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MISCELLANY.

THE HILLS OF MY FATHERS.

The hills of my fathers!—
But where is the hall,
That echoed the wassail,
And circled the ball;
Where beauty shone brightly,
And sparkled the wine,
And dead and heart follow'd
The minstrel divine?
The hills of my fathers!
But where is the hall?
Or went from existence,
Its owners and all!
The hills of my fathers!—
But where is the deer?
Where mantles the forest,
See one there and here,
The twang of the bow string
No longer is heard;
The hounds and the hunter
Have both disappear'd.
The hills of my fathers
Are still green and gay;
The hounds and the hunters
Have both pass'd away.
The hills of my fathers!
And there is the lake;
Not a bark nor a billow
Its bosom to break,
And there is the island
With tower and with tree,
Repeating in silence
Its story to me.—
"In the shrine of St. Fillan
For ages gone by,
Thy long line of kindred
And ancestors lie."
Lockheed, Aug. 1829.

From Scherman's Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1820.

THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

As he spoke
A sea broke o'er them, and their cable broke!
Then, like a lion bounding from the toils,
The ship shot through the billows' black recess,
Urged by the howling blast—all guidance gone—
His shuddering felt her reeling, rushing on—
Nor dared to question where, nor dared to cast
One asking look—for that might be their last.

"Come aft here, my lads, and haul down
mother reef in the mainsail!" exclaimed a
hoary veteran, who stood at the helm of a
fining smack, which was buffeting the waves
at the entrance of the British Channel, one
October evening, when the lowering of the
clouds and the freshening of the breeze gave
strong indications of a southwesterly gale.
The order was promptly obeyed; and the
sail little craft again breasted the lofty surge,
like a bird upon the wing, skimming the
foaming tops of the billows.

"We shall have a rough night, father," said
a middle aged man, whose hardy countenance
had borne the washing of many a salt-sea
spray; "the sun is setting on yon banks and
linges the ocean with his red dening hue—
The summits of the Scilly Isles appear like
dying watch fires through the sullen haze;
and these, you know, are sure prognostics of
a rising gale." "Then let it come," replied
the veteran. "He whom the winds and the
sea obey, can, when it pleaseth him, ally
their fury and command them." "Peace, be
still!" But good Richard, have the trysail
ready, and get the storm jib up, for by
the long swell from the westward, I am of
opinion there will be down upon us before
long; so let us have all low and snug before
dark my lad! And James, continued he, to
a noble looking fair haired lad, James, set
St. Agnes' light house by the compass, for
the fog will thicken presently; and yon
Seven Stones—worse than the plague of Egypt
to a sailor—look far from tempting, crested
as they are with a feathery foam. "I hope
mother won't be uneasy about us," rejoined
the youth, as he laid the edge of his hand
upon the compass, directing it towards the
lighthouse; we have been a fortnight at sea,
grandfather, and the tempests must have
howled round the cottage fearfully o' nights.
It has blown hard ever since we came out,
and not a fish caught; besides losing part of
our nets!"

"What, still uttering complaints?" exclaimed
the veteran. "Look at your brother yonder,
on the windless end, how fearlessly he sits
and watches the illomened bird, which
triumphs in a storm."
"He does not think of home," replied the
youth. "But what would become of mother,
and Jane, and the little ones, should the Fish-
erman's Family go to wreck?"

"The Fisherman's Family go to wreck!"
reiterated the old man, stamping his foot up-
on the deck, she'll weather many a gale yet,
my boy! Look at this white head!" And
as he uncovered his hoary locks, that wildly
wanton in the breeze, he presented a fine
picture of Time, steering inexperienced youth
through the dangerous channels which beset
human life. "Look at this white head!" he
exclaimed; "the snows and storms of sixty
seven winters have passed over it, yet was I
never deserted in peril by Him in whom I
have placed my trust. Your mother knows
what a Fisherman's life is. Ay, boy, it was
my pride to fortify her mind against adver-
sity. But go, James, and help your father
reef the jib, for we shall have the gale here
presently."

