

MARYLAND



GAZETTE,

AND STATE REGISTER.

[VOL. LXXIX.]

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1824.

No. 25.]

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

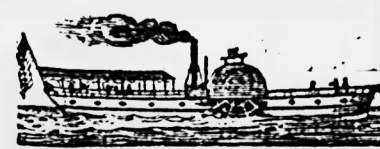
WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1824.—June	Sun	Rises	Sun Sets
17 Thursday	4	38	7 22
18 Friday	4	38	7 22
19 Saturday	4	38	7 22
20 Sunday	4	38	7 22
21 Monday	4	38	7 22
22 Tuesday	4	38	7 22
23 Wednesday	4	38	7 22

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

Home Howard street \$5 67 1/2 Do. What
\$1 62 1/2 Do. Susquehanna \$5 56—Corn
Meal per bbl. \$2—Wheat white, \$1 13 to
\$1 20—Do. Red, \$1 14 to \$1 15—Corn,
yellow, 33 cents—Do. white 29 cents—Rye
per bushel 41 cents—Oats 25 to 31 cents—
Black Eyed Peas, 55 cents—White Beans,
\$1—Whiskey 27 1/2 cents—Apple Brandy
40 cents—Peach do. 62 to 75 cents—Herrings,
new, No. 1 \$2 31—Do. do. No. 2,
\$2 06—Do. old, No. 1 \$1 50—Do. do. No. 2,
\$1 25—Shad, trimmed, \$6 75—Untrim-
med, \$5 75—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, \$15—Do
Prime, \$12—Butter, 7 cents to 14 cents
—Lard 8 1/2 cents—Bacon, 8 cents—Leath-
er, Best Sole, 24 to 27 cents—Feathers,
55 cents
No alterations in the prices of tobacco
since last report.

Contents of the last No. of the Am. Farmer.
Address of the Washington Agricultural
Society of East Tennessee—Paper of the
Agricultural Society of the Valley, No. V.
—The Diseases of Domestic Animals and
their cure—On Swine—On Caterpillars—
On Peach Trees—The University of Vir-
ginia—Bread making—General Rules for
the Restoration and Preservation of Health—
Rudiments of Cookery—Importance of
Straw in Husbandry—Extract from the
Editor's Correspondence, dated Lewisville,
(S. C.) May 29—Items of News—Trans-
Atlantic Shepherds—Destruction of the
Crops by the Caterpillar—Prices Current,
&c.



THE STEAMBOAT 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, leav-
ing 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
Potapoco 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 Mon-
day, 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 ex-
cept Queenstown. All baggage at
the risk of the owners.

All persons expecting small pack-
ages or other freight will send for them
when the boat arrives, pay freight and
take them away.

Captain Levin Jones, at Castle Ha-
ven, will keep horses and carriages for
the conveyance of passengers to and
from Cambridge, without expense.
CLEMENT VICKERS.

IN COUNCIL,

Annapolis May 11 1824.
Ordered, That the act, entitled, An
act to alter the time of the meeting of
the General Assembly of this state, and
for other purposes, passed at the last
session, be published once a week, for
six weeks in the Maryland Republican,
and Maryland Gazette, at Annapolis,
the Patriot, American, and Federal
Gazette at Baltimore; the Political Ex-
aminer, Greaves and Herbert's paper;
the Bond of Union at Belle-Air; the
True American at Rockville; the Star,
and Gazette at Easton; the National
Intelligencer; in the Maryland Advocate
at Cumberland; and the Political
Intelligencer at Frederick Town.
By Order
NINIAN PINKNEY
Clerk of the Council.

AN ACT

To alter the time of the meeting of the
General Assembly of this state, and
for other purposes.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General
Assembly of Maryland, That the
time of the meeting of the General
Assembly of this state, shall be on the
last Monday of December, in each
year, instead of the first Monday of
said month as is now prescribed by the
constitution and form of govern-
ment.

