hereby given,
That the subscriber has obtained from the orphans court of Calvert county, a testamentary on the personal estate of William Weems late of Anne Arundel county, deceased; all persons claiming against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, on or before the 21st day of April next, they otherwise by law be excluded from any benefit of the said estate, and those indebted to make immediate payment.
Elijah Weems, Ex'r.
of Wm. Weems deceased.
October 21, 1816.
Chancery Sale.
By virtue of a decree of the Chancery Court of this State, the subscriber will expose to public sale, at Catton's Tavern, at 12 o'clock, on Thursday the 11th of November next, two Houses and Lots in the City of Annapolis, now in the occupation of Mr. James Holland and Mrs. Whittington.
They will be sold separately on a credit of twelve months. Bonds, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, will be required.
James Sharpe, Trustee.
Annapolis, Oct. 17, 1816.
Sale Postponed.
By virtue of a decree of the Chancery Court of this State, the subscriber will expose to public sale, on the 11th day of November next, if it should be the day of the week, (Sunday, excepted), on the premises of
The Heist Estate
of Anne Arundel, deceased, consisting of a House and Lot in the Town of New-Lisbon, in the Baltimore and Frederick turnpike, and a Tract of Land containing about 165 acres lying near Col. Thomas Hood's. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of this property, as it is presumed that those who are interested will view the premises previous to the sale.
The sale of the house and lot to commence at 12 o'clock; the other at 10 o'clock.
Terms of Sale.
The purchaser to give bond with security for payment of the purchase money, in 6, 12 and 18 months, with interest thereon. On the ratification of the sale, and on payment of the whole purchase money, the subscriber is authorized to give a deed.
Larkin Shipley, Trustee.
MARYLAND,
Anne-Arundel county sct.
On application to me the subscriber, chief judge of the third judicial district of the state of Maryland, in the recess of Anne Arundel county court, by petition in writing, of Peter Simering, of Anne Arundel county, praying the benefits of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session eighteen hundred and five, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in the said act, and stating that he is now in the custody of one of the constables of the city of Annapolis; a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and being satisfied that the said Peter Simering has resided in the state of Maryland for the period of two years immediately preceding this application, and having taken the oaths prescribed by the act of eighteen hundred and five, hereinafter referred to; I do therefore order and adjudge, that the said Peter Simering be discharged from the custody of the said constable, and that he by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the public news papers in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the third Monday in April next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court, at 10 o'clock in the morning of the said third Monday in April next, to show cause; if any they have, why the said Peter Simering should not have the benefit of the said act, and supplements, as prayed. Gave under my hand this 9th day of September, 1816.
Jeremiah Townley Chase, Test.
Wm. S. Green, C. J.
August 12, 1816.
NOTICE
Is hereby given to all, whom it may concern, that a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly for a public road to lead from the bridge which divides the farm of Macey from that of John Jones, West-River, in Anne Arundel county, to the landing of Capt. William N. on Mill-River.
By order,
Wm. S. Green, C. J.
Sept. 26.