Recommendation of the work Mecommendation of the storie.

We approve of the plan on which the publication entitled the Journal of Health" is conducted, and he lieve, that it is calculated to be useful, by enlightening public opinion on a subject of high importance to the welfare of society. The numbers which have appeared, evince talent, and may be viewed as a pledge of the continued usefulness of the publication which conducted by its present editors. We, therefore, but no hesitation in recommending it to public patrasers.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1829.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1829.

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John G. Otto, M. D.

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Jackson Kemper, Assistant Minister of Christ

Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Fra Presbyterian Church... Wm. H. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presty.

John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Cathole

tichael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Carbo-

lic Church
Wm. II. Furness, Pastor of the first Congregational Church.
W. T. Brantly. Pastor of the First Baptat
Church, and Editor of the Columbian Stg.
Jno. L. Dagg, Pastor of the Fifth Baptat

Church. Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Epis-

copal Union Ch.

Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.
In addition to the above, the names of a number of

In addition to the above, the names of a number of highly exteemed members of the different professions, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice, the public press from one end of the continent to the other, has spoken of the Journal of Acalth in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TERMS:

The Journal of Health, will appear in numbers of

16 pages each, octavo, on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month. Price per annum, \$1.25. in advance. Subscriptions and communications (post paid) will be received by Juder Dobson, Agent, No. 103 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

103 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Subscribers at a distance will discover, that the difficulty in remitting the amount of a single subscription will be obviated by any Your of them sending on five dollars to the agent. Those to whom this may not be convenient, can receive siateen numbers of the work by remitting a dollar to the same person.

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Agents.— I Dobron, 108 Chesnut St.; Philadelphia; W. J. Nicol., Baltimore; W. Burgess, 97 Falos street, N. York, Carter & Hender, Boston; and homest of the towns in the United States. treet, N. York; Carter & Hendee, B. most of the towns in the United States.

A Specimen of the Work may be

THE STEAM BOAT ...



MARYLAND

HAS commenced the Season, and will parsa her Routes in the following manner:
Leave Easton every Wednesday and Salarday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Carbridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Baltimore, where she will arrive in the evening. Leave Baltimore, from the Fobacco Inspection. Warehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Frids, morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Rasipe its, thence to Cambridge, if there hould be any passengers on board for that place. to Easton; or directly to Easton, if no passes-

gers for Cambridge.

She will leave Billimore every Model morning at six o'close for Chestertown, calling at the Company's warf on Corsics creek, and returning from Chestertown to Baltimore the same day, calling at the wharf on Corsics creek.

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CASH FOR NEGROES.





Ne wish to purchase.

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BUILDBAY

NEGROES

Of both sexes; from 12 to 25 years age for annia—also, mechanics of every description of every description of the sex of the sex of the sex of the sex of the price of

The Rajah was proud of his beautiful child, and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation, and his warlike pursuits, called him frequently from her; and much of the dark-eyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude smid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were sparkling with gilded paviling, the sir cooled with silver too his and sendered fragrant by the odours of every rare plant; still this perpetuals solitude wearied her; the society of her female attendants failed to interest her; and as she restined beneats the pandant branches of she resined beneath the readant branches of-a date tree, she felt more like a prisoner in

The Altarblant Castle

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1830.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN.

VOL. LXXXV.

Church-Street, Annapolis. RICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM

MISCELLANEOUS

ines suggested on reading Capt. Mackey's touching account of the loss of the ship Hosrow, which he commanded; and the subsequent sufferings of himself, passengers and crew.

he morn was fair, and the sun ahone bright, ad we lay without a motion, ad our ship reposed in the golden light, the a sea bind asleep on the ocean. the clouds arose like a flercy nest, no'er arch seemed bending; ocean hove its tremulous breast; ted like one in a troubled rest, awful dreams portending. the wind arose in gusty squalls, lour masts seemed quivering; anguin would full in sudden falls e in an ague shivering.

the thunder rolled in the firmament high, a cloud to cloud rebounding, its forked tungue hissed most fearfully, fated ship surrounding. die suddenly spring like a wounded roe,

imotionless lay on the billow, her tattered rigging waved to and fro, the leaves of the weeping willow. the fire was here, and the fire was there,
the was fire below and o'er us,
the was fire below and o'er us,
the was fire stoud—and the lightning's glare
the thoughout the sulphury sir—
the ocean frowned before us.

to the ocean trowned before us.

