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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Album.  
**TO THE BETROTHED.**

Come to my arms when the twilight sleeps  
On a couch of gold in the sunset sky,  
When the starbeams flash, as the bright foam leaps  
Like a frolic child, as the wind goes by;  
Come when the moon on the blue sky glides,  
And the violets ope their lips to the dew—  
Come with a smile, as bright as a bride's,  
And a blush as deep as a heart as true.  
Come to my heart, with a kindling glow  
On thy fair young cheek, with its blood untam'd,  
With a brow as white as the virgin snow,  
And a lip that falsehood never depriv'd;  
Come with a bound and a wild career,  
And a thrilling heart and a flashing eye,  
Come in your bud-like loveliness,  
With a lip where a bee might love to die.  
Come to me when the moonlight falls,  
With a silver sheen on bow and tree,  
Forsake for while the mirthsome balls  
Where the laugh breaks forth with a reckless glee.  
Oh come to the green and quiet grove,  
Where the clover springs with its leaves so green,  
Where the stock dove pours his notes of love,  
And the willows bow to the waters lean.  
Come—for the spring-time's health is out,  
And the evening wind is like perfume,  
The birds rejoice and the waters shout,  
And the trees and shrubs are all in bloom,  
I hear the sound of a thousand streams;  
As I stand on the green hill side at night,  
The stars flash out, and the water gleams—  
Oh, come to me with thine eyes of light.  
Come, for the season will not last—  
Come, for my soul is panting now—  
Come and thy white arms round me cast,  
And let thy red lip press my brow,  
Come, ere the flowers are pale and dead,  
Ere the birds from the valley have a way,  
Come, ere the tints of day have fled,  
And the last bird pours his roundelay. LEO.

ADVENTURES

In the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France  
and the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1815.  
By Capt. J. Kincaid.

The spectators, and actor in, many a sanguinary fray, Capt. Kincaid, of the Rifles, has here exchanged the sword for the pen, and brought before us a great number of very curious incidents. Accustomed to scenes of bloodshed, his mode of telling these stories certainly appears to us to be sometimes rather too flippant and facetious; but we home critics have no right to judge too strictly who have had their heads broken in warfare, and so often risked life and limb as to come at last to set small value upon either. Allowing Capt. Kincaid, therefore, to negative the poet's line,

"He jeers at scars who never felt a wound,"  
we shall content ourselves with quoting some of his most piquant and characteristic anecdotes.

"On our arrival at Valle, on the 12th of November, we found the enemy behind the Rio Major, occupying the heights of Santarem, and exchanged some shots with their advanced posts. In the course of the night we experienced one of the most tremendous thunder storms which used to precede the Wellington victories, and which induced us to expect a general action on the following day. I had disposed myself to sleep in a beautiful green hollow way, and, before I had time to dream of the effects of their heavy rains, I found myself floating most majestically towards the river, in a fair way of becoming food for the fishes. I ever after gave those inviting looking spots a wide berth, as I found that they were regular watercourses.

"We lay four months in this situation, divided only by a rivulet, without once exchanging shots. Every evening, at the hour,  
"When bucks to dinner go,  
And cats to sup."

It was our practice to dress for sleep; we saddled our horses, buckled on our armour, and lay down with the bare floor for a bed and a stone for a pillow, ready for any thing and reckless of every thing, but the honour of our

\* That we do not carp without reason, however, we shall cite one short example to prove.

"I was taking advantage of this extra day's halt to communicate to my friends the important events of the past fortnight, when I found myself all at once wrapped into a bundle, with my tentpole, and tent rolling upon the earth, mixed up with my portable table and writing utensils, while the devil himself seemed to be dancing a hornpipe over my body! Although this is a sort of thing that one will sometimes submit to, when it comes by way of illusion, at its proper time and place, such as a midnight visit from a nightmare; yet as I seemed now to be visited by a horse as well as a mare; and that, too in the middle of the day, and in the midst of a crowded camp, it was rather too much of a joke, and I therefore sung out most lustily. I was not long in getting extricated and found that the whole scene had been arranged by two rascally donkeys, who, in a fit of humour, had been chasing each other through the neighbourhood, until they found that they were carrying him under the bow of the linn. The ball, having passed through the linn, he was spitting blood, and at the moment, had every appearance of being in a dying state; but, to our joy and surprise, he, that day month, rode up to the battalion,

corps and country; for I will say (to save the expense of a trumpeter) that a more devoted set of fellows were never associated. We stood to our arms every morning at an hour before daybreak, and remained there until a grey horse could be seen a mile off (which is the military criterion by which daylight is acknowledged, and the hour of surprise past) when we proceeded to unharness, and to indulge in such luxuries as our toilet and our table afforded.

