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THE MORE CONVENIENT SEASON.

Alone he sat and wept. That very night
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence, had warned him to repent,
And like the Roman's Drusilla's tale,
He-true the truth, he trembled, conscience wrought,
Yet in an allured, the struggle shook him sore,
The dim lamp waned, the hour of midnight tolled,
Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,
And bade the Spirit of His God depart.
But there was war within him, and he-true—
"Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One,
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
Forever thine!"

—With killing brow he trod
The habits of pleasure, while the volu's voice
And beauty's smile his jovious pulses woke.
To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle wreath. For gold he sought,
And winged Wealth indulged him, till the world
Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
Swelled to its climax, and his busy days
And restless nights swept like the tide away.
Care struck deep root around him, and each shout
Said striking earthward, like the Indian tree,
Shut out with woven shades, the eye of heaven,
When but a message from the Crucified—
"Look unto me, and live!" Pausing, he spoke
Of weariness and haste, and want of time,
And duty to his children; and he bought
A long reprieve to do the work of heaven.

God spoke again, when age had shed its snows
On his wan temples, and the pallid hand
Struck from his gold gathering. But the right
Chain
Of Habit bound him, and he still implored
A more contented season.

"See, my step
Is firm and free—my unquenched ardour
To view this pleasant world, and live with me,
May last for many years." In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
To vast eternity."

Disease approached,
And reason fled. The mania strove with death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
Till darkness smote his eye-balls, and a tickle
Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor clay
Was vanquished and distracted. But the soul—
The soul—whose promised season never came
To hearken to his Maker's call, and come
To weigh his sufficiency with its own abuse,
And hide the audit. L. H. S.

Hartford, February, 1832.

From the Christian Watchman.

THE REV. MR. JUDSON'S LETTER.
To the Female Members of Christian Churches,
in the United States of America.

Dear Sisters in Christ.—Excuse my public
addressing you. The necessity of the
case is my only apology. Whether you will
consider it a sufficient apology for the sentiments
of this letter, unfashionable, I confess,
and perhaps unpalatable, I know not. We
are sometimes obliged to encounter the hazard
of offending those, whom of all others,
we desire to please.—Let me throw myself
at once on your mercy, dear sisters, allied
by national congeniarity, professors of the
same holy religion, fellow pilgrims to the
same happy land. Pleading these endearing
ties, let me beg you to regard me as a brother,
and to listen with candour and forbearance
to my honest tale.

In raising up a Church of Christ in this
heavenly land, and in labouring to elevate
the minds of the female converts to the standard
of the Gospel, we have always found one
chief obstacle in that principle of vanity, that
love of dress and display (I beg you will bear
with me,) which has, in every age and in all
countries, been a ruling passion of the fair
sex, as the love of riches, power and fame
has characterized the other. The obstacle
lately became more formidable, through the
admission of two or three fashionable females
into the church, and the arrival of seven mis-
sionary sisters, dressed and adorned in that
manner which is so prevalent in our beloved
native land. On my meeting the church, after
a year's absence, I beheld an appalling
profession of ornaments, and saw that the de-
mon of vanity was laying waste the female
department. At that time I had not maturely
considered the subject, and did not feel sure
what ground I ought to take. I apprehended
also, that I should be supported, and perhaps
opposed by some of my coadjutors. I con-
fined my efforts therefore, to private exhorta-
tions, and with but little effect. Some of the
ladies, out of regard to their pastor's feelings,
took off their necklaces and ear-ornaments,
before they entered the chapel, tied them up
in a corner of their handkerchiefs, and on re-
turning as soon as they were out of sight of
the Mission House, stopped in the middle of
the street to array themselves anew.

