

MARYLAND GAZETTE AND POLITICAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. LXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1822.

No. 287.

A Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a tract of land lying in South River, containing upwards of 300 acres. This land, (from the subscriber's own experience) is susceptible of being brought to a high state of improvement, by the application of clover and plowing a considerable part of this land adapted to the growth of wheat, and other grain, and other parts to the cultivation of tobacco. There is a small dwelling house upon the premises (which will receive an addition sufficient to accommodate a large family, by the expiration of the present year, at which time possession will be given,) also other out houses suitable for the purposes of farming and planting.

It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description of this land, as it is presumed that persons wishing to purchase will survey the premises before they determine to buy. This land will be sold on very accommodating terms; the purchaser, by paying a part in cash, can have the balance to pay the balance of the purchase money. Persons wishing to purchase will please to make application to the subscriber at Williamson's Hotel, Annapolis. Mr. R. Thorn, the present tenant, will show the land to those wishing to purchase. Should the above land not be sold at private sale before Wednesday the 4th day of September next, it will on that day be offered at public auction on the premises, and will positively be sold to the highest bidder.

JOS. MAYO, 1st.

Family Flour

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 Cash.

Adam and Jno. Miller.

Notice is hereby Given.

That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration on the personal estate of Axel Warfield, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present the same legally authenticated, and those indebted, are called on to make immediate payment.

Elizabeth Warfield Admrs.
Richard Warfield
Aug. 15th 1822.

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 of October next, 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 take notice.

THOMAS WORTHINGTON
(of Nicholas.)
July 25th 1822.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having obtained letters of administration on the personal estate of Thomas Bicknell, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased, requests those who are indebted to him to make immediate payment, and those who have claims, to bring them in, or inform the subscriber of their amount.

Thomas Brewer, Jun.
August 22nd 1822.

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, all enclosed with a substantial brick wall. 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 agreeable residence to a large family.

For terms apply to col. Henry M. nadier, Annapolis.
G. O. BIRNIE
July 1822.

Just Published

And for sale at this Office and at George Shaw's Store—price 25cts
The Constitution of Maryland,
To which is prefixed,
The Declaration of Rights—
With the amendments thereto as far as they have been adopted.
Oct. 25.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY
JONAS GREEN,
CHURCH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Geners Gazette.

SAD THOUGHTS.

Go, idler, tempt me not—my tears,
In spite of mirth, will flow,
That mirth to musing grief appears,
Like madness—Idler, go.
There is a time for merriment,
Beside the dark dark hour,
When midnight flaps her raven wing
O'er sorrow's lonely bower.
There is a place for pleasure's tread,
Remote from haunts like mine,
Where mirth may fill the giddy head
That beauty's wreaths entwine.
But let the viol cease to play
That has the gance inspir'd—
It vainly bids my heart be gay,
My weary limbs untir'd.
I would not change the reverie
Of midnight sighs and tears,
For pleasure's halcyon song of glee
That charm'd my younger years.
There's joy in music, bliss in smiles,
And happiness in love,
But solitude the heart beguiles
To ecstasy above.
I'd rather hear a heavenly lyre,
An angel's smile obtain,
An angel's breast with friendship fire,
Than taste such glee again.
And hasty o'er my lone retreat,
In fondness hovering near,
Some seraph bosom now may beat
With joy to find me here.
O could I clasp that sinless form,
And drink that seraph's breath,
Gladly my heart would meet the storm,
That yields the sufferer death.

From a volume entitled, "Poems of Youth, by a Family Circle," supposed to be the productions of Mr. Roscoe's family, Liverpool.

I'll be a fairy, and drink the dew,
And creep through the bootled flowers,
And sleep in the violet's tender blue,
And dance in the evening hours.
My music shall be the soft low gales
Which sigh through the dark green trees,
And heaven's breath swell the gossamer sails
With which I swim the breeze.
The glow-worm shall be my gentle light,
And a lily's cup my bed;
And I'll warm me in the sweet moon light,
And on fallen roses tread.
And ever fresh the grass shall grow
Around my mystic ring,
And little murmurs, sweet and low,
Shall answer when I sing.
And I will hold a fairy court,
And call each slumbering fay,
And wild and shady will we sport,
As the twilight fades away.
I'll be a fairy, and drink the dew,
And creep through the honied flowers,
And sleep in the violet's tender blue,
And dance in the evening hours.

For the Maryland Gazette.

AN ADVENTURE IN KENTUCKY.

From the Manuscript volume of a Tour through the United States.

