

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, F E B R U A R Y 7, 1805.

Miscellany.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

"I AM out of all patience with your humdrum, odious politics, which are only fit for those odious, humdrum creatures—the men.—Do now, C— give us something pretty to-morrow."

Lovely and fair is she who said so—and as good as she is fair—I wished to please her, but how could I?

"Alas! my dear," said I, "it is not from C—, that any thing pretty is to be expected.—At his time of life the fancy is chilled—the genial current of the warmest imagination begins to be ice-locked, when it turns the frosty corner of forty. Besides, my dear, odious politics, as you say, have corrupted his taste."

"Nay, I'll not be denied," said she, in a tone of voice and with a look, which, if life itself were the demand, could not be refused, "Come, try your hand at a novel—give us a specimen of what you could do in Romance."

"Alas! lovely girl, the pen that has been dabbling in the vile ink-horn of politics, is very unfit for works of delicacy and virtue. He whose mind is exasperated, and taste polluted with contemplating the baleful practices and pernicious conduct of statesmen, must be wholly unfit for painting the pure and perfect portraits of Romance."

"You won't do it then?—will you tell me so?"

"Nay—I don't say so—for, I will do any thing every thing I can do—to please you. One smile of approbation—one syllable of thanks from those lips of yours, will atone for the ridicule of the world, should I incur it by the attempt. So here—take this specimen.—If you like it, you shall have more."

A FRAGMENT OF ROMANCE.

AS the inhabitants of a small town on the banks of the river Ebro, in the kingdom of Arragon, in Spain, were offering up their weekly tribute of prayer and thanksgiving at the church of the Holy Trinity, their attention was suddenly engaged by a voice, which, joining in the magnificent, was so clearly distinguishable from the rest—so unlike any ever heard there before—and so exquisitely sweet, that their devotion became instantly suspended, in astonishment, and all at once ceased to sing, while the strange voice continued to go through the rest of the anthem, accompanied by the organ. The faculties of the whole congregation were entirely absorbed in attention—they were all ear—not a lip moved—scarce a breath was heard—the stillness was perfect—amazement chained them down to their seats; and yet their delight far exceeded their amazement.—The notes seemed rather of celestial, than of earthly order—of a seraph rather than a mortal. Prepared for the reception of the music by the enthusiasm of their ritual religion, and by the awful solemnity of the mass, their souls felt a foretaste of immortal bliss, and hung upon the sounds, as if desirous to shake off the bonds of earth, and follow them to the regions to which they were directed. The anthem closed—the organ stopped—and the voice continued to dwell upon the last note, in a long, clear, uninterrupted strain of affecting melody, till gradually melting down in a plaintive, dying cadence, it terminated with a shake, which wound up every heart to a pitch of thrilling ecstasy before unfeigned, and left them for some moments deprived of breath and of reflection.

As soon as they had a little recovered from this delicious entrancement, they turned their eyes towards that part of the church from which the voice was perceived to issue, and beheld, seated in a niche in one of the vast pillars which sustained the roof of the edifice, two persons, who appeared to be utter strangers in the place.—A man, apparently about the middle age, tall, muscular, of a grave and authoritative aspect, held by the hand a boy seemingly about twelve years old, of exquisite beauty, of the most perfectly symmetrical shape, and of a nobleness of aspect, which his homely cloathing could not conceal. The man was observed, regardless of the congregation, to be speaking to the boy, in a voice too low to be distinctly heard, but with an expression of earnest tenderness, and anxious interest, and with an air of mild authority, which indicated that he was bestowing instruction upon one very dear to him.—While the boy, fully as attentive as himself to the surrounding crowd, riveted his eyes upon him in return, and seemed to hang upon his lips as if to catch with avidity every word that fell from them.

Such a sight did not fail to interest all the spectators.—Every thing that could inspire partial affection, and conciliate the heart, appeared in the boy.—Every thing that could impress them with respect, and even reverential awe, in the man. Their clothing was coarse and homely; and in that of the elder there was a certain manner—a pleasing peculiarity, which struck

the fancy at first sight.—It was not the dress of a man of the world, nor yet that of a recluse; but from the person and deportment of the wearer, it derived a grace which rendered it, in no common degree, interesting and respectable.

