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Effects of Luxury and Extravagance. The Seven United Provinces were at the height of their power and prosperity about 1650, before England, recovering from a destructive civil war, began to reclaim the dominion of the ocean.

But, in their successful periods, private virtues had also their share, and parsimony, as usual, promoted wealth and industry. In a conversation at Rotterdam this subject was discussed; and, as the party was mostly imputed the decline of their republic to political causes, an elderly merchant said that, if the company would dine with him on a day, he would convince them that there were other causes more than their power.

The invitation was accepted, and it was hoped that the merchant would explain his sentiments, by which they might improve their regulations in commerce over a glass of wine, after an elegant repast, as he was accustomed to give. What was their surprise to find him sitting at the table with salted herrings and table beer! They ate, however, a morsel, in silence and satisfaction, which the master did not observe, praying them steadily to eat and push the glass. Length, when they began to look at their watches, the master ordered the dinner. At this word they brightened up, when in came a pot of mutton, boiled with turnips, a pot or two of strong beer, and a dish was little more satisfactory than the other, as they expected a different fare in such a magnificent house. There was, however, a great sacrifice of conscience veracity in praising the mutton and the beer. But some yawned, half the gigot remained even a large numerous company, when the master, seeing their distress, led unnoticed to an old hoary domestic, who alone had appeared along with the mutton, and stood respectfully at the side to serve the bread or the beer, went out, and the company was left to a languid conversation; their saying more than their tongues.

On a sudden, the folding doors opened, and a train of twelve servants entered, bearing on mazy wheels the choicest fish, flesh, fowl, and delicacies of the season. Without livery took their place behind the master; the others, in splendid uniform, behind the guests. The number of wines presented was computed at fifteen, and the richest guests were astounded at the splendor and variety of the festival.

When an equal desert was served, the wine began to circulate, and a wily guest, thought it time to request our opinion as to what to explain his sentiments, had promised. All were fixed to attend attention when he made a memorable answer:—"Gentlemen, my sentiments are already expressed; the lesson is already given. In our ancestors were gradually growing to wealth under the yoke of Austria, Spain, their friends were contented with our first, and they even blessed the inheritance. In their second period, the noble house of Orange, Maurice of Nassau was establishing our power in the East and Indies; & commercial wealth overflowed all our ports and still habits and prudence occurred economy, and our rich seated on plain mutton, and a wholesome beer. The dinner had the honour to give you a very moderate specimen of our present existence. Add the luxury and pomp of houses, furniture and pages, and judge, as you well of the difference of expense—a difference which, I would venture, would have, even for one been regarded as a fortune by our bearded ancestors."

selling.—The following letter just duelling, which was written by Joseph, late Emperor of Germany, has just found its way to the press, in a work published at Leipzig, entitled "A Collection of Unpublished Letters of Joseph II." [Nat. Gaz.]

"General — I desire you to arrest Count K. and Captain W. immediately. The Count is of an imperious character, proud of his birth, and full of false ideas of honour. Captain W. who is an old soldier, thinks of settling every thing by the sword or the pistol.— He has done wrong to accept a challenge from the young Count. I will not suffer the practice of duelling in my army; and I despise the arguments of those who seek to justify it. I have a high esteem for officers who expose themselves courageously to the enemy, and who, on all occasions, show themselves intrepid, valiant, and determined in attack as well as in defence. The indifference with which they face death is honourable to themselves and useful to their country; but there are men ready to sacrifice every thing to a spirit of revenge and hatred. I despise them: such men, in my opinion, are worse than the Roman gladiators. Let a council of war be summoned to try these two officers with all the impartiality which I demand from every judge;—and let the most culpable of the two be made an example, by the rigor of the law. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, which is worthy of the age of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which is so often fatal to the peace of families, shall be punished and suppressed, though it should cost me half my officers.— There will be still left men who can unite bravery with the duties of faithful subjects. I wish for none who do not respect the laws of the country.—Vienna, August, 1774."

The following are the particulars of the MUTINY and destruction of the British ship KATE, of London, furnished to Capt. Jones, of the brig Diligence, from Guadaloupe:

The crew (eight in number) of the ship Kate, Captain George Purdy, landed about 4 miles to windward of the Mole on the 24th of January, about 5 o'clock P. M.— They slept on the beach that night, and next morning, a planter in the neighbourhood came to them and brought them to his house. A brother of said planter went to inform the Commandant of the event.

Their story was agreed on oath between the crew, and they all said "They belonged to the American ship Retrieve, Captain Jacob Haws, belonging to Messrs. Snyder and Wycloff, merchants, of New-York; that after six weeks boisterous weather, not being able to keep the ship free, she being very leaky, the Captain had given orders to get the boat in readiness, and that they were so doing, and getting into the boat about 10 o'clock at night, when the Captain's son, about 10 years old, fell overboard in trying to get into the boat, and that the Captain threw himself into the sea to try to save him, but they both perished, and the ship went down; that after being two days and a night in the boat, they reached the beach near the Mole, with great hazard of their lives."

