

The Maryland Gazette.

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No. 50

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Price—Three Dollars per annum.

Fresh and Splendid
VELVET CLOTHS.

GEORGE MOTTIER,
Merchant Tailor,
just returned from Philadelphia
and Baltimore, with a
Large Stock of Goods,
In his line, consisting of
Some of the best Velvet Cloths, and
an assortment of Cassimeres,
and a variety of
VESTINGS,
Of the latest fashions, with an
assortment of

Wigs, Gloves, Collars & Suspenders,
of which he will sell low for Cash,
to punctual men on moderate terms.
Sept. 18.

PRIVATE SALE.

I will sell LOW at private sale, 250
acres of land lying in Allegany county,
I will also sell at my dwelling,
A county, say fifty or eighty
prime long Corn, fifty or sixty
and young Hogs three fine brood
sows now forward in fall by that
great horse of Elkridge called Prince
Legat, one good Saddle Horse, some
and Milch Cows a quantity of good
sheep Blade and top Fodder, Corn
Sheep, &c one good road Waggon, one
Cart I will rent the Plantation
where I now reside, 50 acres of
which is now needed in R. e. the build-
ing is in good repair. For Lancelot
Sabbill and others
Augustin Gambrell, Agent.
End of Severn. Anne
Arundel Co. Md.
Nov 27

In Chancery,
November 27, 1828.
Ordered, That the sale made and
reported by Bushrod W. Marriott, the
special appointed to make sale of
the real estate of Nathan Waters, be
void and confirmed, unless cause be
shown to the contrary on or before the
25th day of January next; Provided a copy
of this order be published twice a week
for three successive weeks in some
public paper before the 25th day of
December next.
The report states that the land sold
for the sum of \$1100.
True copy,
Ramsay Waters,
Reg. Cur. Can.
Nov 27.

Constable's Sale.
By virtue of a writ of fieri facias,
issued by Lloyd Selby, esq. a Justice
of the Peace in and for Anne Arundel
County, at the suit of Hillel Blosser An-
son, against the goods and chattels,
and tenements, of Francis Beverage,
do as directed. I have seized and
will execute, all the estate, right,
interest, property, claim and de-
mand at law and in equity, of the said
Francis Beverage, to and to his undi-
vided part of ten acres of land, known
by the name of Warfield's Forest, a
tract of twenty six miles from Baltimore
to the Western Falls, near the resi-
dence of the subscriber. On the said
premises, there is a Mill seat, called Sides
seat, with an excellent fall of wa-
ter. And I hereby give notice, that
on the 22d day of December next, at
12 o'clock noon, on the premises, I
will offer for sale the said premises, so
seized and taken in execution, by pub-
lic auction, to the highest bidder for
cash.
Seth Warfield, Conble.
Nov 27.

In Chancery,
29th November 1828.
Ordered, That the sale made and
reported by John Logenball, trustee for
the real estate of John Lu
deceased, be ratified and con-
firmed, unless cause be shown to the
contrary on or before the 29th day of
December next, provided a copy of this
order be inserted once in each of three
public papers in some one news-
paper before the 29th day of Decem-
ber next.
The report states the amount of
the debt to be \$1100.
True copy,
Ramsay Waters,
Reg. Cur. Can.
Nov 27.

Wanted to Hire.
The subscriber wishes to hire 25
men or twenty stout Servants, by the
year, for which liberal wages will be
given. Enquire of Wm. Brown of B.
in Annapolis, or to
Richard Green,
Manager of Elk Ridge Furnace.
Nov 15.

DESCRIBED ANY.

DURGE.
To the memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew,
who died in consequence of being stung
in the eye,
Peerless, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplished L N G!
Never again shall I and U
Together slip our T.
For ah! the first I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which venomous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.
LN exclaimed, "Vile spiteful B!
If ever I catch U,
On Jew's mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q,
"I'll send you like a lamb or U,
Across the Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.
"A stream runs from my wounded I,
"Salt as the briny C,
As rapidly as the X or Y,
The OIO or D.
"Then fare the ill, inenstate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,
Since now for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my L!
They bear with tears fair LNG
In funeral RA,
A clay cold corpse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.
Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y!
For should A B C U at T,
He'll surely sting you I,
Now in a grave L deep in Q,
Shin's cold as cold can B,
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
Her diage and LEG.

