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MISCELLANY.
From the London Forget-me-not for 1828
THE SABBATH BELL.
BY MRS. CORYWALL BARRON WILSON.
Author of "Astarte's Hours at Home."

At the end of the world,
When the sun and moon shall part,
And the stars be scattered,
And the earth be laid waste,
When the mountains are smitten,
And the hills be made desolate,
When the seas be dried up,
And the rivers be broken,
When the winds be still'd,
And the clouds be scattered,
When the earth be made a desert,
And the cities be a waste,
When the world be no more,
And the grave be a waste,
When the sun be no more,
And the moon be no more,
When the stars be no more,
And the earth be no more,
When the world be no more,
And the grave be no more,
When the sun be no more,
And the moon be no more,
When the stars be no more,
And the earth be no more,
When the world be no more,
And the grave be no more,
When the sun be no more,
And the moon be no more,
When the stars be no more,
And the earth be no more,
When the world be no more,
And the grave be no more,

From Tales of a Country Schoolmaster.

THE LIE OF BENEVOLENCE.

When I first knew Amelia Grenville I thought her the most lovely girl I had ever seen. Her beauty, as of that powerful and undefinable which every beholder feels, but which no language can describe. In the regularity of features many surpassing her: nor was her shape one of useless symmetry. Her teeth were white as snow; but rather too large to be likened to pearls. Her eyes, however, without hyperbole, were as red as rubies, and as tempting as—but no matter for illustrations. She was, in short, a most charming girl; and I will not attempt to describe her, after having just pronounced it impossible. It was rather to her mind and disposition, than to her outward person, that Amelia owed her loveliness. Her eye, her large, full, blue eye, was ways lighted up by an expression of great intelligence; and her cheek bore that placid smile, that benignant serenity, which has been aptly termed the sunshine of the heart. In both, Amelia's gaiety, like the long summer afternoons of an Italian time, was seldom overcast by a cloud; and if a little shade of pettishness ever dimmed her happy brightness of temper, it was but for a moment, when it quickly passed away, and all was calm again. Her feelings were in a pure and tranquil current; and though accident or misfortune occasionally interposed obstacles to interrupt their passage, yet they were always quickly surmounted, rising only to a temporary ripple, that diversified their surface for a little moment, and then vanished as quietly away. I remember Amelia's marriage as a thing of yesterday. John Sanford was the happy man who led the blushing, beautiful girl to the altar. And never were two better matched. Jack was a tall manly looking fellow, of about 21; Amelia at that time was a little rising seventeen, just melting into womanhood. Poor thing, how she blushed when she made her responses to the minister, her rosy cheeks contrasting finely with the snow-white kerchief which concealed her bosom—and not its heaving; for it panted itself swollen beneath as striving to escape from the muslin thrall. John Sanford was a lieutenant in the United States navy. He and Amelia had been warmly attached from their early years; and as soon as Jack mounted a swab, or, in more colloquial phrase, as soon as he was promoted to a lieutenancy, he claimed her lily hand. The pay of his grade affords but poor encouragement to matrimony; but Jack looked on their future prospects with the exag-gerating eyes of love, and for money he entertained a true sailor-like contempt. But Amelia was a better economist than he; and for a few months after their marriage every thing glided along as smoothly and as happily as heart could wish.