

On application by petition of Henry Mayson, administrator of William Bowers, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, should be published in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Advertiser, once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Advertiser, publican.

Notice is hereby Given

That the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphan Court of Anne Arundel county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Bowers, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 10th of February, next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from the benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of Aug. 1823. Henry Maguadler, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having obtained from Anne Arundel county orphan court, letters of administration on the personal property of John Thompson, late of said county, deceased, hereby warns all persons indebted to him, to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them legally authenticated for settlement, to Eleanor Thompson, Adm'r. N. B. A likely NEGRO GIRL for sale. Aug 8.

20 Dollars Reward

Ranaway from the subscriber living on the head of Severn, Anne Arundel county, on the 10th of the month, a mulatto woman named

MARIA,

aged about 40 years, formerly the property of Mr. Basil Brown of the county. She has a sullen, obstinate look, no particular mark, except the loss of a tooth. She has a brother living in Baltimore, where it is most likely she has gone. If taken in the city of Baltimore, and lodged in jail, I will give the above reward, and if taken above 30 miles from home, and secured, I will give fifty dollars. J. NEWBURN. A. A. county, July 18, 1822.

A Lot for Sale.

I will sell that part of Lot No. 27 on Church-street, (fronting 60 feet more or less) on which a blacksmith shop is at present. If not sold at private sale before the 1st day of October, it will be offered to the highest bidder on that day. For terms apply to Daniel Mahoney, Anne Arundel, Sept. 5.

Public Sale.

Will be exposed at public sale the premises of Seley Kelly, in the Swamp, on Saturday the 2nd day of September, 1822, a valuable young Negro, about 28 or 30 years of age. Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Hoes, hold and Kitchen Furniture, also two hogheads of Tobacco, almost packed. The above property will be sold for cash, or a short credit to purchasers. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. COB WITWRIGHT.

A TEACHER

Who can produce satisfactory testimonials of his moral character, and capability to take charge of an English school, will find an advantageous situation by applying at this Office to W. Wilson in Annapolis, August 20.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late George and John Barber, & Co. are requested to call and settle their accounts, before the 15th Sept. next, otherwise suits will be instituted against them without respect to persons, as it is very necessary that a concern should be settled in as prompt a way as possible. In consequence of my having settled with the representatives of the late John T. Barber, John Miller Jr.

JUST PUBLISHED

And For Sale at Geo. Shaw's Book Store THE FIRST VOLUME OF BARBIS & JOHNSON'S REPORTS OF Cases Argued and Determined in the GENERAL COURT AND COURT OF APPEALS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND From the year 1801 to 1805. Price \$25.00. Sept. 27.

MISCELLANEOUS

SACRED MELODY: There is a thought can lift the soul Above the dull gold age of this bound world. A star that sheds its mild and holy light, Brightest when given to dark clouds surround it. And pours a soft, pervading ray, Life's hills may never greet this away.

THE MOSS ROSE.

From the German. The Angel of the Flowers one day, Beneath the Rose tree sleeping lay, That Spirit to whose charge is given To bathe young buds with dew from Heaven.

From the London Literary Gazette. LOVERS, WHEN! When should lovers breathe their vows? When should ladies hear them? When the dew is on the boughs, When none else are near them: When the moon shines cold and pale, When the birds are sleeping, When no voice is on the gale, When the rose is weeping, When the stars are bright and high, Like hope in young love's dreaming, And glancing round the light clouds fly Like soft tears to shade their beaming, The fairest smiles are those that live On the brow by starlight wreathing; And their lips the richest incense give When the sighs are at midnight breathing.

From "The Law of Java," by Colman. THE WIT OF MAN. Low in the vale, where a streamlet ran, As under a tree reclined, A pilgrim measured the wit of man, By thinking on woman kind. Oh! a woman's killing eyes, he cried, And a soft bewitching smile, With a thousand, thousand charms beside Our senses to beguile!

From the Ball. Chronicle. MASONIC ODE. Empires and kings have passed away, Into oblivion's mine; And towering domes have felt decay, Since auld lang syne.