In the mean time, I was called to visit the
Karens, a wild people, several days journey
to the north of Maulmein. Little did I ex-
pect there to encounter the same enemy, in
those "wilds, horrid and dark with o'er-
shadowing trees." But I found that he had
been there before me, and reigned with a peculiar
 sway, from time immemorial. On one Ka-
ren woman, I counted between twelve and
fifteen necklaces of all colours, sizes and
materials. Three was the average. Brass
belts above the ankles, neat braids of black
hair tied above the knees, rings of all sorts

on the fingers, bracelets on the wrists and
arms, long instruments of some metal, per-
forating the lower part of the ear, by an im-
mense aperture, and reaching nearly to the
shoulders, fancifully constructed bags, enclo-
sing the hair, and suspended from the back
part of the head, not to speak of the orna-
mental parts of their clothing, constituted the
fashions and the ton of the fair Karenes-
ses. The dress of the female converts was
not essentially different from that of their
countrywomen. I saw that I was brought in-
to a situation that precluded all retreat—that
I must fight or die.

For a few nights I spent some sleepless
hours, distressed by this and other subjects,
which will always press upon the heart of a
Missionary, in a new place. I considered
the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. I
opened to I Tim. ii. 9, and read these words
of the inspired apostle: "I will also that wo-
men adorn themselves in modest apparel, with-
out shamefacedness, and sobriety, not with broi-
dered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

I asked myself, can I baptize a Karen
woman, in her present attire? No. Can I ad-
minister the Lord's Supper to one of the
baptized in that attire? No. Can I refrain
from enforcing the prohibition of the apostle?
Not without betraying the trust I have re-
ceived from him. Again, I considered, that
the question concerned not the Karens only,
but the whole Christian world; that its deci-
sion would involve a train of unknown con-
sequences; that a single step would lead me
into a long and perilous way. I considered
Maulmein and the other stations; I considered
the state of the public mind at home.—

But, what is that to thee? Follow thou me,
be the continual response, and weighed more
than all I renewedly offered myself to
Christ, and prayed for strength to go forward
in the path of duty, come life or death, come
praise or reproach, supported or deserted, suc-
cessful or defeated in the ultimate issue.

Soon after coming to this conclusion, a Ka-
ren woman offered herself for baptism. After
the usual examination, I inquired whether she
could give up her ornaments for Christ? It
was an unexpected blow! I explained the
spirit of the gospel. I appealed to her own
consciousness of vanity. I read her the
apostle's prohibition. She looked again and
again at her hands, her necklace (she wore but
one,) and then with an air of modest decision,
that would adorn, beyond all outward orna-
ments, any of my sisters whom I have the
honour of blessing, she took it off, saying,
"I love Christ more than this." The news began
to spread. The Christian women made but
little hesitation. A few others opposed, but
the work went on.

At length, the evil which I most dreaded
came upon me. Some of the Karen men had
been to Maulmein, and had seen what I wish-
ed they had not. And one day when we were
discussing the subject of ornaments, one of
the Christians came forward in my face, and
declared, that at Maulmein, he had actually
seen one of the great female teachers wear-
ing a string of gold beads around her neck!

Lay down this paper, dear sisters, and
sympathize a moment with your fallen Mis-
sionary. Was it not a hard case? Was it
not cruel for that sister, thus to smite down
to the dust her poor brother, who, without
that blow, was hardly able to keep his ground?
But she knew it not. She was not aware of
the mischief she was doing. However, tho'
cast down, I was not destroyed; though sorely
bruised and wounded, I endeavoured to
maintain the warfare as well as I could. Af-
ter some conflict the enemy fled the field, and
when I left those parts, the female converts
were, generally speaking, arrayed in modest
apparel.