"Our piquet post, at the bridge, became a regular lounge for the winter, to all manner of folks. I used to be much amused at seeing our naval officers come up from Lisbon riding on mules, with huge ship's spy glasses, like six powder, strapped across the backs of their saddles. The first question invariably was, 'Who is that fellow there?' (pointing to the enemy's sentry, close to us), and, on being told he was a Frenchman, 'then why the devil don't you shoot him!' Repeated acts of civility passed between the French and us during this tacit suspension of hostilities.—The greyhounds of an officer followed a hare, on one occasion, into the lines, and they very politely returned them. I was one night on piquet, at the end of the bridge, when a ball came from the French sentry and struck the burning billet of wood round which we were sitting; and they sent in a flag of truce, next morning, to apologise for the accident, and to say that it had been done by a stupid fellow of a sentry, who imagined that people were advancing upon him. We admitted the apology, though we knew well enough that it had been done by a malicious rather than a stupid fellow, from the situation we occupied.—Gen. Junot, one day reconnoitering, was severely wounded by a sentry; and Lord Wellington, knowing that they were at that time destitute of every thing in the shape of comfort, sent to request his acceptance of any thing that Lisbon afforded that could be of any service to him; but the French general was too much of a politician to admit the want of any thing."

So much for Santarem: at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo,

"The fifth division, which had not been employed in the siege, marched in, and took charge of the town on the morning of the 20th, and we prepared to return to our cantonments. Lord Wellington happened to be riding in at the gate at the time that we were marching out; and had the curiosity to ask the officer of the leading company what regiment it was; for there was scarcely a vestige of uniform among the men, some of whom were dressed in Frenchman's coats, some in white breeches and huge black jack boots, some with cocked hats and queues; most of their swords were fixed on their rifles, and stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread; and not a few were carrying bird cages. There was never a better masked corps."

"Several men of our division, who had deserted while we were blockading Ciudad Rodrigo, were taken when it fell, and were sentenced to be shot. Lord Wellington extended mercy to every one who could procure any thing like a good character from his officers; but six of them, who could not, were paraded and shot, in front of the division, near the village of Ituera. Shooting appears to me to be a cruel kind of execution, for twenty balls may pierce a man's body without touching a vital spot. On the occasion alluded to, two of the men remained standing after the first fire, and the provost-marshal was obliged to put an end to their sufferings, by placing the muzzle of a piece at each of their heads.

The following paragraph describes an extraordinary recovery from a wound.

"By the accidental discharge of a musket, one day last year the ramrod entered the belly, passed through the body, and the end of it stuck in the back-bone of one of the soldiers of our division, from whence it was hammered out with a stone. The poor fellow recovered, and joined his regiment, as well as ever he had been, and was, last night, unfortunately drowned, while bathing in the 'Torre'."

Another anecdote.  
"October 31st.—Halted for the night in the park of the Escorial. It is amusing, on a division's first taking up its ground; to see the numbers of hares that are, every instant starting up among the men, and the scrambling and shouting of the soldiers for the prize. This day, when the usual shout was given, every man ran, with his cap in his hand, to endeavour to capture poor puss, as he imagined, but which turned out to be two wild boars who contrived to make room for themselves so long as there was nothing but men's caps to contend with; but they very soon had as many bayonets as bristles in their backs."

