

POET'S CORNER

From the Port Folio.

The authority of Coleridge will be respected as a poet. He has observed that the following long, simple, deeply pathetic, and even sublime may, without exaggerated praise, be pronounced the most exquisite performance in our language. It was written by Mr. Logan, a Scotch divine and historian. As its popularity is by no means equal to its merits, we reprint it confident that to be admired universally, it needs only be known.]

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
When now thy waves his body cover!

Forever now, O Yarrow stream,  
I cannot see a stream of sorrow,  
For none on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promised me a little page  
To squae me to his father's towers;  
He promised me a wedding ring,  
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow!

Now he is wedded to the grave,  
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow,  
Sweet were his words when last we met:

My passion I as freely told I know,  
Crisp'd in his arms, I blithe than now,  
That I should never more behold him!

Some way he goes, I saw his ghost:  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow—  
Fading did the water with accord,  
And gave a dolor'd groan through Yarrow!

His mother from the window look'd  
With all the longings of a mother;  
His little sister weeping, wail'd,  
The green wood path to meet her brother.

They sought him East, they sought him West,  
They sought him all the forest through;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!

No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
Alas! thou hast no more a brother,  
No longer seek him East or West,  
And search no more the forest through;

For wandering in the night so dreary,  
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow!

SONG.

Written for the First City Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry.

By PAUL ALLEN.

Tune—"The Glasses Sparkle."

On yonder mount, whose awful height,  
Projects a shade so far,  
And rises in the gloom of night,  
A couch for evening stars;  
Her web in haste, night's maiden  
elaste,

Spins beautiful to see,  
In silver threads, the lustre spreads,  
And sparkles on the sea.

And we have seen her army bright,  
Her sentinel on high,  
Who watch'd with us the round of night,  
To guard each sleeping eye,  
Sweet hour of rest, the pillow's prest,  
By beauty's blushing face,  
Ah! who shall dare to enter there,  
And harm such sleeping grace?

See where the flames of battle break  
Yon youth so tall and fair!  
He sleeps—what pow'r can now awake  
The dull cold marble there?  
His spirit stalks—thro' moon-beam  
walks,  
And loth to bid farewell!  
He hovers light—the guard of night,  
Round her he loves so well.

Then do not spurn your guards, ye fair,  
Nor slightly hold their fame!  
A prouder office none can bear,  
Since angels do the same.  
That eye that speaks—those blushing  
cheeks,  
Shall all our cares beguile;  
What laurel'er was half so dear,  
As lovely woman's smile?  
Baltimore, Feb. 16, 1815.

Extra from the Journal of a gentleman on a visit to LISBON—continued.

September 24.

The Portuguese are great lovers of bell-ringing. Immediately opposite to our lodgings is a convent of Franciscans, which to those who are partial to this sort of music, is another strong recommendation. As for myself I must confess that I am so much of a heretic as not to be remarkably fond of it. However agreeable the sound may be to the people here, it is to me an insufferable annoyance.—At first I supposed to proceed from

the present occasion of rejoicing, and comforted myself that it would soon be over. But, alas! I have been miserably mistaken. All days I find are alike. The noise never ceases. The discord is everlasting. From dawn till midnight, and indeed all night, there is an eternal ding-dong of great bells and small. We can sometimes scarcely hear one another speak. Of all the monks in Lisbon, our neighbours are most particularly attached to the amusement. It appears to be their only employment. It is the first sound which salutes my ears when I wake and the last which rings in my ears at night.—By the way, it is well understood that Satan is afraid of bells, or, at least, that he has a singular antipathy to the sound. Indeed, in this respect, I much approve the taste of his infernal majesty, in which I have the honour most dutifully to coincide. This I believe is one reason of the incessant ringing; for so long as he hears the sound, it is supposed that he will fear to approach. By this means they are always enabled to defy the devil, and keep him at bay.

