

Negroes

A TERM OF... for sale a Negro children; they or separately to woman has to and four years, they respectively thirty years. the of age, and the ce months old. at public sale to the residence and on Saturday the 1, o'clock A. M. B. DUVALL.

Hair Restorative

And Preservative Vegetable Cerate. FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

I have now in my possession a certificate from a gentleman to whom reference will be given to those who wish positive proof of the powerful effect of the Hair Cerate. In this case a large space on the head was perfectly bald, but now, wonderful to behold, it is covered with a beautiful, strong, thick crop of hair; and this rapid vegetation came to perfection in about two months by the use of not quite two boxes of the Vegetable Hair Cerate bought at my shop. I therefore, in full confidence recommend it to the public; that by attending to the method prescribed for using it, they will not be disappointed in their expectations. JOHN LOVE, Sole Agent for the state of Maryland, March 22.

More proof of the wonderful effects of the Vegetable Hair Restorative Cerate, which I have just received in the following certificates from New York, &c. Northampton county, Penn. Jan 22, 1824.

Having observed in the Baltimore and Philadelphia papers the wonderful effects of the Vegetable Cerate has produced on numbers of persons, and having the misfortune to lose my hair about two years ago, I purchased some of the article and made use of it according to the directions, and in about four months I had an elegant coat of hair, and I can safely say it is one of the greatest discoveries ever made as it respects restoring the hair. JAMES WOOD, Long-Island, March 25, 1824.

I saw in the New York Patriot a remedy for the hair, called the Vegetable Cerate, and being bald on the top of my head, I purchased a box, and after using about three quarters of it, I perceived my hair coming out; I shaved it off according to the directions, still using the Cerate, and in about three months I had a fine head of hair; I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to the public. J. GARDNER, New York, March 20, 1824.

As I had heard from numbers of persons the great benefit they had received from the use of the Vegetable Cerate, and having lost nearly all my hair, and tried every thing to restore it without effect, I purchased some of the Cerate of Dr. James H. Hart, and continued its use about three or four months, and found it answered the most salutary effects. To those who are desirous of preserving and restoring their hair, I therefore cheerfully recommend it to the public in general in the highest terms. WILLIAM PATTEN, North-Moore street, March 1, 1824.

With the greatest satisfaction, I do recommend the Vegetable Cerate. Having lost almost all my hair, by its falling off, I made use of the Vegetable Cerate and found the greatest benefit, it has cured my hair entirely, not only that, it softens the hair, and gives it a most elegant glossy appearance. Dr. James H. Hart of New York, is well acquainted with me, and can testify to the above. ELIZABETH HUGHES.

TO THE PUBLIC.—In justice to the discoverer of the celebrated Hair Restorative and Preservative Vegetable Cerate, [which is advertised in this paper] as well as for the benefit of such as may be afflicted with the loss of hair, I feel it my duty to give publicity to the following facts: About four years ago my hair all came out and left my head entirely bald; I used a great variety of means, among which were all the imported oils that are generally used for restoring the hair, to restore it again, without effect. Having seen the Vegetable Cerate last summer, I procured some of it, and, after using it about four months, night and morning, my head is now covered with a beautiful and vigorous growth of hair. It has had the desired effect with me, and I earnestly recommend it to those who have unfortunately lost their hair, as being the only effectual restorative now in use. WILLIAM SMITH, Of Burlington county, N. J. Newark, March 12, 1824.

TO THE LADIES. As it respects the Vegetable Cerate that has been published in our New York papers for this sometime past, and the many benefits it has produced on various persons, I therefore purchased some of the article to try its effect, and I can safely say, it is the only thing that has ever been of benefit to me, it not only prevents the hair from falling off, but gives the most stubborn hair a most beautiful natural curl, and I highly recommend it to all the ladies in the highest terms. ANN THEAN.

The original copies of the preceding certificates, can be seen at the store of Dr. James H. Hart, corner of Chamber street and Broadway, New York.

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.

Sale.

writes of fieri fa Court of Appeals will be exposed to day the 27th in house in the city of elock A. M. for an named Jacob, ick, late the pro ambrill Seized is of J. White, & of T. & B. Harris. O'Hara, Shif.

Panacea.

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17. 1823. HINN, Chemist, t Smith and Pear- of Third and Mar- elphia

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THOMAS CROSS.

MARYLAND



GAZETTE,

AND STATE REGISTER.

[VOL. LXXIX.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1824.

No. 24.]

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BY JONAS GREEN, CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

Table with columns for dates (20 Thursday to 26 Wednesday) and numbers (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13).



