

# The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1830.

NO. 21.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**JONAS GREEN,**  
Church-Street, Annapolis.  
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

By Mrs. Sigourney.  
Death stood beneath a lordly dome,  
As within the peasant's home  
He smites the unheeded head,  
"Call the Queen!"—a feeble tone  
In fear and anguish cried—  
"Am I who sit on Knolton's throne  
But at the sufferer's side?  
The living countess strove in vain  
Her last request to speak,  
Till tears of awe, and dews of pain  
Plunged on her shen cheek.  
At length, her quivering hand uncoiled,  
And lo! a ring was there,  
Of rare and radiant gems uncoloured,  
Such as a king might wear.  
"Give for whose hand this ring was meant,  
I dare not speak his name,  
But I will say at your feet  
I will atone the scaffold's shame;  
And my repentance keen,  
I in atone that pledge conceal'd—  
"O pardon, gracious Queen!"  
What did that jewell'd toy restore  
Within the royal heart?  
Did meddlesome love revive once more  
In that convulsive start?  
"Who may I see her spirit's frame,  
Who may I find her pledge the view'd,  
Who may I see her features spread,  
Who may I see her blood?  
"Repent, confusion and remorse,  
If warning thoughts distress;  
And every heartening rebel force  
Be banish'd from the breast!  
"Behold the judge of every case,  
She shook the Countess in her bed,  
Even at the latest gasp.  
With flashing eyes, and tottering knees,  
She shrieked in accents shrill,  
"O, may I forgive you, if I please,  
But I'll never more  
Could I appear like a blighting frost  
Upon the living field,  
As with one frown, the wretched ghost,  
I might have slain your life!  
"Ye scarce a few more years serene  
O'er the proud palace spread,  
When lo! high Tudor's haughty Queen  
Was with the crownless dead.  
"Yes, the wretched did stand  
Before the judge of every case,  
Who gave the sign of the dread command,  
"Forgive!—and be forgiven!"

#### TERMS.

The Journal of Health will appear in numbers of 10 pages each, octavo, on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month. Price per annum, \$1.25 in advance. Subscriptions and communications (post paid) will be received by *Judas Dobson*, Agent, No. 108 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

#### Francis Riordan.

[We have detached and condensed the following tale from the *Rivals*, which is remarkable for its highly wrought powers and superior development. Francis Riordan, who was enthusiastically attached to a young and lovely female, was compelled for political reasons to flee his country. In foreign climes he rose to rank and consideration as a soldier, and returning at the end of four years, sought the residence of his adored Esther Wilderming. She had been induced, under a belief that Riordan had perished, to consent to wed his rival, Richard Lacy;—but this consent, and grief for the loss of her lover, were too much for her slender frame, and Riordan arrived just in time to witness her funeral obsequies. After her interment he determines to rescue the beloved remains from the family tomb of his hated rival.]  
**Balt. Gaz.**  
With the assistance of some friends, David had his old master conveyed to his brother's little dwelling in the neighbourhood. During that night, and nearly the whole of the following day, Francis spoke not a word, and seemed to be scarce alive. He rejected all food, and delivered himself up to an extreme dejection of mind. Towards evening, however, he called Davy to his bedside and made him detail all he knew of the circumstances attending Esther's death, which the poor fellow, hoping to alleviate his master's affliction by awakening something like an interest in his mind, recapitulated with great precision. The nurse, he said, had found her lifeless in her bed.—The Dammers were in the utmost distress at this event, and Richard Lacy had conducted himself, ever since, like a distracted person. While Francis listened to this portion of the narrative, the speaker heard him ejaculate in a low whisper the words "Poor fellow!"  
"That was what killed me!" said David, a few days afterwards in telling the circumstances to Mrs. Keleher, "the moment I heard him show pity for Lacy, I knew his heart was broken! He never will hold up his head again, says I to myself, as long as ever he lives!"  
Night fell; lonely, said dark, upon those dreary hills, and Francis had not begun to take an interest in anything which passed around him. David's family were all in bed, and he sat alone by the fire-side, watching, lest some sudden illness should render his assistance necessary to his master. He was just dozing;—his bay-bottomed chair, and drawing he was holding a controversy with Aaron Shephard, when he felt a hand press lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice whisper in his ear some words that his fancy conceived to be of a different meaning. "Wake, David, wake! I want you!" said the voice!

