

# The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1850.

NO. 25.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.  
SILENT WORSHIP.  
BY J. O. WHITTIER.

The morning was a summer one—the bow of the sun shone brightly in the west. The soft south wind, that wandered over earth, touching the long grass and the quiet streams with a light wing, as fearful to disturb the sanctity of worship.

One by one, the multitude had gathered, in the deep and lowing sense of man's unworthiness. Slowly and quietly they came—the young, and the grey man—the modest glancing girl, and the serene of ripened years.

Like no other shadows, stealing to their seats. With their light feet, as audible alone, stirring the willows which overhung the dead, and whispered to the grave stones.

Motionless, like a strange worshipped. Silence lay, which gathered nothing from the outward world of sight or sound, or any thing which makes men's sacrifice a mockery, had turned deeply upon itself. The human heart, with its most complex fashioning. The ties which bind us to the circumstance of earth, and its strange yearning for a happiness, drawn from material mockeries, are strong as the soul's master passion. It would gain its elements of happiness and love, from natural creature, and contrive to blend the heartless sensibilities of man with the pure fountain of religious truth.

Human pride and vanity are things to be cast off. Like an unseemly garment, from the heart that boweth unto God, and giveth up its stubborn will, and earthward tendencies, for the mild teachings and deep wisdom of the all-quickening spirit, and the light which cometh unto all who have been—An emanation from the Eternal Mind. With a more blessed influence on the heart than truth from the world, and teachers in its smiling affections, and wisdom, and a more perfect passion, and in meek and obedient reverence, awaits the time of Him, who bids the worshipper be still, and know that He is God.

From the London N. M. Magazine.  
THE FAIR SEX.  
When Eve brought you, to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman; But when she wept I with love on kind, He then pronounced her too many; But now with folly and with pride, Their husbands' pockets trimmings, The ladies are so full of whims, That people call them whims-men.

THE DEATH OF POLON.  
If Sebago Lake were in Scotland or France, or Italy, people would cross the Atlantic, to see it sail on its waters—angle for titaine trout—and come home and tell of it. As it is, many who live within three hours' ride, know less about it, than they know about the Lake of Geneva, or Loch Lomond.

More than seventy years ago, a party of Indian warriors arrived with their birchen canoes on the northern shore of the afternoon, on a pleasant May-day, and near the close of the month. As the wind then blew fresh from the south, they concluded to lie by, for a few hours, confidently predicting that as the sun went down, there would be a change of wind to favour their descent of the Lake, in a south-easterly direction. In this they were not disappointed. Soon after the sun had become obscured by the tops of those hills, which lie in the now good farming town of Baldwin and Sebaco, the Indians pushed off from the shore, and by taking a few boughs, which they had broken from a pine tree, waited down the Lake, by a gentle breeze from the north-west—having but little use for their paddles.

These men were savages—nay savage warriors—they had been in a hundred fights, and had committed a thousand cruelties; yet, however unwilling the white man may be to allow it, they had hearts susceptible of tender emotions. They were the children of nature, and the varied expression of her face, whether in smiles or in frowns, in sunshine or in thunder, had a powerful influence over their feelings. The adjacent forests, on the hill tops, as well as by the water side, had not then been galled by the axe, nor scathed by fire—they stood in their native grandeur. The trees had just put on their new foliage, and the whole Lake was encircled by a deep green border. The little Emerald Isles, seen here and there, on the bosom of the water, with tall trees standing up of them, appeared at a distance, like ships anchored for the night in a spacious bay. Evening came on—and as twilight disappeared, thousands of stars looked down from the blue darkness above, and as many more appeared to look up from the deep dim waters below. It was one of those evenings when every person, not altogether insensible to the beauties of nature, loves to go out, and look abroad upon the heavens—to see the varied flushes of the fading west,—

and he lost his fire. Posing himself in an angle formed by two logs, the one crossing the other, he began to relapse his gun, when Manchester fired from behind the tree, and Polon fell. The Indians at the fall of the leader, set up a dismal yell, and both parties left the ground. The white men retreated to the garrison, and the Indians into the thick woods carrying on their shoulders the body of the much loved chief. They had not gone far, however, when they found that their enemies, being reinforced, were in fresh pursuit. They were convinced that resistance would be in vain, and flight impossible, unless they could dispose of their veteran burden. In this emergency several of them ascended a tall, but not large tree, swayed over the top, turning up the root on one side, under which they cast the lifeless body;—the tree righted, grew as vigorously as before. Thus fell Polon—there still lie the bones of the brave warrior—and here ended the Indian wars in New-Marblehead.

