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The subscribers keep, and intend keeping, a regular supply of the

Best Family Flour,

which they will sell at a very small advance on the Baltimore price, for Adamand Jno. Miller.

June 17

FOUND

Some months since, in Prince George's street, in this city an old fashion-ed GOLD SETT FINGER RING, a Mocha stone sett round with Garnets on the top. The owner may have the same, on application at this office, by proving property, and paying the expense of advertising.

This is to give Notice,

That the subscriber intends to apply, by petition in writing, to the Honourable the judges of the county court for Anne Arundel county, to be held at the City of Annapolis on the third Monday in October pext, for a commission to mark and bound all the following tracts or parcels of land, of which the subscriber is seized, lying and being in Anne Arundel County, and State of Maryland, known by the name of Bear Hills," "Benson's Request," "Boyce Beginning," and "Robert's Lot;" whereof all persons in any wise concerned or interested, are hereby

desired to talk notice.

THOMAS WORTHINGTON,
(of Nicholas.)

FOR SALE, Two Likely Black Boys,

One aged eight yours, the other seven. For terms apply to Jacob Wheeler, Prince George's county, or to BARUCH WHEELER.

For Sale,

The valuable Establishment in the City of Annapolis, late the property of Dr. Upton Scott, and now occupied by Samuel Chase, Esq consisting of a large & convenient Dwelling House with Stable, Carriage House, suitable out buildings, an extensive garden, containing a great variety of fruit of the best kinds, a Green House, alleeclosed with a substantial brick walk

Also a lot containing two acres of ground, situated on the Spa Creek, and convenient to the above Establishment, enclosed with a post and rail fence. The situation is pleasant and healthy, and well calculated to afford an agree-

able residence to a large family. For terms apply to col. Henry Majona dier, Annapoli C. BIRNJE.

July 1822. Just Published

And for sale at this Office and at Mr. George Shaw's Store-price 25cts The Constitution of Maryland, To which is prefixed,

The Declaration of Rights-With the amendments ingrafted therein Oct. 25.

MARYEAND GAZDINED AND POLITICAL INCIDENCER.

FVOL. LXXVII.

ANNAPODIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 66, 1888/

ATT 15 PRINTED AND PURDISHED JONAS GREEN. CHURCH-STREET. AND APOLIS. Price Three Dollars per Annum.

Milagible variable in

BY PERCIVAL.

There are moments in life which are never forgot, Which brighten and brighten, as Timesteals They give a new charm to the happiest

And they shine on the gloom of the loveliest day:
Those moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears, The first look of love, and the last parting given; As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, ap-

pears, And the cloud weeps and glows with the There are hours -thereare minutes, which

memory brings, Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as Time rushes on by the might of his wings, They may darken awhile, but they never

O! 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 leveli-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 here or at lips part, like the opining 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 azure there sparkles a flame,
That kindlet my young blood to extacy's glow; She speaks -- and the tones of her voice

are the same, is 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 '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. That 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

her eye, And her melting hand shook, as I dropp'd it, for ever;
0 that moment will always be hovering

by, Life may frown, but its light shall abandon

THE VOYAGE. Before me lies the troublous deep, 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. n youth I sought a brighter path,
Yet paused to gaze at childhood's beam;
led was the angry lightning's acathe,
For peaceful is love's early dream. That dangers press on manfrood's prow! His barque is tost by every gale, The shoals of felly thicken now, And perils rise, and cares assail. Yet manhood past, how slight appear The terrors attewn on manhood's way, lights' cowering phantoms disappear, had broad and brightly shines the day. Before me lies the froublous deep.
The sea which adgry waves deform,
Yet Faith shalf bid the billows sleep.
And Hope shall soar above the storm.

rom the Baltimore Morning Chronicle And false the light on glory's plume, see see see see ge. &c. &c. There's nothing bright but Heaven."

We may twing the green wreath round the brow of the brave,
We may tread in the footsteps of glory,
And same from oblision a record may asve,
Which shall makens resplendent in story. Or soften the throbbings of sorrow?