THE STEAM BOAT MARYLAND,

Will commence her regular routes. en Wednesday, the 10th March at 7 o'clock, A. M. from Commerce street wharf, for Annapolis and Easton, leaving Annapolis, at half past 11 o'clock, for Easton, by way of Castle Haven, and on Thursday, the 11th, will leave Easton, by way of Castle Haven, the same hour for Annapolis and Balti- more, leaving Annapolis, at half past 2 o'clock, and continuing to leave the above places as follows: Commerce street wharf, Baltimore, on Wednesdays and Saturdays—and Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, during the season.

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 next morning.

The Maryland will commence her route from Baltimore to Queenstown and Chestertown on Monday, the 15th day of March, leaving Commerce street wharf, at 9 o'clock every Monday, and Chestertown every Tuesday at the same hour, for Queenstown and Baltimore, during the season. Horses and carriages will be taken on board from either of the above places except Queenstown. 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 them away.

Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Haven, will keep horses and carriages for the conveyance of Passengers to and from Cambridge, without expense. CLEMENT VICKARS, Baltimore, March 8, 1824.

VALUABLE FARM.

The subscriber offers for sale the FARM On which he now resides. Few Plantations are more fertile. The improvements are excellent, a very large and commodious dwelling house, with every convenient out house that can possibly be necessary—an abundance of fruit trees of every kind, of the best and most careful selection. This Farm contains about 350 acres, adjoins the city of Annapolis, and has on it an abundance of fuel, and rail timber. Persons inclined to purchase, are invited to view this valuable estate, and for terms apply to LEWIS DUVALL, Jan. 15.

To the Voters

Of Anne Arundel County and the City of Annapolis. The subscriber respectfully reminds his fellow-citizens, that he continues to offer his services as a candidate for the Sheriffalty at the next election for that office. From a long experience in the under departments of that situa- tion, from his earnest endeavour to give satisfaction & from a general acquaint- ance with the voters of the county, he hopes his pretensions will not be for- gotten.

JOHN KNIGHTON, N. B. Messrs. Evans and Iglehart, are authorized to receive county tax- es and give receipts for the same. JOHN KNIGHTON, Collector.

MISCELLANEOUS

We know not when or where we have met with such a tale of domestic distress as is told below. Who can read it with stoical indifference?

THE PARTING.

From "Recollections of Eventful Life." By a Soldier. [A recent British publication.]

We had been about three months in the Island of Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us. As there were, how- ever, a great many more than that number, it was ordered that they should draw lots, to see who should remain. The women of the com- pany to which I belonged, were assem- bled in the pay sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the com- pany had gathered around them to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their coun- tenances. The proportionate num- ber of tickets were made, with "to go" or "not to go" written on them.

They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw their tickets. I looked around me before they be- gan. It was an interesting scene. The sergeant stood in the middle with the hat in his hand, the women around him with their hearts palpi- tating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward from amongst the crowd in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called was the sergeant's wife—she drew "not to go." It seemed to give little con- cern to any one but herself and her husband. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew "to go." This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great dis- turbance about the fire in the cook- ing way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed "to go." "Old Meg will go yet," said she, "and live to scald more of you about the fire-side." A general mur- mur of disappointment ran through the whole. "She has the devil's luck and her own," said one of them.

The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much re- spected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced with a palpitating heart and trem- bling hand to decide on (what was to her I believe) her future happiness or misery.

Every one prayed for her success—Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so, she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony, "Tell me for God's sake, what it is!"—"Not to go," said he, in a compassionate tone of voice. "Oh God, help me! O Sandy!" she exclaimed; and sunk life- less in the arms of her husband, who had sprang forward to her assis- tance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretched- ness. The drawing was interrupt-

ed, and she was carried by her hus- band to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her she was soon recovered from her swoon but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband; when she perceived him, she seized his hand and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. "O Sandy, you'll not leave me and your poor babe, will you?" The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the termagant whom I have al- ready mentioned, who said, "What are ye a' makin' such a wark about? Let the babie get her feet out! I suppose she thinks there's naebody ever parted with the men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark!"

The drawing was again com- menced, and various were the ex- pressions of feeling evinced by those concerned. The Irish women in particular were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acute- ly than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack, through the rest of that day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

We were to march the next morn- ing early.—Most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel for- tune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene.—The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontroll- able.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which he had used together, the idea seemed fixed in his mind that they would never use them in that way again, and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common; all had the apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

The regiment fell in, and march- ed off, amid the wailing of those who, having two or three children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated, that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so dis- pleased at their conduct, that, in coming through St. Heller's, he would not allow the band to play.

