

POETS CORNER

FROM "WAVERLY."

A novel, supposed to be from the pen of Walter Scott, Esq.

Late, when the Autumn evening fell On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell. The lake returned, in chaster'd gleam, The purple cloud, the golden beam: Reflected in the crystal pool, Headland and bank lay fair and cool; The weather-tinted rock and tower, Each drooping tree, each fairy flower, So true, so soft, the mirror gave, As if there lay beneath the wave, Secure from trouble, toil, and care, A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake, And roused the genius of the Lake! He heard the groaning of the oak, And don'd at once his sabre cloak, As warrior, at the battle cry, Invests him with his panoply; Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd, He 'gan to shake his foamy crest O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek, And bade his surge in thunder speak. In wild and broken eddies whirl'd, Flitted that fond ideal world. And to the shore in tumult tost, The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange, I saw the spirit-stirring change, As warr'd the wind with wave & wood, Up to the ruin'd tower I stood, And felt my heart more strongly bound, Responsive to the lofty sound. While, joying in the mighty roar, I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth, Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth, Bids each fair vision pass away, Like landscape on the lake that lay, As fair, as fitting, and as frail, As that which fled the Autumn gale— For ever dead to Fancy's eye Be each gay form that glided by, While dreams of love and holy charms Give place to honour and to arms!

From the Anthology.

Extracts from the Journal of a gentleman on a visit to Lisbon.

Lisbon, Sept. 19.

On Tuesday we went on shore for the second time. Not being able to get back early enough to go on board, we determined to remain in town for the night, and trust to fortune for a lodging. We found it, however, a more difficult matter than we had supposed to procure one. The coffee house, for so it was called, where we dined, was unable to furnish a hole to put our heads in.—As for beds, I question much whether they ever had such an article of furniture in the house. Indeed we dined there only by compulsion; for we could discover in the course of our inquiries no other place which seem'd to promise any thing stable; that is to say, any thing which our stomachs could swallow. Here they gave us soup and bouille. The soup appeared to be the scourgings of the kettle. The second course was an omelette mixed with tomatoes & garlic, fried in such villainous oil that I was nearly poisoned. We had afterwards a cat that weighed eight pounds, the landlord said it was a fricassee rabbit.

We were about to give up the idea of a resting place in despair, when it was resolved as a dernier resort to make trial of a low-lived-looking sort of a wine-house, decorated with the sign of Gen. Washington, hung out. I suppose, as a lure for such unfortunate Americans as may chance to pass by, whose patriotism is of a sufficiently substantial nature to supply the deficiency of other food. Even this house, uninviting as it appeared, was filled with English officers, in a similar predicament with ourselves. Such a miserable want is there in this vast city of any thing like a hotel. Mine host, whose tongue bespoke him a German, though he called himself an American, told us that it was out of his power to furnish us with beds, the only two he possessed being already bespoken. All the apartments in the house, except the billiard room, were also occupied. After a good deal of deliberation, he said that provided we would consent to sleep on the billiard-table he would endeavour to provide us a couple of mattresses. Finding that there would be no possibility of bettering ourselves, we then thought best to take up with his proposal.

It was with no little difficulty that he was enabled to fulfil his promise. He succeeded in procuring two mattresses, but of such an appearance, that, unless I had been exceedingly weary, I should infinitely have preferred sitting up all night to reposing on them. Mine host possessed every variety of hill and dale. In some parts its thickness was about an inch, and the materials with which it was stuffed were of so solid a nature, that it seemed to be filled with potatoes. Compared to the

Damien's touch of steel was a thrice driven bed of down. I passed

Such a miserable night. That as I am a christian, faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, though 'twere to buy a world of easy days.

My couch possessed an infinity of nooks and corners, where its inhabitants lay in ambush, and from whence they sallied out by thousands to attack whoever was rash enough to trespass on their territories.— Never before was martyr so flead.

