

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 250 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 9 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 wheel right and black smith 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 Marlborough 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.

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

1823—Nov.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets
27 Thursday	7 14	4 46
28 Friday	7 15	4 45
29 Saturday	7 16	4 44
30 Sunday	7 16	4 43
1 Monday (Dec)	7 17	4 43
2 Tuesday	7 17	4 43
3 Wednesday	7 18	4 42

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.  
Corrected Weekly, From the American Farmer.

Flour, best white wheat, \$7 25—H'd-st. \$6 25	2—fine do. \$6 12 1/2—Wheat do \$6
White Wheat, \$1 15 to 1 20	Red do \$1 10 to 1 13—Wheat 44 to 45 cts
Corn 42 cents—Wheat Oats 33 cts	Beef, 6 cents per pound
Live cattle, \$5 to \$5 50 per cow	Bacon, bbg round, \$10—Pork \$7
Mutton, 4 to 5 cts per lb	Beans \$1 25 retail—Peas, black eyed, 62 1/2 cts
Red Clover seed \$6	Timothy seed \$4
Flax Seed 75 to 80 cts	Whiskey, from the waggon, 33 cts per gallon
Apple brandy, 30 to 32 cts	Peach do. 65 to 70 cents—Shad, \$6 50—Herrings, No 1, \$2 50 per bbl—No 2, \$2 25—Fine salt 75 cents per bushel—Coarse, do. 70.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the Md. Gazette.  
**ALL FOR SPORT.**  
There reigns for me,  
On barren lea  
At midnight hour no gloom;  
When furies dance,  
And warlocks prance  
Upon the bounding broom.  
I watched and heard  
Their spell and word,  
One dreary winter night,  
And now I mix  
In their fitful tricks  
And games of wild delight.  
Midst dance and skips  
We kiss the tips.  
Of pouting fairy girls;  
Who serve us up  
The flowing cup  
Till all around us whirls.  
My sweet-heart fair,  
Is a kingdom's heir,  
They chang'd her in the crib,  
At twenty one  
She'll get her own  
And be my royal rib.  
Hence rejoice for me  
On barren lea  
At midnight hour no dread;  
Some risk I run,  
But have the fun  
A noble queen to wed.

OH! LOVE IS A SAD THING!

Oh! love is a sad thing,  
A mad thing, a had thing;  
Oh! love is a sad thing,  
That bothers the brain!  
Oh! love's not a kind thing,  
But a blind ill inclin'd thing,  
Commencing in joy  
But to perish in pain!  
Oh! love is a strong thing,  
A young thing, a wrong thing,  
Oh! love's a sly young thing,  
Breathes a sigh of pain.  
For to shiver your liver,  
At his back, in a quiver,  
He carries a bundle  
Of sharp winged darts.  
When he once gets his nose in,  
Head and shoulders he goes in,  
His dart he soon throws in,  
Slap bang to your heart;  
And there still increasing,  
With torment unceasing,  
Perplexes and vexes,  
And smiles at the smart.  
Oh! is there a worse thing  
Than woes to be nursing,  
And sighing and cursing,  
From morning to night?  
In this wretched quandary,  
Whist your woes never vary,  
For'd to smile all the while,  
That you're bursting with spite.

In lazy meander,

No longer I'll wander,  
Like a goose or a gander,  
To chase away care,  
Like to day, to to morrow  
My finish in sorrow,  
Then relief let me borrow  
From welcome despair.  
My cares they are ending,  
The noise is suspending  
Kind Death is berending,  
No longer I'll stay,  
'Tis thus that blind Cupid,  
So wicked and stupid,  
Deludes the poor devils  
That fall in his way.  
By Venus, I swear it,  
No longer I'll bear it,  
For who would not d're it,  
Depriv'd of all hope  
Then no longer I'll jangle,  
And wrangle—but struggle,  
And dingle and dangle,  
At the end of a rope.  
Liverpool.

From the State Gazette.

