

the 15th of this Instant Decemr
 the Subscriber, living near the
 works, in Maryland, a Convict
 and John Raitt, about 25 Years
 old Fellow, about 5 Feet high
 with the Small Pox, was born
 short brown Hair. He is sup-
 posed to have stolen a Boat from Baltimore
 the Sailor's Pea-Jacket, and
 one Pair of old Petticoat
 and torn, good Shoes, two
 Stockings, a new Felt Hat, an
 old Coat, an old Osabrighs Shirt,
 Cloth Breeches.
 the said Servant, so that his
 him again, shall have Three
 if taken in Little-Crook or
 supported he has made for
 30 Miles from home, Two
 able Travelling Charges
 by THOMAS GRAYSON.

December 6, 1758.
 a Bladenburg last Sunday Morn-
 Bay Horse, about 14½ Hands
 four black Legs, a Switch
 and paces naturally.
 the said Horse to Mr. Tho-
 the Subscriber, in Bladenburg,
 Shillings Reward.
 DANIEL STEPHENSON.

the Subscriber's Plantation, in
 County, Four Steers, 2 or 3
 on the Buttocks 'B T', but
 may be also marked in the East
 same Place, a Heifer branded
 Information, so as that the
 got again, shall receive Ten
 or each.
 B. TASKER, junior.

Day of May next, the Subscri-
 be Highest Bidder, at the House
 Brown, at London-Town,

Acres of LAND, lying very
 near, the Land being Part of
 William Prele, late of said Town,
 enquire of the Subscribers.
 MRS MOGAT,
 MRS DICK,
 MRS NICHOLSON, } Executors

HIGHEST BIDDER,
 OWN, Kent County, for Bills
 after Currency, on Tuesday the
 next, being the first Day of

E. or TENEMENT, called
 DE, commodiously situated in
 Chester River, for the Grain
 and Queen Anne's, being about
 Creek on Delaware, 8 Miles
 from the Head of the River,
 consists of a good Dwelling-House
 and Brick Store-House with a
 Barn, and other Out-Houses,
 garden, and about 18 Acres of
 very good Fence. The Land-
 lord, where a Vessel of 2000
 come and load,
 may be viewed at any Time
 by applying to Mr. John Eccleston
 or on Record from the late
 Owners, Esquires.
 H. CALLISTER.

at the PRINTING
 with this GA-
 taken in and inserted
 for long Advertisc-

T H B [Numb. 713.]

M A R Y L A N D G A Z E T T E,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

T H U R S D A Y, J a n u a r y 4, 1 7 5 9.

THE WORLD. [N^o. 143.]

I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with Gratitude and Praise to the CREATOR of my Being, for having formed me of a Disposition that throws off every Particle of Spleen, and either directs my Attention to Objects of Cheerfulness and Joy, or enables me to look upon their Contraries, as I do on Shades in a Picture, which add Force to the Lights, and Beauty to the Whole. With this Happiness of Constitution, I can behold the Luxury of the Times, as giving Food and Cloathing to the Hungry and the Naked, extending our Commerce, and promoting and encouraging the Liberal Arts. I can look upon the Horrors of War, as productive of the Blessings and Enjoyments of Peace; and upon the Miseries of Mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful Heart that my own Lot has been more favourable.

THERE is a Passage in that truly original Poem, called THE SPLEEN, which pleases me more than almost any Thing I have read. The Passage is this:

*Happy the Man, who, innocent,
 Grieves not at Ills, he can't prevent;
 His Skiff does with the Current glide,
 Not puffing pall'd against the Tide:
 He, paddling by the scuffling Crowd,
 Sees, unconcern'd, Life's Wager row'd,
 And when he can't prevent foul Play,
 Enjoys the Follies of the Fray.*

THE laughing Philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible Character than the weeping one: But before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the Follies of Mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their Service, it becomes me to administer every Thing in my Power to relieve or cure them. For this Purpose I shall here lay before my Readers some loose Hints on a Subject, which will, I hope, excite their Attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the Heart those malignant and sullen Humours, which destroy the Harmony of social Life.

If we make Observations on human Nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the Uneasiness of Mankind owe their Rise to Inactivity or Idleness of Body or Mind. A free and brisk Circulation of the Blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating Ease and Good-Humour; and is the only Means of securing us from a restless Train of idle Thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthen some to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

PROVIDENCE has therefore wisely provided for the Generality of Mankind, by compelling them to use that Labour, which not only procures them the Necessaries of Life, but Peace and Health, to enjoy them with Delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest Part of Mankind should be obliged to earn their Bread by Labour, from the ill Use that it almost universally made of those Riches which exempt Men from it. Even the Advantages of the best Education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the Limits of Reason and Moderation. How hard do the very best of Men find it, to force upon themselves that Abstinence or Labour, which the Narrowness of their Circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the Advantages of Wealth and Leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to Mankind? What Numbers do we daily see of such Persons, either rioting in Luxury, or sleeping in Sloth, for one who makes a proper Use of the Advantages which Riches give for the Improvement of himself, or the Happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their Abuse of the Blessings of Life, are given up to perpetual Uneasiness of Mind, and to the greatest Agonies of bodily Pain?

