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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

Table with columns for dates (1 Thursday to 7 Wednesday) and corresponding numbers (1 to 7).

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 12 1/2—Wheat, white \$1 55 to 1 60—Red do \$1 50 to 1 55—Rye 80 cts.—Corn 60 to 65 cts.—Country Oats, 50 to 55 cts.—Beef, 8 cents per pound—Live cattle, 60 to 65 cts per cwt.—Hogs, round, 8 to 9 cents—Pork \$4 50 to 5 50 per cwt.—Eggs \$1 37 1/2 to 1 50—Peas, black eyed, 55 to 60 cts.—Red Clover seed, \$3—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 60 to 90 cts. per bush. Coarse, do. 75.

The Commissioners of the Tax for Anne Arundel County, will meet on Wednesday the 23d day of April next, for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers. By order, R. J. Cowman, Clk.

The President and Directors of the Farmers Bank of Maryland, have declared a dividend of three per cent. on the stock of the said Bank, for six months ending on the 31st instant, and payable on or after the first Monday of April next, to stockholders on the western shore at the Bank at Annapolis; 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.

State of Maryland, sc. Anne Arundel County Orphans Court, March 25th, 1853. On application by petition of Elizabeth Murdoch, administratrix of Gilbert Murdoch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of six successive weeks in the Maryland Gazette.

THOS. H. HALL, Reg. Wills A. A. County. Notice is hereby Given, That the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Gilbert Murdoch, late of Anne Arundel county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 25th day of Sept. next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of March, 1853. ELIZABETH MURDOCH, Administratrix.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of Anne Arundel county court, and to be executed, will be exposed to public sale, on Thursday the 1st day of May next, at Mr. James Hunter's tavern in Annapolis, one undivided fifth part of a parcel of land, being part of a tract called "John and Mary's Chance," containing 100 acres more or less, late the property of John A. O'Keilly, seized and taken at the suit of Patrick H. O'Keilly—Sale to commence at 12 o'clock. Terms cash. William O'Hara, Sheriff. April 10.

In Council, February 1853. The levy courts of the several counties of this state will take notice, that by the 4th section of the act, entitled, "An act to provide a revenue for the support of the government of this state," chapter 139, passed at December session, 1852, they are directed to meet on or before the first Monday in May next, to levy the sums directed by the said act to raise a revenue for the support of the government of this state.—This notice being given by direction of the Legislature. By order, NINIAN PINKNEY, CLK.

To be published in all the papers of this state twice a week until the first Monday in May next. March 13.

An excellent Assortment of Spring & Fancy Goods Has just been received from Philadelphia, and are offered at a small advance on cost, for Cash. Also, TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEE, best FAMILY FLOUR, &c. &c. RICHARD RIDGELY, April 10.

State of Maryland, sc. Anne Arundel County Orphans Court, April, 22d, 1853. On application by petition of Robert Welch and Samuel Armiger, administrators of Caleb Crane late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks in the Maryland Gazette. THOMAS H. HALL, Reg. Wills. A. A. County.

Notice is hereby Given, That the subscribers of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Caleb Crane, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at or before the 22d day of October next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate Given under our hands this 22d day of April, 1853. ROBERT WELCH, Admrs. SAMUEL ARMIGER, Admrs. April 24.

Philadelphia Bargains. An excellent Assortment of Spring & Fancy Goods Has just been received from Philadelphia, and are offered at a small advance on cost, for Cash. Also, TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEE, best FAMILY FLOUR, &c. &c. RICHARD RIDGELY, April 10.



The Steam Boat MARYLAND.

Commenced her regular routes on Saturday the 6th 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 Wednesdays and Saturdays, 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 Patapsco 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 their way. CLEMENT WICKARS, March 13.

GROCERIES. HAHNE, HOLLAND & Co.

At the store formerly occupied by Messrs. George & John Barber, at the head of the dock, and near the Market house, will sell Groceries for CASH, of the best quality, at the prices annexed, viz.

Cognac Brandy, per gallon, \$2 00 Old Accomac Peach do. 1 00 Holland Gin. 1 25 American do. 0 75 Jamaica Spirit, 1 50 Old Rye Whiskey, 0 75 Common do, 0 40 N. E. Rum, 0 50

DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND.

Shaw & Gambrell, ANNAPOLIS, Propose to Publish by Subscription, THE DECISIONS OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND, To be Reported by Thomas Harris, Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Reverdy Johnson, Esquire, Attorney at Law.

These Decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports already published by Messrs Harris and Johnson, which closes with the year 1850. It is proposed to publish the Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and four numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. This mode of publication, it is conceived, possesses advantages which give it a decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in bulky volumes. It ensures the earlier publication of the Reports, and as not more than four numbers will be published in a year, the expense will not be so sensibly felt.

