

The Maryland Gazette.

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No 24

BOOK BINDER.
John W. Whittington
Respectfully requests the Public and his friends in general, that he has taken the Stand in Church Street, opposite to the Office of the Maryland Gazette, where he is engaged in the above business, in all its various branches. He is desirous of public patronage.
April 17.

Harris & Johnson's REPORTS.
The 7th Volume is now completed, and subscribers are respectfully requested to transmit the amount due by them for subscription.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Volumes of the REPORTS are for sale by the subscriber, at \$5 per volume bound in calf, or at \$3 per volume in boards.

GEO SHAW,
Annapolis, Jan. 17.

For Sale.
A Philadelphia Built GIG,

Which has been in use, and Tandem Harness, newly new, will be sold low for Cash, or on a credit of six months, the purchaser giving security. Enquire of the Editor.
April 17.

PROPOSAL
FOR PRINTING
The Journals of the Conventions of the Provinces of Maryland,
Held in the City of Annapolis, in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776.

If sufficient encouragement be offered, the Subscriber proposes to publish, in one volume octavo, the Journals of the Conventions of the Provinces of Maryland in the years 1774, '75 and '76. It is believed that there are not more than two copies of these Journals now extant; and from the circumstances that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be fairly concluded that they, too, must in a few years be destroyed by the mere decay of time. These Journals are the only authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unquiet period. Although we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the association of Provinces and Colonies, at that time formed, for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works embrace what may be termed its Domestic and Internal Political History. This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to hand down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a public State Record of the voluntary sacrifices, daring spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during that period of doubt and dismay. In the confident expectation that the citizens of Maryland will consider the proposed publication of sufficient importance to entitle it to their patronage, the Subscriber is induced to issue these proposals. The Price per Copy, not to exceed \$2 00.
J. GREEN.

DECISIONS
OF THE
Court of Appeals of Maryland.
PUBLISHED
By Subscription.

THE DECISIONS
OF THE
COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND,
To be Reported by Thomas Harris Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Beverly Johnson, Esquire, Attorney at Law.
These Decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports already published by Messrs Harris and Johnson, which closes with the year 1805. It is proposed to publish the Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and four numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. This mode of publication, it is conceived, possesses advantages which give it a decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in the volumes. It assures the earlier publication of the Reports, and as not more than five numbers will be published in a year, the expense will not be so sensibly felt.

TERMS
The price of each number of the Reports will be \$1 25, payable on delivery.
Subscriptions to the above work are received at GEO SHAW'S Store, the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the County Clerks of this State.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
Jonas Green,
NORTH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Three Dollars per annum.

RESEMBLANCE.

From the American Traveller.
THE STAGE DRIVER.
Some time in the year 1821, passing through the town of Arhol, in this Commonwealth, an accident occurred to the coach in which I was comfortably seated, which rendered it necessary to engage another team—and, as a matter of course a new driver—a happy fellow, with rosy cheeks, who, at his appearance, was about twenty years of age. The passengers having related themselves on their escape from a vehicle so unsafe, were a beginning to resign themselves to another change of position; and, by the politeness of the driver, who checked the horses, mounted at his left hand. The driver's face was always a good one and if the man is an obliging being, possessing withal a topographical knowledge of his route, a traveller must be a happy man, who does not love to view the scenery, which is continually changing on his eyes.

