R. I. COWMANCE.

DEBET GIVES. ther has obtained from the of St. Mary's County, is of administration on the of administration on the Margatet B. Jones lated A li persons having class classed, are hereby wards with the vouchers thered, the late and the said estate. Grant 251 clay of May 1831 lain the Jones. Adm'r,

HEREBY GIVEN. omit of Sy Mary's court joint of Sy arry in of the first of the firs t or before the 1st day as any otherwise by law be under the said established this 23d day of his

WELL, of Philip } Adsia NWELL

HEREBY CIVER, tribers have obtained for ourt of Saint Mary's court im of administration of the he Reverend Neale II. Sar. he Reverend Neale H. Shr,
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Given under our hand to
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The Attarpland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1832.

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FIREMAN'S SONG

We have been favoured with the following song from the new opers of the Fireman's Frelic, writter by a fireman of this city, to be produced this evening, at the Arch street theatre. [U. S. Gaz.

Ata-"Ye Mariners of England." Ara—"Ye Mariners of England."

Hush, hush, the noisy clamour
Of yon slarum bell;
While I the fireman's weary toils,
His pains and perils tell.
How in the deep watch of the night,
When slumber stoops o'er all
He must go through atorm and snow,
At the wild alarm bell's call.
Where the firmes flash fierce o'er the midnight sky
And the wild alarm-bell's call.
The fireman's snort is famil. The fireman's sport is peril,
He plays its passing well;
His light It is the flashing fire,
His music is the bell.
His battlefield's the flame wrapt pile
Heneath is amoly no Beneath its smoky pall; To his foe he must go As the wild slarm-bell's call Where the flames, &c. Where the flames, &c.

What recks it that the tempest
Howis fierce along the sky,
What recks it that the bursting flames
Flash luridly on high.
His post is on the flaming roof.
And on the roodding wall,
He must gn, weal or wo,
At the wild slarm-bell's call,
While the flames.

While the flames, &c. When wrapt in midnight alumbers
You dream but of delight,
And wake to hear the fireman's trump
Ring wildly through the night.
Then think, Ob grateful think of him
Who for you braves it all
And sigh for those who fly
At the wild slarm-hell's call. While the flames, &c.

"At Miklsummer Eve, according to a custom co mon over Germany, every young kirl plucks a aprice of St. John's wort (Hypericum) and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. — Should it, owing to the clamp ness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she

The young maid stole through the cottage door And blinhed, as she sought the plant of power, Thou silver glow worm, O! lend me thy light, I must gather the mystic St. Johns wort to night, The wonderful herh whose leaf will decide, If the coming year shall make me a bride.

"And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John.

And soon as the maiden her love knot tied,
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon herswhite heams shed.

Where the spectral moon herewhite heams shed.

"Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of power, To deck he young bride, in her pridat hour, But it drooped its head, that plant of power, And died the mute death of the voiceless flower; And swithered wreath on the ground it lay, More meet for a burial than a bridal day.

And when the full year had flitted away. All pale on her bir the young maid lay!

"And the glow-worm came With its altery flame And sparkled and shone, Through the night of St John.

And they closed the grave o'ershe'maid's cold clay."

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS. [From the last number of the New York Mirror, we take the following interesting ac-

