

# The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1832.

NO. 47.

**BANK OF MARYLAND,**  
Baltimore, Dec. 24th 1831.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors of this Institution, the following scale of rates have been adopted for the government of the officers thereof in receiving deposits of money subject to interest, viz:—

- For deposits payable in sixty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of **5 per cent.**
- For deposits payable thirty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of **4 per cent.**
- On current accounts, or deposits subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the depositor, interest shall be allowed at the rate of **3 per cent.**

By order of the Board,  
R. WILSON, Cashier,  
May 17, 1832.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors of this Institution, the following scale of rates have been adopted for the government of the officers thereof in receiving deposits of money subject to interest, viz:—

For deposits payable in sixty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of **5 per cent.**

For deposits payable thirty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of **4 per cent.**

On current accounts, or deposits subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the depositor, interest shall be allowed at the rate of **3 per cent.**

By order of the Board,  
R. WILSON, Cashier,  
May 17, 1832.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,**  
That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of Joseph Morton late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st January 1833 next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of October 1832.

GEORGE MORTON, Adm'r.  
Oct. 18, 1832. 4w

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,**  
That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Lewis Neth late of the city of Annapolis, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present them properly authenticated, and those indebted are desired to make payment.

SAML. MAYNARD, Ex'r.  
Nov. 1, 1832.

**FRESH FALL GOODS.**  
GEORGE M'NEIR,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
HAS just received his supply of FALL GOODS, consisting of

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, & VESTINGS,**  
Of all colours and qualities, selected from the latest importations, and which in regard to fashion and style, he thinks cannot be surpassed. He requests his friends and the public, to whom he is much indebted for former favours, to call and examine his assortment.

**GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c.**  
Oct. 15, 1832. 6w

**STATE OF MARYLAND, SC.**  
Anne Arundel County Orphan's Court,  
October 24th, 1832.

On application by petition of Charles F. Mayer, Administrator De Bonis Non of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.

SAML. BROWN, Junr.  
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.  
Nov. 2, 1832. 6w

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,**  
That the subscriber of Baltimore county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non on the personal estate of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of April next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1832.

CHARLES F. MAYER,  
Adm'r. D. B. N.  
Nov. 2, 1832. 6w

**CASH FOR NEGROES.**  
I WISH TO PURCHASE  
**100 LIKELY NEGROES,**  
Of both sexes, from 13 to 25 years of age, field hands, also, mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to give HIGHER PRICES FOR SLAVES, than any purchaser who is now, or may be hereafter in the market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. I can at all times be found at Williamson's Hotel, Annapolis.

RICHARD WILLIAMS,  
October 4, 1832.

**IN CHANCERY.**  
October 30, 1832.

ORDERED, That the sale of the Real Estate of Richard G. Walker, deceased, be made and reported by Samuel P. Pinkney, the trustee, be cancelled, and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown, on or before the 30th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be published once in each of three successive weeks before the 30th day of November next, in one of the Annapolis newspapers.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$1000.00.

True copy.  
RAMSAY WATKINS,  
Reg. Clk.

**ENCLOSURE ROUND THE HOUSE.**  
The Lady,  
Porter,  
Strange gentleman.

**SNORERS & STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING.**  
The following is extracted from a pleasant article in the New-York Mirror. It is from

the pen of Paulding, one of the Editors of that paper.