On arriving at Maulmein, and partially re-
covering from a fever which I had contracted
in the Karen wood, the first thing I did, was
to crawl out to the house of the patroness of
the gold beads. To her I related my adver-
sities,—to her commiseration I commended
my grief. With what ease and truth, too,
could that sister reply. Notwithstanding
these beads, I dress more plain than ministers
wives and professors of religion in our native
land. These beads are the only ornament I
wear; they were given me when quite a child,
by a dear mother whom I never expect to see
again (another hard case) and she enjoined it
on me never to part with them, as long as I
lived, but to wear them as a memorial of her!
O ye Christian mothers, what a lesson you
have before you. Can you, dare you give in-
junctions to your daughters, directly contra-
ry to apostolic commands? But to the honour
of my sister, be it recorded, that as soon as
she understood the merits of the case, and
the mischief done by such example, off went
the gold beads; and she gave decisive proof,
that she loved Christ more than father or
mother. Her example, united with the efforts
of the rest of us at this station, is beginning
to exercise a redeeming influence in the fe-
male department of the church.

But notwithstanding these favourable signs,
nothing, really nothing is yet done. And why?
This mission and all others must necessarily
be sustained by continual supplies of Mission-
aries, male and female, from the mother
country. Your sisters and daughters will con-
tinually come out to take the place of those
who are removed by death, and to occupy
numberless stations still unoccupied. And
when they arrive, they will be dressed in their
usual way, as Christian women at home are

dressed. And the female converts will run
around them, and gaze upon them, with the
most prying curiosity, regarding them as the
freshest representations of the Christian reli-
gion, from that land, where it flourishes in
all its purity and glory. And when they see
the gold and jewels pendant from their ears,
the beads and chains encircling their necks,
the finger rings set with diamonds and rubies,
the rich variety of ornamental head-dress; the
mantles and wimples and the crisping pins'
(see the rest in Isaiah 3d chap.) they will
cast a bitter, reproachful, triumphant glance
at their old teachers, and spring with fresh a-
vidity, to re-purchase their long neglected e-
legancies; the cheering news will fly up the
Dah-gyung, the Laing bowai and the Sal-wen;
—the Karenesses will reload their necks and
ears, and arms, and ankles;—and when after
another year's absence, I return and take my
seat before the Bernese or the Karen church,
I shall behold the demon vanity, enthroned in
the centre of the assembly, more firmly than
ever, grinning defiance to the prohibitions of
apostles, and the exhortations of us who would
fain be their humble followers. And thus you,
my dear sisters, sitting quietly by your
firesides, or repairing devoutly to your places
of worship, do by your example spread the
poison of vanity, through all the rivers, and
mountains, and wilds of this far distant land;
and while you are sincerely and fervently
praying for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's
kingdom, are inadvertently building up that
of the devil. If on the other hand, you di-
vest yourself of all meretricious ornaments,
and your sisters and daughters, who come
hither, will be divested of course;—the fur-
ther supplies of vanity and pride will be cut
off, and the churches at home being kept pure,
the churches here will be pure also.

Dear Sisters,—Having finished my tale,
and therein exhibited the necessity under
which I lay of addressing you, I beg leave to
submit a few topics to your candid and prayer-
ful consideration.

1. Let me appeal to conscience, and in-
quire, what is the real motive for wearing orna-
mental and costly apparel? Is it not the
desire of setting off one's person to the best
advantage, and of exciting the love and ad-
miration of others? Is not such dress calcu-
lated to gratify self-love, to cherish the sen-
timents of vanity and pride? And is it not
the nature of these sentiments to acquire
strength from indulgence? Do such senti-
ments comport with the meek, humble, self-
denying religion of Jesus Christ? I would
here respectfully suggest, that these questions
will not be answered so faithfully in the midst
of company, as when quite alone, kneeling
before God.

