

HERE is at the Plantation of *Joseph Bur-*
giss, near *Rogue's Harbour*, in *Anne-Arundel*
 County, taken up as a Stray, a Sorrel Horse,
 about 15 Hands high, branded with something on
 the near Shoulder, but with what cannot be dis-
 cerned, and has a Star in his Forehead.
 The Owner may have him again, on proving
 his Property, and paying Charges.

HERE is in the Possession of *Thomas Norris*,
 in *Frederick County*, near *Pipe-Creek*, taken
 up as a Stray, a small black Mare, branded on
 the near Buttock with something like this 10.
 The Owner may have her again, on proving
 his Property, and paying Charges.

HERE is at the Plantation of *Mrs. Sarah*
Warfield, Relict of *Mr. Alexander Warfield*,
 at the Head of *Severn*, taken up as a Stray, by
 Capt. *John Sedgwick*, a yellow and white Heifer,
 about 3 Years old, marked with a Swallow Fork,
 and an upper Cut in the right Ear, and a Crop
 and a Slit, and an under Cut in the left Ear.
 The Owner may have her again, on proving
 his Property, and paying Charges.

To be Sold by the Subscriber, at his House near *Not-*
tingham, in *Prince-George's County*, for Bills of
 Exchange, Sterling Cash, Current Money, or Tobacco,

A CHOICE Parcel of young SLAVES,
 chiefly Country born, consisting of Men,
 Women and Children. Also his Household Furni-
 ture, and Stock of Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, and Horses.
 Any Person inclinable to purchase, may apply
 to *Mr. Hancock Lee*, at *Nottingham*, or *Mr. Charles*
Grahame, at *Lower-Marlborough*.
 WILLIAM POTTS.

THE Subscriber intending to wind up his
 Affairs as soon as possible, hereby gives
 Notice to all Persons indebted to him, by Bond,
 &c. to discharge the same immediately, or to
 secure the Payment in a short Time. He has his
 several valuable Seats of Land, which, with his
 Houses and Lots in *Annapolis*, he is willing to sell.
 Any Person inclinable to purchase, may apply
 to him for the Terms of Sale.
 CHARLES CARROLL.

TO BE SOLD,
 For Sterling Money, good Bills of Exchange, Gold
 Silver, or Paper Currency,

THE following Tracts and Parcels of Land,
 viz.

<i>Rover's Content</i> ,	466	} Acres.
Part of <i>The Inclosure</i> ,	89	
Part of <i>Goodluck</i> ,	445	
<i>Fife</i> ,	78	
<i>Beall's Chance</i> ,	290	
<i>Father's Gift</i> ,	183	
<i>Bread and Cheese Hall</i> ,	91	
<i>Copper</i> ,	113	
Part of <i>Layhill</i> ,	649	
<i>Beall's Reserve</i> ,	380	
<i>Drumeldry</i> ,	225	} Acres.

The Four last mentioned lie in *Beall's Neck*, in
Frederick County, not above twelve Miles from
Bladenburg, being a choice Parcel of fine Wood-
 Land.

Also 459 Acres of Land, being Part of a Tract
 called *Allison's Park*, lying likewise in *Frederick*
 County, on or near a Branch, called and known
 by the Name of *Captain John's Branch*.
 Any Person inclinable to purchase Part of the first
 mentioned seven Tracts, lying in *Prince George's*
 County, may have the Quantity desired, provided
 it be taken so as not to incommode the remaining
 Part, to render it unserviceable, or prejudice the
 Sale thereof; and likewise, any Part of the several
 Tracts, in *Frederick County*, in like Manner.
 The Title and Terms may be known, by ap-
 plying to the Subscriber, or to *Josias Beall*, junior,
 living on *Ackick*, near *Piscataway*, in *Prince-*
George's County. JOHN BEALL, junior.

N. B. Time will be given for the Payment of
 Part, on good Security, if required.

, at his Office in *Charles-street*;
 12 s. 6 d. per Year. ADVERTISE-
 ments the first Week, and One Shilling

THE
 MARYLAND GAZETTE,
 [Numb. 584.]

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, July 15, 1756.

From the RAMBLER.

Come, soon or late, Death's undetermin'd Day,
This mortal Being only can decay.

WELSTED.

IT seems to be the Fate of Man to seek all
 his Consolations in Futurity. The Time pre-
 sent is seldom able to fill Desire or Imagi-
 nation with immediate Enjoyment, and we
 are forced to supply its Deficiencies by Re-
 collection or Anticipation.

EVERY one has so often detected the Fallaciouf-
 ness of Hope, and the Inconvenience of teaching
 himself to expect what a Thousand Accidents may
 preclude, that, when Time has abated the Confi-
 dence with which Youth rushes out to take Pos-
 session of the World, we endeavour, or wish, to find
 Entertainment in the Review of Life, and to re-
 pose upon real Facts, and certain Experience.
 This is perhaps one Reason among many, why
 Age delights in Narratives.

