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MISCELLANY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A SERENADE.

By Henry Mack.

Wake Lady! wake! the midnight Moon
Sails through the cloudless sky of June,
The stars gaze sweetly on the Stream,
Which in the brightness of their beam
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright,
Is shining on our world to night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake Lady! wake! the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love lorn tale;
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
As through the vales she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night wind stir'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all each's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake Lady! wake! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour has flown,
Danger and doubt has vanished quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the fight.
Save thou alone.

Wake Lady! wake! I have a wreath
Thy brood fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a wreath that must not shine
On any finger, Love! but thine;
I've kept my plighted vow;
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee from the cold night air,
Far from this dull and captive stand,
But where art thou?

Wake Lady! wake! She wakes! she wakes!
Through the green mead her course she
takes;
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray,
Now mount thy palfrey, Maiden kind!
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But swifter than the viewless wind,
Away—away!

From the London Mirror.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

The storm still raged with unabated violence, and the wind, as it howled around him dashed to and fro, the waving plumes upon the helmet of the knight; but he heeded it not, and continued to urge his coal black steed towards the dark and gloomy forest. The wind stayed its fury for a space, and the moon broke suddenly from between two warring clouds as if she would have calmed with her soft, holy light the furious tempest that was raging around.
That momentary light gave to view the knight upon his coal black steed entering the precincts of the forest. As darkness again closed, the sound of approaching steeds was heard, & a deep, hoarse voice exclaimed:
"Curses on the storm; is there no place of shelter nearer than your father's castle, lady."
"Swear not, replied a female voice;—Swear not Count Gondibert, lest you bring down Heaven's vengeance on our heads.—There is no place of shelter save this forest, and I will not enter it."
"Why fear you this, fair lady? replied the other; am I not here to guard and protect you? Can you fear the struggling bandits who infest it?"
"It is no human power I fear, replied the soft voice. It is a shuddering dread of another kind. Hast thou forgotten the legend of the forest, how a brave knight was basely murdered there, returning to his young and lovely bride, by a disappointed rival.—I cannot enter my lord; hark! hark! the sound of horses feet is beating in the forest."
Count Gondibert listened, but before he had time to prepare for defence, there was a rush from its dark bosom, and in a moment they were surrounded by horsemen.—The lady Bertha shrieked. Count Gondibert drew his sword, and called on his attendant's to defend themselves. They quickly drew forth their fire arms; but fear and darkness prevented their making a vigorous defence against their assailants, and they began to give way. One of the robbers laid his hand upon the bride of the lady Bertha's palfrey, while Count Gondibert in vain endeavored to defend and release her; but it was done by another hand. One blow from a strange sword severed the arm from the body. On all sides the blood fell the power of a

strong arm, but darkness prevented them from distinctly seeing the form which dealt these strokes of death. Unprepared for this attack, terror seized the banditti, and they fled before that arm of power.
The moon again shone forth. It was the knight on his coal black steed.
"It is the knight of the forest!" cried Bertha, and hid her face with her trembling hands.

Count Gondibert shuddered, and laid his hand on the lady's bridle to lead her away; but the knight also laid his hand upon it, & it fell from that of the Count. Count Gondibert spoke not, the lady Bertha trembled with affright, and the knight in silence led the palfrey towards the castle of her father, Baron Adlobret. They arrived at the castle gates, and they were opened, when she was taken in, in an insensible state. The knight on his coal black steed slowly retraced his way to wards the forest, and Baron Adlobret receiving his fainting daughter in his arms, eagerly inquired the cause of the situation in which he beheld her.
Count Gondibert related the adventure. The baron looked disturbed, and asked whether the knight wore sable armour and rode a black horse.
"He did, replied Count Gondibert. "Didst thou remember to utter a prayer?" asked the baron solemnly. Count Gondibert started.
"Beware of that knight, Count Gondibert. Canst thou forget the tradition, that the fate of thy house depends on such a form?—Should thou meet him three times, and forget to utter a prayer, thou art lost." The Count remained in gloomy silence.

The baron now dismissed Bertha, who had revived, to her chamber, and turning with a smile towards the Count, he inquired what progress he had made in Bertha's affections during the time of her residence to gether at the castle of her uncle, when they had just returned. Count Gondibert contracted his brows, and fire flashed from under them, as he answered in a haughty tone, that lady Bertha had peremptorily refused to listen to his suit, and he feared that he must aspire to no more than her friendship.