We arrived at the place where we were to embark, most distress- ing scenes took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got them- selves nearly tipsy, but most of them seemed to feel it acutely.

When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all gov- ernment of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. "Oh! dinna, dinna, leave me!" she cried. The vessel was hauling out.—One of the sergeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore. "Oh! they'll never be so hard-hearted as to part us!" said she; and running aft to the quarter deck, where the

commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees with her child in her arms. "Oh will you not let me gang wi' my husband? Will you tear him frae his wife and his ween? He has nae frien's but us—nor weony but him—and, Oh! will you make us a' frien'less? See my wee babie pleadin' for us!"

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favoura- ble to her cause. "Oh! aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him! You have nae wife; but if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco'hard to be torn frae her this way—& this wee darling." "My good woman, said the officer, I feel for you much, but my orders are peremptory; that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands.—You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard it is enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet, there are many more in the same predic- ament, and it is totally out of my power to help it."—"Well, well," said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, "it's a' ower wi' us, my pure babie! This leaves us frien'less on the wide world!"—"God will be your friend," said I, as I took the child from her until she could get into the boat. Sunday had stood like a per- son bewildered all this time, with- out saying a word. "Farewell then! at last farewell then!" said she to him. "Where's my babie?" she cried. I handed him to her—"Give him a last kiss Sandy." He pres- sed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. "Now a's ower! Farewell, Sandy! We'll may be meet in heav- en;" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart; which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that were killed in Portugal. What became of her I have never been able to learn.

From a London Paper.

JASMINE.

We are told that a Duke of Tus- cany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip—not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth day of his mis- tress, he presented her with a nose- gay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The Povera Figliu, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flow- ers; it flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's culti- vation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gar- dener of her heart. And the Tus- can girls to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of

jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb, which says a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

The festival of Christmas was grafted upon an ancient pagan feast, celebrated at the winter solstice, in honour of the sun, and to render the new year propitious. It answered to the Roman Saturnalia, and was probable of as high an origin. The night on which it was observed was called Mother Night, as that which produced the rest; and the feast it- self was called by the Goths Taul. Hence the old word yeul, or yule, for Christmas; a word that is still used, or at least has been used till within a century in Scotland; and the north of England. "Yule," says the learned antiquary, Cowel, "in the north parts of England, is used by the country people as the name of the feast of our Lord's nati- vity, usually termed Christmas. The sports used at Christmas, call- ed Christmas gambols, they still call Yule Games. The feast was celebrated from time immemorial among the Romans and Goths; the christians changed its object and name; tho' such is the force of cus- tom, that the Gothic name existed in Scotland till lately; and perhaps still exists among the lower ranks of people.

There has been much controver- sy respecting the day on which Christ was born. In the early ages of the church it was not, by any means, agreed on; and since, it has been placed, by men of equal learning, in every month of the year.

Christmas-Box.—The custom of asking a present on Christmas day, called Christmas box, arose as fol- lows: The Roman priests had mas- ses said for almost every thing. If a ship went to India, the priests had a box in her, under the protection of some saint—and the people put something into the priest's Box, for masses to be said for them to that saint. The mass for December 25th was called Christmas—the Box, Christ-mas-box, or monies collect- ed against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the ex- cesses committed at this season. From this custom it became com- mon for servants also to have the liberty to get box-money, to pay the priest for masses on their ac- count.

Days of the Week.—Origin of their names. We derive the names of the days of the week from the Sax- ons, who appropriated particular worship to particular deities on each of the seven days, as follows:—the first day's worship was devoted to the Sun, hence Sunday second to the Moon, Monday; third Tuisco, Tuesday—Tuisco was a man of great renown among the Germans, after whom they called themselves Tuits- uen, that is Tuitsman, whence the modern name Dutchmen. Fourth, to Woden Wodensday, or Wednes- day. Woden was a great warrior, and honoured by the Saxons as the God of the battle; as Mars was by the Romans. Fifth, to Thor, Thurs- day or Thursday. Thor, the God who governed the winds and weath- er. Sixth, to Frea, Freeday, or Friday. Frea, the goddess of peace and plenty; for which they petition- ed on the sixth day. Seventh, Sea- ter, Seaterday, or Saturday. Sea- ter, the god to whom they prayed for protection, freedom and concord.

Almost all nations have devoted one day of the week for religious purposes. On the first day, Chris- tians celebrate the resurrection of Christ. The Tuesday is devoted by the Africans. Friday, by the Na- hometans; & Saturday by the Jews.