Pasceote the vale where theycamore grows,  
Where the violet dips in the lonely grass-  
cade;  
Wherethe green willow nods to the zephyr  
that blows  
And fans the clear stream as it glides thro'  
the shade.  
And peice to the shed of the kind and warm-  
hearted,  
Whose merry board groans with the  
sweets of the year;  
Where, if ever a smile from the features do  
parted,  
Like sunshine, 'twas but to illumine a  
tear.  
The vesper star beams in the soft blue of  
Heaven,  
Like a pearl in its azure enamelled shell;  
But there is an eye that looks richer at even,  
Than a star in the heavens or a pearl in  
its cell.  
Oh! blest be that eye, whose eloquent glance  
Diffused its mild warmth o'er the storm  
beaten breast,  
And blest be the smile that stole on the  
cool breeze,  
And lull'd the wild sea of its sorrows to  
rest.  
Thou shalt live in my thoughts like an amaran-  
th bright flower,  
That blooms 'mid the desolate ruins of  
time  
Still as fair as it was in its first natural hour,  
And as balmy as 'twas in the days of its  
prime.  
And when I am gone, (like a vision of sleep  
That recoils at the blush of morning's  
first ray)  
My heart o'er the page of remembrance  
shall weep,  
'Till the pale lamp of life shall have fat-  
ted away!

A frequenter of City feasts hav-  
ing grown enormously fat, it was  
proposed to write on his back—  
"widened at the expense of the cor-  
poration."

From the London Literary Ga-

zette.  
**SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.**  
**GREENWICH HOSPITAL.**

"Good bye, Dick!" said an el-  
derly lady—one foot on the step of  
her carriage, her left hand hold of  
the body, and turning half round,  
her right extended to a bold, hand-  
some looking gentleman in a radi-  
cal hat. I am, ho, physiognomist;  
but I love to trace the goodness of  
the heart when 'tis pictured in the  
countenance. I know a man may  
smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
but I'd rather have a feeling of hos-  
pividence and harmony for all hu-  
man nature, than one grain of sple-  
netic animosity. However, here  
there could be no deception; 'twas  
plain matter of fact—an index, and  
no errata. There was something,  
too, so very expressive in the lady's  
countenance—it was a look that  
cannot be described; like the sun  
bursting through a shower—ming-  
ling pleasure and grief. The re-  
mains of beauty were visible in her  
face, or rather it was beauty still,  
tho' differing from her youthful day  
of frolic and mirth, resembling a  
calm evening after a lovely noon.  
'Good bye, Dick!' said she; 'I shall  
take an airing this way again befor'  
long. Good bye!' The blinds were  
disjoined, she entered the carriage,  
and the parties disappeared.  
'Who is that gentleman?' said I to  
one of the old dolphin strikers that  
stood sentry at the door. 'That  
gentleman, Sir,' replied the veteran,  
'is Sir Tim Bobstay, K. your comman-  
der in chief, and a worthy fellow  
never stepp'd 'twixt stem and stern.  
This is his cabin—his house I mean.  
He is a Sailor, sir, and that's say-  
ing every thing. But I'm on duty,  
and mustn't stand speechifying; yet  
if you wants to know any thing a-  
bout him, I often sees you here—ax  
for Tim Bobstay, and I'll—yes, I'll  
give you a spell.' 'Thank ye, Tim,  
thank ye, my worthy soul, I'll take  
you at your word.' 'So he should'  
d'er'd his thing hum—he (all-but I  
think they call it) and stood as e-  
rect as a fathom of smoke.  
A group of old blades were as-  
sembled on the terrace, cutting their  
jokes and gabbling like wild geese  
on a common. I stole among them,  
sat down, and pulling out a book,  
appeared to be reading with pro-  
found attention. 'Then you know  
nothing about it,' roared an old  
rough knot in a laced coat and  
cocked-up hat. He had left his left  
arm in the Mediterranean when he  
lent a fist to thrash the French out  
of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith.  
But that was nothing; he never  
could be persuaded that it was plac-  
ed upon the right shoulder, and  
this did away with the argument.  
One of his legs too had danced it-  
self off while leading up the middle  
at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the  
French fleet in Basque Roads;—  
moreover his starboard eye had  
sunk into his head, as he used to say,  
to search for his brains, but it  
threw no light upon the subject.—  
'Then you know nothing about it;  
Sir Sidney had both a head and a  
heart, and when alongside of the  
enemy, would hammer away like a  
coppersmith. Bless his honest face  
and his curly wig! he was none of  
your fantizzymagoria sort of fel-  
lows; and now you've put me up,  
I'll e'en sit down and give you a cu-  
rious antidote about him. D'ye see  
he had his flag flying in the  
Foudroyant, at the time the Porty-  
geese court nutmigrated to the  
Brazil;—homo-grated I mean—and  
took French leave of their country.  
We brought up in Port Praya at  
St. Jago's, one of the Cape Verdes,  
and after the usual salute and bon  
bons, the Admiral went ashore to  
dine with the Governor. Well, he  
was ushered into the saloon, and in-  
troduced to a stranger dress'd in  
deep black, who had been landed  
some days before from a Yankee  
schooner, to collect plants for bot-  
tomme I think they call it. After  
introduction, Sir Sidney whispered  
his head-to-come, and the officer  
himself withdrew. So, d'ye see,  
they sat down to dinner. Well,  
just as the dishart was set upon the  
table, in comes the officer again,  
bringing with him the Captain of  
Marines. The Admiral rose from  
his seat, turned round, and pointing  
to the gentleman in black, said, 'Cap-  
tain H— you'll consider this  
person under your charge.' Then  
changing his position he sined round:

"General," said he, "see how fortune

changes; I was your prisoner once;  
now you are mine." It was an offi-  
cer of the French army, who had  
guarded Sir Sidney when in prison  
in France, and was now acting as a  
spy. Well, d'ye see, the Admiral  
brought him aboard, & they mess'd  
together like good friends till we  
arrived at Rio Janeiro, when he  
was delivered up to the Portygeese  
government, and then—makes my  
cold heart thump against my rick-  
ety timbers to think of it. He was  
a fine fellow; and though our brave  
Admiral tried every means to save  
him, yet he was condemn'd to labor  
in the mines for life. I'd rather be  
flogg'd at any time than have my  
grog stop'd; and I think death must  
have been preferable to that con-  
stant sickness of heart arising from  
hope deferred, as our poet the lob-  
lolly boy used to say. The whole  
ship's company pitied him, he was  
our enemy, to be sure, but then he  
was in our power. Howsoever I  
wasn't much skill'd in the knowledge  
of that ere idol that so many people  
worshipp'd, called Polly-ticks. My  
old girl Bet can wash a shirt or  
sow on a button with any she god-  
dess in the world, and so I for mat-  
ter o' that; and I'll make a sea-  
pie or cut out a pair of trousers with  
the Queen of She-bear any day in  
the week; and Solomon says she  
was no fool either. Once more, and  
then I'll belay. The boats were  
all ashore at Port Praya waiting.  
Some of you have seen the militia  
of the land—their parades—the  
beach with a bag-a-kuit stuck on a  
mopstick, and a cutlash without a  
scabbard, hung by a strip of green  
hide; and then there's a whole troop  
of Light Dragoons mounted on Je-  
rusalem ponies. Well, d'ye see, one  
of these fellows drew his sword and  
made a cut at the cockson of the  
launch; it fell on his head; but Lord  
bless you, he might just as well have  
tried to cut into this stone! Flint  
and steel always strike fire, and he  
was a precious hot-headed joker;—  
so what does he do but claps the  
soldier, Rustynante, accoutrements  
and all, into the boat, and takes him  
alongside with the casks. The  
hands were turned up, clear boats  
—'twas just dusk—the tackles were  
overhaul'd down, and the falls man-  
n'd. 'Mind how you clap-on the  
slings that the butts don't slip out,'  
said the first Lieutenant. 'Aye, aye,  
sir.' 'Hold on, and not so much  
noise alongside. You've been foul  
of the hoggy-dent' again.'—  
But he was mistaken, for it was  
ass-a-fetter'd-ha. 'Silence, I say  
again! Haal taut! hoist away! A-  
way danced the men, the fifers play-  
ing Drops of Brandy. 'Well be-  
haved, men—this butt's not full—  
it comes up very light!' roard the  
Lieutenant, advancing to the gang-  
way.—'What the deuce have we got  
here; St. David and his goat? High  
enough! high enough! and indeed  
it was a high rig, for what should  
it be but the Royal Horseguard, regu-  
larly mounted on his donkey, swing-  
ing aloft by the main yard  
tackle, 'twixt Heaven and ocean, in  
an awful state of suspense. Hwng-  
gwgh—Hwnggwgh (there's no  
vowel in the fray of an ass,) roard  
Jack, while the trooper joined cho-  
rus most melodiously till he was  
safely landed on the deck. The  
cockson laid his complaint; and the  
officer, thinking the fellow had been  
sufficiently punished, sent him ashore  
again, advising him for the future  
to have nothing to do with sharps,  
for it was a cumical tting to fall in-  
to the hands of

