

GOODS.

Anderson,
handsome supply of
le Goods,

all low for cash. Any
procure bargains,
their advantage to call
assortment.

Calculating Library,
corner of Charles
Sts. Baltimore.

of the above insti-
to inform the citizens
determined to
thereof throughout
to be located wher-
sequent communica-
of Baltimore, and
of subscribers are
the expenses neces-
same.

having succeeded
collection of
1000 volumes in the
of literature. they
on the merits of
solicit the aid of the
y subscription to the
to carry their
into immediate op-

to inform the citi-
that they now pro-
in the city, for
scriptions are open-
at Mr. Hughes',
land Gazette, and
for subscribers, on
s, viz. Four dol-
s per year, and fifty
cents. Books to be
scribers free of ex-
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& Shoes.
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and Morocco do.

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UNROE, & Co.
6w.

am Boat
LAND,

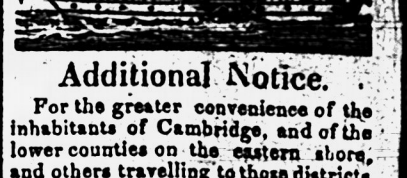
ular routes on Sa-
arch, at 8 o'clock
erco-street wharf
ston, leaving Ann-
at 12 o'clock for
oday the 9th, will
y of Castle Haven
Annapolis and Bal-
Annapolis at half past
ue to leave the a-
lows:—Commerco-
more, on Wednes-
s, and Easton on
days at 9 o'clock,
October, and then
s one hour sooner,
s dark. Persons
Easton to Oxford
ty cents each, the
o Easton. Passen-
ceeded to Philadel-
board the Union
in the Patasco
ere by 9 o'clock

ommenced her
to Queen's-town
Monday, the 10th
living Commerco-
clock every Mon-
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or Queen's-town &
e season—Horses
aken on board
above places—All
of the wharves,
cting small pack-
ght, will send for
om arrives; pay
am away.

NT. VICKARS.

To be Rented.
And possession given immediately.
The large and convenient dwelling
house, lately occupied by George
Mackubin, esq. situated on Bloom-
ing Square, bordering on the Church
Circle, for terms apply to
Henry Maynard,
Annapolis, Nov. 20, 1823.

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 and 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 Captain.
Sept. 4.

N. B.—On the first of Oct. she will
leave Baltimore and Easton at 7 o'clock,
A. M during the season

CAUTION.
All persons are forewarned hunting
with dog or gun, on the subscriber's
farm called Belmont, lying on the
Chesapeake Bay, or in any manner
trespassing on said land, as he is de-
termined to put the law in force a-
gainst all offenders.

J. T. CHASE.
Nov. 20.

Where they may be had
CUTTINGS OF CHOICE GRAPES
of twelve sorts, of the best selected
kinds, both for the table, and for
wine.
THOMAS CHASE.

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 in-
debted to the same, are requested to
make payment without delay to Mr.
Joseph Sands, senior, who is author-
ised to settle with them.

GEORGE BARBER,
Surviving Partner.
April 24, 1823.

250 Dollars Reward.
Ran away from the
subscriber living in
Anne-Arundel county,
about 12 miles from
Baltimore, near Poul-
ton's Tavern, on the
main road from Balti-
more to Annapolis, on the 10th of May,
a mulatto man named BILL, 33 years
of age, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches
high, rather slender made, has a scar
over one of his eyes, and one of his
little fingers crooked. Had on and
took with him one snuff coloured
broad cloth coat, one dark hoine made
kerry roundabout, one black bombaz-
ette waistcoat, one pair of dark cord-
ed pantaloons, one pair of good shoes
lined and bound, and a tolerable good
fur hat. Any person apprehending
the said fellow, so long as I get him a-
gain, shall receive the above reward.
EZEKIEL STEWART.
Aug. 7.

300 Dollars Reward.
Ran away 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 frocked, 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
hairly 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
dumy round jacket and pantaloons;
and was seen in Baltimore, in Decem-
ber last. Any person apprehending
the said fellow so that I get him leg-
ally shall receive the above reward.
JESSE RAY.
Anne-Arundel county, Maryland,
Annapolis, May 20.

