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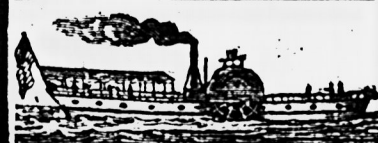
WEEKLY ALMANAC. Table with columns for Day, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H., M., and W. for days 17 through 23.

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly.—From the American Farmer. Flour, best white wheat, \$7 50—H'd st. Superfine \$7 25—fine do. \$6 75—Wharf do. \$7 to 7 12 1/2—Wheat, white \$1 55 to 1 60—Red do \$1 50 to 1 55—Rye 75 to 78 cts. Corn 61 to 63 cts.—Country Oats, 55 to 62 1/2 cts.—Beef, 8 cents per pound—Live cattle, \$6 to \$8 50 per ewt.—Bacon, round, 8 to 9 cents—Pork \$5 50 to 5 50 per ctb.—5 to 8 cents per lb.—Butter, 5 to 6 cts per lb.—Eggs \$1 37 1/2 to 1 50—Pean, black-eyed, 55 to 60 cts.—Red Clover seed, \$6—Timothy seed \$4 50—Flax Seed 75 to 80 cts.—Whiskey from the waggon, 32 to 35 cts. per gal.—Apple brandy, 30 to 32 cts.—Peach do. 65 to 70 cts.—Shad, none in market—Herrings, No. 1, \$3 62 1/2 per bbl—No. 2, \$3 37 1/2—Fine salt 80 to 90 cts per bush Coarse, do. 75.

MARYLAND TOBACCO.—Ten hogheads of fine red Patuxent tobacco sold on Friday at \$4 1-2 and 11 1-2 per hundred

To the Voters OF ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY. Fellow-Citizens, I have the honor to inform you that I have been appointed to represent you in the next General Assembly of Maryland, and pledge myself if elected, to support all honourable republican measures.



The Steam Boat MARYLAND.

Commenced her regular routes on Saturday the 8th of March, at 8 o'clock A. M. from Commerce street wharf for Annapolis and Easton, leaving Annapolis at half past 12 o'clock for Easton, and on Sunday the 9th, will leave Easton by way of Todd's Point the same hour, for Annapolis and Baltimore, leaving Annapolis at half past 2 o'clock, and continue to leave the above places as follows:—Commerce street wharf, Baltimore, on Wednesday and Saturday, and Easton on Sundays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock, till the first of November, and then leave the above places one hour sooner, so as to arrive before dark. Persons wishing to go from Easton to Oxford can be landed for fifty cents each, the same from Oxford to Easton. Passengers wishing to proceed to Philadelphia will be put on board the Union Line of steam-boats in the Patuxent river, and arrive there by 9 o'clock the next morning.

The Maryland commenced her route from Baltimore to Queen's-town & Chester town, on Monday, the 10th day of March, leaving Commerce street wharf at 9 o'clock every Monday, and Chester town every Tuesday at the same hour for Queen's-town & Baltimore during the season.—Horses and carriages will be taken on board from either of the above places.—All baggage at the risk of the owners.

All persons expecting small packages, or other freight, will send for them when the boat arrives, pay freight and take them away.

CLEMENT WALKERS. March 13

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of five writs of fi. fa. issued by Gideon White, Esq. a justice of the peace for Anne Arundel county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, on Saturday the 30th day of March, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the residence of Augustine Gambrell, said county, the following property, to-wit:—A Negro Woman named Sarah, and a Negro Boy named Madison. Seized and taken as the property of said Gambrell, at the suit of W. Bryan, & Co. Mark Graf. Wm. Johnson, N. J. Watkins, and Wm. Brewer.

WALTER CROSS, Constable. April 10.

CAUTION.

All persons whatever are forewarned hunting with dog or gun, or otherwise trespassing on THE PRESIDENT, formerly Horn Point Farm, particularly taking any wood or making fires on the shores, as the law will be rigidly enforced against offenders, without respect to persons.

GEORGE BARBER. Dec. 18

PRINTING OF every description, neatly executed at this Office.

Notice is hereby given.

That the subscribers have obtained from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration on the personal estate of Thomas Worthington, late of the county aforesaid, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to bring in their claims legally authenticated, and those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nichs. Worthington, of Thos. Brice I. G. Worthington, Administrators. April 3, 1833.

CALVERT COUNTY COURT.

