

TO BE SOLD, ONE Hundred Acres of Land near Lisgow, in Frederick County, called SPARROW'S REQUEST, whereon some Improvements are made, and Capt. David Davis now Lives. For Terms apply to the Subscriber at Mr. GREEN'S, in Annapolis. THOMAS SPARROW.

MR. CHARLES WALLACE having given me up his Business of STAY-MAKING, and furnished me with a complete Assortment of GOODS for carrying it on; I hereby give Notice to his Customers and Others, who shall please to Employ me, That their Orders for STAYS will be Executed in the best Manner; and as the Business cannot be carried on but at a great Expence, I hope they will always contrive me the Money as soon as possible, after receiving the Stays, as I shall allow a considerable Abatement in the Price, for prompt Pay, or Three Months Credit. JOSEPH FOARD.

ALL Persons who are Indebted to Laurence Spencer, Esq; of Liverpool, for Dealings either with Himself, or with his late Factors in Maryland, are desired to pay their respective Balances to the Subscriber, who is properly authorized to receive the same.

It is hoped that such Persons as can pay directly, will, from a Consideration of the long Indulgence they already have had, make a Point of doing it. And those whose Circumstances are such as to require still some further Time, must (if they chuse to avoid being Seized and Warranted) come to the Subscriber at Piscataway, and settle their Accounts to his Satisfaction, otherwise they may depend on Severity being used.

I have remaining on Hand for Sale, Fifteen Crates of Flint Stone Ware, consisting of Dishes and Plates, Tea Ware, Mugs, Bowls, &c. &c. Four Tierces of Bottled Beer, about Ten Hundred Weight of British Refined Sugar, from 15d. to 2/6 per Pound, and 20 Dozen of Mens Leather and Womens Stuff Shoes, neat and fashionable; which I will sell at a reasonable Rate, for Cash or Tobacco. W. SYDEBOTHAM.

RAN away about the Middle of September last, from the Subscriber's Plantation beyond Elk Ridge, a Country-born Mulatto Fellow called Jack; he lived several Years on Poplar Island, he is known to most People who have used the Bay; he is about 5 Feet 10 Inches high, has a long crooked Nose, one of his Hands has been burned by Gunpowder, he is much given to Liquor, and when Drunk is very talkative and quarrelsome; he was seen at Mr. Blake's Quarter about 8 Weeks ago, where he told them he was going towards Chesapeake, and should pass for a Freeman.

Whoever takes up the said Slave, and delivers him to the Subscriber, shall receive Five Pounds Reward. All Skippers, and Masters of Vessels, are forewarned carrying him off at their Peril; and in Case he should be carried off, any Person giving Information thereof, shall, upon Conviction of the Offender, receive THIRTY POUNDS Reward. CHA. CARROLL.

RAN away from the Subscribers, in the City of Annapolis, on Sunday the 21st Day of October last, a Convict Servant Man named John Clark, a Blacksmith by Trade, born in the West of England, much pitted with the Small-Pox, and as a large Sore on his Right Leg, which occasions him to be lame, and his Leg much swell'd; he is about 5 Feet 9 Inches high, round shoulder'd and hoops in his Walk, is a lusty Fellow, and wears his own Hair, which is black and curls, full faced, and black Eyes; he is about 27 Years of Age, and on when he went away, a new Felt Hat, white Shirt, blue Fearnought Jacket, and light colour'd Cloth Under-Jacket, a Pair of new Buck-in Breeches, black Worsted Stockings, and a Pair of grey Yarn ditto, and Country made Shoes; as he is an artful Villain, he may have procured other Cloathing. It is supposed he went away in Company with a free Woman, who served her Time with Dr. John Steevens in Baltimore, and perhaps they may pass for Man & Wife. Whoever secures the said Servant, so that he may be had again, shall receive TEN POUNDS Reward, paid by ISAAC HARRIS, JONATHAN PIRKNEY.

in Charles-Street. All Persons WANTED for Advertisements of a moderate And Long Ones in Proportion.

