

State of Maryland. Anne Arundel county. On application by petition of Henry Maynard, administrator of William Bowyer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he file the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that no claim be published, once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Republican.

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 Bowyer, late of Anne Arundel county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, at or before the 15th of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of Aug. 1852. Henry Maynard, Adm'r. Aug. 15.

Notice is hereby Given, That an election will be held in the several Election Districts in Anne Arundel county on Monday the 7th day of October next, for the purpose of electing a member to congress, and four delegates to represent said county in the next General Assembly of Maryland. Wm. O'Hara, Sheriff. Sept. 15.

Cheap, for Cash! The subscribers wishing to bring the late business of D. Ridgely, & Co. to a speedy close, will dispose of their

Stock of Goods on hand, at the most reduced prices, for cash. Those who wish to obtain bargains are invited to give them a call. David Ridgely, John W. Clagett. Sept. 12.

Chancery Sale. By virtue of a decree of the Court of Chancery, the subscriber will expose to public sale, at Merill's Tavern, (formerly McCoy's) on Saturday the 5th day of October next, all that part of a tract or parcel of land lying in Anne Arundel county, called Winkerpink Neck, containing about 130 acres whereof Thomas Polton, died, seized. Terms of sale, cash to be paid on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the Chancellor; on the payment of the purchase money and ratification of the sale, the subscriber is authorized to execute a deed. To commence at 12 o'clock. LOUIS G. SAWAY, Trustee. Sept. 14.

The Commissioners of the Tax of Anne Arundel County, are requested to meet in the city of Annapolis, on the 25th day of October next. By order, W. S. Green, Clk. Sept. 19.

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's 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. Annapolis, Sept. 5.

Notice. All persons indebted to the late firm of 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 the concern should be settled in as speedy a way as possible, in consequence of my having settled with the partners of the late John T. Barber, John Miller, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED. And For Sale at Geo. Shaw's Book and Stationery Store, THE FIRST VOLUME OF HARRIS & JOHNSON'S REPORTS OF Cases Argued and Determined in the GENERAL COURT AND COURT OF APPEALS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND. From the year 1800 to 1850, inclusive. Price—\$6.50. Sept. 27.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INFIDEL. BY M. H. PERKINS. I've heard on Africa's dreary shore, The serpent's hiss, the panther's roar, No footsteps mark'd the sands; No human voice the desert cheer'd, Save now and then were faintly heard, The yell of savage bands.

I've seen the red volcanic tide, Impetuous sweep the mountain's side, And wrap the plains in fire; And heard the shepherd's plaintive moans, Mingling with Etna's hollow groans, On passing gales expire.

In twilight's faint and dusky beam, I've seen the murderer's weapon gleam, Bath'd in the victim's gore; Ghastly and pale, with many a wound, The mangled corpse half-breathing found, Stretch'd on the blood-stain'd shore.

I've heard, amid the foaming deep, Whentempet's howl, and whirlwinds sweep, Heart-rending cries "to save," The shrieks of many a trembling soul, And mark'd the sea's tremendous roll, Which swept them to their grave.

Nor shepherd's moans, nor panther's roar, Nor wreck, nor corse, upon the shore, To me such pain has giv'n, As seeing on the couch of death, The infidel resign his breath, Without the hopes of heaven.

From the Franklin Gazette. BY W. B. TAPPAN. NEW-YORK. O'er City, now in tears, O'erlorn, thou weep'st sore; O'erlorn, the angry cloud appears, As surely the tempests pour; When thy gates the voice of woe heard—there fingers fell despair! The beauty of thy house is low, The pale Destroyer walketh there!

Deceas'd father's heart is given, His prop is hurried to the grave; The babe, sweet cherub, lately given, His bed—hear'n claims the boon it gave. In Rama, lamentation's sigh, The midnight burst of grief was known, In thee, now oft the mother's cry Hath told her bosom's treasure frown!

While in thy street the trophied king, Rides forth upon his phantom steed, And bids his lance new conquests bring, And bids again fresh victims bleed: Ours the sympathizing part O' pluck away the rankling spear, Ours, upon the broken heart, To pour compassion's holy tear!

O Thou! who, on the storm careering, Dais't the red thunder to thy foe; O Thou! who in the calm appearing, Speak'st to the trembler, sweet repose, We ask thy help, for help is thine, Bid the Death-Angel now forbear, Though 'neath thy foot-stool terrors shine, Thy mercy save, O God! is there!