On application of Robert H. Dossey, of Calvert county, to the Judges of Calvert county court, by petition in writing, praying the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry Insolvent Debtors, passed at November session eighteen hundred & five, on the terms mentioned in the said act, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, as directed by the said act, being annexed to his petition, and the said county court being satisfied by competent testimony, that the said Robert H. Dossey has resided the two preceding years within the State of Maryland, it is thereupon ordered and adjudged by the said court, that the said Robert H. Dossey give notice to his creditors of his intention to apply to the next county court to be held at Prince Frederick town in the said county, on the second Monday of May next, for a discharge from his debts, and to warn his said creditors to appear before the said Judges on the day, and at the place aforesaid, (to show cause, if any they have,) why the said Robert H. Dossey should not be discharged agreeably to his said petition, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in the Maryland Gazette four successive weeks, and also by causing copies of the said order to be set up at the court house and church doors of the said county, two months previous to the sitting of the said next county court. Signed by order of court.

Test William S. Morrell, Clerk of Calvert County Court.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of several writs of fieri facias issued by Gideon White, Esq. a justice of the peace for Anne Arundel county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on Friday the 25th inst at Dr. Hammond's farm on the north side of Severn, A quantity of Tobacco, two Horses, three barrels of Corn, one Ox Cart, a stack of Oats in the straw, one hoghead of Cats and a Negro Woman Taken under executions against Rezin Hammond, William Hammond and Nancy Sewell, at suits of Wm. Keyser, Thos. Watkins and Samuel Redgrave Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.—Terms Cash. WALTER CROSS, Constable. April 3.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of Charles county court, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, on Saturday the 26th April next, at 12 o'clock, for cash, one Frame House and Lot, situate in the city of Annapolis, fronting on Duke of Gloucester street, adjoining the property of Mr. G. I. Grammer on one side, and Mr. J. Hughes on the other side, and at present occupied by Joseph Mathews a coloured man. Seized and taken as the property of William Coomes, at the suit of John Furgusson, John B. Willis, John Edelen, and William Thompson, surviving obligees of Edelen, Thompson, & Co. O'HARA, Shff. April 3.



The Full Blooded Horse OSCAR JUNIOR.

Will stand at the farm of Mr. Richard Harwood, (of Thos.) on Beard's Creek, South River, at the moderate price of Six Dollars each Mare. If paid before the first day of October, Five Dollars will be received. He is a chestnut sorrel, of fine figure. His sire OSCAR, his dam SIXTIX to Dr. Edelen, the celebrated mare FLORETTA.

Corn, Wheat, Rye or Oats, will be taken at the current price. CLEMENT WEEDEN, Manager. March 18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. What was the Past? (was but an airy dream, A fleeting vapour, or an empty shade! Yet how we ponder on each transient scene Where Hope's bright smile its earliest charm display'd;

And ev'ning there fond Memory would evade Those darksome seasons of untimely woe Which oft our brightest, fairest schemes invade; To teach how vain are all things here below, And for a better world with ardent zeal to glow!

From the (Lon.) New Monthly Magazine. THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAEL'S. It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial place, which, from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within the walls.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains, within, still unobscured by death from their original form.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear to have been of a pious gentleman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the streets of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands the very first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure—Her sallow cheeks yield him larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face "the Old Nun."

Death as has been often observed, is a rough Radical, and levels all distinctions. It is so in this place.—Beside the Nun there sleeps, not a venerable abess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic young felon of the 17th century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of Saint Michael's vaults. This was about one hundred and thirty years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative power of the vaults of St. Michael's was long attributed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground, but modern philosophy has unwisely, but miraculously explaining, on chemical principles, the cause of the phenomenon:—Water is a sure decayer of your 000000 dead body." The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonate of lime and argillaceous earth—a compound that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp. The consequence is, that animal matter exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chemical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains for a length of time its external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance, that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses which is fastened up, is the burial place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendant assured us that it was more than a year since any one had entered the place—He inserted a taper within the grating to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Sheares rest.

I had seen the catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself in the vaults of St. Michael's. In the catacombs, the eye or the heart finds nothing individual to rest upon; your sympathy is dispersed over myriads of anonymous skulls and thigh bones, and there fantastically arranged into melodramatic combinations, as if the Greces had any business under ground, and after death has picked us to the bone, our skeletons must be broken up, and shuffled into attitudes conforming to the immutable principles of Parisian taste. I could have heaved a sigh, while promending between those neatly trimmed hedge-rows of human bones. I thought of, and pitied the workmen more than the materials. But at St. Michael's I felt that I was really in a sepulchre, and surrounded by the dead. The very absence of neatness in their distribution, and of respectful observance towards them, was a source of instructive reflection, by forewarning me of my cessation of personal importance, when I shall cease to breathe. Every kick the keston gave a chance skull or two that stopped the way, had its moral; it was as good as the festive usage in old Egypt, of handing round an image of death from guest to guest, to the words of "Drink and be merry, for such you shall be!"

