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## MISCELLANY.

From the New York Evening Post.

### THE RETURN.

"Come home—come home!"—Mrs. Green's Keel.  
I come—I come! There's a sound of joy,  
Of music in the world;  
Oh, that the rapid winds might bear  
Me onward like a bird!  
I'm weary with these wanderings,  
My heart is sad and lone;  
Oh, for the treasured sounds of home,  
To wake an answering tone!  
The voices of my happy home!  
The music of the heart!  
How oft those gentle whisperings come—  
Alas! how soon depart!  
I hear them when the forest wind  
Is breathing forth its song,  
And in the murmuring of the wave  
That bears my bark along.  
Who should I waken memory  
Of that far blissful home?  
'Twill bring a deeper gloom upon  
The lonely path I roam.  
Yet fancy loves to wander forth,  
And hover round the hearth—  
To catch those gleaming looks of love  
That light the scenes of mirth.  
I come—I come! Why should I rove  
A dreary wild like this,  
When a voice below recalls me back  
To share life's all of bliss?  
I come—I come! Like the weary bird  
At eve to its sheltered nest,  
Like the pilgrim from afar I come  
To a blessed shrine of rest! M.

### ALVISE SANUTO.

A Venetian Story.

Alvise Sanuto was a young man of whom his country entertained the proudest hopes. His courage had been gloriously tried in the battle of Lepanto, in which he had performed prodigies of valour. His prudence and foresight had been often the subject of admiration in the great council of state. The old man, his father, esteemed him as the ornament and grace of his family. Venice pointed to him as one of her best citizens.

At that period both public and private manners were exceedingly severe. The ladies, who gave law to them, only issued from their homes to go to church, wrapped up in a veil which hid their face and figure. The balconies of the palaces still present signs of this ancient severity, the parapets being purposely made so high and large, as to render it difficult to see from them. Alvise had a heart of the most passionate and fiery nature; he felt the imperious sway of love, but as yet had met with no lady on whom he could bestow his affections. The arrival of the French Ambassador at Venice, in great pomp, excited public curiosity. The manners of the strangers bore an aspect of perfect novelty to the inhabitants of the republic, as the ladies who accompanied Amelia, the ambassador's daughter, displayed a fire and vivacity, which to many seemed scandalous as well as astonishing. Amelia was in her seventeenth year, and to cultivated and sprightly powers of mind, added those French graces, which, if they do not constitute beauty, are still more effectual than beauty itself in seducing the beholder. Alvise saw her when she was presented to the Doge, and regarded her as a being more than human. He gazed on her as if beside himself; and what female could have beheld him without admiration? Amelia read in the noble countenance of Alvise what he felt at that moment; she was affected, and, for the first time her heart palpitated within her bosom.

Alvise from that day was another being. He knew his unhappy state, and that his misfortunes could end but with his life, since the severe and unyielding laws of his country rendered all hope chimerical of ever being united with the stranger lady. His ardent fancy suggested to attempt any means of again seeing her who was dearer to him than life. His abode was divided from that of the ambassador by a narrow canal. Having procured the assistance of a French domestic, he passed over to the palace, and secretly entered the chamber of Amelia.

It was midnight, and the young lady, her own thoughts perhaps disturbed by love, had not yet laid down, but was seeking from prayer

consolation and rest. She knelt before the image of the virgin, her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion; and Alvise beholding her angelic countenance lit up by the uncertain light of the lamp, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, which roused the maiden from her pious reverie. Struck with the sight of him, she at first fancied, according to the superstitious notions of the times, that he was a spirit sent by her evil genius to tempt her, and uttered some words of holy scripture by way of exorcism; when Alvise, advancing, threw himself at her feet, and before Amelia could speak, disclosed to her, in the most passionate terms, his love, the inconsiderate step he had taken, and the certain death that awaited him should he be discovered.

Terror, rather than indignation, filled the breast of Amelia. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, "what madness could prompt you thus to expose your life and my reputation? Haste, go from this spot, which you have profaned; and know, that if my heart recoils at your death, (and here she gave a deep sigh,) yet at my cry those would appear who would not suffer your insult to pass unpunished;" so saying she pointed impatiently to the door.

