

THE SONG OF THE MAN IN THE MOON
 Round the globe I took my way,
 O'er Britain's isle my passage lay,
 Britain, who in the days of yore,
 Gave laws by sea from shore to shore.
 All hail, I said, thou happy land,
 Whom heav'n has rais'd to high command;
 Thy wooden worlds command the main,
 Thy merchants plow the sea for gain.
 In east and west thy sails are furled,
 From India to the western world;
 The riches of the neighbouring states
 On thee for trade and commerce waits.
 Happy, thrice happy land, I cry'd,
 Favour'd of heav'n, by states envy'd.
 Thus as I pass the itary frame,
 I echo'd forth Great-Britain's name,
 Invok'd the muse that sweetly sings
 The rite of empires, fall-of-kings.
 But while I thus Great-Britain prais'd,
 Behold a banner strait was rais'd.
 High o'er the land the streamers flew;
 Which quickly my attention drew.
 Sure this is Lucifer, I cry'd,
 Who fell from heaven for his pride.
 Him, long before, great Milton said,
 Ope third of heav'n's sons betray'd;
 Which he in Britain has out-gone,
 And gain'd two thirds instead of one.
 He strait soft whispers did convey
 Unto the man that bare the sway:
 I in this land am fully bent
 To make thee rule omnipotent.
 Then rise, great prince, assert thy right,
 Thy trumpet sound, proclaim thy might;
 Remember I to thee have said
 All mortals were for princes made.
 Thy frowns shall awe this trembling isle,
 And justice truckle for a smile.
 Should truth or justice thee confine,
 Behold the western world is thine.
 O'er the Atlantic I read thy sails,
 Commit them to the eastern gales;
 O'er Neptune's main send them away
 To punish bold America;
 Who dare t' insult thy dignity,
 In claiming of their liberty.
 Then rise like to some demi-god,
 Chastise them with thy iron rod.
 And to that purpose I intend
 Far in the north to raise a friend,
 And him by Mammon will inspire
 To kindle in this realm a fire,
 Whose blaze shall reach the western shore,
 Those rebels to consume; therefore
 Give up to him thy golden key,
 And let him rule thy treasury.
 No doubt he will it so apply,
 That many friends with it he'll buy,
 Who in conjunction all shall meet
 To bring those rebels to thy feet.
 Mammon, my chief, shall go before,
 Whom they do worship and adore,
 Aided by Pride, my only son,
 Begat when I my reign begun.
 He'll raise their minds above the sense
 Of justice, truth, or innocence;
 Those names, from which I once have fell,
 No more with him or me can dwell.
 Behold two thirds already won
 By Mammon and my only son;
 All deaf to reason and true sense,
 And only cry omnipotence.
 Doubt not, great prince, for on thy side
 Myself and Mammon, and son Pride,
 Will, with thy forces, speed away,
 To punish bold America;
 Because, poor fools, they are so bold
 The laws and customs for to hold,
 As if such laws should bind thy hands,
 As when thy grandfire rul'd the lands.
 For he, good man, as they did hear,
 To law and justice lent an ear,
 And let the people live too free,
 Which must not be a rule to thee.
 If thou intend'st with me to join,
 And make thy glory equal mine,
 Old justice, truth, and law must fall,
 Thy will be counted all in all.
 The plot discover'd, forth I led,
 And round America I sped;
 My muse fell sick, my lyre spent,
 No more could Britain's glory vent:
 When moving on my milky way,
 I came to brave America,
 My muse recover'd, wak'd my lyre,
 And kindled fresh poetic fire.
 I sang the praises of the fates,
 That rais'd the brave United States.
 To such a pitch of glory free,
 And much admir'd their unity.
 Amidst the storms of mighty foes,
 Kind Providence did interpose,
 To bring them, as from Egypt's land,
 A growing empire to command;
 Where truth and justice long may reign,
 If you from pride and lust refrain.
 Then will I sing, while years do roll,
 If justice rules from pole to pole,
 Rejoicing o'er this fruitful soil,
 And Providence will on it smile.
 But oh! I fear for many states,
 Where Pride and Mammon on them waits,
 Those who by Lucifer are sent
 To help to form a government,
 That union, which has been your boast,
 In time to come may yet be lost.
 If Mammon your attention draws,
 To make him giver of your laws,
 The child unborn may yet repent
 That e'er you had such members sent.
 Offspring of those now at the top,
 In time may to the bottom drop.
 Then where's our freedom, they may cry,
 Where is our boasted liberty.