"Her love added he, with a bitter smile still appears to be buried in the grave of the page.
"It is nearly a year, Count Gondibert, since the mysterious death of Albert, and Bertha may possibly now be won think of a lover more becoming her than an unknown boy. She speaks not of him, she seems to lament him not."
The baron said no more and the conference broke up.
The following morning, Count Gondibert sought an interview with the lady Bertha—and renewed his suit; but she repulsed him with indignation and displeasure at his thus breaking through the solemn promise he had made her, never to resume the hated subject. The count sprung on his steed and galloped from the castle; rage and vengeance burning in his breast. Absorbed in his dark reflections, he drew near the forest without observing that he did so.
"She shall be mine, exclaimed he aloud, were all the powers of darkness leagued a gainst me."
They may resist thee!" said a deep voice beside him. He looked up, the knight on the coal black steed was there—he sunk back and muttered a prayer, the prayer was a stranger to his lips. In silence he rode, and the black night by his side, till he had arrived at his own castle gates when the knight slowly retraced his way to the forest.

A superstitious terror scarcely now permitted Count Gondibert to leave his castle, lest he should again encounter the Black Knight; but it did not hinder him from laying plans for the accomplishment of his diabolical purpose.
"My mind is sad to day, said Bertha to her attendant, and I feel a wish to recline on the banks of the dark rolling Danube—the deep shade of its trees will be in accordance with the sadness of my soul."
Scarcely were they within the shade of the forest, when Bertha felt the gloom deepen in her mind and sad thoughts which filled her eyes with tears came crowding fast up on her.
"Ah! Matilda said she, as they proceeded, how like is this shade to my darkened life! I have left the morning light of joy behind, & there remains for me but the night of grief!"

At that moment she felt herself enveloped in a close covering, which obscured her sight and stifled her voice; she heard the shriek of Matilda, but she heard no more; for a powerful arm was thrown around her; she was hurried along, placed on a steed before a horseman and borne swiftly away.

Long did they ride at a rapid pace; but at last the horseman paused.
"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed she, "for what am I doomed? Tell me, tell me, by all your hopes of heaven, for what am I reserved? Drive me not to despair!"
"Innocence should never despair," said the horseman sternly.

His words insensibly infused courage into the bosom of Bertha; and after waiting a short time a horn was sounded low, and she heard the clanking of the chains of a drawbridge letting down. She shuddered, but remembered the words of the horseman, "Innocence should never despair; she made no resistance, and suffered herself to be led across the bridge, into what she imagined to be the court yard of a castle. A door was opened, and her conductor led her down a flight of steps. Oh, heaven! that she, in a dungeon that I am to be taken to? but she spoke not.—After winding about he entered a room, and drawing Bertha within, said, "You may remove the bandage," but before she could do so, he had retreated and locked the door after him.

In place of a dungeon she found herself in a magnificent apartment. She gazed around her in astonishment; but something like the truth flashing upon her mind, she exclaimed, "rather, to a dungeon!" A female entered and approached Bertha, who knew not in what light to consider her, as she appeared to be too elegantly attired for an attendant.
"Why am I here?" asked Bertha, "and who dares thus treat the daughter of Baron Adlobret?"
The female made no reply to her question, but surveyed Bertha with a scrutinizing glance, and the result of her observations was evidently not pleasure.

"For what purpose am I here?" repeated Bertha.
"I am appointed to attend you," replied the female, "not to answer your questions. Supper waits, will it please you to partake of it?"
Bertha only waved her hand in silence, and again sunk upon the sofa.
"Hence is your apartment when you choose to retire," opening a door near to where Bertha sat.

Bertha made no reply; and with a haughty step she left the room. On entering the chamber, she examined every window and door, but they were all firmly secured—there lay no hope that way. Bertha awoke not till morning, and soon after the female she had seen the preceding evening entered, and inquired how she had rested.
"I rested well," said Bertha.
"What! did terror and despair not keep you from rest? Inquired she with a contemptuous smile.
"Innocence should never despair," said Bertha calmly.

The eye of the female flashed fire as she showed Bertha into an adjoining room.
"For some days she saw no one save this woman. Bertha asked no questions, and there was an almost total silence. One evening, however, she appeared to be singularly agitated, and paced the room, involuntarily clasping her hands, as if bitter thoughts crossed her, and occasionally gazing on Bertha with a bewildered glance, who now began to be alarmed. The female perceived it, and immediately calming her emotion, she took a lute from the table, and commenced tuning it. Her hand trembled as she swept the chords, and she sung the following verse with unsteady voice:
But the maiden's wait, tis silent now,
Her tears they are wiped away;
A mantling flush laughs o'er her brow,
And there's joy in her eye's bright ray,
She smiles at the tale her new lover sighs,
While all forgotten the lost youth lies!

