

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1830.

NO. 43.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN.
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
BOOKS JUST RECEIVED
From the N. York Protestant Episcopal Press,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

- The Family Visitor, \$1 25
- Dr. Waterhouse, on Regeneration & Justification, 25
- Archbishop King, on the Invention of Men in the Worship of God, 25
- Some Essay on the Church, 182
- Dr. Barrow's Doctrine of the Sacraments, 123
- Taylor's Answer to the Question, Why are you a Churchman, 123
- Stevens's Candid Examination of the Episcopal Church, 124
- Conversations on the Liturgy, by Rev. E. Davys, 25
- A Letter from a Blacksmith, 124
- The Last Day of the Week, 182
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- The Week Completed, 182
- The Pink Toppet, in 17 Paris, by Mrs. Cameron, 182
- The Little Beggars, by Mrs. Sherwood, 64
- The Million Family, 64
- Practicality by Mrs. Sherwood, 64
- Steady School Tracts, Vol. I, and II, 50
- The Miller's Daughter, 64
- The Faithful Little Girl, 64
- The Anniversary Book, or a story about William Howard and Charles Curran, 64
- Practicality in attending Public Worship, 64
- Heres Home, 64
- The Two Mothers or Memoirs the last century, 573
- Tales for Youth, (Frank & George, & Christmas Day.) 25
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- Susan and Esther's Hall, by Mrs. Cameron, 374
- Child's Manual of Parental Affection, 182
- The Sinner Boy, 182
- Re-captured Negro, by Mrs. Sherwood, 64
- The Labrador Missionaries, 64
- Daisy's Sermons for Children, 2
- Mary and Jane's Dialogue, by Mrs. Cameron, 64
- A Family in Eternity, 64
- T. Baptism, 64
- A Farmer's Narrative of his Conversion, 64
- Pocket Prayer Book, written by itself, 25
- Life of Moses, 314
- History of Robert Jones, 25

J. T. keeps FOR SALE,
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,
EPISCOPAL CATECHISMS,
and SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

He receives Subscriptions for the **CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE,** and the **FAMILY VISITOR;** also for **STANDARD WORKS** of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the First Volume of which is received.

October 14, 1830.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GEORGE McNEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS
In his line, consisting of some of the handsomest

Patent Finished Cloth
Of various qualities and colours, with an assortment of

CASSIMERES & VESTINGS
suitable to the season, which he respectfully invites his friends to call and examine.

All of which he will make up at the shortest notice, and in the most FASHIONABLE STYLE. For Cash, or to punctual promissory.

Sept 23 6w

NEW & SPLENDID.

BASIL SHEPARD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Has just returned from PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE, with the most choice selection of

FALL & WINTER GOODS.
They consist in part of the most superior quality of

BLACK, BLUE, OLIVE, BROWN and GREY CLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

With a choice selection of the richest and latest importations of

VESTINGS.
He will be glad to make them up in the latest and most approved fashions, or will dispose of them unmade to those who prefer.

ALSO: a neat and more general assortment than before, of **CHILDREN'S GLOVES, STOCKS, COLLARS, and HOSIERY.**

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine them.

Sept 23

WILLIAM BRYAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Has just received a large and very handsome assortment of

CLOTHS,
Cassimeres and Vestings,
Of various Qualities and Colours.

Which he invites his friends and the public, to call and examine. His qualifications he will make them up at the shortest notice, and most approved styles.

ANN KARNEY
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Annapolis, and its vicinity, that she has on hand, a fine assortment of

RIBBONS,
AND ALSO A SELECTION OF
Dunstable Leghorn and Split Straw Bonnets,

which she will dispose of on the most moderate terms.

She has likewise a quantity of Leghorn, for the purpose of altering Leghorn Bonnets into the present fashion. She returns her thanks to the public in general, for their former patronage, and respectfully asks a continuation thereof.

