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MISCELLANEOUS.

A decision in law interesting to the Ladies in the case of BLACK vs. BLUE.

The eyes that glow with sparkling jet, And those that swim in orbs of blue; Black versus Azure, strove to get The prize to beauty's empire due.

The Courts below were mov'd, but fail'd To solve a case of such impression; Even pleaders melted at the tale, 'I was told with such a soft expression.

Conflicting claims in flame dispute, Black was too bold, and blue too stupid; At length this most important suit Came on before the Justice Cupid:

And never was a case before Perplexed with such intense confusion— And never had the dark rob'd corps Before been fed with such profusion.

The witnesses were—Burning Kisses; The advocates—Voluptuous Sighs; The proofs—Unutterable Blisses; And the reporters—Estasies.

Forbear; to both the prize is due, 'Twas thus the God decreed forbear! Woman is fair with eyes of blue; With eyes of black she still is fair.

Black more vivacity impart; In blue more tenderness we find; Black indicate finesse and art, And blue the gentleness of mind.

Black is too subject to caprice— Woe to the gazer's heart! but blue Is free from guile and artifice, Is tender, delicate and true.

In black, I've placed my shafts of fire, But blue in liquid languor roll; Black, sparkling black, transport, inspire, But blue enchant, dissolve the soul.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

'Tis strange that I remain a maid, 'Tho' fifty swains have homage paid, 'The reason you have told,' says Fanny, 'You had just forty-nine too many.'

'He healeth the broken in heart, and bind eth up their wounds O thou who driest the mourner's tear How dark this world would be, If when deceiv'd and wounded here We could not fly to thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And they who have but tears to give, Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart, Which like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part Breathe sweetness out of woe

When joy no longer soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A moment's comfort on our tears, Is dimm'd and vanish'd too.

Ah! who would bear life's thorny doom; Did not thy wing of love, Come gently waiving thro' the gloom, On peace's branch from above.

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright With more than raptures ray; As darkness shews us worlds of light We never saw by day.

THE FASHION OF THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

Reader, thou wilt soon be classed with those who have gone before thee. A new generation will occupy the ground you now tread, and a friendly recollection, or the "storied urn," be the only relic of thy busy life. Thy years, at most, are few! Thy hopes, if bounded by time's narrowed limits how visionary! Thy expectations, if circumscribed within life's little bound, how precarious! Thy—but hold; "Man that is in honour abideth not." Look around. Learn what has been, what may be. The tender grass, now merging into luxuriance, doomed by the frosts of the coming winter to fade and die, may open its ephemeral flower when thy head shall be beneath this sod, when the span of my mortal life shall be sunk beneath the horizon of time, and thy present possessions know thee no more forever. Thou hast other interests than the fleeting cares of the present world. Here thou art a passenger not a resident. Thou art identified only with the present moment, and a pilgrim and sojourner, as all our fathers were. Let not the toys of this world beguile you of the more substantial joys which grow in rich luxuriance, bud and bloom in wisdom's path, exhale their fragrance at every step. Thou art destined to a world, a mode of being where the faculties of thy soul, unfettered from the trammels of mortality, and illuminated with the sub of Truth, will explore in rapturous amazement; the glorious goodness, the sublimity of Wisdom, and the favour of Love.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. PAUL.

From the effects produced by the eloquence of St. Paul, in converting the heathen in shaking the conscience of the voluptuous Felix; and in almost persuading the temporising Agrippa to be a Christian, we are justified in believing that his powers were of a high order. A circumstance is mentioned in the Spectator, No. 633, which is entitled to credit, is worthy of remark. It is there stated, that a fragment of Longinus is preserved at the beginning of a manuscript in the Vatican Library, in which this renowned critic, after enumerating the most celebrated Grecian orators, says, "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." If authentic, this passage proves that his fame had widely extended itself. Indeed, his powers could not but be distinguished, to whom the inhabitant of Lystra were about to offer sacrifice, as to Mercury, the god of eloquence. Col. Star.

VIRTUE AND RELIGION.