The description of what the writer saw of the battle of Vittoria is extremely interesting, and affords a good picture of such a day; which we propose to insert, if possible, in a subsequent No, and pass to that of the Nivel-

Towards the end of the action, Col. Barnard was struck with a musket-ball, which carried him clean off his horse. The enemy, seeing that they had shot an officer of rank, very maliciously kept up a heavy firing on the spot, while we were carrying him under the bow of the linn. The ball, having passed through the linn, he was spitting blood, and at the moment, had every appearance of being in a dying state; but, to our joy and surprise, he, that day month, rode up to the battalion,

when it was in action, near Bayonne; and I need not add, that he was received with three hearty cheers. A curious fact occurred in our regiment at this period. Prior to the action of the Nivelles, an owl had perched itself on the tent of one of our officers (Lieut. Doyle.) This officer was killed in the battle, and the owl was afterwards seen on Capt. Duncan's tent. His brother officers quizzed him on the subject, telling him that he was the next on the list; a joke which Capt. D. did not much relish; & it was prophetic, as he soon afterwards fell at Tarbes."

In the attack on Toulouse, we are told of one of the few good things said by Wellington during the war:

"The Spaniards, anxious to monopolise all the glory, I rather think, moved on to the attack a little too soon, and before the British division on their left were in readiness to cooperate; however, be that as it may, they were soon in a blaze of fire, and began walking through it, at first, with a great show of gallantry and determination; but their courage was not altogether screwed up to the sticking point, and the nearer they came to the critical pass, the less prepared they seemed to meet it, until they all finally faced to the right about, and came back upon us as fast as their heels could carry them, pursued by the enemy. We instantly advanced to their relief, and concluded that they would have rallied behind us; but they had no idea of doing any thing of the kind; for, when with Cuesta and some of the other Spanish generals, they had been accustomed, under such circumstances to run a hundred miles at a time; so that passing through the intervals of our division, they went clear off to the rear, and we never saw them more. The moment the French found interposition between them and the Spaniards, they retired within their works.—The only remark that Lord Wellington was said to have made on their conduct, after waiting to see whether they would stand after they got out of the reach of the enemy's shot, was 'Well, d—me, if I ever saw ten thousand men run a race before!'"

[From the Boston Mercury.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A WOODEN LEG.

Before you had those timber toes  
Your love I did allow,  
But then you know you stand upon  
Another FOOTING now

I am one of those unfortunate wights who have found themselves obliged to call in the carpenter for the purpose of mending their mortal frame.—I was born complete, as sound as a pumpkin, and with a pair of as sturdy nether limbs as ever kicked. I stumped merrily on both of them during my youth, never dreaming that I should one day be indebted for the same peripatetic faculty to a stick of wood.

During the last war with Great Britain, I served in our army on the frontier. I was in many battles, but managed throughout the whole of the conflict to keep lead and cold iron out of me. I began to think myself bullet proof, but never was a conjuror more mistaken, as I soon found out, at the battle of Plattsburg by the help of a cannon ball which took off my leg just below the knee. This happened in the beginning of the action, and I fell into the enemy's hands. We got the victory at last, as is well known, and when the British retreated, I was carried off by them along with some of their own wounded. I was duly reported by the American returns 'among the missing,' and my friends all imagined me dead.

After lying sometime in the British hospitals I was sent to Montreal, where I met with a very ingenious French mechanist who fitted me with a very new limb, so admirably constructed with springs and hinges, that after a short practice, I found myself able to manage it with so much dexterity that it passed with the world for the real bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I was sent home to Boston after the peace, and received by my friends as one risen from the dead. They little imagined on seeing me safe and hearty, that I had one foot in the grave.

Now though I might have claimed and received a pension for the loss of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter secret, as who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied for his wooden shins, when he can have the credit of owing a pair of the real live stumblers. No mortal of my acquaintance suspected that I had a sham leg, and I was resolved to take no pains to divulge the secret, but if I got a kick upon my wooden shin even to scratch where it did not smart.

The pertinacity with which I have stuck to this determination, has led me into the oddest adventures. I was kicked by a horse on my fictitious limb, and to the astonishment of every body walked home after it, without so much inconvenience as a sprained ankle. I was bitten by a mad dog most furiously in the same place, and every one prophesied that I should die, but I got well of the bite and amazed them all. A cart wheel ran over my foot and jammed it into a cocked hat, no one but admired the fortitude with which I bore the pain. Walking home one cold day with the Doctor, I stepped with one foot mid leg deep in a puddle of water. The Doctor was positive that I should take cold in consequence of it, and I won a wager of him by not coming off hoarse the next morning, to his utter astonishment.

