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From the Harford, Con. Farmers Almanac,
for 1821.

NOVEMBER.
As soon as the produce of your orchard and field is secured, and your farming utensils are carefully housed, put your house and barn in a posture of defence against the storms of winter. It is the part of a prudent man to render the execution of his business easy by judicious plans, and to save by his care what he earns by his industry.

Every economical farmer will have a Tool-House. This may be attached to the barn, or to the cow-house, or wood-house, or standing by, as local circumstances may render most convenient. The observing farmer, while travelling through the country will be surprised to see so few buildings of this kind. When he sees a plough or a harrow frozen into the ground and standing in the open field; a cart or wagon in the highway half covered with snow drifts; scythes and hoes hanging in an apple-tree or on a fence through the winter; sleds and sleighs on the ground in the barn yard, with a plentiful growth of weeds under and about them through the summer—

he will be very apt to say, this man must be rich or he could not afford all this waste. The tools and implements of the farmer are, from the nature of his occupation, much exposed to injury by the weather, necessarily; but a neglect to house and protect them when not in immediate use, shows a great want of prudence and economy. The expense of such a building is comparatively small; while the convenience, comfort and real savings are considerable. It is a kind of rendezvous—a rallying point. It has an effect to prevent your tools from being mislaid, scattered and lost. It also serves you for a workshop, which no farmer can well do without—where, in a rainy day you may mortice your posts, repair your cart, ladders, sleds, ploughs, harrows, yokes, harness, rakes & other things; grind up your axes, scythes, &c.—By the bye, never fail to keep here a good grindstone, and in good order for your neighbour's use as well as your own, and furnish a boy to turn for them occasionally, but especially when grinding up a new axe or a new scythe—it will be cheaper, you may be assured, than to go abroad to do all your grinding.

JACOB,
He is about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, and his person though slender is muscular; his colour is not remarkably black nor lighter than usual; he has a stern, sulky, bold expression of countenance; speaks promptly when spoken to, and is rather more intelligent than plantation negroes generally are; his motions indicate considerable activity and strength, and he walks remarkably fast and with great ease to himself. He has large nostrils and a flat nose; has lost two of his front teeth, and has a small scar on his left hand just below the third finger. He has wife living in Baltimore named Deliah, the property of Mrs. Cave W. Edles, whither it is likely he has gone. The above reward will be paid to any person who will deliver the said slave to the subscriber at the before mentioned farm, or who will secure him in the Annapolis goal.

JACOB,
Sept 13.

JUST PUBLISHED
And For Sale at Geo. Shaw's Store,
THE FIRST VOLUME OF HARRIS & JOHNSON'S REPORTS
Of Cases Argued and Determined in the
GENERAL COURT AND COURT OF APPEALS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND
From the year 1800 to 1805, Inclusive.
PRICE—\$6 50.
Sept. 27.

Fifty Dollars Reward.
Ranaway from the subscriber living near Brookville, Montgomery County, Maryland, on the 31st July last, a Negro Man who calls himself
JOHN TREP,
Aged about 19 years, thin face and high thin nose, light made, straight black, and very active, looks down and stammers when spoken to, about five feet eight inches high, had on a cotton shirt, old hat and linen trousers.
He was raised on the Eastern Shore near Cambridge, and will probably endeavour to get there by the way of Baltimore or Annapolis. I will give the above reward for securing said negro, if taken out of the state, so that I get him again, and Twenty Dollars if taken in the state, and in either case I will pay all reasonable expenses if brought home.
Ephraim Gailher.

JOHN TREP,
N. B. All owners of vessels, or others, are forewarned from receiving, harboring, or carrying off said negro at their peril, as they will be dealt with according to law.
August 16, 1821.
The Eastern Gazette will copy the above six times, and for each copy five cents.

SRED CORN.
I have been for several years in the practice of selecting my seed corn in the field, before gathering my crop, from such stalks as bore two ears, taking those of the best appearance; which I think has been

the means of improving my crop. I have also made another experiment on seed corn, which is very simple. I broke an sufficient number of ears of corn in two, to make seed to plant two certain pieces of ground, both pieces of the same quality, and prepared in the same way. I planted one piece with the seed from the butt of the ear, the other from the top end. The piece planted with seed from the butt end produced seven bushels per acre more than that planted with the seed from the top end. Anon.