From the New York Courier.
"Heaven."—Jerusalem 10, 17.
From the hall of our fathers in anguish we
fed,
Nob again will its marble recede our tread,
For the voice of the Siboo has blasted our
name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in
shame,
His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was
the thunder,
And earth, at his first step was risen asunder,
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the
sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash
of his eye,
Oh, Judah! how long must thy weary ones
weep,
Far, far from the land where their fore-
fathers sleep!
How long ere the glory that brightened the
mountain,
Will welcome the exile to Sflon's fountain?

The following Tale, from the pen of
Stacy G. Potts, esq. Editor of the
Treaton Emporium, will, we doubt
not, be read by many of our read-
ers, with admiration.
THE HAPPY MATCH.
"Now," said Henry Hemphill to
his wife, when he went to house
keeping, 'tis my business to bring
money into the house—and yours to
see that none goes foolishly out of it.
This was the agreement with which
they set forward in the world. He
chooses her, first, because he loved
her, and in the second place, because
he knew she was sensible, economical
and industrious, just the reasons
which influence a sensible man in
his choice now. And he thought it
best that each should have a distinct
sphere of action. Their interests
were one and indivisible; consequent-
ly each had the same motives to act
well the allotted part. His business
called for his whole attention, he
wished, therefore, to pursue it undisturbed by other cares; for himself
he looked for happiness only at home;
there he expected a supply for all his
wants, and he was of course not dis-
posed to spend any thing abroad in
pursuit of what he thought every
reasonable man ought to look for in
the bosom of his own family. Her
duties being all domestic, she was
able to compass them the better by
turning her whole attention to them.
Her husband's business doing habits,
his temperate and correct life, had
all the power of example; increasing
her esteem, and doubling her anx-
iety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting
to get rich. They neither distrusted
Providence nor each other. With
little besides health and disposition
to improve it, they nevertheless had
that strong confidence of final success
which prudent resolutions inspire in
those who feel that they have perse-
verance enough to adhere to them.
Thus they began the world.
To attach a man to his home, it is
necessary that home should have ad-
vantages. Henry Hemphill's had.
There he sought repose after the toil
and weariness of the day, and there
he found it. When perplexed, and
low spirited, he retired thither, and
amid the soothing influence of its
quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot
the heartlessness of the world, and
all the wrongs of men. When things

went ill with him, he found always
a solace in the sunshine of affection,
that in the domestic circle beamed
upon him and dispelled every cloud
from his brow. However others
treated him—there, all was kindness,
and confidence, and affection; if o-
thers deceived him, and hypocrisy,
with its shameless face, smiled on
him to delude and injure him, there
all was sincerity; that sincerity of
the heart which makes amends for
suffering, and wins the troubled spir-
it from misanthropy.
Nothing so directly tends to make
a good wife, a good housekeeper, a
kindness on the part of the husband
which speaks the language of appro-
bation, and that careful and well di-
rected industry which thrives and
gives strong promise that her care
and prudence will have a profitable
issue. And Mary Hemphill had this
token and this assurance.
Henry devoted himself to business
with steady purpose and untiring
zeal; he obtained credit by his plain
and honest dealing; custom by his
faithful punctuality and constant care;
friends, by his obliging deportment
and commanding disposition. He
gained the reputation of being the
best workman in the village; none
were ever deceived who trusted to
his word. He always drove his busi-
ness a little beforehand, for he said,
"things go badly when the cart gets
before the horse." I noticed a little
incident which illustrated his char-
acter; a thrifty old farmer was ac-
cused of the road at the end of the
village by a youngster who was mak-
ing a great dash in business, and who
wanted to borrow a few hundred dol-
lars. The wily old man was perfect-
ly ignorant of where it could be had
and sidled off from him as soon as he
could. He rode directly down to
Hemphill's, and told him he had a
few hundred dollars to loan, and
wished he would take it; the payments
should be easy—just as would suit.
Indeed replied Henry, you have come
to a bad market; I have a little cash
to spare myself, and have been look-
ing round two weeks for a good op-
portunity of putting it out. While
Henry was prospering in his business,
all went like clockwork at home;
the family expenditures were careful-
ly made; not a farthing was wasted,
not a scrap, lost; the furniture was all
neat and useful, rather than orna-
mental; the table plain and frugal,
but wholesome and well served; lit-
tle went either to the seamstress or
the tailor; no extravagance in dress;
no costly company keeping; no use-
less waste of time in careless visit-
ing; and yet the whole neighbourhood
praised Mary Hemphill, and loved
her, she was kind without ostentation
and sacrifice; sociable without dis-
sipation. And while few people lived
more comfortably, none lived more
economically.
The results of such management
can never disappoint the expectation
to which it looks. Even the angry
frown of misfortune is almost put
at defiance. A vantage ground is soon
gained, which the storm seldom
reaches. And the full reward comes
in its proper time to crown the mood
of life thus spent.
The music of Henry's tools was
in fall play for the morning that I left
the village for a distant residence. It
was not yet sunrise; and as the coach
bore me rapidly past the cool and
quiet residence of the villager, I saw
the door was open, and the breakfast
smoking on the table. Mary in her
neat morning dress and white apron,
blooming in health & loveliness, was
busy about her household affairs, and
a stranger, who chanced to be my
fellow passenger to the city, observed
it and said, "there's a thriving fam-
ily; my word for it." And he spoke
well. There are certain signs always
perceptible about those who are
working things right, that cannot be
mistaken by the casual observer.
On my return to Alsbury, many
years afterwards, I noticed a beauti-
ful country residence on the banks of
the river, surrounded by all the ele-
gance of wealth and taste. Richly
cultivated fields stretched themselves
out on every side—as far as the eye
could reach; flocks and herds were
scattered in every direction. It was
a splendid scene—the sun was just
setting behind the western hills—and
while a group of neatly dressed chil-
dren sported on the adjacent school-
house green, the mellow notes of the
lute mingled with their noisy mirth.

