ses to be allowed to alight being only attributed to fear, were answered by assurances that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman inquire who lived in the house opposite—It was the same she longed to hear—Col. Fitzallen. She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept in silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own Isadore. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the colour flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indispensably engaged? Had he not received her note?—any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same fervid anxiety oppressed her—at length she heard the door, and springing to the window caught sight of a military man—she heard his step on the stairs—a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzallan! Too soon she learnt his mission; he whom she had loved, so trusted, had wedded another—the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and, unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B—— gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eyelashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows—could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence; he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was mockery.

They parted, one to despair over the expiring embers, the other to nurse the first sparkles of hope.—Next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motives which actuated him, (for who seeks to analyze earliest first sensation,) Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man, for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reasons for wishing his letters restored originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart beat became audible, and she hastily caught the letters and threw them into the flames.

'You have performed your mission,' exclaimed she; 'leave the room instantly.' Her force was now exhausted, and she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assiduities of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him of hopes blighted for ever; of wounded affection of the heart, sickness which had paled her lips, and worn to shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves 'It is,' said she, 'the image of my fate; this rose fell from my hair one evening, Fitzalan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside; it was faded, but unto me it was precious from even that momentary caress, and I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love, my part was the dead and scentless leaves.' Edward now became her constant companion; she had found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied, throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look upon her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. 'Yes, I shall wed—but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm.' Edward gazed on her face, and read conviction; but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair, and, amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps at even the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset; the rich colour of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west; the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope. Could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her lute; hitherto she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the knell of departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes. 'These sounds,' sighed she, 'are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the vesper hymn of my own country.' She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet—it was like the song of a spirit, as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted. Edward for a while supported her head upon his shoulder, at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lips; he started from their chilling touch—it was his first his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

New York, September 3.

The arrival last evening of the ship Roman, Capt. Gurrell, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 29th of July, puts us in possession of intelligence from London to the evening of the 27th. We extract the most interesting items, which, however, are not of a very important character. The advices from the East bring no account of the capture of Choumla, though its speedy fall must have been looked for by those who attached full credit to the pompous statements which the Russians published of their victory before it. So far, indeed, from any additional success having been achieved against the Ottoman, we are inclined to infer, from the manner in which the Russian 'ultimatum' is mentioned in one of the paragraphs we extract, that the establishment of peace is a measure into which Nicholas would now enter with more alacrity than he evinced in commencing the war. As yet we have no other knowledge of the extent of the victories which the Russians have obtained, than is furnished by their own exaggerated accounts. The numerical strength of the force which they subdued is most likely largely misstated, and they have prudently forborne, while vaunting of the number of Turks that were left dead on the field, to inform the world how many were killed on their own side. We were of opinion when the news of the battle before Choumla reached us, that it was a victory so dearly bought and of so little consequence, that it would rather have a tendency to incline Russia to a pacification, than to a prosecution of the war; and the intelligence by this arrival, though not of a positive character, yet as far as it goes, is such as tends to strengthen that conclusion.

LONDON, July 27 half past 7 o'clock. By the arrival of the regular Turkey mail, letters were this morning received from Constantinople of the 25th, and from Smyrna of the 20th ult. They bring no intelligence of a political nature which has not been anticipated by the previous arrivals from Germany and Constantinople. The English Schr. Mary was, on the 11th, stopped by some Russian cruisers, off the Dardanelles, whilst on her way from Smyrna to Constantinople. A part of her cargo being found to consist of rice, she was stript of all her goods. The vessel herself would have been sent down to Egina, to be disposed of as might have been thought fit, had it not luckily happened that one of the attaches of the new British Embassy was, with his family, proceeding in her to the Turkish capital. On that account alone she was allowed to proceed, and shortly arrived at Constantinople without further interruption. The public audiences of Mr. Gordon, on the Carmacan, and the Sulcan, were shortly to take place, and his arrival, with that of the French Ambassador, was generally and joyfully looked upon by all classes of the inhabitants as the sure forerunner of a general pacification. Provisions continued to abound in the Turkish capital, being chiefly supplied from the Turkish Asiatic ports of the Black Sea, by means of small coasting vessels, against the navigation of which, no means have been taken by Russian maratime forces in the Euxine. The weather at Smyrna continued to be such as to promise abundant harvest in all the productions of Asia Minor, both for the exigencies of the country and for the purposes of foreign trade.

