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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

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MISCELLANEOUS

From the Connecticut Mirror: TO THE MARQUIS LA FAYETTE, The only surviving General of the Revolution. We'll search the earth, and search the sea, To roll a gallant wreath for thee; And every field for Freedom sought, And every mountain height, where ought Of Liberty can yet be found, Shall be our blooming harvest ground. Laurels in garlands hang upon Thermopylae and Marathon— On Bannockburn the thistle grows— On Runnymede the wild rose blows— And on the banks of Boyne, its leaves Green Erin's shamrock wildly waves; In France, in sunny France, we'll get The Fleur-de-lys and mignonette From every consecrated spot, Where lies a martyr'd Huguenot, Let e'en our vales and mountains yield, And many a rocky height, Let that our vales and mountains yield, Where men have met to fight For law, and liberty, and life, And died in Freedom's holy strife, Whose Atlantic seas—below The waves of Eric and Champlain, Thus grass and the coral grow, In radiant trophies round the slain, And we can add, to form thy crown, Some branches worthy thy renown, Let may thy chaplet flourish bright, Let borrow from the Heavens, its light Is with a cloud that circles round, As in a war, when other stars have set— With glory shall thy brow be crown'd, With glory shall thy head be crown'd, With glory—starkie, tinetured yet In earth, and air, and sky, and sea, Let yield a glorious wreath to thee.

From the Charleston Courier. BY J. G. PERCIVAL. Two flowers were budding on one stem, Inbued with fragrance, fresh with dew, And bent with many a trickling gem, That trembled as the west wind blew, And softly shower'd their crimson through That veil of crystal purity, and as the thrush around them flew, He clearly piped his melody. Two fledglings in a sing dove's nest, With tender bill, and feeble wing, Sat brooding on their downy breast, And they had just begun to sing, And as they saw their mother bring, With tireless love, the food she bore, They made the woods around them ring, The infant note they had carol'd o'er.

From the Philadelphia Advertiser. THEY WILL BE DONE. When sorrow casts its shade around, And pleasure seems our course to shun; When nought but grief and care is found, How sweet to say, "They will be done." When sickness lends its pallid hue, And every dream of bliss has flown; When quickly from the fading view, Recede the joys that once were known: The soul resign'd will still rejoice, Though life's last sand is nearly run; With humble faith and trembling voice, It whispers soft, "They will be done." When pallid mourn the early doom Of one affection held most dear; While o'er the closing silent tomb, The bleeding heart distils the tear: Though love its tribute sad will pay, And early streams of solace shun; Still, still the humbled soul will say, In lowly dust, "They will be done." "Water, O Lord, thou hast design'd To bring my soul to these in trust, In misery or afflictions, kind, For all thy dealings, Lord are just, Take all—but grant in goodness free, That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun; Support this heart, and strengthen me To say, in faith, "They will be done."

PROVERB. There is no better looking glass than an old true friend.

OF THE VAST IMPORTANCE OF MANNER IN GIVING COUNSEL AND REPROOF.

To exasperate is not the way to convince; nor does asperity of language or manner, necessarily belong to the duty of plain dealing. So far otherwise; a scolding preacher, or a snarling reprover betrays a like a gross ignorance of the philosophy of the human mind, and the absence of christian meekness; and however great be his endeavours to do good, the provokingness of his manner will defeat the benevolence of his intentions.

The following remarks are from the pen of a man as distinguished for christian piety, as for superior genius—the immortal Cowper—"No man" (says the evangelical poet) "was ever scolded out of his sins, the heart corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl under that operation, but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, when he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes destitute of all grace, that he may shine more in his own eyes by comparison."

Nor is either scolding or ridicule the proper way to cure men of their religious prejudices for by inflaming their anger, it renders their prejudices the more stubborn and inveterate. It is no matter how absurd, or even how monstrous, their errors and prejudices be; if you offend them by the grossness of your manner, there is little hopes of your convicting them afterwards by the cogency of your reasoning.

The Baptist missionaries in India at the first insulted, as we are told, the superstition which they attacked, and ridiculed and reviled the Bramins in the streets, and at their festivals when the passions of the blinded and besotted populace were most likely to be inflamed. But experience taught those pious & apostolical men this was not the right way to make converts; for this reason in 1805, they make a declaration of the great principles upon which they thought it their duty to act. "It is necessary," they say, "in our intercourse with the Hindoos, that, as far as we are able, we abstain from those things which would increase their prejudices against the gospel. Those parts of English manners which are most offensive to them should be kept out of sight; nor is it advisable at once to attack their prejudices by exhibiting with acrimony the sins of their fues, neither should we do violence to their images, nor interrupt their worship."