Oct 21. 2 if

UNION HOUSE,

Francis-Street, Annapolis.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favours, informs her friends and the public in general, that she has removed to that well known stand nearly fronting the State House, formerly occupied by Capt. Thoms, and since by Mr. Daley, and Mrs. Gambrell, where she is prepared to accommodate TRAVELLERS and others, with genteel boarding and lodging on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being in a central situation to the arrival of the Steamboats and Stages, and near the State House, persons visiting the city, will find it a convenient and pleasant place of residence during their stay.

Having a good Stable, well provided with Timothy Hay, good Oats, &c. gentlemen may rely on having their Horses well attended to by a good Hostler.

BOARDERS taken by the DAY, WEEK, MONTH or YEAR, and Horses taken at livery on moderate terms.

N. B. Transient visitors accommodated with dinners, &c. on the shortest notice.

M. ROBINSON.
Annapolis, Oct. 21, 1830. 4w

The editors of the Frederick Citizen, Cumberland Advocate, and Boston Gazette, will publish the above 4 times, and forward their accounts for collection.

\$100 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, living in the Forest of Prince-George's county, Maryland, on the 14th instant, a Negro Man named

JONATHAN,
About 5 feet, 10 inches high, 48 years old, a brown complexion, and has the villain as strongly marked on his countenance as is possible. Clothing, Oznaburg's and Drab Fustian, which he no doubt will change. He has a wife at Mr. Aldridge's, who lives near the 19th Mile Stone on the Washington and Baltimore Turnpike road, about which place he will perhaps remain some days. The above reward will be paid immediately I get possession of him, no matter where he is taken.

JOHN CONTEE.
October 21. 1f

IN CHANCERY,
Sept. 27, 1830.

Ordered, that the sale made by James Boyle, trustee for the sale of the real estate of James Anderson, of Annapolis, as stated in his report, shall be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown before the 27th day of November next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted three successive weeks in some of the newspapers printed in Annapolis, on or before the 27th day of October next. The report states that ninety eight acres sold for one dollar and sixty two cents, and a half per acre. The creditors of said James Anderson are notified to file their claims with the register of chancery on or before the first day of February next.

True Copy Test.
RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cor, Can.
Oct. 14. 3w

LOST.
An old Russian Leather, Note Book, containing THIRTY DOLLARS, in notes, of the Farmers Bank of Maryland, and some papers. A reward of five dollars will be given to any one who may find it, and restore it, with the contents, to the subscriber.

JOHN RIDOUT.
Oct. 14, 1830. 1f

NOTICE.
The President and Directors of the ANNAPOLES TOBACCO INSPECTION COMPANY, request the stockholders thereof to pay Adam Miller on Monday the 8th November, an instalment of five dollars for each share of stock subscribed.

By order, RANDALL Secy.
Oct. 14. 18Nov.

OVERSEERS WANTED.
TWO Overseers wanted for the ensuing year. A Man that can come satisfactorily recommended for industry and sobriety, acquainted with the principles of farming, and management of hands and stock, will receive liberal wages and prompt payment.

CHARLES WATERS.
JACOB WATERS.
Sept. 19 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUTH AND AGE
From *Legendary Ballads*, by T. Moore, Esq.
'Tell me what's Love' said Youth one day,
To drooping Age, who crossed his way.
'It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay;
Repentance! Repentance!

And this is love as wise men say,
'Tell me what's Love' said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond of Age's lore,
'Soft as a passing summer's wind,
Wouldst thou know the blight it leaves behind?
Repentance! Repentance!

And this is Love—when love's o'er,
'Tell me what's Love' said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain;
'Sweet as a May tree's scented air—
Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear;
Repentance! Repentance!

This, this is love—sweet youth beware,
Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on youth a smiling eye
Who could resist that glance's ray!
In vain did age his warning say,
Repentance! Repentance!

Youth laughing went with love away.

[From the Family Library—No. VII.]
NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.

