

Amerleth troops are for certain on their march, and report says, they are near Buffalo creek.

For the MARYLAND GAZETTE.

The INQUISITOR, No. XII.

*Non quid fiat, aut quid datur, respicit, sed qua mente. Quia beneficium non in eo quod fit, aut datur consistit sed in ipso dantis aut facientis animo.*

SENECA.

*It matters not what may be the act, or what may be the gift, but what may be the mind. For charity consists not in the act, or gift, but in the will of the giver, or doer.*

BANISH not pity from thy breast, O son of man, but let thy soul be the dwelling of humanity.

The name of Nouran was mighty among the people of the east; and the fame of his possessions spread far and wide amongst the kingdoms of the earth. His ships were borne on the bosom of the deep to all the nations of the world. For him the daring beams of the sun filled the mine with treasures; and for him a thousand groves of spice put forth their blossoms, and nodded their lofty heads to the passing breezes of the spring. His palate was refreshed with the soft wines of the west. His palace was filled with all the various luxuries of the east, the west, the north, and the south. A thousand store-houses contained his wealth. But riches alone was the great object of all the adulations of Nouran; and yet it was observed that riches brought no pleasure to his soul. To the poor and the needy he never offered relief; and humanity fled far from him. The soul of Nouran was as the sky, when thick clouds hang upon her breast, and peals of thunder rumble from afar. Flashes of lightning darted from his eye; and his face was covered with gloominess and despair. At night he sought for repose, but repose settled afar from him. One day as he sat in a grove of spice trees, reflecting on his situation, and torn with all the evil passions which dwelt in his breast, he thus burst forth: "O Providence, why am I thus doomed to droop, like the tender flower of the garden when the sickly beams of the scorching sun fall upon it? Why am I stunned by man as some pernicious monster of the forest? Where has fled that joy which sparkled in the eyes of those who approached me? My officers come unto me, but their cheeks are covered with the paleness of fear; they speak unto me, but their tongues falter with diffidence. Are not my coffers filled with gold? Are not my store-houses filled with all the commodities of the world? And is not my table covered with all the luxuries of every nation? Why then is Nouran more unhappy than the meanest of mankind?" Nouran raises up his eyes, when he sees before him, crowned with radiance, Selinac, genius of reproof. "O presumptuous Nouran, says Selinac, why dost thou ask of Heaven the cause of thy unhappiness? or why dost thou dare to tax Providence with injustice? Dost thou think that because more rich, thou art more exempt from trouble than the meanest of man? Our benevolent creator has formed us after the same image, and has placed us on the same equality of condition. On some he bestows wealth and greatness, but he bestows them not to raise man above the condition of his fellow-citizens. No, our good and all seeing maker has bestowed them for more noble purposes; he has given man these to display his virtue, to assist the needy, and to become the generous protector of the helpless. And where they tend to raise him above the condition of others, and where they are sought for as serving to afford grandeur and pleasure alone, they become more useless than the sands of the sea-shore. And, indeed, the man who does not employ his wealth on proper objects, is more despised by God than the meanest of the brute creation. Our wise creator has, therefore, to make charity and humanity prevalent amongst man, made the disposition of our souls such, as to cause the most agreeable of human joys to flow from the exercise of them. How happy then should they be whose situations in life enable them to be such constant exercisers of them? But alas! how doubly miserable must they be, who, notwithstanding such situations, renounce all sense of humanity.

"Ask then thy soul, O Nouran, what have been the objects of thy riches? When did thy liberal hand stretch forth the charitable morsel to the poor? or when was thy purse opened to relieve the distressed? Thou hast longed for wealth, thou hast received it; thou hast strived after greatness, thou hast become as the strong oak of the mountain, whose roots are deep in the ground. But thy shadow has been, as the shadow of the pomegranate, when the days of its youth are down, and its arms are robbed of their dark green leaves. Let then thy branches shoot forth unto the heaven; let them be a dwelling place for charity; and let them afford a shade to the helpless. Then shall joy gladden thy soul."

Thus spake Selinac, angel of the sky, and departed claued in a cloud of darkness. Nouran remains thoughtful. His soul is wrapt in gloominess. His red eyes roll about, as the eyes of the angry lion when the dart of the huntsman strikes him from afar. "And is this the mean, says he, by which I am to obtain my happiness? Must I lay open my coffers to the poor? Must I part with that for which alone life is worthy of enjoyment? Here the thought of parting with his wealth wrung his soul with the most excruciating torment, and a torrent of tears poured forth from his eyes.

