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MISCEL ANEOUS.

From the Christian Wutchman. THE VISION OF GOD.

THE VISION OF GOD.

Where am J now?—Before the elernal thro net And in the immediate presence of this God. All whose concentred glorus round me burn, I ke a consuming fire. The cerements of ranh are gone. Morality directlers, And leaves me spiritual, immortal, lone, Before the Infinite Presence.

The face of cherub and of scraphin, put in this awful brightness. Every cound of soice and harp is hushed, that hirtly rung around me in mid heaven, as I passed through Their endless ranks, to be alone with God?—Sow the dread well is passed. I am all eye, all ern, all intellect, all conclicusness, we can I close the cyclids of the soul one moment, to shut out the dazzling blaze ment, to shut out the clazaling blaze

of this excessive givry.—

Then never gavert me aught resembling this, is all thy lighted fances and lustered halls;

Never glowed in all thy progeous some lights o condensed, glory that may be felt!—
luce, indeed, no shape, not human form, but my whole soul intuitive procesives the awe inspiring presence of my Judge, tree no countenance, and yet I feel.

I do a minimum, and yet I feel the feel of a countenance, and yet I feel, and the procession of the procession of the feel of the single feel of the single feel of the feel of fithis excessive glory.— Earth! earth! earth!

The immortal essence of the soul itself, is lost.—
Unseen, yet seen! Incomprehensible.
Yet glorious One! now I conceive of Thee, Not as with mortal senses, when I heard Office but with the hearing of the ear.
For now mine eye beloids Thee, and the hand Engraves the deep impression on my soul.
Of thine august existence. Round me roll, laiking glory all thine attributes.
Swayed by the spirit of eternal love.
Whose softest breath to estacles of jny.
Wakes all the clorids of Heaven. Eternity Is but the shadow of thy blessed Ffe!—
Thereis no searching of thine underestuding.
Where the release of all things, present, past, Distant and future, intricate and clear, All natural, moral, human and divine.
Sublime and beautiful, profound and west, Is the deep scheme of infinite Providence, And the yet deeper mysterics of grace.
Revolve scene in holy hymnony.
These and only Potentare! All things,
After the course of thou workest. To create,
Adem, uphold, direct, destroy or sace.
Then has that to decide, and it is done!
On Thee all nature hangs. Thou sowest rouled and soul are and asserse proposition for feel and and sestency processes.

immortal essence of the soul itself.

On Thee all nature hangs. Thou sowest worlds, And suns and systems through the fields of space. As doth the husbandman the shearing seed.

As doth the hisbandman the sheatering seed.
Great Ocean, Fount of Life! From Thee has flowed
The innumerable streams of intellect,
Being and beauty, holiness and joy;
Thyself all beauty, joy and holiness!
Essential love! essential purity!
fortils stern arenger! Virtue's stendfast friend!—
Holy alike Heaven, on earth, in hell,
Darkness and strain hath not a place in Thee!

Drikness and strain hair not a piece in free O. Thou my Judge! omnipotent and just,—
Thru whose eye kindlest universal day.
Throughout the regions of the universe! in the dread light of this thy countenance, a which I stand enveloped. Thou hast set In which I stand enveloped, I find make set My recret sins —Oh sprinkle me with the stoning blood of the great Sacrifice!—I see them now As they appear to Thee, unversished, dark, Debbyg, damning!—But, oh! do not say, Unpurged, unexpiated, unforgiven!

From Blackicoca's Magazine for September. AN AWFU' LEEIN'-LIKE STORY.

DT THE ETTRICE SHEPHERD.

"Gude forgy'e us, Mr. Sholto, is this you? Sic a fright as I got! What for are ye gaun staumrin' amang the dead fo'k's graves, at this time o' night?"

"Hark ye Andrew, you are an honest man."
"Thank ye, Sir."
"It hink I can trust you with a hint. for its

"I think I can trust you with a hint, for, if I taink I can trust you with a fint, in I I cannot trust you. I know of uo other on whem I can depend. I was thinking of opening a grave to morrow night."

