MISCELLANY.

[*The following lines are from Baldwin's London Magazine.*]

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
The landscape outstretching, in loveliness lay,
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the bright queen of Spring, as she passed down the vale
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance, rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
We gazed on these scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through star-light and blue.
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form:
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hour of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As unconscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in his hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the Flood to the exile of time:
Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds.
The black clouds of vengeance his banner unfurled,
And thunders his voice to a guilt-stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.
Not such was that Rainbow—that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun,
A pavilion it seemed, with a deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
A while, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb,
Then left the dark scene, where it smiled to retire,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope has expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song,
To all who beheld it, these verses belong:
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored,
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That how from my sight passed forever away:
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That how from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined,
With the strong an imperishing colours of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

From the French.

A good peasant was returning to his house one evening, after having worked all day, about a league from the city. He left his house early in the morning, and was very much fatigued and downcast like the setting sun. As he was entering the gates of the city, he met one of his companions, who said to him 'have you heard the news? our parson is just dead.' 'Oh Heaven!' cried the worthy fellow, 'what will become of the parish?' Wrapped in painful reflection, he continued to walk towards his abode. 'What will they do?' said he; to-morrow is Sunday—there will be no high mass. What will they say in the city when they have no high mass. The young girls wish to communicate, the old ones to pray, and my wife wants to confess. What shall we do?' While he was indulging in these reflections, he was met by another friend. 'Ah Peter,' said he, 'do you know the news?' 'Yes our poor parson is dead.' 'Poohit is something else—the judge is dead, and will be buried to morrow.' 'Good Heaven!' cried the poor countryman, 'what will become of the district? no judge, we are undone! If we had bit of a revolution, who would come and harrangue us in the market place? who will protect us now? who will be our refuge now the judge is dead?'

A few steps onward our worthy friend met a third person whom he knew.—'There is bad news, terrible news stirring!' said the new comer. 'What is it? Holy Virgin! what more terrible news than the death of the judge?' 'Why the King is dead, neighbour Peter. It is in the newspaper to day.' 'Gracious Providence, who will defend the Kingdom?'

The reflections of the honest peasant were full of bitterness and sorrow, when he cogitated on the terrible misfortunes which developed themselves in so short a space as a quarter of hour, so that when he entered his cottage, he seated himself with a sorrowful air, by the chimney corner, without saying a word to his wife, or without lifting his little girl his knee, as was

"His usual custom in the afternoon."

The family were all in consternation almost, equalling his own. 'Peter, Peter!' said his old mother in a hollow tone, and shaking her head, 'what think you has occurred? The Pope's dead; the news is stuck up against the church.' 'Powers above!' cried Peter, 'what will become of the word?' For Peter thought the world was governed by the pope, and that the everlasting city was the capital of the earth.

'The Pope's gone,' thought he; 'the king's dead—the judge has gone to his last account, and the parson is buried; Heaven! what will the morrow produce? Will the sun rise? We shall no longer labour, no longer sow, no longer reap, and the poor will die of famine!'

Poor fellow he sometimes got hold of a newspaper, and remembered to have often seen, 'the country is in mourning.' This phrase now occurred to him—he depicted to himself the whole of France in black, and sighed deeply.

His night was almost sleepless; at the first ray of the sun, however disturbed at what had happened and anticipating all sorts of disasters, still more fearful, he went out quietly, and instead of taking the way to the fields, he turned towards the great square.

A spring sun was rising in the horizon—the flowers covered with dew, were drying themselves, and raised their heads to the sun beams; the birds were singing; the turf had renewed its verdure, and seemed revived by the freshness of the night; the sky was clear, the river flowing full and calm; Peter felt his breath at ease in spite of himself; he paused and looked about him.

The tradesmen were opening their shops, and sweeping the fronts of their doors;—the mechanics were going to their work, singing in chorus; the market was filling with cattle, horses, bearing baskets and carts; children, milk women and soldiers, were walking about in all directions.

'The deuce!' thought Peter, 'shall I be the only one unoccupied? If all the people are going to work they know more of the matter than I do. They have been told no doubt as well as I have that the Pope is dead; yet they work notwithstanding, and they appear to do as usual. The birds sing as loudly as before, and the children cry as much as ever.'