Yet this was but one of the miseries. The house was part of a convent of bar-footed friars, and the chapel belonging to it was contiguous to our bed-chamber; the rooms over head being wholly occupied by the reverend brothers. Thus during my intervals of rest from the work of destruction and bloodshed in which I was occupied, my ears were most agreeably entertained by the sonorous music of our neighbors, who were chanting without ceasing a moment the whole night. I suppose they were singing anthems on their deliverance from the French. A certain convocation of politic dogs, of which the number here is incredible, likewise assembled before the house. These animals belong to nobody, but they prowl in herds about the streets at night, annoying every body. They were probably attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from the convent, and accordingly planted themselves under our windows, where they did all in their power to render the serenade more musical. The softness of the concert was moreover increased by a company of cats that were courting in an adjacent lobby, and saying tender things to each other in most vine Portuguese.

Through the assistance of an English gentleman, who is one of the factors here, we have succeeded to our satisfaction in procuring lodgings, & are already established in our new quarters. Our house, which consists of eleven stories, is one of the highest in Lisbon. It is built on the declivity of a hill, & looks on the south towards the Tagus. We are lodged in the upper story, and occupy a suit of six apartments, so that there is a view from the balconies and windows on each side the house and most beautiful indeed is the prospect. To be sure it is something of a labour to climb up so high, and would not be very pleasant in case of an earthquake.

Our hostess is an Irish lady, who has lived here many years.—One of her countrymen not long since became enamoured of her charms, and persuaded her nothing loth, to enter into the matrimonial state. No sooner, however, had the false hearted swain got possession of the only treasures he was in love with, than he made off without saying a word to his bride, leaving her to pine in secret, in which melancholy condition she has since continued. Her figure is not very striking nor is her face remarkably prepossessing—though among Portuguese women she will pass for handsome. She is moreover somewhat delin'd in the vale of years, and has an unfortunate cast in one of her eyes, which induced me the first time I saw her to imagine, while she was speaking to me, that she was looking out of the window. The other, like Polonius's, purges continually thick amber and plum tree gum. Yet, to counterbalance any want of personal charms, she is a good house-wife, and withal very pious. We have that rare luxury here, clean rooms and good beds, to know the value of which, it is necessary to pass such a night as I did on the billiard-table.

My landlady, as I intimated, is a zealous catholic, and the walls of our apartment are decorated accordingly with a profusion of saints. At the head of my bed hangs a picture of *nostra senberd dos delores*, (our lady of sorrows) representing the Virgin Mary holding the head of Christ in her lap, while six long swords are sticking through her body. The subject of another is the miraculous removal of the holy house from Jerusalem to Loretto. The Virgin Mary is seen flying through the air with a two-story house of red brick under her arm. His holiness the Pope is standing at the water-side with his hands elevated in the act of catching it, accompanied by an elderly gentleman in a pea-green coat and tye-perrin.

From morning till midnight, a posse of beggars lay regular siege to the doors, which open immediately into the street, and if the water (of whom there is seldom more than one) chances to turn his back, you will find in a twinkling two or three catterdemalions at your elbow. Let

you be sitting in the most distant part of the room, they will come without ceremony up to the table. It is by no means a very pleasant accompaniment to a breakfast to have these geatry shaking their rags in your face, independent of the risk you run of receiving a colony of the live stock which they generally carry about them. Never did I behold objects so horrible as some of the beggars here. It is indeed a most melancholy and disgusting sight to see such an immense assemblage of miserable wretches, made monstrous by nature and their own vices, as infests the streets.

Of this multitude, many rove about from place to white place, others have their fixed and regular stations. Here they remain crying out continually in the most doleful cadence, wearying you to death as you pass, with everlasting supplications for the love of God, the most holy Virgin *Maria santissima dos Dolores*, and St. Antonio. They most faithfully promise, if you will bestow your charity, to mention your name to *Nossa Senbera* in their prayers. Some of them practise artifices to excite compassion. A friend of mine told me that one of them fell down before him, as he was walking along the other day, pretending to be expiring through hunger, by which means he obtained a considerable present. He afterwards saw the fellow in another part of the town rehearse the same theatrical feat, though not so successfully as before. Many of the beggars whom you meet are, according to the order of the day, decorated like the rest of their fellow-citizens, with that patriotic badge, the Portuguese cockade. They are also strict observers of the national costume. They are wrapped up in cloaks, have their hair queued, and wear a large *chapeau bras* of vast circumference. The pointers of these gentlemen to each other, when they meet, is also a remarkable trait in their character. They take off their hats with the most scrupulous ceremony, bow down to the ground, embrace, and reduplicately present their snuff-boxes; which last is considered by the Portuguese as the highest mark of civility which one human being can pay to another. No one is ever so rude as to refuse taking a pinch.