THE following excellent Letter, from Lord Wharton, to K. WILLIAM III, of glorious Memory, is taken from a late LONDON Paper, with the Introduction, and we think cannot be unacceptable to our Readers.

Magnum quidem illud seculo dedecus, magnum reipublice vulnus impressum est: imperator et patris generis humani, obsessus, captus, inclusus. PLYN. PANEGYR.

IT has been a Complaint, we find, in former Ages, that Princes were immured in their own Palaces, beset with Spies upon their Words and Actions, and Truth was debarred Access to them with as strict Prevention as if it were a dangerous and downright Assassin. This close Imprisonment and Argus-caution, has been practised, at some Periods, so Successfully, that not a Whisper, much less any written Information, could steal into the enchanted Castle, that was not qualified with a Certificate of Safety, and had not first received the Passport of the Fairy-Minister: But in the Time of our great Deliverer, King William, whether this Magic Art had not arrived here to its utmost Perfection, or that the Prince himself was too high-spirited to brook being made the Prisoner and mere Echo of his Servants, I meet with an extraordinary and curious Letter, delivered or sent to him by the Earl of Wharton, in the Year 1689. As it is written with a truly English Spirit and Freedom, I wish, in Honour to the Memory of the noble Author, you would print some Extracts from it; which I will give you faithfully in his own Words.

To the KING;

SIR;

BEING a Protestant, a true Englishman, and one that wishes to see your Majesty happy and glorious, as a Reward for the Protection you gave to our Religion and Laws, in driving out a Tyrant who endeavoured to destroy both, I think it my Duty to lay before you the desperate Condition you are brought into, by the Flatterers, Knaves, and Villains, you have the Misfortune to employ.

You will forgive my speaking plainly, since both your own State and the Nation's require it; for if you do not, without Delay, wholly change your Conduct, you are inevitably lost and undone.

You have lost the Hearts of a great Part of your People: Your Court and your Councils are filled and guided by such Men as most of all seek your Ruin.

These sad Truths are visible to the whole World; and I wish it were as easy to propose a Remedy, as to know the Disease.

It would be an endless Work to lay before you all the particular Miscarriages and Misfortunes; yet will I mark out some of the Principal, which seem to have caused so great a Change in your Affairs.

Many of King James's Friends, and Others, known Enemies to the Laws and Government of England, were received into your Councils, and promoted to Places of greatest Trust. This was thought a Fatality upon your Majesty, that you should pick out the most obnoxious Men of all England for your Ministers, when the Declaration you published at your coming over was principally against evil Ministers, and that you made Mal-Administration the chief Ground to

justify your taking Arms. If you did not come over to repair the Breaches, that were made in our Laws and Constitution, what can you urge but Force, to justify what you have done, which would destroy the Glory of your Enterprize? We have made you King, as the greatest Return we could make for so great a Blessing, taking this to be your Design; and, if you intend to govern like an honest Man, what Occasion can you have for Knaves to serve you? Can the same Men, who contrived and wrought our Ruin, be fit Instruments for our Salvation? Or with what Honour can you employ those against whom you drew your Sword?

We have the Charity to believe, that this one false Step hath occasioned all the Rest; and that, mistaking your Men, you have been misled in your Measures. We are willing to lay all Faults at their Doors, if your Majesty will not protect them, and take all upon yourself. This is a Rock, we hope, you will avoid; for it hath been fatal to several Kings of England.

What, or who, but such Men, could have rendered your Majesty suspected to your People?—Those who, Twelve Months since, would have poured out their Heart's Blood to serve you, have sacrificed their Fortunes, and all the Hopes of their Families, for your Sake, do now grudge every Penny that is given for the necessary Defence of your Government; and repent their too forward Zeal for a Man who despises his best and only true Friends; and mistakes the Way to advance both his own and the People's Interest and Glory.