SUGARS. THOS. H. HALL, Reg. Wills A. A. County.

Refined Sugar, per lb. 0 18 Lump do. 0 16 Best brown do. 0 12 1/2 Second quality do. 0 10

TEAS. Hyson, at 1 25 Young Hyson, 1 12 1/2 Hyson Skin, 0 75 Souchoing, 0 70

COFFEES. Best Coffee, 0 31 1/4 Second quality do. 0 28

CANDLES & SOAP. Sperm Candles, 0 40 Mould do. 0 20 Dipt do. 0 16 White Soap, 0 22 Brown do. 0 10

They have also for sale, Molasses, Chocolate, Havana Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Sallad Oil, Buck Wheat and Wheat Flour, Cheese, Lard, Bacon, Pork, Mackerel, Herrings, Allum, Ground Allum and Fine Salt, Raisins, Almonds, Crackers, Mace, Allspice, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Cloves, Ginger, Salt Petre, Pepper, Egg Blue, London and American Mustard, Starch, Barley, Rice, Powder, Shot, &c.

OIL & PAINTS. China, Glass, Queens Earthen and Stone.

H. H. & Co will receive COUNTRY PRODUCE, such as Corn, Oats, Meal, &c. in exchange for Groceries, if.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR SAVIOURS PASSION. Behold th' astonish'd sun starts back; No light his blacken'd beams display; Darkness his sable wing expands; And gloomy night invades the day; But yet though night maintains her reign, No planets sail along the skies, No moon, the lovely queen of night, No glorious constellations rise:

One dark, black, dismal gloom of clouds Broods o'er the earth from pole to pole; One face of horror spreads around, And veils the universal whole. See how the rending clouds divide! How forkly lightnings glaring fly! Hark! how the awful thunders roar, And rumble through the angry sky: The frighted rocks are burst in twain; The everlasting mountains shake; The yawning earth her bosom opens, And from their graves the dead awake. Ten thousand furious whirlwinds rage; Along the trembling ground they sweep; And swell from its immense abyss The surges of the howling deep. Thou darest why dost thou lash the shore? Ye furious winds! why do you roar? Why do the dead awake? Why this why do you shake? Why do the rocks divide? Why do the thunders shake the pole? Why do the volumed lightnings roll? Why art thou hid, thou sun, on high? Thou moon and stars, that fill the sky, Why is your pleasing light Involved in gloom and night?

See wonder! where the Lord of Life, The great Messiah's used with scorn! See how the trickling blood descends, They crown his sacred head with thorn! See with contempt he drag along, My King! my Saviour, and my God! O sight! inhuman sight of woe! His flesh is furrowed with the road And now, Of horror bearing scene! With nails they pierce his feet and hands, And innocence upon the cross, The executioner extends, Mark how his tender body writhes, To hearne he lifts his fainting eyes, Th' incarnate bows his blest head, And for his very murderer dies! For this, the dead awake! For this, the mountains shake! For this, the cheerful light Is veiled in gloomy night; For this, the rocks divide, For this, the wind and tide Resound against the shore; For this, the thunders roar; For this, the lightnings flame; For this, convulsions tear the universal frame.

From the Trenton Epitaphium THE STRANGER GUEST. But who, and what art thou, Of foreign garb, and tearful brow? The first time I visited Philadelphia was in the depth of an unusual cold winter, some fifteen or twenty years ago. The morning I left Albany, I recollect the weather was hazy, and there were some indications of a storm; these were at first disregarded, but I had not proceeded half a days journey before it began to snow; the wind arose from the northwest, and so intensely cold did the tempest come on, that I was glad to seek a shelter in a small hut, half hidden among the pine trees, and only discerned from the road by the thin column of smoke that ascended from the rude chimney which scarcely protruded itself through the roof. Humble as was this habitation, I was welcomed to share in the small comfort it afforded; and chose it as a refuge much rather than

"Bide the peltings of the pitiless storm" without. I was welcomed, I say, for I had a slight acquaintance with the Huberts; I knew them as a family once in affluent circumstances, but, by a fortune that was as impetrate as the mysteries of the tomb—a late, the secret history of which was locked up in their own bosoms, reduced to a far deeper poverty than the present knows, to a life of want and woe. Penury does not always touch the heart, and it was easy to read, in a single glance at the group that gathered round the blaze on that evening, that the bosom of the Huberts had felt deeper stabs than ever simple penury could give.

The cabin was rudely formed of logs from between which the clay plastering every here and there having fallen out left large crevices, and one single room was all the dwelling contained. The furniture consisted of a couple of benches, an old stand, a few wooden dishes. In none of these were to be seen the remains of that opulence of which I learned the Huberts once were the possessors, but it was found in their family attire, and they are still lingering about them. The old lady, though negligently dressed, had about her those touches of taste and refinement which cannot be perceived, and Ellen Hubert, though her cheeks were thin and pale, and her eyes heavy, perhaps with weeping, carried with her a grace of manner and expression, that reminded of a captive fairy in some desolate region.

