

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1852.

NO. 36.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN.
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE JOURNEY OF THE DEAD.

The following affecting lines, says the Editor of the Episcopal Watchman, were occasioned by the death of Mrs. Huntington, wife of Samuel H. Huntington, Esq. of Hartford, and daughter of Mr. George Brinley, of Boston. She was grand-daughter of the late Col Putnam of Brooklyn, and her remains were removed to that place for interment in the family burial-ground. It is to this melancholy office that 'The Journey of the Dead' especially refers. Mrs. Huntington was a woman of high worth and intelligence, and though cut off at the age of 26, she had been for several years an exemplary Christian.

They journey 'neath a summer sky,
And lo! 'd loving train,
But nature spreads her genial charms
To lure their souls in vain,
Husband and wife and child are there,
Warm-hearted, true and kind,
Yet every kindred lip is sealed,
And every heart declined.
Weary and sad their course is bent
To seek an ancient dome,
Where hospitality hath made
Her long remembered home,
And one with mournful care they bring,
Whose step was once so gay
Amid the halls where comes the now
In sorrow's dark array?

They fell - sainted grandchild's prayer
Upon her infant rest,
And with the love of latest years,
That cherishing hand was blest,
Here was the taffan that bore
Her heart's blood sparkle high—
Why steal now foot across her cheek?
No lightning to her eye?
They bear her to the house of God—
But thought that hallowed spot,
Sent up the suppliant cry to heaven,
Her lip respondent not—
She heareth not—she heareth not—
She who from early days
Had joy'd within that holy Church
To swell its prayers and joys.

Then onward to a narrow cell
They bear the grass-grown tract,
From whence the unreturning guest
Doth send no tidings back—
There sleeps the warrior high and brave,
In freedom's battles tried,
With him whose banner was the cross
Of Jesus crucified.
Down by these hazy men she laid
Her young unfeeling head,
To rise no more until the voice
Of Jesus wakes the dead—
From her own dear domestic tower,
From deep confiding love,
From earth's united smile, she fled
To purer bliss above.
L. S. II.

This, says the Banner of the Church, is true poetry. But it is more than poetical, in its literal truth. The subject of these lines was our loved and valued friend, the cherished darling of some of our best loved on earth, and of one who went before her to the heavenly rest. And she was worthy to be so honoured, loved and cherished. To a judgment, a discretion, a chastened sobriety, far beyond her years, she added in an extraordinary degree the choicest graces of the female character. She was sincerity itself. She was all kindness, tenderness and charity. Her various gifts were all refined and exalted and consecrated by a true, living, and fervent piety. Tried through an intimacy of years, we lament her, as a true and faithful friend. The centre and the charm of one of the most delightful, happy, hospitable homes on earth, we mourn for its bowers deserted, and its light put out. We, from the heart, unite our sympathies with the bereaved and the desolate; but there is a sorrow too sacred for words, and we may not—they are Christians, and we need not speak of it. May the anointing of the Holy One be their abundant consolation; and their spirit of heaviness, in their conviction of her infinite gain, give place, as becometh those who sorrow not as they who have no hope, to the garments of praise.

*Col. DANIEL PUTNAM, our beloved, revered, and lamented friend—the son of Major General Putnam. The allusions to the "warrior high and brave," and to "him whose banner was the cross," the Rev. Mr. Fogg, former rector of the church, are as just as they are happy.

TALES OF THE EARLY AGES.

The Messrs. Harpers, of New York, have recently published two volumes, entitled, "Tales of the Early Ages," by Horace Smith. Mr. Smith is known to the public, we believe, as the author of certain "rejected addresses"; he is avowedly the author of ZILLAN, one of the most interesting novels of the time, illustrative of the manners and history of the Jews in the reign of Herod. Most of our readers are of course familiar with the work, and will, we think, gladly improve an opportunity of cultivating a further acquaintance with the production of such a writer. The present volumes take us back to the times of the Celts, and introduces us to their contemporaries; and we even have a look at "Eden." We give a taste of the volumes by extracting the following from the first tale, which is the longest:

In order to render the extract intelligible, we will, merely add, that *Marianne* was a Jewess, married to the Roman *Lucius*, under circumstances of great privation while living in a desert; and that there they passed many happy years, when, by a turn of fortune, *Lucius* was restored to his honours and fortunes, which affected but the simple and somewhat misanthropic sternness of his character, but developed the weakness and follies of *Marianne*, and of her father *Aaron*. Among these follies was the love of ostentation, which grieved and offended her husband, and exposed her (who was looked upon as a barbarian by the exclusive Romans), to sarcasm and reproach. In this spirit it was that the magnificent *Gala* described in the extract was undertaken.