The worthy labourer reflected for some time and turning towards the piece of land which he was cultivating, with his head erect, and his mind assured, he went to his plough like a drunkard to a glass. 'Get up', said, he, goading his ox, 'it seems that only the pope, the judge and the parson are dead—all the rest of the world is as well as ever, and Providence will keep them so.'

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

AUTHENTIC REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

Mr. Eden, the last proprietary Governor of Maryland, was very much beloved and highly esteemed by the citizens of Annapolis, as well as the leaders of the revolutionary party. Some time after the commencement of hostilities, and long before the Declaration of Independence, he requested Barrister Carroll to invite Mr. Johnson, afterwards Governor, Mr. Chase and the most distinguished members of the Whig party, to dine at the Government House. Mr. Carroll, who was very intimate with Mr. Johnson, called on him and told him that the Governor had placed him in a very awkward and delicate situation by the request, and that he was at a loss how to act. Mr. J. immediately answered that it would be the best plan for him, Mr. C. to invite to his own house as many gentlemen as he chose and the Governor with them; he replied that it was a lucky thought, and that he would follow the advice Accordingly, on the next day he invited the Governor, with Mr. J. and C. and many more of the most prominent characters, to dine with him. Shortly after the company sat down to dinner and were helped around, the Governor addressing himself to the company, said, it is understood in England that the Congress are about forming a Treaty of Alliance with France. A momentary silence prevailed, when Mr. Johnson answered, 'Governor we will answer your question, provided you will answer one from us.' It was agreed to. 'Well sir, we will candidly acknowledge that overtures have been made to France, but that they are not yet accepted. Now, sir, we understand that the King, your master, is about subsidizing a large body of Hessians to join his forces to come over to cut our throats."—He answered that, he believed the report was true. Mr. Johnson immediately rejoined in the following words: 'The first Hessian soldier that puts his foot on the American shore, will absolve me from all allegiance to Great Britain. Chase exclaimed, 'by G—d I am for declaring ourselves independent.' The Governor immediately dropped his knife and fork and did not eat another mouthful. Thus we see that the resolution to become independent, was expressed long before it was done in Congress, Messrs. J. and C. were among the list of proscribed patriots, with Hancock, the Adamses, Jay, Dickinson, the Lees of Virginia, and Rutledges, of S. Carolina, and, together with Paca, Stone and Hall of the Western, and Tilghman, Goldsborough and Hammond, of the Eastern Shore, composed that noble band of patriots which guided the Councils of Maryland in that trying and almost hopeless effort, to secure the liberties of America.

After the Maryland militia returned from New Jersey in the year 1777, a draft was ordered of one company from each regiment in the state, or volunteers would be accepted in their place. The regiment commanded by Col. James Johnson, in the upper part of Frederick county, was mustered on an appointed day, when a sufficient number of men turned out and double the required number of officers, among whom were two Captains named Smith and Creegar. The question now arose who should take command of the company, and it was agreed to be decided by throwing up a dollar, and that head should win; accordingly it was done and Creegar was the fortunate winner. With a magnanimity worthy of imitation, he addressed himself to Smith: 'Sir, I have won the command, but as you are the oldest and most experienced officer, you must take the command, and I will serve as your lieutenant. The arrangement was reluctantly agreed to, and the company so officered marched to head quarters. They both live to see their country free and happy, and were, to a good old age, respectable farmers of Frederick county. I knew them well and have often heard the anecdote from the person who threw up the dollar. J.

From the London Chronicle.

EXTRAORDINARY INVESTIGATIONS IN LONDON.

The following most unprecedented circumstances were disclosed at a Coroner's inquest, held on Wednesday, in Dean's yard, Westminster. The investigation took place by order of the Secretary of State. The deceased was an individual, known as Miss Eliza Edwards, who had walked the streets apparently as a woman of the town. She had a sister residing in Union-court, Orchard-st. Westminster, and both were supposed to be kept-women. Last week the deceased died, and there being no claimants for the body, it was taken [illegible] hospital for dissection, when it was [illegible] that the deceased was a perfect man. This circumstance was communicated to the parish authorities, and, on a representation being made by them to Lord Melbourne, directions were given them to summon a jury. The jury room was crowded to excess. The body was of a very effeminate appearance, no appearance of a beard beyond that of a boy of 14, and the whiskers looked as if they had been plucked out with a pair of tweezers.

