Recommendation of the work.
We approve of the plan on which he publicated, and he e, that it is calculated to be useful, by eating public opinion on a subject of high importance is welfare of society. The numbers which have the red, evince talent; and may be viewed as a plety the continued usefulness of the publication will be continued usefulness of the publication will be continued usefulness of the publication in recommending it to public parameters.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1829. Chapman, M. D.
m. P. Dewees, M. D.
hns. G. James, M. D.
sity of Pensylvan

Wm. E. Horner, M. D. Thos T. Hewson, M. D.

ranklin Bache, M. D.

lev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. Sphen's Church.

Wm. H. De Lancy, D. D. Provost of the Usiversity of Pennsylvania.

B. B. Smith. Editor of the Philadelphia Retreder, and Rector of Grace Church.

G. T. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, James Abercrombie, D. D. Assistant Mining of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.

George Weller.

Jackson Kemper, Assistant Minister of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.

Thomas ii. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Fris-Presbyterian Church.

Wm. M. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presp. terian Church.

John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic

Church. Michael Hurley, Paster of St. Augustine Cale Wm. II Furness, Pastor of the first Congres.

tional Church.
W. T. Brantly, Pastor of the First Bapta.
Church, and Editor of the Columbian Star. Jno. L. Dagg, Paster of the Fifth Band Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodst Fac-copal Union Ch.
Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Mat-

enpat Union Ch.

Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Meladist Episcop. I Church.
In addition to the above, the names of a number of glyle esteemed members of the different professes, to are subscribers to the work, might be added expressive of the estimation in which it is kill it one voice, the public press from one end of the number of the contract to the other, has spoken of the Journal of ealth in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TEPMS.

TERMS:
The Journal of Health, will appear in number if pages each, octavo, on the second and forth ethersday of every month. Price per annum, \$1.5, advance. Subscriptions and communications [paid] will be received by Judar Dobson, Agest, 5-8 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia. Subscribers at a distance will discover, that the

ulty in remitting the amount of a single subservent will be obviated by any four of them sending of a dollars to the agent. Those to whom this may t be convenient, can receive sixteen numbers of the ork by remitting a dollar to the same person. The Journal of Health including index, will form to end of the year a volume of 400 pages octav.

Jents: J Hobson, 108 Chesnut St. Philadelpia, 25 J. Nesl. Baltimore: Wo. Burgen, 97 Faha rect, N. York, Carter & Hender, Boston; and a ost of the towns in the United States.

( A Specimen of the Work may be en at this Office

#### THE STEAM BOAT



AS commenced the Scason, and will purse her Rootes in the following maneri-cave Easton every Wednesday and Satarday cave muston every Wednesday and Saterday corning at Tu'clock, and proceed to Can-ridge, and there to Annapolis, and there is, aftimore, where she will arrive in the creains, seave Baltimore, from the Tobacco Inspection Varehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Folay torning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Annapa-s, thence to Cambrules if there should be avs, thence to Cambrulge, if there should be say assengers on board for that place, and thence Baston; or slivectly to Easton, if no passesers for Cambridge.
She will leave Baltimore every Monday

norming at six o'clock for Chestertown, calling the Company's whate on Corsica creek, addeturning from Chestertown to Baltimore he ame day, calling at the wharf on Corsica. ne day, ca

All baggage and Packages to be at the mile LEMUEL G. FAYLOR COL

April 8. CASH FOR NEGROES We wish to pur-





NEGROES,

of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years on the ands—also, mechanics of every descriptions of the sexes, sexes and the sexes with the sexes with the sexes with the sexes with the sexes of the sexes with the sexes

April, 15th.

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## ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1830.

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PRICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM

### MISCELLA NEOUS.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO\*

BY MES. REMANS.

There was music on the midnight;

From a royal fans it roll'd,

And a mighty bell, each pause between,

Stemly and slowly toll'd.

Strange was their mingling in the sky,

It hush'd the lastener's breath;

For the music spoke of triumph high,

The lonely bell, of death.

There was burrying through the midnight;
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
A. it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state

Fall glow'd the strong red radiance in the centre of the knave, Where the folds of a purple canopy Sweep down in many a wave;

Sweep down in many a wave; Leading the marble parement old With a weight of gorgeous gloom; For something lay 'midst their fretted gold, Like a sharlow of the tomb. And within that rich partition, High on a glittering throne, A woman's form ast silently,
'Milst the glare of light alone,
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill, So stone-like was its rest.

So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music

Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem,
Was s-t on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling hand,
Stept Prince & Chief, Innest the hush profound,
With henings to her hand.