Albert! Albert! exclaimed Bertha, ringing her hands and rushing up to the singer. "Woman," she continued, "who has persuaded thee to torture a heart almost broken with grief? Who dares say that Albert is forgotten?"
The female appeared awed for a moment. Then fixing her eyes upon Bertha.
"Swear to me," she said, "that he

is still remembered—swear to me that you will resist Count Gondibert even to death, and a way for escape may yet be found."

Indignation sparked for a moment in Bertha's eye, as if she would have said,
"Wretch! thou knowest not the pure constancy of virtuous woman's love;" but, repressing her feelings, she replied, "my constancy is firm unto death—I never will be Count Gondibert's bride."
A tear for the first time appeared in those large black eyes. "Then I shall be your friend—resist, and fear not," saying which she precipitately arose; and left the apartment.

Bertha threw herself upon a sofa, and wept; but she was soon roused by a heavy footstep in the chamber. She started up, and Count Gondibert stood before her. He forcibly seized her hand, which she in vain attempted to withdraw.
"I have cursed the moments that has kept me from thee," said he; but now that I am with thee nothing shall tear us asunder till thou art mine, thou loved; though scornful one."
"Base, unmanly villain!" exclaimed Bertha, dashing him from her, "I command thee to restore me to my father. Darest thou, in thy dastard soul ever to hope for my consent.—Away, traitor, nor presume to lay thy coward hand upon me!"
"Resistance is in vain," cried the Count, enraged at her contempt; "this night sees you my bride—nothing can rescue you from my power. In three hours every thing will be ready—prepare to submit in silence to your inevitable fate."
"Monster! no power shall make me thine—Heaven will protect me."
"Trust in heaven, then, replied he, with a scornful laugh, "for no earthly aid can reach you; saying which he left the apartment, and Bertha trembled at the fate which seemed to await her.

Two hours had passed away in dreadful agitation, and Bertha began to fear that the promised assistance of the female attendant was in vain, when at last she hastily entered the apartment. Motioning Bertha to keep silence, she proceeded to array her in bridal garments, and threw a long white veil over her. She had scarcely completed these arrangements, when the door was opened, and Count Gondibert appeared.
"All is ready said the count; I come to lead my bride to the altar."
"Villain!" said Bertha, grasping the sofa, "approach me at thy peril!"
"Carry the lady into the hall," said the count, turning to his attendants. They approached the terrified Bertha, and amidst her struggles and cries for succour, they bore her into the hall.

The hall was hung with tapestry, and but dimly lighted. A large mirror was on the side, before which stood the priest, who was to perform the ceremony.
"If thou art a true minister of our religion," cried Bertha, "I charge thee not to aid in this unholy design."
"Peace," exclaimed the count, stamping violently. "Proceed!" added he, addressing the priest, who now opened the book.
"Stop, I command you!" again cried Bertha—"Oh, aid me heaven!"

As she uttered these words she raised her eyes, and the figure of an armed warrior met them in the opposite mirror; it was that of the Black Knight; and Bertha, uttering a heart piercing shriek, fell lifeless in the floor. The count grasped his sword, but the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the deep tones of the well remembered voice near him made his blood run cold—Where is the prayer Gondibert? it enquired—
"Another time and thy fate is sealed!"
Lights were soon brought by some of the terrified attendants. All remained apparently undisturbed in the hall, save the unhappy victim, who, closely enveloped in her veil, lay extended on a sofa.

"Ha!" exclaimed the count, on observing her, "Bertha still here, then I defy the powers of light and darkness, she shall yet be mine. Proceed—the ceremony shall now be completed."
Motionless she was raised from the sofa, and apparently having no power to resist; the priest performed his office.
The count approached and raised the veil. "Damnation!" burst from

his lips, he struck the frail from the ground and rushed from the hall.—It was the mysterious female whom we have formerly noticed. His victim was gone.

When Bertha recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, she found herself in her father's castle, supported by him, and surrounded by her anxious attendants.
"Heaven be praised!" said the Baron, my child revives.
Bertha slowly raised her eyes and looked bewildered around.
"Where am I?" cried she. Then perceiving her father she threw her arms around him, and wept on his bosom. "Who has restored me to my dear father? who has saved your child from so horrid a fate?"
"What fate my child?"
"You know it not then? But," she added, wildly, "who brought me here?"

"This black night brought you to the castle gate; and blew a fearful blast. He spoke not and on his cold black steed he slowly retraced his way to the forest."
"The black knight of the forest!" shuddered Bertha.
She then related to the baron Count Gondibert's cowardly baseness, and the dreadful fate which had been averted.

