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PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SONG.

There was a man, named Daniel Dabb,
(A hapless man was he.)
Who sometimes lived at a sea port,
But it was not *Portica*.
He dealt in fish, and mended shoes,
But could not make it do,
Although he sometimes sold a fish,
And sometimes sold a shoe.
So of a quack he learned to bleed,
And draw teeth with precision,
And so he knew the *lecting* art,
He set up as a physician.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes held a pair of shoes,
And sometimes held a wound.
"By fish and shoes and drugs," said he,
"I hope I shall rise higher,
For by a cellar I can't live,
Unless I have a buyer.
On wealth I've staked my all and last,
And trust that I shall win it,
For if a tray of trades was mine,
I think the *deuce* is in it."
But people would not have teeth drawn,
Because it gave them pain;
And bleeding when folks will not bleed,
You know it all in vain.
One day, when at his cellar head,
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a piece.
He'd herrings *shotten*, though not *shot*,
That shone like any gem too short,
And tho' he'd placed them all in rows,
They had no place in them.
Says Sue, "they're all skin and scales,
And full of bones within."
Says he, "I've muscled without bones,
And very little skin."
Says Sue, they're poison, tho' I own
That I for some with joy long;
And as for poison I've heard say,
The French call all fish poison.
But I should like a little fish,
Says Dan, "I've no white bait,
And as the eels are slippery things,
You'd better take a skate."
"Oh no! a piece I want," says Sue;
Says Dan, "this is the case,
Because I w'n not out in time,
You see I'm out of place."
"Indeed," says Sue, "why so am I,
My mistress wants one stronger;
And though she says I'm too short,
She does not want me longer."
"If that's the case, dear Sue," says Dan,
"Why something must be done;
So as we two are out of place,
To mend folks' shoes, and serve them fish,
Some want of help I feel;
So while I drive nails in their toes,
Why you can skin the eel."
"Oh no," says Sue, "that will not do;
I'll find some other work;
For since you are a musician,
You'd use me like a Turk."
So off she ran, and left poor Dan
A disappointed elf;
And when he'd cried fish all that day,
At night he cried himself.
Next morn on a large nail he hung,
And hung till he was pale;
For tho' death took him off the hooks
He could not off the nail.
And when they bore him to the grave,
She rung her hands and cried,
And some one rung his knell, although
It was for Sue he sighed.

It was at this time that a pilot boat was seen moored to a post at the end of a wooden wharf that formed the principal landing place at the little seaport of Hampton. The waves were dashing with hollow reverberations, between the timbers of the wharf, and the boat was rocking with a violence that showed the extreme agitation of the element upon which it floated. Three or four sailors, all negroes—clad in rough pea-jackets, with blue and red woollen caps, were standing upon the wharf or upon the deck of the boat, apparently making some arrangements for venturing out of the harbour. The principal person among them, whose commands were given with a bold and earnest voice, and promptly obeyed, was our stout friend Abe—now grown into the full perfection of manhood, with a frame of unsurpassed strength and agility. At the nearer extremity of this wharf, land-ward, were a few other mariners, white men, of a weather-beaten exterior, who had seemingly just walked from the village to the landing-place, and were engaged in grave consultation upon some question of interest. This group approached the former while they were yet busy with the tacking of the boat. Abe had stepped aboard with his companions, and they were about letting all loose for their departure.

"What do you think of it now, Abe?" asked one of the older seamen, as he turned his eyes towards the heaven, with a look of concern. "Are you still so crazy as to think of venturing out in this gale?"
"The storm is like a young wolf," replied Abe. "It gets one hour older and two worse. But this is't the hardest blow I ever saw, Master Crockett."
"It will be so dark to-night," said the other, "that you will not be able to see your jib; and by the time that the wind gets round to the north-east, you will have a drift of snow that will shut her eyes. It will be a dreadful night outside of the cape. I see no good that is to come of your foolhardiness."
"Snow-storm or hail-storm, it's all one to me," answered Abe. "The little Flying-Fish has ridden summer and winter, over as heavy seas as ever rolled in the Chesapeake. I know what she can do, you see!"
"Why, you could not find the brig if you were within a cable's length of her, such a night as this," said another speaker; "and if you were to see her, I don't know how you are to get along side."
"You wouldn't say so, master Wilson," returned Abe, "if you were one of the crew of the brig yourself. We can try, you know; and if no good comes of it, let them that saunt me judge of that. I always obey orders."