Alvise listened to her as if he had been struck down by lightning. "Then let me die!" he exclaimed, "for without you life is odious to me. You are just taking the first steps in this vale of tears; one day, however, your heart also will know the emotions of love, and then, think of the unhappy Alvise; how great must have been his pangs, and how ardent his desire to terminate them."

He now made an effort to go away; but Amelia held him, while she said, "Alas! I seek not thy death; live, but forget me from this fatal moment." "To forget thee is impossible; to love thee is death; thy compassion would sweeten the last moment of my existence." "Alvise!" exclaimed Amelia, weeping, "live, if only for my sake! Do you comprehend the force of these words?"

She trembled at the question; but the idea of her lover dying in despair overcame all her scruples. "Yes, live for my sake," she repeated in an under tone.

Unhappy beings! they were intoxicated with love, while the abyss was yawning beneath their feet. A spy of the state inquisition, who was going his rounds, saw Alvise enter the palace, and recognized him. Denounced before the dreadful tribunal, he was dragged thither that very morning. Convinced of entering the abode of the French ambassador, he was desired to explain his motives for so doing, but remained obstinately silent. The members of the inquisition were confounded, accused, and they were to see every thing yield before them, and reminding him that death would be the inevitable result of his silence. "Death," he replied, "had no terrors for me when I fought at Lepanto for the glory of my country and the salvation of Italy; on which day I saw that under no circumstances could I ever become a traitor—I call heaven to witness that I am not one."

He was beheaded, and his body exposed between the two columns of the palace, with this inscription:—"For offences against the state."

On the evening of the fatal day, Amelia stood upon the terraces of her palace, overlooking the grand canal. She contemplated with pleasurable melancholy, the calm and even course of the moon, whose modest light shown in the cloudless sky. Her thoughts were of Alvise. To divert them, she turned to gaze on a long procession of illuminated gondolas, from which she heard a strain of plaintive music, as if of prayers for the dead. A dreadful presentiment seized her mind; she inquired the purpose of the procession, and heard, with unspeakable terror, that it was the solemnization of the funeral rites of a Venetian nobleman, who had been beheaded for high treason. "His name?" cried the breathless girl, in almost unintelligible accents. "Alvise Sanuto."

She fell, as if shot; and striking her head in the fall upon a projecting part of the terrace, was mortally wounded and expired.—Lettree au Venezie. Translated in the Oxford Literary Gazette.

### From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### A TALE OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Red Tam Harkness came into the farm-house of Garrick, in the parish of Closeburn, one day, and began to look about for some place to hide in; when the good wife, whose name was Jane Kilpatrick, said to him in great alarm, "What's the matter, what's the matter Tam Harkness?"

"Hide me, or else I'm a dead man, that's the present matter, good wife," said he. "But yet, when I have time, if ever I hae mair time, I have heavy news for you. For Christ's sake, hide me, Jane, for the killers are hard at hand."

Jane Kilpatrick sprung to her feet, but she was quite benumbed and powerless. She ran to one press and opened it, and then to another; there was not room to stuff a clog into either of them. She looked into a bed; there was no shelter there, and her knees began to plait under her weight with terror. The voices of the troopers were by this time heard fast approaching, and Harkness had no other shift, but in one moment to conceal himself behind the oaken door, which stood open, yet the place where he stood was quite dark. He heard one of them say to another, "I fear the scoundrel is not here after all. Guard the outhouses."

On that three or four of the troopers rushed by him, and began to search the house and examine the inmates. Harkness that moment slid out without being observed, and tried to escape up a narrow glen, called Kinrivvah, immediately behind the house; but unluckily two troopers, who had been in another chase, there met him in the face. When he perceived them he turned and ran to the eastward; on which they both fired, which raised the alarm, and instantly the whole pack were after him. It was afterwards conjectured that one of the shots had wounded him, for tho' he, with others, had been nearly surrounded that morning, and twice way laid, he had quite outrun the soldiers; but now it was observed that some of them began to gain ground on him, and they still continued firing, till at length he fell into a kind of slough, east from the farm house of Locherben, where they came up to him, and ran him thro' with their bayonets. The spot is called Red Tam's Gutter to this day.

