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MISCELLANEOUS

Recommendation of the work. We approve of the plan on which the publication is conducted...

Philadelphia, October 18, 1829. N. Chapman, M. D. Professors in the University of Pennsylvania...

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH will appear in numbers of 16 pages each, octavo, on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month...

THE STEAM BOAT MARYLAND HAS commenced the Season, and will pass her routes in the following manner...

LOOK ALOFF. In the temple of life, when the wave and the gale are around and above, if thy footing should fail...

THE ARABIAN STEED. BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY. Ada was the daughter of a powerful Rajah, who, in the reign of the emperor Akbar...

CASH FOR NEGROES. We wish to purchase 100 BRISTOL NEGROES.

April, 18th.

in a 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...

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 lady...

'Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary ramble, I entered these gardens; daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surrounded your favourite bower, daily have I gazed on you unseen.'

'Why—what brought you here?' 'Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me, and I looked on you for the first time; need I say why I have since beheld you, I came again.'

'Oh, if you are seen,' cried Ada, 'nothing can save you from my father's rage; you know the barrier that divides your race from mine—malignant begone!'

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

'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.'

'For my sake, if not for your own, go,' she cried. 'Then we may meet again?'

'Yes, only leave me now, you know not half 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 inform Ada that her father desired her presence.'

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 amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen, mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely 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.

'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 your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request.'

'Go,' whispered Ada, 'thy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across your 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 back.'

'It is all,' said Selim; 'it shall be done.' 'It is all,' replied Ada, 'to prove your love, you will readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year.'

'Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day, if either courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you.'

'Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand hastened back to her palace, and Selim again alone, gazed from his shadow hiding place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone—How bright seems the retrospect of one year of happiness! How sad, how interminable seems the space of time in anticipation, when we know at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realized.'

'Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon lived it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connected him with Ada.'

'He daily three times traversed the valley, and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received not a look from her, but if his eyes did not detect him, he occasionally saw a female form—the summit of her father's tower, and a snow 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, lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood!'

'He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of symbols 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 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 more of me!' he involuntarily exclaimed. 'But at that moment her dark eye glanced towards his hiding place. She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves. 'Are you faithful?' said she in a low tone, 'Am 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, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?'

'Selim held his horse rein. 'Then in your hands I place my happiness,' she added; 'these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust—away! away!'

'Selim in an instant bore Ada to 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 garden.'

'The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering 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 grasp of Mahomedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink.'

'Still they gained upon them; the space between 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 foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burden safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight.'

'The 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 Jumna.'

'Bless me, how he made me jump! I thought for a moment the biler was busted, but I soon found out my mistake, for the wheels began to whirl round and the boat started off like a two year old colt. We were out of sight of providence in less than no time. They gave us a royal good dinner as ever feat, though I couldn't say much for their potatoes, guess they want to make the fellows that tended the table look out for my plate, but at last I shot two cents into the hand of one of them and he was amazing sharp afterwards and he low 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 every thing looks as old as the hills there, houses and all. I say a lot of boys on a warf there and if their faces want as old as their grandfathers I couldn't see strait that's all. I axed a man the occasion of it, he said it was the last war and embargo.—I was desput sick going round the pint and didn't see it after all. I walked Virginia fence all the time the boat 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 couldn't do it. I begun to feel pale, a cold sweat started out of my forehead, my coffee begun to rise, and then I knew I should cast up my accounts pretty quick. It was a long time however before I could get any thing up, it is a horrible feeling to be 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 couldn't see a bit of land and my heart sunk within me. I couldn't help thinking if any accident should happen what would become of us. I wished I was at home swinging on fathers gate, but it was too late now. While I was leaning over the rails I heard one man say to another he thought something was the matter with the biler, for he heard the same hissing like a snake. I said nothing but as soon as I got a chance I went and axed the captain about it; he kind of avoided an answer which made me ten times more suspicious, I didn't sleep much all night, but kept think-

ing about it: I laid on my back and kept going up and down as if I was riding on a trip hammer, the machinery-jerred the boat so. Towards morning I got into a kind of a doze and dreamt the biler had busted. In a moment I sprung out on the floor and gave the alarm. This I learnt after I got waked 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 hold of, it was the nigger cook, a great black greasy gal, as big round as a hoghead, 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 duteiman who slept over me swore it was one tam yankee trick to break 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 hay under that are duteiman. I looked out pretty sharp for hell gate, did not see a single gate of any bignitude on the river. It went long before we come in sight of the city. My stars, if the houses ant crowded 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 some other great man; they jumped on board all at once, one fellow snatched up my trunk and was running off with it. I caught hold of his coat and told him to stop. He said he 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. takeemits in water street where you must direct 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 wouldnt advise you to come on.

Superstitions of Mecklenburg Schuerlin.— 1. Whoever reads epitaphs, loses his memory. 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 coat 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 only 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 present, the same day. 7. Women who sow flax-seed should during 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. If 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 be swallowed by the mother to insure a new growth of beautiful teeth. 13. A child grows up proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than a twelve-month old. 14. To eat, while the bell is tolling for a funeral, causes tooth-ache.

RICH AND COMFORTABLE. One of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut, tells the following story.—When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to get rich—she wanted was enough 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.

POTATOES. A country bumpkin, lately called at a respectable inn somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rogers' Pt. Roads, in this county, and called for dinner.—'Mine host,' being somewhat of an epicure himself, had provided some Carolina potatoes, I had not being acquainted with this kind of dirt enquired: 'What in darndation do you call um?' Mine host replied, 'potatoes.' 'Potatoes!' echoed the guest, half confounded, 'then you billed um in flames, by gady!'