He rises. He walks with unequal steps to his dwelling. Night now came on; and Nouran spent it, tossed in his mind betwixt a multitude of resolutions. At one moment he determines to follow the words of Selinac; but immediately the love of wealth flashes across his mind; he renounces them. But he recol-

lects that Selinac had represented joy as the concomitant of charity; he resolves to make the experiment.

Accordingly the following morning he rises from his bed. He unlocks the door of his palace; he beholds his door surrounded with distressed; They all dread to ask for relief, for they know his avarice; but their looks beseech him. He calls unto him the nearest, for he dreads to give unto all; and gives unto them, each, a piece of silver, in value about a half of a ducat.

Nouran then retired to his chamber; but reflecting upon his late donations, his mind was hurt within him; because of the loss of his money; nor does he obtain that happiness which he expected. Retiring then to the grove, where he had seen Selinac the day before, he thus poured forth: "And is this the happiness, O Selinac, which I was taught by you to expect? Thou hast ordered me to convert my riches to charity; my purse has been opened to the needy; thou hast ordered me to humanity; I have endeavoured to wipe the eyes of the miserable of their tears. Thou hast promised me that my soul should be enlivened with the rays of joy and happiness; but my soul has been as the mountain of Taurus, when the dark clouds of the tempest rest upon it. My mind is, as the raging of the stormy ocean of India, when its waves are dashed by the violent winds of the east. Why then, O Selinac, dost thou order me to seek for happiness where it can not be found? Or why dost thou sport with my sufferings?"

Nouran beholds before him Selinac, who with a stern mildness thus addressed him: "Thy words, O Nouran, are true, but the fault has been in thyself. Thy purse has indeed been opened to relieve the distresses of the poor; but happiness has not covered thee with her wings, because thy gifts were not dictated by humanity. Thy soul was overshadowed with darkness; and thou thoughtest to drive it away by giving to distress; but thy heart was insensible as the rock which hangs on the side of Caucasus, to pity; and thy soul was tortured at thy liberality. Humanity consists not, Nouran, in external acts of beneficence; the breast must glow with generosity, and the soul melt to the soft notes of pity. It is then the rapturous joy diffuses itself through the soul, when the heart gladdens, as you behold the object of your charity relieved from distress; when the mind forgets every lesser consideration, and smiles in your beneficence. Then teach generosity to thy soul, O son of man; let thy pretens pour forth, unimpeded by the spirit of selfish interest; and let thy eyes be dim'd with tears at the plaintive notes of woe." Thus spake Selinac and departed.

Nouran raises from the ground. His look is thoughtful. A secret happiness seems to break through the gloominess of his soul, as when the moon is covered with a cloud which dims but does not eclipse her light. His countenance shows that he looks to better days.

Whilst Nouran walked toward his dwelling, a voice, which issued forth from one of the avenues that led to the palace, thus met his ear:—"O Lord! how hard it is to climb the steeple hill of life! How uneven, how slippery are its paths! Blooming, as the joyful flower of the vernal morn, my youth was spent in happiness and joy. My smiles were courted by the youth of the east; and my praises were sounded by the lyres of many bards. But, doomed to become the child of sorrow and adversity, I wander without a habitation, and seek a scanty subsistence from the charity of others. O man, thou wert made for man, but how far art thou from fulfilling the intention for which thou wert made! How few possess a spirit of beneficence; and how blind are the rich to objects of charity! The strength of Nouran is as the strength of the sea, which is made by the flowing of many waters; but how few feel the benefits of his strength! The poor pine away under his eye for sustenance; yet his hand refuseth the charitable morsel. I have applied unto him, but my suit has been rejected; I have knelt unto him, but have been spurned from his feet. I die for bread, O my Lord! receive me to thy bosom."

Nouran's bosom was wrung with shame; and was melted to pity. "But thou shalt not die, O daughter of man; lo! Nouran shall preserve thee. He lies to her, he bears her in his bosom to his palace, whilst his tears bedew her emaciated form. His own hand prepares the food to relieve her hunger. His humanity raises her, as the waters of the gardener raise the lily of the vale, of the mount of Lebanon, when its roots are withered, and its leaves are parched by the scorching heat of the sun. He soon beholds her flourishing in health; and he makes her mistress of one of the repositories of his treasures.