WHOEVER seriously considers this Point, will discover that Riches are by no Means such certain Blessings as the Poor imagine them to be: On the contrary, he will perceive that the common Labours and Employments of Life are much better suited to the Majority of Mankind, than Prosperity and Abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful Sentence which the CREATOR passed on Man for his Disobedience, *By the Sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat thy Bread*; for to the Punishment itself he stands indebted for Health, Strength, and all the Enjoyments of Life. Tho' the first Paradise was forfeited for his Transgression, yet by the Penalty inflicted for that Transgression, the Earth is made into a Paradise again, in the beautiful Fields, and Gardens which we daily see produced by the Labour of Man. And though the Ground was pronounced cursed for his Disobedience, yet is that Curse so ordered, as to be the Punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who by Intemperance or Sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

EVEN from the Wants and Weaknesses of Mankind, are the Bands of mutual Support and Affection derived. The Necessities of each, which no Man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the Benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own Advantage, he is promoting the universal Good of all around him.

HEALTH is the Blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the Multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper Rate than it is to be obtained. The Continuance of it is only to be secured by Exercise or Labour. But the Misfortune is, that the Poor are too apt to overlook their own Enjoyments, and to view with Envy the Ease and Affluence of their Superiors, not considering that the usual Attendants upon great Fortunes are Anxiety and Disease.

If it be true, that those Persons are the happiest, who have the fewest Wants, the rich Man is more the Object of Compassion than Envy. However moderate his Inclinations may be, the Custom of the World lays him under a Kind of Necessity of living up to his Fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless Train of Servants; his Appetite must be palled with Plenty, and his Peace invaded by Crowds. He must give up the Pleasures and Endearments of domestic Life, to be the Slave of Party and Faction. Or if the Goodness of his Heart should incline him to Acts of Humanity and Benevolence, he will have the frequent Mortification of seeing his Charities ill bestowed, and by his Inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more Enemies by his Refusals, than Friends by his Benefactions. If we add to these Considerations a Truth, which I believe few Persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest Fortunes, by adding to the Wants of their Possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of Men, we shall find Greatness and Happiness to be at a wide Distance from one another. If we carry our Enquiries still higher, if we examine into the State of a King, and even enthroned him, like our own, in the Hearts of his People; if the Life of a Father be a Life of Care and Anxiety, to be the Father of a People is a Pre-eminence to be honored, but not envied.

The Happiness of Life is, I believe, generally to be found in those Stations, which neither totally subject Men to Labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the Parent of Disquietude, Ambition of Disappointment, and Riches of Dis-ease.

I WILL conclude these Reflections with the following Fable.

"LABOUR, the Offspring of WANT, and the Mother of HEALTH and CONTENTMENT, lived with her two Daughters in a little Cottage by the Side of a Hill, at a great Distance from Town. They were totally unacquainted with

the Great, and had kept no better Company than the neighbouring Villagers: But having a Desire of seeing the World, they forsook their Companions and Habitation, and determined to travel. LABOUR went soberly along the Road, with HEALTH on her right Hand, who by the Sprightliness of her Conversation, and Songs of Cheerfulness and Joy, softened the Toils of the Way; while CONTENTMENT went smiling on the Left, supporting the Steps of her Mother, and by her perpetual Good-Humour, encreasing the Vivacity of her Sister.

IN this Manner they travelled over Forests, and through Towns and Villages, till at last they arrived at the Capital of the Kingdom. At their Entrance into the great City, the Mother conjured her Daughters never to lose Sight of her; for it was the Will of Jupiter, she said, that their Separation should be attended with the utter Ruin of all three. But HEALTH was of too gay a Disposition to regard the Counsels of LABOUR: She suffered herself to be debauched by INTemperance, and at last died in Child-Birth of DISEASE. CONTENTMENT, in the Absence of her Sister, gave herself up to the Enticements of SLOTH, and was never heard of after: While LABOUR, who could have no Enjoyment without her Daughters, went every where in Search of them, till she was at last seized by LASSITUDE in her Way, and died in Misery."

In the SCOTS MAGAZINE for August, 1758, is the following List of Deaths, viz.

JULY 28.

AT Venice, aged 90, the Princess Victoria Barbarigo, Dowager of John Baptist Rezzonico, Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and Patrician of Venice, and Mother of the new Pope.

August 1. At Conche, a Village in the Diocese of Mende, France, aged near 119, Floretta Roux, Widow of James Guien, who died last Year at the Age of 114. They were married soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, lived together 70 Years, and had 18 Children, of which 14 are alive. Guien distinguished himself among the French Rebels, known by the Name of Camissars. He first attached himself to Joannen, and fought under him at the Battle of Chandamerge. He afterwards quitted Joannen, and followed Roland; who having a good Opinion of his Talents, gave him the Command of fifty Men. He was with Roland at Fontmort, where the Regiment of Champagne was so roughly handled; and also accompanied him to M. Villars, with whom he advised him to make his Peace separately.

At Meath, in Ireland, aged 114, Patrick O'Brien, a Carpenter. He followed that Business as a Journeyman till within two Years of his Death, and would frequently walk a Mile or two to his Work, and perform it as well as most Men. He had the Appearance of a Man not above 60 till the Day of his Death; and made it a Maxim, never to lie in a Feather-Bed, or after the Sun was up; nor to wear his Waistcoat buttoned, Summer or Winter; nor to make more than one Draught of Beer, or Whiskey, if he could get it.

At Artas, in the Diocese of Vicine, France, in the 108th Year of his Age, M^r. Roblon, Minister of that Parish. He had been Minister there near Eighty Years. All his Parishioners were born in his Time, and all of them except one baptized by him. He performed Mass till within two Days of his Death, was perfectly sensible to the last, and thought so little of being near 100, that he had ordered his Winter-Cloaths to be mended. His Death was not preceded by any Illness. He has left all he had to the Poor, and charged his Successor to distribute it chiefly among the Sick. There