

PROPOSALS... Religious and Literary Repository...

Views of the Editors are stated... in the matter of publication...

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Irish Linen Warehouse... No. 2 North Charles street, Baltimore...

Persons who are indebted to... subscriber either by bond, note, or open account...

On the application of Alpha J... of Prince-George's county court...

By virtue of an order of the... Court of Prince-George's county...

Persons having claims against... of Miss Elizabeth Worthington...

FOR SALE... use in which the subscriber at present resides...

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valley, stands Mount Ebal & Mount Gerizim, mentioned in Scripture as the places where Moses commanded benedictions and maledictions to be pronounced.

I next entered the grand Vale of Esdracton, beyond any thing I have ever seen, called in Scripture, the Galilean plain, probably fifty miles long and twenty-five broad...

I visited Mount Hermon, at the foot of which stands Nain, a small village, where our Saviour raised the widow's son to life...

I arrived at Nazareth, where, you know, our Saviour was in subjection to his parents. It is a small village on the brow of a hill, looking down on a valley, and has a population of 2000.

I first arrived at Cana, "where the modest water saw its God, and blushed;" next to the Mountain of Beatitude, named from the excellent sermon, our Lord delivered...

Six miles further on, the Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee, opened up. I entered the town, which is walled round, and on the edge of the Lake, and could find no other place than an old church to repose in, built on the spot where the house of Peter stood.

The Lake is fourteen miles long, and six broad, in a deep hollow territory. I rode to the end of it, where the Jordan (entering the upper part) leaves it; and, what is odd, though the Jordan passes through the Lake, the waters never mingle.

The whole scenery around, has something in it religiously solemn and impressive. It was here our Saviour said to Peter, "Follow me;" where the miraculous draught of fish took place; where he rebuked the winds & waves, where, in short, he walked on the very water!

Anciently it was a magnificent city, whose merchants, were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth.

After this I arrived at Sidon, a day's journey distant from Lady Stanhope, cousin of Mr. Pitt. She is called princess here, and is greatly respected. I do not think she will ever return to Britain, but end her days at Sidon.

I proceeded, and after a most toilsome and exhausting journey, over chains of mountains for days, and crossing the top of Mount Lebanon, covered with snow, a journey that I really thought would have got the better of me, I arrived, safe at Damascus; the view of which, from the mountains descending to it, six miles distant, is most delicious.

I remained here eight days; and after another long journey of several days, I arrived at Balbec, to see the famous ruins. At entering the town, which had a population of 500, it had the appearance of one which had been severely bombarded.

My eyes never have seen elsewhere, nor I believe ever will see, such magnificent architecture as is to be found on this spot.

The origin of the place has never been distinctly ascertained. One account is, that it was built for Pharaoh's daughter, by King Solomon, and it corresponds with the description of the palace given in 1 Kings, chap. vii. ver. 8 and 12.

In its general proportion and form, it is like the Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but that is quite insignificant compared with this temple, in point of magnificence, structure, and dimensions.

Nothing can be more august than the view of the entrance. The front is composed of eight Corinthian pillars, and within these, at the distance of six feet, are four others similar. Through these appear the door of the temple, which is majestic. Its case or portal resembles in proportion and construction, the Great marble portal at the west end of St. Paul's Church, London, but vastly superior in point of beauty and of richness of sculpture.

one yard or 183 feet long. One of them sixty-three feet, the depth twelve feet, and breadth twelve feet; and what is remarkable, they were raised up into the wall about twenty feet from the ground. Not a foot can be moved, in going about the town, without stumbling on some precious fragment, beautifully carved: Here I spent a couple of days; and after three days journey, I arrived at Baurenth, took a vessel and came here, on my way to Antioch and Aleppo; and from which I mean to go to Constantinople, make the tour of Greece, and if it please God, I hope to be in old England in winter. I have given you a very slight account of my travels in this letter, and I delay all particulars till we meet.

I have a patent letter from Rome that has commanded at the convents all I could desire, and our ambassador at Constantinople, has also sent me a firman from the Grand Signior.

In most part of my journeys, I have been obliged to take escorts of soldiers, on account of the dangerous state of the countries. The manners are totally at variance with those in Europe, and every thing appears "passing strange" to a traveller, when he first puts his foot in this country.

I have not met with a single Englishman in the whole of my route.

Do remember me kindly, to good Mrs. I\*\*\*\*\*, and the accomplished lady we visited at Oxford, whose name I really forgot; and believe me my dear I\*\*\*\*\*,

Your's truly, W. R.

Solomon and Sheba.—I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud of Gemara, some Rabbins has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private scholar in general, passes his life in obscurity, and prosperity, (a solitary consolation,) spreads his name to the most distant regions.

should be opened—it was opened—the bees rushed into the sun, and alighted immediately upon one of the wreaths; while not a single egg fixed off the other. The decision was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins shook their beards in rapturings; and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would have an elegant description; and a pleasing moral; that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however imitatively the colours may be laid on. This applied to the ladies, would give it pungency.

Every day we must add something fresh—some new variety of a hundred times repeated story—to the catalogue of marine barbarities. We have thought of pasting them in a row, in order to see at the end of the year their length, (which we imagine might festoon the whole edifice of the Legislative Hall;) but the idea discouraged us of the undertaking. The extract which we are about to make, reminds us of another transaction connected with the New-Orleans pirates, which was lately communicated to us by a resident of New-Orleans, who had every opportunity of knowing the particular facts; and which we do not remember to have seen in print.

In 1812, a packet sailed from New-Orleans, bound, we think, to France, in which a number of ladies and fewer gentlemen embarked. Among the former was a French lady whose known wealth was perhaps the cause of a disaster, which in all its details is still left to be imagined, though there is little doubt of its nature.—Some months passed away and no intelligence was received from the vessel or its ill fated passengers; but as a married daughter of the lady whom we just mentioned, was one morning walking the streets of New Orleans, she saw, (and fainting at the sight) her mother's jewels on the neck of a woman, whom, common fame reported to be the mistress of Lafitte. This man stoutly denied that he had any hand in the deed by which they fell into his hands, but alleged that he won them in gambling with the pirates, whose seat was then the island of Barrataria. Vessel or passengers, were never seen or heard of, and if their bodies were suffered to have a grave in the Ocean, unpolluted by these ruffians, it is not doubted in New-Orleans that they were each and every one murdered. Whether the fifteen recently retrieved, or any of them, were stained with this piracy, we know not; but we presume the facts can be ascertained; and if mercy be allowed to them, it will be so much the greater, but if punishment be demanded, it will be the better deserved.

Drinking Cold Water in the heat of the day. This subject is forced upon us from having night before last witnessed the last agonies of a person who had the Wednesday before imprudently taken a large draught of cold water while heated. Let it be impressed upon those who need such a caution, that cold water in such circumstances, is a deadly draught. If suffering under burning thirst, and exhausted frame, in a hot day, let it yet be borne in mind that when you put a large cup of cold water to your lips, you are about to swallow so much rank poison—for the effects of the one are hardly more deadly than the other. We presume every person knows, that when water is taken from the spring or the pump, and suffered to stand until its chill is taken off, it will slake thirst more effectually than cold water, (though it may not, at the moment be so refreshing) and that any liquid, when drunk in small quantities at intervals, (for instance a swallow at a time, with an interval of half a minute) more completely extinguishes thirst than a copious draught. Remember, above all, that cold water in a hot day is rank poison.

A statute in England provides that when any person shall win more than \$90 by gaming, he shall be fined three times the amount won, to be given to the poor.

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