"There," said an old friend, "lives
Henry Hemphill; that is his farm—
those are his cattle, and there is his
school-house, and these his own and
some orphan children of his adoption,
which he educates at his own expense
—having made a noble fortune by
his industry and prudence, he spends
his large income in deeds of charity;
and he and Mary mutually give each
other the credit of doing all this."

'BLUE MONDAY.'
Perhaps it is not generally known
that the reason why the shoemakers
do not work on the Monday, origi-
nated in the following tradition:
While Oliver Cromwell lay en-
camped at Perth, he received the in-
telligence of the death, by self-de-
struction, of John Monday, one of
his most zealous and active partizans,
who lived at a village which now
bears his name, a little to the north
of Dumfries. Out of respect to the
memory of honest John, the Lord
Protector issued a proclamation thro'
Perth, wherein he offered a reward
to the person who should compose
the best lines on the death of Mon-
day. Among the claims for the pro-
mised reward was a worthy son of
St. Crispian, belonging to the 'Fair
City,' who, *verbatum*, repeated the
following lines:—

"Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And cursed be weekly toil;
"Tuesday will begin the week,
"Since Monday's banished himself."
Cromwell was so pleased with this
jeu d'esprit of the Souter's that the
reward was not only awarded him,
but he also ordered that the shoe-
makers should have, henceforth, the
Monday of each week as a holiday.
Perth Courier.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding
over Salisbury plain when a boy
keeping sheep called to him, "Sir, you
had better make haste on, or you will
get a wet jacket." Newton looking
round and observing neither clouds
nor a speck on the horizon, jugged
on, taking very little notice of the
rustic's information. He had not
made but a few miles, when a storm
suddenly arising wetted him to the
skin. Surprised at the circumstance,
and determined, if possible, to ascer-
tain how an ignorant boy had attain-
ed a precision and knowledge in the
weather, of which the wisest philoso-
phers would be proud, he rode back,
wet as he was. "My lad," said New-
ton, "I will give thee a guinea, if thou
wilt tell me how thou canst foretell
the weather so truly." "Will ye sir?
I will then," said the boy, scratching
his head, and holding out his hand
for the guinea. "Now sir," having
received the money, and pointing to
his sheep, "when you see that black
ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis
a sure sign of rain within an hour."
"What!" exclaimed the philosopher,
"must I in order to foretell the weath-
er, stay here and watch which way
that black ram turns his tail?" "Yes,
sir," off rode Newton quite satisfied
with his discovery, but not much in-
clined to avail himself of it or to re-
commend it to others.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
Daylight of the 21st of October, 1805,
displayed the signal of the enemy's
fleet. Let that day never be forgotten!
The almost calmness that prevailed in
the morning and harbinger of the bat-
tle, seemed but to render the deadly
strife more conspicuous. As the British
fleet was wafted by gentle winds
towards their powerful enemy, the pre-
parations for battle evinced every man
to be in earnest. The cabin bulk heads
displayed long level and unbroken bat-
teries, tended by their gallant and re-
solute crews. Fire buckets, match
tubs, shot racks, powder boxes, and
wads, were arranged in their proper
places; arm chests lay open, and pikes,
pistols and cutlasses, gleamed in every
direction. The Tompkins were taken
out of the muzzles, and there was a
loud cracking of gun carriages, as the
officer examined that every thing was
in fighting order. All now was ready;
the fleets were closing.—There was a
dead silence till the signal of the great
Patrol.—England expects every man
to do his duty!—Blew to the Victory's
mast head. Instantly an enthusiastic
warrior of approbation flew from ship
to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to
gun, from man to man. A few strag-
gling shot hissing through the air indi-
cated the near approach of the fleets,
and the loud, long-drawn fire of heavy
cannon soon showed the lee division
breaking the dark concave line of the
enemy. "Bravo Collingwood!" was in

