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MISCELLANEOUS.

STANZAS.

By the Author of "Richelieu."

I've not and seen one bright wave chase  
Its fellow on the strand,  
Then fall away, nor leave a trace  
Upon the pebbles sand—  
"Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock,  
The waves have worn the soil rock!"  
I've heard and heard the detumescence  
Amid the branches play,  
Softly mill, so blandly kind,  
I've secretly stirred the spray—  
I've seen it here spring's verdant birth,  
I've seen it on its native earth.  
I've seen and seen the evening sun  
Sink from the golden sky,  
His long bright race of glory run,  
So low he passed, scarce changed the light,  
As yet he left the world in night,  
And he you see in human life,  
As he like billows, rolls,  
Moment on moment, strife on strife,  
That change us, to the soul!  
And joys, like autumn leaves, fall fast—  
Hope's—and being's light is past.  
I've stood on earth's most daring height,  
And seen day's ruler rise,  
I've seen the significance of light  
That shines through the skies,  
And the darkness of the world,  
I've seen his shining presence hurled,  
All that he takes upon the earth,  
I've seen him linger here,  
I've seen him with a second birth,  
I've seen the coming year,  
I've seen them, man's eternal dower,  
I've seen him in a falling flower!  
I've seen like autumn leaves that die,  
I've seen him again in spring,  
I've seen him all the time those gone by,  
I've seen him rise and bring,  
I've seen him, like sun, hope set in night,  
I've seen him not be born from works more bright?

THE MIND DISPLAYED.

"Is not the lily and the rose  
Combined on beauty's cheek;  
Or is the bright eye alone, beauteous  
The crown that seems to speak.  
"Is not the ruffled smile alone,  
It is the smile that plays  
By its bright reflection, shown  
From intellectual rays.  
The face a powerful charm bestows,  
Bright index of the mind,  
Which, by its feature sweetly glows,  
In every glance conveys."

THE TOOTHACHE.

There was a philosopher,  
Who suffered from the toothache piteously,  
Who wrote the style of galls,  
And made a chance and suff'rance.

It had been raining all day. The eve could no longer read the poetry of the blue heavens. A most monotonous vapour obscured the beauties of nature, and the air was filled with watery particles, which did not seem to come from any place in particular, but went in all sorts of oblique direction into people's doors and under their umbrellas. Men strolled along in the dim distance indistinctly, with huge shapeless overshoes and melancholy countenances; and chimneys and steeples loomed up through the fog with something of the dignity of "fat mountain tops." There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that after having paradoxical for some time through the streets, I was rather wet. From a smart shower, when the big drops come dashing and spattering down straight lines, there is a refuge; and when the umbrella becomes saturated, and discharges its little rivers from the ends of the whalebone, you are content to step for a few moments under a shed, or on a door-sill, till it is over; but from such drizzling weather there is no refuge; it defeats all calculation; the whole city is soaked; the banners are damp, and one may often write his name with his finger upon the entry wall.

Hour after hour dragged heavily on. The sun was presumed, had descended, and no *aurora inebriata*. I went home through the mud, splashing on by the obscure lamp lights, completely undone in regard to dress, that I had scarcely the ambition to turn aside for a muddypuddle, but trudged on alike through the wet and dry with a kind of minute despair. Well, I reached the house, sang aside my dripping cloak, shook the drops from my forlorn hat, and laid my unfortunate looking gloves upon the table, hoping to lose the uncomfortable feelings of a day in the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire; but mortals are seldom blest with a freedom from trouble; as one vanishes others come on like waves of the sea, and so we are not often at rest. A dull pain, which I had for some time suffered in my face excited some suspicions of a visit from a bitter enemy of mine; and increasing gradually it assumed a character more distinct than agreeable, and I was compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that I had the toothache. I will not linger to inform the reader what an insupportable torment this how it goes on aching, aching, aching; hour after hour; how nobody sympathizes with you but some poor wretch who has recently been himself excruciated in a similar way, with the long train of stable recollections which throng upon the mind with the gloom of a funeral, at the mention of that inexorable

disease—but I hastened to the conclusion of this history. The imperturbable gravity, which overshadowed my visage excited some attention. Yielding with apparent patience, because I knew it could not be avoided, I drew forth from my pocket one of your long red silk handkerchiefs, and bound it around my face.