You see by the papers, I presume, the official accounts of the cholera in Paris. It seems very terrible to you, no doubt, at your distance from the scene, and truly it is terrible enough, if one could realize it, any where, but many here do not trouble themselves a a month, and if you observed the people only, and frequented only the places of amusement and the public promenades, you might never suspect its existence. The weather is Jane-like, deliciously warm and bright; the trees are just in the tender green of the new bads, and the public gardens are thronged all day with thousands of the gay and idle, sitting under the trees in groups, laughing, and amusic there is a property of the same in the same is a superior of the same is a superior bout it, and you might be in this metropolis a month, and if you observed the people onting under the trees in groups, laughing and amusing themselves, as if there was no plague ha the air, though hundreds die every day The churches are all hung in black; there is a constant succession of funerals; and you cross the biers and hand-barrows of the sick, hurrying to the hospitals at every turn, in every quarter of the city. It is very hard to realize such things, and, it would seem, very hard even to treat them seconds. hard even to treat them seriously. I was at a masque ball at the Theatre des Varietes a night or two since, at the celebration of the Mi Careme, or half-lent. There were some two thousand people, I should think, in faney dresses, most of them grotesque and sa-tirical, and the ball was kept up till seyen in tirical, and the ball was kept up till seyen in the morning, with all the extravagant gaiety, noise and fun with which the French people manage such matters. There was a choleratoultz, and a cholera-galopade, and one man, immensely tall, dressed as a personlification of the cholera itself, with skeleton armour, blood-shot eyer, and other horrible appurtenances of a walking pestilence. It was the burden of all the jokes, and all the cries of burden of all the jokes, and all the cries of the hawkers, and all the conversations and jets probably nineteen out of twenty of those

died, too, but the majority of these live with the narrowest economy, and in the parts of the city the most liable to impure effluvia. The balls go on still in the gay world; and I presume they would go on if there were only musicians enough left to make an orchestra. or fashionists to compose a quadrille. I was walking home very late from a party the night before last, with a captain in the English army. The gray of the morning was just stealing into the sky; and after stopping a moment in the *Place Vendome*, to look at the column, stretching up apparently into the very stars, we bade good morning, and parted. He had hardly left me, he said, when he heard a frightful scream from one of the houses in the Rue St. Honore, and thinking there might be some violence going on, he rang at the gate and entered, mounting the first staircase that and entered, mounting the first staircase that presented. A woman had just opened a door, and fallen on the broad stair at the top, and was writhing in great agony. The people of the house collected immediately; but the moment my friend pronounced the word chalers. there was a general dispersion, and he was left alone with the patient. He took her in his arms, and carried her to a coach-stand without assistance, and driving to the Hotel Dien, lest her with the Saurs de Charite. -She has since died.

As if one plague was not enough, the city is still alive in the distant fauxbourgs with revolts. Last night the rappel was beat all over the town, the national guard called to arms, and marched to the Porte St. Denis, and the different quarters where the mobs were collected.

geance against the government for all the mortality they witness.

I have just returned from a visit to the Hotel Dieu-the hospital for the cholera. Impelled by a powerful motive, which it is not now necessary to explain, I had previously made several attempts to gain admission in vain; but yesterday I fell in fortunately, with an English physician, who told me I could pass with a doctor's diploma, which he offerded to be a could be d to horrow for me of some medical friend. He called by appointment, at seven this morning, to accompany me on my visit.

It was like one of our loveliest mornings in Tuileries by one of its superb evenues, and kept down the bank of the river to the island. With the errand on which we were bound in our minds, it was impossible not to be struck very forcibly with our own exquisite enjoy-ment of life. I am sure I never felt my veins fuller of the pleasure of health and motion; and I never saw a day when every thing a bout me seemed better worth living for. Th splendid palace of the Louvre, with its long facade of nearly half a mile, lay in the mellowest sunshine on our left; the lively river. covered with boats, and spanned with its mag-nificent and crowded hridges on our right; the view of the island, and its massive old structures below, and the fine gray towers of the church of Notre Dame, rising, wark and gloomy, in the distance, rendered it difficult to realize any thing but life and

Malf an hour's walk brought us to the Place Notre Dame, on one side of which, next this celebrated church, stands the hospital. My friend entered, leaving me to wait till he had found an acquaintance of whom he could borrow a diploma. A hearse was standing at the door of the church, and I went in for a moment. A few mourners with the appearance of extreme poverty, were kneeling round a coffin, at one of the side alters; and a solitacoffin, at one of the side altars; and a solitary priest with an attendant boy was murmuring the Tayera for the Dead. As I came out, another hearse drove up, with a rough coffin, scantily covered with a pall, and followed by one poor old man. They hurried in, and I strolled around the square. Fifteen or twenty water-carriers were filling their buckets at the fountain opposite, singing and laughing; and at the same moment four different litters crossed towards the hospital, seek with tend