2. Consider the words of the apostle
quoted above from I Tim. ii.—"I will also that
women adorn themselves in modest apparel,
with shamefacedness, and sobriety, not
with brodered hair, or gold, or pearl, or cost-
ly array." I do not quote a similar command
recorded in I Peter, iii. 3, because the ver-
bal construction is not quite so definite,
though the import of the two passages is the
same. But cannot the force of these passa-
ges be evaded? Yes, and nearly every com-
mand in Scripture can be evaded, and every
doctrinal assertion perverted, plausibly and
handsomely, if we set about it in good ear-
nest. But preserving the posture above al-
luded to, with the inspired volume spread open
at the passage in question, ask your hearts in
simplicity and godly sincerity, whether the
meaning is not just as plain, as the sun at
noon-day? Shall we then bow to the authori-
ty of an inspired apostle, or shall we not?
From that authority, shall we appeal to the
prevailing usages and fashions of the age? If
so, please to recall the Missionaries you have
sent to the heathen; for the heathen can vin-
dicate all their superstitions on the same
ground.

3. In the posture you have assumed, look
up; and behold the eye of your benignant
Saviour ever gazing upon you with the tend-
erest love,—upon you, his daughters, his
spouse, wishing above all things, that you
would yield your hearts entirely to him, and
become holy as he is holy, rejoicing when he
sees one and another accepting his pressing
invitation, and entering the more perfect way;
for, on that account, he will be able to draw
such precious souls into a rarer union with
himself, and place them at last in the higher
spheres, where they will receive and reflect
more pious communications of light, from
the great Fountain of light, the uncreated
Sun.

4. Anticipate the happy moment, hastening
on all the wings of time, when your joyful
spirits will be welcomed into the assembly of
the spirits of the just made perfect. You ap-
pear before the throne of Jehovah; the ap-
proving smile of Jesus fixes your everlasting
happy destiny; and you are plunging into
"the sea of life and love unknown; without a
bottom or a shore." Stop a moment—look
back on yonder dark and miserable world that
you have left; fix your eye on the meagre,
vain, contemptible articles of ornamental dress,
which you once hesitated to give up for Christ
the King of glory; and on that glance, decide
the question instantly and forever.

Surely you can hold out no longer. You
cannot rise from your knees, in your present
attire. Thanks be to God, I see you taking
off your necklaces and ear-rings, tearing a-
way your ribbons and ruffles and superfluities
of head-dress; and I hear you exclaim what

shall I do next? An important question de-
serving serious consideration. The ornaments
you are removing, though useless and worse
than useless, in their present state, can be so
disposed of, as to feed the hungry, clothe the
naked, relieve the sick, enlighten the dark-
minded, disseminate the Holy Scriptures,
spread the glorious gospel throughout the
world. Little do the inhabitants of a free
Christian country, know of the want and dis-
tress endured by the greater part of the in-
habitants of the earth. Still less idea can
they form of the awful darkness, which rests
upon the great mass of mankind, in regard
to spiritual things. During the years that
you have been wearing those useless orna-
ments, how many poor creatures have been
pining in want?—How many have languished
and groined on beds of abject wretchedness?
How many children have been bred up in the
blackest ignorance, hardened in all manner of
iniquity? How many immortal souls have
gone down to hell, with a lie in their right
hand, having never heard of the true God and
the only Saviour? Some of these miseries
might have been mitigated; some poor wretch
have felt his pain relieved; some widow's
heart been made to sing for joy; some help-
less orphan have been rescued from hardened
depravity, and trained up for a happy life
here and hereafter. Some, so many precious
souls might have been redeemed from the
quenchless fires of hell, where now they must
be and suffer to all eternity, had you not been
afraid of being thought unfashionable, and
not "like other folks!" Had you not prefer-
red adorning your persons and cherishing the
sweet seductive feeling of vanity and pride!

Oh Christian sisters, believers in God,
Christ, in an eternal heaven and an eternal
hell! and can you hesitate to ask what you
shall do? Behold those ornaments with tears
of contrition; consecrate them to the cause
of charity;—hang them on the cross of your
lying Lord. Delay not an instant. Hasten
with all your might, if not to make repara-
tion for the past at least to prevent a continuance
of the evil in future. And be not content
with individual exertion. Remember that u-
nion is strength. Take an example from the
Temperance Societies, which are rising in
their might, and rescuing a nation from the
brink of destruction.

