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WEEKLY ALMANAC. 1823 - Nov. Table with columns for day, sun, moon, and other astronomical data.

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.

Flour, best white wheat, \$7 25 - Hd-d st. \$6 12 1/2 - fine do. \$6 12 1/2 - Wharf do. \$6 10 1/2 - White Wheat, \$1 15 to 1 20 - Red do \$1 10 to 1 15 - Rye 14 to 15 cts - Corn 42 cents - Wharf Oats 33 cts.

Maryland Tobacco. No sales - Kentucky 3 to 6 cents, and scarce.

MISCELLANEOUS

SCRIPTURAL HYMN.

Matthew, v. 28 - Romans vii - 1st John iii 15. How much my soul are they deceiv'd, Who think they've not transgressed, Excepting when the overt act, Of sin must stand confess'd!

THE FADED GARDEN.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers, Whose youth resorts - but come to me, For mine's a garden of faded flowers, That fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.

AUTUMN.

To those lovers of rural scenery who are of a serious, meditative cast, the present season of the year is peculiarly pleasing. 'Tis true, that it produces not that blithesome, joyous spirit, which is felt, whilst we behold and admire the expanding glories of spring; and that exhilarates in summer as we ramble through verdant meadows, or recline upon the grass-covered banks of some softly murmuring rivulet, or wander through the gay parterre, whose flowers disclose their beauties and exhale their fragrance - but it creates a kind of feeling, and leads to reflections, that are profitable; and after the mind is fitted to receive and weigh the truths it would inculcate, it ceases to be either painful or irksome to dwell upon its just and sober admonition.

the side and crowned the summit of a distant hill. The yellow leaves of the birch, the russet of the oak, the crimson of the maple, and the green of the spruce or pine, were intimately blended; it was, in fact, a perspective, which the pencil would vainly attempt to imitate as the pen to describe. But when I thought of the cause of this gorgeous scenery; when I reflected that vegetative life was hastening to its annual extinction; that what I saw was made thus beautiful by its death; that ere long the bleak winds of winter will sweep o'er a leafless and dreary forest; and that, even then, I saw evidence of its mutation in the seared leaves that a gentle motion of the air, whirled from their parent stems - I was almost awarily led to compare with what was witnessed, the circumstances which characterize the residence of man in the present world.

A little while since, I thought, and the withered leaves that are now fluttering before me, were hale and vigorous, and firm in their attachment to their native branches; but a few hours of frost has weakened this affinity, and now the fitful summons of each passing breeze, hurls them in myriads to the ground; there to decompose and mingle with their pristine elements. So it is with man; a transient sickness chills the warm current of his existence, wastes his strength, and ultimately unclasps the golden chain which binds his spirit to mortality, and casts to dust, ashes to ashes, witnesses that his body is restored to its parent earth; and soon it moulders back to its undistinguished origin. But the grave does not contain all that constituted the man; the soul, that which never dies, or decays, will still live, retain its vigour, and exist forever.

The unexpected sound of a bell roused me from the reverie into which I had fallen; I withdrew from the scene which had been the object of my contemplations; - and turning towards the street, beheld a large assemblage of the villagers; the melancholy crime again broke upon my ear - it was a funeral knell; and what I saw was a procession, conveying the visible remains of a husband, a friend, to the resting place - of ALL.

Al! thought I, is not this an ap comment upon the truths which I have been considering; a demonstration of the justness of the assertion: We all do fade as a leaf!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

His person is rather beneath the middle size, his countenance open, and he has an elevation of forehead, and fullness and tenderness of the eye, which my imagination could but regard as an appropriate seat of that pathos of religious feeling, which spreads through his poetry, in most attractive and endearing quality.

His manners are gentle and amiable, and his style of conversation is animated, seasoned with playful wit, and a great readiness in giving his thoughts the clothing of perspicuous and appropriate language. Montgomery is about 47 years of age. He has never been married. His father was a Moravian Preacher - who, as well as his mother, died in the West-India, while on a missionary journey among the poor ignorant blacks. James was educated at a school kept under the direction of that sincere and pious sect, in Yorkshire; where, during ten years of his early life, he remained secluded from the world, & where he doubtless received those convictions of the truth of the Christian Religion, which have diffused over his poetic inspirations, their moral tenderness and sublimity.

He is editor of the Sheffield Iris, a paper which tho' it is ranked with those in the opposition, maintains, in reality, a character quite independent of a settled hostility to the government; or of the controul of the party.

The Sailor and his Bible. - The Hospital at Marseilles, contains 325 patients, I found in it 3 or 4 American seamen, one of whom was intent upon his Bible; and he informed me with an expression of much satisfaction, that he was a member of the Marine Bible Society of New-York. Griscomb's Tour.

From the London Literary Gazette GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

'I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber too.' Sung old Joe Jennings, as he swirled round on his wooden plover, whilst bustling through the campical Jack-in-the-box gate at the east end of the Naval Asylum going into Greenwich Park - 'I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber too.'

