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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Vermont American.

THE BEGGAR.

A few weeks since a magnificent appeared in our village, pale and emaciated, and convulsed with spasmodic affliction, brought on to all appearance by an illness of several days in the battles of our independence. The many and deep scars which his skill, and breast, and arms, were disfigured, evinced that the tragedy of the revolution had been to him no bloodless drama. He asked not for the means to pamper appetite. His face bespoke him an honest and temperate man. He begged only for humanity's sake, a pittance, to support nature till he could reach his few surviving friends, further north. It was an affecting sight to see an old man—a veteran of that sacred war, in which he lost three sons, begging alms to aid him on to the spot, where, in a wretched hotel, which he calls his own, he might put up his last prayer for his ungrateful country, cover his face with his tattered mantle, and die.

And thou hast seen, thou say'st, old man, The Lion in his ire; When from his strain'd and blood-shot eye, Flash'd out vindictive fire. And thou hast heard, old man, thou say'st, The terror of his stern rebuke, That echo'd mid our mountain rocks, And rang along our shore. And thou hast stood unblenchingly, His gaze front before— When savage wail'd her dripping wings, And death-drewhid the earth with gore. God! hee thee, father, for the world Is pitiless and cold— It alletheth not the shelterless, Itevereth not the old. Ay, it can gaze upon the front, That battle's stamp hath seal'd; And ever unroll'd the wither'd hand, Too weak to hold the world. Why left they not thy withering corse, On Bonker's smoking steed, When thro' thy brow the death shot plough'd That furrow'd broad and deep? Or why on Yorktown's crimson plain Delt thou not yield thy breath? For better hadst thou bleed, Here on the long step of death. Tien hadst thou bleat as Warren bled, And as Montgomery died; The name been chronicled among The heroes of our pride. God give thee, father, words to beg— Cloaking with shame—thy food; These are the prayers my country's wail— These are—her gratitude.

From "Stories of Waterloo."

THE TALL MAJOR'S STORY.

Bless my heart! Stopped payment!—HOCKEY In the middle of the main street of Castlebar there still stands a low two storied house. Its external is sadly changed for the worse; a huge crop of dank grass covers the load of rotten thatch, which has been accumulated for a century, and the lower portion of the hall door has disappeared, thus affording the pig a comfortable communication with the interior. The respective inhabitants for every chamber is tenanted with an interesting sample of the six millions, and have displayed great ingenuity in counteracting the numerous assaults committed upon the premises by the storm, and fully bear out the proud boast of the progeny of the Emerald Isle, that the resources of "the Gem of the Ocean," are illimitable.

But poorly as now look the premises, lodgments were once made, and loans effected there; for that ruined house was the bank and residence of Constantine Carney. Con Carney, when I was gazetted to the 25th Regiment, was in the zenith of his fame. You have your commercial banks, and your saving banks, but what are they to Con Carney's?

I love to give a graphic sketch, and you shall have Con in all this glory. I will remember the morning in which the post brought my appointment. My aunt (she's gone the way of all flesh, God be good to her!) twitched me on the elbow, and I dutifully followed her to her chamber. The door was carefully closed—a key, with great deliberation, drawn from the inner partition of her pocket; (my aunt's was a double one.) "Dennis, my darling boy, you are going into the world, and have taken to an honourable calling, becoming one of your name, and moreover, you are nearly connected with the O'Tooles; my aunt was an O'Toolo—keep yourself clean, and let no man tread upon your corns, as was my poor uncle's parting advice to my brother Phelim, who died a full Major in the Irish Brigade—Here," she extracted a small paper from a compartment of her housewife—"take this to the bank, and the Lord be with you!" She wiped her eyes with the corner of her figured apron. "Don't be cast down my dear boy; we were always a lucky family; and I hope to live to see you return like Colonel O'Callaghan, with your wooden leg and twelve and six pence a day."

