

MISCELLANEOUS.

Song of the Bees.

COMPOSED BY A LADY OF WASHINGTON.
We watch for the light of the morn to break,
And colour the Eastern sky,

REPORTED FOR THE WEEK END.
United States vs. William Douglass.

Some other times, as all had would have it,
the mother of Dr. Dougherty was taken
Miss M. D. visited her, was all attention

We have thought it advisable to throw our
report into this form of a narrative, as the
evidence was extremely lengthy, and in some
parts not altogether fit for 'public' print.

The circumstances of the case, as detailed
in evidence, were briefly as follows:—and may
be narrative serve as a caution to all other
young ladies, and to all other young gentlemen

Her time had not yet come. She had not
yet seen any one who realized that beautiful
of many beauty and excellence which her
young imagination had shown forth.

Mrs. M. D. was on Mr. D.'s books to the
amount of \$17. He sent one of his young men
to get her to settle it. In reply, she sends him
back an abrupt note.

Veni, Vidi, Vici!
He came—he saw—and he conquered—not
only the disease, but, it would appear, the
heart of his fair patient also; or rather he
finished his conquest of the latter. Sterne

says in his Sentimental Journey, 'there are
worse employments in the world than feeling
a lady's pulse.' We expect, by this time,
Dr. Dougherty will be inclined to doubt the
truth of this assertion.

'Come shining forth, my dearest!'
but shouting, in a gruff ungentle voice, 'Come,
out of that!' She told him, 'she had better
come in' meaning, of course, if he dared!

With the furious bravery of a hungry lioness,
again returned our heroine to the fight, and
was received by our hero with the welcome of
a few more blows across the shoulders; but
this did not hinder her from again fastening
her grappling-ions on her intended husband's
ruffles; who now began to see, that if the issue
of the fight was not doubtful, its duration, at
least, was uncertain.

Thus ended this memorable and extraordi-
nary fight, which was the cause of action.
Laying down the sword, the parties had again
recourse to the pen, and the press; and both
parties published in the Pall Mall.

The chief discrepancy in the account of the
battle was as to the fact—who struck the first
blow—the only difficulty with the lawyers—
who commenced the assault? The counsel for
the United States argued, that the very fact
of Mr. D.'s getting out of the window, to 'make
peace,' with a weapon in his hand, was, in itself,
in the eye of the law, an assault.

After patiently listening, for 8 hours, to the
evidence, in which the principal facts were
those above related—and hearing the argu-
ments of the learned counsel, the jury could
not agree upon a verdict, and separated.
They met the next day, but being still unable
to agree at the close of the day, were dismis-
sed, and the cause has to be tried again.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.
King Bruce's Bowl.—This amusing tale
was furnished to us in Manuscript by one of
our most active and intelligent Scottish fel-
lows—a visit to his native country, and who
was born on a part of the farm which the
Sprates are to hold till the name of Bruce
perishes in world, in song, in tale and in history.

KING BRUCE'S BOWL.
Related by Simon Sprutte.
In the time of the wars of Wallace and
Bruce, my ancestor dwelt where I do now;
was a shepherd, and a husbandman, and a
warrior, too, in the hour of need—and it was
his good fortune to be wed to a kind and
clever woman. It chanced, in the third year
of Bruce's reign, that the king was attacked,
on the banks of Orr, by Walter Shelby; the
contest was fierce and dubious; the followers on
each side were diminished to three, and these
were sorely wounded. Many a battle has
been begun by a woman; this was ended by
one, to her honour be it spoken. The clashing
of swords, a sound not unusual in those
times) reached the ear of the wife of my an-
cestor, as, busied at the hearth fire, she pre-
pared her husband's breakfast. She ran down
to the side of his desk, where his walking-stick

to the bank of the Orr, and there she saw se-
veral warriors lying, wounded and bleeding,
on the grass, and two knights, with visors
closed, and swords in their hands, contending
for death and life. They were both bold stal-
wart men, and stately; and in vain she sought
for a mark by which she might know the kind-
ly Scot by the false southerner. The fire spark-
led from their shields and helmets, and the
grass was dropped here and there with the
blood which trickled to their blows. At length
one received a stroke on the helmet, which
made him stagger; uttering a deep imprecation,
he sprung upon his equally powerful and
more deliberate adversary, and the combat
grew fiercer than ever. 'Ah! thou false South-
ron!' exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprutte, 'I
know you now! I know you now!' and seizing
Sir Walter Shelby by a single lock of his long
hair, which escaped from under his helmet,
she pulled him backward to the ground at her
own threshold, and he yielded himself a pris-
oner.

