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Candidates for the Legislature.
ANNE-Arundel COUNTY.
Abner Linthicum,
Charles R. Stewart,
Robert W. Kent,
William J. W. Compton,
Christopher L. Gantt,
Charles S. Matthews,
John S. Williams,
John S. Sellman,
Robert Welch, of Ben.
Edward E. Anderson,
Steven Gambrell,
Joseph Nicholson.

MISSISSIPPI STATE.
From the MS. of the Missionary.
THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.
On the South, where wild winds toss
The sea-sunder wave,
A lone hand has reared a Cross,
To mark the Stranger's Grave.
It is an old sepulchral mound,
Slightly and gently raised;
And grass and hills will grow,
As in the Stranger's Grave,
It is a place of weeping,
And a place of prayer;
For there the soul of man
Has found its final care.
The lone and lonely spot,
In nature's loneliness,
Is sacred to the dead,
And to the living's sense.
The stranger's grave is here,
A monument of grief,
Which marks the place where
The lone and lonely lie.
The stranger's grave is here,
A monument of grief,
Which marks the place where
The lone and lonely lie.

The rates of passage money to
as follows:
For every passenger from Easton
to the Landings on Third Street,
from Castle Haven to Baltimore,
the reverse
2 1/2
For ditto from Easton, the said
Landings, or from Castle
Haven to Annapolis, or the
reverse
3
For ditto from Annapolis to
Baltimore, or the reverse
1
For ditto from Baltimore to
Chester town, or the interme-
diate place, or the reverse
1 1/2
For every horse or other beast
of equal size, from place to
place respectively, the same
rate as for a passenger.
For every four wheel carriage
from any of the said places
on the Eastern Shore to any
of the said places on the
Western Shore, or the re-
verse
3 1/2
For every two wheel carriage
from place to place as men-
tioned in the last rule
1 1/2
For every four wheel carriage
from Annapolis to Balti-
more, or the reverse
2 1/2
For every two wheel carriage
from Annapolis to Balti-
more, or the reverse
1 1/2
For every passenger, horse or
pig, from Easton to Castle
Haven, or the reverse
3
For every four wheel carriage
and for every two wheel carriage
from or to Easton and
Castle Haven,
1 1/2
For every passenger of colour
from Easton or other place
on the Eastern Shore to Balti-
more, or the reverse
1 1/2
For Ditto from the Eastern
Shore to Annapolis, or from
Annapolis to Baltimore, or
the reverse
3
Articles of merchandise or other
things which may conveni-
ently be received and laden
on board are subject to the
same charges as for freight
for the like articles on board
the packets.
For every sheep or hog, or ani-
mal of the like size, carried
from any one of the said
places to the other,
3
If more than six of each kind,
the charge will be reduced
in the discretion of the com-
mander.
In the passages between Baltimore
and Annapolis, and between Balti-
more and Chester town, if any passen-
ger going in the boat shall also return
the same day, the fare shall be charged
but as for going or returning only,
and not for both.
Under no inducement shall more
steam be employed than is necessary
for her ordinary voyages.
All baggage to be at the risk of the
owners.
The fare for any meal not to exceed
50 cents, nor liquors to be charged
beyond tavern rates.
Lemuel G. Taylor, Captain,
Annapolis, March 6.

and thence crosses beds of lava, which came down in molten torrents, and congealed in dark, shapeless, desolate masses, about which, not a blade of verdure is to be seen. A more dreary, gloomy picture cannot be imagined.—The beds are of the width of broad rivers, sometimes a mile in breadth; extending from the cone to the margin of the bay, and in some instances, they have poured their burning streams into the water. There is much more asperity in the surface of the beds, than I expected to find. Protuberances, five or six feet in height, and of the most fantastic shapes, are scattered over the hideous tracts, having nearly the same degree of roughness that a torrent of water would assume in rolling down the hill, and freezing as it broke over the obstacles opposing its passage. The complexion and general appearance of the beds at a distance, is not unlike that of a newly ploughed field, in a rude state, with a black soil.

About mid-way between Resina and the base of the Cone, stands the Hermitage, on a high ridge, which may emphatically be considered as an island, surrounded by broad torrents of lava on either side. The solitary white house is kept by a monk, who affords refreshments to travellers. His tenement is furnished with a large bell, which he rings every Sunday morning, and other feasts days, probably to let the world know he is alive. At certain seasons, religious processions from Naples and the neighbouring villages, climb to the Hermitage, to celebrate the anniversaries of some of their saints. The brow of the hill in front of the house had been planted with trees, and a dozen little shrines have been erected, in imitation of Mount Calvary. As we were in great haste to reach the top of the mountain, the morning dreams of the monk were not disturbed.