Unite, Christian sisters, of all denomina-
tions, and make an effort to rescue the Church
of God, from the insidious attacks of an
enemy, which is devouring her very vitals. As
a counterpart to the societies just mentioned,
may I respectfully suggest that Plain Dress
Societies be formed in every city and village
throughout the land, recognizing two funda-
mental principles, the one based on I Tim. ii.
9.—all ornaments and costly dress to be dis-
used; the other on the law of general benevo-
lence,—the avails of such articles, and the
savings resulting from the Plain Dress sys-
tem to be devoted to purposes of charity.

Some general rules in regard to dress, and
some general objects of charity may be easi-
ly ascertained and settled. Minor points
must, of course, be left to the conscience of
each individual. Yet free discussion will
throw light on many points at first obscure.
Be not deterred by the suggestion, that in
such discussions, you are conversant about
small things. Great things depend on small;
and in that case, things which appear small
to short-sighted men, are great in the sight of
God. Many there are, who praise the prin-
ciples of self-denial in general, and condemn
it in all its particular applications, as too in-
trusive, scrupulous and severe. Satan is well
aware that if he can secure the minute units,
the sum total will be his own. Think not
any thing small, which may have a bearing
upon the kingdom of Christ, and upon the des-
tinies of eternity. How easy to conceive,
from many unknown events, that the single
fact of a lady's divesting herself of a neck-
lace, for Christ's sake, may involve conse-
quences, which shall be felt in the remotest
part of the earth, and in all future genera-
tions to the end of time; yea, stretch away
into boundless eternity, and be a subject of
praise, millions of ages after this world and
all its ornament shall be burnt up.

Beware of another suggestion made by weak
and erring souls, who will tell you, that there
is more danger of being proud of plain dress
and other modes of self-denial, than of fash-
ionable attire and self-indulgence. Be not
ensnared by this last, most finished, most in-
sidious device of the great enemy. Rather
believe, that He, who enables you to make a
sacrifice, is able to keep you from being proud
of it. Believe that he will kindly permit
such occasions of mortifications and shame,
as will preserve you from the evil threatened.
The severest part of self-denial consists in en-
countering the disapprobation, the envy, the
hatred of one's dearest friends. All who en-
ter the straight and narrow path in good ear-
nest, soon find themselves in a climate ex-
tremely ungenial to the growth of pride.

The gay and fashionable will in many cases,
be the last to engage in this holy undertaking.
But let none be discouraged on that account.
Christ has seldom honoured the leaders of
worldly fashion, by appointing them leaders
in his cause. Fix it in your hearts, that in
this warfare, the Lord Jesus Christ expects
every woman to do her duty. There is prob-
ably not one in the humblest walks of life,
but would, on strict examination, find some
article which might be dispensed with for pur-
poses of charity, and ought to be dispensed

with, in compliance with the apostolic com-
mand.—Wait not, therefore, for the fash-
ionable to set an example; wait not for one an-
other; listen not to the news from the next
town, but let every individual go forward,
regardless of reproach, fearless of consequen-
ces. The eye of Christ is upon you. Death
is hastening to strip you of your ornaments,
and turf your fair forms into corruption and
dust. Many of those for whom this letter is
designed, will be laid in the grave, before it
can ever reach their eyes. We shall soon
appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to
be tried for our conduct, and to receive the
things done in the body. When placed be-
fore that awful bar, in the presence of that
Being, whose eyes are as a flame, and whose
irrevocable fiat will fix you forever in heaven
or hell, and mete out the measures of your
everlasting pleasures and pains, what course
will you wish you had taken? Will you then
wish, that in defiance of his authority, you
had adorned your mortal bodies with gold
and precious stones, and costly attire, cher-
ishing self-love, vanity and pride? Or will
you wish you had chosen a life of self-denial,
renounced the world, taken up the cross dai-
ly, and followed him? And as you will then
wish you had done, do now.