Nouran felt joys untasted before. Now, for the first time, were the strings of his soul touched by the soft fingers of pity. His heart became softened within him. He can't be published throughout the kingdoms of India, that the house of Nouran is the receptacle of the needy. His strength is the strong hold of the poor, and his arm is the arm of the helpless. He hears the praises of all around him; and he gladdens at the joys about him. One day, as he was comparing his present with his former situation, he thus spake: "Why, O Selinac, have I been so long ignorant of true happiness? Why have I placed my delight in grandeur and pomp? Why have I turned mine ear from the distresses of the poor? Where is that which can confer happiness like the joys of benevolence? When in wealth I placed my strength, and hardened my heart to pity, my soul was darkened with misery; but humility has chased it away, as the sun chases away the darkness of the night. My soul is as the bosom of the deep, when the voice of the strong wind is hushed; and stillness rests upon the seas. But to thee, O Selinac, let me ever offer up my adorations, adorations too small for thy services. O let man, great God; but once to taste of joys like mine, to let the voice of pity but once to come unto his heart! O—

Will be SOLD, to the HIGHEST BIDDER, on Saturday the 6th of August next, at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon, on the premises, ONE undivided half of the sloop HOPE, as she new lays in the Dock, being a part of the estate of captain JOHN STEUART, late of the city of Annapolis, deceased; she is a square stern'd vessel, built at West river in the year 1784, burthen thirty-three tons, in good repair. She may be viewed on application to captain JOHN SARRS, who owns the other half. The terms will be made known at the time and place of sale.

MARGARET STEUART, Executrix, ROBERT DENNY, Executor. Annapolis, July 26, 1796.

JUST PUBLISHED, And to be sold at this office, price three eighths of a dollar, REFLECTIONS On the proposition to communicate, by a navigable canal, the waters of Chesapeake with those of Delaware Bay, Addressed To the CITIZENS of MARYLAND.

HAVING experienced for some years past the many evils and inconveniences that arise from my servants carrying off all the choicest and best fruit of the VINEYARD, under the pretence that they are allowed the privilege of so doing, I now expressly and openly forbid it, they have no right to sell any thing of that kind without my leave in writing. Men of virtuous principles will take notice of this advertisement, others will regard nothing but what the law ordains. I am determined to prevent it, if necessary, by legal prosecution, but I hope, after this public notice nothing of that sort will be requisite.

J. HALL. July 20, 1796.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber intends to prefer a petition to Prince-George's county court, the next September term, for a commission to prove and perpetuate the boundaries and line trees of a tract of land called MOUNT CALVERT MANOR, lying in the aforesaid county, agreeably to act of assembly in that case made and provided.

WILLIAM N. DORSETT. July 14, 1796.

NOTICE. ALL those who have demands against the estate of Doctor MICHAEL PUE, late of Baltimore county, deceased, are requested to appear at the dwelling plantation of the subscriber, on Elk-Ridge, in Anne Arundel county, on the nineteenth day of September next ensuing the date hereof, with their claims legally authenticated, when a dividend will be made among the creditors, pursuant to an act of assembly in such case made and provided.

MARY PUE, Administratrix of the Estate of MICHAEL PUE, deceased. Anne Arundel county, July 19, 1796.

Wanted Immediately, A NEGRO WOMAN (without a young child) in a small family, to whom generous wages will be given. Inquire of the PRINTERS. July 21, 1796.

NOTICE. ALL persons indebted to the estate of JOSEPH THOMPSON, late of St. Mary's county, are desired to make immediate payment to the subscriber, and all those that have any demands against the said estate are desired to bring them in, legally authenticated, on or before the tenth day of October next, those who do not exhibit their claims on or before that day will be considered as excluded afterwards.

HENRY MILES, Administrator. Annapolis, July 19, 1796.

TAKEN up, on the shore of Kent Island, a small BATTEAU, built with oak timbers, has mulberry row-locks, an iron chain fixed to her bow, and a scull hole through her stern. The owner may have her again, by applying to the subscriber, first proving his property and paying charges.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Junr. Wants a Place, AS an ASSISTANT in a counting-room, or as superintendent in a retail store, one who can come recommended. Inquire at this office.

Twenty Dollars Reward. WAS stolen from the house of Mr. THOMAS GRUBB, near Queen Anne, Anne Arundel county, on the morning of the 15th of last May, a dark brown HORSE, eight years old, about fourteen and an half hands high, has a very small star in his forehead, some saddle spots, and has been galled on his breast with the girth. The above reward will be given for securing the thief and horse, or EIGHT DOLLARS for the horse, paid by ARCHIBALD CHISHOLM. July 13, 1796.