With homing to hier hand.
Why pastd a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Delinot a queenly grace,
Under the naried ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?
Death! Pastd Canad thou he leader. Death! Death! canst thou he lovely. Unto the eve of life? Is not each pulse of the quick high breast. With thy cold men at strife?

-It was a strange and fearful sight, The crown upon that head, The glorious robes and the blaze of light, All gather'd round the dead!

And beside her stood in silence,
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips nightly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail;
King Pedro with a jealous eye,
Watching the honour done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyr'd one.

To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breatless queen;
Tho' something, won from the grave's embrace
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for him to bear.

Aba! the some the same the same that th

Twas not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
An! the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are close!—bear back the dead,
Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust what the dust to sleep.

Dust whethe dust to sleep.

There is music on the midnight—
A requirm sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding sisle,
In dark procession gro,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array

Are borne to the hould a slence down,
With her that queen of clay.
And textlessly and firmle

With her that queen of clay.
And tearlessly and firmly,
King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart,
Who call'd the strong as death, O Love?
Mighier thou wert and ar!

Mightier thou wert and art!

\*Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inex taken from the grave, solemnly enthroned and crowned.

\*New Monthly Magazine.

From the Village Telegraph.
Notes of the primitive History of Germantown.
REMINISCENCES.

Old Mr. J. W. about the year 1720, purchased 500 acres of land at 2s. per acre, adjacent to where his descendant now lives; when he afterwards sold much of it at 31. per acre, he thought he was doing won-ders, some of it has since been worth \$200

to 300 per acre.
The price of labour in and about German: town 60 years ago, was 3s. a day in summer, and 2s. 6d. iii winter. The price of hickory wood was 10s. to 115 per cord, and oak

the wounded he did not get; they had alighted in an oat field after the harvest, and he was concealed in a near hedge and shot them so made great amusement of shooting at a target. They used no waymons then in great target. 1700, made to give 3d. per dozen for the heads of blackbirds to destroy them.

A person, now 66 years of sge, relates to me that he well remembers seeing colonies of Indians of 20 to 30 persons, after coming through the town and sitting down in Logan's woods, others on the present open field, S. E. of Lorzin's place. They would then make their huts and stay a whole year at a time and make and sell baskets, ladles and tolerably good fiddles. He has seen them shoot birds and young squirrels there with their bows and arrows. Their huts were made of four upright saplins with crotch limbs at top. The sides and tops were of cedar bushes and branches. In these they lived in the severest winters; their fire was on the ground and in the middle of the area, at that time, wild pigeons were very nume rous, in flocks of a mile long, and it was very common to shoot twenty or thirty of them at a shot. They then caught rabbits and squirrels in snares.

The superstition then was very great about Ghosts and Witches. 'Old Shrunk' as he was called, (George S, who lived to be 80) was a great conjuror, and numerous persons from Philadelphia, and elsewhere, and some even from Jersey, came often to him to find out stolen goods and to get their for-tunes told. They believed he could make any thieves who came to steal from his orchard 'stand' if he saw them, even while they desired to run away. They used to consult him where to go and dig for money, and several persons, whose names I suppress, used to go and dig for hidden treasures, of nights. On such occasions, if any one 'spoke' hile digging, or ran, from 'terror,' w "he magic ring," previously made with in-cantation round the place, the whole influence of the 'spell' was lost.—Dr. Witt, 'too, a sensible man, who owned and dwelt in a large house, since, the Rev. Dr. Blair's, as well as old Mr. Frailey, who also acted as a physician, and was really pretty skilful, were both U——e Doctors, (according to the superstition then so prevalent in Europe) and were renowned also as conjurors Then the cows and horses, and even children got strange diseases, and if it baffled ordinary medicines, or Indian cures and herbs, it was in oil colours (some of the marks are even visible now,) those on one side have been

recited to me, viz:—

Translated thus:

Las neider neiden
Las basser hassen
Was Gott, mir gibt
Muss man mir lassen
Muss man mir lassen
Muss man mir lassen
Gerbard of the side of the side