But this unfeeling limb of mine has sometimes brought me into awkward scrapes. I never shall forget how, supremely foolish I felt one evening, when I had been ridiculing most

undercreepily a certain foppish, conceited, pragmatical fellow about the town; all this, I did in presence of his two sisters, whom I did not know to be such, and never imagined that my friend Walter who sat next to me would let me run on in such a strain without apprizing me of the blunder I was committing. 'Why you incomprehensible fellow,' said he to me, as soon as we came away, 'what the vengeance possessed you to keep on talking in that style, when I was treading upon your toe every instant to make you stop?'"

Once, indeed; I became very near being discovered; and the artifice by which I escaped detection had the strangest effects. Who could believe that the ghost of a wooden leg could break off a match? or that by saving my limb, I made Mr. Beau Babbleton lose his mistress? I will tell the story, for it is seldom that a wooden leg has kicked up such a dust.

One very dark evening I was walking homeward through a street where the sidewalk was somewhat narrow, and the cellar entrances projected quite out to the curbstone. One of these happened to be covered with a wooden grating, and in walking over it I trod in the dark upon a defective part, and my foot broke through. It was my wooden leg, and in my endeavour to extricate it, the unfortunate limb broke and fell into the cellar.

Here was a terribly awkward situation for a fine gentleman to be in. There was no getting my lost leg out of its limbo in the dark, and to apply for help would discover me. Luckily I had my walking stick; and with the help of that, made a shift to hobble to my lodgings, where I arrived undiscovered, thanks to the darkness & lateness of the hour. But the difficulty was not over. I had lost my leg, & no one could make me such another; or, if it could be replaced, the thing could not be effected without a delay of many days, and the story would infallibly get wind. What should I do? I knew the house in which my stray limb had stepped, but was not upon the right terms with the occupant to trust him with the secret: this was the most unlucky circumstance of all, he was Joe Clackabout, a person with whom I had been involved in a quarrel and was moreover an arrant busy-body. In short he was no man to entrust with the secret of a sham leg.

At last a thought struck me of a method to get my leg and save my credit, for I saw plainly that my leg must be had immediately, or else the cat would be out of the bag. I thought of Beau Babbleton, the foppish fellow mentioned above, as a personage on whom I might with some conscience play the trick of fathering my lost limb; I had got myself into bad odour with his sisters and two or three score of their gossiping female acquaintance by means of his foppery and the insensibility of my timber toes, and I determined now to be revenged upon him by means of the same intractable member. The plan was this,—to send by a trusty servant a note to Mr. Clackabout, requesting the leg in the name of Beau Babbleton, by which means I should get my limb again without being suspected, and Beau might account for the superfluity of shin-bones in his own animal economy as well as he was able.

The plan succeeded to admiration, and much better than I looked for. I had the luck to see a darkey passing under my window in the morning, and him I sent off with the note. You may judge of the surprise and astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:

Mr. Babbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout and requests he will have the goodness to despatch him his leg by the bearer; it will be found in the cellar. Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr. C's cellar door last evening.

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it a hoax, but on sending into the cellar to examine, the leg was found, sure enough, and the breach in the cellar door where the misstep had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabouts at the discovery of Beau Babbleton's artifice. Who would have thought it? they all exclaimed,—a tip top dandy, a buck of the first water, an irresistible creature among the ladies, and yet, doing all this with a wooden leg! Oh! monstrous!

However, after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffey, who passed for Beau Babbleton's servant as no questions were asked, and my stray appendage was brought to me without any discrepancy being made. Now was Richard Kincovery being made. Beau Babbleton absolutely beside himself; Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same forenoon, and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg! Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

"Not ill, to be sure," said Mr. Clackabout, "but terribly out of joint."

"Out of joint! out of joint, sir! what do you mean?"

"Oh I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door; indeed, I believe it was sent back in good order; and truly, you walk very well with it; one would never suspect you."

"Never suspect me! I don't understand you sir; pray, what do you suspect me of?"