Fired at the thought of the triumph she was about to achieve, *Marianne* was everywhere superintending, ordering and altering, until she had seen every preparation completed, when she attired herself with the utmost magnificence, and seating herself in her vestibule, awaited with a beating heart the arrival of her guests. Wreathed with flowers, and decked in all their gala dress, visitants soon poured in, spreading themselves through the apartments, admiring, wondering, ridiculing and abusing, according to their respective feelings. In the hearing of *Marianne*, however, there was but one tone—that of unbounded admiration andattery. With affected ecstacy, some lauded the splendour of the atrium or vestibule, in the centre of which a fountain diffused a refreshing coolness; others praised the paintings and rare devices on the walls, the beautifully tessellated floors and mosaic figures, the gorgeous preparations for the banquet; every thing, in short, obtained the most zealous eulogies in the hearing of the hostess, although many of the flatterers took ample revenge when her back was turned. Whatever might be the feelings of individuals, their countenances told no tales, and the festive presentations a gay, glittering, joyous scene, that extorted admiration even from the envious. As the throng increased, some betook themselves to alcoves and recesses to play dice; the ladies who had white and delicate hands had recourse to the game of morra; many strolled into the garden at the back of the house, some walked in the ambulatory; but the greatest number was collected on a raised terrace, with seats and summer-houses, which commanded a delightful view over the rich and fertile plains of Pompeii, enlivened with towns and villages, among which wound the meandering river *Sarnus*; the prospect being bounded on the left by the distant islands and gleaming waters of the *Tyrrhenian Sea*; on the right by the deep blue hills of *Nola* and *Nocera*, whence the river might be traced; and in front by *Mount Vesuvius*, at that time over-shadowed with groves, luxuriant orchards and vineyards, and so far from inspiring any terror, for it was unknown as an active volcano, that the poets had imagined it to be an elysium of pleasure, and the favourite resort of the rural deities.

On the terrace had presently assembled the mass of the company from all quarters, attracted by a vast and singular cloud ascending into the atmosphere from the summit of the mountain, in some places dark and spotted, in others vividly bright. Upon this strange object all eyes were presently fixed with a deep interest, but without any feeling of alarm, watching it as it majestically climbed higher still, until it attained an immense elevation, when it spread out horizontally, in form like the branches of a pine. At this juncture a violent shock of an earthquake was felt: the tiles from the top of *Lucius's* house were shaken down into the paved court with a loud crash, and the Pompeians, whose city had not many years ago, becoming instantly sensible of their danger, were seized with a phrenzy of terror. Ere yet they could rush from the terrace, from the garden, from the apartments of *Lucius's* villa, without knowing whither they should fly, the enormous cloud; they had been watching burst with a stunning and astounding explosion, precipitating over the whole country an uninterrupted torrent of hot cinders and pumice stones, mixed with black and broken pieces of burning rock and boiling mud, which, veiling the light of the sun, completed the horror of the scene by a mid-day darkness. Throughout the villa of *Lucius*, and indeed the whole town of Pompeii, all was confusion, flight, and agony of terror; the shrieks of women, the cries and clamor of men, and the wailing howling and howling of maddened cattle, being mingled with the repeated explosions of the mountain, as it vomited forth its burning bowels into the air.

At the first alarm, *Marianne*, exhausted and unnered by her previous exertions, sank fainting upon the terrace; her children, whom she had fantastically dressed up for the festive party, ran streaming to seek their father's assistance, not one of whom offered the smallest assistance to their helpless mother; hurried to their own homes, except a few who took refuge in the villa as the only place of immediate safety; the slaves, as usual upon all occasions of consternation and confusion, betook themselves to pillage, bursting tumultuously into the gorgeous banquet room, devouring the viands and precious wines, and then decamped with the plate.

