

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

WEEKLY ALMANAC. Table with columns for Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat and rows for the week of Nov 14-20, 1822.

MISCELLANEOUS

Oh, why should the heart of the Christian be sad, Or his evening be shrouded in gloom? Say, why should he sigh when his fortunes are low?

From the Charleston Courier. The God of the ocean is worshipp'd at sea, In the anthem of winds, and their chorus of glee;

The bright burnish'd billows, for ever that roll, The Almighty reviews from the pole to the pole. And their banners of green, and their banners of blue;

Neither and both, in the calm and the storm, The will of Jehovah, their God, they perform; Though constant in motion, and changeful in hue,

RELIGION. "After all, I am convinced that nature is not to be fully enjoyed without Religion. Nature is but the handmaid to devotion; and where piety is unknown, her offices are but little understood."

Thomas H. Hall, Reg. of Wills A. A. County. Notice is hereby given, That the subscriber of Anne-Arundel county, hath obtained from the orphans court of Anne-Arundel county, in Md. letters of administration on the personal estate of George Craggs, late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased.

NOTICE. The subscriber having obtained letters agreeably to the last will and testament of Henry Duvall, late of Anne-Arundel County, deceased, all persons having claims against the deceased are required to produce the same for settlement, and those that are indebted to make payment.

JUST PUBLISHED And For Sale at Geo. S. 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 (1802) to 1822.

ACCOUNT OF THE FEMALE SPIES IN THE SERVICE OF BUONAPARTE.

Translated from the French. One of the greatest faults committed by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, was that of doubting the stability of his reign, and in having pursued exactly the contrary measures to those which were necessary for the consolidation of his newly acquired power.

Mons. de M. finding that he was inflexible, and that it was impossible to bribe him, had him conducted into France, where he was thrown into a state prison; and I never afterwards heard any thing more concerning this unfortunate Bavarian.

Placemen and characters of distinction, pamphleteers, mountebanks, mechanics, and husbandmen, were secret members of this association. In short, every description of people, and of both sexes, from infancy to decrepitude, were comprehended in the list of spies.

Men of engaging address and fascinating manners, and women of superior beauty and great personal attractions, most of them involved in debt, extravagant in their style of living, and greedy of money, by whatever means acquired, gladly lent their aid without a blush, and without remorse, to further the diabolical machinations of a despot, who himself trembled in the midst of his victims.

The person who has read the manuscript assures me that he has never seen any thing better and more forcibly written, or supported by more imposing and ingenious argument. This appeal to all the crowned heads of Europe is calculated to produce an irresistible conviction in every breast.

"I have neither written nor intended to publish any thing," was the answer. "Sir, you are to know that my government is not to be imposed on. My commission is limited to ascertain whether poverty has compelled you to write. If that is the case put what price you please on your work. I have bills with me to a large amount, and will immediately pay you the sum you may require for it."

"Your offers," replied the unfortunate Hollander, "are very generous, and I regret exceedingly that it is not in my power to accept of them. But I again declare to you that I have never written any thing against the French government. Some one has certainly deceived you."

of gratifying her extravagance and her passion for living, she became, for some time, the mistress of a German nobleman, yet like a gallant and honest lover, he determined she should not be left unprovided for after his abandonment.

He therefore contrived to place her at the head of those artful syrens, who had sold themselves to the secret police. This post was not the least lucrative in the power of the government to bestow.

No person in the world could be found better fitted for the undertaking than Mademoiselle D. Besides her other accomplishments, she possessed a perfect knowledge of the German language, which she spoke with great ease and fluency.

After receiving instructions from de M. she took a passport in the name of Bridget Adelaide Saulnier, representing herself to be a young widow travelling into Germany for her health.

Her secret instructions were as follows: "You will immediately proceed to Prague, in Bohemia. On your arrival, you will secretly obtain a knowledge of the residence of Mr. Schustler, and all the information in your power respecting him. Under the pretext of enjoying a pure air necessary to your health, you will express a wish to live in the country, and take your measures so as to obtain lodgings as near as possible to his residence. To effect this object, you may pursue any means in your power—spare no expense. The management of the rest is left to your own sagacity and direction.

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D. had no difficulty in obtaining all the information she wished for—and immediately purchased a house near the residence of Mr. Schustler.

Scarcely was the lovely spy established in the neighbourhood, before an opportunity occurred to commence her operations. Amongst other things, she found out that he was in the habit of going very often to Prague, and she took her measures accordingly. All her domestics consisted of one man and a woman. She bought for her own use two beautiful horses, and few riders were more dexterous or more skilful than herself in all the arts of horsemanship.