The number of female mendicants is equally great. The multitude of both sexes is inconceivable. Many of the women are exceedingly well clad. You will often see them with white muslin handkerchiefs on their heads, and the rest of their apparel comparatively neat. Those of this description do not so much annoy you. Their supplications are more silent, and of course frequently more effectual. This last sort of beggars, I am told, do not belong to the regular established fraternity. Their appearance is comparatively very respectable, and they are by no means so insufferably troublesome as the others. Many among them are reduced servants, persons who have been thrown out of employment by the emigration of the court or the invasion of the French.— Their number is, however, lamentable. I was solicited the other evening by a whole family, a man, his wife, and five daughters, all of whom appeared to have been accustomed to better days.

There is another branch of begging here, in every respect as annoying as the first, and which is carried on with considerably more success; that is, for souls in purgatory. The Portuguese consider that whatever they bestow for this object is so much gained by themselves, as an account current is said to be kept by which they receive credit when their own souls are in purgatory; & for every penny which they give for the souls of others, a certain deduction will be made from the period of their own duration. Self interest, of course, operates as a very powerful incentive to this species of charity; and this class of beggars is in a very flourishing condition. The employment is farmed out by different religious societies to certain individuals, who pay annually for their privilege a regular stipend, or sometimes a per centum on the profits of the year. These persons put themselves in the neighbourhood of the church or convent in whose employ they are, and in their begging are quite as vociferous as the less successful members of the profession. These religious beggars frequently gain a very comfortable subsistence. Their solicitations are made, *pele amor de Dios & pelas almas*. (For the love of God and suffering souls.) This class of charity is considered much the most meritorious; and those persons, whose limited means do not allow them to give

much away, bestow all that they can give on the purchase of masses for the souls of such unfortunate wights as have died without leaving sixpence to save themselves from the flames. They think it is their duty, having little to give, to take especial care that this little should be applied to the most useful purpose. Of how much less importance is it to save a fellow creature from the trifling inconvenience of starvation in this world, than to rescue his soul from ages of fire and brimstone! Such convents as do not employ agents to beg for them have boxes at the doors with most piteous inscriptions, imploring the charitable, for the love of all the saints in heaven, to drop a little money into them. In order more effectually to awaken compunction in the hard-hearted and unfeeling, divers views, taken from the region of purgation, are painted on the boxes in the most fiery colours. These miserable wretches are seen in all the agonies which hell flames can communicate lifting up their imploring eyes in anguish & indignation to those of their relatives and friends who are so stingy and niggardly, that they will suffer their souls to remain in these abodes of torment, sooner than put a few farthings into the box. How a yone can be so unfeeling as to grudge a little money to secure a tolerable reception for an acquaintance in the other world, or to allow a neighbours soul to continue in torture, when these pictures salute his eyes, I cannot for my part possibly conceive. Every thing in this country is done for the love of God and for souls. The convents send out the fruits which their gardens produce to be sold, in order, as they say, to perform masses with the money, though the proceeds of their sales are generally appropriated in a much more substantial manner. The fruit, which is most usually grapes or figs, is hawked by little boys about the streets, vociferating with all their might, *was pelas almas! figos pelas almas!* grapes for the souls! figs for the souls! and entreating all good Christians to buy some of their cargo. They are by far the most successful traders in Lisbon, and very speedily dispose of their load, as a Portuguese will much more readily purchase of them than of the lay fruit-sellers. He thinks it is in a certain degree cheating the Devil; and it is also as it were, killing two birds with one stone, as he fills his belly and stands an additional chance of saying his soul. Cigars for the souls, made by nuns, are likewise carried through the town by little banded-legged urchins, who run about with lighted oakum.

50 Dollars Reward.
Ran away from the subscriber on the 2d of October, 1814, a negro man named DICK: he is a short, yellowish-complected fellow, about 35 years of age, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, and very polite when spoken to. He took with him a pair of cotton country cloth trousers, with a broad blue stripe, & a round white country cloth jacket and waistcoat. He is a rough shoemaker and took away with him his tools. Whoever brings home the said negro or secures him so that I get him again, shall receive the above reward with all reasonable charges.
Benjamin Harwood, of Rd. A A County, South River Neck, near Annapolis.
N. B. It is supposed the above negro man may have gone to Montgomery county, where his mother lives with a Mrs Murray, near Montgomery Court House, and may have a pass. B. H. December 1.