My aunt's present was an order to Con Carney for twenty pounds, and I proceeded to the bank. In the outer room, behind a narrow counter, which separated him from the customers, sat a one-eyed clerk, with a pen behind his ear, telling over a bundle of shilling notes, which Con, from a scarcity of change, had put in circulation. I presented my order. Luke Lynch directed his solitary optic at the paper, and perceiving it was a weighty transfer, pointed to the inner door, and I was speedily in the presence of the man of money. Wealth and gout are said to be inseparable companions; and how should Con Carney escape? There he sat—a short punchy man, his infirm foot implicated with divers rolls of flannel, resting on a low cushion. On the table stood a pewter ink-stand, with its Eagle's quill; and the large dog-eared account book, for Con knew nothing of your double entry system—was lying open before him. Con was in prodigious credit; his shilling notes passed current as the King's own coin. The private purse of every thrifty matron in the parish was considered insecure until confided in his custody; and there was not an old maid for miles around who did not keep an account in the bank of Castlebar. The small farmer requested, as a particular favour, that he would take charge of a 'trifle of monev to portion the little girl off,' and the priest himself had been found, more than once, closeted with the banker; and most auspiciously so, just after the Easter and Christmas dues had been collected. But there were others besides depositors, who sought the domicile of Constantine Carney. He was blessed with three thumping daughters, and many a lover sighed in the little left hand parlour. From the crowd of competitors for her fair hand, Patsy Blake bore the bell, and led Sibby Carney blushing to the hymeneal altar. Patsy's patrimony had been cruelly disorganised; but things soon altered for the better—debts were discharged or liquidated—the old house was newly roughcast, and put on a fresh and jaunty air; and Cloghavan Muck—the designation of the mansion—and which being interpreted, the 'pig's' stepping stones, was voted vulgar, and Castle Muck substituted in its place. Nor did the prosperity of Patsy Blake pass unnoticed in the neighbourhood. Sally Carney, the second of the graces, was besieged by beaux; and never did desperate suitors go more desperate lengths since the days of Penelope. God knows how matters might have ended, when, in the nick of time, who should arrive to recruit, but Lieutenant Corcoran, of the 15th Royal Irish. The Lieutenant was a bold man; numbers did not deter him; and he determined to call the gentle Sally his or parish. He took the field immediately—politely intimating that any attention to Miss Carney would be considered by him personal; and finding, notwithstanding, that Philip O'Flaherty, Esq. persevered in being civil, he requested the honour of that gentleman's company one blessed morning, to the race course, and winged him, the said Philip, in a workmanlike style, as was fully attested by a large and impartial assemblage. Miss Sally Carney, to prevent further effusion of blood, surrendered at discretion, and Lieutenant Corcoran appeared shortly in the gazette, promoted to a company in the "88th, by purchase."

I joined my regiment. Time rolled on. My small remittances from Mayo showed me that my friend Con was still alive and merry; for these subsidies generally reached me in the shape of a bill on London, and Con Carney—oh! what an autograph it was! usually sprawled across it, either before or behind, with a large splash beneath, and as many concentric circles as the hooker of an Indian resident. Notices of Con and his family were frequent in the elaborate epistles of my aunt O'Toolo. I found she had, on a certain day taken an airing in the Castle Muck carriage—that Mrs. Major Corcoran had been safely delivered of twins—that Miss Biddy, the youngest, had had her name changed to Sophia—and that the Carney family were sorely perplexed—Con to employ excessive capital, and Biddy, alias Sophia, to dispose of accumulating admirers. Time still kept rolling, as an Irish coachman would say, 'peace was proclaimed—I escaped from the slaughter,' and once more returned to my native town. I shall never forget my reception. My father was waiting at the coach office, and I thought he would have shaken my arm from the shoulder joint. My poor mother, (the Major's eyes filled,) there she stood waiting behind the hall door, folded me to her heart, and then held me at arm's length to assure herself of my identity. Was this her strippling boy—a bronzed, black-whiskered strapping fellow of six feet two—with a dash over his eye, and the riband of a foreign order at his button hole? "Nor was my aunt O'Toolo less gracious, considering that I had come home with neither a wooden leg or twelve and six pence per diem. In short, the night of my return was one of unbounded happiness, half the town having collected to welcome me, and get drunk with one who had been for seven

