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## MISCELLANY.

"I left these where I found them love."  
Every body that hums at all, has hummed this favorite air. In the following parody it will be seen that the poet left his love where he did not find her. We hope that the "gentle brick bat," did not pay its respects to the head of the gentle woman.

From the New Haven Chronicle.

### SERENADE.

O wake the wind sighs low, my love,  
The vale sleeps low in mist;  
O wake! my heart is woe, my love,  
'Till ye arise and list.

'Tis something like a mile, my love,  
I've dashed through damp and dew,  
O'er hedge-row, ditch and stile, my love,  
With a tender song for you.

So wake for well you know, my love,  
My temper's none the best,  
And as to patience, oh! my love,  
I cannot say I'm best.

The clock is striking one my love,  
Low hangs the dew-fell'd cup;  
My song will soon be done, my love,  
So up! fond lady! up!

What! sleep ye yet so soundly love?  
You jule you! wot you rise?  
While here I sing, contending love!  
To bestless, gratis and free.

Will then from this high grass, my love,  
My exit I will make,  
Yet first through sash and glass, my love,  
This gentle brick-bat take!

### AUTUMN.—By N. A. HAYES.

I love the dew of night,  
I love the howling wind,  
I love to hear the tempest sweep  
O'er the billows of the deep!  
For nature's saddest scenes delight  
The melancholy mind.

Autumn! I love thy power  
With faded garlands drest;  
How sweet alone to linger there  
When tempests ride the midnight air,  
To watch from mist the fleeting hour,  
The sabbath of the breast.

Autumn! I love thee well;  
Though bleak thy breezes blow,  
I love to see the plowman's smile,  
And clouds roll wild round the skies,  
Where from the plain the mountains swell  
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn! thy fading flowers  
Drop but to bloom again;  
So man though doom'd to grieve a while,  
To hang on fortune's sickle smile,  
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,  
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

From the Pittsburgh Crystal and Ladies Magazine.

### A TALE OF LAKE ERIE.

By George W. Thompson, Esq. of St Clairsville, Ohio.

"Tell her of him whose lovely grave  
Shall meet her dark eye never,  
His pillow in the stormy wave,  
The deep his home forever."

A Buzz went through the American Camp, and the scantily dressed soldiers were seen passing from one tent to another the whole exhibited a scene of confusion and anxiety, and the deep touches of interest which dwell upon the countenances of officers and soldiers, gave evidence that a more than common sacrifice was expected from one, or from all.

The "Star spangled banner" waving proudly in the breeze, and the insignia of command arranged in due order before one of the principal tents pointed out the soldier-like habitation of the Chief in Command. The General sat in his tent, his head was pensively reclining on his hand, as he mused on the asperities of a soldier's fortune, and perhaps in his reverie he heard the chords of sweet Clara's voice, as she sang,

"Rest, Warrior, rest."

He was in that kind of reverie from which it is painful to be aroused, and the indulgence of which is marked with all the joy of grief. George Wortley entered; a deep gloom was on his countenance, indicative of feelings which brooded over some blighted hope, some sad remembrance which had once been all sunshine, but which now darkened on his soul. He entered, but without any military formalities, and was kindly received by his superior officer, who never considered his presence as an intrusion. George's countenance assumed if possible a deeper shade of melancholy as he opened the conversation. Informing the General that he offered to go upon the proposed campaign.

The General warmly answered, "George, these are many whom we can spare; you are a volunteer, and should not be deterred by any description of danger, you will only have a horse to ride to a spy."

It is my wish to go, returned George,

"these brave fellows have something to bind them to the world. You know my tale; misery has made me drink of his cup, and a broken heart little reaks of joy or life. All things are ready, and I go to night; if I fall give a tear to my memory, but let my fate be unknown." As he spoke he extended his hand to the general, who rising from his seat, shook a tear from his eye lid and firmly grasping George's hand, with a soldier's farewell greeting, said, "Good bye, George, and may God bless you."

The American encampment was but a few miles west of the town of Buffalo, and commanded an unobstructed view of the whole of that part of Lake Erie. The morning previously to the sun arose, a slow wheating from the deep, and rolled back the curling vapor from the bosom of the lake, several vessels bearing the British flag rode at anchor in full view, with stately pride, and looked like spirits of the waters. It was known to the American General, that they bore important despatches, and that it would facilitate his cause, and perhaps save his army from some meditated danger, to become acquainted with the designs of the opposing enemy. The vessels still rode in full view, and the breeze of the evening frequently bore to the ill provided Americans the sound of uncouth mirth and wanton revelry.