Here he felt his shoulder shaken with a degree of force which compelled him to awake.— Looking up he beheld Francis Riordan, pale even to ghastliness, standing at his side, dressed, and with his cloak around him. "Master Francis, is it you, sir! Oh! what made you get up?—Be still, David. Are your friends in bed?" "They are, sir." "Hush, speak low!" whispered Francis, "do you know the cottage where we used to watch for the wild duck?" "At the foot of Derrybawn?" "Aye, aye, upon the flat; is it occupied at present?" "There's no one living there, sir, now." "It is very well!" said the young man. "Will you tell me now where they have buried Esther?" David remained for some minutes staring at his master with great astonishment.

"My good fellow," said the latter, observing him pause, "this tale of yours has almost broken my heart. I was so sure of happiness, when I was returning to Ireland, that I find it almost impossible to sustain this disappointment. I think it would be some consolation to me if I could see Esther, once again, even in the grave." David started back in his seat, and gaped upon the young soldier in mingled awe and wonder. "Make no noise, but answer me!" said Francis. "Is she buried in the vault of the Dammers?" "Is there she is, sir, surely," returned David, "in the Cathedral at Glendalough." "It is enough," said his master. "Come then, David, arise and follow me down to the Seven Churches. Alive or dead, I must see Esther Wilderming once more." David arose, still half stupefied with astonishment. "Have you got any instrument, said Francis, "with which we may remove the stones from the mouth of the tomb?" This mention of an instrument placed the undertaking for the first time in all its practical horror before the eyes of David.

"Oh, master Francis!" he said, "go in to your bed, sir, an' don't be talkin' of these things. Let the dead rest in peace! When we bury our friends, we give 'em back into the hands of the almighty that gave 'em to us, to bless an' comfort us in this world, an' he tells us that he'll send his own angel to wake them up when his great day is come. Let us leave them, then, wather they lie, silent an' cold, until that trumpet sounds, an' not presume to lay an unholy tool upon the house of the dead!"

"Be silent," said Francis, with a tone which had something in it of peculiar and gloomy sternness. "Come not between the shade of Esther Wilderming and me. Whatever was her thought of me when living, she now must know my heart, and I am sure that her spirit will not grieve to see me a visitor in her midnight sepulchre. You tell me that her face was changed by sorrow and by sickness, I wish but to behold it."

David dared not reply, but taking his hat went with his master into the open air. He brought with him a pick-axe, used by a relative who worked at the lead mines on the neighbouring hills, and followed his master in silence.

Before they had walked many hundred yards, the Valley of the Seven Churches opened upon their view in a manner as lonely and beautiful as it was impressive. The moon shone brightly on the hills, and the air was so pure and sweet, that it seemed as if the voice of the dead, heard thus at night in their own silent region.

Far on their left, overhanging the gloomy water, appeared that precipitous cliff, beneath the brow of which the young Saint Kevin hewed out his dizzy resting place. The neighbouring legends say, that in his early days the saint resided at the beautiful lake of Tegela, described in a former chapter, where he was first seen and loved by the fair Cathleen; the daughter of a chieftain in that country.

