

Poet's Corner.

SELECTED.

THE BEE.

Ab! see where, robb'd and murder'd in that pit,
Lies the still leav'ng live! THOMSON.

AS late I walk'd to enjoy that grateful hour,
When early breezes greet the rising day,
A Bee, before me, rov'd from flow'r to flow'r,
And thus the sadly said, or seem'd to say:
"Ah! what will all this toil or care avail:
"Why do I thus o'er hill and valley roam,
"And wearied bear thro' many an adverse gale,
"The spoil nectarious, to my distant home!
"When the tall maple blossom'd, (pride of trees)
"My toil began, with the first smiles of spring;
"And when the buck-wheat scented ev'ry breeze,
"Departing summer heard my restless wing.
"In vain, alas! for when our work is o'er,
"And cells perflowing, all our cares repay—
"Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from th' infernal shore,
"To one lone grave shall sweep our tribe away—
"And must we toil thro' summer's sultry hours,
"And death—a cruel death be our reward!
"Tell, if thou canst, what fault, what crime of ours,
"Tyrannic man! deserves a fate so hard?
"For us no creatures are condemn'd to bleed,
"And lift in vain the pity-asking eye;
"The flowers scatter'd o'er the verdant mead,
"And dews of heav'n, our guiltless feast supply.
"Tis true, protection thy warm hives afford,
"For which, a portion of our wealth be thine—
"With lib'ral hand take of our luscious board,
"Spare! spare our lives, our treasures we resign—
"Oh! may the man, who deaf to pity's call,
"Gauds in helpless to devouring flames,
"Find all his honey turn'd to bitterest gall,
"While wax impure, provokes his frugal dame.
"If e'er soft slumber seal his weaty eyes,
"When night and silence hold their gloomy tway,
"May glaring ghosts of murder'd bees arise,
"Buz round his bed, and frighten sleep away!
"But thou! who dost our harmless race befriend,
"May smiling peace forever glad thy breast;
"May balmy sleep, unfought, thy couch attend,
"And gentlest visions lull thy soul to rest."

Miscellany.

From a late London Paper.

Extraordinary Visit to the French Emperor.

IT was on the 12th of April, and about six o'clock in the evening, when a very ugly personage whom none of the officers recollected to have seen, walked very composedly through the imperial antichamber towards his majesty's sitting room. His face was excellently scarred, his eyes sunken and piercing, his body thin and wadded, but his hands amazing large, and he trod with a step of alarming weight. Some of the gentlemen were about to oppose this unceremonious visit, but whenever any of them approached him he would flap, and look full in their eyes, at which unaccountable attitude they could not help turning pale, their voices faltered and their hands dropped, and they saw with powerless consternation the imperial door close after him.

The emperor was sitting with Talley and over some papers, and neither he nor his minister knew they had a visitor till the ugly personage seated himself with a deal weight upon a chair between them. They both looked up, and started violently back, and the emperor exclaimed, in his hurried way, "Who are you? Who—what—where do you come from?" The unknown shook his head, with a melancholy feverity: he made the sign of the cross to the ex-bishop, Talleyrand, whose hideous jaws chattered up and down like a mandarin's on a mantlepiece; and assuming a bitter smile, said, in a deep hollow voice, "do neither of you know me?"

Napoleon recovered himself; he seemed to disdain any reply, but nevertheless he answered with a stern retort of frown, "I think I have seen you when I was young, perhaps too a little while after the execution of that fool Palm; but my memory does not retain your person with any distinctness, and why should it be retained?"

The ugly gentleman made no reply.—He turned to the Prince of Benevento, and looked with an air of satirical inquiry.

"I—I—think," said the minister, "I think, I—a—but positively—yes—I believe I did—I did see some such looking person the—the—the day before I was consecrated bishop of Autun."

"My name," said the figure, with a sigh, is "CONSCIENCE."

The emperor and his minister looked at each other with a mixture of surprise and inquiry.—"Now I recollect," said Talleyrand, recovering himself. "I met this presumptuous fellow on the road to Holland: I am persuaded he is a wizard and ought to be burnt. I always thought so when I was a bishop.—He insisted on having a lift in my carriage, and none of my retinue dared to oppose him, his face was so hideous." The visitor took out a pocket glass, and offered it to the prince:—"The Devil!" cried Talleyrand. "No," said the visitor, "it's only yourself! The bad passions of your serene highness have rendered you as ugly as the Devil; but it is the bad passions of others that have scarred my face, and made it so alarming."