Will be Sold,
On Friday the 3d March next, part of the personal estate of Mrs. Mary Watson, deceased, at her late residence, consisting of stock of all kinds, household and kitchen furniture, plantation utensils, &c. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.
Charles Watson, Executor.

A Wood Cutter wanted.
The subscriber wants to hire, for the present year, a Negro Man who is a good hand at cutting wood. For such an one liberal wages will be given.
M. T. H. Bozic, Jr.
Jan. 12, 1815.

Notice is Hereby Given,
That the Levy Court of Anne Arundel county will meet at the city of Annapolis on the third Monday in March next, for the purpose of settling and adjusting all claims against the said county for the year 1814, and also for settling and adjusting the accounts of the supervisors of the public roads, and the inspectors of tobacco, at the respective warehouses in the said county.
By Order, **Wm. B. Green, Clk.**
29th May.

NOTICE

The subscribers having obtained the orphan's court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration on the personal estate of **Samuel Green**, late of Anne Arundel county deceased, all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to bring them in, legally proved, those who are indebted to the estate make immediate payment, especially those who are indebted for wages on letters, &c.
Richard H. Harwood, Admr. D. B. N.
Feb. 24.

Public Sale

By virtue of an order from the orphan's court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on Friday, the 24th inst. at the late dwelling of the deceased, The personal property of **Thomas Stinchcomb**, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, consisting of negroes, horses, cattle, hogs, household furniture, plantation utensils, &c. Terms of sale: For sums over ten dollars, a credit of three months will be given, the purchaser giving bond with good security, with interest from the day of sale; for sums under ten dollars, the cash to be paid.
William Stinchcomb, Admr.
Feb. 16.

NOTICE

Came to the subscribers farm on the last of October, or the first of November last, two stray COWS, one a brindie, with no perceptible mark, the other a dark red, with each ear cropped and a hole in the right. The owner is requested to prove his property pay charges and take them away.
P. Hammond
Feb. 16.

Public Sale

In pursuance of an order from the orphan's court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at Public Auction on Thursday, the 2d day of March next, at 11 o'clock, at the residence of the late **Nicholas Carroll**, Esq. in the city of Annapolis, one team and harness, one Jersey Wagon and one chariot. Terms made known at the time of sale.
N. C. Carroll, Admr. of N. Carroll.
Feb. 16.

Notice is hereby given

THAT I shall apply to the next April court of Prince George's County, for the benefit of the insolvent law, to a lease me from debts which I am unable to pay.
Jeremiah Brashear.
January 5, 1815.

NOTICE

Taken up adrift off Point Look on the 9th inst. a new schooner, the 50 tons burthen, flushed deck, varnished bottom, the cabin unfinished—named *Sea Flower*, of Oxford. This vessel had been in possession of the *Ernest* and abandoned by them. The vessel may have her again, on proving property and paying charges by a justice.
Jeremiah Underwood, Bowley's Wharf—Baltimore.

Public Sale

By virtue of a decree of the highest court of chancery, will be sold, on Monday the 27th day of March next, at public sale, at Benedict, in Charles county. A number of *mulatto Boys and Girls* from 7 to 20 years of age. They will be sold for life, or a term of years, as to suit purchasers. Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale.
Henry G. S. Key, Trustee.
Feb. 23, 1815.

The editors of the Federal Register will insert this advertisement in their country paper until the day of sale.

Public Sale

By virtue of an order from the orphan's court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at public sale on Saturday the eighteenth March, all the personal property of **Ann Smith**, late of Anne Arundel county deceased. At Elk Ridge Landing, consisting of horses, cattle and hogs, together with a variety of household furniture. The terms of sale, are six months credit for all sums over twenty dollars, and the security with interest from the day of sale will be required, for all sums under twenty dollars, the sale will commence on the above day at 11 o'clock.
Jehoshaphat M. Cawley, Admr.
Feb. 23, 1815.

