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DISCONTINUED.

From Ackerman's Forget-me Not, for 18-8.

PRESUMPTION REMOVED.

By Wm. U. Harrison, Esq.

"I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be inquired of by you."

Mortal. When nation meets nation

In hostile array,

Thou, Death, grim destroyer!

Art first in the fray.

Thou dearest alike,

With the brave and the craven,

As thou spreadest the feast

For the wolf and the raven.

I saw the young hero

How bravely he bore him,

As vanquished and bleeding,

His foes fell before him.

Oh! his deeds might have bribed

thee

To let him live on

In the light of his honour

So gallantly won.

Nay, his blood he upon him;

He sought out the strife;

Nor deemed honour purchased

Too dearly with life.

He hath gotten him fame,

In a cause foul or fair;

And bathed in his blood,

To answer it there.

And these are the honours

The conqueror wears—

There are blood on his laurels,

And scars on his brow.

Did I spare such conquerors,

My work were undone,

And I might exclaim

As did Macedon's son.

Mortal. There was one who was formed

Of such beauty and grace,

That she seemed not a part

Of so fallen a race.

Thou, breathless as a flower,

And blighted as the leaf,

Smitten down in the morning

And pride of her day.

Could age not supply thee

With victims enough,

That thou shouldst blacken

the name of thy brow?

Could beauty plead with thee

As she is slain with thee,

Thou, that not thus shouldst

Her life's little span.

Mortal. Nay, the deed thou arraignest

In mercy was done,

For I have compassion

Where mortals have none.

I took the young beauty

From life's troubled scene,

Whom a cold-hearted parent

Would wed with old age.

She called, and I heard her,

And hastened to save;

There was we in that bridal

There was peace in the grave.

With a dotard's fond glee,

Came the bridegroom abhorred;

But the worm was her sister,

And I was her lord.

Mortal. Thou thoughtest the grief

Of the parent to scorn,

As thy withering touch

Laid in earth his first-born.

All the world he held beside

He had freely forgone.

Fame, honour, and wealth,

Hast thou spared him his son?

For oh! he looked fondly

For solace to him,

When his footsteps should fail,

And his eyes should grow dim.

Now silent he sits

In his desolate home,

With nought but cheer

When those dark days shall come

Death. He was 'tis ere his spirit

By sorrow was wrung,

Erst hope had beguiled it,

Or treachery stung.

Erst the germ of corruption

He carried within

Had reared in his bosom

The upas of sin.

And thou, misjudging man!

Who wouldst chain down his feet

To the rough path of life,

Hast thou found it so sweet?

Look back on thy journey,

Its joys and its pain,

And say wouldst thou travel

The bleak waste again?

Go, querulous man!

How thy head in the dust,

And know, the decrees

Of thy Maker are just.

I was born of the wrath

Thy offences drew down,

And thou reapst at the fruit

Thy rebellion hath sown.

Yet an ark is provided

To which thou mayst flee,

In the Saviour who triumphed

O'er Satan's ill me.

Then wake, dreamer, wake,

Erst thy passing bell toll

From that perilous slumber,

The sleep of the soul.

Good nature is more agreeable

than wit, and is certain to make its

possessor more beloved. It gives an

air to the countenance, more amiable

and commanding than beauty itself,

and makes even folly and imperi-

ousness supportable.

Chesterfield.

Worth hath been underrated ever

since wealth was overvalued.

From the Forget-me-Not.

THE HOUR.

A Persian Tale.—By the late Henry

Neele, Esquire.

In the 414th year of the Hegira,

Shah Abbas Selim reigned in the

Kingdom of Iraun. He was a young

and an accomplished Prince, who

had distinguished himself alike by

his valour in the field, and by his

wisdom in the cabinet. Justice was

fairly and equally administered

throughout his dominions; the nation

grew wealthy and prosperous under

his sway; and the neighbouring

potentates, all of whom either feared

his power, or admired his character,

were ambitious of being numbered

among the friends and allies of Ab-

bas Selim. Amidst all these advan-

tages a tendency to pensiveness and

melancholy, which had very early

marked his disposition, began to as-

sume an absolute dominion over him.