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THE BAPTISM

The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of hills, several hundred feet high, of which one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overpread with prodigious fragments of rock or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at all extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of the river contained pools, streams, lushing shelves, and water falls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk upon this scene, with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable and often overcharging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices were perpetually flying rocks and wood pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing deep murmur or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone-island, or rise up like a white cloud, along the black walls of the chasm and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and the wild cat chose accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups with their bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into equal parts, sat about a hundred persons all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood on the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear deep sparkling pool into which they scarce heard water poured over blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom. Divine service was closed, and a pair of maidens, all clothed in pure white, came gliding off from the congregation & crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants, about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants just as they had been in their own kirks, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. The baptismal water, taken from that placid pool, was lying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side of the pillar of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that the clear air bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compact volume, clear, sweet and strong, up to Heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away, high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be heard in the silence, the reviving voice of the water fall.

Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid hung over by a shepherd's staff. These watchful sentinels had detected danger, and this was the warning. Forthwith the congregation fled. There were paths, dangerous to unpractised feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assailed the elder shore especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants, and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm had lain down again in his plaid instantly on the green sward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom, when one of them looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "Oge! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stories of the river Monas. There are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble Cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting Corenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him, out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come my lads—follow me—I know the way down into the bed of the stream—and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called the "Kittle Nine Stanes." The hunt's up—we'll be all in at the death. Hallow my boys—hallow!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooden banks, a little below the "Craigs," and hurried by the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old grey-headed minister had been standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary—not a creature to be seen. "Here is a bible dropt by some of them," cried a soldier, and with his foot, spun it into the pool. "A bonnet! a bonnet!" cried another—noy for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it." But, after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. "Curse these cowardly Covenanters—what, if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rocks from their hiding places? Advance! Or retreat? There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket, or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where, and they were aware that armed men now-a-days, worshiped God—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm steps, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, past whispering along the sweet briars, and the broom, and the tresses of birch trees. It came deepening and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if an earthquake. "The Lord have mercy on us—what is this?" and down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, & some on their faces upon the sharp pointed rocks. Now it was like the sound of many myriad chariots rolling on their iron axes down the stony channel of the torrent. The old grey haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's cave and said with a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible raineth!" A water spout had burst up among the poor souls, and the river in its power was at hand. There it came—tumbling a long into that long reach of cliffs,

And in a moment filled it with a mass of waves, hinged and dived of foam rode on the surface of a blinding torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment—but high up in the air, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters—men, women and children uttering prayers to God, indicated by themselves in that raging hour.

THE LATE JOHN HANCOCK. During the siege at Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then president of Congress. After Gen. Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This silence was broken by one of the members making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true Sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston—but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country, require their being burnt to ashes—issue the orders for that purpose immediately." Bost. Pat.

YANKEISM. At the battle of Danbury a New England soldier seated himself upon a fence, within gun shot of the British, and from thence fired 32 charges at them, without being touched by a single one of the bullets aimed at him. When he found his ammunition spent, he dismounted in haste, and holding up his empty cartouch box to the enemy, to shew its emptiness, he precipitately fled, repeating aloud as he ran these very pertinent lines:

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Shall never live to fight again."

ENCOURAGING TO YOUTH. At a recent annual visitation of the Boston free schools, after the close of the performances, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, who had attended the examination of the students, requested leave to remark to the pupils, whose exercises had given him so much delight, that fifty years ago, he was a pupil of that school, under the venerated Master Lovell; that he left it and went abroad, a child of fortune; and from the good education he had here received, and a faithful discharge of duty, he had been favoured with public honours and the acquisition of wealth; and that he said this as a stimulus to the ambition of his young friends; and while none could doubt his fidelity to the nation to which he belonged, he rejoiced in the prosperity, improvement & happiness of the land of his birth?

EXTEMPORÉ VERSE. As Gordon Young was walking in his garden, at Wolwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him says the Doctor, I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasions, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven;
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven,
Like him I go—but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go—for angels drows at both,
Heard was his fate—but mine will prove unkind,
His five went with him, but mine stays behind.

WHEN CESAR WAS advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms, of any one to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once."