My courtesy on my part soon induced George into conversation. My opinion, that he was an intelligent young man, was confirmed by a variety of circumstances. I ascertained that George was an orphan. His father and mother both died in one year, leaving him at the helpless age of three years, without a farthing, to the care of those into whose hands he fell. How he had been taken care of, he could not tell; but he appeared unwilling. At the age of an after having passed through a winter, a gentleman placed in the northern part of the county, who, when he enjoyed the advantages of a district school, labored at the plough and turf, till the sixteenth year. His reputation for sobriety and faithfulness, and a stage proprietor in a neighboring town, to give him employment; but his constitution being evicted by the constant fatigue of a farm. His master, perfectly ignorant of the necessity of his services, a different line of business with kindness of heart went thirteen miles to assure the proprietor that G's services were without a blemish. He was in the stage, George had labored on the line—and, as I afterwards learned, had secured the affection of all the proprietors, and the esteem of every stranger which he brought to his coach. There was an elderly lady on the stage, to whom I related George's story, when I resumed my former place, was Mrs. B., whose home was in Porto Rico. She had been over sections of the United States, in the hope of recovering her health, and her interest in George, from the moment of him, that when we arrived at Lancaster, a pleasant town five miles from Boston, the end of the stage, that she presented him with a pocket handkerchief, in one corner of which was a dollar, in consideration of his carefulness with the baggage. George was sensibly affected by her kindness—assured her he would merit present, for he had done more than his duty, and the same he would do every day. Well, said Mrs. B., always take care of the baggage, and you will be prospered. I bowed respectfully, and the coach, in which we were located from the door. Our next driver was a stout, broad-shouldered, swarthy, whip cracking Jehu, who ran some one moment and died of not trotting, the next. The next between him and George was a man who was unfit to manage a rein, and more, by his unskillfulness or indolence, we never could detain which, the horses sprang from the coach, and carriage, passengers and driver were thrown into chaos down a slope of fifteen or twenty feet. I was not leisure for describing the particulars of the scene, it was soon ascertained, however, that Mrs. B. was injured. One of the horses was almost detached from the fragment on which I rode, without a saddle almost without a bridle, back to a village forest physician. As I was one but George, and thinking that a driver was probably taking care of his horses as he had of his own, before we left him, I rode to the coach, and to my great joy found

him washing the horses. It was unnecessary to relate the disaster, he anticipated my words, and in ten minutes mounted the doctor on one of his fleetest nags, and followed him on another. On examination, the right arm of Mrs. B. was found to be fractured. She was taken to the nearest dwelling, where the limb was splinted; and in the mean time, George assisted the careless dog who caused the whole mischief, to regulate his affairs, reharness, repack, reseal, &c. In the course of two hours, the carriage, which had received no material damage, was again under way with the exception of one passenger. Recollecting the lady's situation, to take care of the baggage, George carefully conveyed her trunks and band boxes to the hotel where they were placed in a safe depository. Several weeks elapsed before Mrs. B. was again able to pursue her journey towards the metropolis. Whenever George had leisure from the constant routine of business, he called to inquire how she recovered—and as often as he made these little visits of attention, to the bearer of some message, to the Dr. the clergyman and apothecary, for which he would never accept an offered payment. At length the time arrived when the physician consented to her leaving town. Such was her confidence and regard for George that she interceded with a proprietor to give him permission to drive into Boston, as she never could consent to be left at the mercy of the author of her late misfortune. This request served to raise George still higher in the estimation of the proprietor, who felt himself so much flattered by the lady's partiality, that he was obliged to her, and partly to have understood that he was devoted to the comfort and caprices of his customers, that he consented—and the following day, George took his fellow passenger into the box, to wend his way to the capital. His attention to the passengers, his prudence in driving, and temperate habits, were the theme of conversation the whole distance.

The same attentions which had first made him an object of interest to Mrs. B., marked his conduct to the moment when he called, by her desire, in the morning, to be the bearer of a letter to his employer. On opening it at his return, the proprietor was highly complimented for his politeness in consenting to spare George the day before, and closed a short note by a present of twenty dollars, ten of which he desired might be given to George, for taking such excellent care of the baggage.

Two weeks from this time, George was surprised to find a letter, directed to himself, the first he had ever received, and from a lady too. It was from Mrs. B., who informed him she had purchased a carriage, for the purpose of journeying more leisurely, and as she knew of no one more faithful than himself, in the management of horses, offered him thirty dollars a month, besides a present of a travelling dress, to be her coachman. This was too good an offer to be rejected, and although the proprietors were unwilling to lose his valuable services, he had done so much for the reputation of the line, they made the sacrifice, for his good, and advised him to accept immediately. In two days, George took leave of his cronies, who envied his prospects, though they really loved him for his excellent qualities of heart. He had been in her ladyship's service about seven months, in various sections of the Union, when she began to waste away, till it was impossible to pursue her accustomed rides from one town to another, any longer.