She was young and fair, for sorrow as if proud of its victims, only adds a more delicate, and moving, and pathetic loveliness to beauty. As I gazed, first on her and then on a prettily cherub that stood beside her, a child of but three or four years, I read, I thought, with too great certainty, the cause of so much grief.

The violence of the storm increased, as the long afternoon wore cheerlessly away, and when the shades of the evening approached, I withdrew from the rude fire side, where nothing but frequent sighs broke the silence that had sealed up every tongue; for finding my attempts to lead the hostess or her daughter into conversation on the subject in which I felt most interest, vain, I sat so long silent that my bosom caught a portion of the disease, which was so evidently pressing upon them, and with a sad and heavy heart I took my seat at a window and looked out upon the forests, as they grew darker and more gloomy every

moment. The wind had died away, but the snow-powder fell in large and heavy flakes; the sky looked even more dense with clouds than before, and I was brooding over my fortune in being overtaken by such a storm in such a place, in the worst possible humour, when my eye caught the form of a traveller, who though well mounted on a large and beautiful steed, came slowly winding down the pathway from the road, evidently much fatigued with the journey he had made.

In better mood, I should have been overjoyed at the idea of other and more cheerful company than my present for the night, but, as I felt at the moment, I rather viewed the coming unknown as an intruder, a bout whom I was, at least, indifferent, and, without saying a word, I gazed at him as he alighted, and throwing the bridle over the neck of his animal, approached the door. A loud rap was the first intimation the family had of the coming of a new visitor. The stranger asked for permission to remain in the house through the night, adding that he should give them no trouble, as he was provided with provisions and a blanket, and would lay on the floor; the request was granted, and, having taken care of his horse, he entered the room, and without taking the least notice of any one, or saying a word, he sat himself down on the fire, snook the snow from his hat, and disengaged his hands, as in a deep and solemn thought.

All was silent as before; the pine fire burned rather dimly, and I could not clearly discern the features of the stranger, who, for at least an hour, sat fixed as a statue, in his position, without I believe, at all observing me, or being conscious of the existence of any being but himself and our hostess within the room; and I had fallen in half sleeping reverie when I was aroused by a deep and hollow groan, which issued from I knew not where. I shuddered, and drew nearer the fire. Mrs. Hubert, I observed, starting from her seat, and walked the floor rapidly, while Ellen convulsively clasped her arms around the babe that lay slumbering in her lap, and pressed her cheek to its forehead. The stranger remained motionless, but again some voice, as if from the bowels of the earth sent up that hollow groan. I could not determine whence it came, and dared not ask, so agitated did the two females seem to be at the repetition, but it caught the ear of the traveller, who slowly raised his head and asked, in a calm voice, "who is sick?"

"The old lady cried her husband," returned pale, as she endeavoured to imitate the sound and replied that she felt unwell. There was a mystery in all this that was observed by the stranger; he turned to me and repeated his question. I shook my head in silence, and he again rested his forehead on his hand. Again and again, in rapid succession, the noise was heard. It seemed to come from beneath the floor, and the stranger, as if electrified, started from his seat, and cried—"or God's sake, what means this? why, madam do not shudder—this mystery must be unveiled," then drawing forth his bosom a pistol, he seized, with the other hand, a blazing torch—"I will search the house," said he, "some thing is amiss here."—"Merciful heaven," screamed the elder lady, "we are undone—Undone!" we repeated in utter astonishment—"what means this?" The groaning continued, and Mrs. Hubert, falling upon the neck of her daughter, both were instantly dissolved in an agony of weeping.

Without noticing this, the stranger led the search, and, on examining the floor, some loose boards were discovered, which being removed, revealed a dark, cold, and stench, and from it as from a sepulchre, those sounds, almost too full of anguish to be human came; the stranger surveyed it, and then cautiously entered. On a couch of straw, at one corner of this dismal abode, we beheld a grey headed, ghastly figure, clothed in rags, and exhibiting the very image of human wretchedness, stretched out at length. He raised his dim eyes as the light approached him—"What, have you come at last!" said he, in a haggard tone—"well you are welcome—the grave will be no quiet, a less dreadful repose than this—I am Irvin Hubert," and he reached out his shrivelled hand to me: "you will not need cords," continued he—"the frame is all weakness and woe—I shall give you no trouble."