The delay of the vessels was occasioned by a desire of the British officers to learn the situation and force of the American Army, but the disposition of the men by the Commandant was such as rendered every attempt of the kind impracticable. To propose himself as an adventurer to discover the designs of the enemy by visiting the vessels, was the object of George Wortley's visit to the General's tent. Others were willing to undertake the perilous task, but George claimed it as a matter of right, as well as favour, which was however reluctantly allowed. As he departed from the General's tent an unusual fire beamed from his long tranquil eye, and an unusual glow threw a light on his heretofore wan and pallid features.

He felt the warm blood rush to his heart and insipidate his whole system; he was then happy, but why he knew not. He hastened to his tent to make preparation for the night's adventure; his companions in rank sighed as he passed by, and the old soldier turned away, as he thought that perhaps ere long the muffled drum might give to the sighing gale the story of his ignominious fate.

The sun had gone down, and but one lone and lovely star shone amidst the dying glory of the West. George Wortley passed from his tent disguised in the habit of a British sailor, and as he supposed, went forth alone. The banks of the Lake were high and abrupt, and the waves dashed and foamed with a sullen voice at their rocky base. He followed the winding margin of the banks until he came to a small rivulet, which dashed down a deep, abrupt and narrow channel, which at the bottom formed a still and secluded bay, and in which was concealed the boat that was to bear him to the enemy's vessels. He wended his way down the rugged descent, and emerging from the darkness which always reigned there, he came to his boat peacefully moored in the roman little bay, and in a few minutes his frail barque was tossing on the swelling waves. He had proceeded half way to the vessels, the night had advanced & was clear and beautiful; it was such a night as an astrologer would have chosen to read in the thousand stars the fate of mankind—silence dwell on the blue heaving bosoms of the billows—the God of repose reclined on his couch of forgetfulness and

"No longer the joy in the Sailor Boy's breast,  
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,  
The sea bird had flown to her war-torn girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers."

He had proceeded above half way, lost in his accustomed gloomy reflections, when starting from his trance of feeling, he laid his hand upon his dagger, and sternly eyed some being coiled upon the further end of the boat, who had hitherto remained unnoticed. The thought flashed on his brain that he had already been betrayed, and returning the dagger to its sheath, he drew a pistol from his left breast, and took deliberate aim, but his fatal being, (if he deserves the name,) crying out in a most mournful voice, "Don't kill poor Nabbs," George recognized in the voice and person of the speaker (who immediately became erect,) the "Idiot Boy" whom he had conferred many trifling favours. His first impulse was to return back and leave the "Idiot" on the shore, but the moon which was just beginning to silver in the East, would have betrayed his visit to the vessel, if detained by a movement of the kind; and to go back without accomplishing the object of his visit, was to brand

himself with the epithet of a coward. Here his feelings became so excited, that he exclaimed "Death sooner than infamy!" The next thought, as a matter of self defence, was to consign the poor boy to the mercy of the waves. The "Idiot" with a voice and a manner of touching tenderness, peculiar to such unfortunate beings, said, "Think Nabbs! Mister Wortley, go with nobody at all, 'mong them British." George hung his head to think he had meditated an injury to a being who felt so deeply interested in his welfare. He determined to proceed to the vessels and trust his life to the discretion of an idiot boy. He ran his boat close under one of the principal vessels, and having secured it so as not to excite suspicion, he mounted the side, and with a beating heart trod the proud deck of a British Man of War. He dimpled with the dusky forms that gathered round the masts, and listened to their simple tales of love which had blessed them beneath another sky. His heart fluttered wildly as he heard the seaman from his guarded way proclaim to the rising moon,

"Above—below—good night—all's well!  
The idiot instinctively stole away and concealed himself in some retired corner; the sailors were reposing in their hammocks, and only now and then persons were seen passing from one part of the deck to the other. The warm blood bounded to George Wortley's head—burned for a moment, then rushed back to his almost unpalpating heart, as he listened to the last, dying, pensive cadence of a female voice. It was such as recalled to his mind a sound which had blessed him in a happier day. He approached near the spot, when the strain was again resumed, and the following verse sung to an air of the sweetest melody—

"I'll never weave for thee a song,  
Nor slyly touch the washing lye;  
Words may be false, or taken wrong,  
And music's note too soon expire,  
Words may be false, but OH! believe  
There yet is one who will not deceive,  
Will not deceive."