It was a beautiful day in the autumn of 1822, that George drove up to the door of an inn in the town of N., in the southern part of Connecticut. His mistress was so feeble that she was with difficulty conveyed to a chamber. A physician, whom George procured immediately ascertained that an ulcer had broken in the lungs, which had been long gathering, and which put her life in imminent danger. Instead of being alarmed, with true christian fortitude she sent for an attorney to assist her in arranging her papers. George was constantly devoted to her, and showed that he felt more alarm for her, than she did for herself. When the lawyer had completed his labors, Mrs. B. called George into her room. She informed him that she felt the cold chill of death upon her, but, said she, 'George, don't be afflicted at the loss—Providence has given me the means and disposition to reward merit. I know you are without kindred—almost without friends—in a wide world, exposed to a variety of afflictions. Your character for faithfulness and experience has abundantly demonstrated your natural goodness of disposition. I am alone in the world. My husband, Col. B., an Englishman by birth, died 17 years ago, leaving at my entire disposal an immense property in the West Indies. But as I have neither children or other relatives, and

as I have sought in vain, the last ten years of my life, to find an heir to this family, I now, by these papers, leave all I have, both here and in the West Indies, to you, and recollect, you are only a steward under Providence, and while you are faithful, temperate and honest, it will conduce to your happiness and respectability.'

Before night this benevolent woman was a corpse. It is unnecessary to detail all the circumstances of the funeral and astonishment of the good people of N. George visited Porto Rico, and took possession of his estates, more ample than he could have anticipated. Two years after, on a return to the United States, he married an affectionate little farmer's daughter, whom he fondly loved while a driver, who was patiently waiting to have her good George lay up a few hundred dollars, to begin the world with—hoping he would sometime become a proprietor.

George G., is now one of the most wealthy, respectable, and benevolent gentlemen in Porto Rico—a pattern for husbands, and a model for all who desire to be both faithful and honest—Over the door of his principal dining room, are painted these words for the contemplation of servants and visitors: 'Take care of the baggage.'

Lives and characters of eminent Greek writers.
ANACREON:
A lyric poet, born at Teos, a city of Ionia, flourished about 532 years before the Christian era. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, invited him to his court, and made him share with him in his business and pleasures. Pleasure he was fond of to excess; and his philosophy seems to have been entirely that of Epicurus, so that Polycrates could not have chosen a more accomplished master of revels.

His philosophy was to make the most of the present life, without reference to futurity. Notwithstanding his dissipation he lived to the age of eighty-five; being choked with a grape-stone that stuck in his throat as he was regaling on some new wine. There is but a small part of his works that remain; for, besides odes and epigrams, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambs.

His poems, which are extant, were rescued from oblivion by Henry Stevens. His manner in these odes is ingenious, but peculiar, and has never been rightly copied. Horace has imitated some of his beauties, particularly his Bacchanalian odes. But there is a kind of allegory in him, which, though generally natural, is somewhat obscure, and difficult either to imitate or explain. His subjects are often trivial enough but are rendered agreeable by his wit, which is of the laughing kind, abounding in smiles and graces, and tinged with satire. No author's temper was ever more strongly impressed on his works; for, by reading even a few odes we see at once what kind of a man he was.

PINDAR.
The prince of lyric poets, was born at Thebes, five hundred & twenty years before Christ. He received his first musical instructions from his father, who was a flute-player; after which, according to Suidas, he studied under Myrtis, a lady of distinguished abilities in lyric poetry. He was afterwards the pupil of Corinna, a lady of equal genius in his lyric muse.

As Pindar's first essays were wild and luxuriant, on communicating his attempts to the lady, she told him that he should sow with the hand, and not empty his whole sack at once. Pindar, however, soon quitted these female leading strings, and became the disciple of Simonides, now arrived at an extreme old age. After which he soon surpassed all his masters, and acquired the highest reputation over Greece; but like a true prophet, he was less honored in his own country than elsewhere; for, at Thebes, he was often pronounced vanquished in the musical and poetical contests by candidates of inferior merit.