... our boat was low-red with fearful speed,
elit les on the forming waters,
e. a withered leaf, or a rouken reed,
e.ch the breath of the whirlwind scatters. discome not, alas! to cheer us, of came not, alas! to cheer us, main and cold, and the sea bird's moan, the pray of the surge and the tempest's groan, ifamme and thirst, were near us.

and she, whose gentle spirit had been ace a guardian angel o'er us, dessed us, and then, from the troubled scene, assed like a scraph before us. assed like a seraph before us, full bravely we but the terrible night near ship when the lightning tore hor, that bravely the following tempest's light, but cleering was here. Think the element's might, the volue of the Veteran Warrior.

sighs were uttered, and tears were shed, we gazed with painful emotion, on the remains of the lovely dead, ich, with prayers, we consigned to the ocean ch, with prayers, we consider with seemed dark, when arose wery in each carched lip resounding—
If a sail to the approaches high—
ill a sail to the approaches high,
rthe blue waves r pidly bounding. d soon she came, sn't with eager haste, ware rescued from our danger; id, safe from the breath of the stormy blast,

od on the deck of the stranger. cold was the heart that beat not then, is feelings of grateful devotion, that merciful Being, who once again m the gaping depths of the ocean. B. B. B.

LOOK ALOFT.
In the tempest of life, when the ware and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
I time eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look al-it," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

I the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, slogld betray thee when sorrows like clouds are ar-

rayed, "Look alof:" to the friendship which never shall fade.

eye, Like the sints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly, Then uen, and through tears of repentant regret "Look aloft" (with sam that is never to set.

ould the visions which hope spreads in light to thine

Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set, though they who are dearest the son of thy heart—though aloft if they bosom—in sorrow depart, Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the fomb, to this soil where "affection is ever in bloom." and oh! when death comes in its fors to cast its fears on the future, his pair, of the past, a that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, and a smile in thy eye, "thou aloft," and depart!

THE ARABIAN STEED.

At THOMAS HAVNES BALLEY.

Ada was the daughter of a powerful Rath, who, in the reign of the emperor Akbar,
welt in a superb palace on the banks of the

The Rajah was proud of his beautiful child,

I await my doom,' at length muttered the intruder. 'I scorn to fly: my dream of secret love is over, my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end; you From the New York American.

Ha Entron—I do not remember any thing which its produced so pleasing an impression on my mind the little story which is said to have been told by the little story which is said to have been told by the little I have been told by the little I have been told by the little I have been told by the mate's impressive exclamation, "Look sloft you libber." The story and the application were some that in the say to of Dr. Pranklin, and would not have een unworthy of his fame: The following verses amone thin the merit of the slightest originality, but their insertion will amply reward the author, if they reall the ancedote which prompted them, or enforce a beautiful morality. will call your father's guards, and I shall

she trembled lest they should come.

'No, no-you shall not die-not if Ada can save you; I will not call them, no-I dread their coming.

cage, than a princess in a pleasure garden |

of her palace.
She had dismissed her attendants, and lay

thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand,

when a rustling amid the branches of an

orange tree, attracted her attention, and she

started to her feet in an instant, with an exclamation of alarm or surprise, as she dis-

inctly saw among the clustering leaves and

blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing

The branches hastily parted, and a young

'Who art thou?' she exclaimed 'mercy,

mercy, I am defenceless, spare me!'
'Mercy!' replied the Moor, 'tis I must

crave mercy of you-I am defenceless, fair

'What brought you here?' she replied.—
'Know you not the danger?'