And where did you leave your eye, Joe? - In the gut of Gibraltar. Well, Joe, you'll never see double again, so what do you say to another glass? Come let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn. No, no, thank ye all the same. No, no, thank ye. I'd rather not; for whilst I am spinning the yarn you would be winding me up, and then I should go reeling - it to my cabin, and catch the yellow fever. But where did you lose your leg, Joe? Why, I'll tell you all about it as soon as we come to an anchor under the trees. There, now you shall have it. Why, d'ye see, I lost my leg when I lent a hand to take the R - French 80, and warm work we had of it. A vast there, Joe, avast! you know it's all a fudge, said old Tom Pipes as he came hobbling up - You know it's all a fudge. Warn't you groggy? and didn't you jam your foot atwixt the shot locker and the combings, and capsize down the hatch - and now you want to persuade the gemman it was done in action. Aye, aye, Tom, you're always running foul of me - but no matter, you know better. Zounds! didn't you hold the step of my precious limb while the surgeon dock'd it and saw'd away the splinters? and arnt I got the shot in this hour? Yes, Joe, yes; but tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband; my scupper run over when I think of it, and do you lend me a lift if I should oreak down, though I don't much fear it. Why, d'ye see, sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, sir, he was brought up in a country village, and lov'd his wife when only a little girl, and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasure of that moment, when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was oblig'd to sail again. Oh! said Nancy, should you never return, what shall I do where shall I pass - where end my wretched days? His heart was too full to speak; - one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had doubtless meaning - Nancy felt it: 'There is a God, trust in him! or if not on earth, we meet in Heaven! Well sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy bro't into the world a dear pledge of affection - a lovely boy. But oh the agony of the mother as every day dragg'd on without intelligence from William! When she look'd at the sweet babe - was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it - I've shed tears over it many a time.

Well, Sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement and put aside the woodbine, beheld, delightful, yet agonising sight, her dear, her long mourn'd William, handcuff'd between two soldiers, while others, with their side arms drawn, seem'd fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seem'd ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. - Nancy forgot all, and clasp'd him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierc'd her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir, but 'tis a cruel practice, that of press-

The pensioners, when in disgrace, are compelled to wear a party coloured coat, in which yellow predominates. - En.

ing. Ah! I well remember it - though I always scerv'd my king, God bless him! Yet I've witness'd many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was press'd; - Nancy hasten'd into the cottage, and wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepar'd to accompany them. - Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh! it was a sad, sweet joy that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet Heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutor'd negro, he might have breath'd his last. She was black - she was a negro - but God searches the heart. He had procur'd, with much difficulty, a passage home. - The ship arriv'd; he set out, and walk'd many a weary mile, led on by love and cheer'd by hope, till the roof of his cottage appear'd in view. Here he sunk upon his knees, and pour'd forth his heart in trembling anxiety and fervent petition. A sailor can pray, sir, and it matters not, so it be right, whether it is in a matted pew at church, or swinging like a cat at the mast head. He arose, and with haster step reach'd the wicket, when - but I dare not repeat the story - I've told you already he was press'd. - Well, he was draft'd on board of us, and his dear Nancy permit'ted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side; they were viewing with admiration and delight, the beautiful scenery display'd by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and carressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast head - all is hushed. 'A sail on the larboard bow, sir.' 'What does she look like?' 'I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large.' 'Mr. Banks,' said the captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain - turn the hands up - make sail.' In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employ'd; and in a few minutes every stich of canvass was stretch'd upon the yards & booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which look'd like a foreigner. Every heart was now elate, but Nancy's - it might be an enemy! O that tho't was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chas'd each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reprov'd, and again pointing to Heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had haul'd to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we board'd the foe, but were repuls'd. - Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dress'd, at which she assist'd with fortitude. Two hours had pass'd in this awful suspense and heart rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convuls'd her frame. - She knew the voice, and snatching the infant in her arms, rush'd to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search, his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convuls'd; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing

to Heaven - it fell - and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious Providence! at that very moment, while senseless and inanimate, at that very moment a ball enter'd through the vessel's side - it pierc'd her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divid'd.

AN OLD SAILOR.

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and we have reason to believe that the orphan is still alive. - En.]

PREDILECTION OF THE TURKS FOR SMOKING.

