

The Maryland Gazette.

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BY
Jonas Green,
CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

SPRING GOODS.

BENNY CLAUDE, Jr. & Co.
CHURCH-STREET.

In addition to their usual supply have just received from Philadelphia and are opening for Sale,
A General Assortment of Plain and Fancy Goods,
Among which are a handsome variety of light and dark Calicoes, Ginghams, (received by ship Monongahela.) Circassian, superior Silk Camlet, Black Prunello, Serge, Italian Lustring, Cravats, Stocks, Marcellines Counterpanes and Knotted Counterpanes, and Merino Casimires. Likewise a variety of Gauze, Handkerchiefs and Merino Shawls. Also an extensive assortment of Three Thread English Cotton Stockings of various sizes.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

1 Bale Nashes Brown Shirts,
5 do Chickopee Shirts,
1 Case Union Bleached Shirts,
1 do Chickopee Bleached Shirts,
1 do Merimac Prints,
1 do Tanton Prints,
2 Cases Hats, (superior finish.)
May 7.

This is to give Notice,

That the subscribers of Saint Mary's county, have obtained from the Orphan's Court of Saint Mary's county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Barton Greenwell, late of Saint Mary's county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscribers, at or before the thirtieth day of January eighteen hundred and thirty, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this ninth day of May eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.
James Wilkinson, } Adm'rs.
William Brewer. }
May 21.

This is to give Notice,

That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Saint Mary's county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non on the personal estate of Ignatius Booth of George late of Saint Mary's 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 fourteenth day of April next, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this eleventh day of May eighteen hundred and twenty nine.
Wm. T. Madge, Adm'r. D. B. N. of Ign's. Booth of George.
May 21.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on Tuesday the sixteenth day of June next, at 11 o'clock, that Valuable Property, being one hundred and sixteen feet on Church street in the city of Annapolis, adjoining the large building occupied by Mrs. Robinson a Boarding House. The property divided into three lots on which stands two Valuable DWELLING HOUSES, one occupied by Hen' B. Holland, and the other by John Sney. The buildings are in good order, and the one occupied by John Sney is large, and well fitted for a tavern or Boarding House. A particular description is deemed unnecessary. Persons disposed to purchase will view the premises, and obtain every information, on application to Robert Welch, of Ben. Esq. The terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are, a credit of twelve months, with interest from the day of sale, secured by bond, with approved security. On payment of the purchase money, a conveyance will be executed.
John Gambrell, Trustee.
Balt. May 29, 1829.

Caution to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing in any way, on the farm now occupied by the subscriber, on the North side of Severn, formerly in the occupation of Dr. Hammond, and adjoining that which Mr. Richard Ripp resides.
John Bright.
May 29.

MISCELLANY.

THE FISHER-GIRL.

A Sea-side Sketch. By Bernard Barton.
"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, or destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."
Gray.

My home is on the ocean's shore,
My father's cot beside the wave,
Where winds of winter loudest roar,
And crested billows hoarsely rave,
My brother, beautiful and brave!
At Trifalgar, by Nelson's side,
Too early won a watery grave,
And fell in boyhood's pride.
Ill could my mother's heart sustain
A blow so sudden and severe;
She died! and I alone remain
My sire's else childless home to cheer;
I wept, but he could shed no tear.
Though I might hear his stifled groan,
When slowly from my mother's bier,
He turned to me—alone!

But poverty, whatever its grief,
Must labour for its daily bread;
Its hours of mourning must be brief
However dear the humble dead;
And childhood's tears, though freely shed,
Is soon forgotten—lay by day,
As o'er our lowly roof it sped,
Some sorrow stole away.
And now I would not change my lot
For that of wealth's most splendid home;
My dear to me our sea-side cot,
Than grandeur's pompous, lofty dome,
The beach, where hour by hour I roam,
Is more than flowery fields to me;
Its breakers, crested with white foam,
My playmates frank and free.

The rocky cliff, that lift on high
Their fronts to battle with the breeze,
Are lovelier to my partial eye,
Than verdant clumps of leafy trees;
The solemn sound of evening seas,
The Fisher's song, the Gull's loud cry,
My childish fancy better please,
Than inland melody.
Then think me not of hope forlorn,
Or weep'd by toil and sorrow down;
With basket on my arm, each morn
I gladly seek the market town;
None greet me with an angry frown,
But all my humble labours aid;
Ply the king who wears a crown,
But not the fisher maid!

