

Lee's Corn Plaster... For removing and destroying corns. Price, 50 cents a packet. Lee's Lip Salve... Price 50 cts. a box.

Who have just received fresh supplies. Please to observe, what ever, and where ever you buy, none can be Lee's Genuine Family Medicines, without the signature of the proprietor.

Wanted to Purchase, A young negro man who understands taking care of horses, and can drive a carriage and wait at table; for such a one a reasonable price in cash will be given, likewise a boy from 10 to 14 years of age of good character is wanted. Enquire at this office.

Farmers Bank of Maryland, Annapolis, June 18th, 1823. In compliance with the charter of the Farmers Bank of Maryland, and with a supplement thereto establishing a branch thereof at Fredericktown, Notice is hereby given to the stockholders on the western shore, that an election will be held at the banking house in the city of Annapolis on the first Monday in August next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of choosing from among the stockholders sixteen directors for the bank at Annapolis, and nine directors for the branch bank at Fredericktown.

NOTICE. The creditors of the estate of Samuel Ward, are requested to meet on the 13th August next, at the office of James Boyle, Esq. in the city of Annapolis, when a dividend will be made of such assets as may then be in hand subject to distribution.

A CARD. LEWIS CARUSI, respectfully informs the citizens of Annapolis, that he has opened A Dancing School.

Land for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale that well known plantation called "Silver Stone," containing about 840 acres, late the property of Richard Wootton, deceased, lying at the mouth of Fishing Creek, Anne Arundel county, and bordering on the Chesapeake Bay.

NOTICE. All persons having claims against the late partnership of George & John Barber, which was dissolved by the death of the last mentioned partner, are hereby called on to present them for payment, and those who are indebted to the same, are requested to make payment without delay to Mr. Joseph Sands, senior, who is authorized to settle with them.

SHERIFFALTY. ROBERT WELCH, (of Ben.) Still continues to be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, for Anne Arundel county, and respectfully solicits the votes and interests of his fellow-citizens.

PRINTING. Of every description, neatly executed at this Office.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS. Price—Three Dollars per Annum.

WEEKLY ALMANAC. 1823—AUGUST. Sun Rise. Sun Sets. 7 Thursday 4 6 7 51 8 Friday 5 7 7 53 9 Saturday 5 8 6 52 10 Sunday 5 9 6 50 11 Monday 5 10 6 50 12 Tuesday 5 11 6 50 13 Wednesday 5 12 6 49

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT. Flour, best white-wheat, \$8—11 1/2 st. Superfine \$7 25—fine do. \$6 75—Wheat do. \$6 50—sales—New-Wheat, \$1 25 to 1 27—Red do. \$1 10 to 1 18—Rye 50 cts. Corn 30 to 37 cents—Country Oats, 31 cents.—Buckwheat, 50 per cent.—Bacon, live cattle, \$6 to \$8—Pork \$4—hog round, 10 dollars—Mutton, 5 to 6 cts per lb.—Bees \$1 37 1/2 to 1 50—Peas, black eyed, 55 to 60 cts.—Hed Cloverseed \$5 50—Timothy seed \$4 50—Flax Seed 75 to 80 cts.—Whiskey, from the waggon, 36 cents per gallon.—Apple brandy, 30 to 32 cts.—Peach do. 65 to 70 cts.—Shad, \$5 50, scarce.—Herrings, No 1, \$2 75 per bbl.—No. 2, \$2 50—Fine salt 60 to 65 cts. per bush. Coarse, do. 70.

Extra Fine Yellow, \$35—Fine do. \$18 to \$30—Fine Spangled and Red \$12 to \$18—good Red, 50 to \$10—common crop \$8 to \$9. Sales—Mr. John Graham, of Frederick county, sold 1 hhd. extra fine yellow at \$45 per hundred—55 hhd. raised by Thos. B. Crawford of Prince George's, say 28 Se gond average \$6 50—67 at \$18 3 8—30 hhd. very fine Patuxent \$10 to \$25, by different planters.

To the Voters OF THE CITY OF ANNAPOLIS. Fellow Citizens, The enquiry has been lately frequently made, whether it was my intention to be a candidate to represent the city. That all further conversation on this subject may be put to rest, this method is taken to inform the voters of Annapolis, that I am a candidate, and if elected and my life spared, shall use my best endeavours to represent them faithfully. And as there is no doubt but some of my opponents will use all sorts of means, and make efforts of all descriptions to prevent my election, I have to ask of my fellow citizens to be on their guard against erroneous representations, assuring them, that they will be met, (if made known) promptly and without fear of a canvass before the people collected. I shall take no unbecoming steps against those that are or that hereafter may be candidates. My purpose and pretensions have never been disguised, and will be steadily and fearlessly pursued. LEWIS DUVAL. June 9th 1823.