The Commandant sent militia dragoons to escort them to the Mole. They had a breakfast at the plantation, for which Thomas Murdock, calling himself Mate, paid \$1 a head. At the Mole they were kindly treated—the Mate put up at the tavern, and the rest in the jail. They stopped there six days; after which, five came to the town of Point Petre, escorted by an unarmed man. They arrived about five o'clock P. M. at the Point, and the Police and King's Attorney assisted them to get lodgings for that night.—Next day they were interrogated by the Judge and Interpreter, in presence of the King's Attorney; but they persisted in the same story. A few days after, three others were brought from the Mole, and interrogated in the same manner, one of whom turned state's evidence and declared, apparently, the truth.

Next day, a French lad, 15 years old, who had told the first story and did not know the truth had been revealed, sent word to the King's Attorney that he had a wish to speak to him.— He was brought before the Court, and the lad told the real story also. He, with two others, came from the Mole in three differ-

ent vessels, at the same time, directed to the King's Attorney.— They had with them all their baggage, and a good many dollars in their bags.

A Bible was found in their baggage, which the Mate said was given him in New-York, by a fellow lodger, about 12 months ago.— There was printed, as a seal, in an oval form, the following words:—"Presented by the Merchants' Seamen Auxiliary Society of the Bible, to the ship Kate, of London;" dated, "Gravesend, May 11, 1818." And inside of the binding was written, in large letters, "Ship Kate."

Now, the judge availed himself of this circumstance to interrogate Thomas Murdock and the rest a second time. His honour tells the sworn interpreter to say to Murdock and the others as they are called in separately—"There is the Bible belonging to the ship Kate of London, capt. George Purdy, and upon that very same bible you swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." Murdock is very much embarrassed, says, in broken words, that he is not accustomed to swear on the bible, and resists some time; when the judge observes to him, that he is going to mention his refusal in the interrogatory; that yesterday he took an oath without difficulty to tell his story, and that in the New-York Custom House he would take several oaths, as customary. The judge added, that if he would not answer to the questions he should put to him, he would pronounce him guilty immediately, for to refuse answering the questions of the court, was declaring himself guilty. Murdock then kissed the bible, and since I have taken an oath said he, on the bible, I will speak the truth; and he told the real story, which is in substance—That they belonged to the ship Kate of London, capt. George Purdy, which ship had been chartered in August last at Halifax, by the house of Belcher, Binney, & Co. for a voyage to Berbice, and back to Halifax—the ship took a cargo of fish, beef, and some lumber, consigned to the house of Robert Kite, of Berbice—they reached Berbice, where the cargo was sold for cash—the proceeds were put on board in two boxes, iron hooped, marked Nos. 1 and 2, containing \$5,600—the ship sailed for Halifax in ballast—the mate had been discharged at Berbice, after having had some quarrel with the captain—six weeks after sailing, finding constantly head winds, and in want of provisions, the water nearly consumed, the crew asked the captain what he intended to do—the captain told them he had still some coffee, which he would give them for their support, and that he would try to get to Bermuda, but after 24 hours, the winds against them, they tried for New-York, but without success—next morning at 8 o'clock, the 8th January, three of the crew went and seized the captain, as he was walking on the deck, and tied him—then they said that he and those that lived in the cabin, must either jump overboard, or go in the jolly boat alongside—they then embarked the captain, who wished and asked to go in the cabin for his cloak and boots, but he was not allowed—he earnestly requested a compass, his lady also went on her knees, and begged for a compass, but this was refused also—his lady, with their two children, one a boy two years old, the other a girl four years old, Mr Robert Meredith, a passenger, and a mulatto boy named William, steward in the cabin, were forced into the boat, with 20 pounds of bread, two trunks belonging to the captain, and Mr. Meredith's trunk, and two oars, and sent adrift. The crew were ignorant of their latitude at that time.

After ten days' sailing for the West-Indies, Desada is the first land they discovered, when two of the crew went below and scuttled the ship—they had rigged the long-boat as a sloop, put in their baggage and money, which had been equally divided among them, excepting the two lads, who had one share for them both—they landed, as stated above, near the Mole, on Wednesday the 24th January. All have confessed their crime. About \$1400 have been found, and lodged at the Register's office.—

Murdock says he buried in the yard of the tavern at the Mole, \$450 but the money cannot be found.— Murdock has an American protection, saying he was born in New Brunswick, state of New-Jersey and has papers from the Grand and private Lodges of New-York. The cook is a negro, of Philadelphia, from whence he went in a schr. to Halifax; his name is Philip Fisher, has an impediment in his speech.— There is a French lad, a London boy, one Welchman, an Irishman, and two Scotchmen. It is supposed they will be sent to Barbadoes for trial.

FOR THE VILLAGE MUSEUM. THE COLLECTOR.