Myrtis and Corinna afterwards disputed the prize with him at Thebes. He obtained a victory over Myrtis; but was vanquished five different times by Corinna. Perhaps this was owing, says Pausanias, to the latter's beauty which influenced the judges. Pindar had the mortification, before he quitted Thebes, to see his Dithyrambics traduced, abused, and turned into ridicule by the comic poets of his times; and Athanasius tells us, that he was severely censured by his brother-grammatist, and composing an ode for which he communicated the letter S.—Whether these censures proceeded from envy cannot be determined. Pindar, however, upon leaving Thebes, became the idol of Greece, and was courted by all the heroes, princes, and potentates of his time. He seems often to have been present at the four great festivals of the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games, as may be seen from the odes

he composed on these occasions, which are in the true spirit of lyric poetry; sublime, full of rapture, wild and abrupt in their transitions, concise, obscure, and moral.

He also composed elegies on the death of great personages, which were esteemed as master pieces of the kind; but none of them are now extant. Pindar lived to the great age of ninety; being, along with Anacreon and Sophocles, the longest lived of all the poets. Most others have been generally short lived; which happens, perhaps, either from the delicacy of their bodily frame, the too frequent irregularity and misfortunes of their lives, or their intense application to study above their strength.

SOPHOCLES.
Was archon or chief magistrate of Athens, in which office he commanded the forces of the republic, and signified himself by his valour on many great occasions. He composed plays till he was very old, and retained his genius to the last; for he composed his Oedipus Colonus, when, on account of his great age, he was alleged by his heirs, who wanted to grasp his estate, in a state of dotage. But producing this play before the judges who sat upon the cause, he said he would give up his title, if they thought a dotard could produce such a piece. Upon which he was honourably acquitted. Of one hundred tragedies he is said to have written, only seven have been preserved to our time. He died aged ninety one; about four hundred and six years B. C.

THEOCRITUS.
Was born at Syracuse; but lived at the court of Egypt, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred years B. C. He was made keeper (by that prince) of the famous Alexandrian Library, and was succeeded in that office by Apollonius Rhodius, the author of the Argonautic expedition, a beautiful poem, still extant. It is said, that, at his return to Syracuse, venturing to speak ill of Hiero, king of that city, he was put to death by his order. There are still extant his Idylliums in the Doric dialect, with some other poems; all of great merit; particularly on account of their admirable simplicity, and the sweetness of the dialect in which they are written.

He may be justly considered the father of pastoral poetry. Grace and simplicity are his characteristics. He is sometimes tender; often excels in description, and has, moreover, a kind of humour peculiar to himself. His first six Idylliums are all instances of the above beauties; although several of the rest are equally excellent. He represents the manners, pleasantries, and humour of peasants and shepherds, with peculiar propriety and exactness; and in this species of writing stands unrivalled.

DEMOSTHENES.
The prince of orators, flourished in the time of Philip, king of Macedonia; somewhat prior to the age of Alexander. No orator ever cultivated his parts to more advantage; or more overcame natural and almost insuperable defects, by practice, art & diligence. It is said that he studied Thucydides with great exactness; and read him many times over before he began to compose. No orator was ever more laborious; and yet there is not the least appearance of labour or affectation in his style. He uses no circumlocutions, no idle parade of words, which might enfeeble the effects of his eloquence.

On the contrary, he comes to the point at once; his bold and decisive eloquence strikes like lightning; and produces instantaneous effects. And in this way he animated not only his countrymen, the Athenians, but by the matchless power of his oratory, gained over in one day the Thebans, their mortal antagonists, to join the common confederacy; and this too in opposition to the famous orator Python of Byzantium, employed by Philip against him. His oration struck the Thebans, though a dull people, with a kind of enthusiasm, and they instantly cried: 'Come let us take arms! let us march against Philip!'