The two knights unlaced their helmets,
washed their hands in the Orr, and bloody
hands they were; uttered their short, soldier-
like acknowledgments, to their saints for hav-
ing protected them, and returning to the cot-
tage, seated themselves by the side of their
humble hostess. 'Food,' said the Scotch
knight, 'have I not tasted for two days, else,
Sir W. Shelby, renowned as he is in arms,
had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long.'

'And have I had the glory,' then, said the
Englishman, 'of exchanging blows with the
noble leader of the men of Scotland?'

'Leader of the men of Scotland!' exclaimed
dame Sprutte—she never shall be less
than King Robert in this house, and King Ro-
bert shall ye call him, Sir, or I will throw
this boiling beverage, called brose, in your
face, well savored, though it be.' King Ro-
bert smiled, and said, 'My kind and loyal
dame, waste not thy valuable food on your
sworn enemy, but allow the poor king of un-
happy Scotland to ask of thy good cheer, and
Sir Walter Shelby too, would gladly, I see, do
honour to the humility of a Scotch break-
fast table; so spurs for each, my heroine. I
have still a golden Roberts in my pocket for
such a ready and effectual ally as thee—and
take thee beside me, this is not the first time
I have had the helping hand of a Sprutte.'

The dame refused to be seated; she once
feasted Sir Hugh Harris, she observed, and
if it was good manners to stand beside a
knight, it was bad manners to sit beside a
king. 'And such a king!' said the dame,
'God bless his merciful and noble face—long
may he live, and much English blood may he
have the pleasure of spilling.'

So saying, she placed a small oaken table
before him, filled the beautiful wooden ves-
sel which you have admired so much to-night,
with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia,
rich hot and savory; set it on the table, and
laying a spoon of silver beside it, retired to
such a distance from the king as awe and ad-
miration may be supposed to measure to a
peasant. 'But, my fair and kind hostess,'
said King Robert, 'we have vanquished this
gentle knight. I must not let him return to
England and say that the Scotch are churlish
to them they vanquish—let him partake with
me, I pray thee.' 'I should be no true sub-
ject, if I feasted and cherished our mortal
foes! I am a man, hem! to his hands, and the
keep of the thieve for his mansion, and bread
and water for his food, should be his instant
doom. As a woman, I can only say, I have
vowed a vow that no Southern shall feast with-
in my door, in my presence, and shall I be
hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel
sword with such right good will to my king's
bannet—the banks of Orr are resounding with
his blows yet?' 'I commend thy loyalty,' said
the Bruce, 'and this shall reward it.' 'This
land, thou knowest, is mine—the hill behind
thy house, is green and fair—the vale below
thy house is green and fertile—I make thee
Lady of as much land as thou canst run round
while I take my breakfast—the food is hot,
the vessel large, so kilt thy coats and fly.'
With right good will she kilted her coats—
bound up her short and curling hair—(tradi-
tion says it was jet black)—and stood ready
for flight on the step of the door. She looked
back on her guests with something of a com-
ic expression of eye—returned and locked
fast all her spoons—save the one for the king,
muttering, 'I can credit a smith's fingers,
soon as a monarch's word'—and again took
her station at the door. 'Now,' said Robert
'a woman's speed of foot against a king's
hunger—away!'—and as he raised the spoon
to his lips, she vanished from the door. The
king's mount, so green and beautiful now,
was rough with wild juniper and briars—and
the way round the pass was intercepted by
shivered stones and thorn bushes. But the
wife of Mark Sprutte loved her husband—
wished to become a Lady of land, and accom-
plished such obstructions.

She had encompassed one third of the hill,
when she saw a fax moving slowly, and with
difficulty, along, under the weight of a fine
goose she fattened. 'May the huntsman find
thee yet, for coming across me at this unso-
phisticated time,' said the dame—'but a roof of
land is better than a fat goose.' She suggested
her speed, till she reached the mill; the miller
wearied with grinding corn during the woe of
the preceding night, lay stretched asleep on
the Shiltan hill, while the fire which dried his
oats seized on the ribs of the kiln, ran up the
burn, and flashed red from between the rafters.
'Run away,' said the dame, 'if I shriek and
awake thee, thou wilt demand my help, and a
minute's work, or a minute's explanation,
will scoop the green holm of Orr out of the
inheritance which I hope to encompass before
our king gains the bottom of the bowl.' So
the dame increased—the miller slept—and
she reached the place where the hill slopes in-
to the vale, and the water of Orr subsides in-
to a deep quiet pool—this you may observe,
is nigh the house. A small wicket in the
gable of her dwelling, had a board suspended
by a leather hinge—dame Sprutte flew, for a