"What's the matter?" said one.  
"Oh, nothing, but a little toothache. It will go off presently."  
"What's the matter?" asked another.  
"The toothache," said I.  
"Ah, how do you do?" said a third.—  
"What's the matter with your face?"  
"The toothache—the toothache, the toothache," said I, pacing backwards and forwards across the room,  
"Hold some brandy in your mouth," said one.  
"Have you tried opium? Have you taken laudanum?" said one.  
"Smoke a cigar," said another.

I allowed myself to be persuaded into several remedies. They put my feet in boiling hot water, enveloped my head in flannel, and sent me to bed in some measure relieved.—The tooth, however, continued to ache, ache, ache, as if some fiend were beating and beating upon the nerve with his invisible tormenting hammer. Sometimes I would sink into a troubled sleep; I lost my hold upon my waking thoughts and the objects around; and floated off among scenes of strange silent confusion; familiar faces appeared laughing and talking, and perchance, I would catch the glance of a bright eye, or the tone of a sweet voice, which I had known before and remembered; for these will occasionally recur to the memory waking or asleep, when a sudden start would put them all to instantaneous flight, and there I was, the still moonlight streaming in upon the floor, and the fiend still beating and beating with unrelenting perseverance. I heard a distant clock, through the silence of the night, striking two, three and four, and despairing at length of winning "death's beautiful brother," to my eyelids, I lay watching with feverish anxiety, the first streaks of gray light that broke in the east.

I had almost resolved to have it out; these "gothic appeals to cold iron" are any thing but agreeable. I have an instinctive horror of a dentist. There is to me something monstrous in his deliberate self-possession. He walks so coolly to his case, chooses you out with so much tranquillity his proper instrument, wraps his buckskin around it with such seeming pleasure, walks up to you so slowly, says he won't hurt you, and as his vile steel rattles against your teeth, he talks of the weather—and oh—I hate the very name of dentist.

When I awoke in the morning the very thoughts of him frightened away the pain; and, still buried in handkerchiefs, I sallied forth with a resolution to hold out the fortress at all events for another day. It was a fine sunny morning; all the world were more merciful in motion; but my unlucky bandages continued to be the object of notice, and the topic of conversation wherever I went.

"How do you do?" asked my friend Tom.—  
"What the deuce is the matter? Have you the mumps?"

"Good morning," replied I, speaking through the handkerchiefs so as scarcely to be intelligible. "I have the toothache—had it all night—haven't slept a wink," (a white fib that every body tells when they have been disturbed during a part of the night; if it does the hearer no harm, and there is no fear of discovery) "haven't slept a wink—cheek swollen, head aches—feel the deuce."  
"Have you tried a hot brick and vinegar?"  
"No," returned I, still struggling for utterance against the obstructions which bound my mouth, and nose. "I bathed my feet, held brandy in my mouth, and covered my head with hot flannel."

"Pooh! nonsense! brandy indeed! nothing worse for the teeth than brandy." The others decay too as quick again. "I'll tell you how to cure your toothache. My wife had the toothache, just as you have, and I made her wash behind her ears with cold water every morning for a week. Try it. It's certain cure."

"I will; good morning."  
Went into my friend M's office. There were M. H. the poet, M. F. the lawyer, Col. S. and young doctor P. all fine fellows, and excellent friends of mine; would cure me if they could.

"Ah, how d'ye do? how are you?"  
"Good morning, gentlemen."  
"Why, what's the matter?"

"Got the toothache—face swelled up as large as a goose egg. Look here—haven't slept these two nights."

"Have you tried a hot onion applied outwardly? You must squeeze it in a flannel bag, and keep it close to the cheek. It's the only cure, and a certain one. My cousin was relieved of a horrid toothache by it."

"I'll try it," said I.

"Take oil of cloves," said lawyer F. "that's the best thing in the world."