The dispute between Eschines and Demosthenes is very famous. The affair was thus: The latter having rebuilt, at his own expense, the walls of Athens, the citizens out of gratitude honoured him with a golden crown, according to the decree of Ctesiphon; to that purpose. But Eschines, out of jealousy and envy, censured this decree. The cause was to be pleaded before the people. Nothing of the kind ever excited so much curiosity, or was pleaded with so much pomp. Vast was the concourse from all parts of Greece, says Cicero, and no wonder; for what sight could be nobler than a conflict between two orators, each of them excellent in his way; both formed by nature, improved by art, and animated by perpetual feuds, and implacable animosity. These two orations may be justly con-

sidered as the master-pieces of antiquity, especially that of Demosthenes. Cicero translated the latter, a strong proof of the high estimation in which he held it. Unluckily for us, the preamble alone of that performance is now extant, which is sufficient to make us regret the loss of the rest. The oration of Eschines has come down entire; and is indeed a most valuable and finished piece, whether we consider the purity and elegance of the style, or the closeness and strength of the argument; and we may guess that nothing could make it lose its effect; but that it had to combat with Demosthenes, in whose language there was, no doubt, more of that force and fire nothing can resist.

PLATO.
Plato was born at Athens 430 years before Christ. He was a person of quality; being descended by his father from royal ancestors, and by his mother from Solon. In his youth he was much addicted to poetry. He first wrote odes and dithyrambs, and afterwards epic poetry; which last, finding much inferior to Homer, he burned. Soon after, meeting with Socrates, he was so charmed with his way of discoursing, that he forsook poetry, and applied himself wholly to moral philosophy. Eight years he lived with Socrates; in which time he committed, as did Xenophon, the substance of his master's doctrines to writing.

Upon Socrates's death, he retired in melancholy to Megara; where he was kindly received by Euclid, who had been one of that philosopher's first scholars. He afterwards travelled in pursuit of knowledge. From Megara he went to Italy, where he conferred with Eurypylus, Philolaus, and Archytas of Tarentum. These were the most considerable of the followers of Pythagoras; and from them he borrowed his natural philosophy.

Thence he passed into Egypt; where he became acquainted with the Egyptian Theology; their skill in geometry, astronomy; and from their priests and wise men, Pausanias says, he learned the immortality and also the transmigration of the soul. He at last travelled into Persia to consult the magi; about the religion of the country; and he designed penetrating even into India to visit the Brahmans & Gymnosophists; but the wars in Asia hindered him.

Returning to Athens, he set up a school of philosophy in the academy; a place of exercise in the suburbs beset with woods. His fame was so great that he was sent for to different courts, not only to teach the young men in philosophy, but also the laws of government. He went not to any of them, but gave rules of government to all. He lived single, yet soberly and chastely. He was a man of great virtue, yet exceedingly affable and easy. He conversed civilly with all the philosophers of his time; although pride and envy were then at their height. Aristotle, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and Isocrates, were all his scholars.—This extraordinary man being arrived at eighty-one years of age, died a very easy & peaceable death, in the midst of an entertainment according to some; but according to Cicero, as he was writing.

Plato may be called the prince of the Grecian philosophers that have left any thing in writing; and he appears to have come nearest to the spirit of his great master Socrates. His genius as well as his temper, seem to have been of a turn truly divine—and wholly devoted to virtue. Vast and sublime in his conceptions, pure in his heart, and full of a simple but majestic eloquence, he instructs us with a pathetic philosophy that outshines all the ancients—and as he strikes the imagination more, so he likewise may be said to touch the heart more than any other writer of the same kind. Cicero knew the value of Plato, when he called him the divine, by way of distinction from all other philosophers—and he certainly read and copied him more than any other.

His dialogues contain the quintessence of the Socratic philosophy, besides the addition of many noble conceptions of his own—and they are peculiarly excellent on account of their style, which indeed is the grand pattern of the dialogue style to succeeding writers. Cicero and Lucian, who are both eminent in this way, must have profited much by having so good a master before them.

The method of throwing one's thoughts upon any subject, into the form of dialogue, if done successfully, must be allowed to have peculiar force and vivacity—but yet, to succeed in it, is a work of difficulty. A certain readiness of imagination, as well as acuteness and penetration of judgment, a quick comprehension of arguments on both sides of a question—together with talent in drawing character, must join in forming the able dialogist. Shaftesbury, in his characteristics, has imitated the dialogue style, with no bad success; although Xenophon, rather than Plato,

seems to have been his favourite author. The first edition of Plato was published by Aldus, at Venice, in 1513.

