Stock of Goods hd at the most reduced priced ins are invited to give them David Ridgely, John IV. Clagett.

O Dollars Reward

Rapaway from the subscriber residing in Anne Arundel county-near the Cross Roids Post Office, Maryland on the 12th day of At 1822, a negro man named Jack y years of ago, of dark complexiwith a screen his chin, five feet n or eight inches high, He took ry elothing with him. He is food

pirituous liquors, and when spoto hangs down his head will give thirty dollars for said w if taken in the state, and seed in Baltimore gaol, or the above ard if taken out of the state, and ired in Baltimore gaol, or elseere, so that I get him.

S. GAMBRILL.

ABINET MAKING.

he Subscriber, at his Shop, in irch-street, opposite the Post-Office, ing provided himself with Mahoy. and other materials, for carryon the

Cabinet Making Business, &c.

icits the public for a portion of ir custom, which will be thankfully He will likewise furnish and the intend

the shortest notice, and most reaable terms. will also attend to the business of

pholstering and Paper Hanging. JONATHAN WEEDON. Annapolis, Jan. 3, 1822.

DISSOLUTION.

The subscribers have this day, by atual consent, dissolved their busiss under the firm of D. RIDGELY CO. All persons having claims ainst said concern, are requested to ing them in for adjustment, and all ose indebted to it are hereby called to come forward, and make imme-ate payment to David Ridgely, or hn W. Clagett, who are solely au-orised to settle all the transactions

said firm.

DAVID RIDGELY,

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

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the te firm of WARFIELD & RIDGELY, e requested to present the same to David idgely for adjustment; and all those in any ay indebted to said firm, are now called ay indepted to said irrin, are now easied in to make immediate payment to David idgely, 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 f George and John Barber, & Co are equested to call and settle their acounts, before the 15th Sept. next, therwise suits will be instituted sainst them without respect to perencern should be settled in as speedy way as possible, in consequence of ny having to, settle with the repre-entatives of the late John T. Barber, John Miller Jr.

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MISCELLANEOUS

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Quando contemplo el cielo." gaze upon yon orbs of light...
The countless stars that gem the sky; The countless stars that gem the sky Each in its sphere serenely bright Wheeling its course—how silently; While in the mantle of the night Earth and its cares and troubles lie. Temple of light and loveliness,

And throne of grandeur, can it be That souls, whose kindred loftiness, Nature hath framed to rise to thee, boold pine within this narrow space, This prison of mortality? What madness from the path of right

For ever leads our steps astray, hat, reckless of thy pure delight, We turn from this divine array, chase a shade that mocks the sight-A good that vanisheth away? sike, ye mortals! raise your eyes To these eternal starry spheres:
Lock on these glories of the skics,
And see how poor this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities—
With all its hopes and all its fears.

of heavenly lamps, so brightly shining, frough the unbounded void of space.
A hand unseen their course assigning, moving with unequal pace, Yet in harmonious concord joining.

Tho sees the silver charlot move of the bright moon; and, gliding slow, the star whose influence from above Sheds knowledge on the world below, and the resplendent Queen of Love All bright and beautifully glow: Or, where the angry God of War Rolls fiercely on his bloody way, And near the mild majestic star

That o'er the gods of old held sway, That beams his radiance from afar,
And calms the heavens beneath his ray Where Saturn shews his distant beam, God of the golden days of yore; or where the countless stars, that seem Thick as the sand upon the shore, from their eternal seats a stream

Of glory and of radiance pour. Who that hath seen these splendours roll, And gazed on that majestic scene, But sighed to 'scape this world's control, Spurning its pleasures poor and mean, To burst the honds that binds the soul, And pass the gulph that yawned between

HUMILITY-Wherefore should man, frail child of clay
Who from the cradle to the shroud Lives but the insect of a day,

O, why should mortal man be proud.

His brightest visions just appear, Then vanish, and no more are found The stateliest pile his pride can rear, A breath may level to the ground.

By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain—of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faigt the ray!

and crimes a countless sum, Are crowded in life's little span! How ill, alas! does pride become That erring, guilty creature man. God of my life, Father divine, Give me a meek and lowly mind; In modest worth, O let me shine, And peace in humble virtue find.

In one of the principle streets in Bristol is a spirit shop, and immediately over it, as an upper story, a handsome Methodist meeting house; on this was written the following

There's spirit above and spirit below:

Aspirit of joy, and spirit of woe; The spirit above is a spirit divine, But the spirit below is a spirit of wine.