The smoking of Tobacco is carried to such an excess by the Turks, that they are rarely to be seen without a pipe, and never enter into any business without smoking, which often gives them an advantage over the Christians with whom they have commercial or political transactions, as they smoke a considerable time, and reflect, before giving a reply to any question. To visit them on business previously to their morning pipe, would only subject the intruder to their caprice and ill-humour. A gentleman who resided several years in Constantinople, and had opportunities of associating with the higher classes of that city, assures us that 2000 pounds is no uncommon price for a Turk to give for the amber-mouth piece of a tobacco pipe, exclusively of the bowl or the pipe, the latter of which is made of a branch of the jasmint tree, for the summer use, while those for winter smoking are uniformly made of the branches of the cherry tree. In order to obtain them of a regular size without being tapering, the young shoots of these trees have a weight alixed at their extremities to bend them downwards, which prevents the sap from returning to the body of the tree, and causes them to swell equally in all parts. The rind or bark is carefully preserved to prevent the escape of the fume through the pores of the wood. The wealthy Turks pride themselves on the beauty and number of their pipes; and the principal servant in their establishment has no other charge than that of attending to the pipes and tobacco, which are presented to the master or his guests by a servant of an inferior rank. - These pipes are so regularly and so effectually cleaned as always to have the delicacy of a new tube, while the German pipe, on the contrary, is enhanced in value by the length of time it has been in use. We are told by the same gentleman that he has seen among the lower class of Armenians and Jews in Turkey, some smokers who could consume the whole tobacco of a bowl twice the size of those used in England, and draw the entire fumes into their bodies at one breath, which they discharge from their ears as well as their mouth and nostrils.

A WISE FOOL.

It used to be considered an indispensable appendage to a great man's establishment, to have in his service one of his unfortunate fellow mortals from whom Providence had withheld the blessings of understanding. This man was called the fool, and kept continually round his employer's person for the purpose of amusing those greater fools, who are capable of sporting with his misfortune. It happened that one thus employ'd, had very much pleas'd his master, who gave him a favourite walking cane, with this injunction, 'keep it till you meet a greater fool than yourself then give it to him.' A very short time after, the master was taken dangerously ill, and his physicians pronounced his life in imminent danger. The fool was about the bed, and observ'd him in the greatest consternation; on which he asked him why he appear'd so frightened? 'I am dying!' was the answer. 'Dying! what is that?' said the fool. 'Going from this world to another - from this world to eternity!' 'Oh, a journey!' said the fool, 'well, is every thing prepar'd?' 'No, nothing is prepar'd for such an awful journey.' A way ran the fool and instantly return'd with the cane, and putting it into the hands of the dying master said - 'Take back the cane.'

Land for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm, whereon he now resides, situated in Anne Arundel county on the head of Severn, containing 240 acres more or less; about one third of this land is cleared, and the remaining two thirds is in wood; this farm is about 11 miles from Annapolis and 19 miles from Baltimore, immediately on the road that leads from Annapolis to Baltimore, and about 2 miles from navigable water, the soil is well adapted to the growth of tobacco, corn, rye, oats, &c. The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house 28 feet by 18 nearly new, with a kitchen; also a good stable, a wheelwright and blacksmith shop. To a person that would wish to keep a tavern I think there is none on the road from Annapolis to Baltimore better calculated than this stand, as the road that leads from Baltimore to Queen Anne & Upper Marlboro' passes directly by it - as persons inclined to purchase will view and judge for themselves, it is deemed unnecessary to be more particular in the description of this property. If it is not sold before the 15th day of November next, it will on that day be sold to the highest bidder. Any person inclined to purchase can know the terms by applying to the subscriber who will show the property, and make known the terms.

W. W. TURNER.



Additional Notice.

For the greater convenience of the inhabitants of Cambridge and of the lower counties on the eastern shore, and others travelling to these districts from Annapolis and Baltimore, the proprietors of the Maryland have built a good and substantial wharf at Castle Haven, and have engaged Captain Levin Jones to keep horses and carriages for the conveyance of passengers to and from Cambridge; and on and after Sunday the 7th September, the Maryland will call at Castle Haven instead of Todd's Point in her route to and from Annapolis and Baltimore, to land and receive passengers, horses, and carriages. The price of passages will be the same to and from Cambridge, (including stage fare) as to and from Easton.

W. W. TURNER, Captain. Sept. 4. On the 1st of October she will leave Baltimore and Easton at 7 o'clock, A. M. during the season.

NOTICE.

The commissioners of the tax for Anne Arundel county, will meet at the court house in the city of Annapolis, on Tuesday the 16th day of December next, for the purpose of hearing appeals and transfers.

Notice.

WHEELWRIGHT & BLACKSMITH BUSINESS. WILLIAM TAYLOR, sen. having taken into partnership his son, WILLIAM TAYLOR, jr. has commenced the above business at his old stand, Corn Hill street, near the public circle, under the Firm of WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON.

Where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Oct. 30.

250 Dollars Reward.

Ranaway from the subscriber, a bright Mulatto Man named Harry Moss, about twenty six years of age, five feet eight or nine inches high. He has a florid complexion, is freckled; has a black, thick beard and whiskers; steps short, quick and erect, has a genteel appearance, is a house carpenter and joinser by trade, hesitates and stammers a little when spoken to, is remarkably hairy on the breast and limbs; on the outside of one of his legs he has a scar from a burn. He has a round full face, with light hazle eyes, can read and write and no doubt has written a pass for himself. He had two suits of clothing when he went away, one of black broad cloth, one of blue; also a dimity round jacket and pantaloons, and was seen in Baltimore in December last. Any person apprehending the said fellow so that I get him again shall receive the above reward. JESSE RAY, Anne Arundel county, Annapolis, May 25.