THE DUTCHMAN'S TREASURE.
So long ago as the period of time when the whiskey insurrection raged in the interior of Pennsylvania, when the honest farmers were led to believe that the 'vested rights' were in danger, a rich old Dutchman, living not a hundred miles from Lancaster, received into his family, a semi-grocer looking stranger, who promised to make himself of great service in superintending the agricultural concerns of his benefactor. He was one of those smooth tongued, plausible fellows, who possessed the art of making themselves agreeable to every one they meet. The manner in which he persuaded Hans Keeler that his temporal interests would be benefited by his agency, was rather singular. Experience has taught the old German, that all connexion with that respectable class of merchants 'clept "Yankee peddlars," was any thing but profitable, and from the appearance of the stranger, whom for fault of a better cognomen, we shall style Jonathan, he was led to believe that he was a member of that fraternity. Jonathan overcame the Dutchman's scruples by praising his house, his horse, and his daughter; and in a week was as firmly seated in the good graces of the whole family, as if he had lived with them a half century. Matters went on swimmingly for nearly a year, when one morning Jonathan met Hans with a most imposing gravity of countenance, and accosted him with, 'Mr. Keeler, I do not usually place much confidence in dreams; but for three successive nights, my sleep which had been broken and irregular, has been haunted with a vision of a most singular nature.'

'Der deufel take your dreams, I say,' interrupted the impatient Dutchman, 'they are great ridicule.'

'Your remark is just in its general application, Sir,' said the other, 'but I must beg an exception for the one which I am desirous of relating.'

'Tel den,' said Hans, 'and don't be bothering me with your palaver.'

'You remember the large bell pear tree, that stands in the corner lot, on the road leading to the river?'

'Why shouldn't I, when I see 'em fall off on't and broke his collar bone.'

'Well, Sir, resumed Jonathan, 'on each of the nights which I have indicated to you, it seemed to me that a venerable looking figure stood at my bedside and beckoned me to follow him.—I arose, not without trepidation, I allowed, and my nocturnal visitor speedily conducted me to this identical tree, and pointing to a particular spot under it, which is still impressed on my recollection, fixed his eyes on mine, and uttered the monosyllabic 'Dig.'

'Listen to me Sir, and you shall hear. Although, as I have before said, my confidence in dreams is very limited, still this repetition strikes me as so uncommon, that I am anxious to obtain your permission and assistance in excavating the ground about the tree. It is possible that treasure may be concealed there, and if our search is successful, we will, if you please, share the profits of our discovery equally.'

'You may dig a hole there as big as a coal pit, and Cesar may help you—and if you find any money, by dunder and blizum, Old Hans 'll have a part on't.'

Jonathan quickly availed himself of this permission, and accompanied by the African, proceeded to the bell pear tree and commenced operations.

After an absence of about three hours, he returned bringing with him four iron kettles, each containing something like a thousand Spanish dollars! The eyes of the Dutchman expanded to the size of one of his own Duck's eggs, he hugged his protegee about the neck, and promised in his transport, that he should marry his daughter Katerene, who blushed at his permission, like a full blown piony.

An equitable division was made of the specie, and Hans' portion was deposited in the family chest. Jonathan having business to transact at Philadelphia, proposed that Hans should give him bills for part, they being more portable and he was compelled to carry his money with him. Hans readily consented to this, Jonathan departed—promising, on his return, with assistance of the minister to change the name of Miss Catherine Keeler, to that of Mrs. Jonathan Doolittle.

Sorry are we that a regard for our reputation as veracious historians, compels us to relate the denouement of this affair, Jonathan, alas! never returned to bless the confiding Katerene with a husband, and Hans ultimately ascertained that his Spanish dollars were manufactured from his service of powder-plate, which had spirited from a pantry in a most unaccountable manner, shortly after his family had increased in number by the accession of Jonathan,