"Nearer, and also on the left, stood the Cathedral, which was more especially the object of young Riordan's search at this moment. "Pass on," he said to his attendant, "and see if there be any body loitering among the ruins." Lenigan obeyed, and Francis remained gazing on the gentle activity on which the ivied walls of the old church were standing. The burial-ground with its lofty granite crosses, and white headstones glistening in the moonshine, lay within a short distance. A slight signal, given by Davy Lenigan, here interrupted the meditation of the young man, and he proceeded to the church with a rapid, but firm step. He found David standing before the monument of the Dammers with the pick-axe in his hand. "Lenigan," said he, "there is one thing that I have forgot. Return to the deserted cottage, of which we were speaking, light up a fire, and make a pallet of some kind, for I will not go back to your

house to-night." David gazed on his master for some moments, in deep perplexity and awe. "For the sake of glory, master Francis," he said in a beseeching tone, "what is it you mean to do this night? I'm in dread, you're thinkin' o' doin' something on this holy ground that isn't right." Ask no questions, replied Francis, in a gloomy voice, "but do as you are commanded. Lose no more time, for the moon is sinking low, and the dawn may overtake us before we have done half what I intend."

David obeyed in silence, and Francis sat down on the headstone of some poor tenant of the grave-yard, expecting his return, and thinking of Esther. A quarter of an hour had scarcely passed, when Lenigan returned, and the two proceeded to remove the stones from the mouth of the aperture. A sudden wind, rushing through the aperture, blew chill upon the heated frame of the young lover, and made him shiver in all his limbs before he ventured to descend. "What was that cry?" he said suddenly starting. "What cry, sir? I heard nothing." "Not now?" "Oh, now I do." "Is nothing, sir, only the owl in the Round Tower, or, may be, the eagle that's startled in Lugduff." "It must be so," replied Riordan, "but I thought it had almost a human sorrow in its shrillness." "Is strange, how soon our senses become the slaves of our passions, and flatter it with strange compliances, giving its colour to the sights, and its tone to the sounds, by which we are surrounded. How dark the vault is! So and after all, and all, is there that I must visit Esther?" "Is it anything she says, I wonder," muttered David to himself, observing him pause and hesitate. "But he looped in vain. In a few minutes, Francis shook off his mood of meditation, and entered the mouth of the tomb, creeping upon his hands and feet. Lenigan, who feared lest he might do himself a mischief, hurried after and found him seated at the bottom of a flight of steps which ascended from the floor of the vault, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. On hearing Lenigan's voice, he started up, as if from a reverie, and uncovering the lantern which he had concealed beneath his cloak, the vault became illuminated on a sudden. "Take this cloak," said Francis, unclasping it from his throat, and handing it to his bewildered companion—"take this cloak," said he, "and hang it up before the opening, lest any one should see the light from without." "The attendant complied, and Francis proceeded to examine the lids of the coffins which were piled on all sides around the gloomy apartment. His attendant followed him with his eyes, as he read the inscriptions on the coffin-slabs, and observed him shrink and look still more ghastly when any denoted that the inhabitant was a female who died young. One observation only David heard him make while he passed the light over the rich decorations and silver mounting of the coffins.—"I told you, I believe," said he, "that I am now wealthy. Lest I should forget to mention it in my will, take care after my death that I am buried in a plain coffin."

He passed on, and came at length to a plain coffin, before which he paused, and began to tremble exceedingly. On the lid was a silver plate with the words, "ESTHER WILDERMING, Aged 21 years," engraved upon it. He remained for some moments motionless, like one in a fit of deep musings; and then sunk down at once, utterly bereft of consciousness, upon the coffin lid.

The alarm of David, at seeing his master thus lying insensible in the vault of death, was at its height. He hurried to the side of the unhappy youth, endeavoured to arouse him into life, and manifested the utmost distress at the difficulty he found in reviving him. "Master Frank! rouse yourself up, sir, and let us come away! Master Frank, I say! awake, stir again! O, that I might see him dead and gone, an' the neighbours'll come, and they'll catch me here, an' they'll say I murdered him, an' I'll be hung, an' kilt, an' spilt, an' murther'd an'—O Davy Lenigan, a Davy Lenigan, an' won't you the foolish man to be said by his own folk, 'all this holy night!' A long deep moan from the unhappy young man, cut short his anxious soliloquy, and occasioned David to redouble his attentions. In a few minutes Francis was again in full possession of his senses.