"The cabin of a steamboat is a melancholy affair to a sleepy gentleman, about eleven o'clock at night. A dim lamp suspended from the ceiling, shed a doleful light upon the long, low, narrow apartment. The curtains of the berths were mostly drawn. Diverse boots, which, when enlivened by their respective legs, had clambered mountains or paced over fields, now lay in groups here and there. Hats, valises, umbrellas, rested by their owners, being probably the only vestige of them we should ever encounter. One fat gentleman had just lifted his unwieldy person into bed, and was tying a bandanna handkerchief around his head, preparatory to his launching off into glorious repose; while a cross looking lean person opposite, having wound up his watch, and rescued his feet from all humours; having with considerable difficulty discovered where he was to dispose of his forehead, while getting into his couch, and easing the pain with a smothered execration, at length disposed of himself to his satisfaction. We do not know of any thing which, when a man is really out of humour, exhausts his philosophy more utterly than hitting his head sharply against any hard object. My friend cursed the builder of the steamboat, it was a half smothered growl, and then he was quiet. And now we were floating off into a pleasant sleep, when a low and gradually increasing sound from the berth of the fat gentleman arrested our attention. We listened. He was silent; and then again the same sound, more palpable and better developed. It was first a long breath, of the inconsistency of a loud whisper. We turned over, still it went on. We turned back again, then it was yet. We rose to our elbow in a passion, and poked our heads out between the red curtains. There was the fat gentleman's berth. We could just detect a glimpse of the bandanna handkerchief, by a feeble glare of the lamp. Our sleepy eyes passed disconsolately over the boots and valises. We laid down again, but could not with all the weary watching of our care-tired thoughts, will the day sleep to our bed. What was to be done? Go up and bid the fat gentleman a blow? Impossible. Complain to the captain? He would laugh at us. Never was a man so weighed down, so oppressed with sleep, and never did man so suffer from a snore. The fat gentleman, as if aware of our misery and mocking at it, went on, like an oyster getting warm with his subject. He grew loud, vociferous, outrageous. We laid and listened. He inhaled, he exhaled. Now the air rushed in through his extended jaws, now it burst forth ostentatiously through his honourable nose. He took it in with the tone of an octave flute, he let it out again with the profound depth of a trombone. He breathed short; he breathed long; he gasped, whistled, growled, gurgled. He quickened the time; he became rapid, agitated, furious.

Hitherto he had snored with the sound of a rushing, regular stream, hastening over a deep channel—now it was the brawling, dash, hurry, and discordant confusion of the same stream, hurled down a cataract of broken rocks—at last he gave an abrupt snort, and ceased altogether. We were thanking heaven for this relief, when a treble voice from the berth directly beneath, announced new trouble. It was some one—whom, we know not, we do we ever covet his friendship, who belonged to a different class of snorers. He made a regular, quick, sharp, hacking sound, like that of a man cutting wood. Hack, hack, hack—we heard it at intervals all night. The lean gentleman in the opposite part of the room now put in his claim as a snorer. He had four notes. It was a tune. It could be written and played any day. We laughed outright, and inwardly resolved to find the fellow out, and see what he was like by daylight. He played on sometime, and then finished with a sudden combination of sounds, among the constituents parts of which we could plainly distinguish a hiss and two sneezes. His exit reminded us of those protechnic creations to be seen at Niblo's Castle garden, &c. which whirl round and round, and then explode with phiz and a phiz, sure to be boundlessly applauded by the enlightened audience. There was something in this gentleman's snoring which touched our feelings. A fine spirited fellow he was we warrant. Full of life we warrant. Full of life and animation, and not inclined to hide his light under a bushel. What became of him, however, after the explosion, we cannot say. He left a dead silence, and his evaporation we almost lamented. We should like to know, however, whether any law can be put in requisition against this gentry, or why we have not the same right to practice on the trombone, on board the steamboat, that they possess of "piercing the night's dull ear," by such pompous displays of nasal abilities."

**"AUTUMNAL MUSINGS."**  
Extracts from an article, in the Token for 1832, written by the Rev. John Pierpont.

"There is a composed sobriety, a seriousness, a tender melancholy in the Fall, which softens the heart of him who looks upon the fading beauties of the year; and which lifts it insensibly to the Being who is seen to have crowned it with his goodness. The very fields seem to ask repose, half weary of the delights, or exhausted with the labours of the summer;

and, in the air that goes over them, there is so much sedateness, there is something so cool and temperate, that it seems impossible, while we breathe it, that our hearts should be burn with unhalloved desires.

