

The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, May 29, 1828.

No 22.

REMOVAL
of the
HARRIS & JOHNSON'S
REPORTS.
The 7th Volume is now completed and subscribers are respectfully requested to transmit the amount of their subscription to the undersigned by their subscription.

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The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th Volumes of the REPORTS for sale by the subscriber, at \$5 per vol. bound in call, or at \$5 per vol. in boards.
GEO. SHAW.
Annapolis, Jan. 17.

For Sale.
A Philadelphia Built
Which has been in use, and to dem. Harness nearly new, will be sold for Cash, or on a credit of months, the purchaser giving the name of the Editor.
April 17.

PROPOSAL
FOR PRINTING
The Journals of the Conventions of the Province of Maryland, Held in the City of Annapolis, in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776.
IF Sufficient encouragement be offered, the Subscriber proposes to publish, in one volume octavo, the Journals of the Conventions of the Province of Maryland in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776. It is believed that there is more than two copies of these Journals now extant, and from the circumstance that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be concluded that they, too, must in a great measure be destroyed by the mere passage of time. These Journals are the authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unquiet period. Altho we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the Declaration of Provinces and Colonies, and that time formed, for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works contain what may be termed its Domestic or Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to lay down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a permanent record of the voluntary sacrifices, daring spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during that period of doubt and dismay. In the confident expectation that the citizens of Maryland will consider the proposed publication of sufficient importance to entitle it to their patronage, the Subscriber is induced to propose these proposals.

The Price per Copy, not bound, \$2 00. J. GREEN.

DECISIONS
OF THE
Court of Appeals of Maryland
PUBLISHED
By Subscription.
THE DECISIONS
OF THE
COURT OF APPEALS OF
MARYLAND,
To be Reported by Thomas Hart Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Reverdy Johnson Esquire, Attorney at Law.
These Decisions will form a continuation of the first volume of Reports already published by Messrs. Harris and Johnson, which closes with the year 1805. It is proposed to publish the Decisions in a Series of Numbers, each to contain not less than one hundred and twenty five pages, and numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. The mode of publication, it is conceived possesses advantages which give decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in bulky volumes. Reports, and as not more than five numbers will be published in a year, the expense will not be so sensibly felt.

TERMS
The price of each number of Reports will be \$1 25, payable as follows.

Subscriptions to the Reports are received at GEO. SHAW'S Store, the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the Clerks of this State.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
JONAS GREEN,
NINE-THREE STREET, ANNAPOLIS.
Three Dollars per annum.
WISCONSIN LANE.

THE JOURNAL OF CAPT. A. SMITH
THE FEVER SHIP.
I sailed from Liverpool for Jamaica: after a pleasant voyage arrived at the place of destination and discharged cargo. My vessel was called the Charlotte, a light brig, well found, and navigated by 19 hands. Laden with sugar and rum for export, intended to freight from that place for England before the setting in water. This object I could only pursue by using double diligence, and by sailing as early as possible. My brig was built sharp for speed, and I did not trouble myself with any of the ordinary conveniences of a ship; (it was during war) I could run a fair race with a common printer; and we trusted to our own strength and speed. I carried four heavy cannon, and a respectable show of painted ports and rigging. For escaping capture by any of our enemies such an overhauling superiority of force as would have given confidence to run boldly at sea, and find out what were really the provisions of defence. I speedily shipped my provisions and necessities, and set sail. A breeze carried us to fill the canvas scarce a mile from Port Royal harbour. The vessel was miserably hot; the air full of fire; and the redness of the sun, not long before sunset, shone intensely as the flame of a furnace. Jamaica was very sickly; a fever had destroyed numerous of the inhabitants, and three of all newcomers speedily becoming victims. I had been fortunate enough to lose only two men during my stay of 3 or 4 weeks. (Jack Wilson Tom Warning) but they were the most sturdy and healthy men in the ship; the first died in thirty nine days after he was attacked, and the second on the fourth day. Two hands, which were all when we left, were reduced to nine the number capable of any duty. I imagined that putting away was the best plan I could adopt, to afford the sick a chance of recovery, and to retard the spreading of disorder among such as remained healthy. But I was deceived. I carried contagion with me, and on the morning of the day on which we lost the land another hand died. Still I continued to sail; I had no worse off; but other vessels had lost half their crews while in Port Royal, and some such less time than we had remained there. We sailed prosperously through the windward passage, so close that we could plainly distinguish the trees and shrubs growing up the windward side of the island, and then cleared the Bahama, and were in the great ocean.