I will say no more on this sad Subject, nor accuse or name particular Persons, whose villainous Counsels have almost ruined you and us, lest I may be thought an Enemy to their Persons rather than their Counsels. Can you think, Sir, that any of those Men, who have served King James in all his Interests, with all their Hearts and Might, could be such Villains as to leave him, but they saw it absolutely necessary for their own Safety, not Love for you; and, doubtless, they have so much Honour and Gratitude as to betray you to him, whenever they can. No Man of Reason will ever think otherwise of them.

Can they be your Friends, who have recommended Persons to most Employments that hate you and your Government, and can never be faithful to you? And, where they could not put in all such, as in some of the great Commissions, yet have they prevailed for at least one or two of their Friends, who delay and entangle your Business, and make it impossible for the Rest to serve you as they ought, let them design it ever so sincerely. By the Means of those Men, your Enemies never want Intelligence how all your Business goes every where.

Almost all their Imps are as bad as they, and many in your own Family of the same Stamp. Some of those who daily serve you with every Bit you eat, and every Drop you drink, may Poison you.

Though it seems strange, that any Man should have the Impudence to recommend such Persons to your Majesty; yet we cease to wonder, when we see the Corruption of your Court and Ministers: The whole Town is filled with infamous Stories, how they sell Employments, &c.

At this Conjunction you ought certainly to trust none but such as you can entirely confide in; such alone, whose Integrity is known to the World; whose Principles have brought them to your Service and Interest;

and whose Safety and Welfare is bound up with yours: Not such who would be in the same Post, or better, should King James be re-established, and have betrayed you to him ever since you have employed them.

The SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION.

A TALE. By R. LLOYD, M. A.

THE very silliest Things in Life, Create the most material Strife. What scarce will suffer a Debate, Will oft produce the bitterest Hate.

IT is, you say—I say 'TIS NOT. —Why you grow Warm—and I am Hot. Thus each alike with Passion glows, And Words come first, and after, Blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear, Some Fifteen Pounds, or more, a Year, And Rented, on the Farming plan, Grounds on much greater Sumis per Ann.

A man of consequence, no doubt, 'Mongst all his Neighbours round about: He was of frank and open Mind, Too Honest to be much refin'd, Would smoke his Pipe and tell his Tale, Sing a good Song and Drink his Ale.

His Wife was of another mould; Her age was neither Young nor Old; Her Features strong, but somewhat plain; Her Air not bad, but rather vain; Her Temper neither new nor strange, A WOMAN'S, very apt to change; What she most hated was Conviction, What she most lov'd flat Contradiction.

A charming Housewife ne'ertheless; —Tell me a thing she could not dress, Soups, Hashes, Pickles, Puddings, Pies, Nought came amiss—she was so wise.

For she, bred Twenty Miles from Town, Had brought a World of Breeding down, And Cumberland had seldom seen A Farmer's Wife with such a Mein; She could not bear the Sound of Dame; —No—Mistress Jerkin was her Name.

She could Harangue with wondrous Grace, On Gowns and Mobs, and Caps and Lace; But though she ne'er adorn'd his Brows, She had a vast Contempt for Spouse, As being one who took no pride, And was a deal too Country'd.

Such were our Couple Man and Wife; Such were their Means and Ways of Life. Once on a Time, the Season fair, For Exercise and cheerful Air, It happen'd in his Morning's Roam He kill'd his Birds, and brought them home.

—Here, Cicely, take away my Gun— "How shall we have these STARLINGS done?"

—Done? what my Love? Your Wits are wild; Starlings, my Dear; they're Thrushes, Child. Nay now but look, consider Wife, "They're STARLINGS"—No upon my Life: Sure I can judge as well as you, I know a Thrush and Starling too.

"Who was it Shot them, you or I?" "They're Starlings"—Thrushes—"Zounds, you lie."

Pray, Sir, take back your dirty Word, I scorn your Language as your Bird; It ought to make a Husband Blush, To treat a Wife so 'bout a Thrush. "Thrush, CICELY!"—Yes—'Tis a Starling—No.

The Lie again, and then a Blow, Blows carry strong and quick Conviction, And mar the Powers of Contradiction. Peace