

# Maryland Gazette.

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MISCELLANY.

THE CASTLE OF ERASMUS,  
OR,  
BERTRAND & ELIZA.

The pipe was mute in the valleys,  
and the hills were no longer responsive  
to the vocal reed. Three years  
had elapsed since the young and gen-  
erous Bertrand was assassinated  
by Caled near the castle of Eras-  
mus, his lance hung inverted on his  
tomb, and his manes were mingled  
with the dust of his fathers.

"Oh, when shall my sufferings  
have an end, and the grief worn  
come return to its kindred clay!  
Ever shall thy lovely image be ce-  
lebrated in my memory; thy virtues  
engraven on my heart!" It was  
the voice of the amiable Eliza, of-  
fering her evening orisons at the  
brine of her beloved Bertrand.

Silence held her silent domain  
throughout the fertile plains, save  
where the distant watch-dog mark-  
ed the rural hamlet. Cynthia had  
gained the summit of the azure  
hills, and smiled in lucid majesty  
o'er the blue expanse. All na-  
ture aided the solemnity! A row of  
cedars waked to a cluster of spread-  
ing firs, which discovered a marble  
epulchre adorned with military  
rosettes. The beautiful Eliza, af-  
flicted in sorrows and patient in af-  
fliction, graced the awful scene,  
she was kneeling in a posture of  
adoration and prayer, her sable  
garments hung loose in melancholy  
folds and mingled with her auburn  
tresses; the round star of affliction  
stood in her languid eye, and the  
ypress groves reiterated the sighs  
of a broken heart. In the midst  
of her orisons, Clifford, (by whose  
assistance the assassination of Ber-  
trand had been perpetrated,) ap-  
peared before the sorrowful Eliza.  
Rage instantly kindled in her cheek,  
and reproaches burst from her lips.

"Darest thou, perfidious and pro-  
fane, approach this hallowed place?  
Ye Gods, where are your avenging  
bolts! Why sleeps the thunder  
when this wretch draws near? Dost  
thou not fear the anger of Almighty  
power? Or is thy heart more hard  
than adamant, leagued with the de-  
mons of revenge to ward the stroke  
of justice."

"Chide not, too lovely fair one,  
replied the repentant Clifford; it  
was love for thee that led me on  
to madness; I beheld a rival in the  
happy Bertrand—I considered life  
without thee, as an ocean opposed  
to incessant tempests, but with thee,  
all that heaven could bestow or I  
wish. I vainly thought one bar-  
alone remained between me and my  
"fancied joys;—in a rash moment I  
employed the cursed Caled to exe-  
cute my design; he obeyed, took his  
reward, and fled, since which time  
peace has been banished from the  
breast of Clifford, and soon must  
the cold hand of death bring him to  
an expiation of his crimes."

"And dost thou talk of love, ab-  
horred assassin! thou who hast laid  
low the image of perfection—my  
Bertrand was the first, and shall be  
the last my bleeding heart ever own-  
ed. Hear me beloved shade, and  
witness for me all ye cherubs  
watching round his tomb, never  
shall Eliza's taste of pleasure more  
fill we shall again meet in fields of  
joy; then shall the rays of endless  
peace and love dispel the earthly  
mists of pain and woe. Eliza again  
prostrated herself before the shrine,  
and Clifford, dejected, returned  
through the avenue to the castle.

Alwin, surnamed the good, (who  
was then on the throne,) hearing of  
the sorrows of Eliza, resolved to  
undertake the cause of injured in-  
nocence, by offering a considerable  
reward to the champion who would  
meet Clifford in single combat.  
The floor of the approaching tour-  
nament drew on apace, at length  
the two champions appeared for the  
first time. The circus was  
crowded with spectators. The  
stage was raised beneath a canopy  
adorned with the ribes of the east,

and the constant fair one sat at his  
right hand; every eye was center-  
ed on one object, the injured Eliza.  
Clifford appeared in the list, and  
the trumpets were thrice sounded;  
a stranger instantly accepted the  
challenge; his helmet of massy  
gold covered his face; it was stud-  
ded with diamonds, and the nod-  
ding plumes shook defiance to his  
foe; his armour of exquisite work-  
manship, darted a splendid radiance  
throughout the circus, and the blood-  
red cross on his breast, displayed  
a knight zealous in the Christian  
cause, the dignity of his appear-  
ance. The symmetry of his shape,  
and the graceful manner with which  
he took up the glove charmed every  
beholder. Clifford, all trembling  
approached, and thus addressed the  
multitude; "You see before you a  
wretch destined by the hand of fate,  
to meet eternal vengeance; fall I  
must, if not by the sword of my ac-  
cuser, the weight of my own sins  
must soon bring me down with sor-  
row to the grave."