We had seen and lost sight of Crook Island three days, when it became once a dead calm; even the unquiet waves of the sea, commonly called ground swell, subsided; the sails slackened from the yards; the vessel kept like a turtle upon the ocean, and became as smooth as a summer lake. The atmosphere could not be retained a feather; cloudless and clear, the blue serene above and the blue below were alike spotless, and radiant. Disappointment and impatience were exhibited by us all, while we were faring from the burning sky, and the pitch in the rigging till it seemed to burn on the decks; and a beefsteak had been brailed on the anchor. We could not pace the planks, and were blistered on our feet, until I ordered an awning over the deck for our relief; but still the languor we experienced was overpowering.

A violent fever, I viewed with a deadly sensation by seamen, but in the present case it was more than usual, and it was the sick, I denied the features of the breeze that would have mitigated in some degree their impatience; and it gave a predisposition to lethargy, and it imbibed the contagion, and despondency being its powerful auxiliaries. Assisted by the great heat, the fever appeared to decompose every substance of the blood; and its progress was so rapid, that no medicine could operate before death closed the scene of suffering. I had no surgeon on board, but from a medicine chest I administered the common rice-water, but what remedies could be expected to have any efficacy; where the disease destroyed life almost as quickly

as the current of life circulated! I had now but five men able to do duty, and never can I forget my feelings when three of these were taken ill on the fourth day of our unhappy inactivity. One of the sick expired, as I stood by his cot, in horrible convulsions. His skin was of a saffron hue; watery blood oozed from every pore, and from the corners of his eyes—he seemed dissolving into blood, liquefying into death. Another man rushed upon deck in a fit of delirium, and sprang over the ship's side into the very jaws of the numerous sharks that hovered ravenous around us, and seemed to be aware of the havoc death was making.

I had now the dreadful prospect of seeing all that remained perish, and prayed to God I might not be the last; for I should then become an ocean solitary, dragging on a life of hours in every second. A day's space must then be an age of misery. There was still no appearance of a breeze springing up, the horrible calm appeared as if it would endure forever. A storm would have been welcome. The irritating indolence, the frightful loneliness and tranquility that reigned around, united with the frequent presence of human dissolution, thinning our scanty number, more than the firmest nerves could sustain without yielding to despair.—Sleep fled far from from me; I paced the deck at night, gazing on the remnant of my crew in silence, and they upon me, hopeless and speechless. I looked at the brilliant stars that shone in tropical glory, with feverish and impatient feelings, wished I were among them, or best of consciousness, or were anything but a man. A heavy presentiment of increasing evil bore down my spirits.—The scene, so beautiful at any other time, was terrible under my circumstances. I was overwhelmed with present and anticipated misery. Thirty years I had been accustomed to a sea-life, but I had never contemplated that so horrible a situation as mine was possible; I had never imagined any state half so frightful could exist, though storms had often placed my life in jeopardy, and I had been twice shipwrecked. In the last misfortune mind and body were actively employed, and I had no leisure to brood over the future. To be passive, as I now was, with destruction creeping towards me inch by inch, to perceive the most horrible fate advancing slowly upon me, and be obliged to await its approach pinioned, fixed to the spot, powerless, unable to keep the hope of deliverance alive by exertion—such a situation was the extreme of mortal suffering, a pain of mind language is inadequate to describe, and I endured in silence the full weight of its affliction.

My mate and cabin boy were now taken with the disease, and on the evening of the fifth day Will Stokes, the oldest seaman on board, breathed his last, just at the going down of the sun. At midnight another died. By the light of the star we committed them to the ocean, though while wrapping the hammock round the body of the last, the malaria from the rapid putrefaction was so overpowering and nauseous, that it was with difficulty got upon deck and flung into its unfathomable grave. The dull splash of the corpse, as it plunged, I shall never forget, raising lucid circles on the dark untrifled water, and breaking the obstinate silence of the time; it struck my heart with a thrilling chilliness; a rush of indescribable feeling came over me. Even now this sepulchral sound strikes at times on my ear during sleep, in its loneliness of horror, and I fancy I am again in the ship. These mournful entombments were viewed by us at last with that unconcern which is shown by men rendered desperate from circumstances. Disease and dissolution were become every day matters to us, and the fear of death had lost its powers; we rather trembled at the thought of surviving; thus does habitude fit us for the most terrible situations.

