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ANNAPODIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1823

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JONAS GREEN. Price Three Dollars per Annum.

MISCELLANEOUS

POETRY BY PROTVAL There ere moments in life which are here

forgot, Which brighten and brighten, as Timesteals They give a new charm to the happiest And they thine on the gloom of the love-

Those moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears, The first look of love, and the last parting As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears, And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.

There are hours there are minutes, which memory brings, Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the

And as Time rushes on by the might of his wings, They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
Of these hallowed remembrances cannot

decay, But they come on the soul with a magical thrill: And in the days that are darkest; they kindly will stay,
And the heart in its last throb, will beat
with them still.

They come, like the dawn in its leveliness, now, The same look of beauty, that shot to my The snows of the mountain are bleach'd And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament The roses are dim by her cheeks living bloom, And her coral lips part, like the opening of flow'rs; She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume, Like the wind from the blossoms of jessa-

mine bowers. From her eyes melting szure there spar kles a flame, That kindleti my young blood to extacy's She speaks-and the tones of her voice

are the same, As would once, like the wind harp, in melody flow: That touch, as her hand meets and min

gles with mine, shoots along to my heart, with electrical thrill; 'Twas a moment, for earth too supremely divine.

And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling. to me still. We met, and we drank from the crystal-

line well. but flows from the fountain of science a-On the beauties of thought we would si-

lently dwell,
Till we look'd though we never were talking of love: We parted—the tear glisten'd bright in And her melting hand shook, as I dropp'd

it, for ever;
0 that moment will always be hovering ile may frown, but its light shall abandon me-never.

THE VOYAGE. sefore me lies the troublous deep, Life's ocean tost by many a storm; chind me, hush'd, the billows sleep, Whose calm, wild winds no more deform ttempted childhood's laughing wave.
And reckless, toyed with danger nigh, trod upon the gaping grave.
And smil'd at fear, yet knew not why. a youth I sought a brighter path, Yet paused to gaze at childhood's beam; led was the angry lightning's arathe; For peaceful is love's early dream.

hat dangers press on manfrood's prow! His barque is tost by every gale, he shoals of felly thicken now, and perils rise, and cares assail.

Yet manhood past, how alight appear. The terrors attention manhood's way, The terrois attewn on manhood's way, white cowering phantoms disappear, had brisd and brightly shines the day. Indice me lies the troublous deep. The sea which adary ways deform, yet Paith shall hid the hillows sleep. And Hope shall sear above the storm.

in the Beltimore Morning Chronicle. And fulle the light on glory's plume, There's making bright but Heares.

We may twint the green wreath round the Drow of the prive;

We may freed in the footsteps of glory, had fame from off high a record may anve.

Which shall make us respleaded for atory.

Which shall make us respleaded for a world hold to high!

Will it results from three for the morrow?

Will it results from three for the morrow?

Will it results from three for the morrow?

Or colon the throbbings of source?

To the living glider pages of esserting the bright in the world had to the world the first the first pages of esserting the bright in the world the through the state of the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the first make by the strength of the first the world the wo

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Comm Lights and Sinderse alsocitab Life.

The marriage of the control of the cont to be found among all that mountainous region. It was in one aftheir circles of brautiful berbage, called by the shepherds, The
Queen Fairy's Pariour, that Mark Rerr,
and Christian Lindsay, who had been long
betrothed, were now to be made man and
wife. It was nearly surrounded by large
masses, or ledges of loose rocks, piled to a
considerable height upon each other by some
strong convulsion, and all adorned with the
budding and sweet breathing birches, while
the circle was completed by one overshadowing cliff that sheltered it from the north
blast, and on whose airy summit the young blast, and on whose siry summit the young hawks were shrilly and wildly crying in their

The bridegroom was sitting there with bis bride, and her bridesmaid; and by and by, one friend after another appeared below the natural arch that all dropping with wild flowers, formed the only entrance into this in a circle together-shepherds decently apparelled-shepherdesses all dressed in rai-ment bleached whiter than the snow in the waters of the mountain spring, and the grey headed minister of God, who, driven from his kirk by blood thirsty persecution, prayed and preached in the wilderness, baptised infants with the water of the running brook, and joined in wedlock the hands of those whose hearts longed to be united in those dark and deadly times. Few words were uttered by the gracious old man; but these few were solemn and full of cheer, impressed upon the hearts of the wedded pair, by the tremulous tones of a voice that was not long for this world, by the sanctity of his long white locks unmoved by a breath of air, and by the fatherly and apostolical motion of his uplifted hand, that seemed to conduct down upon them who stood in awe before him, the blessings of that God who delighteth in a humble heart. The short ceremony was now closed—and Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay were united till death thould sunder them on earth to reunite them