2. And be it enacted, That the Gov-
ernor of this state shall be chosen on
the first Monday of January in each
and every year, in the same manner
as is now prescribed by the constitu-
tion and form of government; and the
council to the governor shall be elec-
ted on the first Tuesday after the first
Monday of January, in each and every
year, in the same manner as is now
prescribed by the constitution and form
of government.

3. And be it enacted, That all annu-
al appointments of civil officers in this
state shall be made in the third week
of January, in every year, in the same
manner as the constitution and form
of government now directs.

4. And be it enacted, That all and
every part of the constitution and form
of government that is repugnant to or
inconsistent with the provisions of this
act, be, and the same are hereby re-
pealed, abrogated and annulled, upon
the confirmation hereof.

5. And be it enacted, That if this
act shall be confirmed by the General
Assembly after the next election of
delegates, in the first session after such
new election, as the constitution and
form of government directs, that in
such case this act and the alterations
and amendments therein contained,
shall be taken and considered, and
shall constitute and be valid as a part
of the said constitution and form of
government to all intents and purposes,
any thing in said constitution and form
of government to the contrary not-
withstanding.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias
issued out of Baltimore County Court,
and to me directed, will be exposed to
public sale, at the Alum and Copperas
Works of the Cape Sable Company,
in Anne-Arundel county, on Thursday
the 24th day of June instant, at two
o'clock P. M. for cash, All the right,
title and interest, of the Cape Sable
Company, in and to a tract or parcel
of land lying on Magothy river, con-
taining one thousand acres more or
less, together with the tenements, fix-
tures and machinery, consisting of
Boilers, Kilns, Mills, &c. &c. appar-
taining to said land, and also four No
gro Men named Isaac, Bill, Pero, and
Moses and one Negro Woman named
Rachel, late the property of the Cape
Sable Company. Seized and taken at
the suit of Robert Oliver, surviving
partner of the late firm of Robert and
John Oliver.
June 3, 1824.

For Sale,
A Negro Woman, and two Children,
the eldest a Boy. The woman is 24
years of age. Inquire at this Office.
June 3.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the London Literary Gazette.
SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.
CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

—Rude am I in speech,
And little of this great world can I speak.
More than pertains to feast of broil and bat-
tle.
On advancing to the gates, I ob-
served my friend Pat with four or
five little urchins drawn up in a line,
each with a broom-stick or a mop-
handle, going through the various
evolutions of the drill ground. He
was in the first position for facing to
the right, and the youngsters,
with mouths and eyes wide open,
were watching the motion.—Though
seventy winters had spent their
storms upon his head, he stood erect
and firm, and at that moment would
have been a fine study for the artist.

“To the right face!” said he. It
brought it full in my front: his hand
was flourished in his hat in an in-
stant, and from a countenance ex-
pressive of command, it changed to
one of the most lively pleasure.
“Oh, joy to the hour that I see your
honour again! Faith, but delight is
bating the roll upon the drum of
the heart, and every swate sensa-
tion is answering the muster.” The
children were now charging each
other in front and rear, which an-
noyed the veteran, “Arrah be aisey,
and don't you be after making such
a hubbadoo—double quick time,
march!” and off they sat, as wild as
young colts. “Are any of these
yours’ inquired I. “Oh no, your
honour; when the turf covers poor
ould Pat, his name will become
‘stinguished. But see at you gas-
son; oh, it makes my heart ache to
look at him, for he has never a friend
in the world, no, in Ireland either,
save and beside myself, your hon-
our. Sure isn't he a darling of a
boy, and the very image of my
own dare Norah. Come here, Cas-
sey and spake to the gentleman;
don't stand rubbing your pate there.
Run off, you ragged rascal, and let
his honour alone; don't stand grub-
bing there with your ten toes, like a
pig in a pratee garden. Faith, but
he's off; and now, perhaps your hon-
our would like to know a little of his
history, seeing that it makes a figure
in my own. But first I'll go back
to the end, and so tell you straight
forward in a circuitous manner, that
we mayn't set out in a round about
way. Sure and wasn't it at Monte
Video that you left me last? And
faith I might have staid there till
death, and longer, but they ordered
us up for Bonney's Airs. Oh that
was a terrible consarn, so it was,
and many brave fellows lost their
billet, for these Spaniards had an
ugly knack of knocking the wound-
ed upon the head after they were
kilt.—Sure wasn't I one of the
party that stormed the Pizzelaro
del Tel-row, where the bulls
fight; for how could we get at
'em, your honour, seeing there was
not even the spoke of a ladder by
way of stair case? Ah, then poor
Pat tumbled down with a wound I
got in the breast; and then I thought
of dare little Ireland and Norah;
and so I struggled to get up again;
but all was to no use till I was faint-
ed with the loss of blood, and there
I lay as speechless and as comical
as possible. Well when I awoke I
heard a soft swate voice, spaking to
me in broken English—it was just
like Norah's your honour—and so
I opened my day-lights to take a
peep at the angel, for I thought it
was her own dare self came in a
phantomical way to cheer my spir-
it about to quit this world of trou-
ble—only I couldn't make out the
brogue; but not a soul did I see,
save and except a young officer, in
the uniform of a Spanish hussar,
kneeling by my side and faling my
pulse, which was now bating the