An idea was very prevalent, especially near the Delaware and Schuylkill waters, that the pirates of Black Beard's day had deposited treasure in the earth. The fancy was that sometimes they killed a prisoner and interred him with it, to make his Ghost keep his vigils there and guard it. Hence it was not rare to hear of persons having seen a sphoke or ghost, or having dreamed of it a plurality of times, which became a strong incentive to dig there. To procure the ard incentive to dig there. To procure the aid of a professor in the black art was called Hexing; and Shrunk in particular had great same therein. He affected to use a diviner's rod (a witch hazel) with a peculiar angle in it, which was supposed to be self turned in the hands, when approached to any mineral; some use the same kind of rod now to feel for hidden waters, so as to dig for wells. The late of T. F. used to amuse himself much with the credulity of the people. He presended he could Hex with a hazel god, and often he has had superstitious persons to come and offer him shares in spoils, which they had seen a sphoke upon.-he even wrote and printed a curious old play, to-ridicule the thing Describing the terror of a midnight fright in digging, he makes one

a midnight fright in digging, he makes one of the party to tell his wife,
"My dearest wife in all my life
Ich neber was so frightened;
De spirit come and Ich did run
"Twas just like tunder, mid light'ning."
Mr. Karagad, 71, and his wife nearly the same are mentioned to me, that in their youthfundars fliey used to feel themselves, as if at double or treble the distance they now do from Philadelphia. owing to the bad ness and loneliness of the roads; they then

freshment at the inns. The young men also made great amusement of shooting at a target. They used no waggons then in going to market, but the women usually went, and rode a horse with two panniers slung on each side of her. The women too carried baskets on their heads and the men wheeled

wheel barrows-being six miles to market. Then the people, especially man and wife rode to church, funerals and visits; the wo man sat on a pillion behind the man. Chairs or chaises were then unknown to them; none in that day ever dreamed to live to see such improvements and luxury as they now wit-

The first carriage of the coach kind they ever saw or heard of, belonged to judge Allen,t who had his country seat at the present Mount Airy college; it was of the Phæton or Landau kind, having a seat in front for children, and was drawn by four black horses: he was of course a very opulent man, a grandee in his generation. The country seats then were few. Penington had his country house where Chew's now stands, & the present kitchen wings of Chew's House, sufficed for the simplicity of gentlemen of those days. Another country house was Shoemaker's and is the same now forming the kitchen house, &c. of Mr. Duval'splace, near his mansion House, built for Col. T. Forrest. In their early days all the better kind of houses had balconies in the front, in which, at the close of the day, it was common to see the women at the most of the nouses, sitting and sewing or knitting; at that time the women went to their churches generally in short gowns and petticoats, and with check or white flaxen aprons. The young men had their heads shaved, and wore bout him. You couldn't get him into a cof white caps; in summer they went without fee pot now, I can tell ye. And to hear him white caps; in summer they went without coats, wearing striped trowsers, and barefooted; the old Friends wore wigs.

A copy of it is in the Philadelphia Athe-

næum Library.
†There were three or four earlier carriages in Philadelphia, viz Norris, Logan, and Shippen.

## PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

Mr Son Roger.

It is oftentimes exceedingly amusing to hear parents talk of their children; to witness the ridiculous fooleries, both of lannot unusual to consult those persons for re-lief, and their prescriptions which healed them, as resulting from witchcraft, always gave relief! Doctor Frailey dwelt in a one of others, would be subjects of blame, rather stony house, very ancient, now standing in than of praise. As an illustration of this, take the school house lane. On each side of his the following account lately given by an old house, were lines of German poetry painted gentleman of his son Roger. It is precisely in his own language, the peculiarities of style and pronunciation being preserved with all due care.

My son Roger is a rare lad-and so for that matter are all my boys, seven in num-They are all remarkable in their way, some for one thing and some for another. But my son Roger is the remarkablest of all. He was born on the 29th day of February, and of course his birth-day comes only once in four years. How he come to be born on that day of all the days in the year, I never could make out, but so it was-and my son Roger, though now six feet high, was then so small that virs. Motherwort actually put him into my wife's coffee-pot and shut of the lid. But he was a rare child for all that -why. on the very day he was born, he opened his eyes, he kicked like a grasshopper, and cried like a sucking pig-besides of ther things too tedious to mention. But it wasn't long that we could get him into a cof fee-pot; he soon out grew that, I can tell ye. He ran up like a pig-weed.

My son Roger is a rare lad. Why, when he was no more than six ye'r old, he could ride as though the very devil kicked him an eend. He got one or two falls though, and come very near breaking his tarnal neck. -He did break his collar bone, and upset his wrist and come very nigh cracking his skull. it didn't make no difference at all; he is the same harumscarum chap now that he ever was.