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—Dec.	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Th	Fri	Sat
18 Thursday	7	23	4	37			
19 Friday		7	23	4	37		
20 Saturday			7	23	4	37	
21 Sunday				7	23	4	37
22 Monday					7	23	4
23 Tuesday						7	23
24 Wednesday							7

BALTIMORE
PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly—From the American Farmer.

Flour, best white wheat, \$6 73—H. A.	11 1/2
do, \$5 75—fine do. \$5 25—Wharf do \$5 50	to 5 75—White Wheat, \$1 12 to 1 20—
Red do \$1 6 to 1 9—Lye do 43 cts—	New Corn 31 to 32 cents—Wharf Oats 33
do—Beef, 6 cents per pound—	Live cattle, \$5 to \$5 50 per cwt.—Bal-
con, hog round, \$10—Pork \$5 50 to 6	per cwt.—6 to 8 cents per lb
Mutton, 4 to 5 cts per lb.—Beans \$1 25	retail—Peas, black eyed, 62 1/2 cts—
Red Clover seed 6—Timothy seed	84—Flax Seed 75 to 80 cts—Whiskey,
from the wagons, 38 cts per gallon—	Apple brandy, 30 to 32 cts.—Peach do,
65 to 70 cents—Shad, 36—Herrings,	No. 1, \$2 25 per bbl—No. 2, \$2—
Coarse, do. 70.	

MISCELLANEOUS

GREECE.
By Ralph Ferrara.
And why sits England tamely now?
Hath fraud, hath fear, her arms unstrung,
When every hope, and every vow,
When every heart, and hand and tongue,
Should rise in sympathy,
To bid a kindred race be free?
Too long the soul of Greece had slept;
Her sons too long had kissed the dust;
Too long her captive daughters wept,
Pale victims to barbaric lust;
While faith half saw her flagging first
Beneath the crescent's blasse expire.
Those times are past. A heaven-bright hour
Hath dawn'd o'er centuries of shame;
And man, despite of tyrant power,
His long lost heritage shall claim;
Shall strike, in scorn to be a slave,
For freedom, or a freeman's grave.
But hark! the battle is begun!
From Corinth's rock, from Sparta's shore
Roused by the deeds their sires have done,
The sons of ancient greatness pour;
E'en now the flag of freedom's flying,
And thousands in her ranks are dying!
Dring! eye, as their fathers died,
Embalm'd in Glory's living tomb,
When, spurning legion'd Asia's pride,
The willing victims meet their doom,
Exulting to their latest breath,
That Greece had triumphed in their death
Devoted martyr'd heirs to fame
That never, but with the world shall fade,
Once more reviving freedom's flame
Illumes the shrine your virtues made;
And slaves themselves must blush to see
While gazing on Thermopylae.
But why sleeps Albion's cross star?
The time hath been when not an eye
Could turn to glory's blazing star,
But Albion's hand and heart were nigh;
Herself disdainful of a yoke,
The oceans from other necks she broke,
In Britain deaf to freedom's vow?
In bright, Eliza's gallant reign,
Roused at the call, a thousand pious
Rush'd headlong thro' the roaring main;
And rescued Belgium wept to tell
How self devoted Sydney fell.
And neverless now is Russia's arm,
And fall'n is Gaul's proud chivalry,
E'en Christian Faith hath lost its charm,
When leagu'd with Christian liberty;
And Europe's marshalld valour flings,
No shield be, o'er the crimes of kings
Yet droop not, Greece! though fraud tho'
power.
Tho' Cross with Crescent be combin'd,
God, in his own appointed hour,
Shall burst the bonds his foes have twin'd;
And oh! on deeds, on wrongs like thine,
An eye of glory yet must shine.