Greetings were interchanged, and smiles went round, with row blushes, and mur-muring and whispering voices of irreproach-able mirth. What though the days were dark, and the oppressor strong? Here was a place unknown to his feat; and now was a time to let the clear sparkling fountain of nature's joys well up in all hearts. Sadness and sorrow overshadowed the land; but human life was not yet wholly a waste—and a sweet sunshing that now fell down through screen of fleecy clouds upon the Queen Fairy's Parlour, was it not to enliven and rejoice all their souls? Was-it not to make the fair bride fairer in her husband's eyes; her smile brighter, and the ringlets more yellow as they hung over a forehead that wore its silken anood no longer, but in its changed covering gracefully showed that Marion Lindsay was now a wife? The ta-Marion Lindsay was now a wife? The Labor and the pipe were heard; and footsteps, that left no print on the hard smooth verdant floor, kept time to the merry measures. Perhaps the old man would have frowned on such pastime—perhaps Covenanters ought not to have indulged in promiscuous dancing—perhaps it may be said to be talse that they did so—but the minister had gone now to his own hiding place. These Covenanters were young, and this ung, and this occasion was a happy one; and dance they did, most assuredly, wicked as it may have been, and improper as it may be to record such wickedness. The young hawks were not clittle alarmed; and an old, ram, who happened to put in his twisted horns below the arch, got a fright that made him bound backwards out of the enchanted gircle. The backwards out of the enchanced affele. The hill blackbird wondered; but he himself joined the dance upon the birchen spray— and although no great songster, he did his hest; and chirped cheerfully his mellow

notes in the din of the general happiness:
But as the evening hours were advancing the party kept dropping away one by one, on in pairs, just as it had gathered; and the Fairy Queen had her pariour, all to hersell undsturbed, if she chose at night to hold a court beneath the lamp of the moon. Where had the young nisried pair their tridal chamber? Mark Kerr had a bealing on the mountain side, from which was just visible one bay at-St. Mary's Loch. Lad walls were built of turf, and the root of frea-

ther and surrounded as it was on all sides by large stones; wooded cliffs, knowles, and in the minences, it was almost as unlike.

If to escape notice as the nest of a bird, or,
the lair of a rec. Thither, he took his brides.

Her little bridesmaid had a small corest of
her own, distant only a few rods, and the
friends could see each other standing at the
down of each whealther through the inter-

with and perurbes sense of justice demanding expisition of their murdered comrade's blood, made them deaf and blind to every thing but the suggestions of their own ir ritated and inflamed hearts. A horrid sympathy possessed them all; and they were as implacable as a herd of wolves famished & in sight of their than in sight of their prey. There was no mer cy in any one face there, else Mark Kerr would have appealed to that man, for his life was now sweet and precious; and it was a hard thing to die. I know his face. He is the-very man that stabbed Hugh when he was down with his own bayonet. How do you like that sirrah?' and one of the soldier's thrust his long bayonet thro' shoulder, till the point was seen at his back, and then drew it out smeared with blood, & returned it to its sheath, with a grin of hali glutted vengeance. The wounded man staggered at the blow and sat down, nearly fainting, upon the seat where a few minutes before his bride had leaned her head upon kept his eye fixed, not reproachfully, somewhat sadly, and with a faint expression of hope, on the man who seemed determined to be his executioners. The pain, the sickness, the sadden blasting of all his hopes, almost unmand his execution. almost unmanned his resolute heart; and Mark Kerr would have now done much to save his life-and something, perhaps, even at the expense of conscience and faith. But that weak mood was of short duration; and the good and brave man braced up his heart to receive the doom of death