From the New York Mirror.

OBADIAH.

"Well, father," said Obadiah, with some hesitation, "I am come to bid you good bye."
"To bid me good bye, you fool! Why were you going?"
"I am going to seek my fortune in the world, father. I know I am of no use to you. I think I can do almost as well any where else. I can't do much worse at all events. So I am going down to York, or some where thereabouts, to get along by myself."
Warm and deep feelings, thank heaven! are not confined to the wealthy and the wise; and nature fashions her humblest hearts as rich in strength and delicious affections, as those which beat beneath flashing stars. Mr. Davis loved his son, for many reasons. He was the only pledge of one who had stirred up the romance of his earlier feelings, and whom now the green sod covered, and Obadiah, ordinary as was his general appearance, sometimes turned upon him with an expression of eye, or replied in mirth with a smile, which recalled her to his memory, and which he found no where else in the wide world. Besides, he was always honest and affectionate; and though he never discovered that kind of activity which might have rendered him useful in the station which he had occupied; yet he was his son, and as such, he felt much more than he was in the habit of putting in words.
His eyes appeared moist, therefore, as he remonstrated with the young adventurer, and found him firm in the purpose which he had, it seemed, been a considerable time in adopting; and, after much useless persuasion, with a voice softened with the thoughts of approaching separation, he asked him what course he intended to pursue.
"I am going to study law."
"And how are you to be supported while you are following your studies?"
"I guess I'll teach school," answered Obadiah, with the gravity of a saint.
The old man in spite of his sorrow, could not refrain from laughing at the thought of his young unsuccessful agriculturalist, retailing wisdom & knowledge to the rising generation, or pursuing the subtle shadows of justice through the mazy labyrinth of law. He looked at him with increasing wonder. There he was, with his brown coat and linsy woolsey trousers, his hair combed straight over his forehead, & his bashfulness flinging him into the most awkward attitudes, even in this attempt to explain his new prospects. But Obadiah, it appears, had made up his mind, and was not inclined to return to his old employment on any terms. He therefore bid his father good bye, and shook hands with his sister Sally and the cook. A short walk over the farm afforded him an opportunity of performing the same tender duty towards the horses, the pigs, and the old cow. All things being at length settled to his satisfaction, he started on his way. The

son was just setting, and flung its last light upon the landscape. The breeze was stirring the leaves of the old willow, and the rippling of the brook fell upon his ear. The poultry were gathering upon the roof, and the old dog Cesar came after him, wagging his tail affectionately, & entreating, eloquently, but in vain, to accompany him master upon his novel expedition. Many sensitive folks would have yielded a few soft regrets to the quiet and really beautiful spot which he was leaving perhaps forever. But Obadiah never dreamed of regretting what he was now doing of his own accord. He cast therefore only a short retrospective glance upon the scenes of his boyish pains and labours, and having surveyed in a moment with one eye shut, commenced his journey, whistling Yankee Doodle.

The disadvantages under which he laboured were immense. Without education, and totally destitute of experience of the fashionable or literary world; friendless and almost penniless, he was to make his own way among those who had enjoyed proper instruction and high friends from their birth—who had been ushered into public life with the honours of college—and who would scarcely regard the quiet, plain, and retiring country boy, except with smiles of derision.
His advantages were not by himself disregarded. He knew the strength of a mind which had grown up in the solitude and quiet of nature's abodes, unweakened by the dissipations of fashion, and untrammelled by the fetters of a bad system of education. To know that he had great difficulties to struggle against, and that he must depend on himself, was only to know that it was his indispensable duty to supply all deficiencies of nature or art by his own unweary application.