On leaving the Hermitage, the path winds along the spine of the ridge, and is bordered with verdure, which becomes extremely graceful, amid the solitary waste. The point of the island soon terminated in other beds of lava, which extend to the foot of the cone, and over which our donkeys picked their way at a snail's pace, notwithstanding all our efforts to hasten them forward. For the greater part of the distance, the path is passible for horses, and Salvatore could not introduce an improvement more acceptable to travellers, than substituting a better sort of animals in the place of his jack-asses. It is much harder work to ride them than to climb the hill on foot. They are also very unsafe. One of our countrymen, last winter, was pitched thrice among the crags of lava, and came near breaking his neck.

To our inexpressible regret, on arriving at the base of the Cone, the prediction of the guide had proved true, and the whole hill was enveloped in a dense cloud, so that our horizon did not exceed 20 feet from us, in any direction. Here another question arose, whether or not it was worth while to ascend farther, under such circumstances. But perseverance carried us onward. Throwing aside our cloaks, and tying our donkeys to lumps of lava, we plunged into the mist, and commenced crawling up an activity, rising with an angle of about 45 degrees. Fortunately, only a small portion of the rocky height could be seen in advance. Salvatore came panting after us, directing us not to walk so fast. The fatigues of the ascent appeared very much exaggerated; and to persons of ordinary activity, sedan chairs, belts about the loins, and pilgrim's staves, are an useless apparatus.—Much less weariness was experienced than in climbing Mam Tor, in Derbyshire Peak. The walk was accomplished in less than an hour, and without resting but once. For the greater part of the way, the route leads up a furrow in the hill, into which stones have tumbled, forming a tolerable foothold. Smoke gushes out in sandy places along the way, and the hand cannot bear the heat of the surface.

On reaching the top, at about six o'clock in the morning, we, for a time, abandoned all hope of being adequately compensated for our toil, so far as its regarded a prospect. The crater was entirely filled with thick

clouds, mingled with smoke, tumbling in broken volumes over the verge, and hanging in wreaths about the black crags. It was impossible for the eye to penetrate ten feet into the abyss, and the imagination was left to fathom its gloomy depths. Here we were involved in mists, and without cloaks. Great difficulty was experienced in persuading the guide to wait an hour, with the hope of a change of weather. At length he consented, and finding a warm place under the rocks, near one of the spiracula, he stretched himself out upon the cinders, and finished his interrupted slumbers; while we amused ourselves in throwing stones into the apertures, to hear their rumble in the caverns below. The vapour rising out of these crevices exactly resembles that issuing from a hot chimney or brick-kiln, and the hand is as soon scorched on coming in contact with it. A low, heavy, sultry sound of subterranean furnaces is heard, but less distinctly than at the Solfatara.

After a sleepless night, and the fatigues of the morning, nothing but intense curiosity kept us from following the example of our guide, and patience was nearly exhausted, when, casting my eye towards the crater, I perceived a change in the aspect of the clouds. More of the abyss became every moment visible. The dark, jagged rocks, forming the circumference, and shooting up into the rude, shattered peaks, were developed, one by one, till the glimpse of the very bottom, at the depth of 1,500 or 2,000 feet, alternately appeared and vanished. Soon, the disk of the sun was seen through the mist, "shorn of his beams." On turning to the outer verge of the crater, a scene was witnessed which wholly baffled description. The cloud had by this time become a thin, semi-transparent vapour, shifting every instant by gentle currents of air, and as often varying the objects around us. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning in the night, the blue skies, with fleecy clouds reposing in the horizon, the whole bay of Naples, its azure waters, its islands, its white sails, the splendid circle of towns, and the green shores, spread like enchantment beneath the eye—and then a curtain of mist sweeping by, involved all in utter obscurity, till the veil was again lifted by the winds. The feelings involuntarily sought relief in rapturous applause; and even Salvatore clapped his hands with as much enthusiasm, as he would manifest at the exhibition of some grand spectacle in the theatre of San Carlos. In extent, grandeur, and picturesque beauty, the scenery far transcended the most splendid conceptions of the imagination. While standing with my back to the sun, my shadow was distinctly thrown several times upon a volume of cloud in front, with two perfect and vivid concentric circles of rainbows, three or four feet in diameter, surrounding my head; a phenomenon entirely new to me.

At last every vestige of the vapour disappeared, and left us in the full blaze of day. The crater was seen to the best advantage. It is about four miles in circumference, and in shape nearly circular. The brim is broken into deep, rugged notches, fifty or a hundred feet deep, and bordered by the splintered fragments of the mountain, impending in rude crags over the abyss. This belt of rocks, exhibiting a frightful image of ruin, extends about one third of the way down, and thence commences a region of loose cinders, sand, and ashes, sloping with a steep declivity to the bottom.