It is utterly impossible for one who has not been here to have an adequate idea of the filth of this city. Such things as pipes and common sewers are unknown. The streets are the receptacle of every species of uncleanness and corruption, and there can be no greater proof of the excellence of the climate than the absence of a perpetual plague. In order that the balconies in rainy weather may be preserved against the wet, the spouts for conveying water from the roofs of houses are made to project very far into the street. Here the water has its origin in the middle of the street and mixing with the heaps of accumulated filth, forms puddles that are frequently impossible to pass, which continue until dried by the sun, or swept away by the wind. It consequently requires no small share of skill and knowledge of geography in walking the streets to avoid treading in some of these bogs, or running foul of a dunghill, especially in those narrow streets where the dirt is never washed away by the rain. In many of these which are most frequented, there is only a narrow path winding near the sides of the way, where there is any possibility of walking. It may easily be conceived how agreeable it must be between such a Scylla and Charybdis to encounter carriages, carts, horses and mules, and to jostle with a multitude of people all equally anxious with yourself to avoid being thrust against one of the neighbouring mountains of dung. With the utmost care you can seldom escape being splashed and bespattered from top to toe. When there is no mud on the streets at night are in a state of Egyptian darkness. The lamps are never lighted. The city is illuminated only by the dim tapers which are placed here and there at long and unequal intervals before the images of some saint. The feeble rays which they emit serve only to heighten the surrounding gloom and to make the darkness visible.—The city is badly paved with small sharp stones that cut your feet, and the streets are so steep that many of them you are actually obliged to climb up. These circumstances render walking at noon day, exceedingly disagreeable, but when added to the obscurity of the night, and the facility which is thereby afforded to the perpetration of murder, you cannot walk abroad at unseasonable hours without danger.

Lisbon has ever been infamous for the frequency of assassinations, and for the boldness of its assassins; and there is perhaps no city in Europe, where deeds of darkness can be committed with such impunity. But at the present moment these perils are infinitely increased. Not a night passes but we hear of a dozen murders; of French centinels who have been stabbed by parties of the populace, and of numbers of the latter who have been killed in retaliation by the French soldiers. Only two evenings since there were three murders before my door.—Walking at night is thus rendered unsafe, as well as highly disagreeable. You are also, if you would any considerable distance, under the necessity of passing thro' a French camp, which is by no means a pleasant affair. I have several times found myself among them before I was aware of the circumstance and have only been apprised of my proximity by the hoarse voice of the centinel, exclaiming Qui vive? Ne boutez la, and not seldom by finding his bayonet at my breast. The frequency of assassination was howe-

ever, always such as to render it perilous to walk alone at night. In the most peaceable times, every night was marked by bloodshed. The most audacious robberies were constantly committed; and robbery was ever accompanied by murder. The punishment of death was very seldom inflicted for the offence, no severer sentence being passed on the culprit than transportation to Angola, or the Indies. To such a pitch of boldness had they risen, that murders were often committed even at noon-day. The inhabitants instead of endeavouring to arrest the criminal in his flight, by a kind of infatuation seem willing and eager by every means in their power to facilitate his escape. They exclaim when they see him pursued, *Coutadinho! alis, poor fellow,* and do whatever they are able, to assist him in his flight. The usual price of a bravo is not more than a moidore, and should he be discovered in the execution of his villainy, he has only to take refuge in a convent. In the sanctuary he is safe.

The following is from the *Boston Evening Gazette*.—It is one of a series of numbers which have been published in that paper, under the head of

THE LADIES FRIEND.  
A writer of the last century penned the following interesting remarks.—And they are so well calculated to please and to instruct the Ladies of these times, that I cannot refrain from presenting them to my readers.

Love joined with Humanity the most valuable and lasting.

Humanity, in its first and general acceptance, is called by holy writers, good will towards men; by heathens, Philanthropy, or Love of fellow creatures. It sometimes takes the name of Good nature, and delights in actions that have an obliging tendency in them. When strongly impressed on the mind, it is not satisfied with good natured actions alone, but feels the misery of others with inward pain. It is then deservedly named Sensibility, and is considerably increased in its intrinsic worth; so far however it is but general, and exerts itself equally in the concerns of all mankind, that is, it is indifferently moved, by moving circumstances.

Every thing strikes stronger where there is a natural disposition to receive particular impressions: Thus the gay taste gay scenes with more relish, than the saturnine, who from the same principle are more touched at contrary representations. There is a savageness remarkable in the natures of those who delight in brutal spectacles, and a tenderness in those who deal in acts of humanity.