PRIZE TRAGEDY.  
Mr. John Augustus Stone the successful author of the tragedy of 'Metamora,' is a comedian of some abilities, and the same gentleman whose address for the benefit of the Greeks won such general approbation at the Theatre of this city. He has also gained much credit as the author of the 'Banker of Rouen.' The decision of the committee of literary gentlemen as to the excellence of Mr. Stone's tragedy, it is said, will justify the trust placed in them. The play is finely calculated for effect, the scenery is imposing, and the plot highly interesting. The great strength of the piece lies in the hero—'Metamora,' who stands boldly forth in the full majesty of his native character. This hero cannot but meet with a noble representative in our own Forest.

The Boston Statesman contains an extract from one of the rejected tragedies, by B. B. Curtis, Esq. of Burlington, Vt. Its title is 'Eskah,' and the character of the Indian chief, it is said, is sketched with a bold and daring hand, in many instances exceedingly eloquent; and the under plot, which is partly drawn, the author says, from Mr. Leggett's popular tale, the 'Rifle,' is managed with skill and effect.

We think our readers will be pleased with the following extracts. Emerald.

ACT II.—Scene I.  
A dark and solitary wood, stumps and trees partly burnt and decayed in the background is seen the ruin of an Indian dwelling.  
(Enter Eskah and Wharroe.)  
E. 'Tis hereabouts, my son; a little further, a few more steps; the dead grass and rank weeds mark it; 'tis here—there, there! My son, look, look, there, was the home of thy sire! and their spirits are moaning in the winds; hear them, hark! was that not your mother's voice? Again—Maïomi speak again. They are gone—hushed. Come, my son, we will find their ashes.  
(They rush among the ruins and kneel.)  
W. Shall I find where they killed my mother?

E. 'Twas here, this place—and yet I remember not; the fire was around them all, swift, and terrible. I cannot think of it, boy—my brain, my brain—hah! what, this! another joint—I thought I had buried them all. Come close to me, (places his hand on Wharroe's head) they come around us, they look upon us, they speak, hear them! They say, remember, remember, remember this altar of death, where the white man spared not our race, nor our kindred; remember and seek, forget not—seek him that destroyed.

W. Wharroe will remember.  
E. The great spirit will give thee strength, and memory, and manhood, my son. When Eskah's fall, Great Spirit, give him the fire of the clouds, that is swift, and sure; let his eye see, and his hand strike, where the enemy is hid, if Eskah does not; for thy sparrows, and the fiery death—and here, would Eskah rest with them, and mingle ashes with ashes—but must not, 'till the blow is struck, 'till the fire goes out, 'till the blow is struck, 'till many suns have set. Wharroe, my son—son of the bright cloud, and the rainbow, (for it rested on the hills when Malomi gave thee to me,) come—[Wharroe takes from his bosom a small casket and opens it—Eskah goes among the ruins, takes ashes in his hand, comes forward and puts them in the casket.] THY MOTHER (They retire slowly, keeping their eyes fixed on the ruin.)

The following passage is from the closing scene.  
ACT V.—Scene V.  
A Prison. Eskah asleep—Irena (daughter of Eskah) seated beside him watching.  
I. He sleeps. Ah! heavy is Irena's heart; I shall do more to him when he wakes, and be his morning bird, for they will kill Irena's father, & she will die too. (she wakes)  
E. Where? Where? Ah! here, and my

bird, my little bird. I have slept long, long—when are they coming to kill me?  
I. Oh no, no they shall not, you shall sleep again; Irena will watch.  
E. It was a sweet sleep, if sleep it was. I was not here.  
I. Yes.  
E. I was with my fathers, yes—in the green valleys and groves where they did repose. They led me to the cooling shades, and sunny banks, beside the fountains and the rolling rivers. Behold, these are ours, said they—the blossoms and the fruit, and the ripe corn—the hills and the swift deer, they are ours, nor shall the white man take them from us or make us afraid. Welcome, they cried, welcome to-morrow. Malomi, thy mother, was there, and all my warriors; welcome they cried.—To-morrow, Eskah will be with them.  
I. Irena too.  
E. My poor bird, (Enter Wharroe,) my son—my boy safe; they did not kill him, and he shall live to remember—they will not deny Eskah to look upon his children. The Great Spirit will keep you both, when I am dead, and this death to come—Irena, go awhile to our good Emma.