ception. They wound slowly up the stone staircase, to the upper story, and entered the female department—a long low room containing nearly a hundred beds, placed in alleys scarce two feet from each other. Nearly all were occupied, and those which were empty terday. They sat down the litter by the side of a narrow cot, with coarse but clean sheets, and a Saur de Charite, with a white cap, and a cross at her girdle, came and took off the canopy. A young woman of apparently twenty five, was beneath absolutely convulsed with agony. Her eyes were started from their sockets, her mouth foamed, and her face was of a frightful livid pu ple. I never saw was of a frightful livid pu ple. I never saw so horrible a sight. She had been taken in perfect health only three hours before, but her features looked to me marked with a year of pain. The first attempt to lift her produced violent vomiting, and I thought she must die instantly. They covered her up in bed. die instantly. They covered her up in bed, and leaving the man who came with her hang. ing over her with the moan of one deprived of his senses, they went to receive others, who were entering in the same manner. I inquired of my companion how soon they would be attended to. He said 'possibly in an hour, as the physician was just commencing his rounds.' An hour after this I passed the bed of this poo! woman; and she had not yet been visited. Her husband answer-

I passed down the ward, and found teen or twenty in the last agonies of death. They lay perfectly still, and seemed benumbed. I felt the limbs of several, and found Many suppose there is no cholera except such as is produced by poison; and the Hotel Dieu, and the other hospitals, are besieged daily by the infuriated mob, who swear venue and the infuriated mob, who swear venue with the exception of the universally open who seemed the strongest; but with the exception of the universally open work and other were there were mouth and upturned ghastly eye, there were no signs of much suffering. I found two who must have been dead half an hour, undiscovered by the attendants. One of them was an old woman nearly gray; with a very bad expression of face, who was perfectly cold— lips, limbs, body and all. The other was younger, and looked as it she died in pain. Her eyes appeared as if they had been forced half way out of the sockets, and her skin was

flood of tears.

since the Suer de Charite had been there. It is horrible to think how these poor crea-It was like one or our roveriest morning.

Junc—an inspiriting, sunny, balmy day, all that are made professedly for their relief. I that are made professedly for their relief. I that are made professedly for their relief. I saked why a simple prescription might not be a saked why a simple prescription might not be drawn up by the physicians, and administered by the numerous medical students who oy the numerous medical students who were in Paris, that as few as possible might suffer from delay 'Because,' said my companion, 'the chief physicians must do every thing per-sonally to study the complaint' And so I verilly believe more human lives are sacrificed in waiting for experiments, than ever will be saved by the results. My blood boiled from the beginning to the end of this melancholy

woman in the next hed told me she had died

of the most livid and deathly purple.

I wandered about alone among the beds till my heart was sick and I could bear it no longer; and then rejoined my friend, who was in the train of one of the physicians, making the rounds. One would think that a dying person should be treated with kindness, I never saw a rougher or more heartless manner than that of the celebrated Dr.——at the bedside of these poor creatures. A harsh question, a rude pulling open of the mouth, to look at the tongue, a sentence or two of un-suppressed commands to the students on the progress of the disease, and the train passed on. If discouragement and despair are not on. It discouragement and despair are not medicines, I should think the visits of such physicians were of little avail. The wretched sufferers turned away their heads after he had gone, in every instance that I saw, with an expression of visibly increased distress. Several of them refused to answer his questions

altogether. On reaching the bottom of the Salle St. Monique, one of the male wards, I heard loud voices and laughter. I had noticed much more groaning and complaining in passing among the men, and the horrible discordance struck me as something infernal. It proceeded from one of the sides to which the patients had been removed who were recovering. The most successful treatment had been found to be

present, lived in the quarters most ravaged by the disease, and many of them had seen it face to face, and knew perfectly its deadly character!