On Thursday despatches from Mr. Gordon, and Constantinople, were received at the Foreign Office. They are dated the 26th of June. Mr. Gordon and the General Guillemiuot arrived on the 19th, but did not land till the 20th, when they were received by the people and authorities with every demonstration of regard and joy. The two ambassadors had sent in their notes to state that they were in readiness to negotiate upon the affairs of Greece, and they were waiting for a reply.

The Brussels Gazette of the 1st inst. states that the Emperor of Russia had sent an extraordinary envoy to Constantinople, to deliver an ultimatum to the Sultan, and to make him sensible of his situation. This message is stated to announce to him that the Porte, if it consent to the demands of Russia, will find in the Emperor a friend to the Divan as ardent as he has hitherto been an enemy; but he will act in all his relations with the greatest precision; that the Porte must not reckon on other auxillaries, nor draw favourable inferences from the inaction of some other states. It is added that an extraordinary envoy from Prussia is to support these representations. In fact, Lieut. Gen. Muffling has just left Berlin upon a secret mission, with a travelling companion. They appear both to expect to make a voyage by sea.

The French papers contain a letter from Constantinople, dated the 23d ult. which states that instead of having returned to Shumla with only 600 horsed after the battle of the 11th, the Grand Vizier had brought back with him 8,000 cavalry and 12,000 infantry, in good order. The same letter says that the joy of the Turks at the arrival of the allied ambassadors had caused the disaster of their arms on the 11th, to be wholly forgotten. They expected the immediate renewal of the former friendly relations with England and France, and the Reis Effendi himself is said to have expressed sentiments of a most pacific nature.

Accounts from Bucharest to the 20th ult. state, that the reserve, under Gen. Telstoy, has received orders to join the army on the Danube. It consists of 50,000 men of all arms. General Diebitsch is said to be preparing to pass the Balkan.

The French papers of Saturday, and the Algemeine Zeitung of the 20th, assert, that great movements were about taking place in the Russian army.—Their accounts, however, are somewhat contradictory. According to the French statements, the siege of Shumla was to be undertaken by a force of thirty battalions of infantry, and five regiments of cavalry, notwithstanding which the capture of the place was not expected before the close of the present year.—According to the German accounts, troops had already been pushed as far as Eski Stamboul, (which the Russians occupied for a short period last campaign,) and Count Diebitsch intended to advance his head quarters to Kamabat, and, taking the sea line, to attack Hussein Pacha, in his camp before Bourgas, and from thence, after defeating him, to descend on the right through the plains of Adrianople. These movements are remarkably easy on paper, but not equally so in execution. If Hussein Pacha has with him, as it is stated, an army of 60,000 men, his defeat is by no means a matter of certainty; and even should he put to flight, vast mountains still remain to be crossed before the Russians can reach the plains—mountains impassable to human feet, and gorges, where a few bold soldiers may arrest a whole army.

Letters from Constantinople have been received to the 26th ult. The Sultan had purchased the Hylton Jolliffe steamer. The French and English Admirals, with their respective squadrons, sailed from Smyrna and were cruising off Tenedos. The latter had been joined there by the Iris frigate. Three loaded ships had received the Sultan's special permission to proceed to the Black Sea, but the passage continued closed, unless to special order.

TERCEIRA—The Conde Villa Flor has published a proclamation, dated at Argra, on the 10th inst. authorising the free admission into the Island, without the payment of any duties, of wine, tea, coffee and sugar, from the above date until the end of October next.—The Countess of Liverpool Capt. Hill, which sailed from Liverpool some time ago, with warlike stores and ammunition, for the use of the garrison of Terceira, succeeded in landing them, in spite of the blockading squadron, and has arrived in safety at Portsmouth. She passed through Don Miguel's squadron in the night, and the usurper's commanding officer had the satisfaction next morning, when it was too late to interfere, to see her land her cargo under the batteries of the Island. After landing her cargo, she had the good fortune to sail again through the blockading squadron without being observed. When she left the Island the garrison were well supplied with all kinds of stores and in excellent spirits

CAPTAIN GREGG AND HIS DOG.

When very young, I took much delight in reading an anecdote, in the American Preceptor, of a dog which saved his master's life; and one of the earliest efforts of my memory was to repeat the concluding lines:

'My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true and faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.'