years fighting in Picton's own division, the far famed fighting 5th. What a night it was! all went to bed fuddled and happy. The morning came. I had slept long and soundly. I found the family collected in the parlour—the breakfast table in full preparation—the urn gurgle, the eggs were ready—my aunt had actually raised the congo to her lips, when the door opened, and our old butler stood gaping and terror-struck, exhibiting equal alarm to that occasioned by the gentleman who drew 'Prism's curtain in the dead of night.' My mother laid down the teapot—my aunt's cup paused at the very lip. 'Who's dead? Is the house on fire?'—speak and be d—d,' said my father.—Mark fetched a desperate inhalation, and bellow'd, 'The bank's broke!' 'Mother of Heaven!' ejaculated my aunt O'Toolo, 'I'm ruin'd.' 'Every sixpence of the Noremberrent, received in his infernal notes,' roared my father, 'run Dennis, and see if the news is true; but stop, here comes Mr. Doran, and he'll put us out of pain.' A thundering knock shook the tea equipage—my aunt groaned heavily. 'All's lost,' remarked my father, for the doctor sounded an alarm on his nose, a proceeding which was universally done when a patient was in extremity. 'Is this as bad as—'—my father was interrupted—'As bad as may be; the house is besieged, the doors closed, and Luke Lynch has gone off with the accounts.' True it was that the one-eyed clerk had levanted, and had taken the dog-eared ledger along with him.

A few days elapsed—the state of the town was indescribable—all classes had suffered alike, for Con's shilling notes had reached even to the pocket of the kitchen maid. The church itself was involved in the general calamity, and Father Malachi Macbride was left lamenting a smart sun, being the produce of that gentleman's spiritual labours.—Society was for the present at an end—a movement out of the question—a sickly attempt made by my aunt O'Toolo to collect a loo party turned out a dead failure, for there Con's paper currency had been the circulating medium, and any play now must necessarily be a credit transaction. At a full meeting of my aunt's, to play for nothing was voted a sinful waste of time, and to play on a credit a dangerous alternative; and the loo club came to the desperate determination of discontinuing these meetings for the present; and resolved that this visitation was inflicted on them for their sins, through the agency of Con Carney.

During this period Con Carney refused all proffered interviews or consolation. To all inquiring friends, it was answered that he was ill of the gout in both legs, and that his heart was broken in the bargain. The magistrates found it difficult to prevent the mob from pulling down the house; when late one evening, a note arrived with C. C. upon a seal as large as a saucer. Hastily my father opened it, and despatched Mark for Dr. Doran and Father Malachi.—They came, and he read Con's epistle. 'They were a roundabout concern, set forth his misfortunes at large, dwelt much on his unbounded honesty, touched feelingly on the sufferings of his little girls, all this my aunt O'Toolo designated flummery. At the close, Con requested a suspension of all opinion until he could see his valued friends, my father, the doctor, and the priest, and then he, Con, could open the state of his affairs to these trusty confederates, and had no doubt but that any impression made against his integrity would be removed in toto. The Doctor was the first to break the silence.

'He never could doubt the honesty of Con Carney. What! would he take in a friend, who had known him man and boy for fifty years? and moreover, attended Mrs. Carney in her last illness, early and late.—No, no, he felt assured that Con had only waited till he had accurately made up the accounts of the present party, and that to prevent any inconvenience, he would pay them at once, and the remainder of the creditors at a future opportunity.'

The priest followed: he was much of Dr. Doran's opinion, touching Con aforesaid; but, had as well the sin of ingratitude, which the doctor had lightly mentioned, what was it after all to sacrifice and impiety? for he, Malachi Macbride, would pronounce Con guilty of these mortal offences, had he ventured to retain one farthing of his property; seeing that every sixpence was holy;—to wit, does and offerings, churchings and christenings, house money, marriages, and masses; in short, all sorts of fees belonging to the dead and living. He had strong suspicion that the flight of Luke Lynch had caused the delay, and if that was the case, he pledged himself to curse the said Luke, from the altar, on the first convenient opportunity.

My father, who was by no means so certain of Con's designs of an immediate settlement in full, hoped at least he would make a respectable composition; and my aunt most creditable evinced strong sympathy for her quondam friend, by requesting my father

not to press him too severely; and empowering him, on her part, to accept of nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound, promptly paid, in bank of Ireland paper, and that she would patiently wait for the remainder till it was perfectly convenient; and off went the triumvirate.

All the ceremonial, observed when admitting a flag of truce into a place of arms, was only enacted in conducting the deputation to the dormitory of Con Carney. There sat the unhappy banker, his gouty foot upon a pillow, and Biddy, otherwise Sophia, with a lilly-white handkerchief in her hands, having been weeping, or preparing to weep, over the fallen fortunes of her house. 'I am sorry to find you ailing, Carney,' said my father. 'God bless all here!' said the priest, while the doctor interdicted fretting and mental uneasiness, both being, as he averred, injurious to gouty habits.