From the New Monthly Magazine.
Account of an Apparition, seen at
Star Cross, in Devonshire, July
23, 1823.
"Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho' dead, re-
mains;
Part of himself, th' immortal mind remains;
The form subsists without the body's aid,
E'erial semblance and an empty shade."
Pope.
I am perfectly aware of the pre-
dicament in which I am placing my-
self, when in the present age of in-
credulity I venture to commit to
paper, in all sincerity of spirit and
fulness of conviction a delibe-
rate and circumstantial account of
an Apparition. Imposor and vision-
ary, knave and fool, these are the
alternate horns of the dilemma on
which I shall be taxed with sneers
of contempt, or smiles of derision;
every delusion practised by fraud
or credulity, from the Cock lane
Ghost down to the Reverend Mr.
Colton, and the Sampford Spectre,
will be faithfully registered against
me, and I shall be finally dismissed,
according to the temperament of the
reader, either with a petulant re-
buke for attempting to impose such
explored superstition upon an en-
lightened public; or with a sober
and friendly recommendation to get
my head shaved, and betake my-
self to some place of safe custody
with as little delay as may be. In
the arrogance of my supposed wis-
dom, I should myself, only a few
weeks ago, have probably adopted
one of these courses towards any
other similar delinquent, which will
secure me from any splenetic feel-
ing, however boisterous may be the
mirth, or bitter the irony, with
which I may be twitted and taunted
for the following narration. I have
no sinister purposes to answer, no
particular creed to advocate, no
theory to establish, and writing
with the perfect conviction of truth
and the full possession of my facul-
ties, I am determined not to sup-
press what I conscientiously believe
to be facts, merely because they
may militate against received opin-
ions, or happen to be inconsistent
with the ordinary course of human
experience.
It may not be unimportant to re-
mark, that so far from my being
subject to the blue devils, and vap-
ours with which hypochondriacs
and invalids are haunted, I possess
that happy physical organization,

which ensures almost uninterrupted
health of body and mind; and which,
in the elasticity and buoyancy of
my spirit, renders the sensation of
mere existence an enjoyment—
Though I reside in the country,
winter has for me no gloom, nature
has prepared herself for its rigors;
they are customary, and every thing
seems to harmonize with their in-
fiction; but for the same reason
that the solitude of a town is desol-
ating and oppressive, while the
loneliness of the country is soothing
and grateful, I do feel the sadness
of perpetual fogs and rains in July,
although they excite no melancholy
feeling at the season of their nat-
ural occurrence. To see one's favour-
ite flowers laying down their heads
to die; one's plantation strewd with
leaves not shaken off in the fulness
of age, but beaten to earth in the
bloom of youth; here a noble tree
laid prostrate, and there a valuable
field of corn lodg'd in the swampy
soil, (which were familiar objects in
July last,) is sufficient to excite
melancholy associations in the most
cheerful temperament. Confessing
that mine was not altogether proof
against their influence, and leaving
to the caviller and the sceptic the
full benefit of this admission, I pro-
ceeded to a simple statement of the
fact which has elicited these pre-
liminary observations.

Actuated by the dullness of the
scene to which I have alluded, I
had written to my friend Mr.
George Staples, of Exeter, request-
ing him to walk over some day and
dine with me, as I well knew his
presence was an instant antidote to
mental depression, not so much
from the possession of any wit or
humour, as from his unaffected kind-
ness and amiability, the inexhaus-
tible fund of his laughter, which
was perpetually waiting for the
smallest excuse to burst out of his
heart, and the contagion of his
hilarity, which had an instant fac-
ulty of communicating itself to
others. On the day following the
transmission of this letter, as I was
sitting in an alcove to indulge my
afternoon meditation I found myself
disturbed by what I imagined to be
the ticking of my repeater; but, re-
collecting that I had left it in the
house, I discovered the noise pro-
ceeded from that little insect of in-
auspicious augury, the death watch.
Dismissing the puerile superstitions
connected with this pulsation, I gave
it no farther notice and proceeded
towards the house, when as I passed
an umbrageous plantation, I was
startled by a loud wailing shriek,
and presently a screech owl flew out
immediately before me. It was the
first time one of those ill-omened
birds had ever crossed my path; I
combined it with the memento mori
I had just heard, although I
blushed at my own weakness in
thinking them worthy of associa-
tion; and, as I walked forward I
encountered my servant, who put
altered into my hand, which I ob-
served to be sealed with black wax.
It was from the clerk of my poor
friend, informing me that he had
been that morning struck by an ap-
oplectic fit which had occasioned his
almost instantaneous death! The
reader may spare the angst that is
sickening upon his features: I draw
no inference whatever from the om-
ens that preceded this intelligence;
I am willing to consider them as
curious coincidences, totally uncon-
nected with the starting apparition
which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I
am little affected by it in others.—
The doom is so inevitable; it is so
doubtful whether the parties be not
generally gainers by the change; it
is so certain that we enter not all
into this calculation, but bewail our
deprivation, whether of society, pro-
tection or employment, with grief
purely selfish, that I run no risk of
placing myself in the predicament
of the inconsolable widow, who
was reproached by Franklin for not
having yet forgiven God Almighty.
Still, however, there was something
so awful in the manner of my
friend's death, the hilarity I had
experienced from his presence form-
ed so appalling a contrast with his
actual condition, that my mind
naturally sunk into a mood of deep
sadness and solemnity. Reaching
the house in the frame of thought,
I closed the library window shut-