The hair of the head was light brown, and upwards of two feet long; behind, of a soft glossy texture, and the whole appearance of the countenance was that of a female. Dr. Clutterbuck, of New-Bridge street, Blackfriars, stated that he had examined the body of the deceased at the request of Dr. Somerville, who was desirous that he should identify the body as the person with whom he had attended a few weeks before, under the name of Lavina Edwards at her lodgings near the Cobourg Theatre. (She appears to have been in the habit of changing her name.) He had attended the deceased for a dangerous inflammation on the lungs. He had no idea but that the deceased was a woman. He attended her previously at the request of a gentleman, under whose protection she lived, and who paid him for his attendance. The deceased had always a very effeminate appearance and a kind of cracked voice, not unlike a female. Maria Edwards, who passed as the deceased's sister, was next examined. She stated that she was born in Dublin, and was 17 years old. She had lived with the deceased constantly for the last ten years. The deceased was a performer on the stage, and travelled about the country and played female characters.—Witness mostly slept with the deceased.—Coroner: How long have you been in London? Witness: We have been about three years.—Coroner: How was the deceased supported during this time? Witness: By different gentlemen. Juror: Do you know of any gentlemen who visited the deceased? Witness: I remember a gentleman coming to see her when we lived in the Westminster-road.—Juror: Any one else? Witness: Yes ***, who is gone to Italy, he formerly lived at Leather head. Juror: Will you undertake to say that you did not know what sex the deceased was? Witness: I always thought her to be a female. Deceased was there three weeks confined to her bed and wanted the common necessaries of life.

Last Wednesday night she went to bed with a wheezing in her throat, and very ill. About three o'clock the deceased called me up, and said, 'Maria, I am dying; it has pleased God to call me;' and in about five minutes the deceased expired. In the country she played under the name of Miss Edwards, in the first line of tragedy. Juror: Did the deceased ever perform in London? Witness: Never, the last place she played at was Tewkesbury.—Juror: Did she ever play under any other name? Witness: Yes, under the name of Miss Walstein. It appeared from one of the letters read by the sister, that she was introduced on the stage by the celebrated Talma. Mary Mortimer, residing in Union court, stated, that she had known her about ten or eleven years. Never knew her sex, until the present day. She had every reason to believe that the deceased died a natural death—Juror: Will you swear that you did not know the sex of the deceased? Witness: I will. She always appeared as a most lady-like woman. I have slept with deceased repeatedly, and never for a moment supposed that she was a man. The Coroner expressed the greatest astonishment at the evidence adduced.—A Juror: Look at the head of hair, and the ears bored for ear rings. It is the most extraordinary case I ever met with; I almost doubt the evidence of my own senses. A number of letters and of other documents, found on the person of the deceased, were read to the Jury, by which it appeared that she had passed under various names. The documents excited the most intense interest. Maria Edwards was again recalled and examined. In answer to questions she said that she was only 17 years of age. She never knew the deceased to use a razor or a pair of tweezers; was positive that she never shaved.

The Jury than adjourned until yesterday, when they again met, but the crowds of medical students and others, attracted by the extraordinary nature of the case, was so great, that a large body of police were required to preserve order. The evidence threw no further light on the case. A person stepped forward, and said that from what he had seen in the news-papers, and understanding that the deceased came from Dublin, he was satisfied that he knew the party. About 12 or 13 years ago the deceased sometimes passed for a man and sometimes a woman. She had lately performed on the stage in the country, in the principle tragic characters; Juror: Did you know her sister? Witness: I never knew the deceased had a sister. Another gentleman stepped forward and said he believed he knew the party, and the father was a gunsmith in Dublin. The room was ordered to be cleared of strangers, but from the great crowd this was found impossible, and the Jury retired to an adjoining room, and after a few minutes consultation, the following verdict was returned—'That the deceased died by the visitation of God.'

From the Boston Daily Atlas.

THE SUICIDE OF MR. CURTIS. FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF GAMBLING.