Daily at this hour, the hour of your soli-

tary ramble, I entered these gardens; daily

have I lurked behind the shrubs that sur-

rounded your favourite bower, daily have I

'My purpose! madness—death!'
'Death? to me who never wronged you,

Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me, and I looked on you for the first.

time: need I say why daily, after I had once

barrier that divides your race from mine-madman begone!

The young Moor, whose face and form

were such as might have been chosen by a

sculptor who wished to represent the perfec-tion of castern beauty, spoke not, moved not,

he continued kneeling before the agitated

girl, while his dark brilliant eyes fixed upon

her countenance, seemed to read its varying

expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon when the re-

ality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the carnest gaze of

those fond eyes; where was her anger, her

indignation, at the intrasion of the stranger?

She called not for her attendants; no,

beheld you, I came again?

'Oh, if you are seen,' cried Ada, nothing

never injured a human being?"

"Why-what brought you here?"

To you lady-no-no-not to you. would not harm you for the world.

I am at your feet, and in your power

Mahomedan rushing forward, knelt before

features of a man

it for an instant now,'

gazed on you unseen.'

To myself.

'For what purpose?'

'Death to whom, then?'

Often! what mean you?'

'Then you forgive my holdness?' 'Yes-only begone, save yourself.' 'Shall we meet again?' Never!

Then I will stay and die; better to die here at your command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again.

Poor Ada had never been addressed be-fore in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who seture, in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless, when compared with the ardor of the youthful lover who knelt before her.

For my sake, if not for your own, go,

she cried. 'Then we may meet again?'

Yes, only leave me now, you know not nalf your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honour of Vishnu, I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you-hark!

She pointed to the orange trees. A footstep was heard at a distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the Rajah, entered to in-form Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance, round that her lover lay unsuspected in his fra-grant ambush, and followed by her attendant, cturned to the Palace. There was no festival in Hindostan, so splendid as that celebraied annually in honour of Vishnu in the province over which the Rajah governed.— The gardens on the banks of the Junua were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager in their various situations either to see or to be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishuu, or to be duly reverenced.

Kettle-drums sounded, golden armour little-drums sounded, golden costly

Kettle-drums sounded, golden acostly, glistened, downy, feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle axes, rode proudly en their milk white steeds, and princely isdies borne in glittering palankeens on the backs of Elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen, mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlike by to end happily, that she lay on her rose colour cushious, fanned by her favourite stave, and your truth my trust—away away! and your truth my trust—away away! ly to end happily, that she lay on her rose colour cushions, fanned by her favourite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter, to look upon the festivities which encircled her. Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many coloured lamps; she raised here saids of many coloured lamps; she raised here self and looked around here but glanding the saids of the back of his Arabian, and ere the Rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade, with as the wind he bore her from the gar self and looked around here. self and looked around her, but glancing over bright vistas & radiant bowers, her eyestested on a wide spreading tree, beneath whose over shadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover; he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed levity, that she had avowed to gather a cluster of the blos

A danger I have braved too often to heed ed beneath the canopy formed by its boughs. Selim was indeed there.
'Speak not,' she earnestly whispered, 'I must not stay for an instant—I dare not listen to you; but mark my words, and if you love me obey them. I do not doubt love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear

soms of that tree, alone to gather them, and

desiring her to await her return, she hasten-

Speak, lady, I will obey you,' said the

Moor 'Go,' whispered Adı, 'buy the the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across you plain three times in every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumna on his

"Is that all," said Selim; "it shall be done." 41 is all' replied Ada, 'to prove your love, you will readily do it, but to prove your constalley, or rather ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space know the barrier; the awful impassioned 'A year!'

'A year!'
'Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at again on this spot. I can wait for no re-

—bless you, bless you.'
Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim again alone, gazed from his shadow hiding place on the gay testival, in only the arm of one man. I didnt hear of which his eyes beheld one form alone. — this till I got here, or I would have made our How brief seems the retrospect of one year captainput me down somewheres along shore of happiness! How sad, how interminable and pay back my eight dollars. We got the seems the space of time in anticipation, when steme up about lunching time, and such a we know at its close some long looked for roaring and bellowing ou never heard noth bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realized;

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and ne soon level it dearly, for it seemed to be a living tiak connected him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley, and let her go.