—At last, however, a sad change took place in their affairs: war broke out, and Jack was ordered to sea. I was with him on the evening when he received his orders. We were sitting in the little front parlour, at a social game of whist. My cousin Sarah and I had taken tea with them, and were spending the remainder of the evening very agreeably. Amelia and I were partners against Sarah and Jack. We had just commenced on the third game of a long rubber, when a tap at the door announced a visitor; and Tom Spangary, the gunner's mate, an old laid up sea dog from the yard, who was in the practice of doing errands for the Commodore, entered the apartment. "Your servant, gentlemen," said Tom, as he took off his tarpaulin (in the crown of which he carefully deposited the quid of tobacco which he had dislodged from his cheek on entering the door) "your servant, gentlemen—here's a letter for Mr. Sanford, from the Commodore." I thought I perceived, when Tom was first ushered into the parlour, that Sanford turned a little pale; but it might have been only fancy. It is certain, however, that his hand trembled as he opened the letter; and his voice faltered, and was considerably husky, when he announced that he had received orders to join, without delay, the armed vessel which was then lying in the harbour. There was no more gaiety that evening. Sarah and I, perceiving it was with great difficulty that Amelia could suppress her agitation, soon took our leave, that we might not oppose any hindrance to the free interchange of their thoughts and feelings. The next and last time that I ever saw my friend Jack was about a week after this, on the day that he was to set sail. It was a fine, clear, cool morning, and as I approached his ship to pay my farewell visit to the brave fellow, they were rolling off for eight o'clock. The martial music came sweetly and thrillingly on the ear over the water. When it had ceased, I heard the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates, and immediately after, their deep sepulchral voices as they cried down the fore and main hatchway, "all hands to weigh anchor, hoy!" Any one who has been on board a man-of-war, when about getting under way, will readily understand that it is then no place for a stranger. All is at once bustle, stir, and business. The companion ladders are taken down; gratings are put over the hatchways; all the after-guard, main and mizen topmen, and marines, are called aft to the capstan-bars. The gunner and his crew, with nippers and salvages, are attending to the messenger; the foretopmen and fore-castle men are busy forward; and in short, without entering into particulars, the whole ship is in motion, and every officer and man employed. When I came alongside, the sentry at the gangway ordered me off, stating that they were getting under way, and that orders had been issued to admit no strangers on board. But I sent my name to Jack, and he immediately came to the gangway and received me. How manly and handsome the fellow looked! He had been ashore early that morning in an official capacity, and still remained in full dress, with the exception of his hat, which he had exchanged for a tarpaulin. He had the trumpet in his hand; for he was the first lieutenant, and, when all hands are called, it is the duty of the first lieutenant to take charge of the deck. He did not say a single word about Amelia; but I thought I could now and then detect his eye glancing over to the village of Brooklyn, as if striving to single out the roof of his own little dwelling, and showing plainly what thoughts were passing in his mind. During all this while, the men were heaving round on the capstan bars, animated by the cheerful music of the fife, and now and then urged by the commands of the younger midshipmen, who were stationed aft, (those human speaking trumpets)—"heave round!—heave with a will!—heave altogether!" and like ejaculations. The shrill music, the creaking of the capstan, the tiny voices of the juvenile reefers (as the midshipmen are called) contrasting oddly with the occasional harshness of their orders (heavy words, as the sailors say, from weak stomachs) the clinking music of the palls, the rattling of the chain cable, as the waisters and tierers lighted it aft with their iron hooks, and the surging of the messenger, all blended together in a strange delusion, which would have been very diverting to me, had I not felt that I was intruding. So I made my visit as brief as possible, and giving Jack a real sailor's grasp of the hand when I left him, and most sincerely wishing him every good wish, I jumped into the boat, and shoved off. As soon as I left the ship, the carpenters were ordered to lay out and unrig the accommodation ladder; and before I reached Brooklyn, I heard Jack's loud, clear voice giving the necessary commands: "I saw the men run up the rigging like squirrels, and lay out on the top-sail and top-gallant yards; I saw them loose sail, I saw the sails sheeted home and hoisted taut up—but why dwell on particulars?—I saw the noble vessel suddenly put out all her canvass, and 'walk the waters like a thing of life.'"