In a splendid drawing room of a well known city, a young gentleman was entertaining several young ladies. They were all arrayed in rich and fashionable apparel. The girls were lovely; and they as well as the graceful youth who so handsomely turned periods excited so much pleasure, and whose attention produced such frequent bursts of merriment, seemed willing away the hour delightfully, in all the charming and elegant familiarity of high life. A ringing was heard at the door, and the servant announced Mr. Obadiah Davis, who accordingly walked in with his hat on, and without the slightest embarrassment proceeded to business. The politeness ever attendant upon real gentility prompted all the company to restrain their disposition towards mirth, while Mr. Davis presented his letters of introduction, and the gentleman was perusing the same. But when after having finished and folded up the letter, Mr. Chatterton introduced Mr. Davis to the ladies, as a gentleman from the country, whose intention it was to pursue the profession of the law, the lurking smiles curled their lips in spite of themselves, and Mr. Chatterton himself, while he performed all the necessary duties, which the etiquette of the day required, added to the good humour of his fair and merry companions by a wink which did not pass altogether unobserved.

Mr. Chatterton complied with the request, which, upon the recommendation of a friend, he had made, to be allowed to file his certificate in the office where the young gentleman, under the instruction of his father, was also studying latin.
Time passed on. Charles Chatterton, in the full possession of an ample fortune, and surrounded by all the blandishments of life, found a thousand things to charm him from his office. He was young, gay, and witty. His society was courted by all his acquaintance of his own sex; and among the fair and fascinating of the other, a heart like his was sure to find joys too delicious to be yielded for the drudgery of a lawyer's office, or the remote hope of future fame. He loved music, and his notes welcomed and detained him wherever he went. Dancing was his delight; and there were snowy hands which he might have for the asking, and bright eyes to flash upon him when he did ask, and how could he turn from witcheries like these, for the dull and dusty volumes of antiquated law. He was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and she wooed him in a thousand ways from his tedious task. Her breath was fragrant upon the air, and her voice came to him in winning tones upon every breeze. It was impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to her enchantments. Therefore, he walked, sailed, rode. Sometimes he wandered forth in the morning, to witness the rising of the sun; and again in the summer night, the moon would lure him out from the unhealthy lamp, to roam with the loved ones beneath her rays.

Now, during all this time, little Obadiah was as busy as a bee. He had

taken a school, which occupied part of his time, and the income of which enabled him to defray all his expenses. Nothing called him from his duty. The moon shed her silvery radiance in vain; and he had seen the sun rise so often, that it had lost all his novelty. His feelings were not awakened by wandering affections, nor was his clear and calculating brain disturbed by the intrusive visions of fancy. Nature, art, beauty and fashion, all went on with their various revolutions and adventures without affecting him. His time was devoted to his duty, and he knew no other pleasure.

Ten years passed away, and brought with it, as usual, many unexpected changes. Charles Chatterton, the lovely, elegant, "the observer of all observers, the mould of fashion, the glass of form," had been left in poverty by the failure of his father. Bred up in all the luxuries of life, and unprepared to meet his ruder scene, he was inadequate to support himself. His fine but effeminate spirit broke down; and he now lives in poverty, neglected by his former friends, and awaiting a miserable death.

Obadiah, on the contrary had succeeded beyond all expectation. His skill and knowledge had acquired for him a high reputation, and he is rapidly amassing a fortune, which he will doubtless know how to keep, as well as to obtain. His manners, too, have become polished during his commerce with the world; and the rough and awkward country lad, is one of the richest and most celebrated lawyers of one of the first states of the Union. His influence is visible upon a large portion of society, and there are rumours of an intention to send him to Congress. What a pity it is that the fine and delicate enjoyments of our nature are so often inconsistent with worldly success, and that wealth and fame must be so many sacrifices of feeling and affection.

From the Boston Statesman.
COURTSHIP—A SHOWER.