AGRICULTURE. Columbia's sons, spurn not the rugged toil, Your nation's glory is a cultured soil! Rome's Cincinnatus of illustrious birth, Increased his laurels while he till'd the earth.

EXTRACT. It does not usually happen that the subjects which engross the conversation of men in general, are those which are really the most interesting and important. Religion, with all its train of lovely and infinitely momentous associations is but too often banished from social intercourse; the name of the Redeemer is unheard; the joys of heaven and the terrors of perdition are unfelt; all in fact is a blank, as far as concerns the best, the spiritual, the immortal part of our nature.

To many persons it may appear a paradox not a little difficult of solution that while the interests of the soul are currently allowed to be the most important which belong to human nature, religion is so seldom an object of general conversation. Many reasons might however be given to account for the circumstance.

With regard to the world at large, it is evident, they dislike, because they dread, the subject. Too many persons deliberately prefer being blinded for life to opening their eyes to the awful circumstances of their condition. To drive away serious examination into our state before God, is one of the principal methods employed by our spiritual enemy to lead us into a fatal security; and our own hearts are but too ready to take a part in his evil devices. Thus it is that the world agree to forget the thoughts of death, and judgment and eternity; and though they admit that such things must arrive at last, and that perhaps soon, suddenly, they systematically banish them from their thoughts and conversation.

From the Berks and Schuylkill Journal August 24.

CHARLES THOMSON, Esq. A gentleman from the west, who has long cherished a high regard for the character of that irreproachable patriot and Christian, the late Secretary of the American Continental Congress, had a few weeks since no small gratification in spending several hours with this venerable saint of patriarchal aspect, now on the verge of heaven. Many are still living, who will remember with what confidence every act of the old Congress, to which his name was attached, was at once received by the people of these United States, in times of peculiar trial.

He is about six feet in height remarkably erect in his gait, neat in his person, dignified in his deportment, interesting in conversation, and has outlived nearly all his contemporaries, being in his 92d year. He resides about ten miles from Philadelphia, in an ancient and retired, but spacious mansion, on a very extensive and well-cultivated farm, to which he has given the name of Harriston.

The traveller called early in the day, and found Mr. Thomson reading Young's Night Thoughts. He paused a little, after entering the door, before he discovered himself, being surprised and charmed at the distinct, audible, emphatical, appropriate and feeling manner, with which the good old man pronounced one of the finest passages in that admired author.

After a due introduction, Mr. Thomson made the following remark, in reference to what he had just read: "I am a stranger in a strange land; I am looking about me to see what I am, and what there is for me to do."

The traveller was much pleased with his miscellaneous observations, interspersed with anecdotes of former times. He was surprised to hear him, at his advanced age, speak with so much intelligence on various topics, philological, religious, and political; yet occasionally, he noticed signs of a second childhood.

It appears that he was the third son of John Thomson, and that he was born in the county of Derry, Ireland, in the town of Gortede, and parish of Manarraw, in the first week of November, 1729, but that the particular day cannot be specified. He came to America, with his father, when about ten years old, accompanied with his brothers. His father died on board the ship in which they were passengers, after entering the capes of Delaware; and by an act of injustice, his property, of considerable amount, was withheld from the sons then in their minority, in a foreign country, without kindred, without friends, without money, left to follow the leadings of Divine Providence; yet they amply experienced the protecting care of Him, who is the Father of the fatherless. Charles had a great taste for learning, and was so fortunate as to secure the patronage and instruction of that distinguished scholar, Dr. Allison, and became one of the greatest proficient in Latin, Greek, and French, in the country.

The longevity of his family is worthy of notice. Taking the children of John Thomson in regular order, these are their names with their respective ages: 1. William, who died at the age of 93; 2. Alexander, who died at the age of 80; 3. Charles, who is now in his 92d year; 4. Matthew who died at the age of 91; 5. John, who died at the age of 79; and 6. Mary, who is in her 84th year, and makes one of the family of Charles.

Mr. Thomson, in the course of conversation, said, it was strongly impressed upon his mind, that he should live till he entered upon his hundredth year. The traveller asked him how he felt under such an impression, and whether he was willing to be so long from his Father's house, in this wearisome pilgrimage? He promptly replied, "I have no will about it. I leave it all to my blessed Saviour. He has been a good Saviour to me!" and the tears of gratitude started into his eyes.

At one time, he mentioned with tenderness and respect, the two worthy ladies who had been his bosom companions in life. He then made this remark: "I have been a happy man. I have always been a happy

man, a very happy man. My family always loved me, and I always loved them; the tear of affection glistening in his eyes.