The morning of the eleventh day of my suffering I went down in the cabin, to take some refreshment to Robson. Though at intervals in the full possession of his senses, the shortest rational conversation exhausted him; while talking in his incoherent fits did not produce the same debilitating effect. "Where is the mate?" he wildly asked me. "Why am I in your cabin, captain?" He flew Waring overboard?" I contented myself with giving general answers, which appeared to satisfy him. I feared to tell him we were the only survivors; for the truth, had he chanced to comprehend it in its full force, might have been fatal. Or returning upon the deck, I observed that clouds were slowly forming, while the air became doubly oppressive and sultry.—The intensity of the sun's rays was exchanged for a closer, and even more suffocating heat, and the atmosphere of some kind rose in my bosom again; a breeze might spring up, and I might get free from my horrible captivity. I took an ob-

servation, and found that I was clear of the rocks and shoals of the Bahamas, towards which I feared a current might have insensibly borne me; all I could do, therefore, in the case of the wind blew, was to hang out a signal of distress, and try to keep the sea until I fell in with some friendly vessel.

I immediately took measures for navigating the ship by myself. I fastened a rope to secure the helm in any position I might find needful, so that I might venture to leave it a few moments when occasion required. I went aloft, and cut away the topsails which I could not reef, and reduced the canvass all over the ship as much as possible, leaving only one or two of the lower sails set; for if it blew fresh, I could not have taken them in, and the ship might perish while by doing this, I had some chance of keeping her alive.

I now anxiously watched the clouds which seemed in motion, and the sight was a cordial one to me. At last the sea began to heave with gentle undulations, a slight ripple succeeded and bore new life with it. I wept for joy, and then laughed, as I saw it shake the sails and gradually fill them, & when at length the brig moved, just at noon on the 11th day after our becalmment commenced, I became almost mad with delight.

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THE GRAVE.
Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections; who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compassionate throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those he loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness, of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stilled grief; its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assiduity; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble utterances; Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us even from the threshold of his existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give me some assurance of affection—Aye, go the grave of buried love and meditation! There settle the account with thy conscience of every past unearmarked unregarded of that departed being who never—never—can return to be sought by contrition; if thou art a child, and hast ever aided a sorrowing soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever enjoyed the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness for thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wrangled in art a friend, or wound or deed, the spirit thought, or word or deed, the spirit thought, that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given an unmerited pang to the true heart that now lays cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

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I was like a resurrection from the dead; it was the beginning of a new existence with me. Fearful as my state then was in reality, it appeared a heaven to that which I had been in. The hope of deliverance aroused me to new energies. I felt hungry and ate voraciously, for till that moment I had scarcely eaten enough to sustain life. The chance of once more mingling with my fellow men filled my imagination, and I traced every fibre of my frame, almost to breaking. The ship's motion perceptibly increased the ripple under her bow became audible; she felt additional impulse, moved yet faster; and at length cut through the water at the rate of 4 or 5 knots an hour. This was fast enough for her safety, though not for my impatience. I steered her large before the wind for some time, and then kept her as near as possible in the track of vessels bound for Europe, certain that, carrying so little sail, I must be speedily overtaken by some ship that could render me assistance. Nor was I disappointed in my expectation. After steering two days with a moderate breeze, during which time I never left the helm, a large West Indian came up with me, and gave me every necessary aid. By this means I was enabled to reach Halifax, and finally the river Mersey, about five weeks later than the time I had formerly calculated for my voyage.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections; who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compassionate throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those he loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness, of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stilled grief; its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assiduity; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble utterances; Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us even from the threshold of his existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give me some assurance of affection—Aye, go the grave of buried love and meditation! There settle the account with thy conscience of every past unearmarked unregarded of that departed being who never—never—can return to be sought by contrition; if thou art a child, and hast ever aided a sorrowing soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever enjoyed the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness for thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wrangled in art a friend, or wound or deed, the spirit thought, or word or deed, the spirit thought, that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given an unmerited pang to the true heart that now lays cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

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