And a gale, indeed, they had; for scarcely
was the glory of the day departed, when the
wind like a destroying Angel, came sweep-
ing over the surface of the deep, and dashing
the billows up to heaven with fury.
Night shed its blackness on the scene,
whilst the dense fog rendered it more drear
and horrible. Poor James thought of his mo-
ther and his happy home; whilst his brother
Ned, though two years his junior, seemed
like a child of the tempest exulting in its
lavish wilderness.
The Fisherman's Family (for such was the
name of the smack,) rode buoyant on the
waves; she rose and fell with the heave and
set of the sea, like the swift winged swallow
when it stems the tempest; and the small
bark scarcely felt the roughness of the bil-
lows, where large vessels would have labour-
ed fearfully with their heavy burdens.
It was about ten o'clock, when the crew of
the smack thought that, amidst the roaring
of the storm, they could distinguish the re-
port of signal guns at a distance, and every
ear was anxiously inclined to discover the
quarter whence the sounds proceeded. At
length they became more distinct, and it was
soon ascertained that the vessel must be near-
ing them. The fog was still thick and gloom-
y, yet occasionally there were intervals of
partial clearness; and it was during one of
these breaks that a ship was descried drift-
ing at the mercy of the wind and waves; for
it was evident from the wild course she was
pursuing, that all management was lost. Her
foremast, bowprit, and maintopmast, were
gone; and having nothing left to steady her,
the billows beat against her sides and dashed
raging over her. The smack showed a light,
which was immediately answered, and two
guns fired to acknowledge the near approach
of succour.
"That ship has lost her rudder as well as
her masts," exclaimed the old man, "she has
struck somewhere; and now, my lads, to
render them assistance!"
"Oh, if we should get her safe into Mount's
Bay, grandfather," said James, "and a good
salvage awarded, would mother say to
us then? I should not mind the loss of the
nets."
"Let us save their lives," said Ned, at all
events, and if we can save the ship too, so
much the better."
In the course of another hour, the smack
was hailed the ship, and found that her rudder
had been knocked away upon the rocks,
at the same time that the masts and bowsprit
had fallen with the shock. She had also
sprung a leak under the bows, and the pumps
could barely keep her free. As, however,
no immediate danger was apprehended, the
smack kept near the shattered vessel until
daylight, when the father of the youths con-
trived to get on board, by running close
alongside and catching a rope with a noose
at the end, which he passed securely round
his body, and was hauled through the water
by the ship's crew. The smack then drop-
ped astern with a stout rope, and by her judi-
cious movements, acted as a rudder to the
large vessel, which was got before the wind
for the Bristol Channel, but the two rope
parted soon afterwards, and the gale increased
to a downright hurricane.
Upon an eminence on the coast, between
Peizance and the Land's End, stood a sub-
stantial dwelling, which, though designated
a cottage, presented every token of homely
comfort. A quantity of fishing materials,
hung out to dry, showed it to be tenanted by
those hardy sons of the ocean, who brave the
greatest dangers to procure fish for the mar-
kets; whilst the air of neatness and enjoy-
ment also proved it to belong to one of that
class of men who risk their existence to save
the lives and property of others, the un-
daunted pilot. A winding and declivous
path led to the shelving rocks below, which
formed a small inlet or bay for vessels of a
light draught, that had received the name of
the Smuggler's Gap, from its having been
frequently used by those daring outlaws in
their illegal trade.
On the same evening that has been already
mentioned, an anxious mother quitted the
cradle in the cottage, to look towards the sea
for those whom next to Heaven she loved
best. Her foreboding eye had witnessed the
same prognostics of the gale, and, with a