Jane Kilpatrick was the first who went to his mangled corpse—a woful sight lying in the slough, and sore did she lament the loss of that poor and honest man. But there was more; she came to his corpse by a sort of yearning impatience to learn what was the woful news he had to communicate to her. But, alas, the intelligence was lost, and the man whose bosom alone it had haply been confided, was no more; yet Jane could scarcely prevail on herself to have any fears for her own husband, for she knew him to be in perfectly safe hiding in Glen-Gorrie; still Tam's last words hung heavy on her mind.—They were both suspected to have been at the harmless rising at Enterkin, for the relief of a favourite minister, which was effected; and that was the extent of their crime. And though it was only suspicion, four men were shot on the hills that morning, without trial or examination, and their bodies forbidden Christian burial.

One of these four was John Weir, of Garrick, the husband of Jane Kilpatrick, a man of great worth and honour, and universally respected. He had left his hiding place in order to carry some intelligence to his friends, and to pray with them, but was entrapped among them and slain. Still there was no intelligence brought to his family, save the single expression that fell from the lips of Thomas Harkness in a moment of distraction. Nevertheless Jane could not rest, but set out all the way to her sister's in Glen-Gorrie, in Crawfordmuir, and arrived there at eleven o'clock on the Sabbath evening. The family being at prayers when she went, and the house dark, she stood still behind the hallan, and all the time was convinced that the voice of the man that prayed was the voice of her husband, John Weir. All the time that fervent prayer lasted, the tears of joy ran from her eyes, and her heart beat with gratitude to her Maker as she drank into her soul every sentence of the petitions and thanksgiving. Accordingly, when worship was ended,

and the candle was lighted, she went forward with a light heart and joyful countenance, her sister embraced her, tho' manifestly embarrassed and troubled at seeing her there at such a time. From her she flew, to embrace her husband, but he stood still like a statue, and did not meet her embrace. She gazed at him—she grew pale, and, sitting down, she covered her face with her apron. This man was one of her husband's brothers, likewise in hiding, whom she had never before seen, but the tones of his voice, and even the devotional expressions he used, were so like her husband's, that she mistook them for his.

All was now grief and consternation, for John Weir had not been seen or heard of there since Wednesday evening, when he had gone to warn his friends of some impending danger; but they all tried to comfort each other as well as they could, and, in particular, by saying, they were all in the Lord's hand, and it behoved him to do with them as seemed to him good, with many other expressions of piety and submission. But the next morning, when the two sisters were about to part, the one says to the other, Jane, I cannot help telling you a strange confused dream that I had just afore ye wakened me. Ye ken I pit nae faith in dreams, and I dinna want you to regard it; but it is as good for friends to tell them to ane anither, and then, if ought turn out like it in the course o' providence, it may bring it to bath their minds that their spirits had been conversing with God.

"Na, na, Aggie, I want nae o' your confused dreams. I hae other things to think o', and mony's the time an' oft ye hae deaved me wi' them, an' sometimes made me angry." "I never bad you believe them, Jennie, but I likit ay to tell them to you, and this I darsay raise out o' our conversation yestreen. But I thought I was away, ye see, I dinna ken where I was; and I was fear'd an' confused, thinking I had lost my way. And then I came to an auld man, an' he says to me, 'Is it the road to heaven that you are seeking, Aggie?' An' I said, 'Aye,' for I dinna like to deny't."

"Then I'll tell you where ye maun gang," said he, "ye maun gang up by the head of yon dark, mossy cleuch, an' ye will find ane there that will show you the road to heaven;" and I said, "Aye," for I didna like to refuse, altho' it was an uncouth looking road, and aye that I didna like to gang. But when I gied to the cleuch head, wha does I see sitting there but your ain Goodman, John Weir, and I thought I never saw him look sae weel; an' when I gied close up to him, there I sees anither John Weir, lying strippit to the sark, an' a' beddit in blood. He was cauld dead, and his head turned to the ae side; and when I saw sicca a sight, I was terrified, an' held wide off him. But I gangs up to the living John Weir and says to him, Goodman, how's this?"

