

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIII.

Annapolis, Thursday, July 24, 1828.

No 30.

BOOK BINDING.
John W. Whittington
Respectfully informs the Public and his Friends in general, that he has taken the Stand in Church Street opposite to the Office of the Maryland Gazette, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its various branches. He solicits the patronage of public patronage.
April 17.

Harris & Johnson's REPORTS.
The 7th Volume is now completed and subscribers are respectfully requested to transmit the amount due by them for subscription.
The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Volumes of the REPORTS are for sale by the subscriber, at 25 per cent. below the retail price.
GEO. SHAW,
Annapolis, Jan. 17.

Dividend.
The President and Directors of the South River Bridge Company have declared a dividend of Forty Dollars per share for the last six months of the capital stock of said Company. The same will be paid on or after the first day of July next, to stockholders in person or to their order.
By order of the President and Directors,
Th. Franklin,
Treasurer.
June 26

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 are not more than two copies of these Journals now extant; and from the circumstances that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be fairly concluded that they, too, must in a few years be destroyed by the mere decay of time. These Journals are the only authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unquiet period. Although we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the association of Provinces and Colonies, at that time formed, for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works embrace what may be termed its Domestic and Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to hand down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a public State Record of the voluntary sacrifices, during spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during this 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 issue this proposal.
The Price per Copy, not to exceed \$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 Harris, Esquire, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and Beverly 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 four numbers to constitute a volume. The last number of each volume will contain a full and complete Index. This mode of publication, it is conceived, possesses advantages which give it a decided preference to that of publishing the Reports in bulky volumes. It ensures the earlier publication of the Reports, and as not more than four numbers will be published in a year, the expenses will not be so sensibly felt.

TERMS.
The price of each number of the Reports will be \$1 25, payable on delivery.
Subscriptions to the above work are received at GEO. SHAW'S Store, the Maryland Gazette Office, and the respective Offices of the County Clerks of this State.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
Jonas Green,
NORTH-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.
—
Three Dollars per annum.

J. GREEN.

PAUL LORRAINE.
By N. P. Willis.
There is poetry that is not written. It is in the hearts of many to whom rhyme is a mystery. As I perceive it, it is delicate perception; a thing which is in the nature, enabling one man to detect harmony, and another to form a beauty better than that which is like a peculiar vision; a new world; enabling him to combine, and separate, and arrange elements of beauty into the proportions of a picture. The music in common sounds, and the loveliness by the way-side, are not a change in the sky, nor of the water, nor a sweet hum, which does not bring him to earth. He sees all the light and all the music about him—and he is poet.

At twenty-five Paul had mingled with the world. He had been caressed more than was good for his character, and had dipped deeper into pleasure than his better angel whispered him was innocent. He had learned to wear armour upon his feelings, and could go free among companions whose want of delicacy and consideration would have wounded him once like arrows. He had become what is called a man of the world, of the better order; such an one as women select for a defender, and men for an umpire in the nice distinctions of honour. He was, to a certain degree, master of himself, and always a ruling spirit with others; a noble nature, that had suffered plausibly, but false principles to graft themselves upon it.—His worldly accomplishments, however, were as yet but the dress of the masquerader, and his heart was beating still; beneath it, with the fine impulses that wrought upon his boyhood. He had kept the poetry of his feelings apart from their profanations, and in the midst of gayety, it would visit him like a palpable truth, and lead him away in a rich dream to the beautiful treasures of his fancy. A reach of moonlight on a wall, a glimpse of a bright star through the window of a ball-room, was talisman enough; and the contemplations of his early years would come at bidding, and refresh him in the depth of a forgetfulness that would seem to be total. How often have I followed him from a crowded room, to see him lean over a balustrade, and with the merry laugh of fair woman and brave men ringing in his ear, look up to the

clear heavens with the enthusiastic and simple fervour of a child! To Marion he was true. She had grown up, as he knew she must, with a heart too deep and a mind too ardent for the light frame, which imprisoned them. She was as delicate as a flower; but oh! her love was the breath of her being; that would one day exhaust it. She had the quick perceptions of her sex, united to the strong, intuitive capacities of genius. Her acquirements had elevated and expanded them; and, without a knowledge of the world or the trick of fashion, she stood alone among women like a "particular star," and won from all the unqualified admiration she did not value.