3. If I war you. I wadon do that, Mr. Sholand a character for the cannot be a second of the cannot be seen as a second of

4. Ay, ay! An' has your desperate fortune driven you to be a doctor, an' ye'r gaun to study, the muscles?"

"What is your opinion. Andrew, about my uncle's will—do you believe that he executed one in my favour?"

"Eh? What has that ado wi'howking up the dead? I ken he made a will in your favour, an' carried it very muckle in his pouch, the warst place that it could be deposited in; for you were wild, an' he was and and cross, an' I fear he has burnt it, an' ye'll never be a blick the better o' a' his riches. Your cous-

grave wi' him? The coffin was na made till after he was dead; an' wad it no rather pinch him to get hand o' the will, after that?"

in to get hand o' the will, after that?"

'11 have very powerful reasons for suspecting that my uncle's will has been deposited in his coffin by some interested person, or bribed person; else, what has become of it?—
It could scarcely have been burnt at this season, because there were no fires in the house. save that in the kitchen, where there would have been too many witnesses. But if his will was in his pocket, and his clothes in the room, it was an easy matter to slip the deed into the coffin. Now, Andrew, will you assist me in making the search?"

"I will be delt a bit Sir. I daurna; an' troth, I aiready.

think your powerful reasons nae reasons at

.. I have other reasons than these, Andrew,

"There other reasons than these. Andrew, can which I am not at liberty to tell."

"Then, if ye wirea tell them, ye shall he howk the dead out o' his grave yourself, for me. The truth is, that I had a particular aversion at dead fo'k; but I wad venture gaven for for a secret like that."

'What was your opinion of my father, Andrew?'

He was a very 'onest, good natured simple man; but he had a fault-an' an unco bad

'A fault? What do yeu mean. Andrew-what was it?'

nother was sister to the deceased, and retainmother was sister to the deceased, and retained her right in that, without beingable to realize any thing beside. The two adventures, therefore, weened themselves quite safe from any surprise; and Andrew, being well accustomed to work with pick and spade, wrought away strenuously and successfully, whilst Sholto could make him but little help. whilst Shofto could make him but little help. But during all the time, Andrew stipulated that Shofto himself was to search the coffinior he said, that into contact with a dead man, at the howe o' the night, for the said o' him

he durst not come.

It was a laborious task, for the grave was It was a laborious task, for the grave was deep, and until once the whole of the earth was cleared away, the lid of the iron chest could not be raised straight up so as to let the coffin out. They at last effected it: the lock was opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning against the side of the grave, and just while both their heads were down, as they were striving to unscrew the coffin lid, the corpse within gave three or four sharp angry taps at the head of the coffin right above the face. mil fear he has burnt it, an' ye'll never be a pinck the better o' a' his riches. Your coustion to be raised straight up so as to let the could not be raised straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning as opened, and

"Was it not you?" returned the other "Na, It was na me," rejoined the frighted menial, his whole frame and tongue becoming

rigid with terror. mean to fright me away from the prize, now that it is so nearly attained; do not I know that it was you, and that it could be no one

"As I live and breathe, and look up to Heaven, it was not me," said Andrew. "Come, come, no more fooling. Begin and-work—we shall be at our wit's end in a few

gerness, they beheld nothing distinctly.

gerness, they beheld nothing distinctly, while to every question his answer was, "Eh? Aye. Where is be himself!

When they asked who he wanted, he said he wanted no body—he enty nished to learn what was become of him.—This, after long winding about, turned out to be the late baron whom he was inquiring after. Andrew heigh whom he was inquiring after; Andrew being impressed with the firm belief, that the old impressed with the firm belief, that the old rascal had banged from the coffin in a great rage and seized him by the throat. When at last they brought Andrew to answer, his narration certainty was the most strange incoherent ever delivered in a court. It appears there had been no impression left on his mind, but the late scene of the grave, and the wonderful fact of the old Baron having been still alies. It shall insert a few of the questions alive. I shall insert a few of the questions and answers here, rerbatim, for the amusement of the curious in legal proceedings.