"Dinna ye see how it is, sister Aggie?" says he, "I'm just set to herd this poor man that's lying here."

"Then I think ye'll no hae a sair post John," says I, "for he dinna look as he would rin far away." "It was a very unreverend speak o' me, sister, but these were the words that I tho't I said; an' as it is but a dream, ye ken ye needna heed it."

"Alas, poor Aggie!" says he, "ye are still in the gall o' bitterness yet. Look o'er your right shoulder, an' ye will see what I hae to do." "An, sae I looks o'er my right shoulder, and there I sees a hail drove o' foxes, an' wulcats, an' fumorts, an' martins, an' corby-craws, an' a hunder wild beasts, a' stannin round wi' glarin een, eager to be at the corpse o' the dead John Weir; an' then I was terribly astoundit, an' I says to him, 'Goodman, how's this?'"

"I am commissioned to keep these awa," says he. "Do ye think these een that are yet to open in the light o' heaven, and that tongue that has to syllable the praises of a Redeemer far within yon sky, should be left to become the prey o' sicca vermin as these?"

"Will it make sae verra muckle difference, John Weir," says I, "whether the carcass is eaten up by these or by the worms?"

"Ah, Aggie, Aggie! worms are worms, but ye little wat what these

are," says he. "But John Weir has warred with them a' his life, an' that to some purpose, and they maunna get the advantage o' him now."

"But which is the right John Weir?" says I, "for here ane lying stiff and lapped in his blood,—and anither in health and strength and sound mind?"

"I am the right John Weir," says he. "Did you ever think the good man o' Garrick could die? Na, na, Aggie;—Clavers can only kill the body, an' that's but the poorest part of the man. But where are you gaun this wild gait?"

"I was directed this way on my road to heaven," says I.

"Ay, an' ye were directed right then," says he. "For this is the direct path to heaven, and there is no other. 'That is very extraordinary,' says I. 'And, pray, what is the name of this place, that I may direct my sister Jane, your wife, and all my friends, by the same way?'"

"This is Faith's Hope," said he. "But behold, at the mention of this place, Jane Kilpatrick of Garrick arose slowly up to her feet and held up both her hands. 'Hold, hold, sister Aggie,' cried she, 'you have told enough.—Was it in the hand of Faith's Hope that you saw this vision of my dead husband?'"

"Yes; but at the same time I saw your husband alive."

"Then I fear your dream has a double meaning," said she. "For though it appears like a religious allegory, you do not know that there really is such a place, and that not very far from our house. I have often laughed at your dreams, sister, but this one hurries me from you to-day with a heavy and a trembling heart."

Jane left Glen-Gorrie by the break of day, and took her way through the wild ranges of Crawfordmuir, straight for the head of Faith's Hope. She had some bread in her lap, and a little bible that she always carried with her, and without one to assist or comfort her, she went in search of her lost husband. Before she reached the head of that wild glen the day was far spent, and the sun was wearing down. The valley of the Nith lay spread far below her, in all its beauty, but around her there was nothing but darkness, dread, and desolation. The mist hovered on the hills, and on the skirts of the mist the ravens sailed about in circles, croaking furiously, which had a most ominous effect on the heart of poor Jane. As she advanced farther up, she perceived a fox and an eagle setting over against each other, watching something which yet they seemed terrified to approach; and right between them, in a little green hollow, surrounded by black hags, she found the corpse of her deceased husband in the same manner as described by her sister. He was stripped of his coat and vest, which it was thought he had thrown from him when flying from the soldiers, to enable him to effect his escape. He was shot through the heart with two bullets, but nothing relating to his death was ever known, whether he died praying, or was shot as he fled; but there was he found lying, bathed in his blood, in the wilderness, and none of the wild beasts of the forest had dared to touch his lifeless form.