He's a strapping lad, for one of his years. You couldn't put him into a coffee-pot now, no, nor twenty coffee pots—and he's only nineteen ye'r old. O, if you could only see him among the other boys of the neighbourhood—he's a whale among small fish, I can tell ye. And between you and I he's a buster among the role. buster among the gals. He goes out a courting every night, as constant as the night comes. He knows a thing or two, let him alone for that. He'll make his way in the world, or else I'm no prophet. He's none o' your modest chaps that stand shilly-shallying—not he; he steps right to be seen and the stand shilly-shallying—not he; he steps right to be seen as the stand shilly-shallying—not he; he steps right to be steps to be

matter. He can run like a deer, jump like a catamount, wrastle like a bear, climb like a squirrel, and fight like a tiger. He's the beat'em of all fellows my son Roger. He's good at any thing, I te! ye. He can pitch quates like all creation, he can play ball like a cat o'nine tails, and throw a stone where you could never see it again. you could never see it again.

ben, the old farm hoss, is twenty years old next grass now coming. Well, what does Roger do when he was axed how old is your hoss? Why, says Roger, says he pretending to stutter-though he can talk glib enough for that matter—says he, the old hoss is s-s-seven s-s-seven, s-s-seven, ye'r old next grass. So I should think, says the other man, says he I should judge he was at least twenty-one. And so the matter failed .-But 'twos pretty cutely done the by my son Roger, for all that; don't you think it was. considering his age? He's only nineteen

Ah, he's a rare lad, my son Roger, take Ah, ne's a rare ian, my son Roger, take him altogether. He's quite a milintary turn too—and what's more, he's got into a rising port. He's fourth corpered in the Second Company of Slabs O, it would do your heart good to see him in his regimentals, with his spatterdoxes and bagonet and belt, and the old Queen's arm scoured up with sand brick dust till you could see your face in it. And then to see him march, how he puts one foot afore tother, and steps the music, and holds up his head-why you'd think he was born with a gun on his shoulder and a cartouch his side, and all the coutrements agive the word of command, as he sometimes does to a few of his fellow sodgers—what a woice he's got—it sounds like twenty trip hammers—you might hear it a whole mile: Shouder fullick! Ground fullick! Half-cock Order fullick! Poise fullick! Fix bagnet! Right face; Forrad march' and so on through the whole chapter. Why, I should'nt be at all surprised if he should be

a gineral yet.—He's got the matter in him, or else I'm no judge of small fish.

He's a rare lad, my son Roger. He's a politician too; he knows what is what as well as the best on 'em. O, if you could hear him explaterate about the affairs of the nations, and the wrights of the people, and trenchment and reform, and all that, you would be astonished. Why he says that Washington was no gineral, that old John Adams was a tory, and that Hamilton, whot killed Aaron Burr, was a monarcher, and deserved to be gullentined, as Louisa the XVI was. says that Bonapart was the greatest publican since the days of Julius Caesar, and what's more, he says we had'nt ort to have any rulers at all—but every man do as he likes in a publican country. He's a rare lad, my on Roger; I should not be at all surprised if he should he a 'sembly man, or a justice of

peace, some day.

Besides what I've told you, he knows a thing or two about books and school larning and for that matter he's got clean obove the master, who can't say boo to a goose in comparison to him. -It would be while just to hear him speak -he's the greatest norrator in school—such a woice he's got and such motions he makes with his hands up and down. Why, it would astonish you to hear him speak Pope's Pollywog to-Addiston's Cato, I think he calls it. How he does reel it off, hand over fist. You could'nt put him into a coffee pot now, nor twenty coffee pots, I can tell ve.

So much for parental partiality, and my on Roger.

N. Y. Constellation. son Roger.

DEATH OF KING ROBERT BRUCE. From Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.
"Bruce seemed only to wait for the final deliverance of his country to close his heroic career. He had retired, probably for the up and did say, let me come dare and dell purpose of enjoying a milder climate, to his you some ding about the hocks. I does kno Castle of Cardross, on the firth of Clyde, Dumbarton. Here he lived in princely retirement, and, entertaining the nobles with rude hospitality, relieved by liberal doles of food the distress of the poor -Nautical affood the distress of the poor — Nautical affairs seem to have engaged hisattention very much, and he built vessels with which he often went on the ediacent first. He practised falcours being unable to sustain the fatigue of builth. We may add, for every thing is interesting there Robert Bruce is the subject, that he copt a lion, and a fool named Patrick, as regular needs the establish

you could never see it again.

He's a real chap for bargain too, why, the other day, he undertook to trade horses, and it would have done your heart good to see him manage it. You must know that Dobben, the old farm hoss, is twenty years old went hitterly around the hoss went hitterly around the hose were present went hitterly around the hose went hitterly around wept bitterly around the bed, when the King, with almost his dying words, bequeathed this melancholy task to his best beloved followers and champion. On the 7th of June. 1730, died Robert Bruce, at the almost premature age of fifty five. He was buried at Dunfermline, where his tomb was opened in our time, and his relies again interred amid all the feelings of awe and admiration which such a sight tended naturally to insure.