"I can tell you an infallible remedy for the toothache," observed my friend the Colonel. "Take a table-spoonful of brandy, and four table-spoonfuls of sugar, mix it up well with two table-spoonfuls of mustard, wrap your head up in flannel, so as to hold a couple of hot bricks to your feet, and keep on the poultice till it takes the skin off. You'll never have the toothache again as long as you live."  
A little while afterwards, tooth still ach-

ing—I sat over my desk in a brown study.—My two friends, E. and W. walked in.

"How do you do this morning? What's the matter with your face?"  
"The toothache—had it all night—no sleep—look like a fright."

"Hand me that pep," said W. "I'll give you a cure. Take of *nitri dulcis*, so much, and *alum pulc.* so much."  
"Horrible," said E. "I tried that once, and it screwed my face all out of joint. Have you tried the vapour bath?"  
"No."  
"I will," said I.

We were interrupted by Mr. L. He is one of your plain common sense sort of people; practical, fixed in his own opinions, a little inclined to stoicism, with a dash of savage philosophy, partly affected to hide tender feelings, and about six feet and an inch high without his shoes.  
"What's the matter with your face?" inquired he.

"Toothache," said I, "as all swelled keeps me awake—and—"

"Try my *nitri dulcis*, and *alum pulc.*," said W.

"Curse your *nitri dulcis* and *alum pulc.*," said L. "there is but one cure for the toothache, and that's a sure one."  
I looked tremblingly up; he had his great square fist doubled, as if he held something in his hand; he raised it to his mouth, & screwed it around with the motion of a dentist uprooting some huge double grinder with three diverging prongs. My friends were silent. I turned a little pale. "He saw what an impression he had made, and with a determined grin that went to the very soul, he bawled out—  
"Out with it you fool; and there's an end—  
It's worth all the *nitri dulcis*, and *alum pulc.* in the universe."

There was a melancholy truth in what he remarked. It sunk into my heart; I made up my mind, and when my worthy advisers left me, I walked around to Mr. L.'s, staid about five minutes, and to confess the truth, I have had pleasant moments; but the impetuous couriers of time dashed on, and I came out the happiest of men.

DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

The following, says the U. S. Gazette, is the production of Frederick Richter, a German; it was translated into French by Madame de Stael. We find it in the language, and have done it into English.

"The angel of our last hour, whom we denominate Death, Heaven sends to us from the tenderest, the best of the angelic host, that he may kindly gather from life, man's failing heart, and carry it tenderly from our chilling bosom, into the high and vivifying region of Eden. His brother is the Angel of our first hour, who twice kisses the forehead of man. The first time, that he may enter the world with mitigated pain; and the second, that he may awaken uninjured on high—that he who had come into this life with tears may enter the other with smiles."

"When the fields of battle were bedewed with blood and tears, and the angel of the last hour was gathering thence thousands of souls; his kind eyes filled with tears, he exclaimed, 'oh that I might once die like man that I might feel his last pangs and mitigate them when I am sent to deliver him from life.' The infinite circle of angels, who live in mutual affection on high, gathered round the compassionate spirit and promised to encircle him at his last sigh, with their celestial rays, that he might know that he had tasted death; and his brother, whose first kiss half opens our stiffened lips, as the young dawn calls forth the chilled flowers, pressed his visage tenderly, and said—'when again I kiss thee, my brother, thou wilt be dead on earth and placed among us.'

"Trembling, and filled with affection, the angel cast himself upon a field of battle, where there was yet a single man—a beautiful youth full of fire, whose married bosom still heaved; and near the young hero knelt, solitary, his beloved. He could no longer feel her burning tears, and her groans appeared to him as the distant cry of combats. The angel spread over him his wings, and, under the form of his beloved, he pressed him to his heart; by a burning kiss, he drew from his bloody breast his wounded soul, and gave it to his brother, gave the released soul the second kiss & it entered heaven with a smile.