The strange figure looked still more melancholy, and the sunshine seemed to withdraw from the room as he spoke.—"As to my visit here," continued he, "the high destiny has decreed it. I must return for a while to the nobler world from which I descended, I knew where my death was to be found. Yes, I am to die by the hand of the most blood thirsty of men; for so it is written in the everlasting book of Fate, whose leaves are of solid thunder, and whose pen is of the substantial lightning."

Napoleon is a man of few words. He instantly drew his sword, and ran it through the bosom of his unwelcome guest, who, in a most awful tone of voice, had just strength to utter as he died, "I shall see you again on your death-bed."

Napoleon smiled with a face of uneasy sarcasm, and after feeling the point of his sword, which had grown sharper by its work, returned it into his sheath. The next thing to be considered was the disposal of the dead body, which the emperor and his minister soon lifted upon the fire. A number of loose papers roused up the flames; Napoleon thrust in his twisted maps of Switzerland, Holland, Spain and Portugal, together with Palm's libel, a portrait of the duke D'Enghien, and Rousseau's Treatise on the social compact; and in the mean-time the ex-bishop went to his master's library, to fetch all the sermons and bibles on which he could lay his hands; but as unluckily there were none to be found, he contented himself with bringing away all the works in praise of the British constitution. In five minutes not an atom of the body was to be seen.

"August fire!" exclaimed the enraptured minister, "Fortune be praised, we are now free from Conscience."

"Yes," replied the emperor, with meditative energy, "the destiny of the great nation is everlastingly fixed. The father of his people is at length void of Conscience!"

It was soon whispered about the palace that there had been a little affair in the imperial study, that is, that a man had been killed, but the next day it was confidently believed all over Paris, that the emperor had killed the Devil. This, however, was publicly contradicted by the *Moniteur* in a very serious manner, and the people were told that it was not the Devil, but an English Milord, named Conscience, who under pretence of deserting from the British army at Copenhagen, had attempted to assassinate the great Napoleon.

"No matter!" said every body, with a shrug, "it's all the same, if it was an Englishman."

From the Vermont Journal.

STORY OF MR. BOUVENHOGUE.

TO the friends of Buonaparte and the French nation, who, at present, one would hope were few, the following story may not be useless.—Scarcely have two centuries elapsed since the Spanish nation was the most powerful in Europe and threatened universal conquest. It is now groaning and struggling in the chains of a foreign despot. The causes of its present disgrace are the temporising politics of its late government, and the blind confidence of the people in the blandishments of the French. God grant that in the fate of Spain, we do not behold the future destinies of America. I have often observed that a detail of individual misfortunes is more impressive than a general account of the greatest national calamity. This is my apology for introducing at this juncture, the history of a Dutch merchant, who was ruined by the French, for his attachment to the French nation. If I do justice to the history it will serve as a warning to every man, who for party, or other purposes, chuses yet to advocate or extenuate the crimes of Buonaparte. I would premise, that the gentleman who gave me the following relations is a worthy, intelligent, and respectable man; that from the beginning of the year 1793, to the close of the year 1796, he commanded a ship, and traded chiefly from Holland to Guernsey. During that time, however, he once made a voyage to Savannah. His name is left with the editor, and if any one will please to call on him, he will, I am sure, relate the story in a much more interesting manner than I can pretend to, and satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction.

In the year 1793, said capt. H. I was in Holland, and had business with Mr. Bouvenhogue, an opulent citizen of Schiedam, a town situated about 4 or five miles from Rotterdam, on a canal that communicates with the Maose. He had in Schiedam a beautiful seat, and a large distillery. Williamstadt was at that time beleagued by the French. One day, sailing with him in his yacht, on the canal, we distinctly heard the cannonade between the town and the French army. Hark! said Mr. B. do you hear the cannon; that sound is music to my ear, I hope in less than ten days the French will be masters of Rotterdam. Surely, said I, you cannot be serious. I am, said he, with quickness. Rather than the French should fail I wish my daughter a beggar. This daughter was Mr. B's only child. Here, continued he, see this proclamation. The French want nothing from us. They only wish to knock off our chains, and they swear that the great nation shall never lay down their arms till they have planted the standard of liberty on the walls of China. These are fine words, said I, but God forbid, they should ever plant their standard on the walls of Rotterdam.