"He who can stand forth beneath the autumnal sky, amidst glories so mild, and can be deaf to the whisper of the breeze that speak of God, and blind to the golden ray that points to his throne; who can then limit his desires to a world that shall so soon grow dark; who can quit such a scene at such a moment, without the thought of God, without one wish, one prayer for heaven, must be blind to all that is lovely in virtue, and deaf to the eloquence of Him who speaks from the skies.

"How eloquent, how impressive is this preaching of nature! How valuable the lessons it inculcates upon the mind of him who meditates at even tide, upon what he sees! He looks at the lofty elm which the frost has touched. Its leafy honours have faded, and are fallen away; but the grass beneath it is still green. Why then should he envy the proud or despise him who is of low estate? For the pitiless blast of adversity shall sweep over the one, and bear away all but a faded remnant of his glories, and the proud one shall sigh when he feels that even that remnant, must soon be resigned, and that too in the evening of his life; while the other though humbly, is bright and cheerful to the last, and patiently waits till the white robe of death is spread over him."

**THE DEAD.**  
How few there are, as has been remarked by a forcible and impressive writer, who read the ordinary list of deaths, who know anything of the depth of human feeling, or the intensity of human suffering, which is recorded in the simple and brief notices which we read with so much carelessness, and so coldly in the newspapers. Finding no familiar name to arrest attention, or awaken sympathy, we think no more of the matter, for what care we for the long midnight vigils of watching, affectionate friends; the weary aching head—the afflicted, desponding heart—we do not feel the pain the languishing sufferer has experienced, and we know nothing of the agony which exhausted his frame and wore out his weary nature; nor care we for the spirit which has fled its frail tenement, and uttered its last faint, gasping farewell. We know nothing of the heart breaking anguish which is felt, or the hot burning tears which gush out in the agony of severed friendship, from bosoms swollen and bursting with an excess of passionate grief. We know nothing of the bitterness of parting, of the strength of affections which have been torn asunder—of the helplessness of the first flood of tears—of the depth of protracted suffering—or of the intensity of the afflictions which real friends have been called upon to suffer and endure.

It is a melancholy, though instructive consideration, that the tendency of every thing is to decay; that the happiest prospects, and brightest visions of future bliss, are but delusive fancies, which become extinguished when they shine out most vividly, and give the strongest evidence of permanent duration. "Hopes which were angels in their birth," become, from their intimacy and close connexion with human frailty and decay, but things of earth; and thus it is, that those dear objects upon which we have lavished most flattering hopes of future happiness and bliss are removed from us before we are conscious of the pining illness which quenched the spirit and laid them low. We grieve that they are taken from us so suddenly—that they could not have been spared a little longer, then we could have appreciated their worth, returned their manifold kindnesses, and gradually prepared ourselves for that event which, from its sudden occurrence, unmans our resolutions, prostrates us in the dust by the sternness and severity of the blow. There is another sad thought, but nevertheless, a true one—that the more friendships we form, the more attachments we make, the more tender and endearing connexions, we weave around us and invest ourselves with, in this world, the more of grief and suffering we shall be called to endure. A time will come when all earthly attachments must be severed, and the more devoted to connexions, the more agonizing and severe will be the struggle which separates us and tears us away from among them. It may be that the Stoic's life is productive, eventually, of less pain and suffering than that individual endures, who possesses more delicate sensibility and is alive to the generous impulses of nature and the finest feelings of the human heart; it may be so, but yet his cold enjoyments, and benumbing sympathies afford him but poor comfort, when most he needs the sympathy, the sustaining, and upholding arm of ardent and enduring friendship. Life would not be worth possessing, if this polar star did not illuminate its dark paths, and throw around its dreariness some evidence of sympathetic love for each other, and though separation, when it comes, crush the heart and tear asunder its very fibres yet, how eagerly we taste of its delicious sweets and exult in the participation of its delicious enjoyments.

In Pope's time, worth made the man; in our day, the tailor makes him: But the man often unmake the tailor!

**AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.**  
The knotted blood within my hose,  
That from my wounded body flows,  
With mortal crisis doth portend  
My days to appropinquate end.  
HUDIBRAS.