Dear sisters,
Your affectionate brother in Christ,
Maulmein, Oct. 1831. A. JUDSON.

TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA.
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

LEGEND OF THE ROSE OF THE AL-
HAMBRA.

"Among those who attended in the train of
the monarchs was a favourite page of the
queen, named Ruyz de Alarcón. To say
that he was a favourite page of the queen was
at once to speak his eulogium; for every one
in the suite of the stately Elizabeth was cho-
sen for grace and beauty, and accomplish-
ments. He was just turned of eighteen, light
and blithe of form, and graceful as a young
Antinous. To the queen he was all deference
and respect; yet he was at heart a ro-
guish stripling, petted and spoiled by the
ladies of the court, and experienced in the
ways of women far beyond his years. This
loitering page was one morning rambling a-
bout the groves of the Generalife, which o-
verlooked the grounds of the Alhambra. He
had taken with him, for his amusement, a fa-
vourite ger-falcon of the queen. In the course
of his rambles, seeing a bird rising from a
thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him
fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made
a sweep at his quarry, but missing it, soared
away, regardless of the calls of the page.—
The latter followed the truant bird with his
eye, in its capricious flight, until he saw it al-
ight upon the battlements of a remote and
lonely tower in the outer wall of the Alham-
bra, built on the edge of a ravine that sepa-
rated the royal fortress from the grounds of
the Generalife. It was, in fact, the tower of
the "Tower of the Princesses." The page
descended into the ravine and approached the
tower, but it had no entrance from the glen,
and its lofty height rendered any attempt to
scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates
of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide cir-
cuit to that side of the tower facing within
the walls. A small garden, enclosed by a
trellis work of reeds overhung with myrtle,
lay before the tower. Opening a wicket the
page passed between beds of flowers and
thickets of roses to the door. It was closed
and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him
a peep into the interior. There was a small
Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble
columns, and an alabaster fountain surround-
ed with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt
cage containing a single bird beneath it, on
a chair, lay a tortoise-shell cat, among reels
of silk and other articles of female labour,
and a guitar decorated with ribands, leaned
against the fountain. Ruyz de Alarcón was
struck with these traces of female taste and
elegance in a lonely, and, as he supposed,
deserted tower. They reminded him of the
tales of enchanted halls current in the Al-
hamra; and the tortoise-shell cat might be
some spell bound princess. He knocked gen-
tly at the door; a beautiful face peeped out
from a little window above, but was instan-
tly withdrawn. He waited, expecting that
the door would be opened, but he waited in
vain; no footstep was to be heard within—all
was silent. Had his senses deceived him, or
was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the
tower? He knocked again, and more loudly.
After a little while the beaming face once
more peeped forth; it was that of a blooming
damsel of fifteen. The page immediately
doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated,
in the most courteous accents, to be permitted
to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon.
"I dare not open the door, senor, replied the
little damsel, blushing; 'my aunt has forbid-
den it.' 'I do beseech you, fair maid; it is
the favourite falcon of the queen; I dare not
return to the palace without it.' Are you,
then, one of the cavaliers of the court?'—
"I am, fair maid; but I shall the queen's favour
and my place, if I lose this hawk.'—"Santa
Maria! my aunt has charged me especially to
bar the door."—"Against wicked cavaliers,
doubtless; but I am none of these but a sim-
ple, harmless page, who will be ruined and
undone if you deny me this request."
See Fourth page.

STATE OF MARYLAND, Co.
Orphans Court, for the County of
Anne Arundel.
Application by petition of John M. Welch
administrator, do- bonis—ad- of Sara
late of Anne Arundel county, decen-
sented that he file the petition requir-
ed for creditors to exhibit their claims
said deceased, and that the same
be filed once in each week, for the space
of six weeks, in one of the newspa-
pers published in Annapolis.
THOMAS T. SIMMONS,
Reg. Wille A. A. county.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
That the subscriber of Anne Arundel
County, hath obtained from the Orphans Court
of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters
of administration, do- bonis, ad- of Sara
late of Anne Arundel county, decen-
sented. All persons having claims against
said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit
the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the
subscriber, at or before the 12th day of De-
cember next, may otherwise by law be
discharged from all benefit of the said estate,
under my hand this 12th day of June
1832.
J. M. WELSH, Adm'r. D. B. N.
6w.