He took up the pick axe from the earth, and was about to deal a blow upon the fastening of the coffin-lid, when Davy ventured to arrest his arm. "Why do you hold me?" said Francis, looking on him with an eye in which sorrow strove with anger, "let go my arm, and stand aside." "No, master Frank, forgive me, I can't now I won't let you do that." "Let go my arm!" repeated Francis, with a faint effort to free himself. "You're not right in your mind now, master Francis," said the faithful fellow, "an' you'd do something that's not right by the corpse an' coffin." "Again, stand back and free me." "I dar'n't do it, sir." "Hold off, stand away, then," cried Francis, springing up and turning his companion back among the coffins with a strength which Davy only could supply. "Hold off, or as I live and suffer, I'll dash your brains out! Impudent man! whose corpse do you talk of? Here! you are very bold, to think that I would harm her! Hold back, and touch me not, nor speak, nor move, nor breathe aloud, or I will ease my agony upon you! Avoid me then, if you suppose me mad, and do not tempt the fury of a breaking heart. Mad? ay, indeed

and dreadingly insane too; your burning madness; lunacy with consciousness; the madness of the heart and the affections, that makes the bosom one wild Bedlam of frantic uproar and affliction, while the soul is able to look upon the tumult with all the exquisite pain of perfect consciousness! This is my torture now, tho' you perceive it not. Oh, that my brain would burst! Good heaven, forgive me if I sin!" He pressed his clenched hand against his temples, and stamped against the earth like one in exquisite suffering. "I only wish," he continued, in a more moderate tone, to look upon the face of Esther for once, and then we will leave the vault together."

David dared not to offer even a word of remonstrance, but looked on in awe-struck silence, whilst his master, with some exertion, succeeded in striking up the lid from the coffin. The perfume of some balmy extract, which were scattered in the vault, diffused a sudden air of sweetness throughout the damp and gloomy chamber.

"It is very strange!" said Francis, in a broken whisper, while large drops of agony like those which are said to wring from a wretch upon the rack, glistened and rolled downward from his brow and temples. "It is very strange! How long is it now since Esther died?" "Between two days, sir, very near the third night now." "Very strange indeed. Here is not the slightest change upon the face. Ah, death! it is as cold as iron!" He raised the head gently, between his hands, imprinted a reverential kiss upon the forehead, and then drew back a little to gaze at leisure on the face. It was extremely beautiful; and, owing, perhaps to the peculiar light, seemed almost to have retained some shade of the carnation, to which, in life, it owed so much of its loveliness. This sight produced at length a salutary effect upon the blasted affections of the young lover, the tears burst from his eyes, and he leaned forward over the corpse, in a mood of gentle and heart-easing grief. After some time, he rose again, and bade Davy to come nearer. "Answer nothing, now," said he, "to what I shall propose, but obey me, at once, and without contradiction. I am going to take Esther from this vault, and to bury her near that cottage." "Oh, murder! murder!" "Peace, and do not breathe a word, but prepare directly to assist me. Replace the coffin-lid when I have taken her up; be speedy and be silent."

He raised the body with tenderness, laid it across his bosom, with the head resting on his shoulder, and signified that his attendant should close the coffin. This being done, and the cloak removed from the mouth of the sepulchre, he once more clasped it on his throat, and drew it close around the lifeless form which he bore in his arms.—Stepping low with his burthen, he ascended the flight of steps already mentioned; and passed out into the air. "Oh, no!" murmured David to himself, "that I may be best, but the gallows will be our portion for our doin's this night." He followed his master, and they hurried out of the churchyard, passing beneath the ruined archway on the northern side, and down the slope which led to the common road.