every heart, and there was but one
common soul in the fleet. Many a val-
iant heart beat high with expectation,
which was doomed never to survive ano-
ther day. Many an eye gazed that mo-
ment on the instruments of death, which
in a few short hours were to close it
forever. The ships passed on their
stations, the battle became general, loud
peals of cannon roared throughout the
line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the
air was filled with thick fumes of sul-
phur,—the very masts shook in their
sockets, the sails trembled, and the af-
frighted wind breathed low. The state-
ly ships, which so lately sailed gaily
forth, now presented the mangled ap-
pearance of wrecks, giving evidence of
the deadly strife that was at work, till
ship grappled with ship, and man with
man. The day advanced, crash suc-
ceeded crash of the falling masts, till
amidst the groans of the dying and the
loud huzzas of the victors, the great
struggle was decided in favour of Eng-
land, and her flag waved triumphant
over the deep; but her hero had fallen.
Nelson the father of his men, the pa-
triot of his country, was no more.
Peace be to his name! The dark
clouds that had been gathering over the
devoted spot during the bloody conten-
tion, now began to roll wild and por-
tendously. The storm arose, and ma-
ny a shattered and unmanageable hulk
became the coffin alike of the living and
the dead; numbers of the conquerors
and the conquered, were immersed in
the same watery grave.

"The joy of battle in the field of death,
produced by the loud shouts of victory,
still thrilled in the heart of Morland,
when he was called upon to endure
more mournful scenes among the man-
gled forms which met his view, as he
descended from the blood stained decks
to the cockpit, where amputations were
still performing. The hearty greetings
of messmates followed by most pain-
ful feelings, at their first meal after
the battle. In the mess to which Mor-
land belonged, there were three vacant
places. Where was poor Harry, whose
cheerful mirth had been wont to set
the table in a roar? Where was
Frank? and—? but the enquiring tongue
was stopped by that solemn and
heart appalling silence, which but too
well told the mournful tale. The young
heroes were shrouded in the flag of
their country; and when, with the rest
of the fallen brave, their bodies were
committed to the deep, many a tear was
observed to trickle down the sun burnt
furrows of the sailors' cheek as the
blue waves broke over the remains of
the departed shipmates.

Night Watch.
Unshipping a Dog's Rudder.
A veteran tar, who had served under
the late Lord Vincent many years, in
the capacity of Boatwain, on getting
past exertion, was appointed by the
latter in grateful memory of his former
conduct, a kind of sub gardener, at his
villa. Jack had not long been in pos-
session of his new post, when he per-
ceived every morning, on walking over
the gardens, that several of the buds
were pawed about and the borders de-
stroyed, indicating by their marks,
stealthy visits of some canine wanderer.
Jack immediately communicated the
news to his Lordship, who concurred
with him in his opinion as to the cause,
and advised him to go to the garden a
few hours earlier, and give the intruder
a warm welcome. Jack accordingly did
so—hiding himself in the shrubbery, he
soon espied a long lean dog spring up-
on the garden wall, and jumping into the
grounds began running about and ex-
ploring with a degree of activity and
keenness, the depth of a strawberry bed.
Jack watched for an opportunity, and
at the moment the dog burrowed his
head out of sight in the earth, the tar
blew a blast behind him with a spade, and at a
blow struck off the end of his tail; the
dog sprang over the garden wall again
yelping. Some time after, when his
Lordship came into the garden, Jack
accosted him, "All right, your honour,
we were boarded by a dog sure enough,
of a long, sharp, sailing build, rather
white about the bows, and dark in the
midship." "And what did you do to
him Jack?" "I prevented his finding his
way here any more." "You did not kill
him, Jack?" "Oh, no, please your hon-
our, I laid by upon my look out there
in the shrubbery, and when I see him
doose his bows into the strawberry bed,
I dropped softly astern, & with this here
tool, unshipped his rudder, you see
that's all."