That fighting a duel does not imply courage, few we believe will pretend to deny. That killing one's man does not imply skill, it was related to us some years since, as having happened on the northern frontiers during the war. But whenever and wherever it happened the moral is the same.

There belonged to the army a Lieutenant who was very cowardly, and an Adjutant who was very supercilious. He treated the Lieutenant with much contempt, and especially before his brother officers. Among the modes of expressing his feelings he used frequently when addressed by the latter, instead of answering him gentlemanly face to face he gave him a supercilious glance over the shoulder.

This behaviour vexed and irritated the Lieutenant to such a degree that he consulted his friends as to some mode of retaliation. "Why," said they, "the next time the Adjutant treats you in this contemptuous manner, you must pull his nose."

"I'll be shot if I don't," said the Lieutenant, well pleased with the project, which did not to his apprehension involve an idea of gunpowder. Wherefore coming up to his antagonist, the next day, he bade him—"Good morning Mr. Adjutant."

The latter treated him with the usual supercilious look over his shoulder, the Lieutenant promptly took his nose between his first and second finger, and gave it a prodigious wrench. Well satisfied with this exploit, he went away boasting how he had wrung the Adjutant's nose. But his feelings of triumph were short, for he was presently served with a challenge.

He was now in more trouble than ever. The result he had not looked for; and he again repaired to his friends for advice.

"Wh—wh—what a bloody fellow that Adjutant said he in a great perturbation—the's challenged me!"

"Of course," returned his friends coolly—"No military man would allow his nose to be twisted with impunity."

"No!—Why in the name of blood and thunder didn't you tell me that before? I'd seen the devil had his nose before I'd touched it, if I had known what was going to be the consequence. But what must I do now?"

"Fight to be sure."

"What! f-f-fight! I—I—fight!—No—no—no—that'll never do! I shall be shot to a dead certainty."

"As like as not. But it's the business of the soldier, you know to smell gunpowder."

"Yes but to feel cold lead—that's the worst of it."

"Well better or worse, there's no help for it—the Adjutant has challenged you, and fight him you must. They say he's a devil of a fellow on the trigger."

"I'm a dead man then. I wish his nose had been at the north pole before I'd touched it."

As there was no getting off however, agreeably to an honourable code, the Lieutenant chose his second and went to meet the Adjutant. The combatants took their ground, each with his side to the other. But such was the tremor of the Lieutenant, that in order to steady his pistol, he held the breech against his hip and in that manner let fly—the Adjutant fell, bored through the loins with a mortal wound; while the trembling Lieutenant, scarcely knowing for a while whether he was alive or dead, escaped unhurt conveying with him from the field of glory the reputation of an honourable man.

N. Y. Constellation.

Descent to His Majesty's ship *Boyne*.—A person has obtained the sanction of the British Admiralty to descend to the wreck of the *Boyne*, of 38 guns, which caught fire by accident at Spithead, on the 1st of May, 1750, drifted from her moorings, and blew up. The wreck is within three fathoms of the surface of low water. The person who descends has his head enveloped in a large leaden mask with glass eyelets, and his body covered with an Indian rubber dress, leaving his hands, legs and feet perfectly free; he breathes by means of air pipes fixed in his mask, and supported above water. He passes freely from one part of the wreck to the other, and has been enabled to suspend a few twenty-four pounders, which were hoisted into a vessel above. He brought up twenty-one bottles of claret and port, for which he was offered and refused 20s a bottle. His agreement with Government is to have all he can bring up, except the copper, on which he is to be allowed a salvage. An immense number of boats, chiefly filled with ladies, attend every day. The bottles are covered with immense barnacles.

An Irishman having succeeded in picking a person's pocket, the gentleman turned round and caught him by the collar.—"There," said Patrick, handing him the money, "see how easy I might have picked your pocket!"