To not in this waridein we hook for relief,
Print his bright kilded pages of story;
Fro the wound that it make by the arrow of
grief,

It us er hoal'd by the bandage of glory.

But to brighter the clouds which may sha
dow but days,

The hope of strainty's givent

And the light that is shed; by Religion's
pure rays.

Sures to guide our freil footsteps to lica-

From Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.
THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE
DAY:
The marriage party were to meet in a fitlic lonesome dell, well known to all the
dwellers sound St. Marry's Loch. A yange
of bright green hills goes southward from of bright green hills goes southward from from its shores, and between them and the from its shores, and between them and the high heathery mountains lies a shapeless scene of cliffs, moss, and patture, partaking both of beauty and grandeur, between which it to wildly lies. All these chiffs are covered with native birch trees, except a faw of the bhiest, that shoot up their bare points in many fantastic forms—that snow, full of what the shaperd's call inags, or hollows, which were worn by the weather, or dug out for fuel, waves, when the wind goes by, its high rich blossomed and fragrant heath; and that pasturage, here and there is circular spots of emerald verduie, affords the sweetest sustenage to the sheep to be found among all that mountainous region. It was in one afthese circles of beautiful. to be found among all that mountainous region. It was in one afthese circles of beau tiful herbage, called by the shepherds, The Queen Fairy's Parlour, that Mark Kerrand 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 herbatters. 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 oversha-dowing cliff that sheltered it from the north blast, and on whose airy summit the young hawks were shrilly and wildly crying in their

The bridegroom was sitting there with his bride, and her bridesmaid; and by and by, one friend after another appeared below the natural arch that all decoming the satural arch that all decoming the saturation architectures are saturated to the saturated that are saturated to the saturated natural arch that all dropping with wild flowers, formed the only entrance into this lonely tabernacle At last they all stood up in a circle together—shepherds decently apparelled—shepherdesses all dressed in raiment 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 hefore 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, hould sunder them on earth to reunite them

Greetings were interchanged, and smiles went round, with rosy 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 feet; 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 a screen of fleecy clouds upon the Queen rairy'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 mor yellow as they hung over a forehead that wore its silken snood no longer, but in its changed covering gracefully showed that Marion Lindsay was now a wife? The tabor 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 occasion was a happy one; and dance they did, most assuredly, wicked as it may have did, most assuredly, wicked as it may have been, and improper as it may be to record such wickedness. The young hawks were not a little 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 circle. The hill blackbird wondered; but he himself joined the dance upon the birchen spray—and although no great songster, he did his best, 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, or in pairs, just as it had gathered; and the Fairy Queen had her pariour, all to herseli undisturbed, if she chose at night to hold a court beneath the lamp of the moon.

court beneath the lamp of the moon.
Where had the young married pair their bridal chamber? Mark Kerr had a shealing on the mountain side, from which was just visible one bay of St. Mary's Loch. The walls were built of turf, and the roof of heather—and surrounded as it was on all sides by large stones; wooded cliffs, knowles, and by large stones; wooded cliffs, knowles, and uneven eminences, it was almost as unlikely to escape notice as the nest of a bird, or the lair of a roe. Thither he took his bride, fight little bridesmaid had a small covert of her own, distant only a few rods, and the friends could see each other standing at the door of each shealing through the intercepting follage of the waving birches that hung down their thin, and ineffectual veil till it awant the blooming heather.

till it awapt the blooming heather.
On a small seat, framed of the roots of On a small seat, framed of the roots of defeaged trees, Mark Kerr was now sitting with his own sweet Christian; when he gently raised her head from his bosom, and told her to go into the shealing; for he say people on the hill side; whose appearance, even at that distance, its did not like. Be fore equatter of an hour hadelapsed a partial of southern were at hand. Blank knew ty of soldiers were at hand. Blark knew that he had been observed for some time; and to attempt accape with his bride, was impossible. So herose up at their approach and met them with a steady countenance although there were both fear, and sorrow in his heart. Marion had obeyed him, and

the shealing was silent.