STEAM COACH.
Mr. Barstall made a trial of his
steam-coach on the Beith and Queen's
Ferry road on Tuesday. He ran her
a mile westward with a load of sixteen
passengers at the rate of eight or nine
miles an hour without a pause, and
then returned. The ascent in going
west may be estimated at one foot in
sixty. Caledonian Mercury.

A GERMAN DANDY.—It is well
known that the students in the differ-
ent German Universities affect great
eccentricity of manners and dress, as
well as of opinions. The present is
the costume of the students of Bonn.
A small green cloth cap with a bit
of leather in front, quite unfit for its ori-
ginal intention of covering the head
and shading the eyes, and the binding
of the cap generally differs in colour,
to denote the club to which the student
belongs. The hair is worn long and
curled, or if curled, the curls must turn
in towards the head, instead of out-
wards, as every body else would curl
the hair. The nose is often adorned
with a large pair of silver rimmed
spectacles, worn rather for affectation
of singularity than from any dimness
of sight occasioned by intensity of ab-
struse study. The mustache and a lit-
tle imperial beneath the lower lip are
encouraged, while the ordinary facial
clothing of a whisker is usually shaved
clear off. A pipe, the tube of which
would answer for a cudgel, and whose
bowl is as big as a breakfast-cup, sel-
dom leaves the mouth of the owner.—
The countenance is generally set off by
some large scars received in duels,
which the students fight on the most tri-
vial occasions. The rest of the dress
consists of a frock coat of eccentric cut,
no neckcloth, and the collar of the
shirt allowed to fall down. From the
neck is suspended an immense bag of
tobacco, with which they regale them-
selves at all times, & suffocate every body
else that approaches them. The trou-
sers fit tolerably tight across the body
and thighs, and then gradually in-
crease down to the ankles, and vie
with the largest cossacks ever sported
in Bond street. The boots are not al-
ways black, but sometimes red, brown
or yellow, with high heels, from which
a Quatuor pair of spurs project fully
six inches. The right hand of this non
descript often wields a heavy stick, the
head of which is generally of iron, in
form of a battle axe, or some strange
device. Such is the portrait of a flash
German student.

[The foregoing is taken from 'A Six
Weeks Tour on the Continent,' just
published in G. & S. v.]

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN
One morning at an inn in the South
part of Ireland, a gentleman traveling
upon mercantile business, came run-
ning down stairs a few minutes before
the appearance of the stage coach, in
which he had taken a seat for Dublin.
Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning a-
gainst the door post, with a dirty face
and shabby clothes, he bailed him to
brush his coat. The operation proceed-
ed rather slowly, the impatient travel-
er cursed the lazy valet, for an idle
goal for noising dog, and threatened
him with corporal punishment on the
spot, if he did not make haste and do
his job well before the arrival of the
coach. Terror seemed to produce its
effect; the fellow brushed the coat and
then the trousers with great diligence,
and was rewarded with a sispence
which he received with a low bow.
The gentleman went into the bar and paid
his bill just as the vehicle had reached
the door. Upon getting inside, guess
his astonishment to find his friend,
the quondam valet, seated snugly in one
corner, with all the look of a person
well used to comfort. After two or
three hurried glances, to be sure that
his eyes did not deceive him, he com-
menced a confused apology for his blun-
der, condemning his own rashness and
stupidity; but he was speedily inter-
rupted by the other exclaiming—"Oh,
never mind, make no apologies—these
are hard times, and it is well to earn
a trifle in an honest way! I am much
obliged for your handsome fee for so
small a job; my name is John Philpot
Curran, pray what is yours?" The o-
ther was thunderstruck by the idea of
such an introduction to the most cele-
brated man of his day; but the irresis-
tible wit and drollery of Curran soon
overcame his confusion, and the travel-
er never rejoined less at the termina-
tion of a long journey than when he be-
held the distant spires of Dublin glitter
in the light of a setting sun. This de-
serves to be recorded among the many
comical adventures into which Curran
was led by his total inattention to per-
sonal appearance.
Baltimore Gazette.

METHODIST REFORMERS CONVENTION.
The Convention held in this city by
the Delegates appointed by the Reform-
ers, in the "United States, rose on Sat-
urday the 22d ult. after a session of
eleven days; ninety five delegates were
present. The Convention resulted in
the unanimous adoption of seventeen
"Conventional Articles of Association
for the government of the Associated
Methodist Churches." The Articles
secure to the Churches an efficient In-
herent Ministry, an Equitable Lay re-
presentation, and a pure moral disci-
pline.
Baltimore Gazette.