BUT so full is the World of Calamity, that
 every Source of Pleasure is polluted, and every
 Retirement of Tranquility disturbed. When Time
 has supplied us with Events sufficient to employ
 our Thoughts, it has mingled them with so many
 Disasters, that we shrink from their Remembrance,
 dread their Intrusion upon our Minds, and fly
 from them to Company and Diversions.

No Man past the middle Point of Life can fit
 down to Feast upon the Pleasures of Youth with-
 out finding the Banquet imbibed by the Cup of
 Sorrow. Many Days of harmless Frolick, or
 Nights of honest Festivity will perhaps recur; he
 may revive lucky Accidents, and pleasing Extra-
 vagancies; or, if he has been engaged in Scenes
 of Action, and acquainted with Affairs of Diffi-
 culty and Vicissitudes of Fortune, may enjoy the
 nobler Pleasure of looking back upon Distress
 firmly supported, Danger resolutely encountered,
 and Opposition artfully defeated. *Æneas* properly
 comforts his Companions, when after the Hor-
 rors of a Storm they have landed on an unknown
 and desolate Country, with the Hope that their
 Miseries will be at some distant Time recounted
 with Delight. There are few higher Gratifications
 than that of Reflection on surmounted Evils, when
 they were not incurred nor protracted by our
 Fault, and neither reproached us with Cowardice,
 nor Guilt.

BUT this Felicity is almost always abated by
 the Reflection, that they, with whom we should be
 most pleased to share it, are now in the Grave.
 A few Years make such Havock in human Gener-
 ations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of
 those with whom we entered the World, and whom
 the Participation of Pleasures or Fatigues endeared
 to our Remembrance. The Man of Enterprize,
 recounts his Adventures and Expedients, but is
 forced at the close of the Relation to pay a Sigh
 to the Names of those that contributed to his
 Success; he that passes his Life among the gayer
 Part of Mankind, has quickly his Remembrance
 stored with Remarks and Repartees of Wits, whose
 Sprightliness and Merriment are now lost in per-
 petual Silence; the Trader whose Industry has
 supplied the Want of Inheritance, when he sits
 down to enjoy his Fortune, repines in solitary
 Plenty at the Absence of Companions with whom
 he had planned out Amusements for his latter
 Years; and the Scholar, whose Merit, after a long
 Series of Efforts raises him from Obscurity, looks
 round in vain from his Exaltation for his old
 Friends or Enemies, whose Applause or Morti-
 fication would heighten his Triumph.

AMONG *Martial's* Requisites to Happiness is,
Res non parva labore sed relictâ, an Estate not gained
 by Industry but left by Inheritance. It is necessary
 to the Completion of every Good, that it be time-
 ly obtained, for whatever comes at the close of

Life, will come too late to give much Delight.
 Yet all human Happiness, has its Imperfections.
 Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only
 a faint and imperfect Fruition, because we cannot
 compare the Difference between Want and Pos-
 session, or at least can derive from it no Conviction
 of our own Abilities, nor any Increase of Self-
 Esteem; what we acquire by Bravery or Science,
 by mental or corporeal Diligence, comes at last
 when we cannot communicate, and therefore can-
 not enjoy it.

THUS every Period of Life is obliged to bor-
 row its Happiness from the Time to come. In
 Youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in
 Age, we derive little from Retrospect but hopeless
 Sorrow. Yet the Future likewise has its Limits,
 which the Imagination dreads to approach, but
 which we know to be not far distant. The Loss of
 our Friends and Companions, impresses hourly
 upon us the Necessity of our own Departure: We
 know that the Schemes of Man are quickly at an
 end, that we must soon lie down in the Grave with
 the forgotten Multitudes of former Ages, and
 yield our Place to others, who, like us, shall be
 driven awhile by Hope or Fear about the Surface
 of the Earth, and then like us be lost in the Shades
 of Death.

BEYOND this Termination of our corporeal
 Existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our
 Hopes, and almost every Man indulges his Imagi-
 nation with something, which is not to happen
 till he has changed his Manner of Existence: Some
 amuse themselves with Entails and Settlements,
 provide for the Increase and Perpetuation of Fam-
 ilies and Honours, or contrive to obviate the
 Dissipation of the Fortunes, which it has been their
 Business to accumulate: Others more refined or
 exalted congratulate their own Hearts upon the
 future Extent of their Reputation, the Reverence of
 distant Nations, and the Gratitude of unprejudiced
 Posterity.

THEY whose Souls are so chained down to
 Coffers and Tenements, that they cannot conceive
 a State in which they shall look upon them with
 less Solicitude, are seldom attentive to Remon-
 strance, or flexible to Arguments; but the Voraries
 of Fame are capable of Reflection, and, there-
 fore, may be fitly called to reconsider the Prob-
 ability of their Expectations.