A true Story. There are perhaps no scenes which excite more commiseration or more sympathy than madness; we inquire with peculiar interest into the causes which have deprived our fellow men of reason, that prerogative of humanity, that characteristic of his preeminence over the rest of the animal creation, that, which assimilates him, in some degree, to the first cause of his existence.

During my travels in the north of Europe, I visited, frequently, those receptacles of derangement which the charity of man has erected for his less fortunate brethren. Actuated by curiosity I entered one day the Hospital of Berlin, where I beheld an object, the impression of which on my mind, six years have not been able to obliterate; often does this scene recur to my imagination, and I dwell on it when I would be sad.

It was a man, whose exterior was very striking; his figure, tall and commanding, was inclined partly by age, but still more by sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples, revealed in whiteness the driven snow; and, in the lines of his strongly marked countenance, the deepest melancholy was visibly depicted. He immediately arrested my attention, and I inquired with eager curiosity, who he was and what brought him there? Startled at the sound of my voice, the object which had excited my interest seemed to awake as from a reverie; he looked around him without much seeming speculation, and then began with slow and measured steps, to stride the Hall, where the more peaceable inmates of this gloomy mansion were permitted to take the air, repeating, in a low but audible voice, "once one is two; once one is two." Now and then he would stop, and remain with his arms contemplatively folded on his breast for some minutes, then, again resuming his walk he continued to repeat "once one is two; once one is two."

His story, as I received it from the Superior of the Hospital, is as follows: Conrad Lange, collector of the revenue in the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty; scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and assiduous in the discharge of his official duties, he had acquired the esteem and good-will of all who knew him, and the confidence of the Minister of Finance, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue. On casting up his accounts, at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit of 10,000 ducats. Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the Minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin. The Minister received his accounts, but, thinking it his duty to secure a person who might probably be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after, with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said once one is two, instead of once one is one. The poor man was immediately released from his confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted but two days, he had neither eaten, drank nor taken any repose; and when he appeared his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his ac-

counts, he was a long time silent, then, suddenly awakening as if from a trance, he repeated "once one is two."

He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation, would neither eat nor drink, unless solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. Whilst repeating his accustomed phrase, if any one corrected him, by saying "once one is one," he was recalled for a moment, and said "ah, right! once one is one;" then, again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat "once one is two." He died shortly after my leaving Berlin. S.

A fine Woman of Pleasure, is the pink of fashion, the mirror of vanity, and vortex of mischief. She has a Syren's voice, a crocodile's tears, and peacock's pride. Like a sun-beam in the clouds, she is gay, fickle, and delusive—common as the air, inconstant as the wind, and consuming as fire. She is like a poisonous variegated flower raised in a hot bed and grafted on a rose bud.— Though smooth as oil to the mouth, she is hellebore to the brain, and arsenic to the bowels. Like the spider, she extends her net, and takes the unwary. She resembles a light painted frigate, with rotten bottom, without helm or ballast, colours streaming, and under full sail to destruction.

FROM SURRINAM.

The brig Cynthia, Holmes of Salem, from Surrinam, in 32 days, gives the following account of the fire at Paramaribo.

Capt. Holmes states the fire at Paramaribo to have been greater than before reported. It commenced about 6 o'clock, on Sunday, the 21st. Jan. and continued burning about 20 hours. The most populous part of the town was laid in ashes. The destruction involved almost all the public and elegant buildings, among which were two superb churches, Roman Catholic and Dutch, together with 394 dwelling houses; in the whole, including stores, negro houses, &c. there were 1500 buildings consumed. In commenced in the north-east quarter of the town, (directly to windward) and made a complete sheet in some streets forty feet wide.

The engines were perfectly useless in a short time, owing to the scarcity of water and the hose bursting, when they were left to the devouring element. Many of the inhabitants, instead of trying to extinguish the flames, were on their knees praying for rain from heaven. The Jews were the greatest sufferers. It originated accidentally in a cook house, and about 10,000 souls were thus driven naked into the streets.

Vast quantities of provisions were pouring in from the country, and a number of American vessels loaded were also there; but in no instance was there any extortion, government being very strict in preventing it.

Three English vessels arrived there with provisions, found no market, and sailed in co. with Capt. H. bound to other ports.

Great thanks were given to the Americans for their spirited exertions in subduing the flames, and saving the property.

FROM CAPE HAYTIEN.

By the arrival, from Cape Haytien, of the brig Itolla, Hooper, at Marblehead, we have received the following intelligence, transmitted by the politeness of the editor of the Salem Gazette.

Business was suspended for a few days previous to the Rolla's sailing, on account of Gen. Richard's concerting measures for revolting against the government, and the destruction of all the whites and mulattoes, which caused great confusion. He was immediately apprehended and sent by water to Port au Prince under a strong guard, with several officers of high rank and distinction. They embarked before day light lest they should be killed by the populace; order had been so far restored that the stores were again opened and a new Governor appointed, who is considered a good officer and well qualified for the office. The ship Ontario was laying at the port the day of