From his study at the first shock of the earthquake, *Lucius* ran into the garden, and meeting his terrified children, was by them conducted, to their still senseless mother, whom he took in his arms, and carried her into one of the wooden summer-houses, being afraid to convey her to the main building, lest its roof should be endangered by new shocks of the earthquake. Desiring his children to remain there, he hurried to procure restoratives from the villa, assailed, both in going and returning, by falling masses of volcanic matter, as well as by the noxious exhalations they emitted. He returned, however, in safety, and by proper applications, soon succeeded in reviving *Marianne*, although so confused by the uncertain recollection of what had occurred, and scared by the terrific noises of the mountain, and the clatter of the falling materials on the wooden covering of the summer-house, as to be quite stupefied and bewildered, and only able to utter incoherent ejaculations. Distressed and awe-stricken at this great convulsion of nature, but still firm and collected in the midst of it, *Lucius* thought only of preserving the lives of his family, an object which seemed most likely to be attained, should the eruption continue and the convulsions be renewed, by removing them to the sea-shore, and getting them on board ship.

The dire commotion of the elements might, however, subside as rapidly as it had burst forth, in which case it would be better to remain at the villa than to expose his family to the dangers of a removal. *Aaron*, whom *Lucius* had at length found, after shouting out his name for a considerable time, concurring in this opinion, they remained watching the awful phenomena before and around them, until night came on, when a momentary pause gave reason to hope that the worst throes of nature were over.

Suddenly, however, broad refulgent expanses of fire burst from every part of *Vesuvius*, and shining with refulgent splendour through the darkness, now accompanied by the horrors of a continued earthquake, which shaking the edifices from their foundations, and precipitating their roofs upon the heads of the frightened beings who had sought shelter beneath them, threatened universal desolation. As a part of the villa and its supporting columns fell, to the earth with a frightful crash, burying in its ruins all that remained unphilt of the magnificent banquet, *Lucius* thanked heaven that he had taken refuge in the wooden summer-house, which, though it rocked violently to and fro, did not fall to pieces. Instant flight seeming now to be the only chance of safety, he committed *Marianne* and her children to the care of *Aaron*, and hurried to the offices, which still remained standing, for the purpose of procuring a carriage to convey them away. From his numerous slaves and servants, even if he could have found them, no obedience was to be expected at such a moment of panic and universal insubordination; but the powerful and undismayed *Lucius* needed little extraneous assistance when his own resolute energies were once called forth. Blindingfold two of his stoutest mules, to prevent their being startled by the incessant flashes, he harnessed them to a carriage, which he had previously dragged, by incredible exertions over a mound of rubbish, when he returned for his wife and children, encouraging them by the collected firmness of his demeanor, while he exhibited so much tenderness, forethought and solicitude for their safety, that the now conscious *Marianne* felt a pang at her heart as she recollected how often she had latterly accused him of being cynical and morose, and upbraided him with a diminution of his love. Binding his robe, which he tore for the purpose, around their heads, as a protection against the falling stones and cinders, he escorted them to the carriage, placed them within it, and desired *Aaron* to follow, declaring that he himself would be their driver.

"I cannot leave the villa," cried *Aaron*, "without my money. All that I am worth in the world is secured in an iron box beneath the stairs of my bed room. I will run for it—those apartments remain uninjured—and I will return to you immediately."
"Madman!" exclaimed *Lucius*, indignant, "what is a bag of dross at such a moment as this?"

"Ten times more precious than ever. Are we not all utterly ruined, and may I not be reduced to beg my bread, unless I can secure this treasure?"
"I will not endanger lives more dear to me than my own, for an object so sordid and contemptible."
"And I value not my life without the means of living. Risk nothing, however, on my account—Drive on—drive on, and I will overtake you before you reach the end of the road of *Tombs*." With these words, *Aaron* ran towards the house, spite of the reproaches of *Marianne* and the reproaches of her husband, who left him, as he said, to his own stinacy and avarice, and urged forward his mules, already restrained with the greatest difficulty, from the heat of the cinders accumulated around their legs. At the end of the road of *Tombs* *Lucius* stopped, calling loudly and repeatedly upon *Aaron* but his voice, powerful as it was, was drowned in the universal uproar. Ailes of rubbish, mixed with hot liquid mud, fell around them in such quantities that a little delay would have impeded and flung them to the ground; and all further deliberation was quickly prevented