WHETHER to be remembered in remote
 Times be worthy of a wise Man's Wish, has not
 yet been satisfactorily decided, and indeed, to be
 long remembered, can happen to so small a Num-
 ber, that the Bulk of Mankind has very little
 Interest in the Question. There is never room in
 the World for more than a certain Quantity, or
 Measure of Renown. The necessary Business of
 Life, the immediate Pleasures or Pains of every
 Condition, leave us not Leisure beyond a fixed
 Proportion for Contemplations which do not for-
 cibly Influence our present Welfare. When this
 Vacuity is filled no Characters can be admitted into
 the Circulation of Fame, but by occupying the
 Place of some that must be thrust into Oblivion.
 The Eye of the Mind, like that of the Body, can
 only extend its View to new Objects, by losing
 Sight of those which are now before it.

REPUTATION is therefore a Meteor which
 blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we
 except a few transcendent and invincible Names,
 which no Revolutions of Opinion or Length of
 Time is able to suppress; all those that engage
 our Thoughts, or diversify our Conversation, are
 every Moment hastening to Obscurity, as new Fa-
 vourites are adopted by Fashion.

IT is not therefore from this World that any
 Ray of Comfort can proceed, to cheer the Gloom
 of the last Hour. But Futurity has still its Pros-
 pects; there is yet Happiness in Reserve, which,
 if we transfer our Attention to it, will support us
 in the Pains of Disease, and the Languor of Decay.

This Happiness we may expect with Confidence,
 because it is out of the Power of Chance, and
 may be attained by all that sincerely desire and
 earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every Mind
 ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief Blessing of
 Man, and that Hope only is rational, of which
 we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

From the CONNOISSEUR,

MR. *Fitzworm*, a Correspondent of *Mr. Town's*,
 after ridiculing Heraldry, and the Boasts of
 Ancestry, says, "The Pride of Ancestry, and
 the Desire of continuing our Lineage, when they
 tend to an Incitement of virtuous and noble Ac-
 tions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should per-
 haps have indulged myself in the pleasing Reflec-
 tion, had not a particular Story in a French
 Novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all
 vain Glories that can possibly be deduced from a
 long Race of Progenitors.

A Nobleman of an ancient House, of very high
 Rank, and great Fortune, says the Novelist, died
 suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at
 Purgatory, was sent down immediately into Hell.
 He had not been long there, before he met
 with his Coachman *Thomas*, who, like his noble
 Master, was gnashing his Teeth among the Dam-
 ned. *Thomas*, surprized to behold his Lordship
 amidst the Sharpers, Thieves, Pickpockets, and
 all the Canaille of Hell, started and cried out in a
 Tone of Admiration, *Is it possible that I see my late*
Master among Lucifer's Tribe of Beggars, Rogues,
and Pilferers? How much am I astonished to find
your Lordship in this Place? Your Lordship, whose
Generosity was so great, whose affluent Housekeeping
drew such Crowds of Nobility, Gentry, and Friends
to your Table, and within your Gates, and whose fine
Taste employed such Numbers of Poor in your Gardens,
by building Temples and Obelisks, and by forming Lakes
of Water, that seemed to vie with the largest Oceans
of the Creation. Pray, my Lord, if I may be so bold,
what Crime has brought your Lordship into this cursed
Assembly?—Ah, Thomas, replied his Lordship
with his usual Condescension, I have been sent
hither for having defrauded my Royal Master, and
cheating the Widows and Fatherless, solely to enrich,
and purchase Titles, Honours and Estates, for that un-
grateful Rascal my only Son. But prithee, Thomas,
tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, care-
ful, sober Servant, what brought thee hither? Alas!
my noble Lord, replied Thomas, I was sent hither
for begetting that Son."

Mr. TOWN adds,

I must agree with my Correspondent, that the
 Study of Heraldry is at present in very little Re-
 pute among us; and our Nobility are more anxious
 about preserving the Genealogy of their Houses,
 than of their own Family. Whatever Value their
 Progenitors may have formerly set upon their
 Blood, it is now found to be of no Value, when
 put into the Scale and weighed against solid Ple-
 beian Gold: Nor would the most illustrious Des-
 cendant from *Cadwallader*, or the *Irish Kings*,
 scruple to debase his Lineage by an Alliance with
 the Daughter of a City-plumb, tho' all her An-
 cestors were Yeomen, and none of her Family
 ever bore Arms. Titles of Quality, when the
 Owners have no other Merit to recommend them,
 are of no more Estimation, than those which the
 Courtesy of the Vulgar have bestowed on the De-
 formed: And when I look over a long Tree of
 Descent, I sometimes fancy I can discover the real
 Characters of Sharpers, Reprobates, and Plun-
 derers of their Country, concealed under the
 Titles of Dukes, Earls, and Viscounts.

It is well known, that the very Servants, in the
 Absence of their Masters, assume the same Titles;
 and