**What was your motive for violating the sanctuary of the dead?

"I had nac motive for't. sir-nan at a." I gaed because Mr. Sholto ordered me to ging, an' sair, sair against my will."

"Then, of course, he would reveal to you what his motives were."

"Misbelleved the glost, certainly, and left the dead to their repose. Or if I had opened the timb. I would have done it at monday,

General care from a factor of the composition of th

doit for t. wan. Old feet."

A night vision? Whew! I wadna gie a deit for t. wan. Od. if I had kend it had been maching but a dream, ye should hae cuttle out my twa lugs ere I had engaged in it. If I war to tell rec ric dreams as I hae had! A mere delusion and a whim cf an we'll buth be hanged for it."

Hung for it! We have committed no determined my misterer, and they cannot touch

"Ave: but let him speak for himself. He certainly had motives of nae ordinary kind, now, when I think on't."

"Then, as an honest man, declare what these were."

"There, sir ye has touched me i' the quick, for an honest man I will be. Why then, sir, an your father's ghost had come brack frae the dead, an' tauld you in plain terms that they had buried your brother alive, what would you have done?"

"Misbelieved the clost, certainly, and left"

"Misbelieved the clost, certainly, and left"

"Are: but let him speak for himself. He middle, an' banged up in sic a rage, that I was nae mair in his hands than a rabbit at tween the jaws of a fox."

This being a new piece of intelligence to Sholto, he listened with admiration, but at the same time laughed till the tears ran over his checks at the indicrous conviction and recover and proceed to the other incidents of this eventful might.

Our shepherd has often lee'd terribly to us.

Our shephord has often loo'd terribly to us, but nothing to this." It is, nevertheless, beloved reader, literally true, and happened on

**Come, come, so who is to possible my uncle can be alive in that feasten in the street would have been tight, sir. Its the place for the sake of Heaven!"

**Why, f.el, how is it possible my uncle can be alive in that chest till now, with all that non and arth above him? But, say that the same away and inexcusable samers, were we to go away and not let him out?"

**Let him out! dive say? I——, as le war that the Baron was brided alive?"

**Let him out! dive say? I——, as le war that the Baron was brided alive?"

**Cloud find to my experience of the baron's disposable property. It is a live an breathe, for it's a ane can len. I thought I heard him is ughlin?!

Laughing?

Lord Archibald had then no other resource than to send a female dependant of his. a Miss Aymers, on whose knavish acuteures being described.

Here it record lorse into lengther, and the little send. I can make nothing of this fellowerid. I can make nothing of this fellowerid. I can make nothing of this fellowerid. Here services were readily accepted and the properties of the land. Here services were readily accepted and the properties of the land of the land

one of them expt in at the door, and round behind the heap of mould, where, setting by his bead quite unperceived, he watched all their motions, and heard every word that passed. Then when they began to unscrew the coffin lid, from some waggish impulse he gave it. If I war to tell reu sic dreams as I had had! A mere delusion and a whim of an ceritated min.' An' then, for ought I ken, we'll but he hanged for it.''

"Hung for it! We have committed no delinquency whatever, and they cannot touch a hair of our heads, or a penny of our purses.—The whole is Lord Archibald's doing, whatchers and all, which might well convince you of the truth of my information.''

"The hale of it is beyond my comprehension; but, maist of a' how the auld rased should s's hae been levin!' What think you o' that. Mr. Shelto? He man surely had been a deevil, for nae earthly creature could has subsistit five minutes in sic circumsatances.

"I cannot yet fathom the noises from the grave, but, am convinced they could have been nothing supernatural. I was seized by the old baron himself. He split the coffin lid up through