Meanwhile one or the soldiers had entered the shealing, and brought out Mario in his grasp. A loud shout of laughter and scornial exultation followed . Ho, ho, my Heath Cock, you have got your bonny hen! Catch a Covenanter without his comfort Is your name Grace, my bonny bairn?"-Marion looked around, & saw Marksitting pale and speechless, with his breast covered with clotted blood. She made no outcry, for grief, and pity, and consternation struck her dumb. She could not move for the soldier held her in his arms But she looked in the ruffian's face with such an imploring countenance that unconsciously he let her go, and then she went up tottering to poor Mark, and with her white bridal gown wip-ed off the gore from his breast, and kissed his clayer and quivering lips. She then ran to the spring that lay sparkling among its creases, within a few yards of the shealing, and brought a handful of cold water, which she sprinkled tenderly over his face. The human soul is a wild and terrible thing when inflamed with creative and revence. when inflamed with ernetty and revenge.
The soldiers saw little more in all this than a subject for loathsome scurrillity and fero-cious merriment; and as Christian looked wildly around upon them, one asked, 'Are you his sister, his cousin, or his drab?' Oh! soldiers, soldiers, I am his wife; this blessed day was I married to him "If any of you are married men, think of your wives at home—remember the day they were brides, and do not murder us quite; i', lodeed, my Mark is not already murdered.' Come; come. Mrs. Sweetlins, no more, whining you shall not want a husband. I will mary you myself, and so I dare say will the sergeant there, and also the corporal. Now you have had indulgence enough—so stand back is bit; and do you good Master Pale face, come forward and down upon your marrow bones. Mark, with great difficulty, rose up, and kuelt down as he was

He had no words to say to his bride; nor almost did he look after—so full was his soul of her image, and of holy grief torthe desolation in which she would be left by his death. The dewy breath of her gentle and nure kieses was yet in his heart; and the happy sighs of maidenly tenderness were now to be changed into grooms of incurable despair. Therefore it was, that he said nothing as he kneltdown, but his pallid lips moved in prayer, and she heard her name indistinctly uttered between God and Christ. He had no words to say to his bride; nor

Christian Rindsay had been betrothed to him for several years, and nothing but the lear of spine threible evil like this hid kept them so look separate. Dresdful, therefore, the large atomes, woodser cliffs, browled, and chimered eminences, it was almost as utilities by so except hotics as the nature of birds or of the star of a rot. Thither he took his briders, as this hydr was, their soulls wire bely highly the best of the birds. The first of the first of the first of the star of a rot. Thither he took his briders was a single difference between results for the star of the first of the them so lody separate. Dreadful, therefore, as this hour was, their soull were how the hold by unprepared for it, although them it, all ways a minerable difference between reality and mere imagination. Bhe now 'yealled to her mind,' his one comprehensive thought thair years of limbeant and youthing affection; and then the hote, wonle so lately untered by the old than in that retired place, stail called by soo with some, 'The Queen Fairy's Parlour! The tark began now to flow they both wept—for the night was Mark Kerr's head to lie; night on the focus, but in; the grave, or unburied on the ground.

Ohl Christian, it is only my voice—poor Marion's. Is Mark dead—quite dead?—And there was no reply; but Christian must have heard the deep gasping sobs that were rending the child's heart Her eyes too, more widely, and misty were, they saw, indeed, close by her, the huddled up, mangled, and bloody body of her husband.

The soldiers stood, like so many beasts of prey, who had, gorged their fill of blood;— their rage was abated—and they offered no violence to the affectionate child, as she ontinued to sit before them, with the head of Christian Lindsay in her lap, watering it with tears, and moaning so as to touch, at last, some even of their hardened hearts. When blood is shed it soon begins to appear a fearful sight to the shedders and the hand coon begins to tremble that has let out hu-man fife. Cruelly cannot sustain itself in presence of that rueful colour, and remorse sees it reddening into a more ghastly hue Some of the soldiers turned away in silence or with a half suppressed oath—officers stray-ed off among the trees, and sat down together; and none would now have touched the head of pretty little Marion The man the head of pretty little Marion The man whom they had shot deserved death—so they said to one another-and he had got it; but the woman's death was accidental, and they were not to blame because she had fun upon their fire. So, before the smell and the smoke of the gunpowder had been car. ried away by the passing breeze from that place of murder, all were silent, and could hardly bear to look one another in the face. Their work had been lamentable indeed .-For now they began to see that these murdered people were truly bridegroom & bride, She was lying there dreezed with her mo-dest white bridal garments and white ribdest white bridal garments and white rib-bands, now streaked with many streams of blood from mortal wounds. So too, was she who was supporting her head It was plain that a bridal party had been this very day—and that their hands had prepared for a happy and affectionate newly wedded pair that bloody bed, and a sleep from which there was to be no awaking at the morn. They stood looking appalled on the bodies, while on the wild flowers around them, which the stain of blood had not yet reached, loudly and cheerfully were mur