"Well," replied the other, "a negro that is born to be hanged—you know the rest, Abe—the devil may help you, as he sometimes does."
"There is a good help for a negro as there is for a white man, master Wilson—whether on land or on water. And no man is going to die till his time comes. I don't set up for more spirit than other people; but I never was afraid of the sea."
During this short dialogue, Abe and his comrades were busily reefing the sail, and they had now completed all their preparations. The day had come very near to the hour of sunset, Abe mustered his crew, spoke to them with a brave, encouraging tone, and ordered them to cast off from the wharf. In a moment all hands were at the halyards; and the buoyant little Flying Fish sprang off from her moorings, under a single sail double-reefed, and bounded along before the wind, like an exulting doe, loosened from thraldom, on her native waves.

"That's a darling fellow!" said one of the party that stood upon the wharf, as they watched the gallant boat heaving playfully through the foam—and wouldn't mind going to sea astride a shark, if any one would challenge him to it."
"If any man along the Chesapeake," said another, "can handle a pilot in such weather—Abe can. But it's no use for a man to be tempting Providence; in this way. It looks wicked."
"He is on a good errand," interrupted the first speaker. "And God send him a successful venture! That negro has a great deal of good and but both in him—but I think the good has the upper hand."

A STORM IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

Extracted from the new work, "*Sealow Barn*," the production of a gentleman of Baltimore.

"At the time to which my story has now advanced, an event took place which excited great interest within the little circle of Swallow Barn. It was about the breaking up of the winter—towards the latter end of February—some four years ago, that in the afternoon of a cheerless day, news arrived at Norfolk that an inward-bound brig had struck upon the shoal of the middle ground, (a shoal-bar that stretches seaward beyond the mouth of the Chesapeake, between the two capes,) and from the threatening aspect of the weather, the crew were supposed to be in great danger. It was a cold, blustering day, such as winter sometimes puts on when she is about to retreat—as a squadron, vexed with watching a politic enemy, finding itself obliged, at last, to raise the blockade, is apt to break ground with an unusual show of bravado. The wind blew in gusts from the north-west; a heavy rack of dun and chilly clouds was driven churlishly before the blast, and the spitting masses were forming a huge black volume upon the eastern horizon, towards the ocean, as if there encountered the resistance of an adverse gale. From the west, the sun occasionally shot forth a lurid ray, that, for the instant, flung upon the dark pile a somber purple hue, and lighted up the foam that gathered at the top of the waves, far seawards; thus opening slight glimpses of that dreary ocean, over which darkness was brooding. The sea-birds soared against the murky vault above them; and now and then, caught upon their white wings the passing beam, that gave them almost a golden radiance, whilst, at the same time, they screamed their harsh and frequent cries of fear and joy. The surface of the Chesapeake was lashed into a frothy sea,

and the waves were repressed by the up weight of the wind; billow pursuing billow with an angry and rapid flight, and barking with the snappish sullenness of the wolf. Across the wide expanse of Hampton Road, might have been seen some few bay-craft, apparently not much larger than the wild-fowl that sailed above them, beating, with a fearful anxiety, against the gale, for such harbours as were nearest at hand; or scudding before it under close reefed sails, with ungovernable speed, towards the anchorages to leeward. Every moment the wind increased in violence; the clouds swept nearer to the waters; the gloom thickened; the birds sought safety on the land; the little barks were quickly vanished from view; and before the hour of sunset, earth, air and sea were blended into one mass, in which the eye might vainly endeavour to define the boundaries of each: whilst the fierce howling of the wind, and the deafening uproar of the ocean gave a desolation to the scene, that made those who looked upon it from the shore, devoutly thankful that no ill-luck had tempted them upon the flood.