A mind then, which has this natural Sensibility, is more disposed to feel those tender sensations of Love, than one on whom this passion works by common springs. Beauty and merit may touch a mind, not remarkable for any great share of Humanity, and create a warm passion in it; but none can dispute, but that where a mind is stamped with this peculiar character of Humanity the effects of that passion will be softer as well as warmer and more lasting. Its influence will sink deeper, where there is something within, natural or analogous to it; as in the vegetable world peculiar herbs, roots, &c. Not to ascribe any mystical power to Sympathy, it stands to reason, that natural tenderness of disposition is the proper soil for the tenderest of passions to grow in. It is an observation almost too common to be made use of that Pity fore-runs Love; and what is pity, but natural Humanity exerted and unfolded.

Those then that will find a real difference, between the tenderest of extreme Humanity, and that of Love, are not well enough acquainted with the true nature of that passion. Extreme Humanity seems to me the highest and most refined degree of Love, least subject to change, most penetrated with every thing that may either regard the happiness, or fortune of the person beloved, and never to be removed, but by a cessation of that merit, which once thought worthy to be loved and cherished, ever will while it continues to deserve it.

It is no new thing in the amorous world, to see the strongest passion at last cease, nay turn to indifference, and sometimes to hate; what then becomes of the unfortunate person, where the mind is not marked with this indelible character of Humanity? The inhuman, though once tender lover, having outlived his passion, remains in absolute indif-

ference: What becomes of the object of his former love? He never inquires within himself, whether her happiness, dependant perhaps on the continuance of his passion, is not destroyed by his withdrawing his heart from her; he does not even ask himself if she suffers if he sees grief painted in her face, or expressed in her words, he is no more moved by it, than he would be by her smiles. The lover, on the contrary, whose heart has the strong bias of Humanity, and who regulates every action of his life by that principle, looks forward on the situation to which any unkindness from him might reduce the fair sufferer, and can never resolve to give pain undeserved: Though he may have outlived the particular attachment, he never can out-live the sentiments of humanity, which should never end but with life itself.

It will result from hence, that Woman will always be secured in the love of one who feels the tendresse of extreme humanity, than in one who disclaims all sentiments of Humanity as constituent of Love, or essential to it. When such an one withdraws his love, he withdraws it radically: When he perceives inclination going, he never struggles to retain it, but if a new passion moves, or if he is only sated with the old, he thinks that a sufficient reason; for where Humanity is not, there can be no tie.

NOTICE.

Twenty Geese, were taken up by the subscriber at South River Ferry. The owner may have them by proving property and paying charges.

March 2. Jasper E. T. Rly.

Robert Welch, of Ben. Offers himself a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the next ensuing election, and respectfully solicits the votes and interests of his fellow citizens.

State of Maryland, sc.

Anne Arundel county.

Chephans Court, Jan. 10, 1815.

On application by petition of John Nicholson, executor of the last will and testament of John Nicholson sen. Life of Anne Arundel county deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in the Maryland Gazette and Political Intelligencer.

John Gassaway, Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

This is to Give Notice.

That the subscriber of Anne Arundel county hath obtained from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of John Nicholson, sen. late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereto, to the subscriber at or before the fourth day of April next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of January, 1815. John Nicholson, Executor.

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.

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.

Jan 8 1815. T. H. Bowie, tf.

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. S. Green, Clk. February 16. 18m May.

NOTICE.

By virtue of an order from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county the subscriber will offer at public sale, on Thursday the twenty fifth inst. all the personal estate of James Arundel, late of the county aforesaid deceased, at his late dwelling near Doctor Henry Hall's, Consisting of a number of valuable negroes, both men, women and children; some stock, corn, fodder, hay; also a variety of household kitchen furniture, and some farming utensils. The foregoing property to be sold on a credit of six months, the sum over twenty dollars, under the cash to be paid; bond with approved security will be required, and interest from the day of sale. The sale to commence at 11 o'clock, and continue from day to day until the whole is sold.

Richard J. Jones, Executor. March 2, 1815.

NOTICE.

The commissioners of the Tax of Anne Arundel county will meet on the second Monday of March, inst. at 11 o'clock.

H. S. Harwood, Clk. C. T. A. C. March 2. 2X

NOTICE.

The subscriber having obtained from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration of the personal estate of Samuel Green, late of Anne Arundel county deceased, all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to bring them in, legally proved, to those who are indebted to the estate, immediate payment, more especially those who are indebted for paper on letters, &c.