heavy heart, she resumed the mother's watch
over the sleeping infant. A fair and beau-
tiful female about fifteen years of age, was
attending to the duties of the house; a boy of
ten years sat by his mother's side, gazing on
her care-marked countenance; whilst a girl
of three years was sharing her supper with a
rough but favourite dog, on the hearth before
the fire.
"I must feed poor Dorey mother," said the
little one, "for James told me to be kind to
him. Poor Dorey," continued she, patting
his head, "I wish James was here."
"You should remember, Mary," replied
the mother, "there are also your father and
your grandfather." "And Edward," added
the boy, "I miss him very much, for he used
to help me up the rocks, and I am afraid to
scramble alone." "All are equally dear to
us, William, rejoined the mother; "and all
are equally under the care of Providence.—
Yes, I trust the Fisherman's Family is safe."
"Who gave her that name, mother?" in-
quired William; "you promised to tell me."
"I did, my child; and, as my heart is heav-
y, I will now relate to you how it happen-
ed. Your grandfather, in his younger life,
was brought up to expect a genteel compe-
tency; for his father was a wealthy ship own-
er at Liverpool. He was sent to sea early,
whilst his brother remained at home to man-
age the business. But that brother was cruel
and treacherous; he weaned his father's af-
fection from the poor sailor, and got a will
made entirely in his own favour. Your
grandfather, not suspecting the wickedness
of his brother, was frequently absent on long
voyages; and when only in his twentieth
year, he married a poor girl, who had no
other recommendation than her beauty of
person and integrity of heart. He married,
too, with out the sanction of his father, who
from that hour forbade him his residence, and
never saw him more—for the angry parent
died a few months afterwards. Owing to his
father's affairs, your grandfather found
himself disinherited; and his brother, who
dissipated a great portion of his property
previous to the old man's dissolution, gather-
ed the residue together, and embarked for
the East Indies. But our grandfather was
not wholly destitute; he had saved something
hand-some to begin life with, and purchased
a share of a ship, of which he obtained the
command. Still adversity pressed upon him,
the ship was captured by the enemy, and he
returned (for they did not detain the prison-
ers then,) to England almost penniless. By
mother had relations at St. Ives, and thither
the poor sailor and his wife repaired. They
were received with welcome; and he, un-
willing to leave his mother for any length of
time, commenced his career as a fisherman
and a pilot.
Success crowned his labours; and he not
only obtained a handsome maintenance, but
was enabled to purchase a vessel of his own.
In this house I was born, and, when I grew
up, was married to your father, and had a
family. The old vessel was broken up, and
a new one built which was called by the
name it now bears. Oh how many anxious
hours does your father pass for the Fish-
erman's Family ashore, and how many days of
earnest solicitude do I endure for the Fish-
erman's Family at sea! But go, my child-
ren, the storm is coming—go to your beds;
but first kneel to the Creator, and humbly
implore his guardian care for the poor mar-
iners."
Heavily passed the night with the apprehen-
sive mother; often did she approach the daz-
zy edge of the steep cliff, but no other sounds
were heard besides the continued howling
of the tempest and the roaring of the break-
ers. Fervently were her petitions offered
up before the throne of Omnipotence; and
amidst the appalling demonstrations of Al-
mighty power, did the creature of His will
plead with her Creator. His voice was heard
upon the storm, proclaiming dominion and
majesty; but her's mingled with it, as in
prostration of heart, she earnestly supplicated
mercy.
Morning appeared, but the desired vessel
could not be distinguished. The sea present-
ed one wide sheet of foam, with here and
there a dark object driven like the ocean
weed upon the waters. At the close of the
day, a dismantled ship, with a smack in com-
pany, was seen through the dim haze drift-
ing towards the shore. They were yet sev-
eral miles distant; but hope for the ship
there was none, unless the gale abated. The
intuitive eye of the mother readily recogniz-
ed the little bark, that held, as she supposed,
her father, her husband, and her two
sons; and all the several relative bonds were
linked more closely round her heart. Their
occupation was manifest—they were waiting
to assist fellow creatures in distress, and the
abundant prayer for the safety of all, spon-
taneously ascended from her lips.
Night veiled them from observation; but
the bold seaman of the neighbourhood, head-
ed by the Rev. Pastor of the village, as a
magistrate, remained in readiness to act as
circumstances should require. Apprehen-
sion sat on many a furrowed countenance,
and dark anticipations filled many a feeling