Our fathers taught and shed their blood,
 And thought it was for our good;
 To free us from a foreign master,
 But let old Mammon chain us faster.
 As home-bred convicts, we must trudge,
 For seven years together drudge;
 Thus self convicted; Why? because
 You chose the men that made such laws.
 Thus Mammon taught, this you obey'd,
 And us your offspring captive made.
 You once stood high in Mammon's grace,
 And thought he'd not forsake your race;
 But men have oft mistaken been,
 Thought present profits was no sin,
 Altho' they iron chains prepare
 To bind the men that plac'd them there;
 From posts of profit men of merit
 Those sons of Mammon dishonorit.
 Thus as I pass o'er sundry climes,
 My song increas'd in glingling rhymes;
 I fain would consolation bring,
 And of your future welfare sing,
 But am possess'd with future fears,
 And present murmurs reach my ears
 Among the people; Why? because
 Mammon is made the god of laws.
 Suppose I should presume to reason
 With you, would it be counted treason?
 For sure some counsel might be given,
 If from a man 'twixt earth and heaven;
 For sons of earth can scarce be found,
 Whose counsel will be deemed sound;
 If rich, they will be Mammon's tools,
 If poor, they must be counted fools.
 As I lookt thro' my shining sphere,
 And to the middle state drew near,
 (That state the last that gave consent
 To break the yoke of parliament)
 I saw in labour to bring forth
 A government of fame and worth:
 But when 'twas born, the granny said,
 The monster had a triple head.
 The first had eyes to seek the prey;
 The second teeth to bear away;
 The third had jaws to feed and quaff,
 And leave the body lean enough.
 The first three years was born to reign,
 Then into nothing turn again;
 The second seven years, alas!
 Mast on the body sentence pass;
 The third must make the scripture true,
 And every year be born anew.
 So thus comparing one with t'other,
 It much resembles the old mother.
 Begat by Mammon on that harlot,
 Who cloaths her heads in silk and scarlet,
 But lets the body starve and freeze,
 While they are rioting at ease.
 Surely, agreeable to nature,
 One head's enough for any creature;
 But if that head should be divided,
 How will the quarrel be decided.
 Another thing I must remark,
 That leaves the public in the dark:
 In many a place I find a blank,
 To make those heads of noble rank:
 From value to pounds I find between
 A space to write some thousands in,
 By which old Mammon, I believe,
 Intends the public to deceive.
 But now I must one question ask,
 And give my pupils for a task.
 Suppose an empire may be found,
 That doth of thirteen states abound;
 Each state three heads attempts to wear,
 Of different weights proportion'd are.
 The first one thousand pounds must weigh;
 The second bears a double sway;
 The third must balance both the other,
 When their two weights are put together.
 One head of all, we will suppose,
 Must balance all the heads of those;
 And when you've cast it up with care,
 Tell me what weight the shoulders bear.
 Ages to come will surely feel;
 The weight will make the body reel;
 And staggering to and fro, will cry,
 Alas! we've lost our liberty.
 When thousand pounds must bear the sway,
 While men of merit's cast away;
 Because they thousands can't produce,
 They're render'd quite unfit for use,
 While knaves and fools may strut and flutter,
 About their money make a splutter,
 Persuading people all they can,
 It is the money makes the man;
 Tho' man has often money made,
 And by it often been betray'd,
 To think himself did far excel,
 Him that in humble station dwell.
 Another thing I find your darling,
 You can't forget the name of sterling;
 But how you will exchange that coin,
 None but old Mammon can define.
 Then rouze, ye watchmen, on the tower,
 Before you quite have lost the power;
 Drive Mammon back from whence he come,
 And set up Virtue in his room.
 Let Virtue be the moving cause,
 Or *summum bonum* of your laws,
 Then may your state continue long,
 And be the burden of my song.
 But if old Mammon bear the sway,
 He'll drive your virtuous sons away
 To other states, and you, when scant,
 Will fall a venal mendicant.

THREE PENCE per pound is given for fine white LINEN RAGS, and one penny per pound for coarse, by the Printer hereof.