'Let this idea dwell in our minds, that our duties to God and our duties to men, are not distinct & independent duties, but are involved in each other—that devotion and virtue are not different things, but the same things, either in different stages or different stations; in different points of progress or circumstances of situation. What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its military and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy;—the virtue, which after a time it produces, is devotion in its maturity;—the contemplation of Deity is devotion at rest—the execution of his commands is devotion in action. Praise is religion in the temple, or in the closet; industry from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop, or in the field; commercial integrity is religion in the mart, the communication of consolation is religion in the house of mourning; tender attention is religion in the moment of sickness; parental instruction is religion at the hearth; judicial justice is religion on the bench; patriotism is religion in the public councils.'

ON A HAPPY LIFE.

Petrarch, in a letter to a friend, says, "I have fixed bounds to my desires. What greater happiness can be proposed, than to pass our lives with proved united friends, with whom we think alike?—Or what more agreeable than faces always serene, minds still agreed, hearts ever open, conversations where truth wholly reigns, without constraint, reserve, or preparation?—Human life, like the sea, is exposed to hurricanes, & the evening of the brightest day is often obscured and tempestuous. The wise ought to say of the world as Palinurus, that famous pilot, said of the sea, Shall I confide in that monster?—Should we not learn to distinguish the facilities of nature from the chimeras of the world, and to discover truth in the midst of the shades that surround it? To do this, should be the constant aim of every mortal: it is indeed the one thing necessary.—This manner of life is the object of all my desires; if I can obtain it, I shall have no cause for envy."

EXTRACT.

We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intensity, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles and habits, which may preserve or transfer to the mind, that affection which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please; to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.

TREATMENT.

Kind treatment, good advice and good examples, are the best means to render children and domestics virtuous and obedient; but harsh and tyrannical treatment must cause them to be stubborn and disaffected.

From the Emporium.

THE CAPTIVE BOY.

"But who is he that yet a dearer lad, 'Remembers over-hills and far away."

All who are conversant with the early history of our country will recollect, that our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subdued, frequently laid desolate, by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging & destroying whatever property laid in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom gluttony vengeance or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant boy of about six months old, was made a prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, their lives were spared for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off, they were shown their burdens, and directed to follow. The mother, knowing the fate which, in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors, and having wrapped it up in her burden close to her breast journeyed, by the side of her husband, towards the wilderness; sorrowing no doubt, but invoking the protection of Him whose Almighty arm can succour the most unfortunate, & deliver in the greatest peril.

After travelling from sunrise until late at night, through a long summer's day the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured, the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape occupied, alone, their thoughts; they matured their plan and put it in execution; but to avoid recapture required even more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They however set out, and, with their helpless babe, which, as by a miracle they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began, at midnight to retrace their steps: But before day, fatigue, anxiety, and the want of nourishment so completely exhausted them both, that they found this dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with grey, and they knew that their flight must have been already discovered, they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and that to escape there was not a moment's time to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty to themselves finally prevailed over the parents' fondness, the mother for the last time pressed her innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheek with tears, and sat it down on the green bank of a little trickling rill, to perish, where, as she cast a last anguished look, after she had left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbours and returned to the spot where the child had been left, but it was gone; and, in the lapse of years, best with riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the harvests, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found in infancy upon the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents joy was full; but the boy wandered through the rich possessions of his father, without a smile—His bow and his blanket were his only joy—He despised alike the dress, the habits and the luxuries that were proffered

him—and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes and sports, in which he had passed his boyhood; Vain were all the attempts to wean him from his native habits—and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollection of his adopted home from his mind; while persuasion and indulgence were, alone, resorted to, he modestly resisted; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garment of civilized life, and his favourite bow for a book, he grew sullenly discontented, and at last was missing in his father's house, and seen the same evening, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his way toward the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced somewhat in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. B. had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence; and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut, adjacent to a thick wood. One day when the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighbourhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising; she saw from her door, several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend herself to the last. The savages entered and finding their efforts to entice her down in vain, laid down their rifles and prepared to ascend after her. But the first hand that was thrust through the trap door, was severed from the arm at a single blow, by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated and disappeared in the woods instantly; while, almost at the same moment, Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverers of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, and lo! there appeared before her the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits—and to delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections, and dispositions of men there is no difference, except such as is created by education and custom.

ROYAL MANNERS.