breast. But language would fail to describe
the agony which suspense and fearful agita-
tion wrought in the mother's heart.
At length, about midnight, the report of a
heavy gun echoed among the rocks, and told
the devoted ship was near at hand; the
flash had pointed out her position, but nothing
could yet be seen. The pastor with his res-
olute band of determined boatmen, hasten-
ed to the shore; report followed report; fires
were lighted on the rocks, to show that land
was near; but still no object could be dis-
cerned.
The storm came more heavily, and vivid
lightnings rent the frowning clouds; then,
when the glaring flash threw its streams of
awful splendour on the feathery foam, that
fated ship was seen struggling with the
waves. As a last resource she let go her an-
chors; and there she lay, like the soul of the
mighty wrestling with despair. Another
gun—and yet another—but the help was
hopeless. From the shore no assistance
could be given; every attempt to go through
the raging surf was useless; and the brave
boatmen were compelled—an unusual cir-
cumstance—to be sad spectators of the scene.
The ship rode heavily, as the long rolling
waves came foaming in. Suddenly a shriek
was heard upon the shore—a wild cry; the
vessel had parted her cables, and the stream-
ing lightning showed her careering towards
the rocks with resistless force. Onward she
came (as was now plainly visible) through the
hissing foam. Still onward, onward, she
urged her desperate course, till a tremendous
crash—a loud yell—proclaimed that her stout
timbers were shattered, and many a stouter
heart was buried in the waves.
The ship had struck on that part of the
shore where the rocks were steepest; and the
wreck remained wedged in firmly between
two craggy knolls, not more than one
hundred feet from perfect safety. But even
that was a fearful space for the heavy break-
ers rolled over the sunken rocks, and dash-
ed with wild fury. Body after body came
on the surge, and were thrown upon the
land; but life had fled, and no effort could
restore animation to the mangled and dis-
figured corpses.
The inhabitants of the adjacent village,
young and old, were crowded on the strand;
and amidst the group was the venerable rec-
tor. Often when the vivid flash illumined
the foaming billows, and showed the
deck of the reeling vessels, he rushed with
his horse to the spot; but the barrier was
impossible, and the bitter shriek rang upon
his tortured ear. "Oh, that I could lie for
them!" he exclaimed. "Father of mercies,
stretch forth thy hand and save! Willing-
ly would he have given his life for theirs,
for he was prepared to meet his God, whilst
they were hurried into the presence of
their Maker without a moment for repen-
tance.
Morning began to dawn, and laved in
horror; but with its earliest beam the smack
was seen about a mile from the shore, under
sail and apparently in safety. The
anxious mother was with the villagers, but
the children remained at the house upon the
cliff. Sleepless had been their night; and
at the break of day, the terrified Jane, with
William and the little Mary, stood upon the
shelving rock, above the yawning gulph
which had already entombed many of their
fellow creatures. They could see the Fish-
erman's Family, as the light became more
clear; and it was evidently the intention of
those on board to run for the Smuggler's
Gap—a small reef flag having been hoisted at
the mast-head, to require the boatmen on
shore to hold themselves in readiness to give
assistance.
At this moment whilst the children were
standing gazing at the vessel, the heavens
seemed to be rent asunder, and the red
blaze of the forked lightning darted forth;
it struck the smack, and masts and sails
came tumbling down in one general wreck.
"My father! my father!" shrieked the hor-
ror-stricken Jane, recoiling backward, and
grasping her brother around the neck, as if
she feared he would be torn away.—The
little Mary clung on the other side, and even
the poor dog looked with instinctive
dread towards the ocean.
But though the smack was dismantled,
her hull still continued to float; and every
wave drove her nearer to the shore. Oh,
what an agonising sight was that to the fond
mother and her children! The former ran
hurriedly about amongst the boatmen, ex-
horting and imploring them to use their best
exertions to snatch her relatives from death.
Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as
their peril increased; and she laboured to
forward the preparations which were making
as a last effort to rescue the little crew.
The ship still continued grinding between
the rocks, and victim after victim was hur-
ried into eternity. From portions of the
wreck which had drifted on shore, it was
conjectured that she was a free trader from
Calcutta; and the number of hands and pas-
sengers were calculated at seventy. The
boatmen had made repeated attempts to get