The paragraph we published yesterday respecting the cause which led Mr. Curtis to the commission of self-murder at Providence, is confirmed to us from a source which places it beyond all doubt. A highly respectable gentleman of this city on reading it, has kindly communicated to us the following, melancholy particulars.

About eight weeks ago, Mr. Curtis called at the office of a friend in this city and fully disclosed his situation and the causes which led to it. He informed him that on the first day of November last, he was worth a little more than five thousand dollars, and that before the middle of February, or about that time, he was insolvent in about the same sum. The whole of this amount, viz: $10,000 he had lost within that period, by gambling.—He stated that he had been invited by two persons from Boston to play a game on prop at Brighton, and that they won a considerable sum from him; they invited him to try his luck again, and he continued to meet them in Brighton and in this city, until he was stripped of even ten thousand dollars. The two bell-hounds alluded to, won over 14,000 from different persons in about 6 weeks. One of these demons of darkness was at Providence when the wretched man hung himself, having fled from Boston because he was fearful of being apprehended.

The whole story is not yet told. The infatuated Curtis stood not a solitary chance of success with the gamesters. Their gambling apparatus was so prepared that he must loose. Their "prop!" were loaded; and though they might allow him to win a hazard now and then, it was only to make his destruction the more certain. There is abundant evidence of this fact, but the self-destruction of their miserable victim will prevent the strong arm of law from falling upon his cold-blooded murderers.

In addition to this, we learn from the best authority that a young mechanic of this city was kindly conveyed to Brighton not long ago by one of these worse than high-way robbers, and infamously swindled out of $1125, in the course of five nights, for which he drew his checks upon one of the Boston Banks. Is it not high time that the community was in arms against these diabolical ruffians?

The editor of the Galaxy, with a fearlessness that demands public approbation, has drawn the character of two persons, well known among us as unprincipled and abandoned wretches, and has exhibited such a scene of villainy, vice and cruelty that cannot fail to startle and alarm our citizens.—What steps may be taken to check the career of these vile incendiaries of the public morals, we know not. One thing we do know, and that is, that unless something be done and that quickly, to save the young and the unwary from the snares that are set in their paths, and to bring the villains to justice, an excitement will be raised among us that never has had a parallel.

Who that is a father or a mother, a brother or a sister, a friend to the great human family, that does not feel the urgent importance of a prompt and energetic effort to rid the land of this desolating pestilence? Suffer it to continue, and who knows what relative may be the next bloody sacrifice?

P. S. Since the above was written, we have received the Providence Gazette, which contains the following article.

'Not a little anxiety has been experienced in this city since Saturday, in consequence of the melancholy suicide of Mr. Curtis, who, it is alleged, hanged himself in his room, at Jones' Providence Hotel. Many stories are in circulation, with reference to the matter; and, if the facts that have reached us can be depended upon, the affair demands a much more rigid investigation, than what has been given. It is said, and we repeat the assertion upon the best authority, that when Mr. Curtis arrived in this city, he was known to have in his possession a large amount of money; when found dead, his money had disappeared. It is a fact, that there was a deep wound on the back of the dead man's neck, that could not have been inflicted by a handkerchief; and it is no evidence that suicide was committed because three doors which led to the room of the stranger were fastened. There are other circumstances connected with this affair, which are singular, dark, and mysterious, and call upon the people of this city, for rigid examination of the suicide.'

We understand that the deceased borrowed $125 of a friend before he left Boston, and that he was induced to go to Providence by a letter he received from one of his robbers, which assured him that if he would come hither, he would be able to recover his money The paragraph from the Providence paper intimates that he was murdered.

Mr. Curtis lived in Cambridgeport, and has left a wife and seven children, the oldest about 16 years of age.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

THE LION'S VISIT TO THE MARKET.

We published yesterday an account of a Panther, who amused himself by 'keeping shop' a little while in New York, and we were pleased to observe that no evil resulted to any one from his change of business. The love of freedom and the search for ease is not confined to the Panther, other animals long caged seek an outlet, and enjoy 'the common air and common use of their own limbs.

Two women, some fifteen or sixteen years since, were sitting about two o'clock of a market-day, at the head of the sixth street market, then the highest or last in Market street, and while they were lamenting the heat of the day, and counting and comparing their profits at the close of their sales, one of them lifting up her eyes, sighing, said,

'We shall have no more customers to-day.'