"Is your name Mark Rerrit "You—
that is my name."—"Were you at Yarry
Ford when a prisener was rescued and a

soldjer murdered?! "I was but didait I con her hospand, kneeling with a whita fracould to save that soldier's life." 'You wolf, you mangled histinoat with you town bloody fangs—but we have traced you to your den, and the ghost of Hugh Gammel, who was as pleasant either with lad or lass as any bog that ever emptled a cupp or had as a number of men drawn up together with law lass a number of men drawn up together with law in the loss of him to a saw a number of men drawn up together with now in a fall upon heather, will shake hands with lad, that it is Hugh Gemmel's ghost that you by moonlight by and by. You may mest either in the church yard, down by the wolf of the commands you now, said a deep hoarse voice—no mercy did the holy men of the mountain show to him when they smashed him a command you have to him when they smashed him a know to him when they are to show the commands you have the same to show the commands you have the same that the same that the commands you have the same that the same that the same that the commands you have the same that the same t dury you, or down at Yarrow Kirk, where Hugh was put to bed with the worms, in his red coat; like a soldier as ne was. By the Holy God of Israel!—(is not that alump of your own slang!)—this bayonet shall drink a stoup of your heart's blood."

Mark Kere kriew in a moment that there was no hope of life. He had confessed be ing present on the occasion charged against him; and a sentence of death, which an angel's intercession could not have got reversed, was glaring in the eyes of all the soldiers. Each man seemed so kindle into

soldiers. Each men seemed to kindle into flercer fury as he caught the fierr eyes a-round him. Their oaths and executions exasperated them all into phrenzy; and a wild and perturbed sense of justice demand. ing expiation 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 sym pathy possessed them all; and they were as implacable as a herd of wolves famished & 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 no mer 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' Mark's shoulder, till the point was seen at hisback, and then drew it out smeared with blood, & returned it to its shearh, with a grunded 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 his bosom. But he uttered not a word, and kept his eye fixed, not reproachfully, but somewhat sadly, and with a faint expression of hope, on the men who seemed determined to be his executioners. The pain, the ed to be his executioners. sickness, the sudden blasting of all his hopes 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 this grasp. A loud shout of laughter and scornful exultation followed 'Ho, ho, my Heath Cock, you havegot your bonny hen! Catch a Covenanter without his comfort Is your name Grace, my bonny bairn?"—Marion looked around, & saw Marksitting male and speechless with his breast council. 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 he go, and then she went up tottering to poo Mark, and with her white bridal gown wip ed off the gore from his breast, and kissed his clayey and quivering lips. She then ran to the spring that lay sparkling among its cresses, 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 cruelty and revenge The soldiers saw little more in all this that a subject for loathsome scurrillity and ferocious 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, indeed, my Mark is not already murdered. 'Come, come, Mrs Sweetlips, 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 you have had indurgence enough—so stand back a bit; and do you good Master Pale face, come forward and down upon your marrow bones. Mark, with great diffi-culty, rose up, and kneit down as he was

He had no words to say to his bride; nor He had no words to say to his bride; nor almost did he look at her—so full was his soul of her image, and of holy grief for the desolation in which she would be left by his death. The dewy breath of her gentle and pure kisses was yet in his heart; and the happy sighs of maidenly tenderness were now to be changed into groans of incurable despair. Therefore it was, that he said not have the heart down but his call he thing as he knelt down, but his pallid lips moved in prayer, and she heard her name indistinctly uttered between God and

Christian Lindsay had been betrothed to Christian Lindsay had been betrothed to him for several years, and nothing but the fear of some terrible evil like this had kept them so long separate. Dreadful, therefore, as this hour was, their souls were how wholly unprepared for it, although there is always a distracted difference between reality and mere imagination. She now recalled to her mind, to one comprehensive thought, their years of invocent and youthful affection; and then the holy words so lately uttion; and then the holy words so lately ut-tered by the old man in that retired place, tong and then the noty words so fately uttered by the old man in that retired place,
alisi called by too with anime; The Queen
Fairy's Parkoul! The tear began now to
flow—they both wept—for this night was
Mark Kerr's head to lie, not on her bosom,
but in the grave, or unburied on the ground.
In that agony, what signified to her all the
insulting indeous, and inhuman language
of these ligentious murderers? They fell off
her soul, without a staiw, like polluted water off this plumage of some fair sea bird.
And as the looked on her husband upon his
knees, awaiting his doom, him the temperate, the merciful, the gentle and the just,
and then upon those wrathful, reging, fiery
eyed, and bloody minded men, are they,
thought her fainting heart, of the same
kind? are they framed by one God! & hath
Christ alike dies for them all?