At dinner, he asked a blessing with uplifted hands and solemn and reverential tone of voice, using nothing more nor less than the words of the Lord's prayer. Recollecting his own criticisms and version, instead of saying, "Lead us not into temptation," he said, "Bring us not to a trial."

He was an intimate and warm friend of the late Dr. Franklin, and agreed with him in every thing except religion. To counteract the deistical sentiments of this great philosopher, he devoted more attention to the Bible, and with a critic's eye, than he otherwise would have done. It was his diligent searching of the Scriptures, with a view to the conviction of his distinguished compatriot, which first led him to contemplate a version of the Septuagint.

The traveller had mentioned to Mr. Thomson, a gentleman, with whom, many years since, he was well acquainted, Gen. R. A****, now of M. who was one of the revolutionary officers, and who held a department under the order of the old Congress. Mr. Thomson recollected him; and as the traveller took his leave of him, he said, in reference to General A. "Tell him I wish him prosperity and happiness, peace with God, and peace with the world. Tell him to bear lightly on the world. Money, money, money, is the god of this world."

The last sentence he had several times uttered with great emphasis, in the course of the interesting interview, which the traveller will not soon forget.

DESCRIPTION. Of the Great Plague in London in 1665. By Thomas Vincent, an Eye witness. It was in the beginning of the year of our Lord, 1665, that the Plague began in our city of London, after we were warned by the great Plague in Holland, in 1664, and the beginning of it in some remote parts of our land the same year;—not to speak any thing whether there was any signification and influence in the blazing star, not long before, that appeared in the view of London, and struck some amazement upon the spirits of many. It was in the month of May, that the plague was first taken notice of; our bill of mortality let us know but of three which died of the disease in the whole year before; but in the beginning of May, the bill tells us of nine which fell by the plague, just in the heart of the city; the other eight in the suburbs. This was the first arrow of warning that was shot from Heaven amongst us, and fear quickly begins to creep upon people's hearts;—great thoughts and discourse there is in town about the plague, and they cast in their minds whether they should go if the plague should increase. Yet when the next week's bill signified to them the decrease from 9 to 5, their minds are something appeas'd; discourse of that subject cools; fears are hushed, and hopes take place that the black cloud did but threaten, and give but a few drops, but the wind would drive it away. But, then, in the next bill the number of the dead by plague is mounted from 3 to 14, and in the next to 43, and the disease begins to increase and disperse.

In June, the number increased from 43 to 112, the next week to 168, the next to 337, the next to 470, most of which increase was in the remote parts; few in this month within or near the wall of the city; and few that had any note for goodness or profession, were visited at first; God gave them warning to bethink and prepare themselves; yet some few that were choice, were visited pretty soon, that the best might not promise to themselves a supersedeas, or interpret any place of Scripture so literally as if the Lord had promised an absolute general immunity and defence of his own people from this disease of the plague.

Now, the citizens of London are put to a stop in the carrier (carrier) of their trade; they begin to fear whom they conversed with, and deal withal, lest they should have come out of infected places. Roses and other sweet flowers wither in the garden, are disregarded in the markets,

and people dare not offer them to their noses, lest with their sweet savour, that which is infectious should be attracted; rue and wormwood are taken into the hand; myrrh and zedoary into the mouth; and without some antidotes few stir abroad in the morning. Now many houses are shut up where the plague comes, and the inhabitants shut in, lest coming abroad, they should spread infection. It was very dismal to behold the red crosses, and read in great letters, "Lord have mercy upon us," on the doors, and watchmen standing before them with halberds and such a solitude about those places, and people passing by them so gingerly and with such fearful looks, as if they had been lined with enemies in ambush, that waited to destroy them.

Now rich gentlemen provide themselves to depart; if they have not country houses they seek lodgings abroad for themselves and families; and the poorer tradesmen, that they may imitate the rich in their fears, stretch themselves to take a country journey, tho' they have scarce wherewithal to bring them back again. The ministers, also, many of them take occasion to go to their country places for the summer time, leaving the greatest part of their flock without food or physic in the time of their greatest need.

In July the plague increaseth and prevaileth exceedingly; the number 470, which died in one week, ariseth to 725 the next week, to 1089 the next, to 1843 the next, to 2010 the next. Now the plague compasseth the walls of the city like a flood, and poureth in upon it. Now most parishes are infected, both without and within; yea, there are not so many houses shut up by the plague as by the owners forsaking of them for fear of it; and though the inhabitants be so exceedingly decreased by the departure of so many thousands, yet the number of dying persons doth increase fearfully. Now the counties keep guards, lest the infected persons should, from the city, bring the disease unto them. Most of the rich are now gone, and the middle sort will not stay behind, but the poor are forced, through poverty, to stay and abide the storm.