It was at this time that a pilot boat was seen moored to a post at the end of a wooden wharf that formed the principal landing place at the little seaport of Hampton. The waves were dashing with hollow reverberations, between the timbers of the wharf, and the boat was rocking with a violence that showed the extreme agitation of the element upon which it floated. Three or four sailors, all negroes—clad in rough pea-jackets, with blue and red woollen caps, were standing upon the wharf or upon the deck of the boat, apparently making some arrangements for venturing out of the harbour. The principal person among them, whose commands were given with a bold and earnest voice, and promptly obeyed, was our stout friend Abe—now grown into the full perfection of manhood, with a frame of unsurpassed strength and agility. At the nearer extremity of this wharf, land-ward, were a few other mariners, white men, of a weather-beaten exterior, who had seemingly just walked from the village to the landing-place, and were engaged in grave consultation upon some question of interest. This group approached the former while they were yet busy with the tacking of the boat. Abe had stepped aboard with his companions, and they were about letting all loose for their departure.

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The Flying Fish was soon far from the speakers, and now showed her little sail, as she bent it down almost to kiss the water, a spotless vision upon the dark and lowering horizon in the east. At length she was observed close hauled upon the wind, and rapidly skimming behind the headland of Old Point Comfort whence, after some interval, she again emerged, lessened to the size of a water-fowl by distance, and holding her course, with a steady and resolute speed, into the palpable obscurity of the perspective.

When the last trace of this winged messenger of comfort was lost in the terrific desert of ocean, with its incumbent night, the watchful and anxious spectators on the wharf turned about and directed their steps, with thoughtful forebodings, to the public house at some distance in the village.

From what I have related, the reader will be at no loss to understand the purpose of this perilous adventure. The fact was, that soon as the intelligence reached Norfolk that the brig had got into the dangerous situation which I have described, some of the good people of that borough took measures to communicate with the crew, and to furnish them such means of relief as the suddenness of the emergency enabled them to command. The most obvious suggestion was adopted of despatching, forthwith, a small vessel to bring away those on board, if it should be ascertained that there was no hope of saving the brig itself. This scheme, however, was not so easy of accomplishment as it at first seemed. Application was made to the most experienced mariners in port, to undertake this voyage; but they either evaded the duty, by suggesting doubts of its utility, or cast their eyes towards the heavens and significantly shook their heads, as they affirmed there would be more certainty of loss to the deliverers than to the people of the stranded vessel. The rising tempest and the unrelenting season had disordered the weather, and the sea was so rough as to encounter the hazard. Rewards were offered; but these, too, failed of effect, and the good intentions of the citizens of Norfolk were well nigh disappointed, when chance brought the subject to the knowledge of our old acquaintance, Abe. This stout-hearted black happened to be in the borough at the time; and was one of a knot of seamen who were discussing the proposition of the chances of affording relief. He heard attentively all that was said in disparagement of the projected enterprise; and it was with some emotion of secret pleasure that he learned that several seamen of established reputation had declined to undertake the venture. The predominant pride of his nature was aroused; and he hastened to say, that whatever terrors this voyage had for others, it had none for him. In order, therefore, that he might vouch the sincerity of his assertion by acts, he went immediately to those who had interested themselves in concerting the measure of relief, and tendered his services for the proposed exploit. As may be supposed they were eagerly accepted. Abe's conditions were, that he should have the choice of the boat, and the selection of his crew. These terms were readily granted; and he set off, with a busy alacrity, to make his preparations. The Flying Fish was the pilot boat in which Abe had often sailed, and was considered one of the best of her class in the Chesapeake. This little bark was, accordingly, demanded for the service, and as promptly put at Abe's command. She was, at that time, lying at the pier of Hampton, as I have already described her. The crew from some such motive of pride as first induced Abe to volunteer in this cause, was selected entirely from the number of negro seamen, then in Norfolk. They amounted to four or five of Abe's most daring associates, who, lured by the hope of reward, as well as impelled by that spirit of rivalry that belongs to even the lower classes of human beings, and which is particularly excitable in the breasts of men that are trained to dangerous achievements, readily enlisted in the expedition, and placed themselves under the orders of their gallant and venturesome captain.