To improve impoverished Land.
Put in two successive crops of buck-wheat—and when in bloom, plough them down. This may be done in one season—and in the fall, sow your wheat or rye; and you cannot fail of having a promising crop of grain the next year. Rep Adv.

From the Duchess Observer.
A premium for Sobriety.—At the Saratoga Agricultural Fair, held at Ballston Spa last week, a premium of \$5 was awarded to Fyler Everett, for working 200 days the last year without the use of ardent Spirits. We think premiums could not be awarded for a better purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS
EXTRACT.
Three pilgrims, a Jew, a Christian, and a Mussulman, set out from Cairo, with a caravan, in order to cross the desert of Salem. For the first part of the journey they moved with the multitudes, as a drop in the ocean, almost without thinking whether they were going. But reflecting, at length, that they must perish if they missed the way, they began to cast an anxious look before them, and to explore the paths of the desert. In my opinion, said the Jew, we need not long hesitate about our route: Yonder, to the right is the pillar set up by Moses, who as every body knows, conducted thousands in safety through this wilderness; and our wisest course is to follow this landmark, which he has set up to direct us. It is true, said the Mussulman, Moses got safely through this wilderness, but it was by a route which his firm adherents must own to be extremely difficult. For my own part, I prefer, by much, the path that was trod by the prophet of Mecca: it is distinctly marked by that pillar to the left, which has ever directed the steps of the faithful. I am sorry to see both of you mistaken, said the Christian; the one recommending a road so tedious as to be now almost obsolete, and the other preferring a road in which there are so many pits and precipices, and in which the sabre has been so busy, that the steps are slippery with the blood of the murdered. The straight and only safe, as well as pleasant road, is that which has been marked by Jesus, where yonder midmost pillar rears its head on high, and meets at a distance the eye of the pilgrim. Don't you perceive, right over it, the distant towers of the pillar? I perceive them over the pillar on the right, said the Jew. And I swear they are in a line with that on the left, said the Mussulman. They disputed, they grew warm, they quarrelled; each imagining that he could compel, by force, those whom he could not convince by reason.

In this situation, they were overtaken by a venerable dervise, who, learning the cause of their difference, thus addressed them: "Children, you are not wise. Had you changed your places, your views had also changed; and, having seen the cause of your misunderstanding, you had all been reconciled. Besides, the city of Salem is so great, that a part of it, like the horizon, may be seen over each of the pillars; and it is possible that thousands, who took the direct line by each, have found their way. For my own part, I have known many well meaning people, who having no opportunity of knowing any of the roads, took a different course from all, and I am far from doubting of their safety; for that depends not only on the way, but, in some measure, on the prudence and care of the pilgrim. It is impossible, however, that all these roads should be equally safe and commodious, or

that it should be a matter of indifference which of them is chosen. I have been considering them long, comparing the different accounts and charts of them, as every man ought in a matter of such infinite moment. For I hold, no man is at liberty to take what way he pleases, & hazard his life, without weighing the evidence in favour of each, and using his reason to enable him to make the wisest choice. I have done so with care, and my observations I give you. The road by the pillar to the right was once the best and safest in the world, but it has been for a long time neglected and is now much out of repair. That by the left was at first extremely foul, nor is it yet such as could be wished; it has, however, some things to recommend it.