About two months after this, Amelia, who had been for some time in poor health and low spirits—the consequence of her situation, rendered more precarious by her continual anxiety on account of Sanford—was taken alarmingly ill. Every thing that affection or medical skill could suggest to render her more comfortable, was done with a promptness and alacrity that spoke more than volumes in favour of the sweet sufferer's disposition. But her illness continued to increase; and her mind, during the continuance of her fever, would strangely wander—though always on one unvarying theme—one name was always on her burning lips—it was Sanford's. Many innocent fits, as they were called and thought, were fabricated by her attendants to diminish her dangerous solicitude about her husband; and at length their assurances that the vessel had been heard from, by another, which had spoken her at sea, and reported officers and crew all well, had a tendency in some degree to tranquilize her feelings. But the truth was, the vessel had never been heard from, until about this very conjuncture; and then the news that was received was of the most alarming and agonizing kind. She had fallen in with a British ship of superior force, and after a desperate engagement had been taken. Sanford's name stood first among the killed! Poor fellow! in the onset of the engagement, while with a flushed cheek, a dauntless front, and a flashing eye, he was issuing his clear and intrepid orders, a musket ball from one of the enemy's tops struck him in the head, and stretched him dead upon the deck. In all the newspapers a long and circumstantial account of this distressing occurrence was related; and much fear was entertained on the part of the medical attendants of Amelia, lest it should reach her knowledge, and prove too sudden and severe a shock for her attenuated strength to bear. What was to be done? They had already, thro' misguided benevolence, given her reason to believe that Poor Jack was alive and well; and, of course, these fatal tidings now made known, would fall upon her heart with a tenfold weight. It was therefore agreed upon that the delusion, under the influence of which she was beginning to recover, should be continued; and the domestics were strictly enjoined to say or do nothing that should un deceive her. With the quick and perspicacious eye of love, however, Amelia soon saw, or fancied she saw, a restraint in the manners and conversation of those around her, which led her to believe that something was concealed. She questioned them, and their hesitating answers aroused the most dreadful forebodings; in vain did her friends, recovering from the unexpected attack, assure her that her misgivings were unfounded. Her throbbing heart refused to believe them, and

her renewed anxiety threatened a dangerous relapse; it was therefore found necessary to confirm their statements in some manner that should do away her doubts, or her life would fall the sacrifice. In this dilemma, a strange and seemingly sufficient expedient was devised. The physician, who was also a near relative of his patient, explained the circumstances of her situation to the editor of one of the city papers, and procured his consent to the admission of a paragraph, in which the very reverse of the truth, in relation to the unfortunate engagement, was stated. But one copy of this paper was struck off, after the usual number had been previously printed. The cheering information thus imparted to Amelia had a very beneficial effect; and all those who had been parties to the kindly meant duplicity, began to congratulate themselves upon the happy result. But they were soon to learn, by a terrible lesson, that dissimulation is in no case justifiable, and that the commands of Him who has said thou shalt not bear false witness, are not susceptible of modification according to circumstances, but stand eternally and unchangeably the same. It was on a still, quiet afternoon. Amelia had so far recovered as to be able to sit up by the fire in an easy chair—and at the time to which we advert she was alone in the apartment, her attendant having just left it, on some trifling errand. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, tapped at the door, and invited by Amelia in a faint, sweet voice, entered the room, bringing from her mother some delicate confections for the patient—for all the neighbourhood loved Amelia, and strove by such gratifying acts of kindness to show the estimation in which they held her. A newspaper enveloped the present; and in taking it off the eye of Amelia was attracted by an article which induced her to pause and peruse it. It was the real account of the engagement, and she had not read far before the fatal truth rushed like lightning into her brain.—The sudden shock was too much for nature to endure: she dropped from her chair in strong convulsions, and when the household, alarmed by the noise, entered the apartment, they beheld this beloved victim of a benevolent lie stretched dead upon the floor!

Reader, I will not pause to moralize. There is an obvious inference to be drawn from this narration which, I sincerely hope, may not prove to have been written in vain.