The martial trumpets were again  
flourished, and the champions en-  
gaged. For some time the victory  
was doubtful, till at length the pow-  
erful arm of the stranger laid the  
lolly Clifford in the dust, and the  
circus re-echoed with repeated ac-  
clamations; his wound was mortal,  
and his friends gathered around  
him, even the injured Eliza sym-  
pathized in the tears shed on the  
dying penitent. While the crowd  
was attentive to the departing Clif-  
ford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's  
habit pressed forward, and throw-  
ing open his garment, thus ad-  
dressed the vanquished champion; thou  
man of sorrows, behold in this dis-  
guise the person of Caled, once thy  
vassal, at whose command I under-  
took the murder of the worthy Ber-  
trand; if thou has enough of life to  
hear the event, attend and learn."

The eyes of Clifford were nearly  
set in sight, but agitated by a thou-  
sand emotions, seemed to express a  
desire to hear the narrative of Cal-  
ed, who thus proceeded:—"Urged by  
your entreaties and the horrid pur-  
pose, I relented, and discovered my  
intent to the gallant youth, whom I  
pressed to depart. I have since  
heard he rendered himself famous  
on the plains of Palestine, by en-  
listing in the Holy War. You, in-  
sisted on my privately burying  
the corpse in the grove leading to  
the castle of Erasmus; this I told  
you was performed, and the amia-  
ble Eliza caused a superb shrine to  
be erected to his memory. I re-  
ceived my reward and fled; disguis-  
ed in a pilgrim's habit I followed  
Bertrand to Jerusalem; but my  
search was in vain; for soon I  
heard Bertrand was no more. Flushed  
with success, he joined the  
crossed by the gallant Richard,  
and met the shafts of death before  
the walls of Cyprus. Hope, hor-  
ror, and despair alternately reign-  
ed in the bosom of Eliza during the  
narrative, at the conclusion of  
which she fell lifeless at the feet of  
the victor. The champion, lifting  
up his helmet, caught her in his  
arms, beheld (cried the stranger) one  
whose soul is linked to thine—  
revive, thou paragon of excellency  
—'Tis Bertrand calls thee back to  
life and me!" At the well known  
name, Eliza awakened from her  
trance, and after gazing some time  
with speechless admiration, at  
length articulated,—"It is, it is my  
long lost Bertrand!" Clifford liv-  
ed but a few moments after the dis-  
covery—he received the pardon of  
the injured pair, and closed his  
eyes in peace. Bertrand turned to  
the astonished Caled, and embrac-  
ed him as a friend, every eye spark-  
led with joy, and every heart par-  
ticipated in the happiness of Ber-  
trand and Eliza.

It is recorded in the annals of  
the Castle, that virtue shall meet  
her reward, and vice be humbled at  
her feet.

After paying the funeral rites to  
the remains of the unfortunate Clif-  
ford, the nuptials were consummat-  
ed in the utmost style of magnif-  
icence at Alwyn's palace. Eliza by  
degrees recovered her native bloom  
—love riveted in her eye, and the  
roses gleamed in her cheek. Ber-  
trand again displayed his trophies in  
the hall of the Castle, and again  
assumed the hero.

The pipe once more gladdened  
the valleys, and the hills were ren-  
dered vocal by the responsive notes  
of the reed. Peace spread her sil-  
very wings athwart the verdant plain,  
and the vaulted roofs reverberated  
the sound of the harp in the happy  
Castle of Erasmus.

From the Percy Anecdotes.  
FIDELITY.