Five times a day the travellers are admonished by public criers, to pray for the guidance of heaven; and all give such punctual obedience that they seem to emulate each other in piety. On this road, too, there is much accommodation for the weak and needy. I dare not therefore reprobate, though I pity, all who choose it; it is because they know no better path. But the way by the midmost pillar is, in every respect, the straightest, the safest, and the most pleasant. On this road, at almost every step, palm-trees shade, and fountains refresh the pilgrim: And did they who enter upon it follow the directions inscribed upon the pillar and the chart with which they are furnished, every other path would soon be forsaken. But, instead of this, multitudes turn aside into bye-paths on the right and on the left, and for some trivles which attract their notice, forget to proceed on their journey. Even they who remain on the road too often spend their time in quarrels and contentions, almost equally fatal; some alleging that all ought to walk on this side of the road, while others contend they ought to walk on that; some searching for the track of this, and others of that predecessor, and each alleging it is death to tread any other part of that fair and beautiful road which is open before them. By these unhappy means, the immense crowd which enters it, is perpetually thinned as it proceeds; and the few who study only to be on the road, and to advance in it, reach the end of the journey. This, you may perceive, is the way which I myself intend to pursue; and I intend to do it with all my might; keeping my eye upon the chart, without searching for the track of Peter, of Martin, or of John. If you can think as I do, and come with me, it will give me pleasure; if not, we shall part in peace, for why should we quarrel, or contend with any weapons but those of reason? And, indeed, when in our education, reading, habits of life, company and constitution, there must be so much difference, how can it be expected that our opinions should entirely be the same? God knows our frame, and knows that if any one of us had been in the place and circumstance of the other, he must, perhaps, have had his opinion too. He knows that we all wish to take the course which is safest to ourselves, and of course, most pleasing to him, since none of us, I trust, would wilfully and knowingly run the hazard of perishing in the desert. Judge, therefore, my brethren, of each other's conduct with candour. Let each be persuaded, in his own mind, that he does what is best, and whatever road he takes, (after carefully examining and comparing them,) keep bent on getting forward to the end of his journey. Then we may possibly arrive, all of us in due time, where we wish; and talk of the difference of the roads when we meet at Salem."

Struck with the meekness of his temper, and the moderation of his sentiments, all the three blushed for having quarrelled, and by the way of the midmost pillar, unanimously followed the dervise.

From the Village Record.
THE SPECULATOR.
"Miserable man that I am!" sighed Jotham, as he sat at the door at the going down of the sun:—miserable man that I am!"

"What ails thee, friend?" said a person who stood near him, although before unperceived. "Hast thou not health? Hast thou not friends?"

Hast thou not plenty? Thou hast sheep feeding on the hills, thy numerous herds graze in the valley, & thy grain fields teem with abundance."

"True," answered Jotham, "but the shortness and uncertainty of human life, are to me sources of constant wretchedness. I know not what hour I may be called to leave all these blessings. A few live to the good old age of four score years, but how few! They, to be sure, are blessed, but I have no assurance that I shall live again to see my orchards in blossom, and to hear the bleating of my early lambs. I am miserable."

"And dost thou think it would contribute to thy happiness, to have removed the uncertainty of thy exit from this life, and to receive the assurance, that thou shouldst live to the age of four score and ten years?"

"Undoubtedly," said Jotham; "I could then proceed on my course with a light heart. I could plan my business for future years. I could plant orchards with the certainty of enjoying the fruit—I could."

"Enough," said his guest, interrupting him—"Thy desire shall be gratified. I am the spirit that presides over thy years, and am commissioned to fix the date of thy existence.

Thou shalt have until the 5th of the 5th month in the year that thou shalt have numbered four score and ten, and in that day, at the going down of the sun, thou shalt die."

Jotham raised his eyes, and the person had disappeared, but he felt the full consciousness of the truth of what he had declared, & resolved to be happy. A thousand plans for amassing wealth—improving his grounds—planting orchards & forest trees—building houses and mills, for a while crowded upon his imagination; but ever and anon, the 5th of the 5th month of the year that he should be 90 occurred with renewed uneasiness to his mind. It was too far off to be worth thinking of, and yet would it return unfeeling with the most alarming acuteness. Jotham was then 37, and he took a slate and pencil to calculate. He had 53 years to live. He reduced the time to months—to weeks—to days—hours, and even minutes.—

The day was fixed in his mind as certainly as in the records of fate. He looked at his watch. Three hours had already elapsed—when his family notified him that it was later than usual for him to retire. The sleep of Jotham was disturbed, and the first thought of the morning was the 5th of the 5th month, at the setting of the sun, in the year 1875. But he resolved to put in execution the plans he had formed. Some difficulties intervened, but as he had time enough, he postponed from day to day the commencement of his improvements.