The baron's proud eye flashed fire—"Gondibert shall rue this deed. But tell me all my child."
Bertha began her relation, but on reaching that part where the female attendant had sung, her voice faltered. Again assuming courage she exclaimed with much emotion—
"Oh, my father, my heart is in Albert's grave since his disappearance from the castle and the dreadful death he is said to have died, I have had no happiness no peace no rest—I can never love another."

The baron's brows contracted & his indignation rose. Shame on thee Bertha! A page, an unknown, low born boy! Shamp shame on thee, to confess it.
"Father, said she, raising herself proudly, 'he was no low born boy;' she paused, her voice again faltered. "Why should I now conceal it, since he is no more? he was the son of Berthold, thy deadliest foe."
The baron started from his seat—his eyes flashed on the pale cheek of the maiden, who bent like a lily at the threatening blast.
"My dearest foe!—and my daughter loved him!—Where was the noble blood that should have risen to revenge thy father's wrongs? I cast thee from me—thou lovest not thy father, or thou wouldst have hated his enemy."
Oh, my father, cried Bertha clasping her hands, Albert was not thy enemy. He knew his father injured thee, & he lamented it. He came to thy castle as a deserted youth, to seek thy kind protection, & by his service of love to make thee reparation for a parent's faults. He saw and loved me. Father forgive us! I am restored to thee as by a miracle—Oh! cast me not from thy bosom—from thy protecting arms!"

The baron sought to subdue his emotion, but casting a glance of displeasure on Bertha he hastily left the apartment, without replying to her appeal.
Exasperated at the villainous conduct of Gondibert, the baron determined to attack him in his castle, and punish his unmanly attempt; but the count having heard that Bertha was restored and conjecturing what would be the consequence, when the baron was informed of his conduct, he resolved not to await the result. One night therefore, when all in the castle of the baron was buried in sleep with a strong force he attempted to surprise it and to carry off the lady Bertha. The alarm was given; all flew to arms, but they were not prepared, and their numbers being greatly inferior they, gave way before their assailants, who had already forced the gates.

"To the tower! to the tower!" shouted Gondibert—"seize the lady Bertha!" and he rushed to the staircase, which the baron bravely defended.
"Young and powerful & instigated by boundless motives of love and revenge, Gondibert bore down all oppositions, and having cut his way to the baron, he had just aimed a thrust at his breast, when his arm was struck down with violence; and the Black Knight stood before him.
"Again!" exclaimed the count—"May all the powers of vengeance seize thee!" aiming a blow in desperation at the sable figure.

"Thy fate is sealed," said a deep voice, & one stroke from a powerful arm, laid Gondibert bleeding on the ground.
"Confess thy sin before thy treacherous soul takes its eternal flight," said the knight as he bent over his victim.
"Make reparation for thy misdeeds." The lady Bertha rushed from the tower—"My father! my father! she exclaimed, I will die with thee!" but on beholding the scene, she stood riveted to the ground.
"The knight's sword still hung suspended over the fallen Gondibert—"Confess!" again said his deep toned voice.

Gondibert half raised himself. Lady I would make thee reparation. Albert died not—he is in the dungeons of my castle."
"Albert is here!" said the knight, as he raised his helmet.
Gondibert's spirit fled—Bertha shrieked, and she fell into her father's arms.
The baron's breast heaved convulsively. He stood irresolute; Albert advanced towards him and sunk on his knees.
My father injured thee—in the duty and faithfulness of a son he permit me to atone for those injuries. Thrice I have saved thy Bertha from more than death—let the good deeds I may have done thee and my constancy and sufferings be repaid by her hand. Baron Adlobret dost thou grant my suit?"
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BABOONS AT THE CAPE.

On the hill near Simmons-Town, at the Cape of Good Hope, (says Lieut. Shipp, in his memoirs,) whole regiments of baboons assemble. These animals, who stand six feet high, and are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and even in spite of this, they have frequently stole our blankets and great coats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it to the hills, which were high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party with sticks and stones to attack them, with a view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisements as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with a about twenty, and made a detour to cut them off from the caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collect large stones and other missiles. One old grey headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of Father Murphy, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack with the judgment of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the coup-de-main, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some one of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shooting in indication of their victory; and during the whole night we heard dreadful yells and screaming, so much so that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blankets; for we saw eight or ten of them, with pieces of it upon their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Among the number strutted Father Murphy. These animals annoyed us day and night. We dared not venture out unless a party of five or six went together.

Honesty still the best policy.

A nobleman, travelling in Scotland, about six years ago, was asked for alms in the High-street of Edinburgh by a little ragged boy. He said he had no change, upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy concealing was to be changed, ran off for the purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected to wait, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length the nobleman again passed that way, and the boy put the change into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he placed him at school, with the assurance of providing for him.