It was a delightful evening in May 1820, when, on my tour thro' the western country, I got to the banks of the head waters of the Licking. The rain which had been descending in torrents for several days before, had swelled the river to such a degree, that to cross it either by ford or in a boat, had become absolutely impossible, so there was nothing left me, but to turn my horse and try to gain some house, where I might claim the hospitality of its inmates till the morning, for by that time it was supposed the flood would have subsided. I accordingly retraced the path which had conducted me to the river, and soon found myself on a considerable elevation, whence I had a view of the country for some distance round. The moon stood high in the heavens, and the broad sheets of her silvery light, resting on the forest-covered breasts of the distant hills formed a lovely contrast to the deeper hues of the shaded valleys, whence the rolling and swelling of the water ascended in confused and monotonous sound. A clump of Lombardy poplars, rearing at a short distance, their gracefully waving heads into the nocturnal sky, indicated some dwelling near, and I slipped my course towards them. A path winding up the side of a hill through an underwood of low pine and chestnut, soon brought me to the massive gate of an inclosure of iron railing, which was raised on a low foundation of stone, and studded at intervals by many quadrangular pillars. This gate opened into an avenue of aged oaks, that spread their knarled foliage covered with branches across the sombre way, and an eternal silence seemed to have taken possession of the

scene, save where some insect sent forth its shrill strain, or where the mocking-bird warbled his ever-varying note. I soon got in sight of an elegantly constructed house, before which the avenue spread into an extensive lawn. Close above porticoes, bordered by blooming lemon and orange trees, formed a gentle ascent towards the dwelling, and immediately before the door, a flight of marble steps glittered in the pallid moon-beam! I dismounted from my horse and rapped at the door. A liveried white servant appeared; I explained to him the nature of my call, and he immediately ushered me into the house. I entered a small apartment; the furniture of which, though not gaudy, was exquisite. Thick Brussels carpeting spread a tissue of eastern flowers over the floor, which, where not covered, shewed to be of polished marble. Large oil paintings, executed in a superior manner and cased in carved frames richly gilt, almost concealed three of its walls, while the fourth was covered by a Venitian mirror that spread its limpid bosom above an organ of mahogany inlaid with gold; but the most acceptable piece of furniture was a large velvet-covered sofa, soft and elastic as the couch of a Hourii. Books in Italian, French, and English, lay in many parts of the room. On looking into them, I found they were of a serious contemplative cast, neither novel nor poetry was among them, save M. de Staef's Corinna and Young's Night Thoughts. The servant who had received me at the door now entered with wine and bread, he placed them on a side table and requested me in broken English to partake of the refreshment, at the same time adding Signora Leona would be down presently. I drank a glass or two of the wine and then took my seat on the sofa with a volume of Bourdaloue in my hand. In the mean time the supper-table was arranged and the long expected Signora Leona entered. I had anticipated the appearance of some romantic being, and was consequently a good deal disappointed, in discovering an elderly good looking second-rate sort of a woman, who with a deep courtesy, beckoned me to be seated at the table, and at the same time, half in Italian half in English apologised for the absence of her mistress, who, she told me, was detained by indisposition, from doing the honours of the house. I had luckily, during my stay in the land "che bagna l'un e l'altro mare," acquired a sufficient knowledge of Italian to reply to the apology in the Duenna's native language; I also intimated that if my professional assistance could prove acceptable to the lady, I should think myself happy in being permitted to return part of the obligation under which her kind hospitality was placing me. The dame seemed delighted on hearing me utter the liquid accents of her classic land; "ah," said she, "you have been to Italy, you have seen Rome and Venice and Naples, how glad I am to hear myself addressed in the language of my home—but" continued she, suddenly checking herself, as a thought flashed across her mind, "as for my dear mistress, I know she will be very grateful for your proffered assistance, but alas—earth and human skill can offer no relief to her malady. Nevertheless I will go and see her, I will tell her a gentleman is here, who has been to Italy, and I am confident, if it be possible for her to come down, she will see you—For, believe me sir, during three years I have not seen a single being with whom we could have spoken in our own tongue; and I know my lady will be pleased to hear from her native land, perhaps you may have known some of her relations; for there are many of them of high and noble degree, among the chiefs of our happy country. I replied that my stay in Italy had been of several years, that I had returned thence but a few months ago, and that my introductions there, had made me acquainted with many of the more distinguished of its citizens. She now asked my permission to withdraw for a moment, and after about half an hour's absence, she returned with her mistress. Dear George you know by my former correspondence, that on my tour thro' different parts of the world I have seen many

