

ground, between the furrows, that the plough did not cover. This must be stuck down with an iron instrument, like a paddle or paving shovel; and let it lie in that state for a month.

In this time it will smoke, so as to be seen a great way, like a dunghill; as it is a green dressing, it will quickly rot in the ground. The next thing is to harrow it; then plough and sow wheat in broad lands. If you have a good crop of buckwheat, it will be a good dressing for three years.

This great improver of land is such a friend to the farmer, that if its value were more generally known, this method would be more practised.

Clover ploughed in, is a good green dressing. You may mow the first crop; and if you have a good second crop, do not be afraid of ploughing it in, as it will fully repay you in your crop of wheat. It should be rolled and ploughed in, the same as the buckwheat. After it has lain some time to rot, you may harrow in your wheat; for it should not be ploughed again, as directed, for the buckwheat.

Thorough ploughing, in a great measure, supplies the want of manure, by keeping the earth in a loose state, ready for the reception of atmospheric influence.

It is much more profitable to increase the fruitfulness of land by tillage than by dung; because only a certain quantity of dung can often times be had, the produce of ten acres being scarcely sufficient to dung one; whereas the particles of the earth may be divided and subdivided. The benefit that can be procured from dung is therefore limited; whereas, no bounds can be set to the advantages which arise from tillage.

Mr. Evelyn, quoting Sir Hugh Platt, says, that if you take a certain quantity of even the most barren earth you can find, reduce it to a fine powder, and expose it for a year to the vicissitudes and changes of the season, and influences of the heavens, it will acquire such a generous and masculine pregnancy, within that period, as to be able to receive any foreign plants from the farthest Indies, and to cause all vegetables to prosper in the most exalted degree, and to bear their fruits as kindly with us as they do in their natural climates.

We are to suppose these foreign plants to have their due degrees of heat and moisture given them. To what shall we ascribe this great fertility? To the great division of the particles of the earth, and the multiplication of their surfaces.

By thus pulverizing the earth, adds he, it is found that soils may be so altered from their former nature, as to render the harsh and most uncivil clay, obsequious to the husbandman, and to bring forth roots and plants, which otherwise require the lightest and hollowest mould.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

There has been for some years an increasing attention to the propagation of fruit trees; but it is to be regretted that the labor is often lost by one common error, letting the grass grow too near the trees. No young tree will grow well when a sward is formed round it. Yet in travelling our country in every direction we see this error. The earth should be turned over in the spring, and in the latter part of the summer, at least two or three feet from the young trees; and then all the weeds and grass that spring up will rot and become excellent manure for them. By such culture trees will grow rapidly, but without it their growth is extremely slow and they often die without coming to maturity. The importance of raising forest trees, is every year more apparent, as there is an increasing scarcity of wood and timber in all the old towns; in order to propagate them the young trees must have the same culture as fruit trees.

N. B. In planting all kinds of trees, the hole must be much more extensive than the roots and filled up with the best earth that there may be quick and vigorous growth. Although an observance of this method of cultivating trees will require more labour for a few years, yet it will be great gain, as the trees will be larger in seven years than they will grow in twenty and sometimes thirty in the common way.

Boston, July 23.

Last evening Captain Vinal in the brig Enterprise, arrived here from Algeiras (Spain). He furnishes a detailed account of the seizure by military force, and sale without form or trial, but in the name of the French imperial government, at Malaga, of the brig Two Marias, Diane, of Boston, with fish; schr Four Brothers, Grozier, of Provincetown; and schr Hope Noble, of Portsmouth, with cocoa, log wood, &c. put into Malaga in distress. The French were in possession of Malaga the 13th June. King Joseph had visited it, but had gone to Grenada.

Capt V left Algeiras the 18th June. On the 13th, 5000 Spanish troops, under gen. Leci, arrived there in English transports from Cadiz. The object was said to be an attack on the rear of the French invaders of Cadiz. Two privateers ready for sea at Malaga, and two others fitting out.

We have accounts from Cadiz down to the 11th June. This isle continued to be defended with vigor and skill; and the ships of the French were returned with spirit. The allied defenders were not in want of anything. The city was crowded, and some of the useless mouths had been shipped off. No fears of the subjugation of the city for many months were entertained. The old Marshal duke of Dantisc commanded in front of Cadiz.

FROM PORTUGAL.

Our Gloucester, correspondent yesterday furnished us with Lisbon Gazettes to 12th June. They do not state any change of position in the hostile armies. No battle had been fought; and the spirit as well as the discipline of the nation appeared increasing.—Ciudad Rodrigo was invested the 1st of June.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.

FROM GRENADA & BARBADOES.
By the British brig Harmony, Williams arrived here last evening, in 21 1/2 days from Grenada, the editor of the Freeman's Journal has received Grenada and Barbadoes papers to the 7th July. Their contents are uninteresting.