"The angel of death glided like a ray of lightning into the empty envelope—penetrated the lifeless body with his divine warmth, and powerfully reanimated the sources of life. But the limits of human body were painful restraints upon the spirit. His eye of light, shut up in an orb of nerves, grew weak and dim; his immense and rapid thought moved heavily in the bony enclosure of a brain; the vapour and resplendent atmosphere which had reigned around him like an eternal spring had become dry and sombre, all his sensations became confused and tumultuous. They were such as belonged to his new existence, and seemed a simple instinct—as do to us the thoughts of animals. Hunger gnawed upon him; and thirst devoured him; his wounds tormented him; his breast, yet bathed in blood smarted with pain, and his first aspiration was a sigh towards that heaven which he had left. 'And is this man's death?' said he. But as he felt the sign of death, which had been promised, and perceived no angel nor circles of heavenly rays, he felt, indeed, that it was only life.

In the evening, the angel lost his earthly strength; and the world seemed whirling under him—for sleep sent to him his messenger. Mental images lost their light and lengthened out like shadows, and a world rolled wildly and unbridled before him—for dreams had sent to him their spirits. Finally, sleep spread over him her sombre pall, and he lay plunged in darkness, alone and motionless, like a thing of earth. But the celestial dreams stretched over him their wings, and his soul was reflected from magic mirrors; where he saw the circle of angels and resplendent heaven; and his earthly body seemed to separate itself from all its bounds. 'Ah,' said he, in his joy, 'this sleep was then my separation.' But when he awoke with a swollen heart, heavy with human blood—when he saw both night and day, he wept and exclaimed—'It was not death it was therefore, although I saw but the images, stars and the angels.'

"The affianced bride of the young warrior in heaven, did not perceive that it was an angel which animated the bosom of her beloved; she yet loved this monument of an absent soul, and grasped with ecstasy the hand of him who was so far from her. But the angel, in his turn, loved the deceived heart, even with a human affection, and jealous of the body he animated, he desired not to die before her, that he might love her until she should pardon him hereafter, in heaven, for having received at once upon her bosom, an angel and a lover. But she died before him; past griefs had too deeply bowed the head of this flower—she fell broken hearted into the tomb.

"Alas, she disappeared from before the weeping angel, not like the sun that plunges magnificently into the waves in the presence of admiring nature, but like the nocturnal star which hides itself at midnight in a cloud, and vanishes away in its dusky vapour. Death sent to her the kindest of his sisters; she touched with her icy finger the heart of the betrothed—at once the lustre of her cheeks grew dim, and the snow of death—that winter diadem which germs the spring of eternity—spread over her heavenly form. The eyes of the angel swam in tears.—He thought that his heart was about to assume the form of a tear, as the pearl which the tender shells produce. But the betrothed awaking for the last sigh, opened once more her eyes, drew him to her heart, and died embracing him—crying, 'deliciously, now I am near thee, my brother.'

"The angel expected to receive then from his celestial brother, the sign of the *kiss and death*. But instead of brilliant rays, he saw only around him a dark cloud, and he sighed that he could not die, but must endure this human suffering. 'Oh miserable, oppressed man,' cried he, 'how can you survive your pains? How can you aspire to old age, when the circles of those whom you loved in youth is broken and dispersed—when the tombs of friends form but the steps to your own, and when life has become a void and silent arena? Miserable man, how can your heart support these evils.'

"The body of the hero, which the angel had taken, conducted the placid and pure soul into the midst of men and their injustice, among the storms of vice and passion. He was compelled to bow beneath the tyranny of the great and groan under the oppression of sceptres. He saw near at hand the talons of the crowned eagles, which devour the substance of the people, and he heard the wild flapping of their wings. He saw all the earth folded in the thousand coils of the serpent, which has made it his prey, and which continually plunges his venomous tooth into the bosoms of men. Alas, even his tender heart, which had reposed from eternity in the bosom of angels, was pierced with the thorn of hatred. This pang he thought the last. 'Oh,' said he, 'how painful is death!' But that was not death, for no angel appeared.