The bitterness of death was now past with poor Jane. Her staff and shield was taken from her right hand, and laid low in death by the violence of wicked men. True, she had still a home to go to, altho' that home was robbed & spoiled; but she found that without him it was no home, and that where his beloved form reposed, that was the home of her rest. She washed all his wounds and the stains of blood from his body, tied her napkin round his face, covered him with her apron, and sat down and watched beside him all the live-long night, praying to the Almighty, and singing hymns and spiritual songs alternately. The next day she warned her friends and neighbors, who went with her on the following night, and buried him privately in the north-west corner of the church-yard of Morton.

As the sun in all its splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "the glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

### From the Tales of Humour, and Humour.

#### THE HARP.

A Tale favouring a belief in Spirits, by Theodore Charles Korner.

The harp stands neglected—she's gone,  
Whose light fingers  
Awoke from its strings the soul-melting strains;  
Touch—touch its still cords—in their echo  
'E'en fingers  
A spell that can woo back her spirit again.  
Like the harp, sweetest spirit! thou'rt been  
My fond treasure,  
But like its wild notes, thou hast flitted away!  
Oh! could my sad soul like the tones of that measure,  
As softly—as sweetly to heaven die away.  
Anon.

The secretary and his young wife had not yet passed the spring days of their honey moon—no selfish motives, no transitory inclinations had united them, a warm and long proved affection was the seal of their union. Early had they known each other, but Sellner's unprovided condition forced him to defer the accomplishment of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and on the following Sunday he conducted home his affectionate Josephina as his wife. After the long irksome days of congratulation and family feasting were over, the young couple could at last enjoy the peaceful evening undisturbed by the presence of any third person. Plans of future life, Sellner's flute, and Josephina's harp, filled up the hours which to them seemed to flit but too quickly away, and they had hailed the deep and perfect union of their tones, as a friendly presage of future days of happiness. One evening they had been long amusing themselves with their music, when Josephina began to complain of head-ache. She had concealed from her anxious husband an attack which she had had in the morning, and what was at first a very trifling fever, had on account of the weakness of her nerves been greatly increased by the excitement of the music, and the consequent straining of her feelings; she concealed it no longer, and Sellner full of anxiety, sent for a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised a complete recovery on the morrow.

But after a very restless night, in which she raved continually, the physician found the poor Josephina labouring under all the symptoms of a nervous fever. He tried every means, yet Josephina's disease grew daily worse. Sellner was in agony. On the ninth day Josephina felt that her tender nerves could no longer endure the disease—the physician too had previously acquainted Sellner of it. She foresaw her last hour was at hand, and with quiet resignation she awaited her destiny. "My dearest Edward," said she to her husband, while she pressed him for the last time to her bosom, "with deep sorrow I quit this world where I found thee, and the greatest earthly bliss upon thy bosom, yet, though I must no longer be happy in thy arms, yet Josephina's love shall hover around thee as a guardian spirit until we meet again in heaven!" As she said this, she fell back and softly sank to rest. It was about nine in the evening. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he contended long with life—sorrow had destroyed his health, and when after many week's confinement he again rose, he had no longer the vigour of youth in his limbs; he gloomily brooded over his loss, and visibly pined away. Deep melancholy had taken the place of despair, and still sorrow hallowed every recollection of his beloved. He had left Josephina's room in the same situation in which it was before her death. Upon the table still lay the materials of her work; and the harp stood silent and unmoved in the corner. Every evening Sellner entered the sanctuary of his love, took up his flute, and breathed in melancholy tones his longing after his long lost shade. Once he stood thus, lost in the dreams of fancy, in Josephina's chamber. A clear moonlight night wooed him to the open window, and from the neighbouring castle tower the watchman called the ninth hour; when all of a sudden, the harp, as it moved by the soft breath of a spirit, sounded in unison with his tones. Deeply affected he laid down his flute, and the harp also ceased to sound. He now commenced with a trembling frame Josephina's favourite air, and louder and more powerful the harp sounded