As yet, with few exceptions, the higher classes of society have escaped. It seems to depend very much on the manner in which people live, and the poor have been struck in every quarter, often at the very next door to tuxury. A friend told me this morning, that the porter of a large and fashionable hotel, in which he lives, had been taken to the hospital, smith the airy quarter of St. Germain, in the same the airy quarter of St. Germain, in the same the size of the ward, interested exceedingly to obsterve the first treatment and manner of restricts the search of the same time that had been far the door. The same are the first treatment and manner of restricts the same time that the porter of St. Germain, in the same time that the airy quarter of St. Germain, in the same time that the ward, interested exceedingly to obsterve the first treatment and manner of restricts the same time that the porter of St. Germain, in the same time that the ward, interested exceedingly to obsterve the first treatment and manner of restricts the same time that the porter of St. Germain, in the same time that the ward, interested exceedingly to obsterve the first treatment and manner of restricts the same time that the same time that the door. The same time to find and left her a moment to find a place for her. It was and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to h

old and emaciated. I cannot describe the sensation of relief

with which I breathed the free air once more. I had no fear of the cholera, but the suffering and misery I had seen oppressed and half smothered me. Every one who has walked through a hospital, will re-number how natural it is to subdue the breath, and close the nostrils to the smells of nedicine and the close air. The fict too, that the question of contagion is still disputed, though I fully believe the cholera not to be contagious, might have had some effect. My breast heaved, however, as if a weight had arisen from my lungs, and I walked home, blessing God for health with undissembled gratitude.

I began this account of my visit to the Hotel Dieu vesterday. As I am perfect-ly well this morning. I think the point of noned my question with a choking voice and a antagion, in my own case at least, is clear. I breathed the same air with the dying and the deceased for two hours, and felt of nearly a hundred to be satisfied of the curious phe nomena of vital heat. Perhaps an experiment of this sort in a man not professionally a physican, may be considered rash or useless; and I would not willingly be thought to have done it from puerile curiosity. I have been interested in such subjects always; and I considered the fact that the King's sons had been permitted to visit the King's sons had been permitted to visit the hospital, a sufficient assurance that the physicians were seriously convinced there could be no possible danger. If I need an apology it may be found in this.

> THE BON HOMMERICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

The following account of the famous fight between those two ships, is from the article Navy,' in volume nine of the Encyclopædia

Of all the naval battles in ancient or more obsti-ern times, none has ever been more obsti-nately contested than that which took place rapplication between the Bon during our revolution between the Bon Homme Richard, as she was called (after Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard,) and the British Frigste Serapis. The first was commanded by commodore Paul Jones, the last by commodore Pearson, a very distinguished officer.
The Richard carried 56 guns and 580 men;

the Serapis, 56 guns, and 320 men. The for-mer was old and decayed, with a motley battery, throwing only 282 pounds to the broad-side, and 20 of her best men and second lieuenant, were absent during the whole action. The Serapis on the contrary was a new of approved construction, considered the fast est sailer in the British navy; and besides her superiority in the weight of metal, they were of heavy calibre, throwing \$40 pounds at a single broadside, Jones having borne down to cut off the Baltic fleet from the harbor of Scarborough, the Serapis and her con sort stood out to divert the attention of the American ships and give the convoy time to escape. In this way the battle began. One of escape. In this way the battle began. One of Jone's consorts engaged the consort of the Serapis; the other took no part in the action until towards the close, when it fired with equal injury upon both. No guns were fired from either ship until they approached within pistol shot, when Pearson cried out, 'What ship is that?' This was at eight in the evening. The sky was hentifully close; and the assemble. sky was beutifully clear; and the sea smooth; the moon, just then rising lit the combatants, whilst it enabled crowds of people collected on Plamborough Head, to watch the progress of the battle. When commodore Pearson had waited in vain for an answer to his challenge the Serapis opened a terrible fire upon the Ri chard. It was at ore o returned; but three of the Richards heaviest guns burst in the discharge, not only becoming lost for the rest of the fight, but destroying more men than the whole broadside of the Serapis, and scatterthe fountain opposite, singing and laughing; and at the same moment four different litters consect towards the hospital, each with two or three followers, women and children, friends or relatives of the sick, accompanying them to the door, where they parted from them, most probably forever. The litters were set down for a moment before accoming the steps; the crowd pressed around and litted the coarse curtain; farewells are now exchanged, and the sick alone passed in. I did not see any great demonstrations of feeling in the f

whose kindness is mercenary and habitual, and of course without sympathy or feeling.—
Was it not enough alone, if the had been far less ill, to embitter the very fountain of life, and kill her with more fright and horror? She sank down upon the litter saa?, and drew her shawl over her head. I had seen enough of suffering, and I left the place.