by the mules themselves, who, wounded and maddened by the flaming stones became unmanageable, and plunged wildly forward. In the open country, spectacles of terror and misery burst upon them with hideous agitation. Numerous fugitives, covering their heads with pillows, or whatever defence they could snatch up, ran about wildly and with piteous outcries. Many were lying dead either killed by the fall of heavy stones, or poisoned by noxious exhalations; others thrown down by the rocking of the earth, and unable to arise, were imploring that aid which all needed and none could afford. The convulsions became so violent that the carriages, agitated and fro, could scarcely be kept upright, even when propped, with stones; the intense darkness was rendered more appalling by the fitful glare of torches, or the transient blaze of lightning that revealed the horror of the whole scene was consummated by incessant and tremendous explosions from the volcano, resembling peals of the loudest thunder, accompanied with a continued hoarse belching, and rushing noise, as of the sea in a violent storm. The disturbed imagination of the fugitives, adding chimerical dangers to those that were real, conjured up before them huge giants and terrific spectres, stalking about with menacing gestures through the gleaming darkness. No wonder that the wretched Pompeians, as they witnessed this universal convulsion of nature, imagined that earth was returning to her primeval chaos; that the last day was come, and that gods and men, and the world itself, were about to be involved in one universal ruin. To our Hebrews it recalled the recorded destruction of the cities of abomination; and *Marianne* and her children would almost have abandoned every hope of escape, especially when they saw the number perishing around them, but for the sustaining fortitude and presence of mind of *Lucius*, who upheld their sinking courage, and pledged himself either to effect their deliverance, or to perish with them.

Resolutely did he press forward towards the beach, imagining, as did multitudes of others, that the sea would afford certain means of retreat; but the boisterous agitation of that element, occasioned by the convulsive heaving of the earth, precluded all possibility of escape, and only increased the danger, by accumulating the people in dense masses.

A cloud of thick smoke, bringing with it a shower of fine ashes and the most noxious exhalations, rolled like a torrent among the miserable fugitives, who, in their consternation, crushed and trampled down one another, as they pressed forward without an object, amid darkness and desolation, some invoking death, with outstretched hands, to deliver them from such insupportable anguish. This was far the greatest danger our Hebrews had to encounter, though their whole flight was one of continued life perils. More than once was *Lucius* in danger of suffocating from the smoke, of being overwhelmed with the volcanic matter, or borne down by the blind and maddened crowd; but his mules were fortunately young and vigorous, and after incredible exertions, and a hundred hair breadth escapes, he at length succeeded in disentangling his carriage from the throng, turned the mules' head towards the east, and was eventually fortunate enough to reach his little farm at the foot of *Mount Lactantius*, himself covered with bruises, but without any serious injury, while his wife and the children had only suffered from the effects of terror and exhaustion. *Marianne's* mind, however, remained sunk in such an utter prostration, that she could scarce utter a word. "When she caught a view of her pale and haggard features in a mirror, and surveyed her magnificent gala dress all soiled and torn, and the blaze of her diamonds quenched in dirt and ashes, a deep sense of humiliation sent a pang to her heart; a conviction of her own folly, vanity, and arrogance, and of the worthlessness of her pretended friends, filled her with deep remorse; and, as she sank upon her knees, endeavoring to return thanks to heaven for her safety and her family had thus far been spared in the general calamity, she piteously murmured—'Richly have I merited that the dust and ashes wherewith I am now covered, should for ever be my portion in sackcloth, not in these gorgeous trappings, should I be clad;—and as she spoke she tore away her gauds and jewels, clasped them upon the ground in a passion of repentant grief, and then, pouring forth her thanks for the signal and undeserved mercy she had experienced, made the most solemn vows of future amendment.

Fortunate, indeed, might *Lucius* be deemed in thus having reached a place of comparative security, while the mass of Pompeians remained for three days and nights exposed to all the anguish of suspense—all the fury of the still raging volcano. Many were stifled by the mephitic vapors, others spent with the toil of forcing their way through deep and almost impassable roads, sank down to rise no more; some died from terror and inanition. On the fourth morning the darkness began gradually to clear away, the real day appeared, the sun shined with a wan, ghastly light, as in an eclipse, but all nature, to the weakened eyes seemed changed, for towns and

fields had disappeared under one expanse of white ashes, or were doubtfully marked here and there, like what more prominent objects after an Alpine fall of snow.