dead march. The crature started
when I shew'd my peepers, and the
cap flew from its head. Oh, I shall
never forget to remember that same;
for it was a woman, your honour,
and a noble one, too; and though
French by birth a countryman of
my own, seeing that she had marri-
ed a son of the sod.* Long life to
her, whether she's dead or alive, for
her kindness to poor Pat! for didn't
she have me carried by the Vice-
roy's servants to snug quarters,
where my wound was dress'd and
the ball distracted; faith and she did
your honour, and many more beside
me, for after the battle, having a re-
gard for the poor brave souldger, and
knowing that many lay blading on
the ground, she put on the regiment-
als of a captain of hussars, as one
of the general's aide de camps, and
rode through the scenes of carnage
to stop the murderers' hands. Oh
wasn't she a darling of a soul! Ax
General B—, your honour for he
knew her well, by token—but that's
none of my business to notice, only
twas whispered as soft as a pale of
bells, that they found his image in
wax-work all alive and kicking,
your honour. But the worst of it
was the loss of our colours, that
hung dangling in the church of San
Nicholas, where the brave Sir Sam-
uel A—y had suffered so much;
but that was a bad job, to make the
most of it, and all through treache-
ry and cowardice, your honour, bad
manners to his powther'd fiz-hog.
But the colours! oh didn't they stick
in my gizzard, sure! and so I spoke
a word or two about it to my ould
comrade Corporal Blacketer—him
as pucky-loved the saints. “What's
to be done?” says he. “Arrah dacent-
ly walk off with them,” says I.—
“How's that?” says he. So seeing
he'd no liking to the matter, I was
obliged to close my chatter box, and
soon after we sailed down the river.
Well, about two years after-
ward an ill wind blow'd me there
again, and I couldn't help going to
take a sly peep. Oh didn't I get in-
to a big rag, sure, when they struck
like a blight upon my eyes. Oh
Paddy, says, I, twig'em, and take
shame to yourself for not dislodg-
ing them from their height! And
so it bother'd me night and day,
your honour, that I couldn't slape a
wink, nor ever cease to think of it
while waking. Well, one evening
Jerry Driscol and myself were
ashore taking a sup of the crature;
Jerry was a broth of a boy, and
knew that two and two made five
when his own ugly mug was shoved
in to balance the account. He was
a blue jacket your honour, belong-
ing to a sloop of war. “Arrah, Jerry,
(says I) shall we do the thing?”
“Faith and we will, (says he) and
the more by token that they have
stuck the bunting up; as indeed
they had your honour, with R. M.
B. on it, for Royal Marine Battalion.
So when night came, off we
set, and got safe into the middle of
the centre of the church, and clapp'd
ourselves in ambush out of sight,
where no body could see us. About
midnight, now, (says I) Jerry's,
the time; you must mount-a-reeve-o,
only take care the rope don't get
round your neck.”—Well, just as
we was going to begin, we heard
the most terrible noise, and what
could it be but one of the padres,
who had been sipping the supernacu-
lum and fallen asleep in the sentry
box—the confessional-box I mane.
Bad manners to him for stretching
his day-lights, and prying into oth-
er men's affairs! Oh, your honour,
he roared like a Pope's bull, but he
was as big as three moderate-sized
aldermen. “Arrah be aisey, (says