On reaching the lower staircase my friend proposed to me to look into the dead room.—
We descended to a large dark apartment, below the street level, lighted by a lamp fixed to the wall. Sixty or seventy bothies lay on the floor, some of them quite uncovered, and some wrapped in mats. I could not see distinctly enough by the dim light, to judge of their discolouration. They appeared mostly the long and a desperate struggle for victory was in the survey of the sur us do our duty.' Thus grappled the ship kept up a long and a desperate struggle for victory. In battering the superior metal of the Serapis gave her a decided advantage the shot went through and through the rotten sides of the Richard, cutting the men to pieces and destroying them with splinters. The rudder was destroyed; the quarter beat in, and while the water entered on every side; one of the pumps was shot away. There was already four fect water in the hold; and it was gaining. Upon this the carpenter instead of concealing the ship's situation from all but the ing. Upon this the carpenter instead of con-cealing the ship's situation from all but the captain, cried out she was sinking. The pa-nic spread.—The master-at-arms moved by the supplications of a hundred English prisoners confined below, released them from re-oners confined below, released them from re-rons; and the gunner ran terrified on deck-and bawling for quarters. Among the prison-ers thus let at large, one of them a ship-mas-ter, crawled through the ports of the Scrapis, and told Captain Pearson to hold out for he had begun to meditate a surrender. Never-theless, Jones quickly recovered from his des-perate position. He punished the cowardice of the ganner by throwing his pistols at him, one of which fractured his skull and precipi-tated him down the hatch-way. At the same time he repulsed an attempt to board from the Serania and removed the dispers of an many had begun to meditate a surrender. erapis and removed the danger of so many prisoners at large below by employing them at the pumps, and telling them to work or sink.
Whilst the battle had taken this unfavoura-

ble turn below, the face of affairs was reversed above, by the exertions of a few men stationed in the tops of the Richard. According to Jon's orders, they had just directed their fire into the enemy's tops, until not a man remained alive, except one in the fore-top, who kept loading his musket, and dodg-ing now and then, from behind the mast, to

This bold fellow was at length struck by a ball from the Richard's main top, and sent headlong upon deck. And now the exertions of the sharp shooters were all turned to cleare. ing the decks of the Serapis. Some of the bravest even passed by the yards into the tups of the Serapis, where they threw stink pots, flasks and grenades down her hatches, stifling her men, and firing the ship in every direction. At this time both ships having taken fire, the canonade was suspended, to extinguish it. Jones soon renewed it, however, from some guns which remained in order in the forecastle, and which he directed himself.

At this time a grenade thrown from the Serapis' top, having bounded into the lower deck, and fired some loose powder, this communicated to the cartriges which had been heavily from the manning the sounds of the service of the servi municated to the carriges which had been brought from the magazine faster than they were used, and laid carelessly upon deck; and a general explosion took place, by which every man iff the neighbourhood was blown to pieces, or dreadfully burned. No way remained for commodore Pearson to save the mained for commodore Pearson to save the remnant of his crew, but to yield; but even this it was not easy to signify, for none of his crew would take down the flag, which had been nailed, before the action, to its staff;—and he was compelled to perform the perilous and humiliating task with his own halfd.—

Thus ended the bettle of the Beauty. Thus ended the battle of the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis.

The victory was dearly bought, for the carnage on both sides was terrible. The Bon Homme Richard lost three hundred men, in limine richard to the interest and wounded; and the last died, from the indifferent care which they received, and the dreadful gale which followed the battle.

The loss of the Serapis was nearly as great. of the men who were blown up, some lingered until the flesh dropped from their bones,
dying in excruciating agony. The poor Richard, assailed by fire and water, was abandoned to her fate, and went down, carrying with
her many of her wounded craws.