The love that Paul had begun with a boy's rash vow, was matured into strong affection. It was the whole tie of his aim in life to be worthy of Marion. There were obstacles in the way of his happiness, however, which, in the opinion of his friends, made the attainment difficult, if not improbable. He was not rich, and had no apparent preference for any profession or business. While this was the case, a connexion was, of course, by the principles of this "working-day world," not to be thought of, and the fear on this subject, by those who knew the temper of his mind, was formidable. It had been, however, a theme of much reflection to him, and the subject, in his own feelings, wore a brighter aspect. His views, it is certain, were yet romantic, and he did not quite realize the full servitude of business; but he had naturally a penetration and common sense, which were singular in a mind so gracefully gifted, and the sweet vision of Marion Graham was, in his own view, a sufficient stimulus to all necessary sacrifice.

Society, however, had many claims upon him, and with the irresistible fascination of his manner, it was not strange that he became a favorite. It is a trying relation to hold to the world, and, true as it certainly was, that he was not as deliriously devoted to his pleasures as those with whom he mingled, appearances often warranted remarks which heavily clouded the hopes of Marion. If his character had been better understood, she would have been spared the trial; but the air which he put on like a mantle, was to ordinary men the acquisition of half a life; and the hours he gave to society, and which were, to him, a relief from books, were, to ordinary men, dissipation, unfitting them for all serious employment.—Who should know that the overflow of his spirit was more than their whole capacity? Who should know that the rich beauty of his language, and the authentic elegance of his address, were the original of their studied imitation? It was here that the candid and the lenient misunderstood, and misrepresented him. They believed upon common principles, and the result became the fever of her spirit. I have said that he was susceptible. He never ceased to love her. There was never a moment when he would not have preferred her immeasurably to a world of its reputed idols. But, away from her sweet voice, and under the bewildering influence of music and excitement, he would be tempted into a momentary homage, which was repeated to her with the colouring of scandal, till her heart was sick. It was not that she believed them; she knew in her clear judgment that his devoted manner was misconstrued, and his native ardour too far above the level of his fellows to be attributed to ordinary feeling; but the continual dropping which wears away a stone, is a true emblem of the inquiet heart, and she wore away beneath it.

Unavoidable circumstances kept him at a distance, and they seldom met. But with all the hallowed delicacy and deep tenderness of their love, that brief intercourse was constrained, and painful. It was natural that it should be so. Her cheek glowed in his presence like the lip of a child; but a less practised eye might discover the history of sad, weary thought beneath it. He knew its intensity; and it was not strange, as she leaped, feebly on his arm, that dark thoughts overshadowed his hap-

—
The tempting lip I never kissed,
Or kissing may not tell,
Was like a flashing amethyst
On which a tear has fell.
Or rose leaves, blushing through a mist,
Or the winking of a shell.
I gazed upon that lip the while,
Her honeyed words did flow,
And wondered at the hidden wile
That made my feelings glow.
And wished my sister could beguile
My weary spirits so.
Her eye was blue as the sky,
And her hair was shining brightly,
And now was flashing wildly,
Now tranquil as a star;
And her lashes were bent droopingly,
As the Madonna's are.
The carpet scarcely took a print
Of her elastic foot,
And every step had meaning in't,
Like moving to a lute,
And fell like snow upon a flint—
As trackless and as mute.
She was a woman, and a child;
Capricious and mature;
At times the wildest of the wild,
Then saintly and demure.
The silver moon was not as wild,
Nor her silver light as pure.
I loved her like a fervent boy,
Too well to eat or sleep;
And I grew serious of joy,
Till I could almost weep;
And feared my visits would annoy,
And asked a curl to keep.
That pleasant evening that moonlight eve!
The honey-suckle low!
The trellis bars that seemed to weave
The light and shadow so!
And the half-blown rose that made her
That it should ever blow!
It seemed the beauty of a spell,
And she the spirit fair;
I never loved the eye so well,
Or breathed such balmy air,
And Marion—but I must not tell
The things that happened there.