"Of getting the boot on the wrong foot, for you need not think to mystify me. What! have I out in this fashion, when you left it in your cellar last night, and I sent it to you this morning?"

"Really, Mr. Clackabout, you talk like a man who has lost his senses."

"Really, Mr. Babbleton, your attorney is too much to bear. You will make a lame piece of work of it; and get yourself into a hobble. I advise you to show a little more understanding," and with these punning allusions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clackabout walked off.

Poor Babbleton was utterly confounded, at being snubbed and brow-beaten in this incomprehensible manner.—But this was cakes and ginger bread to what happened afterwards, for the Misses Clackabouts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way; that is, they told it in confidence to all their acquaintances; and the consequence was, the greatest rout and stir among the beau monde that ever was known in Boston.

Miss Tiffaffy, whom Beau had engaged to marry (being his seventeenth flame), was so shocked on hearing the intelligence, that she called for harts horn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off for nobody could ever persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and whalebone waist, and a sham leg was a horse of the same colour. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill luck, but he could never endure the sight of any thing that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day, he never sees a person with a hitch in his gait without a sigh.

A Relic Of Christopher Columbus.

FROM THE CHARLESTON CITY GAZETTE.

This letter bears date only ten years after the great discovery of the Admiral.—It is wanting, as may be seen in his proper signature, in place of which is given a long string of titles growing out of that event, and purely in character with the swelling and sounding habit of the Nation for which he had done so much, and a citizen of which he had become.—Ed.

One of the periodicals of Marseilles, has just published a curious document lately found among the archives of the Bank of Saint George, in Genoa. It is the entire of a Letter from Christopher Columbus, to that establishment viz:

To the Most Noble Gentlemen of the magnificent Bank of St. George, in Genoa.

Most noble gentlemen.—However my body may be on the go, or travelling, my heart is always near unto you. Our Saviour has done me the greatest favour which has ever been done to any man, since the time of David. The results of my undertaking are brilliant, and would be much greater were it not that the Government dissimulate, for prudential reasons. I am about to make another voyage to the Indies, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity with an intention of returning once more; but since I am mortal, I leave orders with Don Diego, my son, that he remit to you annually, the tenth part of my revenues, in payment of the imposts upon the wheat, wine, and other objects of comestibles: If this tenth is worthy of consideration, you will receive it; if not, you will give me the credit of having a good will.—I recommend my son to you very particularly.

Mr. Nicholas Oderigo, knows more about my discovery, than I do myself. I have sent him a copy of the maps, that they may be preserved with the greatest care. I am very desirous that you should see them. Their Majesties, the King & Queen, are daily heaping their honours upon me. I pray that the Most Holy Trinity may preserve you and prosper your magnificent establishment.  
Seville, April 2, 1503.

The Great Admiral of the Ocean—Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands & Terra Firma of Asia, and of the Indies, my sovereigns the King and Queen, and Captain General of the Marip and his Council.

S. S. A. S. X. M. Y.  
\*Those initials signify Supplex Sevens Altissimi, Salvatoris Christi, Maria, Josephi.

From the Boston Courier.

WASHINGTON CITY.

The Capitol, President's House, and Public Offices, which were destroyed by the British in 1814, cost \$300,000. The rebuilding of the Capitol has cost \$1,844,000; of the President's House, \$301,000; of the Public Offices, \$353,000. The Capitol, where the Congress and the Supreme Court hold their sessions, is nearly one mile and three quarters from the President's House, contiguous to which are the offices of the Secretaries. The Government has received from the sale of public lands in Washington about \$700,000 beyond the cost of the lands, and the building lots unsold, are estimated at \$350,000. In addition to these lots, the United States own 541 acres, consisting of 'reservations' of entire squares or larger sections of ground, which were purchased at the rate of \$66 66 an acre. These reservations are estimated at \$700,000, or \$1560 an acre.

PHENOMENON.

The Courier de pas Baya announces that a child has been lately born at Brimley, whose right shoulder bears the impression of the initials, 'T. P.' This phenomenon is explained by the fact of the mother having witnessed the branding of an individual condemned to hard labour for life. *Traces Proprietaire.*