From a New-York paper. On the marriage of Mr. Madd to Miss-Lot's wife we read in days of old, Was chang'd as we are plainly told, into a lump of salt.

The same propensity for change Still runs in female blood, Por here we find a case as strange, A maiden turned to Mudd!

THE PRESS. Howshalf I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idplaint—the PRESS?
By thee, religion, liberty and laws,
Exert their influence and advance their

by thee, worse plagues than Pharach's land bers!, Diffund, make earth the vestibule of hell:
Thou fountain, at which drink the good &

was;
Thou ever bubling spring of endless lies;
Like Rich's dread, probationary tree,
Knowledge of GOOD and EVIL is from
thee,

fow weeks after his arrival of the hour, and every now, and then, to yellow fever to The miserable father knew not

and daughter. They saw his afflic-

of the parish, that Stephen Gray

was a criminal and had fled to a

Over the grave of the eldest son,

his parents could shed tears of a

resigned sadness; but for him who

died unattended beyond the sea,

their grief was bitter and incon-

solable. No one ever uttered Ste-

phen's name, although there was

not a house in all the parish where

his cheerful laugh had not been wel-

from that night was impaired, and

on her bed, and never more rose .-

Gray was childless.

foreign land. -

heaving breast.

BIMON GRAY. THE following picture from Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," is an admirable illustration of the uncertainty of human affairs, and is touched with great truth:-

and is touched with great truth:

No man's life seemed to promise Stephen was a profligate. But next a calmer course and more serene night the outer door opened loudly, close than that of the Reverend Si, and two officers of justice entered mon Gray. He had for many years the manse. Now all concealment possessed the entire affection and was at an end; and next day it was respect of all the inhabitants of his known not only to the inmates of Parish. A few words from him the manse, but to all the inhabitants calmed angry blood; settled quarrels, and and allayed animusity. In his kirk, in his manse, in his neighbours house, in the field, and by the way side; he was in good truth, the minister of peace. In his own family, his happiness was perfect .-His wife was, in all things, after his own heart; and two sons and one daughter, just reaching man and woman's estate had scarcely ever given their parents distress, and seemed destined for a life of respectability and happiness. But it is with the humble as with the high in this world; their possessions are equally insecure; and the same lesson may be learnt from the life of the lowest peasant, as from that of the loftiest king. From the cottage and from the palace the same warning voice is heard to say "Call no man happy before he dies,"

Simon Gray's eldest son, a youth of distinguished talents and even more tenderly beloved than admired by all who hnew him, was drowned in a moorland loch in his father's parish, one warm summer evening, when his parents were sitting at no great distance in a hollow among he hills. They heard his cries. but could do nothing to save him when rushing to the water's weedy and rushy edge, they saw him sinking in miserable entanglement among, the long strong roots of the water lilie. Of the shocks their hearts and whole being then got. nothing need be said; but from that evening, well as they were both thought to support it, every one in the parish felt that they never were the same people as before, that their faces never wore such bright smiles: and that the minister and his wife looked to each other when in company, with tearful eyes, as if an accidental word or allusion had awakened in their hearts a remembrance too tender or too terrible.-Michael would have been, had he lived, his father's successor; and some thought that the manse never looked exactly like itself since that fatal eveut.

But this was but the beginning of Simon's sorrows. His other son was a clerk in a commercial house in the neighbouring city, and in the unreserved confidence of his employers. Regularly every Saturday did he walk out to manse-stay, over the Sabbath-and next morning before breakfast appear at his desk. But one dark and stormy winter his knees, declared he was a ruined and lost man-that he had formed a guilty connection with a woman who led him on to his destructionand that he had embezzlod his benefactor's money—done worse-forged his name, and that unless he could

make his escape, he must explate his crime on a scaffold. Simon Gray lifted up his son from his knees, and folded him to his heart, "My poor wretched boy! thy life is in jeopardy! Oh! that I knew how to save my son! Stephen -Stephen-what would signify the breaking of my heart if thou wast but safe! Speak not-my sweet boy
of thy crimes, great as they are. I am thy father and can now think but of thy death and thy life-Fly Stephen and take with thee thy father's blessing. Perhaps all thy money is gone—I will give thee cnough to pursue thy journey-and so also may I be able to repay all thou hast embezzled. Oh! Stephen -Stephen-my beloved boy, who hast so often sat in thine innocence on my knees, and whom so often I have put to bed after thy prayers, has it indeed come to this?" And father and son knelt down together and prayed unto their God. It was a black stormy night, and Stephen went away without seeing his moescape to America, and died in a ing and turning for upwards of an stitutions hasten a dissolution.

make the work seem casier, be would tickle my fancy with flattery. bow to break the matter to his wife Never did I work so hard with such and daughter. They saw his afflication will as upon this necession and he told them he feared Nine o'clock soon came, half past nine g'clock soon followed, then three quarters, but his flattery had chained me to the grindstone, and I could not break away; by the time the clock had-struck ten, he

> This circumstance has taught me many useful lessons: and when I see one man very officious and attentive to another, fawning and flattering him on all occasions,—this man I

-From the Boston Commercial Gazette. VIEW OF THE NORTH RIVER.

come. Ill as he had behaved. dishonestly and vilely, affection for his Hudson:memory was in every heart. But a grave look or a sigh was all in or Hudson, is indescribably grand which any one could show this sorrow and sympathy now; and the minister of Seatoun understood the silence of his parishoners, for his dead son had been a felon-aye, Stephen, the gay, witty, fearless, and affectionate Stephen, had been a felon. He had written a letter to his father on his death bed-a few words-but they were impressed for ever on his father's soul, and often did he repeat them in his sleep, as

the tears forced their way through his closed eyelids and drenched his The terror struck into the heart of Stephen's sister by the sudden bursting in of the officers of justice into the manse, in some degree affected her intellects; her memory after her brother's death in America had been communicated to her, she frequently forgot it, and weeping, implored to know if he had not lately written home. "He must be dead, or he would have written;" and she kept walking about the house, from one room to another, repeating these words with awailing voice and sorely wringing her hands. That could not last long; without any disease she lay down She was buried by the side of her brother Michael-and now Simon

THE GRINDSTONE. ron again to say-I remember, when a little boy, I

was particularly fond of being flattered, but have since found out to my sorrow that flattery has been the cause of the many uneasy hours I have experienced. I was never more happy than when a school-boy with a satchel in my hand trudging to school, whistling as I went along with all the gaiety of youth.

One morning, as I was as usual evening, in the middle of the week going to school, contemplating on he unexpectedly entered his father's iny lesson, and priding myself upon study, flinging himself down upon the chance of my being at the head of the class, and thereby mortifying several bigger boys, whom I knew could not repeat their lesson so well as myself, I was met by a man with an axe on his shoulder, who accosted me with "you are a pretty little boy, how old are you my dear? where do you live?" I told him I was in my seventh year, and my father lived a few steps back from the road. "That's a fine boy," re-plied he, "are you going to school thus early? it is not yet nine o'clock;" and without giving me time to answer him, asked me "If my father had a Grindstone?" I was so delighted with being called a fine pretty little boy, that I immediately replied, yes we have a fine large Grindstone, I'll run back and show you where it is. As we walked towards the house, he told me again "I was the prettiest little fellow he had ever before met with." When we arrived at the Grindstone, here it is said I, you may grind as many axes on it as you please "But can you, my dear," replied he, aget me a little hot water." He reques-ted it so good naturedly that I procured it for him in an instant .-"Now won't you, my fine little fellow turn the Grindstone for ten minutes." This was spoken so civilly, and he appeared to love me so ther or sister. He went away—but much, that I could not for the life be never peturned. He made his of me refuse; so I set to work, turn-

had sharpened his axe and turning to me with a frowning look, said "now, you young dog, scud to school or you'll rue it."

exclaim, has an axe to grind.

A gentleman recently on a tour

peaks thus of his passage up the "The view of the North River,

and beautiful. We sailed within a stone's throw of the shore early all the time-beholding on the one side, huge masses of rock; called palisadoes, that lifted their tall heads a thousand feet above us, and whose front resembled the gothic structures of old-and on the other, verdant pastures and green fields, combining the highest fertility of animated nature,-the most productive beauties of the soil. No one can say that the pencil of Irving has here exaggerated his subject-none but an insensible souls would declare that he has written too much of the scenery. of the Hudson, or that his pictures partake too strongly of imagination. The truth is, he can add nothing to its beauties-and the half of them has never yet been told. The theme is measureless-such as Byron, with all his kindred sublimity would delight to dwell upon, and conjure up a spirit in every breeze of its mountains, or that moved on the face of its waters. Its serpentine windings -its deep recesses-the little cottage under the rocky heights, and insolated, as it were from the rest of the world-the splendid palace in the distance, surrounded by dark foliage and towering elms, imparting to it an air of romance-its impenetrable forests where the foot of man would seem never to have trod; -these are things which would call forth the finest strains of poetic inspiration,-which would induce By-

