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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

Table with columns for dates (24 Thursday to 30 Wednesday) and times (Sun Rise, Sun Set).

MISCELLANEOUS

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

It was at once a delightful and terrible sight, says Plutarch, to see them (the Spartans) marching on to the tunes of their flutes, without ever troubling their order, or confounding their ranks; their music leading them into danger with a deliberate hope and assurance, as if some Divinity had sensibly assisted them.

RELIGION.

When worldly sorrows press the heart, And chase its dearest joys away; When all that virtue can impart, Denies its consolating ray.

When Friendship turns with cold disdain, From fond remembrance, now forgot; When old Affections give us pain, And but confirm our dreary lot;

When Love its purest tendrils weaves, Around its hallow'd, spotless breast; When Hope just whispers and deceives, To leave it lonely and deprest;

A twinkling gleam relieves the gloom, A spirit wrapt in Heavenly light, Redeems us from this earthly doom,— Religion beams! and all is bright!

Religion seems exactly fitted to the wants of man. He is here in a world of sin and sorrow, surrounded by ten thousand evils, from which he cannot extricate himself.

Just like a feather, On the whirlwinds wing.

Pestilence and death are around him—he sees the grim monster approach—his limbs are unnerved—he cannot fly—he is sinking in despair, when religion appears, and by her light and presence dispels his fears and reanimates his frame.

No scorching rays of day, No fatal damps of night, Shall ever find their way, To weaken their delight.

They who have known the sweets of her society, pity those whose highest ambition is to shed lustre over a few years—to live in remembrance a century or two, and then be forgotten.

And for sale at this Office and at Mr. George Shaw's Store, prices as follows. The Constitution of Maryland, To which is prefixed, The Declaration of Rights.

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THE WORLD.

What is the world, even to those who love it, who are intoxicated with its pleasures, and who cannot live without it? The world! it is a perpetual servitude, where no one lives for himself alone, and where if we strive to be happy, we must kiss its fetters and love its bondage.

The world! it is a daily revolution of events, which create, in succession, in the mind of its partizans the most violent passions, bitter hatreds, odious perplexities, devouring jealousies, and grievous chagrins.

The world! it is a place of malediction, where pleasures themselves carry with them their troubles and afflictions. In the world there is nothing lasting, nor fortunes the most affluent—nor friendships the most sincere—nor characters the most exalted—nor favours the most enviable.

Men pass all their lives in agitations, projects and schemes; always ready to deceive, or trying to avoid deception; always eager and active to profit by the retirement, disgrace or death of their competitors; always occupied with their fears or their hopes; always discontented with the present, and anxious about the future; never tranquil, doing every thing for repose and removing further from it.

Vanity, ambition, vengeance, luxury, avarice—these are the virtues which the world knows and esteems. In the world, integrity passes for simplicity; duplicity and dissimulation are meritorious. Interest the most vile, arms brother against brother—and breaks all the ties of blood and friendship; and it is this base motive which produces our hatreds and attachments.

The wants and misfortunes of a neighbour find only indifference and insensibility, when we can neglect him without loss. If we could look into two different parts of the world—if we could enter into the secret detail of anxieties, and inquietudes—if we could pierce the outward appearance which offers to our eyes only joy, pleasure, pomp and magnificence; how different should we find it from what it appears! We should see it destitute of happiness—the father at variance with his child—the husband with his wife; and the antipathies, the jealousies, the murmurs, and the eternal dissension of families.

We should see friendships broken by suspicions; by interests, by caprices; unions the most endearing dissolved by inconsistency; relations the most tender destroyed by hatred and perfidy; fortunes the most affluent producing more vexation than happiness; places the most honourable not giving satisfaction, but creating desires for higher advancement; each one complaining of his lot, and the most elevated not the most happy.

VIEW OF THE EUPHRATES. An hour and a quarter more brought us to the north-east shore of the Euphrates, hitherto totally excluded from our view by the intervening long and varied lines of ruin, which now proclaimed to us on every side that we were indeed in the midst of what has been Babylon.