Richard H. Harwood, Admr. D. B. N. Feb. 21.

NOTICE.

Came to the subscribers farm on the 1st of October, or the first of November last, two stray COWS, one brindle, with no perceptible mark, and another a dark red, with each ear cupped and a hole in the right. The owner is requested to prove his property charges and take them away.

Feb 15. P. Hammond

Notice is hereby given.

THAT I shall apply to the next court of Prince George's County, for the benefit of the insolvent law, to release me from debts which I am unable to pay.

Jeremiah Brashers, January 5, 1815.

NOTICE.

Taken up aboard off Point Lookout on the 9th inst. a new schooner, of 50 tons burthen, finished deck, with bottom, the cabin unfinished, in Sea Flower, of Oxford. This vessel had been in possession of the late and abandoned by them. The owner may have her again, on proving property and paying charges by applying to

Jeremiah Underwood, Jany's Wharf—Baltimore.

Public Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the highest of chancery, will be sold, on 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 to 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

Public Sale.

By virtue of an order from the orphans court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at public sale, on Saturday the eighteenth March, all the personal property of Anne 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, all sums over twenty dollars, under the cash to be paid, bond with approved security will be required for all sums over twenty dollars, the sale will commence on the above day at 11 o'clock.

Johnsaphat M. Cauty, Admr. Feb. 23, 1815.

A LIST OF THE

AMERICAN NAVY.

WITH

STEEL'S LIST OF THE

BRITISH NAVY.

For Sale at GEORGE SRAW'S, and at this Office.

—Price 12 1-2 Cents.—

Blank Bonds, &c.

Declarations on Bonds, Appeal Bonds, &c. common Warrants—For sale at this Office.

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FOREIGN.  
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6.  
FROM EUROPE.  
We have been favoured by Mr. M. Cummings, passenger in the Lyllia, from Lisbon, with a file of the London Courier to the 5th, from which we have made the following extracts?  
Private Letter.  
HAMBURG, DEC. 23.  
The accounts from Vienna of the 1st inst. which have been brought by a Courier, are by no means pleasing to the friends of humanity. Lord Metterich has protested in an energetic note, against the cessation of hostilities against Prussia. Prince Metterich has also delivered in a long and able speech, with reasoning and skill, in which it is proved that Prussia should be preserved. Russia's Prussia opposes the views of the Emperor powers, both with regard to Poland; so that we feel very anxious to know how the contest of Vienna will terminate.  
Hamburg papers to the 24th. Extract of a letter from Vienna, Dec. 15.

In the discussions with regard to Prussia, we hear that a declaration will shortly be made by Russia and Prussia. There is a talk here of a new organization of the Saxon Landwehr in Prussia, who generally speaking, are to make no changes in the administration of Saxony, but merely to regulate the system of home defence on a more equitable and easy footing. It has been remarked that young Saxon volunteers, who served the Prussian colours in such numbers during the late war, generally prefer remaining in the Prussian service, and that very few returned to civil pursuits. The king of Wirtemberg has declared an energetic protest against the project of giving the fortress of Gutz to Bavaria. Similar protests are expected from other German states.

Extract of another letter from Vienna, same date.  
It is understood that Austria has declared, in the event of the Vistula being declared the boundary of the Prussian Empire in Poland, to give to Prussia the Polish provinces of Cracow and Sandomir, lying on the left bank of the Vistula, and formerly belonging to western Galicia.

LONDON, DEC. 31.  
Some private letters from Vienna on the way of Hamburg assert that perceptible differences of opinion exist among the powers, assembled at Vienna. But the public will do well to receive these accounts with caution and doubt. Nothing is as yet known. We do not believe that the differences and difficulties are of such a nature as to justify a belief that the termination will be unfavourable, or that the deliberations of the congress will last beyond the end of January. The England mails arrived this evening very late. A few only have been delivered by 10 o'clock. Those from the west were much later, and their delivery did not take place until 1 o'clock. Many of the letters are choked with snow, and others deluged with the rain which has fallen in torrents.

JANUARY 4.  
We receive our extracts from the British papers that arrived yesterday. Both the legislative chambers have been prorogued to the first of February. With the proceedings of the House of Peers we are not acquainted in detail. Because a part of them are not public, but the general result of them does the utmost credit. With the other chambers we are more intimately acquainted.