The father of Frederick the great, so famed for his passion for tall soldiers and for beating his wife and children, being one day at dinner with his family, his favourite daughter ventured to complain of their fare, which had long been very bad? "What do you mean?" replied the Prussian Monarch; "what fault is there in my table?" The fault is, said the Princess, "that there is not enough to satisfy one's hunger, and that the little there is consists of coarse vegetables, which we cannot digest." This put the best of Princess in a furious rage, but his passion vented itself on the Prince Royal (afterwards Frederick the Great) and the Princess Royal (subsequently Margravine of Bareith, who relates this story in her Memoirs.)—The Monarch first threw a plate at the head of the Prince, who avoided the blow; he then threw one at the head of the Princess Royal, which she also avoided. A pelting storm of abuse followed. He flew in a rage at the Queen, scolding her for the bad education she gave to her offspring; and, turning to the Princess Royal, he said, "You ought to curse your mother; she is the cause of your being so ill bred." After abusing them till he wanted breath, they rose from the table, and, as they were obliged to pass close by him, he aimed a blow at the Princess Royal with one of his crutches, which she luckily avoided, or it would have felled her to the ground. He pursued her for some time in his gouty rolling car; but those who dragged it (what a dignified scene) gave her time to escape from the paternal vengeance of the Lord's appointed.

PUERTO RICO.

Or the Richer Golden Land, is inferior only to Cuba, and scarce so in fertility, beauty, and variety. It is in magnitude not inferior to the Kingdom of Ireland, but as infinitely superior to it in beauty, and produce, as in its bright and southern climate. It obtained this name from its manifest opulence, and under a more skilful cultivation, would well deserve it.

Upon landing on this island after a voyage from Europe, nothing can exceed the picturesque scene which extends itself before the eyes of the traveller—a land of hill and valley, a gently undulated surface, beautifully diversified by water, is closed in the distance by a line of mountains, wooded nearly to the top, and embellished by the white houses and plantations of the inhabitants. A southern sun sheds its dazzling brilliancy over the whole scene, whilst the heat is tempered by the abundant rivulets which diversify the face of the country. The remoter parts of the interior are still covered with the original forests and their thick underwood, in which roam the descendants of those wild dogs, which the early Spanish conquerors employed in hunting the natives.

The forests also abound with parrots and other tropical birds, whose rich and highly coloured plumage add much to the character of the landscape. Cattle of a very superior quality, originally brought from Europe, and now exceedingly multiplied, are the prize of every one who can take them; poultry of all kinds is cheap and plentiful, and the rivers and sea supply the inhabitants with all kinds of fish. Living is considerably cheap and easy to those who choose to live in the country, and who will make use of their gun.

The southern coast is the most healthy as well as the most fertile. It produces as articles of commerce and use, sugar, coffee, cotton, cocoa, flax, ginger, and odoriferous gums; the three first articles in vast quantity. The north side of the island is supposed to contain mines of gold and silver, but from the want of capital they have not been as yet worked.

The total population of the island is estimated at 150,000, but possibly it greatly exceeds this estimate. The capital of the island is Puerto Rico, which is a strong town and very pleasantly situated. It is one of the towns of which we read in the romantic voyages of Sir Francis Drake, who made an attack on it in one of his buccaneering adventures, and very deservedly failed in his attempt. In the year 1797, our troops from Jamaica made a similar attempt, and with a like failure.

The plantations of the island are very numerous, and from the extreme fertility of the soil, productive. The cultivation, however, might be very greatly extended, if British capital, or in other words British commerce should find its access to this island. Sugar and cotton might be raised in any quantity, and Jamaica grows nothing which could not equally be procured from Puerto Rico and Cuba.

There are no accounts of the exports of this Island, but they may be rated at not less than one million pounds English, and under an intelligent system of commerce, might be greatly increased.

There is a great number of free labourers on this island. The neighbourhood of Hayti has caused the slaves to be well treated, and generally speaking, they are not dissatisfied with their condition.

Puerto Rico would extremely well suit an English settler with a capital from two hundred & fifty to one thousand pounds. Bell's Mess.

THE LATE GEN. STARK.

The speech made by General Stark, at the battle of Bennington, to his troops. Drawing his sword, and pointing to the enemy, he said: "I am not much given to speech making; but, my brave fellows, there are the British—we must beat them, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to night."

It is needless to say, that the soldiers caught his fire and determination, and that they killed, wounded, and captured the whole British detachment.