

Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale a tract of land lying in South River Neck...

Family Flour. The subscribers keep, and intend keeping a regular supply of the Best Family Flour...

FOUND. Some months since, in Prince George's street, in this city, an old fashioned GOLD SETT FINGER RING...

Notice is hereby given. That the subscriber has obtained from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration...

For Sale. The valuable Establishment in the City of Annapolis, late the property of Dr. Upton Scott...

Notice. All persons indebted to the late firm of George and John Barber, & Co are requested to call and settle their accounts...

NOTICE. ADAM & JOHN MILLER, Having purchased of George & John Barber, & Co. their well selected STOCK OF GOODS...

Just Published. And for sale at this Office and at Mr. George Shaw's Store—price 25cts The Constitution of Maryland...

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS. Price—Three Dollars per Annum. MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Spectator. THE HEROES OF MINISINK. It is now several months since we informed the public that the citizens of Orange county were engaged in collecting the bones of the gallant band who were cut off by the Indians at Minisink...

Yes! long have they slept in the desolate wood. Where firm and undaunted for freedom they bled—When the Indians' keen arrow was stain'd with their blood...

THE MOSS-SIDE. By the author of the "Elder's Death Bed," & the "Snow Storm," &c. Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man, and he had been a poor man all the days of his life...

On yonder cliff, which, towering high, restrains Kentucky's foaming pride, I viewed the torrent hurrying by. Swell'd by a thousand streamlets' tide...

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser. CHRIST REJECTED. The dawn hath broke on Solyma, Yet in her street sits woe and despair...

THE SENSE OF VIRTUE. At the bottom of the hearts of all men, there lies a secret sense of propriety, virtue and honour. This sense may be so far blunted, as to lose its influence in guiding man to what is right...

From the Repository. SHORT SERMON. GALATIANS III, XIII. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."

The preacher has informed that the punishment of those who shall die in their sins, will be eternal and inconceivably great, from these words: And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, and their fire is not quenched; and they shall be an abhorring to all flesh...

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field for its undisturbed nest, rose singing all over the enlightened solitude, the little black farmstead like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; and carnations, brought from the walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre...

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live, or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features...

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ing. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert; Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The oldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bride of his horse, and turned, his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye, "I feared that the brute's voice, and the tramping of the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter beatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon, "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke, but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed side, and looking anxiously at her husband told him, "not to mind about the money; that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. 'Though dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus when our bairn is dying, and when, if so be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her.'" Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, crushed it in her bosom, for she turned her ear towards her child, & thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, & lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter, "what is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing school ball. And at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up in his weeping face, and letting the tattered book of his old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him, for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

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what care? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing; want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies!"

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blest beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie 1500*l.* "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it. And humble and grateful hearts to us all!"

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the fall to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinners; and you may sit now often in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle light, before the late dawning."

From Humboldt's Personal Narrative. ACCOUNT OF CROCODILES. "When the waters of the Oronoko (say) Mr. H.) are high, the river inundates the keys; and it sometimes happens that even in the town imprudent men become the prey of crocodiles. I shall transcribe from my journal a fact that took place during Mr. Bonpland's illness. A Guaykeri Indian, from the island de la Margueta, went to anchor his canoe in a cove, where there were not three feet of water. A very fierce crocodile that habitually hunted about a mile to town, seized him by the leg, and withdrew from the shore, remaining on the surface of the water. This unfortunate man was first seen seeking with astonishing courage, for a knive in the pocket of his pantaloons. Not being able to find it, he seized the head of the crocodile, and thrust his fingers into its eyes. No man in the hot regions of America is ignorant that this carnivorous reptile, covered with a buckler of hard and dry scales, is extremely sensible in the only parts of his body which are soft and unprotected, such as the eyes, the hollow underneath the shoulders, the nostrils, and beneath the lower jaw, where there are two glands of muck. The Guaykeri Indian had recourse to the same means which saved the negro of Mungo Park, and the girl of Urituca, whom I have mentioned above; but he was less fortunate than they had been; for the crocodile did not open its jaws, yielding to the pain, plunged to the bottom of the river; and after having drowned the Indian, came up to the surface of the water, dragging the dead body to an island opposite the port. I arrived at the moment when a great number of the inhabitants of Angostura had witnessed this melancholy spectacle."

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