In August how dreadful is the increase.—From 2010 the number amounts to 2817 in one week, and thence to 3830 the next; thence to 4257 the next; then to 6152 the next, and all those of the plague, besides other diseases.

Now the cloud is very black, and the storm comes down upon us very sharp.—Now death rides triumphantly on his pale horse through our streets and breaks into every house almost, where any inhabitants are to be found. Now people fall as thick as the leaves from the trees in autumn, when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in the London streets; every day looks with the face of a sabbath day, observed with greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut up, people rare, and very few that walk about, inasmuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence in almost every place, especially within the walls; no rattling coaches, no prancing horses, no calling in customers or offering wares; no London cries sounding in the ears; if any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help.

Now we could hardly go forth but we should meet many coffins, and see many with sores and limping in the streets.—Among other sad spectacles, methought two were very afflicting; one of a woman coming alone, and weeping, by the door where I lived (which was the midst of the infection) with a little coffin under her arm, carrying it to the new church-yard; I did judge that it was the mother of the child, and that all the family besides was dead, and she was forced to coffin up and bury, with her own hands, this her last dead child. Another was of a man at the corner of the Artillery wall that, as I judge, through the distemper of his head with the disease which seized upon him, had

dashed his face against the wall, and when I came by, he lay hanging with his bloody face over the rails, and bleeding upon the ground; and as I came back he was removed under a tree in Moorfields, and lay upon his back. I went and spoke him; he could make me no answer, but rattled in the throat, and, as I was informed, within half an hour died in that place.

Now the plague had broken in much among my acquaintance; and of about sixteen or more whose faces I used to see every day in our houses, within a little I could find but four or six of them alive; scarcely a day passed over my head; for, I think, a month or more together, but I should hear of the death of some one or more that I knew, the first day, that they were smitten; the next day, some hopes of recovery; and the third day, that they were dead.

In September, when we hoped for a decrease, because of the season, because of the number gone, and the number already dead; yet it was not come to its height; but from 6102, which died by the plague in the last week of August, the number is mounted to 6938 the first week of September, and when we conceived some little hopes in the next week's abatement to 6544, our hopes were quite dashed again, when, the next week, it did rise to 7165, which was the highest bill, and a dreadful bill it was! And of the 130 parishes in and about the city, there were but four parishes which were not infected, and in those few people remaining that were not gone into the country.

From 7165, which died of the plague in one week, there is a decrease to 5588 the next, which was the latter end of September; the next week a farther decrease to 4929, the next to 4327, the next to 2665, the next week to 1031, then there was an increase the first week in November to 1414, but it fell the week after to 1050, and the week after to 333, and so lessened more and more to the end of the year, when we had a bill of 97,306, which died of all diseases, which was an increase of 79,000 over what it was the year before; and the number of them which died by the plague was reckoned to be 68,396 this year, when there were but six which the bill speaks of who died the year before.

LOVE TOKENS. Mr. Pratt, in his Gleanings through Holland, gives a description of some curious tokens that were intended to be presented by a Dutch maiden, (who had arrived at that age, when many persons are particularly cautious of displaying their knowledge of chronology,) to her lover, on whom she was about to bestow her hand. N. Whig.

Our Dutch virgin however, in her own adoration, did not forget to accommodate her intended bridegroom, whose taste, she assured us, she had consulted no less than her own (a lucky familiarity, you will say) in the choice of her decorations. But to demonstrate in a more particular manner her loving kindness towards him, she now shewed her fellow passengers a curious tobacco pipe of the finest porcelain, on which was depicted in glaring colours a dowdy Venus, and a squabby pair of Cupids, the one taking snuff and the others sending their whiffs at one another. Of this instrument, the stopper was silver, and the chain to which it was attached, of the same metal; and, that the gift might be complete, our ancient maiden had bought a china spitting basin, on which also were depicted certain emblems of her delicate passion. How few of our English maidens would have thus administered to the accomplishments of their lovers! A tobacco-pipe and spitting box as a nuptial gift! Profit, yet votaries of the belle passion, by the example."

EXTRACT. Archbishop Tillotson says 'who ever is want to speak evil of others, gives a bad character to himself, even to those who he desires to please; who, if they be wise enough, will conclude that he speaks of them to others, as he does of others, to them; and were it not for that fond partiality which men have to themselves, no man could be so blind as not to see this.'