In after life I heard it told, with many additional and interesting particulars, by the late General Dearborn; a man whose life would form half the history of his country, and whose memory was an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

'I was,' said he, 'personally acquainted with Captain Gregg; and have seen the valuable dog to which he owed his life. Soon after the British and Indians, under General St. Leger, raised the seige of Fort Schuyler, so bravely defended by General Gansevoort, Captain Gregg, of the New-York line, obtained permission to hunt, accompanied by a brother officer.

They were successful in the expedition, and were returning with a load of fresh provisions of which the fort had a long time been destitute, when they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both the officers fell; and the Indians coming up knocked them down with a tomahawk, and scalped them, as their manner is, when they have time, from the forehead to the back of the neck; leaving only a couple of small locks of hair by the side of the ears.

Captain Gregg wore a club, by means of which they took off the scalp, after having passed the knife entirely round the head. In describing the operation he said it felt as if molten lead were poured upon him.

Yet he had the hardihood to be perfectly still, suppressing even his breath, lest his enemies should discover that life was in him; and the Indians, very naturally supposing their cruel work had been fatal, departed.

After lying in this situation some time, he felt his burning head touched gently and tenderly; and he immediately conjectured it was his favorite dog, which had accompanied him to the chase, and run away at the approach of the Indians.

'Never, 'said he, 'shall I forget how soothing the cold tongue of the faithful creature felt at that dreadful moment.'

Supposing by the fearlessness of the animal, that the Indians had gone, he raised his head with difficulty, and looked around him. His brother officer lay dead near him; and his favourite spaniel, after a few indications of anxious sympathy, disappeared in the woods.

On attempting to rise, Captain Gregg found that he was wounded near the back bone by a musket shot, and was severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk. The Indians always consider a blow of the tomahawk across the forehead as immediate death; and it would inevitably have put a sudden end of the suffering of the unfortunate officer, had not the cocked-hat which he wore, taken the principal weight of the stroke.

However, alone and mangled as he was, he had no hopes of life. Having resigned himself to die, he crawled as well as he was able, to his dead companion, & opening his waiscoat, he laid his throbbing head upon his soft, warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him.

But he was not forsaken in this trying hour; his faithful dog had not forgotten him! The officers at Fort Schuyler had already begun to entertain fears for the safety of the hunters, and were anxiously on the look-out for their return, when 'Tray' was seen issuing from the wood, panting with eagerness and fatigue. They are coming, for there is the dog!' was the universal exclamation. But their anxious eyes were bent towards the wood in vain, their friends did not appear; and the spaniel by whining, crouching, going to and fro, and looking up in the most supplicating manner, plainly indicating that some accident had befallen them. A detachment was immediately ordered to follow him. With unerring instinct the faithful creature guided them to the scene we have just described, ever and anon returning from a rapid race to reproach their unavoidable delay. The dying was found resting on the bosom of the dead—one was committed to the earth, and the other, under the care of the surgeon, borne carefully to the fort.

Eight weeks after this, during which time the capture of Burgoyne had taken place, General, then Colonel Dearborn returned from the scenes of Saratoga to Albany, where he heard the story, just as we have related it, from the lips of Capt. Gregg. The dog in the meanwhile sat gravely at his side, looking wistfully in his face, as if conscious that he was the hero of the tale. Well, said Col. Dearborn, 'I suppose you cannot be induced to part with him.' 'No, 'replied the officer, 'not till I part with life: he shall never want for a friend till my bones are in the dust.' The dog wagged his tail, put his paw upon his master's foot, and nestled closely to his side

"I'M SORRY."

Of all the falsehoods put forth in this lying world, none is more often told, or with a more hypocritical intent than the two words at the head of the article. To pity and to relieve the suffering of our fellow creatures displays a feeling so generous, so much like the great author of our being, that almost all men covet the reputation of possessing such a disposition; but as they are in general too selfish to exercise it in reality, they endeavor to counterfeit a similar feeling, though in their hearts they are conscious of not having any just claims to the character. When we compare the language of those who are often expressing their grief at the miscarriage of others with their actual endeavours to mitigate the sufferings they pretend to deplore, we at once see that they use the phrase 'I am sorry," either as a matter of course, or in the hope of gaining a credit for sympathy to which they are by no mens entitled. In proof of this, look at the man who wishes to borrow a sum of money; the man to whom he applies, knowing him to be a bad paymaster, determines from the first to deny him; but when he applies, tells him he is very sorry he cannot accommodate him, and as soon as he is gone congratulates himself on so easily escaping from the prospect of loss by putting his cash in an unsafe place. In this case no man can doubt, that in stead of feeling sorrow, (as he said,) he rejoices that he could not, or did not, comply with the request.