'No,' sighed the other, 'the clark will be along soon to clear us out—though, by the way, what is that coming down the street?'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the first woman 'that is a customer indeed—is it a dog, or a calf?'

'It's neither,' shouted the other, 't's a Lion, as I am a sinner.'

The two beldames seized their moveables, and shot across the street into a cellar, pulling the door close after them.

Meantime, the tawney king of the forest, who had, while his keeper was taking his *siesta*, walked out of the cage into the street, pursued his way towards the market, attracted probably by the savory smells that ascended from the beef and mutton, which a dog day's heat had acted on.

The Lion, unlike the New York Panther, despised shop keeping, he ambled along at a round rate, his tail lifted into the air and his head jogging up and down, as if his mind was bent upon a good dinner.

'What ails the women?' said a butcher, he deliberately took down the last piece of his unsold meat, 'what are they frightened at?'

'Maybe,' said his neighbour, 'it's coming up perhaps the clark of the market is coming with his broom.'

'What is that?'

'That?—that is a Lion!' shouted the other and away he scampered, and his wife after him. The panic became general.

Slam went the doors. 'Look out for the Lion,' screamed a good lady from a upper window; 'where he,' said a gray horse, as he turned up sixth street with instinctive dread.

The coast was clear. The market was before the Lion where to choose, and a good appetite his guides he paused and nibbled at a fore quarter of lamb, he licked up a piece of beef, and smelled at a few radishes. His time his going abroad became known—and a goodly company, were assembled in the windows above, and here, and there some bolder ones were discovered peeping around the corner of the streets, and springing back as the gyrations of the Lion's tufted tail gave notice of its owner moving.

Market street has not since exhibited such an absence of passengers.

The clerk of the market arrived with a squad of men, armed with *besoms*; but no sooner were they apprised of the state of the case, than they threw down their implements and ran.

The Lion, meantime, danced along down the market, examining the varied contents of the stalls and shambles, until to his surprise he was saluted by the well known voice of a keeper, who had waylaid him with the cage. Eating and exercise had satisfied the wanderer with his adventures, he stepped into his cage, and in ten minutes was fast asleep.

We had not the good fortune to witness the gambols to which we have referred, but it was told to us with so much satisfaction by one who said he saw it, that we have often exclaimed,

"When next the Lion goes abroad,
May we be there to see."

The editor of the Providence (R. I.) Microcosm retires from his editorial chair to the management of the plough;—he leaves sticking types, to sticking peas. His scissors and paste-pot now give place to the pruning knife and tar-pot. Long may he enjoy his rural retreat. But let us listen to the valedictory:

'This is the last number of the Microcosm which will have Daniel Mowry 3d for its proprietor. To-day I shall sell all my right, title, and interest in this paper, and then my feet towards the old homestead with as much good will as I should fly from the plague. If there be any thing desirable in conducting a public press, I have had a good opportunity to know it, and do not wish to be convinced by any further experience. Whatever may be the enjoyments which others derive from a situation like mine, I feel no reluctance to exchange them for the plough and scythe—Give me a snug little farm, and I care not how soon I see the back side of a printing office.'

'Calumny is like the wasp that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself, unless you are certain to destroy it; otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever.'

'Little minds triumph over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse of the sun.'

A new method of shoeing horses.—In an advertisement in one of our exchange papers we find a stray horse described as being shod *all around with a switch tail*. Whether it was his own tail or a similar member from some sympathising fellow quadruped, we are not informed. Perhaps the mystery might be explained, by the judicious use of a comma.

[*Fred. Examiner.*

ANECDOTE.

A pretty little brunette of 14, was passing along the streets a few days since, when she was accosted by a strange man, rather worn for liquor, who inquired if her mother was as black as she was. 'I believe not,' was the reply, 'but pray tell me if your father is as *blue* as you are.'—*New Bedford Gaz.*

A traveller on horseback meeting a spalpeen asked him, "Am I half way to —— town?" "Please yer worship," said the boy, "I don't know where you cum frum!"

A French traveller puts us down for the cleanest people upon the face of the earth for said he, 'their very capitol is called *Washingtown!*'

NORTHERN WIT.