From the Boston Philanthropist.
BETTING.
An original Tale.
We insist that all games of chance have a tendency to moral corruption, and when engaged in, will deprave the most virtuous mind. To illustrate this truth, we will relate a long anecdote direct to the point. We shall not, like the writers of modern fiction, state our tale is founded on fact, but shall relate the facts themselves, substantially as received from a worthy descendant of the prominent party, long since deceased. His grandfather, the hero of our story, was no less a personage than the Hon. Timothy Ruggles, counsellor at law, of factitious memory, who emerged from the sterile rocks of Cape Cod, to the fertile hills of Hardwick, in the county of Worcester, about the year 1750. As an advocate he was respectable and successful, but that was not his hobby. In agriculture he was a proficient, and the sports of the field were his favourite amusements, and his overweening attachment to dogs in an unalienable inheritance of the family. He was General of a brigade in his Majesty's colonial militia, and the title of Brigadier is still conjoined with his memory. During his residence in Hardwick, he was in the habits of intimacy with the reigning family in the county, the Chandlers, and in token of friendship presented Col. Gardner Chandler, Sheriff of that county, with a fine blooded colt. Col. Chandler no less courteous and liberal, reciprocated the compliment and made the Brigadier a present of a bull calf, the fruit of a very large imported cow he had purchased, with the calf by her side, having been dropped on the passage. Time and good keeping ripened this calf to a bull of

great size and beauty. He was the pride of the herd, and almost idolized by his owner, who was so confident of his favourite's invincibility, that he challenged the whole county to produce a match for him in the field of battle, and would pledge any sum that should be required upon the issue of the contest.—Weeks and months passed, before any antagonist appeared; at length the challenge reached the ears of a man in Connecticut (Pomfret I believe) who owned a bull, whose pedigree was as noble, and his prowess as renowned in his neighbourhood as was the Brigadier's in Hardwick. Fired with emulation, and knowing that his bull would not take a stump, he started with his champion for Hardwick, and arrived on a Saturday evening, and took up the brigadier's gage. The battle was appointed for the Monday following, and fifteen pounds (\$30) staked on the issue. After the preliminaries were settled and the General had time for reflection, he had some qualms of regret for his unpremeditated defiance of all competitors with his bull. He had given the challenge in exultation at the victories his bull had gained over all domestic enemies; but had not calculated that one of 'the bulls of Bashan' would appear to accept it, for the size and figure of his new enemy was evidence in his mind that he must have proceeded from that stock. Notwithstanding his humorous eccentricities, Gen. Ruggles possessed a fair and honest mind, and disdained every dishonourable subterfuge that was not professionally required. But the bull bet had reduced him to the level of the gamester, and his dignity of character and pride of virtue fell with him, and low and dishonourable evasion was summoned to his aid, in the pressing dilemma. The ensuing day, the Sabbath, the General was more rigid in observing than was customary, even in those puritanical days, for not one of his family was permitted to stay from meeting;—the Connecticut Bull-owner, (whom, for the want of another name, we called Bullum) went of course. But at noon the Brigadier pretended ill-health, and excused himself from attending the afternoon services. But no sooner was the coast clear of witnesses, than he prepared to execute his design—which was, to assist his bull in defeating his enemy that day, that he might more certainly prove victorious the next. He accordingly armed himself with a pitchfork, and repaired to his barn yard, surrounded by a huge stone wall, which he had selected for the bloody arena, and introduced the combatants. Now, reader, had we the pen of a Virgil, we could paint a scene that would strain your eyeballs to the size of a bull's to look at, but we shall not covet fiction nor fancy, but go right on, and tell our story, only stopping to remind the Roman farmer, that his libidinous heroes were more cow babes to ours, and the prize but a fickle mistress. Whoever has witnessed this fierce & undaunted front of these noble animals when first eyeing a foe, well know that no time will be lost in sine qua non nor manifestos, but when 'bull meets bull, then comes the tug of war.' The hollow of defiance which re-echoed from the surrounding hills, was the 'note of preparation,' and the paw of 'make ready' was instantly followed by the push of head, and the gore of horn. So nearly matched in strength and courage were our champions, that for a time the scale of victory seemed equally balanced. But at this eventful crisis, the impudence of Ruggles turned them. Blinded by ignorance to the natural effects of his measures, he attacked Blue Law in his rear with his fork, which so chafed and irritated him, that he redoubled his exertions against his more honourable foe, who was unable to arrest so violent an assault and gave ground: his annoyed enemy lost no time in following his advantage, while his antagonist disputed every inch, and fought valiantly on the retreat. The General saw his discomfiture with rage and despair, and repeated his vengeful goads upon the competitor, which but new nerve him for victory, and he pursued his exhausted and unfortunate enemy to the corner of the fatal wall, where still head to head, he exerted his last desperate effort for life and victory, but in vain!—Alas! poor fellow, his fate was seal-