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 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 Patuxent River, and arrive there by 9 o'clock the next morning.

The Maryland commenced her route from Baltimore to Queen's-town and 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, excepting small packages, or other freight, will send for them when the boat arrives, pay freight and take them away.

CLEMENT VICKARS. SHERIFFALTY. ROBERT WELCH, (of Ben.) Still continues to be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, for Anne Arundel county, and respectfully solicits the votes and interests of his fellow-citizens.

SAMUEL STEVENS, JUN. Governor of the State of Maryland, A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It appeareth unto me by an Inquisition taken before Henry Howard Esquire, a Justice of the Peace for Montgomery county, that a nefarious murder was committed, on the person of Nathan Musgrove, a respectable and aged citizen of said county, by a certain Alexander J. Duvall, on the 5th of July instant, who has fled from justice, which Inquisition hath been returned to me, accompanied by a memorial of sundry respectable persons, inhabitants of Montgomery county, praying their reposition of the government. And whereas, the quiet and security of the state depend on the vigilance of the constituted authorities in causing the laws against such enormity to be duly executed, I have therefore thought it proper to issue this proclamation, hereby requiring and exhorting all civil officers and other good citizens of the state of Maryland to use every exertion in their power to arrest and secure the said Alexander J. Duvall, and I do further by and with the advice and consent of the council offer a reward of two hundred dollars, to whoever shall apprehend and deliver the said Alexander J. Duvall, to the sheriff of Montgomery county. Given in council at the city of Annapolis, under my hand and the seal of the state of Maryland, this 25th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three.

SAMUEL STEVENS, Jr. By his Excellency's command, NINIAN PINKNEY, Clerk of the Council.

DESCRIPTION OF ALEXANDER J. DUVAL. Alexander J. Duvall is a spare well looking man, with a lump on his under lip, occasioned from a bite, dark hair and complexion, and smiling countenance, about 26 years of age, five feet seven inches high, and tond of drink.

Ordered, That the foregoing proclamation be published eight times in the Maryland Republican and Maryland Gazette, in Annapolis; Patriot, American and Federal Gazette at Baltimore; the Examiner at Fredericktown; Grievous and Herbert's paper at Hager's Town; the National Intelligence; the Bond of Union at Belle Air, and the Star at Easton.

NINIAN PINKNEY.

FEMALE ACADEMY & BOARDING SCHOOL. The subscriber begs leave to inform the public, that he has made arrangements with Mrs. Alexander of this place, for the reception of female boarders, intended to be entrusted to his instruction. He is convinced that every attention will there be bestowed, as well to their moral and intellectual improvement, as to their comfort and society. The vicinity of Mrs. A's house to his school-room, will render constant attendance perfectly convenient at every season. The price of board is 160 dollars per annum.

Besides the usual course of female education, the young ladies receive at this academy instruction in History, the use of the Globes, French, German or Latin, Mythology and Moral Philosophy. The different branches are attentively taught, and the study of History is accompanied with Geographical illustrations on maps of the ancient or modern atlas. The higher class of his pupils are carried through a series of reading of English poets. These they are taught to analyze critically, to point out the beauties or defects in diction and sentiment, and to explain every historical or mythological allusion. This practice is intended to habituate their minds to an acute investigation of all they read, which will doubtless prove beneficial in after life.

The terms of tuition are the following:—per quarter. For pupils not sufficiently advanced to study English Grammar, \$6 00 For E. Grammar, Geogra phy, Globes, &c \$10 00 For each of the languages an extra charge of \$5 00 The payment is to be made quarterly in advance, and no pupil can be entered for less than one year.

C. T. FLUSSER. Annapolis, July 17, 1823. N. B. Private instructions will be given to ladies or gentlemen in any of the above branches.

SHERIFFALTY. ROBERT WELCH, (of Ben.) Still continues to be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, for Anne Arundel county, and respectfully solicits the votes and interests of his fellow-citizens.

MISCELLANEOUS

From Blackwood's Magazine. THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY MAN'S EAR. There is a tongue in every man's ear, and a voice in every man's heart. A voice that speaketh every where, in the blood and fire, through earth and air; a tongue that speaketh still! 'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused.

I feel Him in the silent dew, In that soft south wind, the breath of flowers, The sunshine, and the shade, And yet (ungrateful that I am!) I've turned to sullen mood From all these things, whereof He said, When the great whole was finished, 'That they were 'very good.'