A Scotch woman whose name was Margret did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the minister. 'Ah, Margret,' says he, 'donna ye ken where a' the sinful gang?' 'Deel tak them, that kens, an weel as them that speers,' cries she. 'Ah' Margret they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' 'By my, trow, then,' says Margret 'let them gnash that hae them, for the deil a stump hae I had these twenty years.'

A wine merchant once left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, 'Now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth so that I may know it.' He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips, and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them.—The man drank of the wine, and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

The [illegible]

VOL. LXXXVIII.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE MARYLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,

[illegible] the improvement and encouragement of Gardening and the promotion of Horticultural Science in the state of Maryland, with a view to the accomplishment of these important objects, have determined on having an

EXHIBITION OF PLANTS, &c.

[illegible] the manner of other Horticultural Societies. They therefore give notice, that they will cause to be held an exhibition of Plants, Flowers, Fruits, Culinary, Vegetables, &c. &c. in the city of Baltimore, on the eleventh and fifth days of the month of June, 1833.—Further, as an encouragement, they have resolved to offer three premiums, to be awarded to the three most deserving objects exhibited. The first premium will be a piece of silver plate, of the value of $12. The second a piece of silver plate, value $8 The third a silver medal, value $5. The premiums to be handsomely engraved with the arms of the Society, &c. &c. For further information on the subject, address, (post paid,)

F. H. DECKEHUT,
Chairman Committee of Arrangement, Balt.

Editors of papers throughout the state, are requested to give the above a few insertions. Jan. 17.

PROPOSALS

For publishing by Subscription, a small volume of

THE SERMONS
OF THE LATE
RT. REV. JAMES KEMP, D. D.
Bishop of the P. E. Church of Md. together with the Funeral Address delivered in St. Paul's Church, containing some brief biographical notices.

SEVERAL considerations combine to recommend the publication of the proposed volume. It is desirable to preserve a memorial of all who have held a relation to the church in this country, so interesting and important as that of its Bishops. Their alliance no doubt peculiarly endearing to the diocess over which they are chosen to preside, and the power of their doctrine and example is most felt in those parishes among which they have lived, with the authority of a ruler, the vigilance of a shepherd, and the tenderness of a parent. Yet do their character and influence belong to the whole ecclesiastical body of which they were legislators; and it is both gratifying and profitable to find them with one accord maintaining "the faith once delivered to the Saints," and breathing the spirit of that form of sound words," equally scriptural and beautiful, to which successive ages only add increasing veneration.

At the same time, however, that this end is to be effected, the present volume is regarded principally "as a means of affording to every member of the diocess of Maryland the privilege of co-operating in the erection of a Monument to their deceased and much venerated Bishop." To all he has ministered in the discharge of his office as Chief Shepherd of the flock; and to very many, prior to his election to this charge, was he the instrument of imparting the most precious truths and consolations. It is believed that it will be a source of lively gratification to such persons that they may preserve in their own homes and hearts a memorial of his affectionate, and judicious, and evangelical instructions, while they perpetuate his name, and manifest their grateful sense of his worth by contributing to rear a monumental stone upon his grave. That the privilege may be universally enjoyed, the volume will be small, and the terms exceedingly low; and those interested in promoting the several objects of the publication, can attain their end by increasing the number of copies subscribed for.

The work will be printed on fine paper, and comprised in a small duodecimo volume, and delivered to subscribers neatly bound in cloth, at $1 00 per copy.

Having ascertained that sufficient patronage will be extended to this work to warrant the publication, it will be immediately put to press. Persons disposed to promote the ultimate object, are requested to furnish their subscriptions to the publisher without delay. Address

JOS. ROBINSON,
Bookseller and Stationer, No. 2. North Calvert street, Baltimore.

March 14.

St. Mary's County Court,
March Term, 1833.

ORDERED, by the Court, That the Creditors of Edward Spalding, a petitioner for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, do appear before the Court, to be held at Leonard Town, Saint Mary's county, on the first Monday of August next, to file allegations, if any they have, and to recommend a permanent Trustee for their benefit.

By order,
JO: HARRIS, Clk.

True copy,
JO: HARRIS, Clk.
St. Mary's Cty. Court.

April 18.

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