THOMAS HARWOOD, jun. treasurer of the Western-shore, will give constant attendance at his office in West-street, Annapolis, to give in exchange bills of credit emitted by the Provincial Convention of Maryland the seventh day of December, 1775, for those emitted by the Convention the twenty-sixth day of July, 1775.

October 11, 1776.
THE subscriber wants to hire a sober man for an ostler, and to do any other business as occasion may require. Any person inclinable to serve in this capacity may apply to William Reynolds in Annapolis. If he writes a good hand, he will be more agreeable.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

Annapolis, October 2, 1776.
FOR the ease of the inhabitants of Anne-Arundel county, notice is hereby given, that I will attend at Mr. Thomas Ricketts's tavern, near John Hood's, on Monday the 21st day of this instant October; at Mr. Samuel Mansell's, on Tuesday the 22d; at Elk-Ridge Landing, on Saturday the 26th; at Mrs. Jemima Selby's, on the head of South-river, on Thursday the 31st; in order to receive the public levies, clergy's dues, &c. As the time is long elapsed, when the public dues, &c. ought to have been paid, the subscriber begs that all persons concerned will punctually meet him at the times and places aforesaid, and discharge the several claims against them. Attendance is constantly given at his office, near the prison, in the city of Annapolis, by his son Joseph Deale, and at Pig-Point on every Saturday till November court, by

THOMAS DEALE, Sheriff.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.
 September 30, 1776.
RAN away this day from the subscriber, a negro fellow named Jeffery, about 5 feet 10 inches high, 23 years old, of a yellow complexion; has an impediment in his speech, a large scar on his left cheek: had on when he went away, an old Irish linen shirt, country linen trousers, old pumps, a sky blue shag waistcoat, the back part of which is gray German serge, and a spotted swan skin waistcoat; he also took with him a country cotton shirt and some other cloaths. Whoever takes up the said negro shall be entitled to the above reward.

JOSEPH IRELAND.

Annapolis, Aug. 14, 1776.
LOST, on Monday the 5th inst. a small double cased watch, winds up in the back, and has a small screw in one part of the dial plate; maker's name John Deards, London, No. 1641. Whoever will bring the said watch to me shall receive three pounds reward, and if offered for sale please to stop it.

JAMES MAWL.

ANNAPOLIS HEAD QUARTERS
 31 July, 1776.
THE benevolent people of this city, and county, are earnestly requested to send all the old sheets, and other old linen, they can conveniently spare, to Dr. Richard Tootell. Their donations will be received (with thanks) either at the doctor's own house or at the military hospital shop, on the State-house hill, where the free-school was formerly kept. Bees and myrtle wax, sassafras, seneca and black snake-roots, tormentil and calamus, are purchased. Likewise country sarsaparilla, if clean, light and well cured. Dog-wood berries, which must be gathered ripe and cured in the shade; when dried, if found they will appear of a dark red, if black they are faulty and will not answer the purpose.

R. TOOTELL, S. M.

THREE POUNDS REWARD.
 Lower district of Frederick county, Oct. 5, 1776.
RAN away, last night, from the subscriber, an indentured Irish servant man, named **JAMES QUINN**, about twenty-five years old, short black bushy hair, which he sometimes ties, much pined with the small-pox, a down sulky look, about five feet four inches high, thick made: took with him a blue shag livery frock lined with white linen, metal buttons, light coloured shag cuffs, and small cap the same, a short jacket, fore parts blue, as the frock, and back parts blue-camlet lined with linen, a thread-bare short blue cloth frock, with small carved brass buttons, and blue serge lining, a dollar hat almost new, a good Mien shirt; not well bleached, a good pair of leather breeches, a pair of light coloured woollen stockings, a pair of pumps, almost new, with thongs, and a few nails in the heels.
 Whoever takes up the said servant, and brings him home, or secures him so that the owner may get him again, if taken in the province, shall have forty shillings reward, or out of the province, three pounds, and reasonable charges, paid by

JOHN KELLY.

N. B. It is requested, of all captains of vessels not to take him off.
 Annapolis, June 19, 1776.
WANTED TO HIRE IMMEDIATELY,
A SINGLE MAN, who understands waiting at table, and can write a good hand. Such a person, of good character, may hear of a place, where good encouragement will be given, by applying to the printer hereof.