a rope from her, but all their efforts had
failed. At length, part of a mast, with five in-
dividuals clinging to it, was seen to be rent
away from the body of the wreck, and lifted
by a mountain surge clear over the craggy
rocks.—Another wave came rolling in, but
just before it reached them, it raised its aw-
ful crest, and with a tremendous roar, like
the famished panther when seizing its prey,
dashed furiously upon their heads. They
were seen for a few moments, hurled con-
fusedly amidst the bubbling eddies and then
disappeared. Once more the shattered mast
floated, but there was now only three, who
clung to it with desperate energy as they
neared the shore, and hope of life revived.
The next wave was still more raging than
the last but its fury was spent before it reach-
ed the swimmers; and, "They're safe!" was
shouted from the shore. The boatmen plied
their oars with redoubled strength, and
in a few minutes the three men were haled
into the boat, which immediately stood for
the safest landing place.
The villagers hurried to the spot, and the
anxious mother, hoping to hear tidings of
her family stood foremost among them as
the boat ran upon the strand. But who can
paint her joy and her terror, her delight and
her agony, when she saw that one of the in-
dividuals saved was her husband! They
were soon clasped in each other's arms; but
the bitter recollections that lives indelibly
precious to them, were still in jeopardy,
with scarcely a hope of rescue roused them
to exertion. Richard turned to the boat,
and assisted an elderly man to land. The
moment the latter touched the ground, he fell
upon his knees and offered up a thanksgiv-
ing to the Creator; he then clung round the
neck of Richard, and blessed him as the in-
strument of his preservation.—"I should have
sunk," said he, "but you supported me; you
snatched me from death, and— but I
have power to shew my gratitude."
The other man saved was a seaman, who
reported the ship to be the Isabella, from
the East Indies. How many had perished
he could not tell; but there were yet more
than half of the crew and nearly the whole
of the passengers on board. By the aid of
their glasses, the boatmen could discern the
hapless creatures, as they watched the suc-
cess of those who had been saved; and sev-
eral launched themselves upon the fields ele-
ment, lashed to broken pieces of the wreck.
The boats were again on the alert, and the
boatmen had the satisfaction of picking up
all that the billows allowed to come within
their reach.
But now the principal attention was de-
voted to the smack, as she neared the sag-
gy barriers to security. The old man, with
his two grandsons, and two men, who formed
the crew, had been actively engaged in
getting up a boat's mast, on which they hoist-
ed a small sail, so as to give the vessel steer-
age way; and it seemed to answer the re-
quired purpose; for the little bark, with im-
petuous haste, rushed onward to the smug-
ger's Gap, as if bidding defiance to sus-
pense.
Pale anxiety sat on every countenance.
"Is there any hope?" inquired the rector, ad-
dressing a grey-headed veteran, who from
infancy had been inured to the tempest, and
had the character of a bold, intrepid sailor.
Report made him the associate of a gang of
smugglers; but, humane as he was brave,
many a shipwrecked mariner was indebted to
Donald Ferguson for his life. "Is there no
hope?" inquired the rector. A look of mel-
ancholy anxiety was the only answer. The
rector repeated his question.
"Sailors never despair, sir," replied Don-
ald; "and if they once get well in the—
but, stop! I have no right to disclose to any
one, much more to you."
"Yet," rejoined the rector, when you gal-
lant ship has been lost, can so small a vessel
be saved?"
"Have hopes, sir," replied Donald; and
then turning away—"Ned," he exclaimed to
a rough hardy-looking fellow well drench-
ed with the surf, who immediately approach-
ed him. They whispered together for a few
minutes, and then Ned ran from place to
place, selecting the strongest and most dar-
ing of the boatmen for some particular pur-
pose.
"Ned," exclaimed Donald again, "overhaul
the hawser down, ship the capstan-bars and
be all ready. Remember, it is life or death,
my hearty! I myself will hook her on."
"No, no," said Richard, "that shall be my
doing, you are old, Donald."
"But not feeble," replied the veteran.
"Your anxiety would betray you; besides,
you have a wife and other children, but if
old Donald goes, nobody will miss him. Do
as you are bid, my boy; and now for the
marks!" He waved his hat, and two conspi-
cuous objects were instantly raised at dif-
ferent distances on the rocks, to act as a guide
to those in the smack where to make their
passage.
Who can describe the feelings of the spec-
tators as they looked on with doubtful ap-
prehension and silent astonishment. The
approach was now so close to the shore, that

the Seven Stones are dangerous rocks,
lying between the Scilly Isles and the
Land's End.
A small bird like a swallow, that is scarce-
ly ever seen except previously to or during
a gale of wind. It is viewed with a super-
stitious feeling by seamen, who call it "Mo-
ther Cary's chicken."

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