Con sighed—'Ah! gentlemen, I am glad to see you—very civil indeed to come to see a man, and be in trouble—the grief is killing me; here Biddy, alias Sophia, sobbed audibly. 'No one knows that better than Doctor Doran, as he said to me the night Mrs. Carney (God be good to her soul!) died—'My dear friend your wife can't live half an hour, & therefore raise your spirits.' My father here hinted, that he understood Con wanted them on matter of business. 'Yes, my dear sir,' said the banker. 'I have been badly used; the world says I'm a rogue; and Luke Lynch, that I have fed, man and boy, three thirty years, has run off with the account books.'

'As to Luke Lynch,' observed the priest, 'make your mind easy, my friend, on that subject, as I intend by the blessings of God to curse him next Sunday.' Con returned thanks duly for father Malachi's civility, and continued—'They blame me I hear for the portioning my children; but sure I could well afford it them, for it was I that was snug; but, Biddy, dear it you that must suffer'—(here Con apostrophised the lady in the corner,) 'I thought, gentlemen, to settle my little girl before I died, but her fortune I'll give all over to you.'

The priest and Doctor Doran simultaneously produced their pocket books & while they arranged certain vouchers in due order the banker proceeded. 'Many a man would take care of his own; but he wiped his eyes with the back of his left hand, and looked pathetically at Miss Biddy—'I was a lucky man, Major, dear, and I thought to leave you Biddy, independent. But God's will be done! here's her draw.' As he spoke, he gradually drew out the drawer of the little table where he sat, and thence producing a small paper, he handed it with great ceremony to my father. The priest and doctor regarded it with intense anxiety, while my father exclaimed—'Here's some mistake; this is a lottery ticket.'

'Yes, dear gentlemen, take it and welcome it's my all; and if it come up prize, pay yourself first, and the creditors afterwards.' 'Why, sounds and the devil!' roared my father, 'did you bring us here to make us greater fools than we have shown ourselves, by trusting your infernal bank?—have you no property; no assets?' 'None, the Lord sees, not as much as would bury me; here Con sobbed, and Miss Biddy threatened to become hysterical, up rose the priest, and up rose the Doctor.

'Con,' said my father, rushing from the room, you're a consummate rogue. 'Con,' said the Doctor, 'I'll never darken your door, though you should have the gout in the stomach.' Chmley Castell, the attorney, undertook to settle Con's affairs, and after due and laudable investigation, at length declared his estate capable of producing two-pence three farthings in the pound. The result was, that Con retired to castle Muck, lived comfortably, paid off the remainder of Patty Blake's debts, purchased farther promotion for Major Corcoran, and Married Miss Biddy to an undoubted gentleman from Connemara, who was six skin to the celebrated Dick Martin. Con lies under a snug tombstone in Kilgobbin church yard, which sets forth that he was both honest and affectionate; but whether in his last moments he made satisfaction to the church—whether 'the bells were rung and the mass was sung,' or he went to the grave unanointed and unforgiven, is a point I never could determine.

Dangerous encounter with Elephants in South Africa.

The following account of a very perilous adventure was communicated by the gentleman to whom it occurred, (Lieutenant D. Moodie, of the 21st Fusiliers,) to Mr. T. Pringle, and has been with his consent transferred to our pages. *Cham. Ad.* Of several remarkable adventures which I have had the fortune to experience in the course of my life, the most extraordinary certainty, was my hair-breadth escape from the Elephant in South Africa. As I perceive that this has been, rather inaccurately

related in some late publications, and as you have expressed a wish to have my own account of the occurrence, I shall give you the details as nearly as I can recollect them.

In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg on the picturesque banks of Gualana, beyond the Great Fish river. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African corps,) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

On the following day one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement; and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but from losing my way, in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them, until after they had given the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger, by loud cries 'Passop!—Look out!' coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the cracking of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrath. I voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle, which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little old plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position, and my shot not take effect.—I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back I perceived to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles, in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three either side of her, and the other three intention of making sure of me; all this screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire, till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell; I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Luckily for me she had only one, which still more luckily missed its mark. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore feet & knocked me about between them for a little space.—I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately.

Once she pressed her foot in my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which, fortunately, lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts for this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.—While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieut. Chisholm, of the R. A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me, before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

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