moment, to the rude casement—look-
ing warily up—and there she beheld the man-
and his enemy, seated side by side, and
one upon between them, smiling, in the
other's face, while they took alternate
spoonful of the hot and homely beverage.
Tradition avers that the hot and homely
said—fair play, my liege fair play!—and
commenced her race, like the hare not said
said Shelby; 'an like, still better, the hale
happy dame who prepared it—I shall still
forget with what good will she rolled her
hand in my hair and pulled me to the ground.
I tell thee what de Bruce, if half the men
Scotland have such heroic hearts as thine,
ward might turn his bridle southward.'
said Robert with a smile—'yet it does my
heart good to see the creelery of our hostess.
See, Shelby see the bold, beside the wicket,
where we fought so long, and where so many
of thy comrades and mine, lie stark and
—she has passed it with one bound—the
met of Lord Howard, whom I slew there, is
an loosing my land listening to thy eulogies,'
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of new publications, early diffused through
the world, by means of the facilities of mail trans-
mission.

The London Library Gazette will be called
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Review, the Gentleman's Blackwood's,
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erringly be—UNBOUGHT! The presenta-
tion of a copy by the publisher shall not be a
passport to praise, when the merits of the work
do not warrant it; so that our readers may be
secured of two things: First—books shall not
be noticed the next day after they are received;
and, secondly, they shall not be reviewed be-
fore they have been read. We have no royal
road to judging, and will be the less likely,
therefore, to fall into the error of an unlucky
wright, who, in his anxiety to be the first to blow
the bellows of criticism, read the preface into
an introduction, and gaily entered his ap-
praisal of two chapters which, unfortunately
for his critical acumen, had been omitted, with
the prefatory reference to them had been, by
mistake, retained! This predicament was
worse than that of the London editor, who
criticized some passages of Cooke's acting, and
found when he rose next morning, and his pa-
per was all over London, that the play had
been postponed.

For the rest, time must develop our course
and our capabilities; in cases where the usual
courtesy of the trade is not extended to this
journal, unlike most of our contemporaries, we
shall say what books we want, and give to such
as deserve it a careful perusal.
The prospectus, and some technical difficul-
ties always attending the first issue of a new
journal, make the present number but a partial
specimen of its future promise.

THE subscriber of Anne Arundel county,
having obtained from the Orphans Court
of said county, letters of administration on
the personal estate of Col. Jacob Waters, late of
said county aforesaid, deceased, hereby notices
all persons having claims against the said de-
ceased, to produce the same, legally authenti-
cated, and those indebted in any way to the
said estate to make immediate payment to
CHARLES A. WATERS, Adm'r.

October 3.

NOTICE.
THE Notes given by purchasers at the sale
of the Personal Estate of the late John
A. Grammer in April last, will be deposited
for Collection, in the Farmers Bank of Ma-
ryland, (Annapolis) where all persons con-
cerned are desired to make payment on or be-
fore the 17th October next.
JOHN HILLER, Adm'r.
of Jno. A. Grammer (dec'd.)
Sept. 29.

The

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JONAS GREEN,
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LIST OF LETTERS
REMAING IN THE Post Office at Annapolis
the 30th September 1833.

- John Beard,
John Brown,
Sarah Black,
Elizabeth Bush,
James Barnes,
James B. Brewer,
Thos. B. Church,
Miss Ann Chase,
William Gaton,
Elizabeth Ann Dadds,
Mrs. Mary Dunsell,
Edward Dorsey,
Mrs. E. H. Dorsey,
Theophilus French,
Richard Gardiner,
Sophia Gardiner,
Thos. J. Gassaway,
Benj. Hancock,
James Hinton,
George S. Inglis,
Wm. Kolberry,
William Legg,
Stephen Lee,
Saml. Macscubbin,
G. Mumlock,
Bush. W. Harriott,
Wm. H. McKim,
James Miller,
Dr. Z. Meriken,
Elizabeth A. Nichols,
Bazel Owings,
John Parrott,
Benj. T. Pindle,
Rev. Dr. Pise,
John Phelps,
Jos. N. Stockett,
Chas. Stewart,
Miss Sarah Taylor,
Charles F. Thompson,
J. W. Torr,
Robt. M. Tomlins,
Lucy Ward,
John Wolff,
Dr. Jno. B. Wells,
Meichel De Young,

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