One day, when she knew M. Schustler was gone to town, she mounted her horse, and accompanied by her servant, set out with a view of meeting her neighbour as he should be returning some. As she descried him at a distance, pretending to be overcome with the heat of the weather, she alighted, and reclined on the grassy turf by the road side, with the bridle of her horse hanging on her arm, and her veil artfully drawn over her face.

As if alarmed at the noise of the approaching carriage, she suddenly sprang up like one terrified by some unsuspected danger.—Her horse was actually affrighted, and started back some paces, when the gallant M. Schustler, alarmed from his carriage and ran to her assistance. At this moment the fair enchantress withdrew her veil, and displayed to the wondering eyes of the German the most captivating charms. At the sight of so much beauty, he gazed in silent admiration. For some moments he was unable to speak. At length recovering from his surprise, "pardon me, madam," said he, "if I have undesignedly disturbed your repose. I should regret the accident most sincerely, had it not afforded me the opportunity of beholding your charms, than which heaven itself has never produced any thing more lovely."

fully remounted her horse. The German, afraid of losing sight of her, seized the reins of her horse, and exclaimed:—"Why will you be so cruel, as thus suddenly to deprive me of the pleasure of gazing on your charms? If my intrusion is disagreeable to you, I will instantly withdraw, but if you are not reluctant to oblige me, have the goodness to inform me who is the angel whom I have the honour of addressing."

"The real gentleman," she replied; "can never permit in any way to offend an unprotected female. It is very natural you should wish to know who I am. Know then, sir, that I am a French widow, who have occupied, for the last two days, a mansion in this neighbourhood."

"What, Madam, are you then the purchaser of Mons. J's house?" "Yes, sir, that is the name of the person from whom I bought it."

"Thank Heaven! we are near neighbours.—From my window I can enjoy the view of your residence. How unfortunate, Madam, that I have not yet had the happiness to visit you!"

"In truth, sir," she replied with a fascinating smile, "the loss of time is not a matter of regret to either of us; for my house is hardly yet furnished. But I will candidly confess that as, in a country residence nothing is so desirable as respectable society, and good neighbours; I am gratified with the hope of becoming better acquainted with you."

She then saluted her enraptured victim with an enchanting smile, and disappeared.

M. Schustler was in a transport of joy. He was half frantic with the excess of pleasure this accident had afforded him, and his confident anticipations of the future happiness he should enjoy in the society of the lovely Saulnier. This was the name contained in her passport, and under this assumed appellation, she was destined in a short time to make dreadful ravages in the heart of the unsuspecting M. Schustler.

Early the next day, he paid a visit to his captivating neighbour. On seeing him leave his house, she placed herself at her piano, resolved to make use of every stratagem, and all the means of seduction, to secure her prey.

"Madam," said he on entering, "I have once already disturbed your slumbers; do not suffer me now to interrupt your amusements. Yesterday I was charmed with your beauty, and now the delighted tones I hear thrill me with ecstasy."

"Have done with your flattery, neighbour; the manners of the country should be simple as nature, whose images they should always reflect."

"Nay, Madam, do not mistake my honesty for deceit; my soul is unsullied by artifice or falsehood. I always frankly speak what I think, without any disguise, and therefore I cannot now refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart.—A few words more, and you shall judge whether an impostor would have acted as I have done.—Scarcely four and twenty hours have passed since I first beheld you; and if any cause whatever should compel me to relinquish the favourable sentiments with which you have inspired me, I hardly know whether I should have fortitude enough to survive the disappointment. And yet I am a father; yes, I am a father, a tender and affectionate father!"

As he said this, tears gushed from his eyes. Madame Saulnier, who was resting on her piano, experienced a feeling which was undefinable; for till now her heart had been a stranger to such emotions. In her perturbation she knew not how to reply. The language she had heard, and the unaffected sincerity with which it was uttered, produced an agitation in her bosom which it never felt before. Her eyes were intently fixed on Mons. Schustler. Never had she seen a man whom she so much admired. Her heart already confessed him the most accomplished of his sex.

"Come, sir, said she, in a tone of captivating sweetness, "you shall remain and breakfast with me; you have delighted me to an excess amounting almost to pain. How much do I regret that our acquaintance had not been formed at an earlier period!"

Encouraged by these tender expressions, M. Schustler replied,

As she said this, she very gracefully

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