No no, Irena must not go from her father's no.  
E. A little while and comfort her; they have killed her father. Go now, and come again soon—she may come with you, tell her Eskah would see her.  
I. And she will come with me to you?  
E. Yes, and stay—this, (holds her to his bosom,) now. (Exit Irena.) Wharroe, they will kill thy father.  
W. Wharroe will live and remember them.  
E. The Great Spirit will give thee life and strength and memory, my boy—but this death for me—was Eskah a prisoner from the battle, with brave enemies around him to tell them his deeds with every pang, returning hate for hate, with the song of triumph; Eskah could die the warrior's death and honor his name—but this which the white man gives—Wharroe, wouldst see thy father—come, let's see. (takes Wharroe's arm and rolls up his sleeve.) no no, 'tis but a tender shoot and would fall, should he obey me—well.

(Enter Officer.)  
Of Eskah, have you any request to make, or word to say? if you have, name it, for your time wears apace. There is a holy man near by, if you would have him sent for.  
E. Eskah's prayers have gone up to the Great Spirit.  
Of. Have you nothing to say for your children? they must soon be left, and without a father, mother or friend.  
E. Mother, mother, friend, why, there they are! in the flames! enrapt, writhing in—see! there, they gasp and suck in the hot death! See! they choke, and the fire consumes their heart!—Now hear them shriek that horrible cry—their tongues roll out—their eyes burst their sockets, their flesh is dropping from their bones—ah hah! now the red timbers crush them—ah hark! hark! they call me, they call Eskah—he comes—he comes. (Seizes the dagger in the officer's belt and stabs himself.) I come—I come—I come—[falls and dies.]

LORD BYRON AND HIS PET BEAR.  
We perceive that our friend Moore has omitted some of the most whimsical of Lord Byron's juvenile pranks; amongst them, one which we remember was much laughed at, and became a stock story with the 'knights of the whip,' and drew many a half-crown from 'lots of gemmen vot likes to ride on coacher's left.' It is well known that the young poet had a favourite bear—they were remarkably partial to each other. One of his Lordship's great delights was to englove, and spar at Ursa, till the poet became tired and Ursa irritated; for though generally a tame and docile quadrupel, he was muzzled for fear of accidents. His Lordship was suddenly called down to Nottinghamshire. He had taken places for "two gentlemen" in a northern mail, in the names of Byron and Bruin. 'Twas a dark November night; the friends arrived in Lombard street in a hackney coach a little before eight.—The off-door of the mail, at his Lordship's demand, was opened, Bruin placed his own travelling cap on Bruin's head and pushed him into the 'vehicle of letters,' followed, and immediately made him squat on the seat, looking as demure as a Quaker in a brown upper Benjamin. They occupied the whole of the back; and it so happened that the two B's (Byron and Bruin) were the only passengers who started from the Post Office.

At Islington they took in a third, a retired Cit; he was a quidding Cockney! and a tailor! Old Snip, W. and W's in his short dialogue with the door opening guard was quite suff for Byron—a pleasant companion for an educated bear, young, proud, & splendid! The Bear's insolent pleased, but the Cockney's reason, was embellied. Not a sound was heard within till ascending Highgate hill. Alas! what is satirica or gout compared to the infliction of silence on an garrulous tailor? Snip took advantage of the bill—hemmed thrice, and broke silence with 'Vell, Sir; abit of nice noose in this here mournin's paper—vot d'ye think of them going on of that there cowardly rascal Ho-neypart?' A pretended snore, loud and deep, was his Lordship's only reply to the Cockney quiddine's attack on the 'great soldier!'—Snip was dead beat by the snore he turned with disgust from his supposed sleeping opponent, and cast a longing eye towards the quiet gentleman in the fur cap in 't'other corner, and re-opened his 'vomitory of vociferation' with—'Hem! a nice bit of road this here, Sir, jess to Vetstun.—(no answer. He's a deaf 'un, perhaps, and in a louder key he re-commenced—'A very dark cold night this is Sir!—Like Brutus over Cæsar's body, Snip pursued for a reply while the emory Peer, to another laugh, was obliged to issue a tremendous snore that almost alarmed his quiescent friend Bruin.