She lifted up her eyes, full of prayers, for
one moment to heaven, and then, with a
cold shudder of desertion, turned them up-

hings with large, stones from the chain nel of the Yarrow. Now for revenge,

The soldiers presented their muskets—the word was given—and they fired. At that moment Christian Lindsay had rushed forward and flung berself down on her knees beside her husband, and they both fell, and stretched themselves out mortally wounded upon the grass.

wounded upon the grass.

During all this scepe, Marion Scott, the bridesmaid, a girl of fifteen, had been lying affrighted among the brackens within a hundred yards of the murder. The agony of grief now got the better of the agony of lear, and, leaping up from her concealment, she rushed into the midst of the siddiers, & kneeling down beside her dear Christian Lindsay. Hifted up her head, and shaded the Lindsay, lifted up her head, and shaded the hair from her forehead. "Oh! Christian, nair from her forenead. "Onl Christian, your eyes are opening—do you hear me—do you hear me—do you hear me speaking?" 'Yes, I hear a voice—is if your's Mark?—speak again." Oh! Christian, it is only my voice—poor Maron's.' 'Is Mark dead—quite dead?'—And there was no reply; but Christian must have heard the deep again, each that were have heard the deep gasping sobs that were rending the child's heart Her eyes too, opened more widely, and misty as they 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 continued 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 oon begins to tremble that has let out hu-man life. Cruelty 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 - others stray. ed off among the trees, and sat down toge ther; and none would now have toucher 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 becauseshe 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 theface Their work had been lamentable indeed for now they began to see that these mur dered people were truly bridegroom & bride. vas lying there dressed with her modest white bridal garments and white rib-bands, now streaked with many streams of bands, now streaked with their, blood from mortal wounds. So too, was blood from mortal wounds. It 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 fo a happy and affectionate newly wedded pair that bloody bed, and a sleep from which that bloody bed, and a steep from which there was to be no awaking at the voice of 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 Linday was not quite dead, and the at last lived herself me a lived and the stain of the stain was not quite dead, and the at last lived herself me a lived and the stain was not quite dead.

she at last lifted herself up a little way out of Marion's lap, and then fallingdown with her arms over her husband's neck uttered few indistinct words of prayer, and expired.

Marion Scott had never seen death before, and it was now presented to her in its most ghastly and fearful shape. Every horror 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 ner soul would have died within her—and she would have convulsively shrieked 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 fearlessignes; and she could have knelt down to be shot by the soldiers, without one quickened pulsation at her heart. But now the soldiers were will increase and their ling to leave the bloody green, and their leader told Marion she might go her ways and bring her friends to take care of the dead bodies. No one, he said, would hart her and soon after the party disappeared.

Marion remained for a while beside the dead. Their wounds bled not now. But

she brought water from the little spring, and washed them all decently, and left not a sin gle stain upoh either of their faces. disturbed as little as possible the position in which they lay; nor removed Christian's arms up for a moment to wipe away a spot of blood, but it fell down again of itself, and moved no more.

During all this time the setting sunlight

During all this time the setting sunlight was giving a deeper tingh to the purple heather, and as Marion lived up her eyes to heaven, she saw in the golden west the last relies of the day.—All the wild was silent—not a sound was there but that of the night-hawk. And the darkening stillness touched Marion's young soul with ktrembling superstition, as ahe looked at the dead bodies, then up to the uncertain sky, and over the glimmering shades of the solitary glen. The poor girl, was half straid of the despailing hush, and the gathering darkness. Yet the spirish of those she had so tenderly loved would not harm her; they had gone to Heaven.—Could she find heart to leave them thus lying together?—Yet there was nothing she then to molest the death. On raven inhabited this glen; nothing but the dews would touch them, till she wentto the nearest tiding place, and told her father or some other friends of the murder.