Now if this forbearance from every thing provoking, whether in language or in manner, was expedient in dealing with the errors of the grossly idolatrous Pagans, it is assuredly not less expedient for fellow-christians, in their treatment of the real or supposed religious errors of one another. Bitter revilings and contumelious denunciations always provoke, but never convince. If they are used instead of argument, they betray a conscious weakness, for it is much easier to revile and denounce than to argue. And furthermore, we are quite as apt to be furiously in the right; or even if we know ourselves to be right as to matter, we put ourselves in the wrong as to manner, if we make use of foul weapons, rather than those which the armory of reason supplies.

Manner is to be carefully studied by every one, whether in a public or private station, who undertakes to reclaim the vicious, or convince the erring; for what would be beneficial if done in one manner, would be worse than labour lost if done in another. A haughty supercilious manner never wins, seldom convinces; and always disgusts; whereas that which indicates meekness and unmingled benevolence and compassion, rarely fails of some salutary impression; especially if suavity of manner be accompanied with force of reasoning, and a due re-

gard be had to time, place, and circumstances.

No very long while ago, Mr. [Name], an American clergyman, as distinguished for piety, zeal, as for eminent parts, was passing a river in the ferry boat, along with company of some distinction among them was a military officer, who repeatedly made use of profane language. Mr. [Name] continued silent till they had landed, when asking him aside, he expostulated with him in such a moving manner that the officer expressed his thanks, and his deep sorrow for his offence; but added withal, "Sir, if you had reproved me before this company, I should have drawn my sword upon you."

There are some who glory in it that by their plain dealing they wound the pride of those they deal with. Peradventure with greater pride they do it. Often we are so little aware of the obliquities of our own hearts, that we may be feeding and nourishing pride within ourselves, whilst we are zealously aiming our blows at the pride of others.

DONALD M'LEOD.

It was in the memorable year of 1745, that Donald M'Leod, a native of that interesting division of Scotland, denominated the Highlands, enlisted under the banners of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart, with a full determination of sharing his fortunes. Of his genealogy, Donald could not boast much, nor did the times admit of the advantages of liberal education being placed within his reach; he however had the gratification to know that his ancestors were in the confidence of their Chiefs, and that their history was unsullied by any acts of knavery, or a single breach of fidelity.—This alone he imagined sufficiently exalted his pedigree, and that, to improve on their virtues, would be the best education a man in his humble sphere could possess. With such impressions and self-complacency, did Donald M'Leod on the 14th May disclose his intentions to his wife and family, by trimming his national garb and whetting the trusty claymore of his ancestors, which exclaimed he, was never unsheathed, save in the cause of liberty and honour. The following day was appointed for the march, and Donald took an affectionate leave of his loving wife and children, and joined the rest of his clan, they with a steady pace to the martial music of the bagpipes sped their way—receiving the fervent benediction and good wishes of those whom age had deprived of the capacity, but not of the inclination of following them. By a few days forced marches, they came up with the rear of the Pretender's army, which was by this time accumulating in numbers.—Donald's impatience to feast his eyes with a sight of the Prince, urged him forward to the advanced division, where he had the gratification to find his object surrounded by the numerous chiefs, who had espoused his cause at the inevitable risk of person and property.

After partaking of the variegated fortunes of this ill fated campaign, (the circumstances of which, although interesting, are too various to be enumerated,) we trace this trusty vessel to the decisive battle of Culloden, which terminated the career of Prince Charles, and stifled the prospects of his adherents, in this scene of carnage and unprecedented cruelty. Donald had no sooner implored a blessing on their cause—in the solicitous words, of "O Lord, be thou wif us, and if thou dinna be wif us, be na against us, but leave it at wein ourselves and the red coats," than he took a most active part in this unequal contest of two to six, and distinguished himself by many acts of valor and presence of mind, and often did his watchful and faithful arm ward off the blow which was aimed at his left leader. After frequent reinforcements had rendered the red coats too formidable to contend with, the pretender was under the painful necessity of seeking safety in flight, and a somewhat regular retreat was effected; the clans now dispersed in every direction to avoid the cruelty of the tyrant's steel; as no quarter would be given to male or female. These misfortunes only knit the affections of the Highlanders more and more to Charles, and his desti-

