

MARYLAND



GAZETTE,

AND STATE REGISTER.

[VOL. LXXIX.]

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1824.

No. 23.]

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

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1824.—June	Jan	Rises	Jan	Sets
3 Thursday	4	42	7	18
4 Friday	4	41	7	19
5 Saturday	4	41	7	19
6 Sunday	4	40	7	20
7 Monday	4	40	7	20
8 Tuesday	4	39	7	21
9 Wednesday	4	39	7	21

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.

Flour Howard-street, \$6.—Do. What, \$5. 1-2.—Do. Kye \$2 25 to \$3.—Corn Meal per bbl \$2.—Wheat white, \$1 25.—Do. Red, \$1 15.—Corn, yellow, 32 to 34 cts.—Do. white, 29 cents.—Rye per bushel 45 cents.—Oats 25 to 31 cents.—Black Eyed Beans, 50 cents.—White Beans, \$1.—Whiskey 27 1/2 cents.—Apple Brandy 40 cents.—Peach do. 62 to 75 cents.—Herrings, new, No. 1 \$2 50.—Do do No. 2, \$2 25.—Do. old, No. 1 \$1 50.—Do. do No. 2, \$1 25.—Shad, trimmed, \$6 75.—Untrimmed, \$5 75.—Clover Seed, \$3 50 to \$3 75 per bushel.—Flax Seed, rough, 75 cents.—Timothy, do \$2 50.—Hay per ton, \$10.—Flax, 9 cents.—Candles, Mould, 12 1/2 cts.—Soap, 7 cents.—Pork, Mess, \$14 75.—Do Prime, \$11 75.—Butter, 7 cents to 14 cents.—Lard \$1 12 cents.—Bacon, 8 cents.—Leather, Best Sole, 24 to 27 cents.—Feathers, 35 cents.

Tobacco—Sales of this article have been rather brisker, and the last quotations have been fully maintained. 59 hogsheads, a part of the crop of R. W. Bowie, Esq sold for \$5 50 and \$8 50. It averaged about 750 pounds to the hogs head, about one third of the lot seconds. The crop portion of it was what might be called better than red, inclining to spangled—it came in good condition to market.

Contents of the last No. of the Am. Farmer. On the use of Gypsum—Communication to the Editor, on the Peach Tree—Culture of the Peach Tree; published by order of the Agricultural Society of Fayette County—On the Haws or Hooks, and the Lampas in horses, and the Hollow Horn in neat cattle—General rules for the restoration and preservation of health—Papers read at the last meeting of the Agricultural Society of the Valley, No. III.—Communication to the Editor on Horse Racing—Agricultural Notice—To prevent skippers in Bacon—Soap making by the Cold process—On the Culture of Rose Bushes—The Season—Extracts from the Editor's Correspondence dated Kingston, (Ten.), and near Selma, (Alab.)—Memorandum of seeds sent to the Editor since last publication—Prices Current, &c. &c.

THE STEAM BOAT MARYLAND,

Will commence her regular routes on 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 Baltimore, 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 convenience of Passengers to and from Cambridge, without expense. CLEMENT WICKERS.

MISCELLANEOUS

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

A TRUE TALE.—BY AN OLD SAILOR. It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran Tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his 'What cheer, what cheer?' could not refrain from turning round and 'stopping to take' another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers, a straw hat bound with black ribbon, thrown carelessly on his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt; a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the way side where he proposed having to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. 'Never throw hot water and ashes to windward,' (says the old Tar, shortening sail,) 'I'd sooner engage a squadron of five ships than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last word, side, even while sinking.' He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage. 'What, money—clerk—ah!—all lost, did you say? (exclaimed a rough strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint mill)—All gone, eh?—Yes, Ma'am all—lost to me, replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. 'So you think that story will do, eh? (continued the first) 'twont though Missus, so you must tramp, I dont keep a house for vagrants and such like.' 'Indeed, indeed it is true; the villains robbed me of all, and I've walked many, many weary miles. Oh but for a piece of bread, a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I've not been used to beg.' Why that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies forsooth! Where do you come from? 'Oh, Ma'am, I am a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reached me, lost, lost Lucy!' 'Hs. I see how it is! What you have been with the fellows, have you? Why you good for nothing—there, get out of my house—get out, I say! Can you have the cruelty to let me perish! Where, where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuses it. Oh remember, that mercy, that pity is the attribute of angels! 'Dont talk to me of angels, hussy, and as for tributes, there it settles, and taxes, and poor's rates enough—Out, I say! What are you want, eh? Here John! Bet where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here take this Miss and turn her out.' 'Oh let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg.' This was too much for our honest Tar. Entering the kitchen he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid servant together, were attempting to force her out. 'Yohoy, what's the matter here! (said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other.) 'Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what grapple a vessel in distress! and you, (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a christi an country? For shame old woman! Old woman, forsooth! (exclaimed the now double exasperated landlady)—Old woman, forsooth! What you takes the part of the young'un, eh? But she shall budge directly. I say she shant then. Come here pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather gage.' 'Well, this is fine treatment too, in my own house! And you, ye rapscallions, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say.' 'Touch her if you dare, (says old Will, flourishing his stick) and I'll—' 'Aye, that's right, keep off, for if you come a-thwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!' Poor Lucy had got close to his side, but fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. 'I am not worthy your notice, sir,—only a drop of water, for I am very faint.' 'You shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeezemon, and get something for the poor child, don't you see she's all becalmed! 'What give my property to yaguns and wanches!—no! I indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?' 'Avast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go,