ters as I passed, and entering the
room by a glass door, seated my-
self in a chair that fronted the gar-
den. Scarcely a minute had elap-
sed, when I was thrilled by the
strange wayful howl of my favout-
ite spaniel, who had followed me
into the apartment, and came trum-
bling and crouching to my feet, oc-
casionaly turning his eyes to the
back of the chamber, and again in-
stantly reverting them with every
demonstration of terror and agony.
Mine instinctively took the same
direction, when, notwithstanding
the dimness of the light, I plainly
and indisputably recognized the ap-
parition of my friend sitting mo-
tionless in the great arm chair! It
is easy to be courageous in theory,
not difficult to be bold in practice,
when the mind has time to collect
its energies; but taken as I was by
surprise, I confess, that astonish-
ment and terror so far mastered all
my faculties, that, without daring
to cast a single glance towards the
vision, I walked rapidly back into
the garden, followed by the dog,
who still testified the same agitation
and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from
my first perturbation; and as my
thoughts rallied, I endeavored to
persuade myself that I had been de-
luded by some conjuration of the
mind, or some spectral deception of
the visual organ. But in either
case how account for the terror of
the dog? He could neither be in-
fluenced by superstition, nor could his
unerring sight betray him into
groundless alarm, yet it was incon-
testible that we had both been ap-
palled by the same object. Soon
recovering my natural fortitude of
spirit, I resolved, whatever might be
the consequences, to return and
address the apparition. I even be-
gan to fear it might have vanished;
for Glanville, who has written largely
on ghosts, expressly says, "that
it is a very hard and painful thing
for them to force their thin and ten-
drous bodies into a visible consis-
tence; that their bodies must needs
be exceedingly compressed, and that
therefore they must be in haste to
be delivered from their unnatural
pressure." I returned therefore
with some rapidity towards the li-
brary; and although the dog stood
immovably still at some distance, in
spite of my solicitations, and kept
earnestly gazing upon me, as if in
apprehension of an approaching cat-
astrophe, I proceeded onward, and
turned back the shutters which I had
closed, determined not to be im-
posed upon by any diabolousness of
the light. Thus fortified against decep-
tion, I re entered the room with a
frank step, and there in the full glare
of day did I again clearly and vi-
vidly behold the identical apparition,
sitting in the same posture as before,
and having its eyes closed!

My heart somewhat failed me under
this sensible confirmation of the
vision; but summoning all my cour-
age, I walked up to the chair, ex-
claiming with a desperate energy—
"In the name of heaven and of all
its angels, what dost thou seek here!"
when the figure slowly rising up,
opening his eyes, and stretching out
its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton
and caper sauce, with a bottle of
prime old port, for such is the
dinner you promised me." "Good
God!" I ejaculated, "what can this
mean? Are you not really dead?"
"No more than you are," replied
the figure. "Some open mouthed
fool told my clerk that I was, and
he instantly wrote to tell you of it;
but it was my namesake, George
Staples, of Castle street, not me, nor
even one of my relations, so let us
have dinner as soon as you please,
for I am as hungry as a hunter."
The promised dinner being soon
upon the table, my friend informed
me, in the intervals of his ever read-
ily laughter; that as soon as he had
undecided his clerk, he walked over
to Star Cross to do me the same
favour; that he had fallen asleep in
the arm chair, while waiting my re-
turn from the grounds; and as to
the dog, he reminded me that he had
severely punished him at his last vi-
sit for killing a chicken, which ex-
plained his terror, and his crouch-
ing to me for protection; when he
recognized his chaaiser.

