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No. 32.

1827.

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ANNE-ARUNDEL COUNTY.
Abner Linticum,
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,
Stevens Gamberill,
Joseph Nicholson.

BY A Gentleman residing near South
River Bridge.

Winds.
very warm, s s s
hot, thunder, few drops rain, s s w w
extremely warm, n n w
hottest day, slight rain, n n w
warm, fresh breeze, n n w
pleasant, s s w
cloudy P M, s s w
light rain several hours, s s w
cloudy, n n w
pleasant, s s w
sprinkle rain, s s w
sum. fine breeze, heavy gust, s s w
night with rain, w n w n
warm, air cool in shade, n n w
very warm, n n w
cool air, warm sun, n n w
in morning, clear, s s w
fine growing weather, s s w
warm, fine breeze, s s w
pleasant, s s w
warm, s s w
cloudy, clear, cool, n n w
cool air, warm sun, n n w
nearly all day, s s w
fine comfortable, s s w
rain, s s w
cool air, s s w
cool air, s s w
cool air, s s w
pleasant, s s w
warm, s s w

RICHARD HARWOOD,
Adm'r of Ben. Harwood.

Ann-Arundel County,
On application to me, the undersigned, Chief Judge of the third Judicial District, in writing, John Talbot, junior, of Anne Arundel County, praying for the benefit of an act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November sessions, eighteen hundred and five, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said John Talbot, junior, having satisfied me that he has resided in the State of Maryland two years immediately preceding the time of his application, and that he is therefore ordered and adjudged by me that the said John Talbot, junior, be discharged from his commitment, and that he (by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the public newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the third Monday of October next, give notice to his creditors to appear before the County Court of Anne Arundel county, on the third Monday of October next, for the purpose of commencing a trustee for their benefit, on the said John Talbot, junior, then and there taking the oath by said act prescribed, for delivery of his property, and to show cause why they have, why the said John Talbot, junior, should not have the benefit of the said act, and supplements thereof, as prayed.

Wm. S. DORSEY,
Test, Wm. S. Dorsey,
May 13, 1827.

Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of two writs of fieri facias issued out of Anne Arundel County Court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, of Margaret Hill, Ex'x of Joseph Hill, at suit of Emanuel Dadds, I have seized and taken in execution, one negro woman by the name of Jane, and two children, Jacob and Sisy, and on Thursday the ninth day of August next, at the premises, I shall proceed to sell the said negroes to the highest bidder, for cash to satisfy the debt due as aforesaid. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

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By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of Anne Arundel County Court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Benjamin Owens, surviving partner of John Welch, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, either at law, or in equity, of the said Benjamin Owens, in and to that tract of land called, "Beary Mead," containing three hundred and sixteen acres of land, more or less, and sixteen valuable slaves, consisting of Men, Women and Boys, ten head of Cattle, ten head of Horses, Sheeps and Hogs, one Ox Cart, one Gig and Harness, one Wagon, and a quantity of Indian Corn, and on Friday the 10th day of August next, at the premises, I shall proceed to sell the said property to the highest bidder, for cash to satisfy the debt due as aforesaid. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

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NOVELLANSY.

THE SMUGGLERS.

I had been a soldier even from my childhood—I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible. I lost a limb, and I bethought me of my mountain home—the stream, the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill side.—I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beautiful boy; on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms. I forgot that I was a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbours were peasants; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers; nor did they regard their calling as criminal.—Their fathers had lived and had died in its practice; they regarded the wretched trade of smuggling as a birth-right; and they loved it the better for its dangers. In the side of the hills near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts; where, in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind, they met to prosecute their lawless calling. It was winter; snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice-bound river. In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's household; a draught of water from the half-frozen spring—a cake of oaten bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven, and ere she broke the bread, would bless it with a mother's blessing. The arm of the law was not stretched forth to desolate the smuggler's huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild uneducated men, were dragged to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name; he was in prison—aye, in prison; and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oft times heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness; meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes; her long black hair fell in braided tresses. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic. They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly did they love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms!—Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler; dear to her was those law-forgetting people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark and quiet looks among them; and I feared that they would rise up in wrath and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house begging alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognised the fiery eye, the wide nostril like that of the war-horse—the high manly forehead of Allan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise; gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but where insult was offered to his young blood, his bold spirit like that of the wood lion, would rise up within him. I saw him wandering from hut to hut in secrecy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him; with a dark look he turned away. On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groups of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled; they spoke in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as though they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something like

WASHINGTON.