The tender of service and its acceptance, produced an almost universal reprobation of its rashness, from the sea-faring men of the port. And while all acknowledged that the enterprise could not have been committed to a more able or skilful mariner than Abe, yet it was declared to be the endeavour of a foolhardy madman, who was rushing on his fate. The expression of such distrust only operated as an additional stimulant to Abe's resolution, and served to hurry him, the more urgently forward, to the execution of his purpose. He, therefore, with such despatch as the nature of his preparations allowed, mustered his intrepid crew in the harbour of Norfolk, and repaired with them to the opposite shore of the James River, to the little seaport, where my reader has already seen him embarking upon his brave voyage, amidst the disheartening auguries of wise and disciplined veterans of the sea.

I might stop to compare this act of an humble and unknown negro, upon the Chesapeake, with the many similar passages in the lives of heroes whose names have been preserved fresh in the verdure of history, and who have won their immortality upon less noble feats than this; but history is a step-mother, that gives the bauble fame to her own children, with such favoritism she lifts, overlooking many a goodly portion of the family of

her husband Time. Still, it was a gallant thing, and worthy of a better chronicler than I, to see this leader and his little band—the children of a despised stock—swayed by a noble emulation to relieve the distressed; and (what the fashion of the world will deem a higher glory) impelled by that love of daring which the romancers call chivalry—throwing themselves upon the unruly waves of winter, and flying, on the wing of the storm, into the profound, dark abyss of ocean, when all his terrors were gathering in their most hideous forms; when the spirit of ill shrieked in the blast, and thick night, dreary with unusual horrors, was falling close around them; when old mariners grew pale with the thought of the danger, and the wisest counselled the adventurers against the certain doom that hung upon their path:—I say, it was a gallant sight to see such heroism shining out in an humble and unlettered slave of the Old Dominion!

They say the night that followed was a night of the wildest horrors. Not a star twinkled in the black heavens: the winds rushed forth, like some pent-up flood suddenly overbearing its barriers, and swept through the air with palpable density; men, who chanced to wander at that time, found it difficult to keep their footing on the land: the steeples of Norfolk groaned with the unwonted pressure; chimneys were blown from their seats; houses were unroofed, and the howling elements terrified those who were gathered around their own hearths, and made them silent with fear: the pious fell upon their knees: nurses could not hush their children to sleep: bold-hearted revelers were dismayed, and broke up their meetings: the crash of trees, fences, out buildings mingled with the ravings of the tempest: the icicles were swept from the eaves, and from every penthouse till they fell in the streets like hail: ships were stranded at the wharves, or were lifted, by an unnatural tide, into the streets: the ocean roared with more terrific bass than the mighty wind, and threw its spray into the near heaven, with which it seemed in contact; and, as anxious seamen looked out at intervals during the night, towards the Atlantic, the light-house, that usually shot its ray over the deep, was invisible to their gaze, or seen only by glimpses, like a little star immeasurably remote, wading through foam and darkness.

What became of our argonauts?—The next morning told the tale. One seaman alone of the brig survived to relate the fate of his companions. In the darkest hour of the night their vessel went to pieces, and every soul on board perished, except this man. He had bound himself to a spar, and by that miraculous fortune which the frequent history of ship-wreck recounts, he was thrown upon the beach near Cape Henry. Bruised, chafed, and almost dead, he was discovered in the morning and carried to a neighbouring house, where care and nursing restored him to his strength. All that this mariner could tell was, that early in the night,—perhaps about eight o'clock,—and before the storm had risen to its height, (although, at that hour, it raged with fearful vehemence) a light was seen gliding with the swiftness of a meteor, past the wreck; a hailing cry was heard as from a trumpet, but the wind smothered its tones and rendered them inarticulate; and, in the next moment, the spectre of the sail (for no one of the sufferers believed it real) flitted by them, as with a rush of wings, so close that some affirmed they could have touched it with their hands: that, about an hour afterwards, the same hideous phantom, with the same awful salutation, was heard and seen by many on board a second time; that the crew, terrified by this warning, made all preparations to meet their fate; and when at last, in the highest exasperation of the storm, the same apparition made its third visit, the timbers of the brig parted at every joint, and all, except the relater himself, were supposed to have been engulfed in the wave, and given to instant death.