muring the mountain bees,

hristian Eindyay was not quite dead, and she at last lifted herself up a little way out of Marion's lap, and hen falling down with her arms over her husband's neck, uttered a

few indistinct word+ of prayer, and expired.
Marion Scott had never seen death before; Mission Scott had never seen death before; and it was now presented to her lin its most ghartly and fearful shape. Every horron she had ever heard talked of in the hiding places of her father and relations, was now realized before her eyes, and for any thing she knew, it was now her turn to die. Had she dreamed in her sleep of such a trial, her soul would have died within her—and she would have convulsively shricked aloud on her bed. But the pale, placid, and hap-py-looking face of dead Christian Lindsay, whom she had loved as an elder sister, and who had always been so good to her from the time she was a little child, inspired her now with an utter fearlessmiss; and she could have knelt down to be shot by the soldiers, without one quickened pulsation at her heart. But now the soldiers were wil-

her heart. But now the soldiers were willing to leave the bloody green, and their leader told Marion she might go her ways and bring her friends to take care of the deal bodies. No one, he said, would hurt fier—and soon aften the party disappeared. Marion remained for a while beside the dead. Their, wounds bled not now. But she brought water from the little apring, and washed them all decently, and left not a single state, upoh either of their faces. She disturbed as little as possible the position in which they lay; nor removed. Christian arms up for a moment to way a way a spotarms up for a moment to wape away a spot of blood, but it fell down again of itself, and

own burial place.—For Mark Kerr's father and mother lay in the church yard of Melrose, and the parents of Christian Linday slept in that of Bothwell near the flow of the beautiful Clyde. The gravel was half filled with heather, and gently were they let down together, even as they were found lying on the green before their, own shealing into that mournful bed. The Old Man afterwards said a prayer, not over them about with the living. Then sitting down on the graves, and on the grave stone they afterwards said a prayer, not over themes but with the living. Then sitting down on the graves, and on the grave stone they spoke of the virtues of the dead. They had it is true, been unt off in their youthful prime—but many happy days and years had been theirs—their affection for each other had heen a pleasant solve to them in tail had been a pleasant solace to them in toil poverty, and persecution. This would have been a perplexing day to those who had not faith in God's perfect foliness and mercy. But all who mourned now together were wholly resigned to his dispensations, and soon all eyes were dried. and soon all eyes were dried.

From Gardner's Anecdotes of the Revolu-

BARON STEUBEN.
The hospitality of Baron Steuben was anhounded. Introduced at his villa by a friend, to whose exertions in congress he considered himselt peculiarly indebted for pension settled on him for life, he treated me with marked attention. Dining with him shortly after the resigna-

Dining with him shortly are the tion of Mr. Robert Morris as Financier of the United States, the cause of which ap-peared inexplicable to the company present, "To me," said Baron Stenben, "there appears no mystery; I will illustrate my sen, timents by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris to embark for the Unitabout to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the Setter to ensure comfort when in camp, I judged it of importance to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at alley Forgo when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that his was directed to attach himself to my train, and obey my orders. Commissaries arriving furnishing a supply of beef and bread and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils, indispensible in his opinion, for preparing a meal, and finding none; in an agony of despair applied to the wagoner an agony of despair applied to the wagoner for advice. 'We cook our meat,' repited he, by hanging it up by a string, and turning it before a good fire till sufficiently roasted.' The next day, and still another passed, without material change The commissary made his deposit. My cook showed the strongest indications of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing; but with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted; he requested an audience, and demanded his dismission. 'Un-der happier circumstances, mon General,' said he; it would be my ambition to serve. you, but there I have no chance of showing, my talents, and I think myself obliged, in honour, to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am.' Believe me, gentlemen, continued. the Baron, the treasury of America is, at present, just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge, and Mr. Morris wisely restricted thinking it of very little consequence who turns the string."

PIGEONS,

Extract of a letter from St. John's N. B. dated July 3.

"The immense flocks of Piecehs which have passed over this place within theselow days far exceed any thing of the kind in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. They are so tame that they roost od the rigging of the hips in the harbour; they are alresdy destroying the buckwheat, and cur farmers will doubtless suffer severely by the visit. The people here eatch them in nets.

90 or 100 at a time."

PLAQUE AT ALGIERS.