By this time Ellen and her mother had come down, and I noticed, for the first time, the signs of trepidation steal over the stern features of the stranger; he withdrew with a shudder, and left us with the old man alone. I assisted them in bringing him up to the fire, by which the stranger had again seated himself, in his usual sombre mood, where he laid him on the floor, while Ellen held his head and bathed his face with tears. It was a dreadful moment of inexplicable mystery; and, as that lovely girl kissed his wan and withered cheek while her utterance was choked with sobs, and Mrs. Hubert sat motionless by his feet, the stranger rose and paced the room with folded arms, and an eye that rolled awfully on all around.

He was now to me the most interesting object of the group. Though tall and robust, his figure was handsome; his eye was the keenest and most expressive I ever beheld, and his whole countenance, the appearance impressed on my mind an idea of determined boldness, decisive energy, and strength of frame and intellect which I had never imagined could have been combined in one individual. My eyes were riveted upon him; but what was my astonishment, when, suddenly his face brightened up as with a transport of delight, and approaching the weeping girl, he knelt and took her hand. "Ellen Hubert," said he, "do you know me! The afflicted girl had started at the touch, but now her fine eye met his. He smiled, and the exclamation—"Oh my Henry! my Henry! my Henry!" and fell upon his bosom.

It was as the meeting of lovers in another world! he was the husband of her youth. "You come from the grave," said Ellen, "or where have you been—do you really exist as I see you or am I wild?"—"My father, Hubert," replied he, "I left my father's house three years ago, when you recollect you was absent at F—,—strangely enough, I had got myself, & walking at midnight, discovered that the bandage had fallen off, and that it was bleeding very fast. I dressed,

and went to the river intending to bathe it, as it felt inflamed and painful, and while in the act, I was seized by a gang of robbers, robbed of my money, gagged, and sent on board a small sloop, from which I never escaped until I was landed on an Island in the West Indies, destitute of every thing. Here I was impressed on board a ship of war, and taken to the East Indies where I escaped; engaged in business, amply recovered my losses and returned a month ago, rich in property, to my native city; but judge of my despair when I heard that my father had been condemned as a murderer and that my family and wife were no more. Under these impressions, I wandered thus far in search of some rude spot of earth, where myself and my crazy mother might be buried for ever in obscurity. This is my history—the rest you know."

"And it was for murdering you that your father was accused and condemned," said Mrs. Hubert. "They brought witnesses who swore he had a violent disagreement with you on the evening you disappeared; your bed was found stained with blood, your room floor was covered with it, and from it traces of blood were discovered down to the water side. On this evidence, and some other slight circumstance, your father was found guilty and sentenced to death. He escaped from prison, and sought a refuge in his home; we abandoned property and friends, and that home for his better concealment, and here, for near three years, has been the almost constant tenant of the den from which you have just taken him?"

These are some of the outlines of one of the most extraordinary incidents I ever met with. I have only to add what will be anticipated; the character of Mr. Hubert, was restored to its original rank, and Henry and Ellen Hubert, one of the best of husbands and most affectionate of wives, live yet to enjoy the society of each other in affluent circumstances in peace and happiness.

SHEEP STEALING.

The following is related as a truth, as having actually taken place some years since, near New-Haven, in the state of Connecticut. A man in rather indigent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to his neighbour's (a wealthy farmer) sheepfold for relief. The neighbour, having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any, until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing—and counting his sheep found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight, he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a large ram, with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep—"Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheepstealer, "I am come to buy another sheep; have you any to sell?" Upon which, he replied himself, as in the person of the ram. "Yes, I have an uncommon one," says the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his own neighbours—"What will you take for that fat Wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replies Mr. Ram. "That is a high price," says the man; "but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him." "Well Mr. Ram," continues the honest sheep buyer, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this makes the fifth;" and then went on to count up the price of the whole, while the man, Mr. Ram, a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him a good night, took the Wether and led him home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, and as highly gratified as if he had received an ample pay for the whole.

A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbour was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, "I HAVE COME TO BUY MY FATHER." Under this line he fastened up the amount of the five sheep exactly as the neighbour had done, as before related; he then took the Ram to his neighbour's house, where he tied him near his door, and then went home.—When the neighbour arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised, to find a sheep tied to his own door; but 'tis beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the Old Ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the presence of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying up neatly in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

ANCIENT CURE FOR THE AGUE.

In Ashmole's Diary of his Life, is the following passage:—"1551, April 11, I took early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away. Deo gratias."

JEWISH ANECDOTE.

In a coffee house near Leadenhall street, where the Priest-leyan controversy became the topic of conversation, an Israelite, whose lungs merely were much too strong for his antagonist, after the former had retired, was pluming himself upon his prowess in defeating him, &c. and with an air of eclat asked another Israelite, "if he had not served the Philistine right?"—"Most certainly you have," replied he, "and if ever I have an engagement with any of them, I should be much obliged to you for your jaw-bone."

SPANISH PROVERBS.

Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.