"Tis they," exclaimed Wortley, and overcome by his feelings, sprang to the plate and continued the exclamation, "My God! Martha Woodville!" The female fell into his arms, and was entirely unconscious while he impressed a fervent kiss upon her pallid cheek. Her vigor and recollection returning together, she burst from his embrace, and exclaimed, "O my dear Wortley, he is here," and retreated to the cabin. George was aroused from the inaction into which he was thrown by her language, and the suddenness of her flight, by receiving a stab from behind, which was only prevented from being fatal by the point of the weapon glancing outwardly from the ribs. He wheeled a round, and closing in upon the cowardly assassin, wrested his sword from him, and placing the blade beneath his foot snapt it in twain. He was about to throw the pieces into the Lake when he saw the enamelled name glancing in the moon beams—with a voice of hatred heightened to frenzy, he yelled "M'Dole, cursed villain," and sprang towards him, but M'Dole eluded his grasp and ran to the cabin of the Admiral, and soon returned to the deck with a command to arrest Capt. George Wortley, of the American Army. The command was immediately put into execution, and George gloomily resigned himself to his fate, knowing that the man who had basely separated him from the woman of his love, would triumph that he perished by the meanest felon's death.

George Wortley and Martha Woodville were the pride of two different villages in the interior of the United States. Their tale was one of, perhaps, too frequent occurrence—they were each other—loved—and were engaged, and that engagement was approved by a Mother ever solicitous for her daughter's happiness. Her father had rejoined the stars, and none else were left who had a right to interpose aught between these congenial spirits. The bridal day was appointed, and Time smoothing his wrinkled brow leaned on the anchor of hope, and for once smiled benignant on the bliss of human hearts. The song which Martha had been singing on board the vessel was one framed by George in the day of his happy courtship. Her guardian M'Dole was a person whom she had always been taught to respect and look up to with reverence for he had ever been considered a virtuous, amiable and a worthy man; he violently opposed George Wortley's suit, and succeeded in extorting a promise from Martha not to wed without his consent. He had other objects in view than Martha's happiness. He had sold his honor and those talents which should have been devoted to his country's good, for British gold, and that power demanded some aid as a hostage, that he would not turn from the course of his villainy. As such he had tag, he delivered up Martha Wood-

ville to men whose virtue was doubtful, & whose honour he knew not such was the cause of her presence on board the enemy's vessels.

The night of George's capture rolled heavily away, and mental agony forbade him the sweets of repose. Martha passed the night in doubt and anxiety, nor was the time to M'Dole less sleepless, for the wolf in pursuit of human blood will howl on through all the night. The morning came on; the sun arose brilliantly and imparted all his splendour to the scenery of the Lake. The officers of the squadron had met as a Court Martial, and Captain Wortley was arraigned as a Spy before men, whose minds had been embittered against him by the tales of M'Dole, he did not deny the charge, & was sentenced to the yard arm with a respite till the next morn at sunrise. Martha who had been taken from the hold of her Guardian ran upon the deck and fell in George's arms shrieking, "save him, save him." M'Dole who had pursued was about to force her from the embrace of her injured lover, when the Admiral with a voice of stern fierceness exclaimed, "M'Dole, beware." The baseness of M'Dole burst upon him at once, and he felt that Wortley was an injured man; he asked of George the history of his life, which was told with little warmth as possible; the old Admiral grasped his hand, pitied and shed a tear for his fate, because he could not avert it. At the strong solicitation of George and the gentle violence of the good old Admiral, Martha permitted herself to be removed to a distant vessel; her grief had rendered her nearly past grief George was left to prepare for his fate, and received all the kindness he could have wished in his situation; one of the State Rooms having been allotted to himself.