Such was the sum of this man's story. What was subsequently known, proved its most horrible conjecture to be fatally true.

THE GUILTY PHANTOM.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

I cannot forbear giving you an instance of a guilt-farmer phantom which made considerable noise about twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, it is not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, then a large sum, and other charges within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on a recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion, Matcham perceived that discovery was at hand, and would have then deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer as he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated this crime, and changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halt-

ed and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after remembered, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him!"

Matcham went to the sea-port by the coach, and instantly entered as an able bodied landman or marine I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty, gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was aloft for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were discharged as being too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the road to Salisbury. It was then, within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning and thunder so dreadful loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened.

He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his companion, that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion and whispering, with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he here to follow us so closely?" "I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his companion. "What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons?" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him, if he had any thing on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as his confession could do it. The criminal fetched a long groan and declared that he was no longer able to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable.

Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of guilt. But before the trial, the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded Not Guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he spoke when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty and executed. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession; and with his dying breath avowed, and truly, as he thought, the vision on Salisbury Plains.

From an English Paper.

WHAT CAN HUMAN NATURE BEAR? A respectable correspondent has furnished us with the following account, for the truth of which he stakes his credit:—"The following operations were performed by different medical gentlemen at Grantham, on the person of Robert Gibbons (a poor man, aged 31 years), from the year 1815 up to 1832, he being the whole of that period much troubled with fits:—Bled from the arm 146 times; namely, by Mr. Cook, 6 times; Mr. Winter, 12; Mr. Cunningham, 16; Mr. Wing, 6; Mr. Jackson, 2; Mr. Mather, 2; Mr. Hoblet, 3; Mr. Gozsa, sen. 16; Mr. Gozsa, jun. 3; Mr. Andrews, 3; Mr. Catlett, sen. 2; Mr. Catlett, jun. 7; Mr. Aldridge, 14; Mr. Harriot, 11; Mr. Brewster, 12; Mr. Gaggard, 16; Mr. Hutton, 3; Mr. Bowyer, 18; Mr. Nott, 3; Mr. Eton, 1. Operations on different parts of the body:—Bled with leeches, 14 times; temples opened, 8; blistered on the head, 20; issues in stomach, 9; blistered on the calf of the leg, 5. Operations of cupping performed by Mr. William Catlett, every day, for eight days together, in November, 1826; ditto, every 24 hours, for 10 days together, in May, 1827; Mr. Haynes, every 24 hours for three days together, in June, 1827; Mr. Wm. Catlett, every 24 hours, for three days together, in July, 1827; ditto, ditto, ditto, in August 1827; do. do. do. in Sept. 2; do. do. do. in Oct. do.; do. two days together, in Nov. do. do.; do. in Jan. 1829, do. do. in Feb. do. do. three days together, in March, do. do. in April, do. do. two days together, in May, do.; Mr. Harriot, 7 days together, in June, do.; Mr. Eton, 4 days together, in November, do.; total—60 times cupped. The said Robert Gibbons was taken very ill in June, 1832, and had taken from him, on that occasion, 149 ounces of blood in 43 days; he also lost, in November, 1831, 74 oz. of blood in 6 days; making a total of 2,733 oz. since the year 1815, exclusive of the various operations upon other parts of the body, notwithstanding which, the fits still remain."

FOR ANNAPOLIS.

CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat "MARYLAND" will leave for Annapolis, Cambridge, and Easton, on Friday morning next, at 7 o'clock. From her usual place of sailing, lower and upper wharf, and returning to Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday morning. For particulars, apply to the Agents, Messrs. G. & C. Taylor, at the City of Baltimore. The Agents are, G. & C. Taylor, at the City of Baltimore.

March 23.

LAND FOR RENT OR SALE.

Will sell a farm containing about 100 acres and a mill race, on the banks of the present year. Persons desiring to see or purchase, will call upon the subscriber at Mr. George Wells's, Annapolis.

JOHN B. GRIFFIN, March 23.

G. I. GRAMMER, JR.

RESPECTFULLY notices his improved residence of his father, nearly opposite the large brick building formerly occupied as a Boarding House by Mrs. Robinson. A choice and well selected assortment of

GROCERIES.

which he will be happy to dispose of on reasonable terms, for Cash.

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale a TRACT OF LAND called

GREEN'S PURCHASE.

containing ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHT AND A HALF ACRES, situated in Anne Arundel county, near to and adjoining the lands of the late Joseph M. Green, Esq. This land is exceedingly fertile, and now in a high state of improvement, ploughed and sown with wheat, and the land is in every way adapted to the growth of Corn, Wheat and Tobacco, and is also peculiarly adapted to the growth of Clover.

The improvements on a large new BARN, and THREE QUARTERS for servants, in good repair, there is also an excellent TIMOTHY MEADOW in fine order. Any one inclined to purchase, will of course view the premises. The TERMS will be made ACCORDING TO THE TERMS. Captain Joseph Owens, who lives near the premises, will show the property to any person inclined to purchase. Application can be made to me in the City of Baltimore, as also to Capt. Owens, who will give information as to terms. Sc.

BENJAMIN M'CENTY Feb. 23.

TO RENT.

THE BRICK HOUSE and LOT, fronting on Green Street, formerly owned by Mr. Bruce B. Brewer.

To a good Tenant the rent will be low. Also, the OFFICE in West Street between the offices of Alexander Randall and J. H. Nicholas, Esquires. The rent of the latter property is fixed at \$50 per annum.

R. I. JONES. Jan. 26.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GEORGE M'NEIR, MERCHANT TAILOR

HAS just received a large and handsome assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of the latest importations, among which are

Patent Finished Cloths

of various qualities and colours, with CASSIMERES and VESTINGS

of the latest style, suitable for the present and approaching seasons. He requests his friends and the public to call and examine. All of which he will make at the shortest notice, and in the most FASHIONABLE STYLE, for CASH, or to punctual note only.

Sept. 29, 1831.

Anne Arundel County, Sec.

On application to the Judges of Anne Arundel County Court by petition, in writing, of Bled O'Connell, in actual confinement for debt only, and praying for the benefit of the Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled, An act for the relief of insolvent debtors, passed at November sessions, 1824, and the several supplements thereto, and a therein mentioned, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to said petition; and the said Bled O'Connell having satisfied the Court by competent testimony that he has resided two years within the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the time of his application, and the said Bled O'Connell having taken the oath by the said Act prescribed, and given sufficient security for his personal appearance at the Court of Anne Arundel county, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed Josias Warfield, of Baltimore, his trustee, who has given bonds and a conveyance as required by the said Act, and the said Bled O'Connell is hereby ordered and adjudged, that the said Bled O'Connell be discharged from his confinement, and that he give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three months, before the fourth Monday of October next, to appear before the said County Court, at the court house of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if they have any, why the said Bled O'Connell should not have the benefit of the said act, and the supplements as prayed.

Test.—WILLIAM S. GREEN, May 12, 1832.

FOR ANNAPOLIS.

CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat "MARYLAND" will leave for Annapolis, Cambridge, and Easton, on Friday morning next, at 7 o'clock. From her usual place of sailing, lower and upper wharf, and returning to Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday morning. For particulars, apply to the Agents, Messrs. G. & C. Taylor, at the City of Baltimore.

March 23.