Jerry, giving him a thump in 'his
rot-undery, which would have held
a cathedral)—Can't you behave
yourself, jewel?—Thump he went
again; it sounded like a big drum,
or a chinese gong. “Tuzzy muzzy
wow, and be quiet then,” says Jerry,
fetching him another poke in his
middle aisle, that made the steeple
tother. The sentry peep'd in, Jer-
ry twig'd him, and catch'd the friar
round the neck, and down they roll'd
together both roaring with all their
might. It struck me comical—I
couldn't tell what to make of it.
“Arrah, Jerry, (says I) don't you
mane to get up?” “Oh the murth-
ering rascal! (says he) don't you see
how he is using me! and indeed
your honour, the padre was belabour-
ing him with both his fists. I ran
to assist, but a sergeant and guard
entered. Arrah, Paddy, (says I)
it's all over with you now; we shall
both be hung for felo de see. “What's
the matter here? (says the sergeant
—for he was a countryman, your
honour, that had deserted from
Whitelock's army, as indeed there
were hundreds more)—Oh, by my
conscience, (says Jerry, jumping up
and touching his hat.) Mr. Sergeant,
but that same fellow is a thumping
rascal, so he is.” “Be aisey,” says
the sergeant; and so he spake to the
Padre in broken Spanish, and tells
him to get up, and the soldiers lev-
er'd him up with their firelocks.
And then he tells them a long story
about being asleep, and dreaming
that somebody was trying to stale
the Virgin Mary, and that San
Nicholas tweak'd his nose, and
catch'd us at it. “Do you hear that?”
says the sergeant.—“Faith and I do,
(says Jerry) but sorrow the silly
bull do I understand at all at all; all
I know of the matter is that we
were passing by, and heard the poor
jontleman hallowing; so we ran in,
and thinking he'd got the cramp in
the stomach, I rubb'd his eminece
a little, when the ungrateful rascal
knock'd me down, and threw him-
self on the top of the outside of me,
and I'm almost mumm'd to a jam-
my—arrah no, jamm'd to a mum-
my, I mane.” “But what's that
rope?” says the sergeant, pointing
to it. “Oh the sinner! (says Jerry),
and sure he was going to hang him-
self, but didn't like it. Faith but
it's all evident now, Mr. Sergeant,
and we've saved his life.” Howev-
er, your honour, they march'd us
off to the guard house, Jerry and I,
and there we staid till morning light
our hearts bating the tattoo all the
time, for we'd no great relish to the
mines for life.—But joy betide the
friar, he made it out to be a merry-
kill, and so we were released for
the honour of San Nicholas, spite of
the thwacks he got in his corpora-
tion that would have held all the
common council in London; and so
the colours hang there till this time,
unless they've taken them down,
Jerry's in Greenitch and here's poor
Pat in Chillea. God bless his Ma-
jesty and the country for such a
home!

CORNELIUS BUFFSTICK.

REMARKABLE.
We find the following paragraph in
the last number of the Edinburgh Phi-
sophical Journal.
“It is a remarkable circumstance,
that, since the great earthquake of 1687,
no wheat will grow on the coast of Peru.
In some places, indeed, a little is raised;
but it is very unproductive. Rice, on
the contrary, yields a great return. Be-
fore the earthquake, one grain of wheat
yielded 200 grains.”

SINCERITY

Is to speak as we think—to do, as
we pretend and profess—to perform
and to make good what we promise
—and really to be what we would
seem and appear to be.

SHERIFFALTY.

ROBERT WELCH, (of Bed.)
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-cit-
izens.