GRENADA, July 7.
Arrived, brig Harmony, Williams, from Philadelphia; Louisiana, Norfolk. Cleared, schr William and Henry, Newbern; brig Belle, Norfolk; Triton Newbern.

BARBADOES, July 28.
Arrived, schr Commerce, Norfolk, and three other schrs and a sloop from American ports.

June 25—Several Americans have arrived since our last, and a regular intercourse seems now to be fully established.

From the Belfast News Letter.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

CREATION.

CREATION, o'er thy smiling face,
What fair mysterious scenes I trace;
Along my deviating way—
Throughout the light diffusing day!
The daisy, simple, modest flower,
The rose, the grandeur of the bower,
The lilach, bending o'er the rill,
The oak, wide spreading on the hill,
The villa, peeping through the trees
The forest, sounding to the breeze,
The mountain clad in green attire,
The busy town—the tow'ring spire—
The azure main, where swelling sails
Employ the idly roving gales,
The distant view where sea and sky
Seem closely blended to the eye,
The lunar orb in lustre bright,
The long extended robe of light—
The sombre night, with starry eyes—
The spangled heavens, the vaulted skies,
These, to thy matchless train belong,
Celestial subject of my song!
Thro' printless ways would Fancy roam
To bring your foreign beauties home;
And farther still would Thought pursue,
The boundless regions known to you;
But how shall these your charms survey,
Thro' sunshine of immortal day;
Or, how shall I attempt to sing
The glittering plumage of thy wing?
And all the sparkling gems that shine
Around those lovely brows of thine?
CREATION! on thy glorious train,
My oft admiring eyes detain—
I see the dazzling sun advance,
To guide the planets circling dance;
From Mercy, brightly-beaming star,
To Saturn, dimly seen afar;
And still beyond these nether spheres,
Your tinsell'd garment rich appears,
With astral pearls that nightly glance,
Thro' heav'n's stelliferous wide expanse;
Where solar orbs forever blaze,
With Glory's never dark'ning rays.
Return, ah! too drear'rous Muse!
From scenes that even Sense confuse—
Creation's great and noble plan,
Mocks all the little works of Man.

Portuguese ship, 57 days fr.
Rio Janeiro.

Also, schr Dart, Manlove, 14 days from Aux Cayes. Left, Dash, Newman, and md for Philadelphia in a few days; Caroline, Dithorn do uncertain.

Also, schr North River Packet, Lowth 14 days from Cape Nicola Mole.

CLEARED,
Schrs Three Friends, Schoeyn, Lagairs; Remittance, Pryer, Norioik; Happy Couple, Course, Charleston; Bee, Babcock, Richmond.

Below,
A brig and schooner, names unknown

The Tammany Society, will hold their stated monthly meeting, at their Wigwam, on THIS EVENING, (the 24 of the month of Heats) precisely at the going down of the sun.

The members are requested to give general and punctual attendance.
H. NILSS, Secy. Moore.

Month of Hoens, 51st, year of }
Discovery 318.

PUBLIC SALE.
By Order of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore County, will be exposed at Auction, on the Premises, on

TUESDAY NEXT, the 7th inst. at three o'clock, P. M.

A Lot of Ground;
Situate on the west side of Howard-street, near the intersection of Camden-street. The Lot is 25 feet 9 inches front, and 74 feet deep, and a Frame House with a brick front thereon—Subject to the yearly rent of £5. 4s currency. Late the property of David Dupey, deceased. Term of sale, one half cash, and the residue on a credit of six months.

ANN DUPEY, Adm'r.
SAM. D. LEGRAND, Adm'r.
August 2

Baltimore County, to wit:
I hereby certify, that Emily Phipps, a woman of colour, brought before me the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for said county, as a trespassing straggler, a BAY HORSE; about 14 hands high, thought to be rising five years old, with a small star in his forehead, a bay mane, and shod all round. Given under my hand, this 27th day of July, 1810.

JOHN WALLACE.
The above Horse may be found by applying to Mr Cunningham at Towson's tavern, where the owner is desired to come, pay trespass, damages and charges, and prove property and take him away.

EMILY PHIPPS.
Towson's Tavern, Aug 2 d4t

NOTICE.
I shall apply in two months from this date, to one of the Judges of Anne Arundel county court, for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of this state.

August 2
Marshall Poole.
11w2m

Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Appeals for the Western Shore of Maryland, and to me directed, will be exposed to Public Auction, (for cash) at the Premises, on THURSDAY, the 9th day of August next, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, and estate of Walter Simpson, sen. administrator of George Dent, in and to a

Lot or parcel of Ground,
Fronting on Public alley 50 feet, and running back to Dock alley, on which is a Two Story Frame House.

ALSO,
Another Lot or Parcel of Ground, fronting on Water-street 25 feet, and on Dock alley about 75 feet. Seized and taken to satisfy Rositer Scot.