A man looses his prosperity in consequence of being surety for a friend, who either through knavery or misfortune fails to perform his engagements. All the neighbourhood are professedly extremely sorry; while at heart they rejoice at the opportunity thus offered them of placing their own foresight, in refusing to incur responsibility, in contrast with the pliancy of their weak neighbour. It's all a lie—they are not sorry, but glad the disaster happened.

When a person is taken sick, though all around profess to be very sorry, not one in ten will do any thing for his comfort or relief. Their sorrow ends in words; and if asked to afford assistance, they say they are sorry they cannot render it, consistently with a proper attention to their own affairs. Their sorrow is nothing but talk; and the only thing they are in truth sorry for is, that their aid is required.

Let a young lady lose the object of her affections, or be otherwise unfortunate, and you will immediately hear all circumstances trumpeted forth to the world by those who were either her rivals or her unsuccessful suitors; they lose no opportunity of spreading the report, and think to hide their joy under the slight veil and contemptible subterfuge of saying, I'm sorry.

So it is through the world; professions of sorrow in most cases are mere words, and he who thinks they are more, will some time or other find himself grievously disappointed. Even some of those who pretend to be guided by the principles of religion, show that their words and their practice are two extremes which can never harmonise; as for instance, when men profess to be sorry that intemperance is making such fearful ravages among us, while they do not themselves abstain from the use of ardent spirits.

Williamstown Advocate.

SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

From the Morning Journal, July 17.

The present state of the succession to the throne is awakening, among all classes of the King's loyal subjects, the utmost anxiety and concern. At no former period in the annals of the House of Brunswick, did the Monarchy of England ever present so many difficulties in the line of succession. Not that the line of descent is obscure, or the titles of the consecutive claimants doubtful, but because the health of one Noble Person, and the non age of the next heir in line are calculated to excite the most lively apprehensions as to who shall be the Regent of the anticipated minority. We do not indulge in these speculations on the ground of the ill health of our beloved Sovereign We have the greatest happiness in stating that his Majesty has rarely enjoyed better health, and although deeply depressed at the occurrences of the present year, is nevertheless animated by that spirit, which although it may feel all the burning pangs of degradation is yet too proud to quail, too noble to grieve; but it would neither evince our affection for our injured Monarch, nor exalt us in the estimation of our readers, if we were to attempt to conceal that George the Fourth is in his ripe old age, and in all probability will descend to the tomb lamented by his subjects; but alas! without a son or child to wear his honours, or imitate his virtues. The next in succession to his present Majesty is the Duke of Clarence. Of the health of this Prince there are many painful and conflicting opinions in circulation. We do not entertain these gloomy opinions in the superlative degree. But we are bound to entertain them to that extent which represents his Royal Highness to be ill fitted for the discharge of arduous duties. When he filled the office of Lord High Admiral, he injured his health by his extreme anxiety to render himself useful and popular in the navy. Having thus over exerted himself, it was deemed expedient by the Duke of Wellington that he should retire. His Majesty was advised to accept his resignation, and consequently this afflicted country was suddenly deprived of his Royal Highness's services. Are we not justified, then, in referring that he, who could not bear the cares of the High Admiral, is not likely to be in a condition to undertake severe and more arduous avocations? and if, by any circumstances, he should be restrained from giving his whole attention to the difficulties of the state, the next question is, upon whom would these cares, and the unlimited power and patronage of the Sovereign devolve? We leave so important a question to be answered by the silent response of the reader's own heart. But we can imagine a case, and one not of mere visionary application, when the developement of royal honours on the next in succession would place in the hand of the Prime Minister of such a Sovereign all the power and patronage of the Crown. If such a Minister were an honest one, no danger, in such a case, might be created, so abuse of power might then be indulged in, no arbitrary measures sanctioned no family interests erected into a monopoly of all the gifts of the King. But if it should happen as it might happen, that the Minister of such a Sovereign were an ambitious soldier,—man of vast wealth and great family connexions—proud, overbearing, grasping, dishonest, and unprincipled—a man having the army at his command, the navy at his nod—every situation under the crown at his disposal—every sinecurist, every commissioner of taxes, every dignitary of the customs and excise, at his mercy—what could not such a man do to overturn the very throne itself, and prostrate to the earth the laws and liberties of England? We put this case quite hypothetically. We point to no individual.—We have no desire to excite suspicion against this or that man. We only state a possible case, coming within the range of the changes of time, and suggesting itself by the line of succession, the degeneracy and corruption of the [illegible] of public spirit, and the temptation which a weak monarch, or a [illegible] fool, would give to inordinate ambition and insatiable pride. The presumptive successor of the Duke of Clarence is the infant daughter of the Duke of Kent. Should this interesting child live but for a few years, she must, in the course of nature, and according to the law of descent, be Queen of England. And supposing she should inherit the Crown during her minority, who then ought to be her guardian? The nation with one voice will say—The Duke of Cumberland; but as Parliament is at present constructed, and if it should happen that the Duke of Wellington is Premier, is it not likely that his Grace would aspire to be regent? The title of the "Regent Murray" stands the proudest among the historical honours of the Scottish nation. Such a title in England would be a thousand times more worthy a man's ambition; and it might be considered the *ne plus ultra* of human grandeur to be styled the Regent Wellington. And who would censure the Duke of Wellington for aspiring to it—It is a bold shot and a brave one, and is tempting enough even to make one stake life, character and friends upon the consequences. The Duke of Wellington could not be blamed for his ambition in such a cause, and the more especially as he would possibly have the address to satisfy Parliament that his aspirations were founded upon his patriotism, and his desire to benefit his country. These are important reflections, and we present them in this shape for the calm consideration of those of our countrymen who may deem them entitled to notice. We have only to add, that we do not put them forth unadvisedly. These speculation are, we regret to say, more canvassed in certain quarters than is generally known.