The tailor eased off from his snoring Lordship towards the supposed doleful gentleman, and bent on conversation, was determined to have an answer; and, in defiance of Chesterfield, sought to seize a breast button, but encountered nothing but fur. 'Ah! Sir,' bawled the tailor, 'this here's a werry nice warm travelling coat of yourn!' Receiving no reply but a growl and a snore, Snip in despair, gave his tongue a holiday—and slept. Aurora's early beams had already peeped into the coach windows, when he awoke to unthought of horrors; for the first object which caught his sight was Bruin's head, with muzzled mouth, but glaring eyes, within three feet of his own boiled gooseberry goggles.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'the deaf gentleman in the nice warm travelling coat is a real live bear!—Help! murder coach! stop! roused the slumbering guard! Let me out!' shouted snip—and out he went; and the poet and his pet were left in full possession of the interior, while the tailor measured the seat of the box for the rest of the journey. The way bill is still extant, though not written in choice Italian, as Hamlet says, but Lallian, English, and the story is known, and still told by many an old Whip on the north-eastern road.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.  
China was full of books before there was a man in Europe who could either read or write. One of the Mahometan rules for securing happiness in the married state was this—Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that your husbands behave to you.' Some of the Bridges of London are built, and some of the streets paved, with Scotch stone; there are excellent freestone quarries near Bath, but the expense of conveyance to London by land is greater than from Scotland by sea.—The Athenians allowed no unmarried man to hold any public office. The custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head, when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom. The Greeks showed their heads when they wished to show respect to the memory of a great man. A fluent speaker will pronounce 7200 words in an hour, 150 in a minute, and 2 in a moment.

A PROBABLE CASE!  
George Beal, labourer, was indicted at York assizes feloniously for taking out of a stable at Upton, a bay mare, the property of Joseph Clarkson. When called upon for his defence he delivered the following curious narrative:—He said 'I had a glass of beer, a pennoth of tobacco, and four pennoth of gin and water, and having nothing to eat all day I was very tired, having travelled a great way, an scarce of work, and could not get any, and was very hungry indeed, and very ill—tired, and very sleepy, and foot sore, and I did not know where to go down; I wandered about, at last I came to a stable, it was very dark, and I very drunk, not having any thing to eat all day, and on opening the stable door I fell over upon something which I felt was very warm; it was a very cold night, I felt myself very comfortable and fell fast asleep, for I wanted sleep very much, and to my great surprise did not wake till the mare had carried me to a very great distance. I did not wake until I came to a toll gate, and the man asked me for the toll, but while on the mare was my own, having carried me so far without my knowledge or consent. Gentlemen of the Jury and my Lord Judge that is all I know about the matter.' The Jury, after a few minutes' consultation, found the prisoners guilty.

To advertise in a daily paper in London for one year, costs six hundred dollars. In the western country, it is expected you will advertise for nothing and be grateful for the patronage.  
Cincinnati American.  
A certain Justice of the Peace, would only hear one of the parties in a case before him, because it always puzzled him, he said, when he heard both!

commendation of the work.  
The 'Journal of Health' is conducted, and it is calculated to be useful, by religious opinion on a subject of high importance to society. The numbers which have been continued usefully, and may be viewed as a pleasing publication, with the exception of their present editors. We therefore feel in recommending it to public notice.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1849.  
Professors in the University of Pennsylvania.  
James, M. D.  
Hornor, M. D.  
Otto, M. D.  
He-non, M. D.  
Huch, M. D.  
Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. John's Church.  
H. De Lancy, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.  
Smith, Editor of the Philadelphia Record and Rector of the University of Pennsylvania.  
Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.  
Abercrombie, D. D. Assistant Master of the University of Pennsylvania.  
Weller, Editor of the Philadelphia Record.  
Kemper, Assistant Minister of Christ Church, and 'Peter'.  
Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.  
Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church.  
Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.  
Harley, Pastor of St. Augustine Catholic Church.  
Turner, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.  
Brantly, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Editor of the Columbian Star.  
L. Dagg, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church.  
Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Union Church.  
Hunting Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.  
The names of a number of members of the different professions, subscribers to the work, might be added to the estimation in which it is held, the public press from one end of the town to the other, has spoken of the 'Journal of Health' in unqualified commendation.

THE STEAM BOAT  
The season, and will pass routes in the following manner:—on every Wednesday and Saturday at seven o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Upton, from the Tobacco Landing wharf, every Tuesday at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, if there should be any on board for that place, and thence directly to Easton, if no passengers.  
Leave Baltimore every Monday at six o'clock for Chestertown, calling at Upton, and thence to Cambridge, and thence to Easton, if no passengers.  
Call at the wharf on Corcoran's wharf, and thence to Baltimore, calling at the wharf on Corcoran's wharf, and thence to Baltimore, calling at the wharf on Corcoran's wharf.

FOR NEGROES.  
We wish to purchase 100 BUREAU NEGROES, from 12 to 25 years of age, full mechanics of every description, willing to sell, will do well to get in as they are determined to give HIGH PRICES, than any other purchase, or may be hereafter in any other purchase, in writing to the undersigned, not altogether insensible to the beauties of nature, loves to go out, and look abroad upon the heavens—to see the varied flushes of the fading west,—

LEGG & WILLIAMS