A loquacious blockhead, after bab-
bling some time to Aristotle, observ-
ed that he was obtruding on his ear.
"No, no," replied Aristotle, "I have
not been listening."

GENERAL BURGUYNE.

It is curious that a man of such
celebrity, as a writer, a senator, and
an officer, as the late Lieut. Gen-
eral John Burgoyne, should be found
among the number of those whose
youthful days no memorial has been
preserved. Neither the time, place,
nor circumstances of his birth are
known. Even his parentage is
doubtful. He is said, but upon what
authority does not appear, to have
been a natural son of that Lord
Bingley who died, at an advanced
age, in 1774. That he had the ad-
vantage of a liberal education, and
early intercourse with polished so-
ciety, is sufficiently evident from his
writings; and it is probable that he
was early devoted to the profession
of arms; for, on the 10th of May,
1759, he was raised to the rank of
Lieut. Colonel; and in the August of
the ensuing year, he was appoint-
ed Lieut. Colonel Commandant of
the 16th Light Dragoons. His af-
ter services at different periods, in
Spain, Portugal and America, are
well known; especially the unfortu-
nate termination of his military car-
eer at Saratoga, which, though it
tarnished not his honour, cast a
shade over his brow ever afterwards
conspicuous to the physiognomical
eye. He made, on certain occasi-
ons, no ordinary figure in Parliam-
ent. He moved in the first cir-
cles, and married Lady Charlotte
Stanley, a daughter of the Earl of
Derby; and yet we know not who
or what originally he was: He was
author of four successful dramas.
The Maid of the Oaks, The Lord
of the Manor, Richard Coeur de
Lion, and the comedy of The Heir-
ess; and yet the curiosity of his bi-
ographer, even in this anecdote
dealing and memoir sifting age, can-
not trace his origin, or the scenes
and circumstances of his education.
The fable of the Lord of the Man-
or seems, in some degree, to have
been suggested (though sufficiently
disguised in the modifications of
character and circumstances) by the
incident of his own matrimonial con-
nection; for his was a clandestine
and unauthorised marriage, at a
time when he held only a subaltern
commission in the army, and is said
to have excited at first the resent-
ment of the lady's father to such a
degree that he declared his resolu-
tion never to admit the offenders into
his presence; though in process of
time the anger of the Earl subside-
ed, a reconciliation was effected,
and was succeeded by a warm and
lasting attachment. It is probable
also that the memory of his lady,
who died in the year 1776, at Ken-
sington Palace, during his absence
in America, is embalmed by the af-
fectionate regrets of the General in
that beautiful air in the first act of
the opera:

"Encompassed in an angel's frame,
My Angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did Heaven assert the claim,
And call its own away
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return
What now shall fill this widow's arm?
Ah, me! my Anna's urn!"

It is adme confirmation of this con-
jecture, that General Burgoyne con-
tracted no second marriage. Taste
and sentiment, rather than vigour
and originality, and familiarity with
local manners and the superficiality of
character, rather than the compre-
hensive views of the sources of hu-
man action, and penetration into the
deeper recesses of the heart, charac-
terise the genius of this writer; and
his satire, though well pointed, will
accordingly lose its interest when
the memory of the fleeting follies
and temporary politics at which it
is levelled shall have died away. Of
his dramatic works, incomparably
the most valuable is the comedy of
"The Heiress"—which may, indeed,
be called the last real comedy pro-
duced on the English stage.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A nobleman who is perhaps the
most absent man in the three king-
doms, came one birch night, full
dressed, to White's, and had forgot
his stockings, which he did not re-
collect till he spilt some hot coffee
upon his legs. He immediately
sent a waiter to buy him a pair of
white silk stockings, saying that he
was never guilty of such a piece of
absence before; when the waiter
brought them, he put them both on
one leg, and went to court.