From the Quebec Mercury of Aug. 18

Captain Gabriel Gabourie, of the schooner Elize, has lately returned from Anticosti, and states, in addition to the particulars already published of the horrible state in which the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, from the wreck supposed to be of the Granicus, were found, that Mr. La Roque a partner in the North East Company at the post of Mingan, showed him a long boat which he said had been brought to Mingan by the Indians. He landed with the whole crew at the post in Belle Bay, Anticosti, on the 16th July, and found in one of the houses, nearly half a bushel of pieces of bones, about six inches in length, and scraps of flesh, that a hole was dug in the floor where they made their fire. It appeared that they were in two parties, one party in the building above referred to, the other in a small building about ten feet square, in which there was an oven, they found seven heads in the oven, one with red hair. On the 18th of July they found buried in the earth, a box painted black, covered on the top with a yellow cloth; on taking it up they found it filled with bones, entrails, and pieces of flesh; the stench was so great they speedily reinterred it. There was a quantity of clothing, boots, &c. a woman's dress, and eight or ten children's dresses; in some of the clothes they found cuts, apparently made with a knife; in one pair of trowsers which he stretched upon the grass, he counted ten knife cuts, between the middle of the thigh and the waistband; he adds, that he "thinks from the marks he saw, the murders of all had been perpetrated the same day." Michael Godin, who was at the post in 1828, left there 15 cords of wood in a shed, there was about two cords remaining, the rest had been burnt. On one of the pieces in the house the following letters were written:—

S. M. T. H. I. F. S.
March 27 & 28.

What is above related the captain saw himself, but he also reports on the authority of four masters of schooners belonging to the Magdalen Island whom he saw at Belle Bay, and on whose veracity he could rely, that the bodies had been buried by the people of the Magdalen Islands, who also buried the corpse found in the hammock, under the head of which was a bottle of tisanne, (a drink made of roots or plants.) These captains also reported that the ship was wrecked between the south east and the east points of Anticosti. A vessel from Miquelon went there and was fully loaded from the wreck, taking also five tents made of the sails of the vessel. The ship's bell was found hung upon a branch of a tree in the woods. These people brought a quantity of, coffee and a trunk from the vessel. Mr. Gaboori adds that after having heard the reports of the captains, he examined some of the sailors separately, who concurred in the same account.

ANTI-SOCIETIES.

The following are but a small number of the Anti-Societies recently formed or proposed.

Anti-running-a-man-to-death-society.
Anti-going-to-sleep-with-a-candle-burning society.
Anti-eating-too-much-society.
Anti-not-too-little-exercise-society.
Anti-snuff-and-chewing-tobacco-society.
Anti-look-at-your-face-too-long-society.
Anti-go-to-sleep-at-church-society.
Anti-going-to-church-more-with-the-[illegible] of seeing and being seen than with the [illegible] of listening to or profiting by the instructions of the preacher society.