get her a glass of wine.' 'And who's to pay?—Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack, said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. Heave to your port-poise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear. Why, what's the lubber grinning at! Will this satisfy you, ye old she shark! (thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold.) Will this satisfy you? The landlady's countenance brightened up: 'Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing, Well, well, I dare say you're a gentleman, after all.—Come, child, (to Lucy,) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes.—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear.' 'Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart, cried Will, how ready it expands at the voice of distress, (shaking his pockets.)—Here's the key will unlock the flood-gate of her benevolence—at any time, holding up a guinea. 'But come, pretty one, (drawing a chair) sit down and rest.—Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?' said Lucy. 'Wait till I ax you,' replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. 'Here miss, said the landlady, entering, take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good.—God bless your sweet face, why, do you think that I would go for to hurt a hair of your head? 'Where, there's enough of it—no more plavver, I ain't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in this bill.' Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. 'Come, come, don't be backward, never mind an old sailor, said Will. Refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I were your father.' 'Oh, sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart.—There, there, don't cry, I can't bear to see a woman's tears, it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M.'s by night.' 'Of Grove!' inquired Lucy, much agitated. 'Why aye; do you know him?' 'No, sir; but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew; and again burst into tears as if her heart would break.—Why aye, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is; this is some of Master Tommy's doing eh? Zounds! (clenching his fist)—but no matter. And where are you come from?' 'From my father's sir.' 'Oh do not ask me; my name is Lucy B.—' 'What, the daughter of old B.—that was in the VENERABLE as first Lieutenant?' 'Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter.' 'Zounds, why (starting up in a passion)—why and his Tom dare—but don't be frightened, don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend? Spare me, sir, spare me; if my father was indeed your friend, oh succour his erring child. Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds—but come, come along. I thought of going to the Admiral's sir. To be sure, to be sure; we'll be under weigh in a minute. Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interest; and oh I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart. A what, a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along sweet heart; and discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M.—was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of Cabin boy to Vice-Admiral of the White; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulked in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. I came in at the Navestholes, he would say, and didn't creep in at the cabin windows. He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together, and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell and order refreshments, as if he had not quitted it. Not an old sailor that ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer, and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform of good character, but not so successful as himself) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish Stocks, yet without children, for he was a bachelor; he had adopted his nephew determined to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the flashy characters of the day, and became tainted with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B.—by a brother officer, and that acquaintance which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but fearing the condemnation of the Admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had without ever bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immerse himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was spite-

tious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospect in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life according to his own account, had sailed with the Admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the house was composed. She had been plundered by some villain of all she possessed at day-break, but still continued her journey, till worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell off the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M.—and his cousin, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost over-powered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she had alighted from the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next Heaven, she loved most tenderly.—'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear foot-steps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery, she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind; informing her 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenues at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed at which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M.—was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor?

Pray sir, (said the Admiral entering the room abruptly, and addressing his nephew,) pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs his friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl under the flag of affection, turns pirate and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty? The young man sat petrified, for the questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. Answer me! (exclaimed the Admiral, raising his voice)—answer me distinctly! I cannot bear to be made sensible of error. Or what does he merit continued the Admiral, who contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?—Infamy—infamy and disgrace exclaimed the agonized M.—I feel tall—all and shudder! You have judged right, sir; your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of lieutenant B.—I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you. Not so much as my heart, sir, replied M.—Pass what sentence you please, but oh suffer me to expiate my faults, do not drive me to desperation! His well, sir, you are convinced of your error; and ringing the bell violently a servant appeared—Order M. M.'s horse to the door. Then turning to the young man—This is no longer a home for you; however you shall first have the satisfaction of facing the accuser and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No cubrit ever stood more agitated than M while these orders were given; he fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation. But what were his feelings, what his agony, when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her, but his uncle caught his arm, and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble—No, sir; would you again coil like a snake about your victim? Would you once more stain a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir, you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour; you have degraded my name; you have disgraced yourself. Go and let me never see your face again! This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined when she quitted the housekeeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open, and she found herself in the presence of the Admiral. He was habited in an immense cloak, that covered his whole person, and his level cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced, than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M at the same moment threw himself by her side and caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with hers. The old Admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude of Lucy when throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old Will Block!