From the point on which we stood to the base of Mujelib, large masses of ancient foundations spread on our right, more resembling natural hills in appearance, than mounds covering the remains of former great and splendid edifices.

To the eastward, also, chains of these undulating heaps were visible, but many not higher than the generality of the canal embankments we had passed. The whole view was particularly solemn. The majestic stream of the Euphrates wandering in solitude like a pilgrim monarch through the silent ruins of his devastated kingdom, still appeared a noble river, even under the disadvantages of its desert-tacked course.

Its banks were hoary with reeds, and the grey osier willows were yet there, on which the captives of Israel hung up their harps, and while Jerusalem was not, refused to be comforted. But how is the rest of the scene changed since then! At that time those broken hills were palaces; those long undulating mounds streets; this vast solitude filled with the busy subjects of the proud daughter of the East! Now 'wasted with misery' her situation is not to be found; and, for herself, desolation is spread over her!

LAUGHABLE. Among the preparations for the late Bartholomew Fair, a ludicrous scene took place. As one of the itinerant showmen was passing through Long-lane to Smithfield, the axle-tree of his caravan broke, and discharged its cargo into the street.

Several monks were instantly seen running in different directions; one of which ran into a cook's shop to the no small discomfiture of the master-cook and his hungry guests. The vivvrs subsisted for 10 days, with difficulty, on a small quantity of raw salt beef and fish, say about 6 or 7 pounds, and a shark they had taken; without bread, and a trifling quantity of water.

On the 7th inst. was discovered by the eclair Eliza & Polly, Foreythe, from Havana for this port, who came and took us off.

OLD TIMES. From the Philadelphia Democratic Press: There are a number of interesting facts relative to early American History scattered through Holmes' Annals. The editor of the Democratic Press has read the work for the purpose of selecting such matter as may interest the American people. He submits the result.

The Small Pox in 1693; (brought in bags of cotton from the West-Indies) caused a great mortality in Portsmouth and Greenland, in N. Hampshire. The planting of rice was introduced about this time, 1695, in Carolina. A Brigantine from Madagascar touching at Carolina, Landgrave Smith paid the captain a visit on board his vessel, and received from him a present of a bag of seed rice, with information of its growth in eastern countries; and of its incredible increase.

THE BREECHES & THE MAIL BAG.

A curious occurrence took place some time since, in Hertfordshire, about twenty miles from London. The keeper of one of the Post-offices on the great Northern Road, who was in the habit of sleeping in a room so much elevated above the road as to enable him to hand out of the window the Post Bag to the Guard of the Mail, had gone to bed at an early hour according to custom. At half-past three o'clock in the morning he was half-awakened out of a heavy sleep by the well known sound of the horn.—He turned out of his bed mechanically, and handed out what he supposed to be his letter bag to the guard of the mail, who threw what he received, without looking very closely at it, into the receptacle. The coach proceeded to town without delay, and the Post Office keeper resumed his sleep, in which he indulged until his wife, who rose at five o'clock, found it necessary to disturb him in consequence of missing his breeches, which he was in the habit of keeping on a chair next to the bed, and in which the greater part of the receipts of the day were contained. His wig and other things were also missing. The first thing that suggested itself to both, was that some thieves must have got in at the window, which they used, for the reason above stated, to leave unfastened during the night. The good woman, however, upon looking under the bolster, found, to the astonishment of both, the letter bag, which should have been within a few miles of London at the time.—The absence of the breeches was then fully accounted for. The owner fancied that the only safe place in the house was between the bolster and bed. On this occasion he had mistaken the letter bag, which, as well as his breeches, was made of leather, for his property, and placed it in the same spot. The guard, who it appears, was satisfied with feeling, that what he had got was leather, took no notice of the extraordinary shape of the new letter bag, and was overwhelmed with surprise at finding, upon his arrival in London, that the first thing he laid his hand upon in rummaging for the most valuable contents of the coach, was a pair of old leather breeches, containing an old pair of drawers, a pair of black worsted stockings, a collar, a wig and a pair of double sole shoes. He had, however, scarcely examined this precious deposit, when a messenger arrived in breathless haste, from the Post Office keeper, with the bag, which the guard very willingly received in exchange for the breeches.