A dandy called upon a doctor a few days since and complained of an apothecary who had given him a dose of oil, saying it stuck in his teeth and mouth, and was altogether unfit for a gentleman. "You are right," said the doctor, "it is only fit for looking-men."

fast of tea, mofins, and pillau, at half-past nine; after which, those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in buggy or palanquin; and with white jacket on back and punkah over head, earn tant bien que mel, their rupees and their tiffen. This subsidiary meal is a favourable pastime of both the ladies and men of the presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally prevails. A rich hash or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of eastern fruits, are thus despatched at 2 o'clock, forming in fact, a dinner, whilst the so called meal at eight o'clock, would be better named supper.

Idle men employ the above hours in visiting billiards, or the auction rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the "compound" closed, he is to deduce that the Bebe Sabib is not visible. Should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury—which, however, may still be negated by the Cerberus Durwanj—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the columned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door—(there is not a knocker in all India!)—by a respectable but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who striding before the Bharkee-Sahib—the ivory tassels of his darkened ante-room, (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate "Qui hi!" of the lady rises wakefully and salaams, or sits sleepily and nods.) and finally introduces him by his name strangely distorted, however, into the yet more obscured sanctum.

Here, seated in luxurious fauteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy founced punkah, the eyes of the visiter (albeit as yet unaccustomed to the tender twilight of the hermetically closed apartment) discover the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are despatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances if the late arrival of a ship, or a new novel is at hand to furnish external matter for discussion. In default of this diversion, living victims are offered up at the shrine of little-tattle—I won't call it scandal—"attentions" and "intentions" are annotated; flirtations analyzed; couples as adverse as fire and water, are welded; and friends, as attached as twin-brothers, are paraded with "pistols for two" under the "Great Tree." The lady's ivory stiletto, urged by her white fingers, rendered still whiter by Indian seclusion, is not more actively employed in torturing her tanned muslin, than is her tongue in torturing and distorting facts. I won't say characters—the gentleman attacks the men, the lady the women; each defects the opposite sex, and they separate mutually satisfied with themselves—but to our subject. The tiffen being concluded, many have recourse to a siesta, to recruit their forces and to kill time.

Towards six, the orb of day, tending to wards the western horizon, begins to relax the vigour of his rays; the lengthening shadows give evidence of his declining; and ere he has quite deserted the glowing heavens, the echoes of Calcutta are awaked by the rattling—rattling, indeed! of hundreds of equipages, from the lofty coach and four to, the less aspiring but dapper buggy, from the costly Arab charger to the ambling Pegu pony. All hurry to the same point, urged by the desire of seeing and being seen; and, indeed, those morose few, who are not incited by these all potent motives, are obliged to resort to the same mall, as the only well-watered drive.

At dusk the Curpee and Strand are deserted—except by a few choice spirits, who love to breathe the cool air of midnight, and to listen to the soft whispering of the evening breeze, rather than the coarse steam of viands, and the bubbling of hookahs—the world of Calcutta is dressing for dinner; and by eight o'clock, it is seated at that important but often antasted meal. In the hospitable mansions of the "upper servants" of the company, the tables groan under the weight of massive plate, and, what is worse, under whole hutchbacks of beef and mutton. I have frequently seen—horresco referens—in a side dish, which would have been much more appropriately tenanted by an appetizing fricandeau, or a tempting riz de veau, two legs of mutton, or twin turkeys; yet with all this profusion, scarcely any one has sufficiently recovered from the heavy tiffen, despatched at two, to be able to look without shuddering upon the slaughtered herds, much less to taste two mouthfuls.

Champaign and claret, delightfully cooled with ice or salt-petre, are real luxuries; and ere the last course is well off the table, an isolated bubble announces the first honka; others drop in, the ringing of Sappos is heard; a rich, though rather overbearing odor pervades the air; handsome month-pieces of amber, gold, silver or Videri, decked with snowy ruffles, insinuate themselves from under the arms of the chairs; and the pausers in the sometimes lazeid ill-sustained conversations are deprived of their former awkwardness by the fallowidrone of a dozen of these princely wigs." [A. F. Abbot.]

Enclosure round the house,  
The Lady,  
Porter,  
Strange gentleman.

SNORERS & STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING.  
The following is extracted from a pleasant article in the New-York Mirror. It is from