Bless me, h river; he saw not his love, he received no c ve him, he occasionally saw a female form

the summit of her father's tower, and a white scarf was at times waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously: often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumna impetuous and dangerous Then on her knees on the Rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover. dreading at one moment, least fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both rather than encounter the ter-rors of that foaming floud! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunfearlessly into the river, he buffetted with its waves, he gained the opposite shore again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness; once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide spread-

them not; he heard the crash of symbals and the measured beat of the kettle drum. The Rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed. by a troop of damsels, then came Ada, the by a troop of damsels, then came Ada, the Rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling and bashful girl he had seen at the last festival: Proudly and self possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form glittered with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him.

She is changed, she will think no nioro

and your truth my trust—away! away!!
Selim in an instant bore Ada to the backol

ing curses and indignant reproaches the Rajah and a hundred of his armed followers, were soon close at the heels of the fugitives.

'Follow! follow!' cried the foremost, we gain upon them, we will tear her from the They approach the grasp of Mahomedan. river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall soize them on its brink '

Still they gained upon them; the space be tween the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the recapture of Ada seemed certain. When, lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the toaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burden safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his

he pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank, their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen

The following humorous account of a steam boat trip from Providence to New York, is copied from the New York Constellation. ACCOUNT OF A STEAM VOYAGE.

By Enoch Timbertoes.

New York, April 7th, 1830.

Dear Timothy-I guess you'l be a leetle Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet fra klin, shes as slick as beeswax I tell you. These steme boats are plagy ticklish things you may depend ont. They bust their bilers pretty considerably on the north river, there was one blew up there the other day all to smash, they havent found a stick of her yet ing like it but uncle ben's bull, when he gets tearing mad in fly time. After the folks all got into the boat, the captain takes a darn'd great vallow thing just like a crook neck squash, and puts it to his mouth and bawls

out through it for them to until the strings Bless me, how he made me jump thought for a moment the biler was busted, t ken from her, but if his eves did not de-t ve him, he occasionally saw afemale form wheels begin to whirl round and the boat started off like a two year old colt. We were out of siges of providence in less thanno time. They gave us a royal good dinner as ever I eat,

They gave us aroyal good difficult say much for their potatoes, either hears some news, or receives some prethough I couldn't say much for their potatoes, either hears some news, or receives some prethough I couldn't say much the real blue skin sort. I sent, the same day.

7. Women who sow flax-seed should durate the fellows that tendhad hard work to make the fellows thattended on table look out for my plate, but at last I shipt two cents into the hand of one of them and he was amazing sharp afterwards and got me whatever I wanted. I spose the felhow knew I had money in my pockets for he stuck close to me next morning, and tried to make me give him a four pence half penny to brush my boots, but I was up to trap as well as he, and brushed them myself. After dinner we got to newport, I guess they might as well have called it oldport eve-

ery thing looks as old as the hills there, ses and all. I saw a lot of boys on a warfthere and if their faces want as old as their grand-fathers I couldn't see strait thats all. I axed a man the occasion of it, he said it was the last war and embarge. I was decreased by the mother to insure a new growth of beautiful teeth. last war and embargo.—I was desput sick going round the pint and didnt see it after all. I walked Virginia fence all the time the best kept rocking so. I was afeared some of them would think I had taken a drop too much and tried to walk a crack but couldnt do it. I begun to feel pale, a cold sweat started out of my forehead, my coffeo begun to rise, and then I knew I should cast up my accounts pretty quiek. It was a long time however before I could get any thing up, tis a horrible feeling to be see sick. I didn't seem to care what become on me.