The storm that had swept so profusely over the woods and hills was now subsiding. The ample sky flung back its veiling tresses, and the sun came out once more, touching the dripping wilderness with a singular beauty. The exceeding richness of the blue heaven, the bright edging of the distant clouds, the fiery green outline of the forest, and the swain streams that ran braiding themselves into the long leaping grass, presented a singular map of nature—dripping in the freshness of a summer's shower. The winds were as clear and cool as if they had slept on the surface of the ocean; the flowers of a thousand hues were in full bloom, and poured out their perfumes, as the fountain poured its song, to the bent of the fervent wind.
"Well this shower is over at last, Ellen, and I guess will be all the better for it,—all the better, I say, Ellen, you'd better come out and see the rainbow, before it fades forever, and Ellen was out with a cautious step, as the wet grass, like the mane of a sweating steed, shed its thousand drops upon her feet.
"The rainbow! which way is it, — Charles? I can't see it."
"Why don't you see, right through the notch of that maple tree, where the leaves are torn off—now the wind blows—take care of your clothes, don't you see how it showers down on you. Ellen?—there, there's the rainbow,—and a fine one—I never saw the different colours more clearly defined. I'll tell you, Ellen, it always makes me think that some seam of the beautiful sky has been rent by the shaking of the thunder, and the air of heaven fallen out—but not daring to wander, they clinging to the wound, until they are taken in again.
"Now Charles, I like you for that; but see it has almost vanished; the clouds that were here just now are all gone; and the sky is as blue, as—"
"Pho, I don't want your help—besides I don't think your comparison is perfect for my eyes are not quite so blue—they are lighter."
"Well, Ellen, we'll say—as blue as your stockings."
"Ha, ha, ha,—that's worse yet!" and she displayed a beautiful ankle, and a white stocking.
"What'll you say now, mister Charles?"
"Why, Ellen,—as blue as itself—is that correct?"
"It will do Charles; but look at that dry bare limb among the green leafy branches on that maple tree—what does that remind you of?"
"Various things. It is not unlike a dead child in a great and flourishing family, still nourished by all the surviving members with an affectionate solicitude; but answering their silent whispering with an unchanged look of decay. You may deck it with leaves,

but it knoweth them not and the leaves, wither upon the stem and lose their fragrance, and are blown away in the summer wind. So I have seen the maiden deck the corpse of her lover, with coronals blooming from the hill side, in the beautiful hope that the incense of living things she so much loved, might reanimate a loved one, from his eternal slumber. Now Ellen, if I should die before you, that is what I should want you to do to me—take me out in the open air, and fling flowers upon my breast. Will you?"
"Perhaps I will, but you don't think of dying before me. I hope, Charles—that wouldn't be proper. It is not so polite for a girl to cry at her lover's death, as for a man, at the death of one he loves. And that is all the reason why I wish you to let me die first, because I should sleep much easier, in my grave, if I thought you stood by it crying."

"Ellen, this is all fol de rol. I don't calculate to die this fifty years; and I don't calculate you will."
"Ho! I live fifty years—I would sooner cut my own—"
"Hush Ellen Fleming, you may live as long as you please; but so long as you do live, I intend to love you with all my soul—I do. How white your hand is—how you blush! oh Ellen?"
"Why, there's the minister, and there's the church; and here are we."
"Well, what of that?"
"I want you to go with me to the minister's, while I get him to go to church—it's week day, and I'd rather be married on a week-day."
"Who are you going to be married to?"
"To you."
"Very well." J. O. R.

FALLING IN LOVE.
"Falling in Love! Oh thou birth and death of bliss, thou alpha and omega of human enjoyment, thou very quintessence of contradiction—when and what art thou, that we always arrive at thee by a fall.
"Falling in love!" Reader didst thou never ponder upon the expression with all deep signification. It is motion then—love never comes to us, motion downward too. Where is the dream of the poet and the martin creed of existence, which thrones the little god in the heavens above, and elevates his worshipper to the same glorious height? 'Tis evaporated, gentle reader—all gone—sleeping with the thousand bright fancies that hover round the porch of being, but leave us to tread its stony path alone.
"Fall! We must move very swift, for we often reach the bottom before aware that we have left the top.—Strange might be added, but no—it is less strange for some chips of humanity to go down than up. 'Tis unfortunate wight, born to be thwarted—crouching at the bottom of the golden wheel, never flatter thyself that no lower gulf gapes for thee! prudence bows in impotence, and calculation fails to ensure you against falling in love!
Falling! why not walking, creeping, climbing—then one might look about a little; but a fall! what bumps and scratches and battering and bruising, eternal scars and cureless wounds, broken limbs, and banded head, to say nothing of mental damages.—Heaven save us from falling in love. Year after year have we trod the paths of life with cautious steps and palpitating heart, turning a deaf ear to the siren song, and a closed eye to the sparkling snare, till as a youngster maliciously observed the other day, we shall soon be so blind and deaf in reality as to be not worth catching. But alack, is age a safe guard? look at the grey-headed falling daily. Is wisdom? see statesmen and soldiers—what tactics can apply, or what wisdom avoid undefined, unlocated, only known by its effects. What confusion! only imagine one of your star-gazing, eagled eyed sons of fire stopped in his career by this immeasurable, unmentionable abyss, vortex, whirlpool—this land and water trap. His Mars eclipsed by Venus—ariscastles vanishing—schemes frustrated—thought uproar, and every beautiful theory of independence playing Scylla and Charybdis round, what pity 'tis this viewless point could not be made visible, and pity 'tis gentle reader, that people cannot walk in love. Then all this confusion might be avoided; no logger-heads cracking together in their descent. Sapphos no more driven to desperation, and Antonyms might retreat in time to save a crown.