He avoided the pleasures of the chase,

the banquet and the harem, and

would shut himself up for days and

weeks in his library, (the most valu-

able and extensive collection of ori-

ental literature extant,) where he

passed his time principally in the

study of the occult sciences, and in

the perusal of the works of the Magi-

cians and the Astrologers. One of

the most remarkable features of his

character, was the easiness with

which he received beautiful fem-

ales, Circassians, Georgians and

Franks, who thronged his court, and

who tasked their talents and charms

to the utmost to find favour in the

eyes of the Shah. Exclamations of

fondness for some unknown object

would, nevertheless, often burst from

his lips, in the midst of his pro-

foundest reveries; and during his

slumbers, he was frequently heard to

murmurexpressions of the most pas-

sionate love. Such of his subjects,

whose offices placed them near his

person, were deeply afflicted at the

symptoms which they observed, and

feared that they indicated an aberra-

tion of reason; but when called upon

to give any directions, or take any

step for the management of the affairs

of the nation, he still exhibited his

wonted sagacity and wisdom, and

excited the praise and wonder of

all.

He had been lately observed to

hold long and frequent consultations

with the Magicians. The kingdom

had been scourged from east to west

in search of the most skillful and

learned men of this class; but what-

ever were the questions which Ab-

bas Selim propounded, it seemed that

none of them could give satisfactory

answers. His melancholy deepened,

and his fine manly form was daily

wasting under the influence of some

unknown malady. The only occupa-

tions which seemed at all to soothe

him, were singing and playing on his

dulcimer. The tunes were described

by those who sometimes contrived

to catch a few notes of them, to be

singularly wild and original, and

such as they had never heard before.

A courtier more daring than the rest,

once ventured so near the royal pri-

vacy, as to be able to distinguish the

words of the song, which were to

the following effect:

Sweet spirit! ne'er did I behold

thy ivory neck, thy lock of gold;

Or gaze into thy full dark eyes,

Or on thy snowy bosom lie;

I take in mine thy small white hand;

I bask beneath thy smiling bland;

I walk enraptured, by the side

Of thee my own immortal bride!

Do these not yet oft I hear

thy soft voice whispering in my ear;

When the evening breeze I seek,

As I sit upon my cheek;

When the moon-beams softly fall,

Oh! and low'er and flow'r-crowned wall,

Thinks the patriarch's dream I see—

Thy steps that lead to heaven sad thee.

I hear the wake, with touch soft and

Thy wondrous harp strings of the wind,

When on my ears their soft tones fall,

Swing as the voice of Israel!

When these, amidst the lightning's sheen,

Lift for me heaven's cloudy screen,

And one glimpse, one transient glare

Of thy full blaze of glory there.

Oft that my wanderings wild and wide

I know that thou art by my side;

For thou art brighter 'neath thy treat,

And thou art sweeter 'neath thy treat;

And high thy steps so noiseless steal

And high thy steps so noiseless steal;

And high thy steps so noiseless steal

And high thy steps so noiseless steal;

My throbbing heart and pulses high

Tell me sweet spirit, thou art nigh.

Oh, for a hour, the happy hour,

When angel wings shall be thy bow;

Bear my franchised soul away,

Unfettered with these chains of clay!

For what be whom men so fear,

Azrael, Solomon and sever.

Oh, for a hour, the happy hour,

When angel wings shall be thy bow;

Bear my franchised soul away,

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Azrael, Solomon and sever.

Oh, for a hour, the happy hour,

When angel wings shall be thy bow;

Bear my franchised soul away,

Unfettered with these chains of clay!

What but the white-robed priest is he,

Who weeps my happy soul to thee?

Then shall we rest in bow'r that bloom

With more than Araby's perfume,

And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,

Thought never so'd so proud a height;

And list to many a sweeter note

Than swells the enamor'd bulbul's throat;

And one melodious Zirellet

Through heaven's eternal year repeat.

One evening, when the Shah was