Remorkable in many things, there was this almost peculiar to Robert Bruce, that his life was divided into three distinct parts, which could scarcely be considered as belonging to the same individual.—His youth was thoughtless, hasty and fickle, and from the moment he began to appear in public life until the slaughter of the Red Comyn, and his final assumption of the Crown, he appeared to have entertained no certain purpose beyond that of shifting with the shifting tide like the other Barors around him, ready like them, to enter into hasty plans for the liberation of Scotland from the English yoke, but equally prompt to submit to the overwhelming power of Edward. Again in a short but very active period of his life, he displayed the utmost steadiness, firm eas and constancy; sustaining, with unara of tience and determination, the loss of batties, the death of friends, the disappointment of hopes, and an uninterrupted series of disasters, on which scarce a ray of hope appeared to brighten. This term of suffering extended from the field of Mothven Wood till his return to Scotland from the island of Ruchin, after which time his career, whenever he was himself personally engaged, was almost uni-formly successful, even till he had obtained the object of his wishes—the secure possession of an independant throne.

"When these things are considered, we shall find reason to conclude that the misfortunes of the second or suffering period of Bruce's life had raught him lessons of constancy, of prudence, and of moderation, which were unknown to his early years, and tamed the hot and impetuous fire which his temper, like that of his brother Edward. naturally possessed. He never permited the injuries of Edward I. (although three brothers had been cruelly executed by that monarch's orders,) to provoke him to measures of retaliation; and his generous conduct to the prisoners at Bannockburn, as well as elsewhere reflects honour on hissagacity and humanity.

# From the Worester Alvocate. A DUTCH OR TION.

Vats you dink, ladies and gentlemen, if I should dell you some ding about de Sharmans. Some foks say dat de Sharmans have got no gott ting in em any more. Day tinks dey lie, dey sheat, get trunk, and nothing ish doo pad for dem to do any more; put I just suppose de tother side of the ques-tion. De Sharmans are font of making von great industry; no Sharman sits up de houso ven he been able to vork, not when de sun shines and shows himself. Now look drow de states of Pennsylvany and Ohio, vatsgreat states dey be all for cause dere ish so many Sharmens in de very shender of im. Now look vat great Sheneral Asshembly dey in Pennsylvany—always some Sharmens does goe dare. I did goe dare von dime. Aw how dey did lauf cause I did sai my speech so vell. Each man speeke just when he please or when de sperrit shave him up to de business. -- Von time dare was some ding de business.—Von time dare was some brought up about de hocks. Den I did jump as much about de hocks as any man. I can put de hocks on de slop, & I can cut off little pigs tails dis way. Den dere was some ding prot about organizeen de militia. Organs for de militia, yet a little while and I tinks de drum and vife bese enough vor a militis, Dus you see if de Sharmans had not said some

ding de bill vould passed and dey vould had organs for de militia.

Now I will dell you how I did kourt my vife Cate. Von time I begun to feel a little vifish like and I dought I must go down upon Cale Sniders house, so I shume and and 2s. 6d. ill winter. The price of hickory wood was 10s. to 11th per cord, and oak was 8t. to 9s. Hickory now sells at 87s, and has been two dollars higher. The road before it was turnplied, was expensed of 18d per pound on the city and county, (including Germantown) for wolves and corner to the fact of the leighing used to continue to the helpful fact of the leighing used to continue to the shelf of the pound on the city as a serious affair. The blackbirds formerly were much more numerous than now; a gentleman mentioned to mental which he was a young main; file of the pound on the city and a county, (with mustard seed to mental which he was a young main; file of the pound on the city and county, (including 10s) and the pleasure parts of his establish world, or else I'm no prophet. He's none of your modest chaps that stand shilly-shallying—not he; he steps right up to 'em.—

In 1738, a county tax was assessed of 18d per pound on the city and county, (including Germantown) for wolves and cornwit destroys each continue to the hardships and privations which he had dustained for a single of a side across de own upon Caty. I mays to 'enter the hardships and privations which he had dustained for a single of a side across de own upon Caty. I makes a which he had dustained for a marry on you. Oh py shure I's be agreed to feel I'm no prophet. He's none of 'your modest chaps that stand shilly-shallying—not he; he steps right up to 'em.—

In 1738, a county tax was assessed of 18d per pound on the city and county, (including ces, espocially at Pene's Creek, the was a 'mon' of a greed across de bony and rides down upon Caty. I make a which he had dustained for a marry on you. Oh py shure I's be agreed to be surface to the hardships and privations which he had dustained for similar years, the had dustained for the hardships and privations which he had dustained for the hardships and privations which he had dustained for the hardships and privations which he had dustained for the hardships and private its orign in the hards