"Falling in love!" Mademoiselle they say, his facilities for remounting; keep thy wisdom, fair one, it is more than equalled by thy lordly compeer. Nevertheless, reader, for our own especial case, we have a dreadful presentiment, that once fairly in we never could get out; perchance terror and the mighty mystery which envelops the whole affair may magnify the danger, indeed we have at times had strong thoughts of courting the worst, plunging in over head and ears, and darning fate—but alas! fate's frown in the shape of love, is not to be trifled with, reader. Snarers are yawning round us, thousands are gone, are going, and forever will go, down.—And should we once get in, and then, indeed, be fairly unable to get out again. 'Tis! Heaven save us from falling in love!"
New York Morning Courier.

DEATH AND SLEEP

AN APOLOGUE. From the German.
As hand in hand the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death were traversing the Earth, evening gently stole upon them, and they sat down amid a quiet scene, while the distant village bell died away upon the air.—Tranquil and silent, according to their habits, they enjoyed in confidence the beauty of the scene. At length the Angel of sleep rose from his mossy seat, and scattered from his hand the seed of slumber; the evening breeze bore them to the cottage of the fatigued labourer.—Sweet sleep embraced the inhabitants of the village from the east again, he leaned upon the staff, to the nursing in the cradle; and sickness forgot its pains, and affliction its grief, and poverty its cares. His duties thus discharged, the benevolent Angel of Sleep returned and seated himself again beside his more serious brother, when the day dawned, said he, with joy, "men will bless me as their friend and benefactor; what delight to do good unseen and in secret; how happy are we the invisible messengers of Heaven;—how blest is our peaceful destiny."
Thus spoke the lovely Angel of sleep. The Angel of Death looked upon him with silent anguish and a tear, such as immortal saged, glistened in the orbit of his lugubrious eye.—"Ah," cried he, "why can I not like thee enjoy the exquisite pleasure of gratitude? Man calls me the enemy and the disturber of his delights."
My brother, replied the Angel of Sleep, when the just shall rise from the tomb, will he not recognize thee as his friend and benefactor, and bless thee with eternal gratitude? Are we not brethren, sent forth by the same kind parent? He paused, and the countenance of the Angel of Death beamed with radiant smiles—"he two gentle again embraced each other with fraternal affection."

FIRE SCREEN.
A very excellent contrivance designed to serve as a protection to the roofs and sides of buildings exposed to conflagration, has been invented & patented by Mr. Caleb Pierce of Salem. It consists of a large sheet of hempen cloth, the upper edge of which is made so as to contain water to be supplied by the hose of an engine. An exhibition of this apparatus was made in State street this forenoon, and there is no doubt it can be made to answer the most valuable purpose. Its great advantage consists of a saving of water, and in the convenient applications of the screen to the places not accessible by the engines themselves. The expense must be very inconsiderable compared with its utility.
Boston Bulletin.

DANDELIONS.
A correspondent of the Springfield Journal says,—Last summer I transplanted Dandelions in June. This spring I have cut them three or four times a week, and must say they are a very superior article for the table—they occupy little room, and require very little attention. I make this statement now, as this is the season for transplanting them, and I know of no better green, nor any thing more profitable for a small portion of a garden—they are planted about six inches apart.

OUT or rather IN at last.
A Leipzig professor has published a work in which he proves that the earth is hollow, and that within there is fire, water, air, amphibious animals, fish, insects, birds, quadrupeds, and men; and he describes the details of the subterraneous life they lead.

[We suppose this entrance is one of the Cretaceous times. Russia having possession of these, the one forming the entrance will be quite convenient for the retreat of the Czar, in case the Sultan pushes him too closely.