Pieces of the cliff are every moment dropping to the depths below, breaking the profound silence of the hill, and producing the most dreary sounds imaginable. In the very apex of the inverted cone, there appeared to be a bed of solid rock, or lava, filled with water, which reflected the rays of the sun with such intensity, that it was at first mistaken for some glittering mineral. Along the side of the crater, the smoke rises in a hundred different places, ascending in most cases gently, as if proceeding from smothered fires, and curling in wreaths about the projecting crags. The guide stated that an unusual quantity was emitted on the day of our visit, owing to the prevalence of a southern wind.

It seems to be the general opinion that the Volcano is in its old age, and that its combustible materials are nearly exhausted. So thought the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose streets were paved with lava, thrown out centuries before, and who were lulled into fatal security by a temporary repose of the elements. Since that period, no less than forty eruptions have taken place, covering all sides of the mountain with a mass of ruins, which would make a hill twice the size of the cone, and which prove that the torrents ejected must come from great depths in the earth. Incredible stories are told of the height to which the fire and cinders are elevated, and of the distance to which they extend. Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople, are said to have witnessed a shower of ashes during some of the eruptions, and the column is supposed to have ascended to the upper regions of the atmosphere, thirty or forty miles from the earth. Such tales are contrary to all calculations of projectiles, and outrage belief. The last eruption was in 1822, when about 800 feet of the top of the hill was taken off. Torrents of lava, 20 feet in depth, rolled about half way down the mountain, in the direction of the villages joining the shore, the inhabitants of which were in a state of the utmost terror, expecting to realize the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It rained ashes for several days in the streets of Naples, and the air was so thick as to render candles necessary at noonday.

The indications of a convulsion, by a long course of observations, have been clearly ascertained. Unusual quantities of smoke, of a dark complexion, rise in the form of a wide spreading tree, the top of which reaches to heaven, and the column extending sometimes 20 miles in diameter. The waters of the bay retreat from the strand, as if absorbed into subterranean gulfs, to be emitted from the crater. A tremor is felt in the earth. These signs continue for a day or two, giving the populous district at the foot of the mountain, warning of the impending calamity. In 1822, the people clung to their property, their little all, to the last; and the police were obliged to tear them away. Thieves, disguised in female attire, seized the opportunity of plundering amid the scene of confusion.

I walked about one third of the way round the crater, and should have completed the circuit, had not another cloud dashed against the mountain, and again involved us in mist. Two English ladies, now at Naples, are making preparations to descend into the abyss, by means of ropes fastened to the cliffs. Such an enterprise deserves little applause, since it is a mere matter of heroism, and will not probably serve to extend the sphere of philosophical knowledge. The formation of the basin can be examined to as good advantage from the top as from the bottom.

Having lingered something more than two hours on the top of the mountain, and examined its various aspects in the most satisfactory manner, we descended in a few minutes from the height which it required a wearisome hour to climb. In the course of the jaunt, I picked up from among the embers the sole of a pretty shoe, which looked as if it might have been thrown out of the volcano. Thinking that old Empedocles might, according to his doctrine of transmigration, have been once more changed into a girl, and the proofs of his mortality discovered, in the fragment of a slipper; I added the relic to Salvatore's museum, although he did not seem to appreciate its value.

Bergami and the late Queen Caroline, must not be forgotten in the enumeration of nobility. They went up together, and are said to have been enamoured of the flames. Tradition is silent whether the cavalier put his shoulders to the sedan, or was himself carried.

On our return to Resina, we examined the museum of Salvatore, which contained mineralogical specimens of the whole region in the vicinity of Vesuvius. Cases containing full suits, are neatly put up, and kept for sale at reasonable prices. While breakfast was preparing, a cicerone conducted us through the ruins of Herculaneum, buried 70 feet beneath the villages of Resina & Portici. The entrance, thro' long, dark and intricate avenues, renders the use of tapers necessary from the very threshold of the descent. Instead of the bright skies which once canopyed the ancient city, its firmament is now composed of a solid bed of lava; and the rumbling of carriages is now heard on the road above. The excavations are very circumscribed, and the ruins are too imperfectly developed to afford much interest. Treasures to an unknown extent yet remain to be opened, and the surface is thickly covered with modern buildings, among which is the King's palace, ages may elapse before the whole will be explored. The ancient theatre is at present the only object which attracts the attention of the traveller. Its proportions, its benches, its entrances, and its ornaments, even to the red stucco upon the walls, are distinctly seen. The corridors are surrounded by a suit of apartments, which were probably the coffee houses and lounges of the audience. But I will not dwell on this topic, having a long story of the same kind to tell of a sister city, overwhelmed by a common calamity, and much more fully laid open to observation.