The day on board the Admiral's vessel passed away in silence, and every thing like unbecoming mirth was repressed. The night had come on, and M'Dole was sullenly pacing the deck, for there he knew he was hated and despised, although on that vessel he wore a sword, the emblem of an office he dared not own in his native land. The idiot who had witnessed every thing that had transpired, grasped a rusted knife that lay on the deck, and which had been used by the sailors in cleaning their fish, rushed upon M'Dole, gave him a fatal stab, and with an hysterical laugh, heaved him to the dark green way. The idiot decended the side of the vessel, and with feelings of joy that he could not repress, loosened the boat, and in an instant was before the window of the State room. "Pind!" it would not give way to gentle pressure, he raised one of the oars and dashed the window to pieces—George sprang and hailed the idiot as his deliverer, lowered himself into the boat, and with a beating heart, directed their course to the American shore. They had proceeded but a short distance when one of the smallest guns in the Admiral's vessel was fired to the leeward. George's flight had been discovered, and all the boats were lowered and in pursuit; every nerve was strained by the hardy seamen, faithful to their duty, and the bright star light on the evening soon pointed out the boat of George and the idiot moving comparatively slow towards the land of their grandfathers and their liberty. A volley of musketry was fired from the pursuer, when the poor idiot lay fall struggling back in the boat. George stood up, determined to die the death of a soldier, that his memory should not be branded with the ignominy of a felon's fate. The seamen, as if conscious of his intention, threw in another valley when a piercing groan came from the boat, and George Wortley fell back while his life blood darkened on the billow. The shattered boat filled rapidly with water and soon sunk down to moulder with the sea-covered weed.

The moon again arose as brilliant as ever—the God of Repose reclined a gain on the couch of forgetfulness, & the proud waves of Lake Erie rolled brightly & gloriously on. "Sister! I have stood where the blood tinged billow of that night's struggle dashed its white foam on the beach, where on the green branch above, the Wild Eagle screamed the Warrior's requiem. I have seen Martha sit at her parlour window, turn pensively away and weep; but she now only exists in the recollections of many as a bright dream of their childhood, for she, too, has long since, mingled with the clouds of the valley.

G. W. T.

### A TOAST.

The following toast was drunk at CANTON on the 22d of February—WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE. The heroes who reduced the value of a Crown in this country, to one dollar and ten cents.

### DYSPEPSIA.

Hypochondriacal leans on his arm,  
The wind in his side doth him much harm,  
And troubles him full sore God knows,  
Much pain he hath, and many woes;  
About him pots and glasses lie  
Newly brought from apothecaries.

Barton's Anatomy.

In the coffee-room, at the Castle Inn, Ramsgate, I found an elderly gentleman and a Tom cat. The elderly gentleman was sitting in the darkest corner of a corner box; but Tom cat was enjoying the warm sunshine on the sill of a bow window. Tom was an old acquaintance of mine, but the elderly gentleman was a stranger to me, and therefore I thought it would be a breach of good manners not to pay my respects to him first. He was what Mr. Wordsworth would call a noticeable man; his age might be about fifty; he was tall and thin; his hair was frizzled & scanty; his cheeks were lank, yellow, and whiskerless; his nose was rather purple, especially towards the tip; his abdomen was drawn in—greyhound fashion; and his dress was a suit of rather rusty mourning—so much too roomy for him, that I could not help thinking he had a penchant for mourning and had indulged himself, with more of it than was absolutely necessary for his reasonable occasion. He was sitting with the fingers of both his hands crushed down between his thighs, and with one knee crossed over the other—his pendant leg hanging close down by the side of its fellow, like the top piece of a farmer's flail by the side of its handle. On the cold highly polished table before him, lay a white pocket handkerchief, a pair of spider-limbed blue steel spectacles, with pale blue specs, a well worn pamphlet, entitled "A Treatise on Dyspepsia," a large tumbler of cold water; and an open box of pills; and on this arrangement of his property he seemed to be ruminating very intently. "Good morning to you, Sir," said I—a very delightful day this?—To which genuine English salutation he replied, suddenly looking up, like one awaking from some dreary dream. "Oh!—good morning—yes Sir, I believe it is," and then relapsed into his rumination. Heavens help the man! thought I—he is either very poorly, or hath a plentiful lack of good manners; and as I am neither a doctor of physic, to cure the one, nor a knight errant, to correct the other, why should I intrude my services upon him?