They entered the cottage, where the fire was already burning cheerfully upon the hearth.— Having carefully closed the door, and made it fast behind them, they proceeded to arrange the body on a wide form, which was placed near the fire side, and the lantern was hung up, so as to shine full upon the lifeless features. "There she lies at last!" said Francis folding his arms and looking on the dead face, "there lies Esther Wilderming, the young, the gay, the lovely, and the virtuous! An old woman told me, once, that I had been overlooked in my infancy, and I am almost superstitious enough to credit her. Otherwise, why should it be that there, where my best affections have been centered and my keenest hopes awakened, there I have been ever sure to undergo a disappointment? But I have snatched her out of Lacy's arms, and even this dismal meeting has a consolation compared with that appalling rumour of her falsehood. Esther! dear Esther, I forgive you, now. How beautiful she was! Was! Oh, that word has death in its sound to me. For your sake, Esther, I will leave the body on a wide form, which was hung up, and the lantern was hung up, and the corpse, the fire light shining dusky red on the pale and delicate lineaments of the dead, and on the no less pale and haggard aspect of the living who lay near. David lay stretched at a distance on a heap of fresh straw and rushes, offering up many prayers, and unable to conceive what would be the result of this extraordinary night.

About midnight the effect of his exertions, and long want of rest and food began to be apparent in Riordan's frame. His sense of misery, the keenness of which had, until now kept of the assaults of sleep, grew vague and dull, and a lulling torpor sunk upon his brain. The wind, which rose as the night advanced, moaned suddenly around the lonely building, and a sudden falling in of the burning fire made him start from his broken slumbers, with a sensation of alarm. Sometimes, the disordered condition of his senses, without any external excitement, would produce a similar effect, and he would suddenly find himself sitting erect upon the floor, with a weird sensation, shooting like a lightning bolt from his brain, along his spine, and compressing, for a moment, the action of his heart, and lungs. His visions, when he dreamed, were likewise of a startling description. Now he met La-

cy, hand to hand in combat, and was venged to the soul to find that, while all his enemy's blows told fiercely on his person, his own fell weak and harmless, as if on some unresisting and impalpable substance. And now he occupied that dizzy resting place in the cliff, from which the poor Cathleen was hurled into the lake; and Esther, pale, in her shroud, stood trembling on the brink beside his couch. He rose to meet her; her form seemed to fade as he advanced, and her face looked terrible, he knew not wherefore. He attempted to touch her hand, but she recoiled from him, he followed to the brink of the cliff. She still seemed to float backward in the thin air, and the pale dead face and lurid eye assumed a slight appearance of derision. He tried to follow her; his footing failed him, and he fell headlong down the rocks, from ledge to ledge, and just awoke in time to save himself from some irrecoverable contusion.

He found David Lenigan standing over, and endeavouring to recall him to consciousness by gently pressing his arm. "Master Frank," said this honest fellow, "what a square place for you to be lying, sir. Get up, and stretch over on the straw, awhile, an' I'll keep awake here by the fireside, until you have a little sleep taken."—Francis sat up, and stared upon his attendant. "I will do so, I believe Davy," said he, "for I am tired almost to death." They exchanged places, and Francis so disposed himself that he could, to the last moment of consciousness, retain a view of the form and features of the dead. The fire had sunk down, and a gloomier red was cast upon the white and marbled cheek of the maiden. Before many minutes had elapsed, Francis observed that his attendant's head had dropped upon his breast, and that his promise of vigilance was already broken. He strove therefore, to prevent the access of slumber in his own person, and continued leaning on his elbow, and keeping his eyes fixed upon Esther. It happened that the attitude of her head, and the mere position of the features, reminded him forcibly of the look she had worn at their parting, when the sound of the imaginary dead-bell had thrilled him with its sudden presentiment. Whatever of resentment had been awakened, by her desertion of him in his exile, was secretly quenched, dissolved in the recollections which this accidental circumstance restored. He thought if Esther could be now restored to him he would not even think of questioning her upon the subject. His heart melted, as he remembered the caresses of their early affection; he felt her sigh again at his cheek, the music of her voice upon his ear, and he sunk, all so often, down upon his couch, burying his face in his hands, and moistening them with his tears.