of its most celebrated beauties; you know too that nothing of an every day still can excite my admiration, and that I have often sat playing with my watch-knife, while crowds of beauties where thronging round some famed belle to offer the devoirs of their admiration; but as I live, George, I never saw any thing like this woman—No flaw, no fault (save an unabster paleness perhaps) could have been pointed out by the most scrupulous connoisseur, all was symmetry, antique and perfection. The high bald snowy forehead, overshadowed by glossy and smoothly divided black hair, the Grecian nose, the precisely marked thin classical lip, the dark eye with its brilliant lustre beaming over the waning lily of the cheek, and the beautiful, but thin shape, displayed beneath an exquisitely worked dress of linen-cambric, bordered with deep Brussels lace, while over her shoulders was thrown; notwithstanding the warmth of the season, a superb shawl of cashmere, I say, all these together, presented the most lovely, most beautiful woman, that was ever beheld by mortal eye. She received my bow with complaisance, and immediately seated herself on the sofa, while her older attendant, drew the shawl more closely around her, as if to prevent every approach of air, from injuring the delicate health of her lady. As the duenna had made my introduction, our conversation soon became lively, we spoke of her country, of Europe, of the love of our homes and the memory of the past; and if I had at first admired the unrivalled beauty of her form, I stood now amazed within the effulgence of her extraordinary mind, which having gradually disengaged itself from the beaten track of the conversation usually followed on first introductions, soared within the regions of a most luxuriant fancy, dwelt now within the sphere of sacred recollections, then flew off with bold confidence to the gilded vistas of never fading hope. I feel even now flattered at the recollection, that the sentiments in my bosom, corresponding to the enthusiasm which was kindled in her own, contributed towards the disclosure of her feelings, and even assisted in exciting them, and I am proud to think that I have been held worthy to receive the rich pourings of such a heart, that I have been able to follow the eagle-flight of such a mind! The hectic flush, which during our animated conversation had spread over her lovely face and neck now faded away, and a deadly weakness seemed to overpower her. I advanced towards her with the utmost anxiety, but she waved her hand declining my assistance, and after a few minutes of repose again addressed me: "Attempt not" said she: "to proffer help, when help is vain—I am accustomed to these occasional swoons, they do not alarm me, but they remind me of that last long repose, which shall cure every ill. Ah, but a few years ago, and this emaciated body bloomed strong and proud in the exuberance of youthful health, but a few years ago, and a buoyant happy soul breathed animation thro' this wasted frame—But far be it from me to spend the few remaining moments of my life in useless repining; no, let my memory dwell with gratitude on all the happiness which once was mine, nor suffer me to believe, because those times are past, that there is naught but illusion in the devotion of love, the triumph of talent, and the exulting thrill of gratified ambition. Tho' I can enjoy them no longer, I behold them as a man would, the joys which made him happy in his childhood, his views and wishes now are changed, but his eye will dwell with a smile on the trifle which once occupied a place in his mind, now filled with higher aims. In what other point of view can I consider the things that belong to this world? I feel that my soul belongs to it no longer that I stand at the very threshold of immortality, that I have matured from the infancy of earth to the manhood of heaven—yes, I stand now at the brink of the grave, yesterday's sun, which I gazed on while it set behind the western mountains, shall I behold setting no more!—Interrupting me, on this I cannot be deceived; I feel that this is the last effort of my hausted life; but listen to my story

the freedom and quickness with which we have penetrated into each other's feelings, conveys me, that my confidence will not be thrown away. I am the daughter of one of Naples' noblest houses. From a long train of ancestors, renowned for deeds of valour, and respected also among those who pursue the paths of science, I inherited admiration for all that was great and noble, and a lively desire to excel in all that it was befitting a woman to excel in. My mother died during my infancy, and my father devoted every care and attention to me, I was the child of his dearest love, for my only brother was far away gathering glory in the fields of battle. I may now with propriety assert, that the love and attention of my parent were not thrown away on me. The talents which nature had bestowed I cultivated with all the enthusiasm of ambition, and having the advantage of the most skillful teachers, I soon excelled in all the accomplishments of my own sex, and in many of yours. The genial influence of a southern clime showed itself in the precocity alike of my physical as mental strength, and while I was pursuing with rapidity the lofty path of science, I appeared a full grown woman at the age of fifteen. I was courted and admired, and every tribute of adulation but served to inflame my soul to bolder exertion. It was not the crowd only of my acquaintance, upon whose judgment I set this value; no, many of my country's most distinguished men honoured me with the smile of their approbation, and amongst these I am proud to name Count Victor Alfieri. Hitherto I had lived for the enthusiasm of art only, and my destiny seemed to be traced in the heavens by a succession of benignant constellations; but a new era was now to commence in my life, and the rosy dawn of a day promising happiness, was soon to be overcast by the clouds of misfortune. When I had reached my seventeenth year I got acquainted with Louis Pallaty, a young Poleander, but lately introduced into the circles of Naples. He had served with distinguished merit in the campaigns of Spain, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Rather cold and appalling in his personal appearance, he possessed the power of fascinating in conversation to a degree which I never saw equalled by any other man. Our acquaintance soon became intimate, we loved, and were shortly to be married. It may perhaps surprize you that I should take pleasure in relating that which generally has been made a point of delicate concealment amongst my sex—but it would be a severe infliction indeed upon me were I, on the very brink of death, to deny myself the gratification of retracing my life's happiest moments. Alas! I find an indescribable pleasure even whilst dwelling upon those that have been fraught with horror and despair; that have thrown me, young, and born for the exquisite enjoyment of life, to the verge of the grave. Does not the mariner who leaves his home, tho' it be for a fairer, brighter land, to which all whom he loves have gone before, whilst he is setting the sail for the voyage, while the pemon flutters and the barge is leaving the shore, cast a lingering look, on the retreating scene of his past joys and sorrows; and at the very moment that he leaves the dear loved coast for ever, will not his love, twined strongly, alike round his woes and his bliss, burst most powerful on his heart? The affinity existing between the soul of Pallaty and mine, though developed with rapidity, was yet gradual in its appearance. At first I deemed him, what we usually call a man of the world, cultivated in mind; but cold in feeling; for I had frequently observed him smiling, and as I thought with scorn, when the strongest excitement of duty, nature, love, patriotism, self-devotion, or ambition, formed the subject of conversation. At our evening walks, through the luxuriant scenery that stretches round Naples like an open paradise, where tuncetry and fancy alike conspire to wake the soul to her noblest flights, he remained calm and composed; among the enthusiastic exclamations of surrounding crowds. But by de-