It was *Lucius's* first care, as soon as he could venture forth with safety, to seek the missing *Aaron*, whose probable fate had inspired the most lively alarms, both in himself and *Marianne*. For this purpose he returned to Pompeii, contemplating the still smoking ruins with a withering of heart almost as intense as that which he had felt in surveying the desolation of the once stately Jerusalem; but, alas! the road of the *Stæba*, where he was to have met his father-in-law, was no longer distinguishable; and of his own handsome villa nothing remained but a few columns, more than half buried in ashes, and in the rubbish of the pediment and roof which they had once supported. From his fellow townsman whom he found upon the spot, endeavoring to individualise their habitations, and glean something from the wrecks, he could gather no tidings of *Aaron*, but was himself beset with inquiries respecting the greats at his wife's grand entertainment many of whom were missing. He could furnish no information whatever. They were never heard of after neither the bodies of these individuals nor that of *Aaron* could be found, though a most diligent search was made for them.

So utterly devoid of selfishness was the mind of *Lucius*, so completely was he engrossed in regret for the probable fate of *Aaron*, and commiseration for the sufferers whom he had seen deploring the loss of relatives or the destruction of property, that his own altered circumstances did not occur to him until after his return to the farm. His houses were laid prostrate, his vineyards were covered with ashes, his whole estate was a mass of rubbish, not worth an obolus. But he was too much of a philosopher to grieve for the privation of that, the possession of which had afforded him so little pleasure; and he had subsequent reason to congratulate himself that, if he had lost a fortune, he had at least found a wife. From that moment *Marianne* became an altered and amended woman.

* At Pompeii, in the year 1773, a suburban villa was excavated, at the entrance to which, from the road of the tombs, was found the skeleton of an individual holding a purse containing many coins and medals, and a key. In a subterranean passage of the same building, amid large earthen wine vases, ranged in order against the walls, were discovered twenty-three other skeletons, with ear-rings, bracelets and various ornaments, the bones of the fingers of some still adhering to trifling articles they had wished to preserve. It is presumed they died from suffocation, since the volcanic powder was so fine that the forms of their persons and apparel remained impressed on the indurated matter. The mould of the bones of one is yet shown in the Museum of Naples. Whether the first skeleton be that of *Aaron*, with his treasure and the key of his iron box, and the latter mentioned remains, those of *Marianne's* gaily adorned guests who took refuge in the cellar, we leave to the conjectures of our readers.

THE PALM OR TODDY TREE.

The most extensively useful tree in India, and probably in the world, is the palm tree, in India I have only observed four species, the *cocos nucifera*, or cocoa-nut tree, which is common all along the western coast, near the sea, as far north as Surat—where are found even more to the northward.—2dly, The *bonassus flabelliformis*, which the natives call the "star," is also in great numbers as far up as Cutch; I have myself seen it 130 miles from the sea; but I believe it is to be found at a much greater distance. 3dly, The *phoenix dactylifera*, or date palm, is common all the way up the coast from Cape Cormorin to Cutch, and is found several miles inland. 4thly, The *areca*, which is cultivated only on account of the nut, is found in gardens in Bombay, Baroda, &c. &c.

Every part of the cocoa-nut tree is used for some purpose or other. The nut is well known, and is not only an indispensable ingredient in every article of native cookery, curries, pilaws, &c.; but yields by expression (when dried) an oil which is superior to linseed oil for burning, both as having less smell, and producing in the combustion no visible smoke. The natives also anoint themselves all over with it. The shells of the cocoa-nut, when burnt to charcoal and pounded, are used in paint like lamp-black in England. The hard, or inner shell of the nut, forms their drinking cups, as well as a material part of their smoking apparatus; half full of water, with two hollow bamboos fitted into many holes bored in it, and an earthen "chimney" at the top full of tobacco, it forms their "hookas," a companion which no native would willingly be without. The outer shell consists of a stringy substance called "coir," pronounced "kyar." It is equal to horse hair for stuffing mattresses, pillows, &c. and when formed into ropes is in some respects equal, and in others superior to hemp cordage, being much lighter, more elastic, and not so likely to be damaged by wet. The leaves of this, as well as of the "star" tree, when dried and platted, are called "scajans," and are used for laying under the thatch of houses, by which a much smaller quantity of grass will suffice. They are sometimes used without grass, but then require to be renewed annually. The body of the tree is of much service, when hollowed out, as a source of conduct water across a road, &c. See Fourth Page.