The following article is from the London N. Monthly Magazine. The London Sun attributes it to the pen of Hazlitt, and calls it "A Sketch of Washington, one of the greatest men the modern world has ever seen." WASHINGTON.—I remember my father telling me he was introduced to Washington in 1790, by an American friend. A servant, well-looking and well dressed, received the visitors at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States service, who ushered them into the drawing-room in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seated. There was nothing remarkable in the person of the lady of the President; she was matronly and kind, with perfect good breeding; she at once entered into easy conversation, asked how long he had been in America, how he liked the country, and such other familiar but general questions. In a few minutes the General entered the room; it was not necessary to announce his name, for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and a projection of the lower jaw, his height and figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no picture accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. He was remarkably dignified in his manner, and had an air of benignity over his features, which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance. After an introduction by Mrs. Washington, without more form than common good manners prescribed, "the requested me," said my father, "to be seated; and, taking a chair himself, entered at once into conversation. His manner was full of affability. He asked how I liked the country, the city of New-York; talked of the infant institutions of America, and the advantages she offered, by her intercourse, for benefiting other nations. He was given in manner, but perfectly easy. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance which excited respect, and forbade too great a freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement too there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the polished individuals in Europe, and his smile was extraordinary attractive. It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well-proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength and abates active exertion, displaying bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye and full the very eye of genius and reflection, rather than of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick; and, tho' it befitted his other features, was too coarsely & strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; was lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. Neither with the General nor with Mrs. Washington, was there the slightest restraint or ceremony.—There was less of it than I ever recollect to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he were by nature sparing in his conversation; and I am inclined to think this was the case. An allusion was made to a serious illness he had recently suffered; but he took no notice of it. I could not help remarking that America must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment, but by an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall never forget. It was the last movement which I saw that illustrious character make, as my eyes took their leave of him forever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection.

warlike fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff—the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding with active strength across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoarse thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife; and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow. They have crossed the ford; they are beyond the mill, they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers, those wild despairing men, fiercer than beasts of prey, rush from their lurking places, to close in mortal struggle with their fellows; with men who, like themselves, have homes, and loving partners, and children. Now, the firing has ceased—the soldiers are fleeing down the hill—the smugglers with mad glee, are returning to their huts to clasp their wives in their blood stained arms. From their frantic joy, I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood; blood, blood, was all around me; the earth was crimsoned with that life-stream; I heard low heart rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home; I laid him upon my bed; I dressed his wounds; and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live. Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass my door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whether had his young strength fled? After some time, the judge came to the trial of his wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man; his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings; his stooping figure indicated bygone sorrows; it might be said, Many witnesses were examined; but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there, that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life. The counsel and the judge questioned her, and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as though she felt the death struggle within her heart; but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man. She spake in low broken sounds; once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked; the soul of a sorrowing loving woman was in her gaze; then she bent low her head and folded her arms upon her breast, and left the court with a sad step.

Alon's brother was a fierce unhappy lad; his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her, and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went; as in our father's days went the damsel Rachel to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaton to draw water from the spring. In summer it was a place of wild loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream; now the trees were leafless, like ghosts of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast; ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long tresses; from the wood came a flash; a sound; a bullet—another; and the maiden fell back on the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast, and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

HOME—AN EXTRACT.

Home can never be transferred; never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated to paternal love; by the infancy and sports of childhood, by the first acquaintance with nature; by the linking of the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There, there is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature; every familiar object has a history—the trees have tongues, and the very air is vocal.—There the vesture of decay doth not close in and control the noble functions of the soul. It sees and hears and enjoys without the ministry of gross material substance. Who can convert to Lethe the sweetest draughts of memory?

ROYAL CLEMENCY.