BATHOS.—Not long since, an eminent lawyer of Ohio, closed a pathetic harangue to a jury in the following strain:

"And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff's doors; separated the weeping mother from her screaming infant, and took away my client's rifle, gentlemen of the jury, for which we charge fifteen dollars.

TEMPTATION.
The river Neve separates us from the French, whom I see every morning at parade, from the window of my garret. Our sentries and theirs can talk to each other with perfect ease; no kind of molestation being offered on either side. They come down to wash their horses, and their women to wash the linens of the regiments, and we do the same. The French soldiers often endeavour to entice our fellows to desert, by sticking a piece of beef on the point of a bayonet, or by holding out a canteen, accompanying their action with "I say, come here! here is ver good ros bif; here is ver good brandy."

Adventures in the Peninsula.

The amount of taxes levied for the poor in England nearly equals all the revenue of the United States.—Last year the sum of £6,965,051 was levied in England and Wales. £7,174,611 were expended.

The unredeemed funded debt of Great Britain has increased £64,962,112 since 1819. It is now £897,098,557. The total annual charge has also increased £216,222 per annum.

In 1823 the coasting trade of England amounted to 7,899,000 tons, in 1826 it was 9,306,000 tons. This is said to be the great nursery for seamen.

Since the increase of the English sugar colonies, they supply 60,000 hhds. more sugar than England consumes. This is supposed to be the reason the English colonial ports were opened to foreign nations.

The population of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain is estimated at eighteen millions; of these eight millions are suffering under the operation of particular tests and exclusions in consequence of religious opinions.

TO FLORISTS
IN GENERAL, & LADIES IN PARTICULAR.
L.A.B.

The New Monthly Magazine gives the following method of obtaining flowers of different colours on the same stem: Split a small twig of elder lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.
New-York Spectator.

JOHN READING, a pure Emerald, was charged with having been drunk at twelve o'clock at night, and in that state kicking the shins of Thomas Ap Rice, a Welsh watchman of the parish of St. Sepulchre. "Hur was full of drink, and disturbing the neighbourhood; and when hur told, hur to go home to bed, hur kick'd hur shins quite cruel, and it was a mercy hur didn't kick hur somewhere else," said the watchman.

"What are you, Reading?" inquired Sir Claudius of the prisoner.

"A poor man, Sir—a bricklayer's labourer, your Honour, with a wife and three small children at the foot of her, your Honour, Sir," was the melancholy reply.

"And how came you to be drunk at that time of night?"

"It was in Grays-inn-lane, to a wake I'd been, your Honour."

"A wake!—what do you mean by a wake?"

"It was a corpse lay dead, your Honour."

"Well!—go on!"

"And we was waking it, your Honour."

"What, by getting drunk?"

"We wasn't getting drunk all the time, your Honour."

"What then were you doing?"

"We smoked, between whiles, your Honour."

"And what else did you do?"

"We cried a good bit, now and then, your Honour."

"And then got more drunk?"

"Indeed an we did, your Honour."

"And how many were there of you?"

"Och, there was a power o' people, your Honour."

"What, you were watching the corpse before the funeral?"

"Indeed, we was watching it, intirely, your Honour."

"And was the corpse any relation to you?"

"It was my own cousin's brother, your Honour, laid out mighty dacent, and every thing plenty that time, your Honour."

"Really it is a shocking thing that a parcel of people should get together about a dead body—to laugh, and to sing, and to get drunk, and to smoke, and to cry," observed Sir Claudius.

"I have read of such things in books, ages ago; but we have heard so much about Ireland of late, that I thought they were quite done away with!"

"Not a bit of em your Honour; it's the custom of the country intirely, and always will be—plaze God!" replied the melancholy defendant.

"Well, but what had all this to do with your kicking the watchman's shins?" asked Sir Claudius.

"I didn't know I kick'd his shins at all, your Honour—an sorry I am that I did, but I hadn't my sinuses about me at that time, sure, or I wouldn't any how, by reason of the wife and three small childer at home, plaze your Honour, indeed, an myself out o' work."

"Then go aside, and see if you can make your peace with him," said the worthy Alderman; and the parties having retired, the Court heard no more of them.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time. Custom to do well is like the dyeer's scouring; it cleanseth and purgeth the mind of vicious dregs, by education; and then reason and earnestness, finding a subject so well prepared, giveth it the tincture of virtue in grain. Goodwin.