THE HIVE BEE.—The scene presented by the interior of a bee hive, has seldom failed to interest even the most incurious observer while it fills with astonishment the mind of the enlightened and profound philosopher.

The gates are crowded with hundreds of industrious workers—some on their wing in search of sustenance: others returning from the field laden with food—some earnestly engaged in building—some in tending the young—others employed in cleaning their habitations—while four or five may be seen dragging out the corpse of a companion, and as it would appear, scrupulously paying the last honours to the dead.

At one moment the entrances of the little city are comparatively free, at another, crowds of inhabitants may be seen struggling at the gates, making the best of their way to escape the rain, which by some peculiar sensation they have discovered to be at hand.

Reamer says of the queen bee in a hive that had just been disturbed, 'For the first few minutes in which I followed her with my eyes, I was tempted to believe that the stories of the respect paid her by other bees, the train by which she was attended, were imaginary fables rather than real facts. She was alone and walking perhaps at a slower pace than the rest. The friends who were with me were pleased to discover in her gait something of gravity and majesty. She advanced unattended to one of the squares of the hive, up which she mounted to join a group of her subjects perched at the top. In a little time she re-appeared at the bottom, but still sally neglected. Soon however, twelve or fifteen bees ranged round her and seemed to form her train. In the first moments of trouble and confusion we think only of ourselves. Thus it was with these bees, for being huddled into the little glass hive, turned topsy turvy, the first impulse of each seemed self-preservation, and it was only when they had recovered composure that they began to recollect the mother, which in their fright they had forgotten and neglected. In a short time a dozen others hastened to join the train. A row flanked her on each side as she walked, and in a very short time she was surrounded by a circle of upwards of thirty bees. Some of these approaching nearer than others licked her with their trunks; others extended this organ filled with honey for her to sip; sometimes I saw her stop and partake of the food at other times she sucked while in motion. For several hours consecutively I observed this insect, and always saw her surrounded by bees who appeared anxious to render her good offices.

Reamer also shut up a queen taken from one hive with some workers taken from another, so that both were strangers to each other. It was curious, he says, to know how she would be received, and I saw she was received like a queen. Bees to the number of a dozen, or more, surrounded her and treated her with great honour. It happened that the box in which she had been enclosed was filled with dust, in consequence of which, when introduced among the workers, she was literally gray with that which stuck about her. The first care of the bees was to unpowder their future sovereign. For more than two hours she remained at the bottom of the hive, surrounded and sometimes covered by them, while they licked her on all sides. It seemed as if they were anxious to warm her; and in truth she required it, as she was benumbed by the coldness of the night and had only been revived by me, with artificial heat.

I could not help admiring the anxiety and assiduity of their attentions. They relieved each other of the task—they removed her to a spot more than an inch distant. For more than two hours I witnessed this interesting scene. Reamer also found a queen and some workers apparently dead from cold—putting them all into a box he gradually warmed it in hopes of reviving the whole. As soon as some of the dead workers came to life, they ranged themselves round the dead mother, but took not the slightest notice of her, though as dead as the sole object of their care. Reamer watched with anxiety for the signs of returning life in the queen; at first, says he, one limb quivered, and after a short interval this motion was reiterated. No further was

this evidence of life given than a humming was instantly heard in the box where previously all had been silence. Many persons who were with me, and who watched the revival of the queen, were struck with the sound as being more acute than usual, and all named it the sound of rejoicing.

Like every other animal living in society, bees have a medium of communication. At first when a queen bee has been abstracted, every thing goes on well for about an hour, after this, some few of the workers appear in a state of great agitation; they forsake the young, relinquish labour, and begin to traverse the hive in a furious manner. In their progress, wherever they meet a companion, they mutually cross their antennae feelers, and the one which first seems to have discovered the national loss, communicates the sad news to his neighbour by giving it a gentle tap with these organs. This one in its turn becomes agitated, runs over the cells, crossing and striking others. In a short time the whole hive is in confusion, and if the queen be restored, tranquility is re-established.