ny sat heavier on them than their own; several of them earnestly desired to follow him and share whatever fate would be his; but it was deemed necessary for his safety, to have as few as possible about his person; faithful Donald was however appointed guide and custodian, and spared no trouble to mollerate his sufferings. The number of spies dispersed in every direction, and eager as blood-hounds to grasp their prey, had now become too numerous for the Pretender's attempting to follow any frequented track, and the unfortunate fugitives had no remaining resource than to select the most rugged path, of a naturally rugged country, to devote the night to the march and the day to a temporary relaxation of their nocturnal toils. Donald however, never failed to cheer his companions, even when their prospects were most gloomy. By this time they had considerably distanced the enemy, and after disguising the Prince in a shepherd's dress with the crook over his shoulder; they thought themselves pretty much out of danger; nor so sooner did they arrive at the sea side than Donald was apprised of an English squadron being on the coast searching every house and creek for the Pretender, and at the same time offering the immense sum of 30,000l. for his head, dead or alive. This intelligence gave Donald much concern, but did not in the least daunt him. He was resolved that death alone should sever him from his charge, and considered the trust put in him sufficient need for whatever difficulties he might encounter. They had already approached those parts of the country with which Donald was most familiar, and although this was pleasant, it did not much alleviate the disadvantages they were exposed to; they travelled from hut to hut, and from castle to castle at the latter, their safety for a few hours could only be risked, the rank of their proprietors rendering them doubly suspicious.

Donald at last, to put an end to their precarious wanderings, proposed that the Prince should accompany him to his own habitation, whose appearance, added he, could not excite the suspicion of any one. This was accordingly agreed to, and executed with the strictest privacy. The third day, however, had not dawned on their repose, when it was announced by some fishermen that the English squadron was standing in for the harbour. Donald was in a moment out of bed, and had the mortification to behold five ships coming to anchor immediately in front of his house; at the same time exclaiming that nothing short of direct information could direct them to such a place, he immediately flew to the Pretender's bedside, informing him of the whole circumstance, and begging him, if he regarded his life, to betako himself to the hills, and that he would wait on the English. This was no sooner put into execution than several boats landed, loaded with men and officers. The Commodore himself approached and enquired of Donald (who stood expecting a civil salutation) in a haughty tone, if he or his companions had heard any thing of the Pretender. "Ha, then, you are looking for him," says Donald. "Villain! answer my question," returned the Commodore, drawing his sword, "or you suffer." "Stap a wee," said Donald, laying his hand on his claymore, "there's twa of us kens how to do that, but sin ye talk o' Charlie, so a'hae heard o' the man, and some o' us might ha' seen him for a' I ken; but you mun search unco hard here afore ye find him." "Well," added the Commodore, "here is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, from his Most Gracious Majesty King George II. besides a free estate for life, to any man who will deliver up to justice our country's enemy, Prince Charles Stuart." "He might just as well ha' said thirty thousand horn buttons," replied Donald; "there is no man in the whole Highlands wad betray a hair o' his head for your thirty thousand pounds, as ye ca' them, an ye may tell George himsel; when you see him, should he send his ain wait in pouns, an that wed be muckle mair than that boat wad wael carry, he would nae be a bit the wiser o't. Charlie Stuart and sic great folk, are over fond of

roast beef, and sic like gude things, to bide wif sic pair bodies as we are." "We must, however, search your lodgings," said the Commodore. "Ye mun do so as sith, but as christian, ye shall never cross my threshold, while I am here to finish the first wha attempts it." Donald was, however, overpowered by the seamen, and the house searched but in vain. The Commodore departed, without much ceremony, and Donald had the felicity of seeing Prince Charles embark for France, and out of danger. Donald M'Leod lived several years in the happy enjoyment of his wife and family, and died only in the year 1780, at the advanced age of 92. [Geo. Advertiser.]

"LOVE'S BLIND THEY SAY"

Jack Sharpless; a sprightly young fellow, whose family resides a few miles from this city, lately met with a sad cross in his love affairs—such a one as should cause every tender hearted dangel to lay down her neck and shed a few tears for his affliction, and every poet and poetess in the land to rhyme a few stanzas for his consolation.

Jack was altogether as tidy a young man, and as true a sweetheart, as could be found in the whole world. He never refused to join in a four-handed reel. He could spend his spirit of a man, and sing his song with the best of them. Kings on their thrones might have envied Jack, the favorite of himself and of all his acquaintances. Nothing occurred to interrupt his peace of mind, till one unfortunate hay-making day this summer, when that arch little villain Nanny (Cupid), envying Jack's careless state of felicity, leaped on a hay cock, from the top of which he aimed an arrow at his heart. Too fatally was the arrow sped, and the Muse sorrows to tell, that Jack was not the only victim. Poor Nanny the maid of the farm, a curious little minx, who,

"Though a wonder own'd by all, 'Yet knew not she was fair," happened to be passing at the time, and received in her breast the point of that very arrow which had already penetrated the young hay-maker's heart.—Perhaps these two did not attempt to cure their wounds.