Before the moon had riseu, the same parisy that on the morning had been present at their the hill

syshat on the morning had been present at their marriage, had assembled on the hill ride before the shealing where Mark Kerrand Christian Lindsay were now lifted up together on a heather couch, and Iring

gold and still as in the grave. The law indicated still he in the grave. The law maid and matrons rive bad been in that happy scand in the Quesa Fairry. Parlow had not yet his aids their while dresses and the little farry ribband knots, or bride's favonts, were yet about their breasts. The lold Minister had come from his cave, and not for, many years hid ha wept till now but this was a case even for the tarre of an old reliefails man of four farre.

out-the was a case even for the tears of an old religious man of tours fore.

To watch by the dead all night, and to watt for some days till they could be confismed for burial was not to be thought of in such times of peril. That would have been to sacrifice the living foolishly for the dead. The soldiers had wone. But they dead. The soldiers had gone. But they might no doubt would return and scatter the funeral. Therefore it was no some proposed than agreed to inthe afflicted souls of them all, that the bridegroom and ma-bride should be buried even that very night in in the clother in which they had but that morning been wedded. A bier was soon formed of the birch tree boughs; and with of them all, that the bridegroom and his formed of the birch tree boughs; and with their faces meekly looking up to Heaven, now filled with moonlight, they were borne along in sobbing silence, up the hills and down along the gleins, till the party stood together in the lone burial gröund, at the head of St. Mary's Loch. A grave was dug for them there, but that was not their own burial place.—For Mark Kerr's father and mother law in the church ward of Mel. own burial place. For Mark Kerr's father and mother lay in the church yard of Melrose, and the parents of Christian Lindsay alept in that of Bothwell, near the flow of the beautiful Clyde. The graves 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. afterwards said a prayer, not over them a 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 cut off in their youthful prime—but many happy days and years had been theirs—their affection for each other been theirs—their affection for each other 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 holiness and mercy But all who mourned now together were wholly resigned to his dispensations, and soon all eyes were dried.

From Gardner's Anecdotes of the Revolu-

BARON STEUBEN.

BARON STEUBEN.

The hospitality of Baron Steuben was unbounded. Introduced at his villa by a friend, to whose exertions in congress he considered himselt peculiarly indebted for pension seuled on him for life, he treated me with marked attention.

Dining with him shortly after the resignation of Mr. Robert Morris as Financier of the United States, the cause of which and

the United States, the cause of which appeared inexplicable to the company present, "To me," said Baron Steiben, "there appears no mystery; I will, illustrate my sent timents by a simple narrative. When I was about to a with line was a simple narrative. about to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the better 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 he was directed to attach himself to my train, and oney my orders. Commissaries arrived. and obey my orders. Commissaries arriv-ing 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 for advice. We cook our meat, replied he, by hanging it up by a string, and turn-ing it before a good fire till sufficiently roasted. The next day, and still another passed, without material change The com-missary 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 disinission. 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 inmy 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 restires thinking it of very little consequence who turns the string."

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

dated July 3.

The immense flocks of Pigeons which have passed over this place within these few days far exceed any thing of the kind in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. They are so tame that they roost on the rigging of the ships in the harbour; they are already destroying the buckwheat, and our farmers will doubtless suffer exercity by the mers will doubtless suffer severely by the visit. The people here catch them in nets.

PLAGUE AT ALGIERS.

PLAGUE AT ALGIERS.

The following paragraph from the London New Times of the 18th of June, gives a dreadful picture of the-devastation of Algiers, by pestilence.

"Letters were yesterday received in the city, direct from Algiers, confirming the distressing secounts, which had previously reached England by way of Genoa, of a plague, by which Algiers has been nearly desolated. We lamentto say, that the latter accounts are even more disastrous than the preceding. They state that incalculable numbers of the inhabitants had already fallen victims to this dreadful disease; the survivors, as many of them as posessed the

vivors, as many of them as possessed the means, had shut themselves up in their hous-ses; all business was of course at a stand, the streets were deserted, and a silent horror pervaded the whole town."