"He soon became weary of life, which he bore for half a century; and he looked back to what he was. His wounded breast was contracted by pain; he went, pale and disheartened into the field of the dead—that green back ground of life, where souls throw off the vestments of mortality. Here, agitated with a painful remembrance, he sat down upon the spoiled grave of her whom he had loved with inexpressible affection, and contemplated the sun, which was finishing its course. Stretched out upon the beloved hillock, he cast his eyes upon his pain racked body. 'Ere this, thou shouldst have separated thyself in this place, had I not preserved thee?' He thought of the painful existence of men, and the throbbing of his wounds taught him to know the price at which mortals purchase their end and their virtues. He felt deeply touched with their constancy, and he wept with an infinite love over our race, who, banished to death of a fallen planet, wandering in a life darkened by dizzy clouds, yet keep their eyes fixed upon a divine light, stretching their arms towards heaven at each renewed anguish, and around whom nothing shines but the hope of one day rising, like that sun, into a new horizon.

"Such emotions re-opened his wounds, blood, tears of the soul, gushed from his bosom upon the ground, and his exhausted body fell upon the moldering remains of his betrothed. A distant echo, like that of an harmonious sign, sounded along a bright cloud passed before, the angel and brought him sleep, a divine ray escaped therefrom, and the circles of angels appeared, pointing him to a vacant place. 'Art thou come again, deceitful

dream?' said he.—But the angel of the first hour advanced, under a luminous vault, and gave him the sign of the *kiss*, saying, 'this was death, Oh, celestial brother!' And the young warrior and his bride came with heavenly smiles to receive him.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*Jeremiah Paul* was a short round personage; with a quick, I had almost said a spiteful grey eye—a bald head in front; and a short, stiff queue behind, horizontal and parallel with his Sunday beaver. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less remarkable than his person. At one period of it, he was the village schoolmaster—a rare pedagogue and a learned—being it is said, not only familiar with Dilworth's spelling book, and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the elementary principles of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not be suffered to remain long in obscurity. His talents were not of an order 'to blush unseen,' and accordingly in his fortieth year he was honoured with the office, and enriched with the emoluments pertaining to no less a dignitary than a justice of the peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story; and with the reader's permission, we will go back a few years; and introduce them to the wife of Master Paul. She, too, was an uncommon character; a great, good natured, and handsome romp, who used to attend school, on purpose, to use her own phrase, to plague Master Jerry. And verily she was a plague! She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased—she pinched the boys—in the faces of the girls—and finally to such a pitch did her audacity arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely powdered queue of the Domine himself.

Jeremiah was leaning over the desk in a musing attitude, engaged in a profound mathematical calculation, respecting the probable tenant of his landlord's pig sty, when this outrage took place. He had already placed the subject in half a dozen attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just on the point of committing his lucubrations to the fragment of a slate, upon which his elbow was resting, when a vigorous jerk of the hairy appendage of his pericranium, started him bolt upright in an instant, and drew from him a cry, not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear—he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue—but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish; and, as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him, the ill-suppressed laughter of his young disciples, added not a little to the former—who?—who?—who?—I say? He could articulate no more. He was choiced with passion.

"That's a great ugly girl there, what pinched me so," said a little ragged urchin with a streaked face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent—but it was plain from his manner, that he had rather have undertaken the correction of his whole school besides, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look, in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impudence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my queue?" said the Domine; but his voice trembled—his situation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—what do you suppose I want of your queue? and a queer smile played along her pretty mouth—for a pretty one she had; and what is more, the Domine himself thought so.

Jeremiah saw that he was about to lose his authority, he hemmed twice, shook his head at such of his rogues as were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reached his hand to his ferule.

"Give me your hand Miss!" His heart misgave him as he spoke.

The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too as that of a modern belle, at a cotillon party. Jeremiah took it, it was a pretty hand, a very pretty hand; and then her face, there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the pedagogue's anger. He looked first at her hand, then at her face, so expressive of roguish confidence, and then at his ferule, a rude heavy instrument of torture, altogether unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand thus held in durance before him. Never in all the annals of his birchen authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted his right hand two or three times, and as often withdrew it.

"You will not strike me?" said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, which went to the very heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Anthony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volscii before his own Virgilia—the Domine relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future?"

"I hope I shall," said the hopeful young lady; and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil by pressing the hand he had misgived, and its fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension by retarding the pressure.

They were married just six months afterwards. So much for lenity in school discipline.