Every one must recollect the tra-  
gical story of young Emmet the Ir-  
ish Patriot; it was too touching to  
be soon forgotten. During the trou-  
bles in Ireland he was tried, con-  
demned, and executed on a charge  
of treason. His fate made a deep  
impression on public sympathy.  
He was so young; so intelligent; so  
generous; so brave; so every thing  
that we are apt to like in a young  
man.—His conduct under trial too  
was so lofty and intrepid. The  
noble indignation with which he  
repelled the charge of treason against  
his country; the eloquent  
vindication of his name; and his  
pathetic appeal to posterity in the  
hopeless hour of condemnation; all  
these entered deeply into every ge-  
nerous bosom, and even his oppo-  
nents lamented the stern policy that  
dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose  
anguish it would be impossible to  
describe. In happier days and  
fairer fortunes he had won the af-  
fections of a beautiful and interest-  
ing girl, the daughter of the late  
celebrated Irish barrister. She  
loved him with the disinterested  
fervour of a woman's first and ear-  
ly love. When every worldly max-  
im arrayed itself against him; when  
blasted in fortune, and disgrace &  
danger darkened around his name,  
she loved him the more ardently to  
his sufferings. Since his fate could  
awaken sympathy even in his foes,  
what must have been the agony of  
her, whose soul was occupied by  
his image? Let those tell who have  
had the portals of the tomb sudden-  
ly closed between them and the be-  
ing they most loved on earth; who  
have sat at its threshold, as one  
shut out in a cold and lonely world,  
whence all that was lovely and lov-  
ing had departed.

To render her widowed situation  
more desolate, she had incurred her  
father's displeasure by her unfortu-  
nate attachment, and was an exile  
from the paternal roof. But could  
the sympathy and kind offices of  
friends have reached a spirit so  
shocked and driven in by horror,  
she would have experienced a  
want of consolation, for the Irish  
are a people of quick and generous  
sensibilities. The most delicate  
and cherishing attentions were paid  
her by families of wealth and dis-  
tinction.—She was led into society,  
and they tried all kinds of occupa-  
tion and amusement to dissipate her  
grief, wear her from the tragical  
story of her love, but it was all in  
vain! There are some strokes of  
calamity that scathe and scorch the  
soul; that penetrate to the vital seat  
of happiness, and blast it, never a-  
gain to put forth bud or blossom.  
She never objected to frequent the  
haunts of pleasure; but she was as  
much alone there as in the depths  
of solitude. She walked about in a  
sad reverie, apparently unconscious  
of the world around her. She car-  
ried with her an inward woe, that  
mocked all the blandishments of  
friendship, and "obscured not the  
song of the charmer; charm he e-  
ver so wildly."

The person, says the eloquent  
author of the Sketch Book, who  
told me her story, had seen her at a  
masquerade. After strolling thro'  
the splendid rooms & giddy crowd,  
with an air of utter abstraction, she  
sat herself down on the steps of  
an orchestra, and looking about for  
some time with a vacant air, that  
showed her insensibility to the gar-  
rish scene, she began with the cap-  
riciousness of a sickly heart, to  
warble a little plaintive air. She  
had an exquisite voice; but on this  
occasion it was so simple, so touch-  
ing, it breathed forth such a soul of  
wretchedness that she drew a crowd,  
mute and silent, around her, and  
melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and so  
d-r. could not but excite great in-  
terest in a country remarkable for

enthusiasm. It completely won the  
heart of a brave officer, who paid  
his addresses to her, and thought  
that one so true to the dead, could  
not but prove affectionate to the liv-  
ing. She declined his attentions,  
for her thoughts were irrevocably  
engrossed by the memory of her  
former lover. He solicited not her  
tenderness, but her esteem. He was  
assisted by her conviction of his  
worth, and her sense of her own  
destitute and dependent situation,  
for she was existing on the kindness  
of friends. In a word, he at length  
succeeded in gaining her hand, tho'  
with the solemn assurance that her  
heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily,  
hoping that a change of scene might  
wear out the remembrance of early  
woes. She was an amiable and ex-  
emplary wife, and made an effort to  
be a happy one; but nothing could  
cure the silent melancholy that had  
entered into her very soul. She  
wasted away in a slow but hopeless  
decline, and at last sunk into the  
grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on this lady that Moore  
composed the following lines:  
She is far from the land where her young  
hero sleeps.  
And lovers around her are sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and  
weeps.  
For her heart in his grave is lying.  
She sings the wild song of her dear native  
plains.  
Every note which as lovd awaking,  
Ah! little they think who'd ought to her  
strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!  
He had lived for his love—for his country  
he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined  
him,  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be  
dried.  
Nor long will his love stay behind him!  
Oh! make her grave where the sun-beams  
rest,  
When they promise a glorious inorrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile  
from the west,  
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow.

Extract of a letter from a very in-  
telligent American gentleman,  
now in London, to his friend in  
this city, dated in November  
last.