After we got round the pint I begun to feel better. I looked up but couldnt see a bit of land and my heart sunk within me. could'nt help thinking if any accident should She is changed, she will think no nord could'nt nell that any of me! he involuntarily exclaimed. But at happen what would become of us. I wish-that moment her dark eye glanced towards ed I was at home swinging on fathers gate, but it was too late now. While I was lean-that the half of the could be swinging on fathers gate, but it was too late now. While I was leanhis hiding place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the area alone, and affected to gather some disits with the biler, for he heard, the steme his leaves.

'Are you faithful?' said she in a lew tone, 'nsy. I wrong you by the question; I have seen that you are so, if you have courage as well as you have constancy, you are mine, I didn't sleep much all night, but kept thinks.' but it was too late now.

moment I sprung out on the floor and gave the alarm. This I learnt after I got waked the alarm. up, for the next moment half the passengers followed like sheep over a wall or crying out the bilers is bust. Some run one way and some another. I rushed on deck as I thought and caught hold of the mast. Then it was I waked up, and what do you think I had held of, it was the nigger cook, a great black greasy gal, as big round as a hogshead, and there I was in the middle of the cabin before them all hugging her up to kill. I never felt so sheepish in all my life, and sneaked off like a singed cat I tell you. Most of the passengers laughed themselves to pieces about it, but one old dutchman who slept over me swore it was one tam yankee trick to preak him of his rest.

I got up early in the morning and went on deck, it was just like sleeping under a stack of salt hav under that are, dutchman, I looked out pretty sharp for hell gate, did not see a single gate of any bignitude on the river. It want long before we come in sight of the city. My stars, if the houses ant crowled together as thick as flies round a bunghole, as much as three miles long, Boston is a fool to it. When we got up to the wharf it was crowded with people 'I guess they thought Lafayette was coming or other great man; they jumped on board all at once, one fellow snatched up my trunk and was running of with it. I caught hold of his coat and told him to stop. He said ho should charge quarter dollar first. I told him to charge it to the pump, and took my trunk and walked off. I am now at Mrs. akeemins in water street where vou mustdirect your letters or they wont get to me.
Yours with A steam,
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

P. S. I will write you again after I get a place. Mr. Palmer who keeps the intelligence office says that they are pretty well off for help in New York, if I dont succeed I shall go up the river. I wouldn't advise you to come on.

Superstitions of Mecklenburg Schwrein .-. 1. Whoever reads epitaphs, loses his memo-

2. Yarn spun by a girl under the age of seven years, possesses extraordinary virtues. Linen made of it, furnishes the best bandages for gouty patients; and when wrought into garments, forms a complete cost of mail—not only against the bullet and dagger, but even against the more formidable operations of witchcraft. Nay, the very yarn itself can be

wound into unerring musket balls.
3. When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

4. When a stranger enters a room, he should be obliged to seat himself, were it on-

ly for a moment; as he otherwise takes away
the children's sleep with him.
5. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster.
6. Whoever sneezes at an early hour,

either hears some news, or receives some pre-

ing the process tell some confounded lies: otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.

(Q. Is this the origin of the phrase white lies?)

8. Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

9. When women are stuffing bed ticks, the men should not remain in the house; otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks. 10. To rock a cradle when empty, is injurious to the child.

11. It a child less than a twelve month

old be brought into a cellar, he becomes fearful. 12. The first tooth cast by a child should

month old.

14. To eat, while the bell is tolling for a funeral, causes tooth-ache.

RICH AND COMFORTABLE.

RICH AND COMFORTABLE.

One of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut, tells the following story:—When I flist came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wile I meant to get rich—all she wanted was senough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land—I've worked hard ever since; and have got as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms. But my wife an't comfortable yet.

pot farms. But my wife an't comfortable yet.

POTATOES.

A country bumpkin, lately called at a respectable inn somewhere in the mighbourhood of Rogers' M. Roads, in this country, and called for dinner.—Mine host, being somewhat of an epicuro himself, had provided some Carolina potatoes, Hodge not being acquainted with this kind of dirt enquired. What in darnation do you call um? Mine that replied, 'potatoes,' 'Potatoes!' echoed the guest, half confronted, "then you biled um in lastes, by gaily." [Reflector.