While the congregation on one hand, and on the other the two strangers were engaged in this manner, they were suddenly interrupted by a noise from the opposite side of the church, and a tumultuary kind of exclamation of several persons crying aloud, "make way there, make way for Don Givaldo—make way and let Don Givaldo pass!" The strange man, hastily lifting up his eyes, directed them towards the noise with anxious, staring astonishment.—The name of Don Givaldo seemed to have penetrated his soul with the quickness, the force, and the subtlety of electric fire.—Amazed, he looked with an eye of earnest attention, and keen inquiry, towards the place from which the tumult proceeded.—The whole congregation did so too. All their eyes were directed to the same object.—With surprise they beheld that Don Givaldo who had been named, bursting forward, impatiently forcing his way through the crowd, and with an abrupt impetuosity and a violence which they had never before perceived in him pushing the people out of his way, and rushing on towards the place where the strangers stood. His features agitated—his colour shifting alternately from red to pale, and from pale to red—his limbs trembling—his whole frame convulsed—and his gestures and deportment plainly

testifying that he laboured under emotions of extraordinary weight and acuteness. "Let me pass! do I beseech you, let me pass! stand not in my way!—Do—prither, prither—do let me pass!—Oh, gracious God!—Is it possible? Can it, can it, can it be!—Do let me forward!" he continued to exclaim, without a pause, and in a tone of rapid vehemence; and while he urged his request and his way through the crowd, seemed wholly unconscious of the extravagance of his conduct, and regardless of the strange impressions it must necessarily make on the minds of those who witnessed it. Having forced his way to within a few paces of the pillar where the strangers had been seen, he directed his eyes thither, sweeping them to and fro with astonishing quickness and anxiety, and crying "Where is he? Where is he gone?"—The people directed their eyes thither also.—The strangers had disappeared!

"He is gone," exclaimed several who apprehended a-right the person whom Don Givaldo meant—"he is gone!"

"Where? How? Whither? How gone? Was he not here but this instant?" said Don Givaldo hastily, and with a loudness and harshness indicating anger. He looked round the pillar; the stranger was not to be found. His temper sunk into tenderness. "Nay now, my dear, dear friends," cried he, "tell me where he is. You saw him; he did not surely—nay, he could not go without your perceiving him. Then tell me, do tell me, which way did he go, or is he not now in the church, and concealed among the crowd?"

Many voices were heard at once to reply, He is not here, Don Givaldo! He must have left the church, though we did not perceive him.

Don Givaldo, followed by the congregation, burst through the great gate, and rushed out of the Church. Not a trace of the strangers was to be discovered. Anguish, disappointment, melancholy, and vexation, were legibly written in his face. He hung down his head in studious, silent reflection. Some moments he remained so. A heavy sigh burst from his heart. He wrung his hands in speechless agony—cast them and his eyes up to Heaven, as if to draw down relief for his heart. At length the big tears rolled over his cheeks, and in a low, tremulous voice, which deeply affected all the hearers, he exclaimed: "Mistaken, unhappy, dear friend of my youth! unkind, unjust, cruel man! Why is this? Why didst thou fly? Dost thou then so little know thy once beloved Givaldo?"

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of those who witnessed this extraordinary proceeding. Don Givaldo was deep in the hearts of the people, and deserved to be so. They loved him almost to idolatry; and every pang he now endured was returned with a responsive throb of sorrow from every heart. "We will find this strange person," they cried, "if he be above ground; content yourself Don Givaldo; he shall be found!" The most able and active men, and those best acquainted with the surrounding country, sallied forth. Some examined the church, some the cloisters; the very cemetery was searched. A great portion of the people stood as if transfixed, gazing in wonder and deep concern at Don Givaldo, who, on his part, manifested that he was a prey to the most painful emotions. For some time he continued so. At length his thoughts seemed gradually to assume a new arrangement, and to come to a point of determination. In an abrupt manner, in rapid transitions, and in short, broken sentences, he alternately gave

directions for pursuit, and vent to his feelings as they rose uppermost in his heart. The accents of grief, of wonder, of indignation, or rather tender repentment, issued in quick succession from his lips. He ordered his servants to take horse and pursue the strangers; and after having nearly exhausted his strength and spirits with agitation and exertion, and in some sort emptied the contents of his full heart in passionate exclamations, he, silent, sad and thoughtful, with eyes riveted to the earth, and head sunk upon his bosom, bent his way towards home.