AN OLD SAILOR.

\*Aquadente; a powerful liquor.  
**SKENANDOH, THE ONEIDA CHIEF.**  
(The following account of Sken-  
andoh, the celebrated Oneida chief,  
was written soon after his death, in  
1816.)—New-York Obs.  
Skenandoh, the celebrated Oneida  
chief, was well known in the wars  
which occurred while we were Brit-  
ish colonies, and in the contest  
which issued in our independence,  
as the undeviating friend of the peo-  
ple of the United States. He was  
very savage, and addicted to drunk-  
enness in his youth; but by his own  
reflections, and the benevolent in-  
structions of the late Rev. Mr. Kirk-  
land, missionary to the tribe, he  
lived a reformed man more than  
sixty years, and died in christian  
hope.

From attachment to Mr. Kirk-

land, he had always expressed a  
strong desire to be buried near his  
Minister and Father, that he might  
(to use his own expression) "go up  
with him at the great resurrection."  
At the approach of death, after lis-  
tening to the prayers which were  
read at his bed-side by his great  
grand daughter, he again repeated  
this request. Accordingly, the fami-  
ly of Mr. Kirkland having receiv-  
ed information by a runner that  
Skenandoh was dead, in compliance  
with a previous promise, sent as-  
sistance to the Indians, that the  
corpse might be conveyed to the  
village of Clinton, for burial.  
After interment, the only surviv-  
ing son of the deceased, self-mov'd,  
returned thanks, through Judge  
Dean as interpreter, to the people  
for the respect shown to his father  
on the occasion, and to Mrs. Kirk-  
land and family for their kind and  
friendly attentions.  
Skenandoh's person was tall and  
brawny; he well made—his coun-  
tenance was intelligent, and beam-  
ed with all the indignant dignity  
of an Indian Chief. In his youth  
he was a brave and intrepid war-  
rior, and in his riper years one of  
the ablest counsellors among the  
North American tribes. He pos-  
sessed a strong and vigorous mind,  
and though terrible as the tornado  
in war, he was bland and mild as  
the zephyr in peace. With the coun-  
ting of the fox, the hungry perse-  
verance of the wolf, and the agility  
of the mountain cat, he watched  
and repelled Canadian invasions—  
his vigilance once preserved from  
massacre the inhabitants of the in-  
fant settlement of Germanflats. His  
influence brought his tribe to our  
assistance in the war of the Revo-  
lution. How many have been saved  
from the tomahawk and scolding  
knife; by his friendly aid; is not  
known; but individuals and villages  
have expressed gratitude for his be-  
nevolent interpositions, and among  
the Indian tribes he was distinguish-  
ed by the appellation of the "White  
Man's Friend."  
Although he could speak but lit-  
tle English, and in his extreme old  
age was blind, yet his company was  
sought. In conversation he was  
highly decorous, evincing that he  
had profited by seeing civilized and  
polished society, and by mingling  
with good company in his better  
days.  
To a friend who called on him a  
short time since, he thus expressed  
himself by an interpreter:  
"I am an aged hemlock—the  
winds of an hundred winters have  
whistled through my branches; I am  
dead at the top. The generation to  
which I belonged have run away  
and left me—why I live, the great  