"I have now been a month in  
England, most of which time I have  
spent in London—I have spent it,  
as a Yankee would spend it, princi-  
pally in gazing. But I am weary  
of its beggars, its rare shows, and  
its greasy streets. Its sooty edifi-  
ces, and fustian brick walls and pal-  
aces have ceased to interest me—  
and perhaps as November advan-  
ces, I shall either hang or drown in  
true English style;—I hope, how-  
ever, to survive and return to a  
land of purer air and brighter  
skies."

The condition of England, at this  
time, is any thing but cheering.  
The Tariff System is the heaviest  
blow she has ever received from  
our country. She begins to feel  
its operation, and seeks to quarrel  
with us about the Northern Bound-  
ary. The real fact is, the war is  
to be waged, not with our country,  
but with its prosperity. The United  
States have hitherto afforded the  
best market for her manufactures  
—it is now diminishing, and Man-  
chester, Leeds and Birmingham  
feel the vibration of every loom  
that is erected in our country.  
England, also, is in danger of los-  
ing much of her continental mark-  
et. France, Holland, Russia, Ger-  
many, &c. are patronizing manu-  
factures to an extent that fills the  
wivest heads in England with dis-  
may. I am aware that the opposi-  
tion here is always pretending evil,  
but even the friends of the minist-  
erial party confess an alarm.

The corn laws are the ostensible  
prominent grievance, but the ma-  
nufacturing distress is the evil  
which threatens most loudly and  
permanently the interests and tran-  
quility of England.

But I have objects of more per-  
sonal consideration than the politi-  
cal situation of this country. It  
blends itself, however, with almost  
every matter of even private con-  
cern—I have felt it even in the  
humble objects that brought me  
hither.

The joint stock companies here  
have fallen into ruin. They have  
added to the general distress, and  
are really denuded, ordinary and  
straight-going enterprise.

N. Y. Advertiser.

We extract from the George-Town  
Metropolitan, the following whim-  
sical notice of  
MISS LIVERMORE,  
THE PREACHER.

This young lady, we understand,  
is the daughter of a former mem-  
ber of Congress, whose eccentricity  
of expression quite equalled that  
of his fair daughter. Miss Liver-  
more appears to us to have a good  
mind, illustrates aptly, and speaks  
eloquently; but, in our opinion, is  
"a little touched in the upper sto-  
ry." She held forth in one of our  
churches the other evening on the  
right of females to preach, and con-  
tended that they aided the Church  
in its incipency, and deduced her  
premises from the very words of  
Paul. It was quite unnecessary to  
go back to Paul for authority—peo-  
ple of this day judge for them-  
selves. As to their right to preach,  
who ever doubted it? Or if they  
did, who could make women hold  
their tongues? But the propriety  
is another thing. On this head we  
are like Mr. Speaker Taylor—we  
would always gladly dispense  
with women's preaching. There  
is such a sweet charm in the retir-  
ing modesty of the female, that we  
cannot bear to see it outraged by  
mounting a rostrum and holding  
forth to the *commune vulgus* of both  
sexes. Miss Livermore is fully  
possessed with the idea that she  
has a call from the celestial abodes  
to preach the gospel, and was sud-  
denly struck with the idea that the  
capitol, of all other places, was the  
one in which she could do most  
good. We thank Heaven as she  
has made out her right so clearly  
from Jupiter, that she has bent her  
course this way. The corruption  
and hardness of heart evinced at  
the late presidential election, call  
for the melting tones of some di-  
vine mouth to purify and soften.  
Few people know what bouncers in  
iniquity the administration mem-  
bers of Congress are—perfect  
ch—Is incarnate.—and, the pious  
chaplains having failed to convict or  
convert, we had an idea of robbing  
the Military Academy of Professor  
M-Hivaine, at the very moment  
when this young lady made her ap-  
pearance. We pray God to bless  
her word, and make it carry con-  
viction to the hearts of all the con-  
solation members, but most especially  
to the soul of Mr. Speaker Taylor!  
In descending the other evening on  
the advice of St. Paul to women,  
wherein he tells them not to teach  
but stay at home—and learn of their  
husbands; she thanked God she was  
not one of that class.—We have no  
doubt that many of her sex, as well  
as some few of ours, would be very  
glad to have cause to thank God for  
the same thing. In this particular  
we agree exactly with Miss Liver-  
more.—Single folks owe destiny  
their gratitude, and ourself in  
particular, that we have at last  
found one preacher of the gospel to  
agree with us on any point.