\$100 REWARD.
I have a runaway from the subscriber, on the 12th
inst. Negro man
BEN,
About 55 years of age, about 5 feet 5 or 6 in-
ch, tolerable bright mulatto, rather pleas-
ant, slow of speech, speaks low, and has
a look when spoken to, he has a small
black hair, about the size of a dollar, which
is peculiar.

was purchased of the estate of the late
John Johnson, in 1825, and as he was
a carriage driver, and has also been min-
istered pretty generally throughout the
State, and has a very general acquaintance
about Annapolis and Baltimore. He
doubt make his best way through these
places out of the State; his object we
think to be Pennsylvania. Its probable that
he has been furnished with a false pass, as he
has obtained them from an individual
neighbourhood within the last year.
clothing being various, cannot be cer-
tainly described, but will be found in part
to be roundabout, a mixed roundabout,
travelling to match, also possibly a Cam-
bridge, with a half worn black fur hat,
above reward will be given if taken 40
or more from my residence, and 50 d.
sewers, so that I get him again.
BASIL MULLIKIN,
Queen Anne's, P. George's Co. Md.
17.

Application to the Judges of Anne Arundel
County Court by petition, in writing, of Beale
Gaither, administrator, do- bonis, ad- of Beale
Gaither, late of Anne Arundel county, decen-
sented, stating that he is a creditor of the
said Gaither having satisfied the Court by com-
mission that he has resided two years within
the State of Maryland, immediately preceding
the said application, and the said Beale Gaither,
taken the oath by the said Act prescribed, for
lifting up his property, and given sufficient
security for his personal appearance at the Court
of Anne Arundel county, to answer such inter-
rogatories and allegations as may be made against
him, and having appointed Joshua Warfield, of Be-
nning, his trustee, who has given bond as such,
and from said Beale Gaither, a conveyance and
assignment of all his property real, personal and
mixed, is hereby ordered and adjudged, that the said
Gaither be discharged from his confinement,
and that he give notice to his creditors by causing
this order to be inserted in some newspaper
published in the city of Annapolis, once a week
for three months, before the fourth Monday of October
next, to appear before the said County Court, at the
house of said county, at ten o'clock in the fore-
noon of that day, for the purpose of recom-
mending for their benefit, and to show cause, if any
have, why the said Beale Gaither should not
benefit of the said act, and the supplements
thereon.
WILLIAM S. GREEN,
17.

FOR ANNAPOLIS,
BRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat MA-
RYLAND, will com-
mence her regular runs
for Annapolis, Cambridge
(by Castle Haven), and
Easton, on FRIDAY MORNING NEXT,
the 7th inst. at 7 o'clock, from her usual place
of departure, lower end Dugan's wharf, and con-
tinue to leave Baltimore on every Tuesday and
Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for the above
places throughout the season.
Passage to Castle Haven or Easton 32 1/2
cents.
B. All Baggage at the risk of the owner.
LEML. G. TAYLOR, Capt.
17.

WISH FOR NEGROES.
I WISH TO PURCHASE
THE MOST LIKELY NEGROES
Of both sexes,
from 12 to 25
years of age,
held hands,
also, mechanics,
of every de-
scription. Persons wishing to sell, will do
me a call, as I am determined to give
THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR SLAVES, than any
other purchaser who is now or will be hereafter in the
city. Any communication in writing, will
be promptly attended to. I can at all times
be seen at WILLIAMSON'S HOTEL, Annapolis.
RICHARD WILLIAMS,
July 5, 1832.