A low sound, like that of a deep, short sigh, uttered in the house, fell suddenly upon his ear, and made him start from his incipient slumber, with a wild and tumultuous feeling of alarm.—He stared confusedly all around him, but could discern nothing. He looked at the corpse, but it still lay pale and motionless in the same position in which he had, with his own hands, placed it.—He gazed upon Davy, who was still fast asleep and snoring loudly. The sound, he thought, might have been merely an intonation of Lenigan's harmonious solo, but this conjecture was rejected almost as soon as it was formed. There was something peculiar in the sound, an effect so thrilling and startling, such as is said to belong properly to things of supernatural origin. He called to his attendant several times, but found much difficulty in awaking him. "Davy, he said, 'did you hear any thing?' 'What would I hear master?' 'I thought there was a sound, just now, as if from somebody in pain.' 'Oyeh!' exclaimed Davy, half starting up and staring around him, with jaw dropped and eye dilated on the sudden. Francis remained listening attentively for a few moments. 'I believe I was mistaken,' he said at last, 'it was the wind, splitting itself upon the corner stone, or howling down the glen.'

He slept again, and Davy, returning to the fireplace, with many a knowing glance at the darkened corners of the room, likewise resumed his attitude of repose. In a very short time, Francis was once more suddenly awakened from slumber by a confused noise, and the pressure of a strong hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he beheld his adherent thrown forward on one knee, with one hand gathering his dress about his throat and a face full of terror, turned back over his shoulder. "What is the matter now?" exclaimed Francis. "The groan, achree—the groan!" "What of it! 'What of it, but to hear it, I did as plain as I hear you now. Oh, that I may be gray, master Frank, but we're kilt an' spilt alive the two of us this blessed night." "To what?" "I don't know nothin' I believe. Oh, that I may be gray, master, but I'll rise out of you an' my own doin's." "Tisn't this world alone, but the other along with it, you brought down upon us this night. Oh, wicra, wicra, what I'll do at all, or what'll ever become of us?" "Be silent," said Francis, "or tell me what you heard?" "A groan, I tell you a cry, just as a person would be gettin' aise from death, and would be moanin' lyin' down. That I may be gray, but I thought it herself was come after us, an' I'm not misdoubtin' of it yet either." "Pah! Oh, ay, that's the way, always, when I put in a word, and sure that hart if I hadn't to share in what comes of it; but there's a way, always, I folly on, every where, like a blind beggar man, an' my wate won't be taken for any thing, although I must

### JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

The primary object of the Journal of Health is to diffuse and circulate the most useful and interesting information on the subject of health, and to afford a medium for the communication of facts and observations, which may be of service to the public. It is published weekly, and is sold at the rate of three dollars per annum in advance.

Advertisement for a medical product or service, mentioning its benefits and availability.

### Philadelphia, October 13, 1829.

- Chapman, M. D.
- Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
- Thos. G. James, M. D.
- Wm. G. Horner, M. D.
- John G. Otto, M. D.
- Thos. T. Hewson, M. D.
- Franklin Racher, M. D.
- Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. Stephen's Church.
- Wm. H. De Laney, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.
- B. B. Smith, Editor of the Philadelphia Recorder, and Rector of Grace Church.
- G. T. Delell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.
- James Abernethy, D. D. Assistant Minister of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.
- George Weller.
- Jackon Kemp, Assistant Minister of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.
- Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the 7th Presbyterian Church.
- Wm. M. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church.
- John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
- Michael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Catholic Church.
- Wm. H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Church.
- W. T. Drantly, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Editor of the Columbian Star.
- Jno. L. Dagg, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church.
- Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Union Ch.
- Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.

### LABOURERS.

Advertisement for a laborer or worker, mentioning their skills and availability.

### ANN-ARUNDEL COUNTY, Md.

Advertisement for a legal or official matter in Anne-Arundel County, Maryland.

### LABOURERS.

Advertisement for a laborer or worker, mentioning their skills and availability.

### LABOURERS.

Advertisement for a laborer or worker, mentioning their skills and availability.

### LABOURERS.

Advertisement for a laborer or worker, mentioning their skills and availability.