My sadness on the loveliest things Fell like unwholesome dew— The darkness that encompass'd me, The gloom I felt so palpably, Mine own dark spirit threw.

Translation of the 23d Ode of the 1st Book HORACE. TO CHLOE. You shun me, Chloe, like the hind Who seeks her dam on mountains roving And tremble at the passing wind, Or even if a leaf is moving.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF. It is now many years since a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at a hotel in that city, she dined at the table d'hotel, and generally spent a part of the evening in the public room. This youthful widow whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of person, whom the men all adore and the women abuse; the former declared she was the loveliest, the most bewitching of creatures; the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim to beauty. Whatever were her claims however, one thing is certain—the coldest hearts found her irresistible.

Her slight but finely rounded form, though too petite for dignity, was a model of grace; her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expression of her sparkling eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had been only a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table; he was struck at the first glance with her charms, and being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a table d'hotel; he complimented her, and she replied with a cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expression of her sparkling eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility.

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disposed to mankind. So you see madam, I have nothing left for it but to smother myself in this year; and opening his snuff box, he took a pinch, and presented it to her. 'Thoroughly provoked at what she could not pardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room: "Nay, madam," cried Milborne, starting up, "you must not go in anger; I am not angry sir," cried the lady, then trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of.—"You forgive me, madam?"—"Yes, replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world. "Very well then; to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff."

At these words, the widow's patience and temper forsok her; she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present, advanced and one of them, Comte de St. Pierre, Milborne in a haughty tone, what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire; he replied in a tone of defiance, which lightened Madame Dorval's She endeavoured to stifle the dispute, protesting that she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot headed to be so easily pacified; they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height, that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; at that time, the great rumouring on the subject, which was no great affair, two men who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far from their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impetuosity of risking their own, and seeking each other's life.

Both perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted; but it was then, according to the notions of false honour so prevalent among mankind, too late. They retired to their respective apartments. Milborne wrote two or three letters, and began to pace his room, deeply engaged in rumination on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied he smelt fire, he threw open the door of his chamber and beheld the stair case enveloped in smoke. He first thought of others, he ran to the different apartments, vociferating "Fire!" In a few moments every body in the house was alarmed, all hastened to escape, and Milborne, on going down stairs, found the greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw, was his antagonist, "My God!" cried the Englishman at sight of him, "where is madame?" They looked eagerly around; she was not to be seen. "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the landlord, "she must be lost—see her chamber is on fire."

"A ladder, quickly," cried Milborne—"We have not one, and if we had, it would be of no use; you would perish without being able to save her." "I will try, however," cried Milborne, and heak from his antagonist, who, shocked at the sudden death to which he seemed devoted himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

"He will be lost!" exclaimed the bystanders. "No, no!" cried Comte de St. Pierre, "Providence will not suffer him to perish;" and he hastened in search of a ladder, which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it: in a few moments it was reared against the windows at which Milborne was seen with madam in his arms. "I will save her," cried the Englishman fervently, as he descended with his lovely burden, whom terror had deprived of her senses. "God be praised!" was echoed by all present with a feeling of mingled joy and terror as they saw the floor of her apartment fall in with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed; he wrapped her in a blanket, and so saved her from being burnt; but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women, and it being by this time ascertained that no lives were lost, Milborne and Comte hastened to convey her to a new lodging. She was at that moment hardly capable of speaking, but she begged to see her preserver in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning, Milborne waited up on the widow. "Ah! my preserver," cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, "what shall I say to you, how can I thank you? how can I ever repay?" "Repay! nonsense—take a pinch of snuff," cried Milborne in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotions the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe this time she did not refuse. "Don't you find it excellent?" cried Milborne. "Yes, excellent indeed," replied she, when the fit of sneezing which it occasioned had subsided. "I thought," said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, "that you could not fail to like it; if once you could be prevailed on to taste it; but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction; you shall try them all."

The widow would perhaps rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude, but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a very few days Milborne found that his penchant was to be superseded by another penchant: in short the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations, which even his favourite amusement of snuff taking could not dissipate. One day while he was sitting with her, he suddenly fell into a fit of abstraction; and his box which he held open in his hand dropped upon the floor. "How unlucky! you have spilled all your snuff," cried Madame Dorval, stooping to pick up the box. "Never mind," gently whispering her hand she presented it to him; "snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every ail."