A LIST OF THE American NAVY,

with a STEEL'S LIST OF THE British NAVY. For Sale at GAGNER, SHAW & SON, and at this Office. —Price 12 1/2 Cents.

Blank Bonds, Declared

Invalid on Bond, Appeal Bonds, &c. —For sale at the

MARY

AND

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FOREIGN.

From the Times, Dec. 30. Bonaparte.—An anonymous work entitled Secret Memoirs of Bonaparte, has been just published; its author professes to have had the opportunity of a close observation of Bonaparte during his residence in France, and to have formed a conception of the usual levity of French story-telling, and little is wanting to its amusement but the authenticity of the facts; that however, he declares he has in person given the details to the question, and seems to think that important state-interests are connected with his eternal observation.

The first sentence of the work is: "The most contemptible specimens of the French character, that has perhaps ever offered to the world." "No man on earth has known Bonaparte better than I; no man could know him better; for I have frequently dined with him, and he has done for me what he had even projected to do for the world." The burst of pleasant gratulation over, he proceeds to give his experiences. "Bonaparte, by temperament, always intelligent more or less occupied. The moment he was left alone, soliloquy reverted to him as his natural habit; he frequently joined gesture to his thought, and it always was the same which he used in the same circumstances. My constant observation of those habits cleared up many a problem for me. I could have laid a wager not to have mistaken him, six months in a hundred. An application was made to him, he had cajoled the applicant by promises, or in any way thought he had duped him; his step was then unequal, rough and hurried; he traversed the chamber with his head down and looking at his hands, which he frequently rubbed, his smile dark and fixed, his eyes winking; the left eye, closing most totally; he was satisfied with himself, and the few broken phrases which he let out, made me master of the fact. Had he been listening to representations made according to his views or his passions, which were always the wisest for the requester, his aspect was gaily thoughtful, and he frequently used the vulgar interjections of What for true! Right wise! Nothing to do fault with! But it was atter my ministerial remonstrance against his violent and gigantic projects, that he fell with an actual epilepsy of rage. His whole system, physical and moral, was then in disorder. This was the state in which he continued longest.—It was then frightful for a human being to look at him. His state was visibly that of suffering.

I believe that when once his passions were uttered he was utterly unable to restrain, for he must have known that it lost him the confidence of his best friends, and of two particularly who had a strong resemblance to him in their despotic feelings. He regretted them actually, but he was too despotic to recede. One day, he said to his uncle, in speaking of them, "I know that they suffer with me, and I know that but for their employ and their ambition, they would go to the end of the world to avoid seeing me." When Bonaparte gave himself up to those violence the bravest of the brave was afraid to approach him. He gave an instance. He had a remarkable respect for Prince Poniatowski; yet one of his transports was with that Prince. Poniatowski seeing his left flank exposed, had taken it on himself to make a movement to the rear, and change his front. Platoff took advantage of this movement, charged, and carried off some hundreds of carriages, and the chests of several regiments, and the Prince justly in his report in his report, our he had committed crime. "Po he said, "have gone by the high position till the however, appear his corps must for, at break of column found five in its front, to te heard this fact on the subject, maintained uniform fair. While the paroxysm, an O important despa Davoust; the much overwhelmed state in which he had only streng into his hand, at the moment he he flung himself he remained th this officer was courage. The of the transacti held the packet ten minutes wit was there; it w him of it."

We now have happily set forth ed Bonaparte's bly to air his honour of shay Europe. "It I traced for my difficult, and dangerous than This plan was consecutive, a whole character der both its a moral in priv might as by day circumstances; his person. though not al high importan except in his was master. a scrutinizer steady, or mo Bonaparte with a full kn imperial feeli his policy is n just given a s to a man who jacobin tribun urer expostul appointment; say," was Bo your reasons mine for, wh a ferocious p place will be Treasurer ob for fearing su always Sir, al As to the res and I once m wroft will not throat is full extracts with gr's death; ment of its author.

"Pichegru fear that he ring truths, bring him Council was poignard w Bonaparte su took upon hi At one o'clock four strong of the police in the avenue ber. The d the instant, drunk threw He had risen bolts. He sl his left thigh pers. Thou sassing, he s had great di fatal knot. two cries b The superior and ascertain was thrown They then the cravat, of the dead stick to give committed the turnkey cret, was a the Genera acquaint t tended equ