LONGEVITY.—It appears by  
Worcester's Memoir on Longevity,  
that New Hampshire furnishes a  
larger proportion of centenarians  
than Sweden or Russia. Of the 93  
persons in New-Hampshire who  
reached the age of from 100 to 110,  
fifty-nine were women and thirty-  
four men, while all the five who ar-  
rived at one hundred and upwards  
were men. Mr. W. considers the  
case of Peter Tortin or Z-tin, of  
Hungary, the most remarkable  
instance of longevity known in mo-  
dern times. This man died on the  
5th of January, 1724, at the age of  
183. A few days before his death,  
he walked, with the assistance of a  
stick, to the post-house in Hurcock,  
to solicit charity.—Salem Observer.

YEARS rush by us like the  
wind.—We see not whence the ed-  
dy comes or whither it is tending,  
and we seem ourselves to witness  
their flight without a sense that  
they are numbered unto us; yet  
time is beguiling a man of his  
strength as the winds rob the woods  
of their foliage.

Industry is sometimes poor, be-  
cause, as the prophet Haggai says,  
she puts her wages into a pitre with  
holes.

FROM COLOMBIA.

PROCLAMATION OF BOLIVAR.  
Colombians: Five years since I  
left this capitol to march at the  
head of the Liberating army from  
the shore of the Cauca to the sil-  
very heights of Potosi. A million  
of Colombians, two sister Repub-  
lics, have obtained independence  
under the shadow of your banners  
—and the world of Columbus has  
ceased to be Spanish. Such is the  
result of our absence.

Your misfortunes have called me  
back to Colombia; I come full of  
zeal to consecrate myself to the na-  
tional will, which shall be my code,  
because it is inflexible.

The national voice obliges me to  
take upon myself the supreme com-  
mand; I abhor it morally, since by  
that I am accused of ambition and  
an attempt at monarchy. What!  
Do they think me so mad as to as-  
pire to degrade myself? Do they  
not know that the destiny of Libe-  
rator is more sublime than the  
Throne.

Colombians: I return to submit  
to the insupportable weight of the  
magistracy; for in moments of dan-  
ger, to give it up were cowardice,  
not moderation; yet count on me  
only until the law or the people re-  
cover their sovereignty. Permit  
me then to serve you as a plain  
soldier and a true republican, as a  
citizen armed in defence of the  
beautiful trophies of our victories  
—your rights Bolivar.

Palace of the Gov't. Bogota,  
Nov. 23, 1826.

ABSTRACT  
OF THE  
PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
Legislature of Maryland.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Wednesday January 10.

LEAVES GRANTED.  
Mr. Tidball, to report a bill to  
abolish the court of chancery and  
orphans courts, and establish a  
more efficient system of equity.

Mr. Mongomery, That the  
sense of the people of this state be  
taken on the expediency of calling  
a Convention to reform the constitu-  
tion.

Mr. Wright.—To regulate and  
define the duties of Registers of  
Wills.

Mr. Jno. W. Thomas—Relative  
to the establishment of a Light on  
Point Concord, at the mouth of the  
Susquehanna.

On motion by Mr. Brooke, it was  
Ordered, That the committee of  
ways and means be instructed to  
inquire into the expediency of ap-  
propriating the revenues arising  
from taxes on marriage licenses,  
lotteries and billiard tables, and an  
equitable proportion of such, reve-  
nues as arise from taxes on consump-  
tion, and in their nature and opera-  
tion bear upon the great body of  
the people, for the support of the  
public instruction of youth in pri-  
mary schools.

On motion by Mr. Peach, Or-  
dered, That the committee of ways  
and means be instructed to inquire  
into the expediency of a further re-  
duction on a total abolition of the  
direct tax, and that said committee  
report thereon to this house.

Mr. Peach reported unfavoura-  
bly on the petition of Jane White.  
Concurred in.

BILLS REPORTED.  
Mr. Trask.—An act supplement-  
ary to an act to provide for the  
prompt settlement of public ac-  
counts, and the collection of the  
public revenue.

Mr. John W. Thomas.—To re-  
peal an act to incorporate a com-  
pany to build a bridge over the  
Susquehanna.

Gain for Cash.

Woodland

FOR SALE.

They will sell at private

sale a tract of land called

"Allment" containing

about 100 acres, situated

between the Head of

the river and the city of

Annapolis, and is well

improved, and is well

adapted for a plantation

or for a farm, and is

well watered, and is

well situated for a

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