Huber doubts that bees possess the sense of hearing; their sense of sight is certainly acute in an extraordinary degree. If a dozen hives be placed together, the bee though at a great distance, first rises in the air and then with almost the swiftness of a bullet proceeds in a straight line to the entrance of its own habitation. If the eyes be varnished, they rise up in the air or fly at random. This capacity of the bee to make its way directly to its nest, has been made use of as a guide. In New-England the honey-hunters, set a plate of honey or sugar on the ground, and in a short time this is discovered by the wild bees. Having caught two or three of those that have taken their fill, the hunter first releases one, which rising into the air, flies to the nest. He now walks at right angles to the course of the bee for a few hundred yards, and then lets another go, which also, after rising, flies to the nest. Observing with his pocket compass the angle where the two lines formed by the two courses of the bees met, there he knows will be the spot at which the nest is placed. The honey rattle, a quadruped, is equally sagacious with his biped honey-seeker. Near sun set he will sit and hold one of his paws over his eyes to get a distinct view of the bees which at this hour he knows are bound to their nest, and thither he follows.

The most astonishing fact connected with the economy of bees, is the manner in which when deprived of their queen, they repair the loss; taking a common worker-woman out of the ordinary cells, they put it into a royal one, and feed the insect with royal food which is more pungent than that destined for workers, and in a few days they have a queen. The knowledge of this fact is in many parts of Germany made the means of multiplying swarms, by putting up a few hundred bees with the common grubs in a comb.

On these fine days in which the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to take place between two inhabitants of the same hive. In some cases the quarrel appears to have been begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out, eager for blows. Sometimes a bee peacefully settled on the outside of the hive, or walking about, is rudely jostled by another, and then the attack commences, each endeavouring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn pirouette and throttle each other. After rolling about in the dust, the victor watching the time when its enemy uncovers his body, by elongating it in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings and expires. A bee cannot be killed so suddenly except by crushing, as by the sting of another bee.

LETTER FROM A SAILOR IN PARIS.
My Dear Sally Ann—When I agreed to go Super Cargo to the Mary Jane, I was fully convinced of the importance of the situation. The winds was baffling, we got into port as quick as the regular packets, and I disposed of our staves and heading in no time. I promise you—I got the hard money all down, and as I looked arter the interests of the owners, I told the Captain to hold on, till I could go the meatropolis, and there I expected I could lay out a leetle of the cash in Gallows water, O de ve, paper boxes and such like notions which our people pays the money for like nothing. But I never expected to be kitched as I was. I am sure sich a thing never entered my head, or I should never have gone to Paris—not I indeed. It the most unaccountable place I ever see. Our parish-ees in New-England are real shams compared with this ere. It's worth a trip just to go and see it. Many of our American travellders are like Jonah in the whale, they travel a darned deal and see nothing after all. But let me tell you what a time I have had since I got here. Such doings I never see afore. I suppose you have heard all about the biggest part of on't, and for ought I know, the papers has something about me, for every body's noticed in the papers that has been extinguished in this affair. I did know nothing about the troubles; I was walking in the morning, after I had come in the diligence, on the brink of the River St. to look at the navigations. I was going to cross the Ponty didards, when I seen the people running along like crazy folks—bare headed and bare legged, and thousands of em in a bunch. Says I to a man

that was walking along, what's to pay says I 'Vivaly Shirt,' says he, and walked on. So I walked on too, for I expected something or other was to pay. Just then I heard the cannons roar; and small arms rattle just as they did at Stonington. All at twonst I seen a mother great mob with sticks and staves; not your merchantable staves I dont mean; but such as they could lay their hands on, and some of them had flags of different colors. Then they sent up a great shout, but darned a thing could I understand the meaning of 'Vivaly Shirt,' and sure-enough some of em had at such a thing to their backs as I could see. I joined in with them, and then they cried, Toolleries, Toolleries, which I thought was not necessary, for they seemed to have all sorts of tools in their hands already.—But what a scene. The streets all bombarded and barricaded with coaches, all the paving stones dug up and carried off! Think I here's a pretty job for the select-men. Then they pulled down all the flowers de lice that they could find, the Royal Crowns and every thing the like of that.—Then I saw the whole thing as plain as day.