THE PRESENT POPE. Is eighty years of age, and has governed the church twenty two years.—There are forty four cardinals and twenty three vacant hats. The number of Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, dispersed throughout christendom, is 550. The reason of the vacant hats is, that the moderate revenues of the Ecclesiastical State compel the Holy Father to be as sparing as possible in filling up the vacancies, lest the scanty income of the college should be still more subdivided. The present income of a Cardinal is not more than four hundred pounds sterling a year. Lon. pap.

SHIPWRECK. The schooner William, R. Allen, of Boston, from St. Mary's, sailed on the 25th. ult. with a cargo of Lumber, for Philadelphia, 27th. ult. lat. 31 40, twenty miles south of Savannah, was capsized and remained on her beam ends thirty minutes, when, after cutting away the weather lanyards, the mast went, and she righted—the crew consisting of Richard Allen, J. Edleston, J. Parson, J. N. Jones, and a black boy, were washed off; but regained the deck, with the exception of J. N. Jones, who was drowned. The decks were swept of every thing; the vessel full of water, and the survivors subsisted for 10 days, with difficulty, on a small quantity of raw salt beef and fish, say about 6 or 7 pounds, and a shark they had taken; without bread, and a trifling quantity of water. On the 7th inst. was discovered by the eclair Eliza & Polly, Foreythe, from Havana for this port, who came and took us off.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK. A sharp set genius for dramatic fame, introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shop-board, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe, and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and a tailor by profession, thus addressed our Roscius: Sir, I am your most in-de-fatigable humble servant—I shall be wastily happy and very proud of the opportunity of being made a factor.

Well said Mr. Garrick, and pray what part would you wish to have the opportunity of acting? Romo, sir—Romo, sir, replied the tailor—I should like to perform the part of Romo—for my wife says how I read Robinson Crusoe so wastily vell; and as how I have so sweet a voice, that she's wastily sure and wery sartin I should make a monstracious moving loyvar.

Well, sir, asked Garrick, are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it. O yes sir, answered Snip—I am main sartin I can go through every stich of it from beginning to the end on't.

Pray sir, Mr. Garrick asked—Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air? O yes sir, replied Snip, wastily vell.

Then pray tell me sir, continued Mr. Garrick, when he was bestriding those clouds, supposing his stride to be about the extent of a moderate sized rainbow, which way would you go to measure him for a pair of breeches? Lord have mercy on us, cried the tailor here's a pretty job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two tailors in London ever did such a thing in their lives—and I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon.

Then pray sir, asked Mr. Garrick, most indignantly, how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own? Lord, sir, replied the frightened tailor, I only vented—You only vented, repeated Mr. Garrick—didst thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage? No sir, says Snip.

You shall behold it now, then, said Garrick. Avaunt and quit my sight! thy shears are edgeless, And thy Goose is cold—thou hast no thread, Nor needles in those paws that thou doth stich wretally! What Manger dare, I dare—approach thou like the Grim and greasy lamp lighter, or armed chimney-sweeper, With brush and soot bag—take any form, but rich, And my rich ward-robe shall yet escape cabbaging, Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy shears; If trembling I inhibit, then protest me. The batch of a button hole—Hence, horrible tailor, hence.

Avaunt was the word, and the tailor was off in a tangent; perfectly cured of his passion for the stage, which he resolved never to think of more, but to attend to his shop-board.

SORROW. It is the constant business of sorrow to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue; while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind by which it is cherished and supported. It is an enemy to piety; for with what language shall we address that Being, whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is the enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits, and of happiness it is the reverse.