The London papers express much surprize at the pardon of Launcelot Cooper, convicted of Forgery, of whom they relate following particulars. "This culprit, to whom the Royal mercy was extended, greatly to his own astonishment, by commutation, has been, it is ascertained, more extensive in his plans of levying contributions upon the public, and in his success than any man who has been for many years executed, with the exception of Faunterloir—He was tried for forgery at the Old Bailey last sessions, and convicted upon one indictment; to another he pleaded guilty. It was not thought necessary to proceed on a great number of other indictments against him, which were just as easily provable, the committee of bankers for the prevention of forgery having probably thought that the two convictions were sufficient to bring down the extreme severity of the law upon the prisoner. The checks were many of them drawn upon a number of the most respectable banking houses, and the names which Cooper chose to sign to the checks were—James Allison, Thomas Edward Crofton, Edward George Cook, George Crofton, Edward Jackson, James Cope, &c. &c. Cooper entered the navy 20 years ago. In 1813, he was dismissed the service, in which he had acted as purser, without court martial, for forgery and general infamous conduct. His career from that time has been so depraved, that those who are best qualified to estimate upon the probable decisions of the Privy Council were of opinion, that all interposition to save his life would be quite useless. Indeed, we understand that when he heard of his respite, he was near losing his senses. He is a man of good address & great impudence, but he is without education. Amongst his papers was found a letter written in the French language and addressed to the Princess Charlotte of Wales in the hand writing of the late unfortunate Queen Caroline. It contained a most affectionate request that the Princess would use her interest to induce Lord Castlereagh to restore the bearer to the situation of Consul at Venice, from which situation it appeared to have been the impression of her Majesty through the misrepresentations of Cooper, the fellow had been removed from pique. It is said this letter was procured for him by some person of high rank at Venice, upon whom he no doubt imposed by the most egregious falsehoods. About two years ago he paid his address to a young lady at Gosport, called himself Capt. Cole, and prevailed upon her to marry him. He soon afterwards deserted her without leaving her any provision. It is generally reported in the city, that this instance of clemency arose from the recommendation of His Majesty's new Home Secretary. Whatever may have been the cause of so singular an exception to the dread principle of general executions for the offence of forgery, the next person who undergoes the extreme sentence of the law upon such an indictment must be the most inveterate and incorrigible of robbers.

CRAMP.—A footboard has been

sometimes of great service in this complaint; but the best remedy is to tie something round the limb, between the pain and the body, about as tight as a physician does to draw blood. Temperance in eating, drinking, exercise, &c. are very important, if you wish to prevent a return of this disorder.

The house of Washington was in the Broadway, and the street front was handsome. The drawing-room in which I sat was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in the dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and might be called plain for its situation. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony commanding an extensive view of the Hudson river, interspersed with islands; and the Jersey shore on the opposite side. A grandson and daughter resided constantly in the house with the General, and a nephew of the General's married to a niece of Mrs. Washington, resided at Mount Vernon, the General's family seat in Virginia, his residence, as President, keeping him at the seat of Government." The levees held by Washington, as President, were generally crowded, and held on Tuesday, between three or four o'clock. The President stood, and received the bow of the person presented, who retired to make way for another. At the drawing-rooms, Mrs. W. received the ladies, who curtsied, and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady President, made her second silent obeisance, and departed—nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough.

Anecdote.—General Marion was a native of South Carolina, and the immediate theatre of his exploits was a large section of maritime district of that state. The peculiar hardness of his constitution, and his being adapted to a warm climate, and a low marshy country, qualified him to endure hardships and submit to exposure, which in that sickly region, few other men would have been competent to sustain.—With the small force he was enabled to embody, he was continually annoying the enemy, cautious never to risk an engagement, till he could make victory certain. General Marion's person was uncommonly light, and he rode when in service, one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the South could produce—when in fair pursuit nothing could escape, and when retreating nothing could overtake him. Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled to pass into a cornfield for safety, by leaping the fence—this field, marked with considerable descent or surface, had been in part a marsh; Marion entered it at the upper side, the dragoons in chase, leaped the fence also, and were but a short distance behind him. So completely was he now in their power, that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence at the lower side. To drain the field of its superfluous water, a trench had been cut around this part of the field, four feet wide, and of the same depth; the mud and clay removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on the top of this was erected the fence, the elevation amounting to nearly 8 feet perpendicular height—a ditch 4 feet in width running parallel with it on the other, a foot or more intervening between the fence and ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pushed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoned him to surrender or perish by the sword; regardless of their rudeness and empty clamor, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge; the noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertions depended his safety; approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that was almost supernatural, cleared the fence and ditch completely, and recovered himself without loss of time on the opposite side. Marion instantly wheeled about, and saw his pursuers unable to pass the ditch, discharged his pistol at them without effect, and then wheeling his horse, and bidding them good morning, departed. The dragoons, astonished at what they had witnessed, and scarcely believing their foe to be mortal, gave up the chase.

August 2, 1827.

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