So I turned away from the strange elderly gentleman, and his pill box and pamphlet, in the dark corner; to pay my respects to my old friend, Tom cat, in the sun shined bow window—and a highly respectable cat he is; an aldermanic cat—collared and competent of premier cat upon the catalogue of Ramsgate cats; & for many years has he been enjoying the otium cum dignitate of his long and useful labours, by sitting half asleep in this same sunny window to receive the salutations and gentle patters of beves of fair dames and damfels as they pass by his window to the sands. "Well, Tom, my old boy! and how do you find yourself?" said I; and like a well-bred cat as he is, he rose from his seat, arched his back, flourished his tail gently, sat soberly down again, and replied, "Purrah"—as much as to say, "pretty well, thank you." And pretty well is much, for a cat of his years, I thought I; and now I look at the signs, I perceive that symptoms of cataclasis have begun to manifest themselves in the sinister organ, since I saw thee this time 12 months—but never mind, Tom; be thankful, it's no worse; be moderate in all things; enjoy the sunshine whilst thou mayest; and never bother thy catty brains with considering whether cataract, catarra, cataclasm or catalepsy, shall bring about that lingering pest 'dyspepsia' and be honoured with a catafalco at thy funeral.

It would be a hard matter to say exactly whether honest Tom exactly understood all this—especially as his attention was more than once called off by the elderly gentleman in the corner. However, when I had ended my advice, he again got up, rubbed his face against my hand, and again said "purrah"—which I understood to signify that he took my advice kindly, and that he might not exactly understand it, and we were just going to make some comments on a couple of puppies who were worrying each other, on the other side of the street, about a mutton bone which they both laid claim to—when the door of the coffee-room swung open, and in marched an awfully whiskered young gentleman—a regularly built R. Y. clubman, in blue jacket, black neck-gear, wide flowing trousers, and broad striped red and white shirt. At three long lurching strides he brought himself up before the looking glass, set his legs apart to keep all steady, squinted his eyes, and on both sides had his whiskers—sprawled himself around on his forehead; rolled round

the table—tweaked Tom Cat's whiskers—swooped his stam upon a sand—swooped his knowledge—poked his pair of five prong'd forks through his top brushed work—dragg'd last week's Sussex Advertiser under his figure head; and, making a sort of jib-mangle of his fore arms, he seemed to be settling himself down in a sort of ad-idea that he was going to try to read something or other.

By and by, in comes a stiff plump, ruff-faced, curly-headed, light little gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a close-fitting, spick and span green surcoat, drab tights, well strapped down and braced up; a white hat, elegantly cock'd aside; yellow buckskin gloves; and in his nervous grasp, a close roll'd brown silk umbrella, with the head of our gracious Sovereign, carved in ivory, by way of a handle to it. Bounce he came into the middle of the room—looked smartly about for the bell pull—found it in a moment—plucked it energetically, and then, bending himself at the hip joint, he placed his obtuse angle upon the edge of a seat, stuck his umbrella perpendicularly between his knees, & began playing a very merry devil's tattoo upon the top of his Majesty's ivory head. Did you ring Sir? demanded the almost breathless waiter. "Yes, the bill of fare." A bill of fare as long as my arm was handed to him instantaneously. His eyes glanced down in a moment. "Sole, beef-steak, oyster-sauce, chicken," said he. "When, Sir?" asked the panting waiter. "Now," was the prompt reply, and away ran the waiter like a lamplighter. "Bopff!" haughtily said the elderly gentleman in the corner, and thereupon the following colloquy ensued between them two—

Seem troubled with the wind Sir?  
Oh! yes—rather so. I have the misfortune to be what they call—  
"Taking pills for it Sir? you've a box of pills there I see."  
Yes—no—these are not pills—not exactly pills—they are Dr. Kitchener's persualers and I—  
D'ye think water's good for wind, Sir? you've got water here I see.  
Yes, I drink water, but this Ramsgate water is such vile stuff, that—  
Oh! the water's very good manners; and as I am neither a doctor of physic, to cure the one, nor a knight errant, to correct the other, why should I intrude my services upon him?

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Advertisement for a reward of \$100 for the capture of Jonathan Pinkney, a runaway from the farm of the late Jonathan Pinkney, Esq. near Annapolis, two negroes named Jim Wootten, aged about thirty years, and sixteen inches high, and a white man named BEN DWIEN, about 19 years old, five feet six inches high, very black, and walks a little lame. A reward of \$100 will be given for the apprehension of the two negroes, or twenty for each, if taken within this state, secured in jail so that I get them; or one hundred dollars for both, if they are taken out of the state.