"Indeed!" cried the widow archly, "and pray when did you discover that?" "Not till to day; I have taken three times my usual quantity, in order to put you out of my head; but I can't see clearly there is only one way to manage that matter satisfactorily: I must either marry you, or run

away from you. Now my dear madam, which shall I do?" "Run away to be sure," cried the widow, but what signifies that a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue? Milborne trusted to the former, and he was right; he pressed his suit with ardour; and all explanations took place. The Englishman was a rich, whimsical, but noble minded being; the widow was virtuous and well born; but comparatively poor. No obstacles opposed a union, which they mutually desired. In the space of two years after the event, the attentions of the beautiful widow occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt enuil, and we are assured that he snuff box was discarded.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Inside Out, or an Interior View of the New-York State Prison, together with Biographical Sketches of the lives of several of the Convicts. By One who knows." A work bearing this title and written by one who has been many months released from the walls, which, for the information and curiosity of the public, he now proposes to turn "inside out"—on paper—is now in press in this city, and will be published in a few days. We have been favoured with the perusal of somewhat more than one hundred pages, and if we are not much mistaken, it will be a work that will make a good deal of noise, and attract much attention. It is written in a style more forcible and pungent than elegant, and is frequently sharp as caustic.

The author in his preface says:—"In compiling the following pages, it becomes me to state, that I have not been actuated by a non-sensical rage for literary fame. Public utility has been essentially my aim; and if my attempt is not completely unsuccessful, the patronage of the public will follow my endeavours, and the interests of my family will be particularly subserved."

"These are not the laudable declarations of a dying thief, nor of a penitent murderer; nor are they the speculations of an ambitious politician. The glance of curiosity is directed to the subject, with a hope that it may be productive of benefit to the community. Should these sheets fall into the hands of one who has the least idea of committing crime—whose mind is vacillating between the endurance of a virtuous penury, and the tempting embraces of a wicked life, let the horrors which I have described weigh heavily upon his soul—let him pause ere he leaves the chrysalis threshold of virtue, for the desert region of soul-torturing vice."

Again, he says—"I know that inhumanity with its aspect of Heaven and its heart of Hell, will shout around my path, and discountenance my efforts, however radiant in purity, or exalted in truth. With many readers the acknowledged fact of my having written from experience, will serve as a tacit and unlimited license to the discovery of faults, of imperfections and of errors, which, in any other writer, would pass unnoticed. Some, startled at the mere name of the author, without opening the work, in the littlestness of their hearts, will superciliously condemn it. Others, rising from its cursory perusal, and arrogating to themselves the exclusive right of determining and appreciating its merit, will deem its suggestions as unparadoxical presumptuous. But the genuine philanthropist, trampling upon prejudice, and despising illiberality, will estimate aright its value and its worth."

The following quotations from the Introduction to the book, will give the reader an idea of the plan of it, and the object of the writer. After concisely reviewing the history, origin and progress of the penitentiary system in our country, he proceeds:—"I have given the reader a succinct history of the prison, with its abuses and defects, from actual experience and minute observation. And although it may be deemed

"a passing shade, as I am, Should censure thus," yet I have attempted to show the impossibility of promoting the interests of virtue, and of serving the cause of humanity, by the continuing or pursuing of a system of punishment that merely generates crime. I stray not myself against the learned men, who have written upon the subject of imprisonment and labour. I would merely be allowed to stand beneath the shade of humanity, and urge an humble opinion, the result of melancholy experience. I reverence the names of Bentham, of Pastoret, of Colquhoun, of Burgh and of Beccaria, as much as any man breathing. Their suggestions are fraught with learning, wisdom, and with genuine philanthropy.—Their conclusions were drawn from the storehouse of philosophy—I have gathered mine in the wretchedness of experience.—They wrote in favour of imprisonment and hard labour—I condemn as impolitic hard labour with imprisonment. Or rather, I condemn hard labour wherever it gives an opportunity to convicts of conversing, unrestrainedly, and thus corrupting each other, as they do in this prison. If it were possible to effect a prison with solitary dormitories, and to obtain virtuous and moral men to act as keepers, imprisonment and hard labour might in some degree, answer the views of its advocates. But even then it would be impracticable to pursue a variety of useful mechanical employments; the want of proper workmen to instruct the convicts would equally befall; and that reflection so necessary to the work of reformation in the mind of the convict, would entirely be lost in the din and hum of business.—Then convicts would find too many outward objects to divert their minds, to feel any inward woe on account of their crimes."

The work has been divided, and classed under several specific heads:—viz. Building, Officers, Convicts, Internal Punishments, Crimes, Sentences, Labour, Diet, Hospital, Pardons, and Prison Accounts. A general exhibit is given of the moral and financial state of the prison, which may be esteemed worthy of the reader's attention. No feelings have been respected, and no