ed, his neck was broken! and he fell lifeless at the feet of the heroic victor!! who viewed with dignified pride his fallen foe; but declined to mutilate his gallant remains. He had a living enemy, who was worthy of his revenge, who, with rage and mortification was still goading his haunches with his fork. With retributive fury he turned upon the Brigadier, who realized his danger, dropped his useless weapon, and took to his heels. The incensed bull followed, with glaring eye-balls and infuriated below—the gate was opened, but no time for closing—Ruggles pulled for his life, and the bull at his heels—the door yard was crossed in a twinkling—the front door was luckily open—the bull within a fathom, burning with revenge—Ruggles took to the parlor—the bull followed; but in turning two legs were quicker than four—the General gained the kitchen and had time to close the door!! Fortune escape! two seconds more would have proved fatal to the recreant knight of the Pitchfork. But where was now our hero of two wars? With eyes of fire he was thirsting for vengeance upon his dastardly assailant, heedless of the Persian carpet on which he indignantly trampled. But his ire was innocuous, and his search in vain, for the recreant of the coward was secured. While thus in disappointment, he was surveying the garison he had taken by storm, his eye caught an object more worthy his prowess than his skulking enemy. From an elegant looking glass that extended from floor to floor, was reflected another majestic Bull!! whose port & belligerent attitude proclaimed 'come if you dare!' The challenge was instantly accepted, and the rush made, the foe disappeared as if by enchantment, and instead of the victor's laurel crown the brow of the noble champion was adorned with the gilded spoils of the mirror. Confounded at the encounter, he stood motionless, wondering at the magic appearance of his antagonist!—Aroused by the destructive clamor, the General ventured from his hiding place, to take a peep at the ruins. Revenge succeeded to rage, and with his well proved musket, he placed a brace of balls in the os frontis of his renowned, and hitherto triumphant foe. He fell! and great was the fall! This valiant hero, hors du combat, was weltering in his gore upon the most superb carpet that could adorn the palace of the potentate, and most ignobly slain by a recreant assassin: who now, choaked with chagrin, retreated from the scene of carnage to his thorny pillow. His reflections there we cannot envy. His favourite bull dead! His plighted vow to the stranger broken! The Sabbath profaned! The most splendid mirror then in New England, (a present from an English lady to his wife,) all in shivers.—The anticipation of the dreadful curtain, lecture from his much-injured rib, for 'though she could smile, yet she could frown,' all conspired to make him execrate, the hour he had commenced Gamester. Dreading the human countenance, and to digest his chagrin, he retired to a secluded chamber in the house for the night. Morning must come, and did come, however depreciated by conscious guilt. The self-convinced Brigadier mustered all his confidence to meet the just reproaches of Bullum whose keen optics, had surveyed the ground from parlor to barn-yard, and traced the catastrophe to its legitimate source. When met, Ruggles in hurried accents exclaimed, 'Well, friend you see and know all about this tormenting bull affair; I have acted like a fool; but there is no help for spilt milk; what was your bull worth?' Bullum calmly replied, 'I would not have taken nine pounds for him, \$30, but considering your misfortune, I don't care if I take that now, seeing, that it is as it is.' 'I want no more of your plaguy tissues,' said Ruggles, there is your money;—go home, and let me see no more of you, nor your bulls.' 'One word, General, before I start,' said Bullum, 'which beat? You know you weighed fifteen pounds upon which would beat?' 'Beat, beat! their brains are both beat out, and mine had better have been before I engaged in such dirty business. It is the first game I ever played, and I intend it shall be the last! Take your stakes and be off in quick time.' 'If you hadn't a nig'd saye Bullum,