A thousand new troubles now crowded on his mind. He was certain of life but not of health. His days might drag on heavily in pain and disease. He was not sure that his plans for amassing money would succeed. He might become a pauper. Instead of stimulating his exertions, he found that the certainty of long life relaxed them. In the midst of business and pleasure, the day certainly fixed for his death, would come like a dark cloud overshadowing his soul, paralyzing his exertions, and damping his joys. He felt it like the iron belt of the Scottish James, who fell at Flodden field; and from the very circumstance he expected to prove the source of happiness, he derived nothing but uneasiness, and finally the most unceasing misery.

A year had passed away, when at the same hour of the same month, Jotham sat at his porch, his beard long, his face pale, and his whole body emaciated. "Miserable man that I am!" exclaimed he. "The day of my death is fixed. The time is ascertained with awful certainty. I am like a criminal under cond, mansion, and I feel that the distance of time is only an aggravation by procrastinating my misery.—Would to God that my guardian angel would return and restore me to the state of other men."

"Thy wish shall be granted," answered the same person whom he had seen the year before. "But my friend," added he; "let this learn thee to repress thy passions—

limit thy desires;—exercise that thou mayest enjoy rest;—be temperate that thou mayest possess health, cherish a cheerful reliance upon heaven, and obey the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and thou wilt enjoy a happiness which neither the certainty of great possession, nor long life could ever bestow."

From the Connecticut Courant.
From the Counter of JEREMY BROADCLOTH,
SHOP KEEPER, Chapel-st New-Haven.
"What dangerous actions, stood it next to death, would I not undergo, for one calm look?"
How miserable must be the condition of that man, who would risk his life "for one calm look!" What offence could reduce one to such a situation? The unfortunate are often neglected, the impudent despised; the irreligious pitied; the dissolute contemned. But they may all be regarded with kindness and attention by friends or connexions; and even malefactors can command gentle treatment. However much we deprecate vice, human nature is ever inclined to relieve the sufferer. A convicted murderer, as he ascends the scaffold, may boast of more than "one calm look."

There is, however, a being reduced to the condition at which I have hinted; who suffers all the torments of mind, that can be imagined, without vice, and often without fault.—Indeed, the more amiable his disposition is, the milder his temper, the greater his philanthropy and benevolence, and the more exemplary his virtues are, the more exquisite will be his sufferings. Such a being may be met every day in our walks. At church, you will see him, with a downcast look. If his eyes should happen to be raised to the desk, you can not but notice the vacant gaze. Sometimes you will see him at the tavern, or at the porter-house, endeavouring to drown sorrow in a glass of ale, or to puff it away in volumes of smoke. Attempt to converse with him, and his brow is immediately wrinkled in frowns, and his countenance shadowed with gloom. He will for a moment exert himself to reciprocate your civility. But it will be for a moment. An irrelevant answer, a broken sentence, or an unmeaning look, soon betrays his shattered mind; while sable melancholy wraps him like the pall of departed peace. Often have I seen him pacing the streets with hurried steps, when no business called. Sometimes you may see him moving "with measured steps and slow," to one end of the town, while his presence is required at another. Sometimes you may see him at Court, or at the Post-Office, dangling his watch-chain, or playing with his cane. He cannot remember what he hears, and endeavours in vain to fix his attention on surrounding objects. He is always in pursuit of novelty; but can never find it; always busy, but never does any business. His house, to him, is a prison, and he goes abroad "to leave himself at home." The wan and sallow visage, the disconsolate look, and emaciated form; all stamp him.—a walking monument of woe. Oh, how I pity him! Unhappy wretch! He would risk any action, stood it next to death, for one calm look!

Reader, have you not seen this being? Go, contemplate,—

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND

VALUABLE RECIPE, for extracting poison from the wound of a rusty nail.—Take a bean, after splitting it, apply one half (flat side) to the wound, bind it on, let it remain till it comes off of itself, and the poison will be extracted, and the wound healed. Experience.

Our correspondent speaks only of the property of the dry bean. We are informed that in its green state also, the bean possesses valuable qualities; by rubbing it upon the common wart, the juice will more certainly and speedily eradicate it than any process of witchcraft ever practised.— Newark Mess.

A Cure for the Dysentery.
In one gill of Fountain water dissolve as much common table salt or sea salt, as it will take up or melt; add to it one gill of good vinegar.

Of this mixture, give once in a quarter or half an hour, to grown persons or to children, such doses as the stomach would bear without puking.