Good Spirit only knows. Pray to  
my Jesus that I may have patience  
to wait for my appointed time to  
die."  
Honoured Chief! His prayer was  
answered—he was cheerful and re-  
signed to the last. For several  
years he kept his dress for the grave  
prepared. Once, and again, and a-  
gain, he came to Clinton to die;  
longing that his soul might be with  
Christ, and his body in the narrow  
house, near his beloved Christian  
teacher.  
While the ambitious but vulgar  
great look principally at sculptured  
monuments, and to niches in the  
temple of earthly fame, Skenandoh  
in the spirit of the only real nobil-  
ity, stood with his loins girded, wait-  
ing the coming of his Lord.  
His Lord has come! and the day  
approaches when the green hillock  
that covers his dust will be more re-  
spectful than the Pyramids, the  
Mausolea, and the Pantheons of the  
proud and imperious. His simple  
"turf and stone" will be viewed  
with affection and veneration, when  
the tawdry ornaments of human  
ambitious shall awaken only pity  
and disgust.  
"Indulge, my native land, indulge the tear,  
That steals impation'd o'er the nation's  
doom;  
'To me each twig from Adam's stock is  
near,  
"And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb."  
**ST. IGNATIUS.**  
A devout lady offered up a prayer  
to St. Ignatius for the conversion of  
her husband. A few days after, the  
man died.—"What a good saint is  
our Ignatius!" exclaimed the con-  
solate widow who bestows on us more  
benefits than we ask for!

Steam-Boat Maryland.



Additional Notice.

For the greater convenience of the  
inhabitants of Cambridge, and of the  
lower counties on the eastern shore,  
and others travelling to those districts  
from Annapolis and Baltimore, the  
proprietors of the Maryland have  
built a good and substantial wharf at  
Castle Haven, and have engaged Cap-  
tain Levin Jones to keep horses and  
carriages for the conveyance of pas-  
sengers to and from Cambridge; and  
on after Sunday the 7th Septem-  
ber, the Maryland will call at Castle-  
Haven instead of Todd's Point in her  
route to and from Annapolis and Bal-  
timore, to land and receive passengers,  
horses, and carriages. The price of  
passage will be the same to and from  
Cambridge (including stage fare) as  
to and from Easton.  
C. VICKARS, Cap'n.

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 ap-  
peals and making transfers &c.  
By order  
R. I. Cowley, Clerk.

Notice.

**WHEELWRIGHT & BLA  
SMITH BUSINESS.**  
**WILLIAM TAYLOR, esq. b**  
taken into partnership his son,  
**LIAM TAYLOR, jr.** has com-  
menced the above business at his old  
Corn Hill street, near the public  
square, under the Firm of **WILLI-  
TAYLOR AND SON.**  
Where all orders in their line will  
be thankfully received, and promptly  
attended to.  
Oct. 30.

300 Dollars Reward.

Runaway 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 appear-  
ance, is a house carpenter and joiner  
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  
cloathing 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 Decem-  
ber last. Any person apprehending  
the said fellow, or that I get him again,  
shall receive the above reward.  
**JESSE RAY,**  
Anne Arundel county, Md.  
Annapolis, July 29.

PRINTING

Of every description, neatly  
executed at this Office.