Maryland Gazette
ANNAPOLIS,
Thursday, September 10, 1829.

ERRATUM.

In the last line of the essay published last week, for "*Exotic*" read "*Esoteric*."

NEW POST OFFICE.

A Post Office has been established at the Rising Sun Tavern, on the Annapolis and Baltimore Road, called "APOLLO"—BARNEY KITTS, Post-Master.

A jury of inquest was held on Tuesday morning last by Philip Clayton, Coroner, over the body of a coloured man found floating in the Dock—Verdict—Death by accidental drowning.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE EXECUTIVE.

Philemon Chew, Esqr. Reg. of Wills for Prince George's county, *vice* Trueman Tyler, deceased.

Jeremiah C. Morrison an additional Justice of the Peace for Frederick county.

Horatio G. O'Neale, as Surveyor of Frederick county, *vice* Corban West resigned.

John H. T. Magruder, Ensign of Captain Henry Hobbs' company, *vice* Dr. A. Gambill resigned.

The Executive will meet again the 4th Monday in October next.

The sentence of the court in the case of George Swearingen has been received by His Excellency the Governor, and the Warrant forwarded to the Sheriff of Allegany county for his Execution to take place on Friday the second of October next.

On the 8th day of Sept. 1828. he murdered his wife, and on the 8th day of Sept 1829, a warrant for his execution was forwarded.

For the Maryland Gazette.

DEATH.

Say, what is death—but a release,
From sickness, sorrow, pain,
The welcome messenger of peace,
The Christian spirit's gain.

Why wilt thou Death? e'er spread thy gloom,
The terrors of the grave,
The winding sheet—appaling tomb—
When Jesus Christ can save?

Can save from Death, can save from sin,
The mourning soul, who trust's,
That God the Father, Christ in him,
Will reanovate his Dust.

My thoughts, O! Death? are fill'd with fears,
I muse upon thy ways,
At night, my pillow's wet with tears,
In sorrow, pass my days.

The floods of grief, that o'er me roll,
Will sink this heart of mine—
Unless thou wilt sustain my soul,
My Father, God divine.

And when on earth my days shall cease—
My locks be white and hoary?
Wilt thou my Savior, whisp'ring peace,
Receive me into glory.

The conq'ror Death, will be subdu'd,
His bars be burt asunder?
The mystery of the grave be view'd—
Be shook by Gods own thunder—

What hidden grief shall dare invade,
My solitary hour?
When trusting in my God for aid—
I humbly own his power.

In vain will Death, its glooms display—
It ne'er shall fright me now!
Although I mould'ring turn to clay,
To Thee—my God—I'll bow—

LOGAN.

For the Maryland Gazette.

—— Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.—*Hor.*

Though there may be many qualities of the mind, and many virtues of the heart, which dazzle more by their splendor—which raise in the breast of the spectator a higher degree of admiration, or more kindred conceptions of sublimity, than good humour, yet there are none which diffuse through the heart of man more placidity of feeling, emotions of a more benevolent tendency, or a more pleasing cast of serenity. True it is there are many enlowments of the mind, and many lofty sentiments, which excite ideas of what are more commonly supposed striking virtues in the possessors of them, yet we may rationally doubt, whether there are any which have a greater tendency to create in the world peace, and happiness, and good will, or whether there is any single virtue of the heart, on the possession or continual exercise of which we will reflect with more pleasure, when the shade of death shall begin to gather on the brow, when the pulse shall beat more feebly, and the throbbings of the heart shall die away. Good humour may be termed a negative, rather than a positive virtue—may be said to consist more in the absence of all passion, malevolence and prejudice, than in the performance of any particular duties, or the exersise of any certain definite virtues. A freedom from passion, uninterrupted benevolence toward the whole human family, a lenity and easiness toward the faults of others, and an equability of temper, are among the characteristic attributes of this moral excellence.—Good humour may be said to flow in a smooth and placid stream, neither agitated by the gales of passion, nor disturbed by the rocks of discontent, which it may encounter in its course—neither falling into the gulf of despair at one time, nor rising to the height of gaiety and merriment at another, but continuing its steady and even path through hill and vale, diffusing glad news, and [illegible], and joy, wherever it [illegible]. Good humour [illegible] in a consciousness of innocence, and in a contented disposition. It casts over the countenance a calmness which no art can acquire—it gives to the manners an agreeableness and an ease which