The concern of the people was no less sincere than their astonishment was well founded. As the general conduct of Don Givaldo was well governed; as his temper was kept in correction by much wisdom, by habitual gentleness and great good nature, and as, however warmly impassioned his temper might be on great and important occasions, and to great and important personages, it never disclosed itself to those among whom he now lived, in any other forms than those of dignified mildness, affability, and benevolence, it is not to be wondered at, that such starts as those they had just witnessed, in such a man, and upon such an occasion in their eyes trivial and disproportioned to such an effect, should have excited a degree of amazement, sufficient to confound, to alarm, and to set them upon the rack of concern, doubt, and conjecture.

When such were the feelings of people unconnected by any tie, but which were from their sympathy, and gratitude for general kindness, what must

have been the emotion of the most tender of the tender sex—the wife of Don Givaldo. That charm which had for years hung about his neck, and never in a single instance failed to operate upon him like a spell, before which every storm that could ruffle the tranquillity of his mind, or curl the surface of his temper, vanished, and left his bosom a calm, smoothly polished mirror, in which her lovely image was ever faithfully reflected, she who in that, her magic wonder-working power, felt the only pride she was capable of feeling—her chief felicity—her heaven by anticipation, here upon earth.—What must have been her feelings—what her astonishment—what her grief—what her horror—to behold her Givaldo overwhelmed with a multitude of conflicting agonies, which but that very morning she did not suppose capable of finding a place in such a breast as his, and which she was convinced could arise only from some long concealed, deep-rooted evil, the cure of which it might be impossible ever to accomplish; and to discover that, in that heart, every thought, every throb, of which she flattered herself had been a thousand times revealed to her view, there should have been so long deposited in concealment a secret of such magnitude. As they walked towards home, she watched with tender anxiety, and with poignant affliction noted, his every pause, every start, every motion, every sigh—(those harbingers and betrayers of the inmost emotions of the soul) and more true and perfect than the finest piece of mechanism which human art can form, she returned them all with quick responsive sympathy. Once, when with clasped hands, and eyes filled with tears, he exclaimed, "Oh memory, memory, whither wouldst thou lead me?" she underwent a suffusion of anguish never before experienced, wept, seized him by the hand, and gazed upon him with a look of tender expostulation, in which was legibly inscribed, "What is that which gives pain to Givaldo, and yet Maria is forbidden to share in?"—But he, wholly absorbed in contemplation of the past, understood not that kind of language. The eloquence which the eye alone could catch was lost upon him. So, wholly ignorant of her suffering, and almost unconscious of what he himself was doing, he returned back, and once more crossed his own threshold.

ANECDOTE.

THE Boatwain of a Man of War, that had just been paid off passing through Monmouth-street with full pockets and a prodigal heart, was so captivated with the richness and finery of a velvet suit which was displayed at the door, that he immediately went in and bargained for it. Having tried it on, he was so well pleased with his appearance, that he was easily prevailed upon by the merchant to complete his dress with the necessary appendages, a bag wig, a sword, and a chapeau au bras. Thus equipped his next care was where to exhibit himself.—The theatre readily occurred, whither he went, and placing himself in the front row of one of the side boxes, soon became attentive to the play. Notwithstanding his disguise, he was presently recognized by one of his shipmates in the upper gallery, who pointing him out to his comrade, asked him if that was not their boatwain; a question which the other answered in the negative, assuring him that it was "a lord or some great gentleman." "We'll soon settle it," said the first, for we'll hail him. "Ohoy, the boatwain of the Romney, Ohoy!" who forgetting his situation, started from his seat, answering "Holloa!" and was discovered.