—
Is death so near thee Marion?
Is it the time for thee
To lay thy burden gently down,
And let thy spirit free?
And is this all thy mystery?
Is thy brief errand done?
Art thou so ready for the grave,
Sweet Marion?
I cannot give thee up—to die!
With life no more that gentle eye,
Nor come with that sweet brow!
How could I—seeing not thy face,
And hearing not thy tone—
Bear my impatient heartiness,
And still live on!
It is not yet that sickness lies
Heavily at thy heart,
And dimness preseth down thine eyes,
Till thou wouldst faint depart,
And oh! may not bathe thy brow,
Nor at thy pillow pray,
Nor wait to close thy lids when thou
Has past away!
But fare thee well!—If it must be—
If thou must fatter—die!
I care not if it be my lot—
Beside thee soon to lie—
The early vow will not be broke,
The early beauty will
When low together we shall sleep—
Dear Marion!
A few weeks elapsed, and Lorraine

looked hourly for a summons to her death bed. It came, and he obeyed it with a sick heart and a wasted frame. The right of affection is acknowledged at such an hour, and he was led to her room immediately on his arrival.
—
Could that be Marion? She, who lay before him with that radiant smile, was that the suffering, exhausted, dying Marion, he looked to see? He gazed a moment on her face, and he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to know it was not a dream; then going up to the bed side, he bent slowly and solemnly over her, and kissed her delicate lips, as if the breath of an angel had made them holy. He was unprepared for a scene so different from his conceptions of death. She was so calm, so serene, so lovely in a decay that seems to anticipate the excellent beauty of heaven; her illumined features so like the "shining faces" of inspired description, that he was awed as by the presence of a spirit. She closed her eyes, and was visibly agitated for a few minutes; then, in a clear sweet voice, she called him, and he again leant over her. She spoke of her love; her former unkind fears, and present trust in his affection, of her hope in God, and her desire that he should seek Him earnestly; and, requesting that he would once more press his lips to hers, became insensible. Presently she revived—shivered slightly—and looking up into his face with a smile of a seraph—died!

TRAVELLING ON THE ICE.
Capt. Parry's mode of travelling on the ice, taken from an account of his late voyage towards the North Pole, written by himself.
—
Our plan of travelling (he says, speaking of the journey over the ice after leaving the Hecla,) being nearly the same throughout the excursion, after we first entered upon the ice, I may at once give some account of our usual mode of proceeding. It was my intention to travel wholly at night and rest by day, there being of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes called "snow blindness," which is common in all snowy countries. We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed; the temperature in the 24 hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night, and sleeping by day, so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket-chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours he had arrived; and there were several of the men who never knew night from day during the whole excursion. When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our sleeping dresses, and put on those for travelling; the former being made of camlet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in the day or night; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most that they were not either still wet or hard frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey while on the other hand it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being rigged for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them, as much as possible from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, and even six hours, according to circumstances. After this, we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near for

hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close along side each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by bamboo masts and three paddles placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow.
—
Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges or clothes; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories, and fought all their battles over again, and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking around us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur dresses lay down to sleep, with a degree of comfort which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances; our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature while we slept was usually from 30 to 42 deg. according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 deg. obliging us to throw off a part of our fur dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described. Our allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows:—
Biscuit 10 ounces
Pemmican, dried meat 9 do
Sweetened cocoa powder 1 do
Ruin 1 gill
Tobacco 5 oz. p. week
Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two points formed our daily allowance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp with seven wicks—a simple apparatus which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast, that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion.

Extraordinary Occurrence.
Wilksbarre, (Penn.) June 27.
About three weeks since, a son of Jonathan Carpenter, esq. of Northumberland, aged about six years, strayed a short distance from his father's residence, in company with another boy, & was most shockingly bitten by a rattlesnake. It is thought that the child did not observe the reptile, and that he supposed there were briars about his feet, as he did not move from the place until bitten several times. The snake was discovered by his little companion, who warned the unfortunate child of his danger. He attempted to escape, but so furious had the snake become, that it continued to thrust its fangs into him until he fell. Being unable to walk, the child crawled on his hands and knees to the road, a few yards distant, when the snake let go his hold, (by which he had been dragged through the brush) and retreated. By the time assistance was offered him, the child was senseless, and badly swollen. Medical aid was immediately called, and every exertion made to relieve him—but of no avail. He lived about 36 hours, senseless, when the vital spark fled.

TOOTH POWDER.
The following is a receipt for making a cheap and incomparably excellent dentifrice, which not only makes the teeth white, but also gives strength to the gums and an agreeable sweetness to the breath.—Take half an ounce of gum myrrh, one ounce of chalk, and one ounce of charcoal. The ingredients must be finely pulverized, and finer the better; when it is fit for immediate use, and we will merely add, that of all preparations for cleansing the teeth we ever used, this is the best.