gree the depth of his soul was made light before my view; the calm exterior that seemed to chill the heart in its very warmer emotion, vanished when in social converse with me; his eye was kindled, his bosom heaved, his tongue uttered a burthen, the tongue gave glowing expression to every strong emotion of his breast, and his mind soared within the vast regions of the most luxuriant fancy. My vanity was gratified on thinking that I had called into the life those sumptuous powers, or what was equal, that before me he deigned to give reins to their eagle flight, as one who could with him, mount the car of Titan, and measure the expanse of the vasty heavens. They who have never loved, cannot appreciate the value of this intellectual intercourse; nor would they admit the rapid increase it produces of moral strength. But let us remember that it sets beings as guardians upon each other, in whose bosoms glows a rivalry of spiritual excellence; and that the improvement produced by this contest is not intended to raise them above the vicissitudes of this world only; but that it is interwoven with their brightest hopes of immortality. She checked the speed of her declamation for a moment, its animation had tinged her cheek with a pale rose-hue, her eye was raised to heaven, and a tear quivered on its silky lash. Thus far, she continued after a short pause, our intercourse had been happy, but it was soon doomed to change. My brother, whom I had not seen for eight years, returned home at the conclusion of peace. My happiness seemed now to have reached its summit, all who surrounded me loved me, and all in whom I took interest were with me. But, too soon alas! I discovered that the difference in character between my brother and Pallaty, prevented their cordial friendship. Bruno had imbibed the principles of that army in whose destinies he had shared a long time; many of those feelings, which we think the most serious and holy, appeared to him trifling or of non-existence; gallantry supplied in his bosom the place of love, and a sovereign contempt of danger, an impetuous readiness to take and avenge the shadow of an insult, were the idols he adored under the name of courage and honour. He not startled at my dwelling on a brother's imperfections, his faults have been expiated with his life, and no improper feelings lead me to disclose them; alas, it was not innate depravity that had produced them, but the unhappy combination of events! Young and pliant, his mind susceptible of every impression, he had at the age of sixteen left his paternal mansion for the seat of war; and how could he avoid espousing feelings and maxims, by which the whole army were actuated. Very soon after Pallaty and Bruno had met the first time, I observed, they could never be friends—you may easily conceive that the prospect of a brother's and husband's variance, could not but prove afflictive to me. I endeavoured in vain to form a link of alliance between them, Pallaty was as silent as the grave when I ventured to speak of Bruno, and my brother never ceased to wound my feelings with his sneers and jests about the proud Poleander. Besides the difference of character, another cause operated to increase Bruno's aversion to Pallaty. On his return from the army he had been received with so much cordiality, and I may add distinction by the Neapolitans, that his vanity was elated to its highest pitch. An agreeable light conversation, manners exquisitely polished, and perfect personal beauty, had rendered him a favourite with our sex; and, misled by some unfortunate error in judgment, he considered Pallaty his rival—Nothing was further from the latter's thoughts than a desire to be the object of general admiration, his pride made him scorn that universal applause, which my brother's vanity felt gratified in; but there was that in his serene but open deportment, in his noble greatness of his mind, which commanded respect, and enforced attention. Whatever he said, was deliberate and decided, for it was the offspring of reflection, drawn from the resources of a mind cultivated by extensive study and