There's going to be a new election for King, and a revolution is taken place. Perhaps there's been a convention, or the like of that.

My father being one of the revolutionary characters, I tho't I ought to be two, so I picked up a stick and followed the people down Rue street. We hadnt got very far when bang, bang a whole volley of musketry was fired at us. I tell you I never heard whistling that was so unpleasant as that ere. Sure enough there was an attachment of light dragoons, and foul trygers they called them, right in our way, blazing away at us as fast as they could, and we hadnt much more than a priming among the whole of us. We fell back as you may guess and they artur us; but here they got it handsome. The paving stuns came rattling among the soldiers from the windows like a hailstone thunder storm. They fell like old trees before a hurricane, and it staggered them pretty considerably. I promise you. Just at this minute a young chap with a handsome uniform on him, and a sword in his hand, run up to the in the scrape, and clapping his hand on my shoulder, says, Ma Brav. Sir, says I, my name is Thompson. Then says he, allons Mons. Tonson on avance! Vivaly Shirt! Then they seemed to be struck by his bravery, and cried out Vivaly Polly 'tecknicke, which I understand is his mother's name. And if it is, she neednt be ashamed of it, for sich a boy as that she may be proud of any day in the year.

Well on we went fighting like devils, excuse me for using such a paraphrase. Backwards and forwards we rolled like the waves on the beach at Sachem's head, but after a while we drove the soldiers off, and we picked up a fine lots of muskets, they left behind them. Then they began to cry Toolleries more than ever, and on they went. And I more than ever, and on they went. And I got so much concerned about the business, that I thought my dear Sally Ann, no more about the Mary Jane. So on I goes. By and by we comes to a taral big guardians all full of walks with houses bigger than Funnell hall and the state house both together. Here was a terrible sight. Thousands of people firing, at the windows and doors, and thousands of soldiers firing back at them. The trouble was pretty much over though for all. We scrouched up closer, and closer and by and by the people broke in—what a crush was that ere. Pell mell we went in. Down fell the Swiss boys—Blood flowed in torrents. All that wasnt killed surrendered or cut stick and cleared. The grand Sloons were filled with the most tremendous elegant things. It seemed all silver and gold, but it went out of the windows faster than it ever went in at the doors. Such a ruin as I never see. I could have made a speculation out of some of that stuff if I'd had it snug in Boston I tell you.

We saw one room with a kind of throne in it, and one of our fellows with his face all black and bloody like the king of spades, got into it and cried Vival Roy, at which time they set up a hurrah and cried louder than ever, Vivaly Shirt! But he looked so plaguy shambd and beat down when we laughed at him, that I felt sorry for the poor parley vooz. Pretty soon it began to grow pretty peaceable. The people acted just as though nothing had happened, and they began some to do duty as sentry boxes, others walked off to join the comrades some where else. I went along though I was pretty well tired I promise you. I did my share, but at length dont like to say any thing about it, for fear the grand jury should find a bill agin me, but I knew there's no law for revolutions. Well on we went, and at last we came to Rue Honorey street. Then all alt at once they stopped before an old fashioned house, and then they cried Vive la Fayette. Oh ho says I here's were the Marquis lives. I says nothing, but stered for the door which sailor like they called a port, and in I went.

I went from one room to another for some time before I found the right one. But at last I found it, and there sure enough stood the old Marquis dressed in his uniform like old General Votter, and ever so many more round him. What a astonishing old man! I knowed me before I said a word, and though I knowed more like a Chimby, sweat than a genuine American! Says he 'My good friend how do you do. When did you come to the city.' So I told him what I'd been about, and