Wm. MERRYMAN, Sheriff.
August 1 dts

To an honest Public.
The above named Rositer Scot, some years after the death of Mr. Dent, produced a kind of a made-up account to Mr. Simpson, administrator to the estate of Mr. Dent, for about £95. This account coming so unexpectedly, and nothing of the kind known in Mr. Dent's books, Mr. Simpson said he must have some time to examine and see a gentleman who lived with Mr. Dent at that time. On this examination it appeared, the estate was not indebted to Rositer Scot. He however brought a suit, and was cast—he brought another one, and was cast—he brought a third, and Mr. Simpson knowing the account to be a false one, had determined to put an end to the thing, by pleading the act of limitation; at the same time saying, if it was of 50 years standing and was a just claim, it should be paid. However, the uncertainty of the law is such, that because, in filing the plea there was an act put, and not the act he got his claim. Owipg to putting in this claim, Mr. Simpson had no witness summoned.

The public will now look with astonishment on this dark intriguer, when they find he has obtained a judgment with costs for nearly One Thousand Dollars—and execution on two houses for the amount!!!

A Friend to the Orphan.
August 1 d*

Sheriff's Sale.
In virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Court of Appeals for the Western Shore of Maryland, and to me directed, will be exposed to public auction

At 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 7th day of Aug. next, in the forenoon, for cash, at the Premises,

ALL the right, title, interest and estate of Susannah Hall, Banet Lynch, and Elisha H. H. Administrators of John Hall, in and to a LOT or PARCEL of GROUND in Queen Street, on which is erected a Brick House one and an half stories high, with sundry back buildings thereon.

And immediately after a vacant LOT or PARCEL of GROUND in Feet St. twenty feet front, and thirty feet deep, seized and taken to satisfy Walter and D. J. Kingly Esq.

Wm. MERRYMAN, Sheriff.
July 31 dts

New Auction Rooms.
TO-MORROW MORNING,
(At half past 9 o'clock)

The 3d inst. at the New Auction Rooms, corner of East and Lemon streets, and nearly fronting the New Theatre,

Will commence the sale of
A variety of Dry Goods,
Also, in course of the Sale,
3 tierces plated Ware,
A small invoice of Brass Looks, &c.

And as usual an assortment of
Household Goods & Kitchen FURNITURE.

W. G. HANDS & Co. Auc'rs.
August 2

Sale by Auction.
On SATURDAY, the 11th inst. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon—By order of the hon. the Orphans' Court, will be sold on the premises,

A House and Lot:
Late the property of Capt. Nicholas W. Easton, deceased—situate in High-street, Old Town.

Terms and other particulars will be made known at the time and place of sale. Attendance by
W. G. HANDS & Co. Auc'rs
August 2

PAPER.
Aaron R. Levering & Co.

HAVE FOR SALE
At their Warehouse, Cheapside,
Medium Writing Paper,
Demi do. do } Very Superior
Folio, Post, Vellum & Laid } Quality.
Quarto do. do. do }
No. 2, 3 & 4 Foolscap
Super-royal, Medium and Demi Printing
Royal, Sando and Wrapping Paper.

They have on hand a large supply of materials, and are prepared to contract for Writing or Printing Paper of any description required.
July 31 d4t cost

FOR LONDON,
The Ship SALLY,
Having a considerable part of her Cargo engaged—the remainder will be taken on the customary freight

FOR LIVERPOOL,
The Ship BALLOON,
Two-thirds of her Cargo engaged—the other third wanted. Both Ships shall have immediate dispatch.—For terms, apply to
JAMES BIAYS, or to
JOHN BOLTE, Ship Broker.
July 27 d10

NOTICE.
The Subscriber respectfully informs the public, that his

Mineral Water Warehouse
Will be opened for their accommodation, on Sunday next, and every succeeding Sunday during the season—where they can be supplied with
Seltzer, Ballston & Soda Waters, made on the most correct principles of Chemistry, and in the high perfection.

A Room is opened at the Warehouse for subscribers Families supplied by the dozen or single bottle. Orders for exportation or country faithfully and punctually executed.
JOSEPH HAWKINS,
No. 7, South Gay-street.
N. B. A HOUSE TO LET, in a central situation. Enquire at this office.
July 28 d4t

A STRAY.
Oath the 25th day of July, 1810, was bro't before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the peace for Harford County, state of Maryland, a large

Dark Bay Horse,
About fifteen hands high, shod before, his two hind feet white—had on him a saddle and bridle. The above horse was taken from a negro man by Thomas Turner, and the said Negro is committed to jail in this county.

ALEXANDER MCOMAS, d4t
July 31

Five Cents Reward.
Runaway from the subscriber on the 29th inst a boy named John Ewe heart, apprentice to the Coopering business, aged 19 years. The above reward shall be paid to a ye person who will bring back the said boy, but no charges.

THOMAS KELLY, d4t
July 31

Baltimore Permanent MUSEUM.
Lately added to the Museum are the following articles an excellent ELECTRIC AL MACHINE, where