"Pass not unblest the Genius of the place! If through the air a zephyr more serene.
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace Along his margin a more eloquent green; If on the heart the freshness of the scene Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust Of weary life, a moment lave it clean With Nature's baptism .- 'tis to him ye must Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

"On our passage up this noble river, we passed the following mountains, viz:-Bare Mountain, 1350 fect-Anthony's Nose, 1128-Crow's Nest, 1418-Bull-Hill, 1486-Butter Hill, 1529-and one other, the name of which I am ignorant, 1580, and which is said to be the highest above the level of the river. We were also afforded a fine view of the Katskill mountains, situated a little in the back ground of the Hudson their greatest elevation 3856 feet. The water was perfectly calm and nothing disturbed its surface but a solitary sturgeon now and then dart ing up several feet from his element, as if to take the air, and view the surrounding scenery. A celebrated professed bugle player was on board our boat-and the effect of his instrument from the upper deck of the "Richmond," Was, as may be ima-gined, truly delightful. In short, to the admirers of nature's works l know of no excursion more pleasurable than that which may be enjoyed on the North River. Whatever delights the eye, or can rekindle the imagination, may be found there-earth alike in her richest and rudest attire bursting on the sight, and entrancing the attention -there business may throw off her cares, and mingle in the scene of enchantment—and literature need look for no other resources than the sublime imagery before it."

EXTRACT. A reform is often delayed till nature is exhausted, and decrepit con-

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF Going to see my father the other day he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting , with him! So when the swabber had rigged the harnes they brought me one to stow myself on board of one that they told me was in such right and tight thim, this would go as fast on any tack as a Faulk stone cutter. So I got alon and clapt myself athwart of p and made as much way as the best on 'em, and to the windward of a gravel pit we spied a hare at anchor; so weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse camb plump ashore upon a rock—the back stay broke she pitched me over the fore castle, came keel upwards, and unshipped my shoulder; and hang me if over I sail on land privas

HOW TO VOTE.

teering again.

"Every thing connected with the system of Representation must interest the only people, who eminently enjoy its advantages. The manner in which Representatives are chosen in Scotland, is described with much truth and gendine humour by a Scottish Novelist. "Well do I remember, for it liappened, the year I was licensed, that Town Council-the Lord Eglistoun that was shot. being then Provost-took in the late Thomas Bowitt to be a Counsellor, and Thomas not being versed in Election matters, but mind. ing to please his Lordship, he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd, the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting. Whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him: -- "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say as Bailie Shaw says, for he will do what my Lord bids him," which, says our author, was as peaceful a way of sending up a member of Parliament [or of settling any other question] as could be devised."

EXTRACT.

Count Forbin, in his Travels lu the Holy Land, says, that the Turks are persuaded that Mahamet descended from Heaven to bless the two Mosques, which have been erected on the space formerly occupied by the temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, "and that he visited Jerusalem, mounted on his mare, el-Boraq, which is no other than an angel with the body of a winged horse, and the face of a woman. The prophet is to return to Jerusalem on the day of the last judgment, accomp\nied by Jesus Christ, Rouh Allah. (The spirit of God.) He will stride over the valley of Jehosephat, with one of his feet placed on the temple, and the other on the Diebel Tor .--His robe will be formed of the skin . of a young camel; the souls of the just will nestle in it likes many insects; and as soon as Mahomet perceives, by the weight of his garment, that the souls of all true believers have sheltered themselves beneath his wings, he will take his flight towards the etherial expanse."

DEFINITION OF TRUE HONOUR. There is no word of greater import and dignity than honors it is virtue, adorned with every decora-tion that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure.-It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict honour; but then let him prove his right to this title by the whole tenor of his actions; let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct, from fashion, or the opinion of others; let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions, and a just praise and approbation will be their due roward.

ANECDOTE.

An ignorant fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service; but by mistake got by heart the office of baptism for riper years, so when he was asked in the church-Wilt thou, have this woman, &c." he answered .- I re-nounce them all." The clergyman said, "I think you are a fuel;" to which he replied, "All this I stead-fastly believe."