In the absence of such a custom now, I know of nothing more calculated to bring down the pride of any one that piques himself too much upon his flesh, than an occasional conversation in a church yard with a sexton or grave digger, on the subject of their trade. It is very well as long as a man has a certain allowance of mind and muscles at his disposal, and can strind and talk; look big, and hum fragments of bravuras, and be so now and then in tandem, and resort to the other methods of commanding some deference to his personal identity; but when once this important personage becomes motionless, cold and tongue tied, & unable to remonstrate, is seized by the undertaker, and as the Irish phrase is, is put to bed with a shovel; farewell human respect—out of sight, out of mind; his epitaph, if he has left assets to buy one, may for a while, keep up a little bustle about his name, but a short dialogue with a sexton of aftertimes, over the scattered fragments of his existence, will afford a pretty accurate measure of the degree of real significance into which he has subsided. This is mortifying; but is among the sources of our highest interest. Certainly it is natural that we should look to some future compensation for our minds, in return for the many insults their vile companions are sure to suffer when they are left to protect them; it were an intolerable prospect otherwise. To day to be active, happy and ambitious, conscious of being made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, and to morrow to be flung as useless lumber into a hole, and in process of time to be buffeted by grave diggers, and shovelled up to make way for new comers, without a friendly moralizer to pronounce an "Ales, poor Yorick!" over our chop-fallen cranial—or perhaps (what is still more humiliating in a posthumous point of view,) to be perurbed by resurrection men, and hung up in dissecting rooms as models of osteology for the instruction of surgeon's mates, for his Majesty's navy—the thoughts of all this would gall, as well it might, our vanity to the quick, were it not that Religion, assured of a retribution, can smile at these indignities, and discover, in every rude shaft that may be given to our dishonoured bones, a further argument for the immortality of the soul.

which memories the tribute of some tears, which, even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to shed in a less privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes that he mentioned have been already published—Two or three that interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befell him. His doom was fixed several years before his death. It was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms, but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the least so for the political enthusiasm which he had assumed. He had been repelled another I have heard of, she was assisted, in the uniform of the national guard, the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the perils of the means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland, full of her image, and I suspect not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing, but of this and all his other hopes, he was disappointed. He returned to his native land, and pointed to his remains the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied: "When I was at Paris, during the short space of Amiens, I asked the same question, but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution."

"John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into revolutionary causes, from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator; of this I know to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an United Irishman, (it was towards the close of the year 1797) he was presented at the election for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion; a tradesman, who resided in or near the vicinity, hearing the shouts, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause.

The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened; Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he would save his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eye on Sheares and said, "Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics; you have not nerves, sir, for the business you have engaged in." But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example prevailed. When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in his conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited Jtem in prison to receive instructions for the defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice, to reveal all that he knew, with the exception of names; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the government would consent to spare his brother."

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The New England Galaxy gives the following short narrative of the life of David Gray, who lately applied to the Legislature of Massachusetts to compensate him for his revolutionary services. It seems the member of the legislature, who presented the petition, did not say, David Gray was the Harvard Birch of the American novel called the Spy, but merely that his adventures were so similar as well to justify the belief that he might possibly have stood as the original to that well drawn character. "We have obtained a short account of the history of Mr. Gray. He was born in Lenox, in this state, served under Colonel Allen at Ticonderoga in 1775, on which occasion he received a small present from Col. Allen, on account of the gallantry he had manifested; was in different regiments, actively engaged in service till 1777, when he entered the first regiment of Massachusetts, commanded by Col. Vose. He continued in this regiment till the year 1780, for his services in that house of representatives, on the occasion above mentioned, allowed him his full pay. On the second of January, 1780, he was transferred by superior orders, to the quarter master's department; and it is at this time that his adventures begin. On account of the intelligence he displayed in detecting a line of Tories and royalists, which extended from Canada to New York, he was made known to General Washington, and employed by him in secret service. For this purpose he was furnished, with a pass, authorising the bearer to pass all lines and outposts whatever of the American army; and also with a captain's commission. Gray went to Connecticut and Long Island, was introduced as a trusty and useful person, to Colonel Robinson, at that time at the head of the loyalists, known by the name of the American Legion; and was employed by him to carry letters to loyalists in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut. Gray first delivered these letters to the commander in chief of the American army, and then by his directions, he carried them to their proper addressees. He was employed in this kind of service. He was afterwards employed by General Clinton, and was sent by him to Canada with despatches; upon which occasion he made himself very useful to the American commander. He continued in this capacity of a double Spy, assuming various disguises and adopting various pretences, both to conceal his American pretensions, and the despatches he occasionally carried from both parties, till September 1781, when he was sent to New London in Connecticut, to inform Col. Lovell, that if the wind was favourable, Arnold would attempt to land there the next morning. Arnold accordingly appeared, and the Fort in which Gray was stationed having been taken by the British, he had just time to escape, leaving his papers in the hands of the American commanding officer. This was the end of his services as a spy. At the disbarring of the army he settled and married in Pennsylvania, and as lived there and in Vermont to this time."

THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY GIVES THE FOLLOWING SHORT NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF DAVID GRAY, WHO LATELY APPLIED TO THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETT TO COMPENSATE HIM FOR HIS REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES. IT SEEMS THE MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE, WHO PRESENTED THE PETITION, DID NOT SAY, DAVID GRAY WAS THE HARVARD BIRCH OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL CALLED THE SPY, BUT MERELY THAT HIS ADVENTURES WERE SO SIMILAR AS WELL TO JUSTIFY THE BELIEF THAT HE MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE STOOD AS THE ORIGINAL TO THAT WELL DRAWN CHARACTER. "WE HAVE OBTAINED A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF MR. GRAY. HE WAS BORN IN LENOX, IN THIS STATE, SERVED UNDER COLONEL ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA IN 1775, ON WHICH OCCASION HE RECEIVED A SMALL PRESENT FROM COL. ALLEN, ON ACCOUNT OF THE GALLANTRY HE HAD MANIFESTED; WAS IN DIFFERENT REGIMENTS, ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN SERVICE TILL 1777, WHEN HE ENTERED THE FIRST REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, COMMANDED BY COL. VOSE. HE CONTINUED IN THIS REGIMENT TILL THE YEAR 1780, FOR HIS SERVICES IN THAT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ON THE OCCASION ABOVE MENTIONED, ALLOWED HIM HIS FULL PAY. ON THE SECOND OF JANUARY, 1780, HE WAS TRANSFERRED BY SUPERIOR ORDERS, TO THE QUARTER MASTER'S DEPARTMENT; AND IT IS AT THIS TIME THAT HIS ADVENTURES BEGIN. ON ACCOUNT OF THE INTELLIGENCE HE DISPLAYED IN DETECTING A LINE OF TORIES AND ROYALISTS, WHICH EXTENDED FROM CANADA TO NEW YORK, HE WAS MADE KNOWN TO GENERAL WASHINGTON, AND EMPLOYED BY HIM IN SECRET SERVICE. FOR THIS PURPOSE HE WAS FURNISHED, WITH A PASS, AUTHORIZING THE BEARER TO PASS ALL LINES AND OUTPOSTS WHATEVER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY; AND ALSO WITH A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION. GRAY WENT TO CONNECTICUT AND LONG ISLAND, WAS INTRODUCED AS A TRUSTY AND USEFUL PERSON, TO COLONEL ROBINSON, AT THAT TIME AT THE HEAD OF THE LOYALISTS, KNOWN BY THE NAME OF THE AMERICAN LEGION; AND WAS EMPLOYED BY HIM TO CARRY LETTERS TO LOYALISTS IN NEW YORK, VERMONT, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND CONNECTICUT. GRAY FIRST DELIVERED THESE LETTERS TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, AND THEN BY HIS DIRECTIONS, HE CARRIED THEM TO THEIR PROPER ADDRESSEES. HE WAS EMPLOYED IN THIS KIND OF SERVICE. HE WAS AFTERWARDS EMPLOYED BY GENERAL CLINTON, AND WAS SENT BY HIM TO CANADA WITH DESPATCHES; UPON WHICH OCCASION HE MADE HIMSELF VERY USEFUL TO THE AMERICAN COMMANDER. HE CONTINUED IN THIS CAPACITY OF A DOUBLE SPY, ASSUMING VARIOUS DISGUISES AND ADOPTING VARIOUS PRETENCES, BOTH TO CONCEAL HIS AMERICAN PRETENSIONS, AND THE DESPATCHES HE OCCASIONALLY CARRIED FROM BOTH PARTIES, TILL SEPTEMBER 1781, WHEN HE WAS SENT TO NEW LONDON IN CONNECTICUT, TO INFORM COL. LOVELL, THAT IF THE WIND WAS FAVOURABLE, ARNOLD WOULD ATTEMPT TO LAND THERE THE NEXT MORNING. ARNOLD ACCORDINGLY APPEARED, AND THE FORT IN WHICH GRAY WAS STATIONED HAVING BEEN TAKEN BY THE BRITISH, HE HAD JUST TIME TO ESCAPE, LEAVING HIS PAPERS IN THE HANDS OF THE AMERICAN COMMANDING OFFICER. THIS WAS THE END OF HIS SERVICES AS A SPY. AT THE DISBARRING OF THE ARMY HE SETTLED AND MARRIED IN PENNSYLVANIA, AND AS LIVED THERE AND IN VERMONT TO THIS TIME."

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