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MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED MELODY.

There is a thought can lift the soul Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it; A star, that sheds its mild control, Brightest when grief's dark clouds surround it; And pours a soft, pervading ray, Life's ills may never chase 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 balm young buds with dew from Heaven,

From the London Literary Gazette.

LOVERS, WHEN! When should lovers breathe their vows? When should ladies hear them?

From "The Law of Java," by Colman.

THE WIT OF MAN. Low in the vale, where a streamlet ran, As under a tree reclin'd,

From the Balt. Chronicle.

MASONIC ODE. Empires and kings have passed away, Into oblivion's mine;

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EXTRACT.

Providence melt the consistency of the noble-minded; his com from the obscurity of the Nile.

From "Light and Shadow of Scottish Life."

THE BAPTISM.

It is a pleasant and impressive time, when at the close of divine service, in some small country church, there takes place the gentle, stirring preparation for a baptism.

There sit, all dressed becomingly in white, the fond and happy baptismal group. The babies have been intrusted for a precious hour, to the bosoms of young maidens, who tenderly fold them to their yearning hearts, and with endearment taught by nature, are stilling, not always successfully, their plaintive cries.

And now the fathers are all standing below the pulpit with grave and thoughtful faces. Each has tenderly taken his infant into his toil hardened hands, and supports it in gentle and steadfast affection. They are all the children of poverty, and if they live, are destined to a life of toil.

The minister consecrates the water—and as it falls on his infant's face, the father feels the great oath in his soul. As the poor helpless creature is waiving in his arms, he thinks how needful indeed to human infancy is the love of Providence!

The rite of baptism had not thus been performed for several months in the kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the ordinances of religion.

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 cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which one side presented enormous masses, and the other burrowing recesses, as if the great stone girle had been rent by a convulsion.

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.

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 on a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was the warning.

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, "see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooden banks, a little below the "Craigs," and hurried up 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.

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.

Was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or 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."

and in a moment filled it with a mass of waves. Huge agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood red 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, unheard by themselves in that raging thunder.

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.

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.

EX TEMPORE VERSE.

As Doctor Young was walking in his garden, at Welwyn, 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 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 drove us both. Hard was his fate—but mine still more unkind, His love went with him, but mine stays behind.

WHEN CÆSAR.

Was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or 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."

Vertical text on the far left edge, including "Reward", "Sale", "Notice", "Published", and "John Miller".