Jack's mother, who neither loved nor respected Nanny, blew him, as he said, skies high; when she heard of his affection for the dangel; but he remained firm in his attachment, and the old woman finding expostulations fail, thought of resorting to other means; but being rather slow at deliberation, the day appointed for the nuptials arrived before she knew it, and the ceremony would probably have been celebrated, but for an unexpected and very untoward circumstance.

When Nanny lived at service, there also lived a sister of Jack's, who was as inimical to the love of this pair as was the mother. She by some means, discovered that her brother was the next day at a certain hour, to meet her fellow servant at a certain spot, with a Dear-born and two horses, intended to convey them to a parson. The day came, and again the day gave place to the evening. Poor Nanny could not be as punctual as the occasion required, for alas! she could not find her morocco shoes, her kid gloves, and her snow white muslin dress, those indispensable to a wedding. But Jack was early at his post, and after waiting for some time, rather impatiently, at length beheld the expected fair approach. There was no time for explanation; he gave her one kiss, handed her into the carriage, and off he drove with the rapidity of lightning. They soon arrived at the end of their journey, and Jack bolted into the house half leading, half carrying his lovely companion. The parson appeared with his book. The parties took their places. All things went on well, till his reverence put the question "Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?" then, and not till then, did the false Nanny look up in Jack's face, and show him not his own dear faithful lass, but his cruel hearted sister, standing beside him. "Ah! will you Jack," said she, "will you have me to be your wedded wife?"

The rage of the swain at this disappointment equalled the violence of his affection for the dangel, whose garments had been used by her to him & disappointed. Phil. Collin

Lee's Corn Plaster... 50 cents a packet.

Lee's Lip Salve... The above Famous Family Medicines, are for sale, wholesale and retail, by NOAH RIDGELY, Proprietor, Baltimore, No. 55 Hanover St. GIDEON WHITE, and JEREMIAH HUGHES.

Who have just received fresh supplies... I will give thirty dollars for said fellow if taken in the state, and secured in Baltimore goal, or the above reward if taken out of the state, and secured in Baltimore goal, or elsewhere, so that I get him.

50 Dollars Reward. Ranaway from the subscriber residing in Anne-Arundel county, near the Cross Roads Post Office, Maryland, on the 12th day of August, 1822, a negro man named Jack, thirty years of age, of dark complexion, with a scar on his chin, five feet seven or eight inches high. He took sundry clothing with him. He is fond of spirituous liquors, and when spoken to hangs down his head.

I will give thirty dollars for said fellow if taken in the state, and secured in Baltimore goal, or the above reward if taken out of the state, and secured in Baltimore goal, or elsewhere, so that I get him.

CABINET MAKING. The Subscriber, at his Shop, in Church-street, opposite the Post-Office, having provided himself with Mahogany, and other materials, for carrying on the

Cabinet Making Business, &c. Solicits the public for a portion of their custom, which will be thankfully received.

FUNERALS. On the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. He will also attend to the business of Upholstering and Paper Hanging. JOHN WHEEDON. Annapolis, Jan. 3, 1822.

DISSOLUTION. The subscribers have this day, by mutual consent, dissolved their business under the firm of D. RIDGELY & CO. All persons having claims against said concern, are requested to bring them in for adjustment, and all those indebted to it are hereby called on to come forward, and make immediate payment to David Ridgely, or John W. Claggett, who are solely authorised to settle all the transactions of said firm.

DAVID RIDGELY, WM. WARFIELD, JNO. W. CLAGETT. August 6, 1822.

NOTICE. All persons having claims against the late firm of WARFIELD & RIDGELY, are requested to present the same to David Ridgely for adjustment; and all those in any way indebted to said firm, are now called on to make immediate payment to David Ridgely, who is alone authorised to receive and pay away monies, and to manage all the business of said concern.

WM. WARFIELD, DAVID RIDGELY. August 8, 1822.

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 to settle with the representative of the late John T. Barber, John Miller Jr.

JUST PUBLISHED. And For Sale at Geo. Shaw's 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 1805, inclusive. PRICE—\$6 50.

Just Published. And for sale at this Office and at Mr. George Shaw's Store—price 25cts. The Constitution of Maryland, To which is prefixed, The Declaration of Rights—With the amendments ingrafted therein. Oct. 23.

PRINTING. Of every description, neatly executed at this Office.