Though Williamstadt at this time successfully resisted the French, yet it is well known that two years after, viz. in January, 1795, they overrun Holland; and Rotterdam, with the rest of the country, became their prey.

I was in Holland after this event, and again I had business with Mr. Bouvenhogue. He agreed to meet me one day at a certain hour on the Exchange at Rotterdam. I was punctual, but no Mr. Bouvenhogue appeared. Alas! he was in a dungeon. When I saw him, a few days after, he was in a sad condition. His face was bound up, and his face bruised and discoloured.—I am ruined, said Mr. B. as soon as he saw me. I am ruined by my friendship for the French. You yourself are a witness they entered my country. My zeal did not abate after they were masters of it. I welcomed them to my house, and to my bosom. It is not long since their commissary sent me a requisition for 18,000 guilders. I immediately repaired to his quarters—sir, said I, you have committed some mistake. Surely you know I was one of your party, and facilitated, as far as in my power, your invasion of Holland. I know it well, said he, and expected, before this time, you, who are a patriot, would have made an offering to the great nation of double this sum on the altar of liberty. But you are a wavering patriot. I soon found remonstrances would be worse than useless. I paid him the money, and requested a certificate that I had advanced the French army the required sum; but no certificate could I obtain.

This commissary left us a few weeks ago, and another happy took his place. On the day I appointed to meet you, I received a requisition of 40,000 guilders. I waited upon him, and endeavoured to convince him of his injustice, but as I could make no impression, I consented to pay if he would give me a certificate. At this he lost all patience.—Sir, said he, I make no conditions. There is a guard which shall not leave you till you produce me the money. I will give you one hour, and no more. Provoked by this injustice I could not restrain some angry expressions, but I was soon stopped. Take him to the dungeon, said he, and there he shall lie till he becomes a reasonable man. The commissary left the room. The guard in the morning began to strip me.—They felt my pockets, and found nothing. I was then carried to the prison, and thrust into a dungeon with the vilest malefactors.

These wretches beat me with their iron hand cuffs, because I could not pay the entrance money of their dark abode, and the bruises which you see on my head and face, are the consequence of their barbarous treatment. In this dungeon, as the commissary prophesied, I soon became a reasonable man, and consented to pay the 40,000 guilders, without requiring certificate or receipt.

My business, at this time, with Mr. B. was to purchase gin. I took a quantity on board my ship, and contracted for a number more, to be delivered at any time on a short notice. After making several trips to Guernsey I returned to Rotterdam for the gin. But alas! Mr. B. was not to be found. I went to his house at Schiedam. It was occupied by a French officer. I inquired for my friend. The officer had never heard his name. This gentleman treated me with great civility, and regretted he could give me no information. He informed me that the troops in the neighbourhood had been there but a little while. The detachment we succeeded, said the officer, has joined the army of the Rhine. I walked into town to get intelligence of Mr. B. I went to his distillery in my boat. It was occupied as a barrack, and all I could learn about Mr. B. was, that he had been drafted as a soldier, and sent with other conscripts to fight, nobody knew where, the battles of liberty in the enemies of the great nation.

Mr. B. has never been heard of since. I will only add, that his wish has been accomplished—his daughter is a beggar.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having complied with the acts of assembly relative to insolvent debtors, hereby gives notice to his creditors, to show cause, if any they have, on the second day of Anne-Arundel county court, at September term, 1808, why he should not be discharged.

WILLIAM PENNINGTON.

August 29, 1808.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice, that I mean to apply, on the second Monday in October next, to some one judge of Anne-Arundel county court, for the benefit of the law for the relief of insolvent debtors.

RICHARD ARNOLD.

August 15, 1808.

Notice is hereby given,

THAT the subscriber intends to apply to the next county court of Anne-Arundel, or one of the judges thereof, for the benefit of the insolvent law.

J. E. TILLY.

Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. ELIZABETH WATKINS, late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased, are hereby requested to bring them forward, properly authenticated, to the subscriber for payment.

BENJAMIN HODGES, Administrator.

July 13, 1808.

ANNAPOLIS:

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