BABYLONISH CUSTOM.

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel: and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her. Herodotus (Clio, p. 82 edit. Gale,) mentions a very singular custom among the Babylonians, which may serve to throw light on the conduct of Liban towards Jacob. 'In every district they annually assemble all the marriageable virgins on a certain day; and when the men are come together, and stand around the place, the crier, rising up, sells one after another, always bringing forward the most beautiful first; and having sold her for a great sum of gold, he puts up her who is esteemed second in beauty; On the occasion the richest of the Babylonians used to contend for the fairest wife, and to outbid one another; but the vulgar are content to take the ugly and lame with money; for when all the beautiful virgins are sold, the crier orders the most deformed to stand up, and after he has openly demanded who will marry her with a small sum, she is at length given to the man that is contented to marry her with the least.—In this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome, serves for a portion to those whose look is disagreeable, or who have any bodily imperfection. A father was not permitted to indulge his own fancy in the choice of a husband for his daughter, neither might the purchaser carry off the women which he had bought without giving sufficient security that he would live with her as his own wife. Those also who received a sum of money with such as could bring no price in this market, were obliged to give sufficient security that they would live with them; and if they did not, they were compelled to refund the money.'

THE POET'S DOG.

The manner in which Pope, the greatest of English poets, was preserved by the uncommon sagacity of his dog, was truly remarkable. This animal, who was called Marquis, could never agree with a favourite servant of this illustrious writer; he constantly growled when near him, and would even show his teeth whenever this servant approached. Although the English poet was singularly attached to this dog (who was a spaniel of the largest species) yet on account of his extreme neatness, which he pushed almost to excess, he would never allow him to remain in his chamber. Nevertheless, in spite of the most positive orders, the spaniel would frequently sneak towards evening into the apartment of his master, and would not be driven from it without the greatest difficulty. One evening, having slipped very softly in, without being perceived, this animal placed himself under the bed of his master, and remained there scarcely breathing. Towards morning the servant rushed hastily into the chamber of Pope. At this moment, the faithful dog suddenly left his post, and leaped on the villain, who was armed with a pistol. The poet started from his sleep—he threw open the window to call for assistance, and beheld three highwaymen, who had been introduced by his servant into the garden of his villa, for the purpose of robbing him of his most valuable possessions, after having assassinated him. Disconcerted by this unforeseen accident, the robbers hesitated a moment and then took to flight. The servant thus betrayed by the watchful dog, was sentenced to forfeit his life. How powerful the instinct of this faithful animal by whose astonishing sagacity was thus preserved the life of a man of whose fame England may justly be proud.

The same dog, shortly after this singular event, exhibited another proof of his remarkable instinct. Pope, reposing one afternoon in a little wood, about 3 leagues distant from his house, lost a watch of immense value. On returning home the poet wished to know the hour, and found his watch was not in his sob. Two or three nights had elapsed, and a violent storm was just commencing. The master called his dog, and making a sign which Marquis very well understood, he said, 'I have lost my watch, go look for it.' At these words Marquis departed, quick as the flash which lighted his steps, and repaired no doubt to every spot at which his master had stopped. It so happened that the poor animal was so long occupied in the search as to create great anxiety, for midnight had arrived and he had not returned. What was the astonishment of Pope, when on rising in the morning, he opened his chamber door, and there beheld his faithful messenger laying quietly and holding in his mouth the splendid jewel, with which he had returned perfectly uninjured, and which was the more highly valued by the Poet, as it had been presented him by the Queen of England.

Old Dr Hunt used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness—'We'll try this—and we'll try that. We'll shout into the tree, and if any thing falls, well and good.' 'Aye, (replied a wag,) I fear that is too commonly the case; and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls, is the patient.'

When Crowle was once on a circuit with Judge Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind him.—He replied, 'I do not know, but I am sure he is.' 'I was just before.'

COPPERING OF SHIPS.

An English paper has given a history of the coppering of the national vessels. It appears that the first ship, which underwent this operation, was a frigate, in 1761, and another in 1763, another in 1770, four in 174, and nine in 1777. The first ship of the line, the *Invisible*, in '79, and seventeen more in that year; in '80 and '81, the whigs of the British navy was coppered: