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MISCELLANEOUS.

A BOY'S SONG.

By the DEACON STEPHENS.

The pools are bright and deep,

The sky is blue and clear,

The sun is shining bright,

The birds are singing sweet,

The flowers are all in bloom,

The world is all a joy,

The heart is all a glow,

The soul is all a flame,

The life is all a dream,

The death is all a pain,

The hell is all a snare,

The heaven is all a prize,

The glory is all a crown,

The kingdom is all a throne,

The power is all a scepter,

The dominion is all a rod,

The scepter is all a staff,

The rod is all a staff,

The staff is all a staff,

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with Tryon's broker, from whom he knew he occasionally borrowed money; and one day, as if by accident, he made the mistake that infected him the subject of conversation, and the broker happening to speak highly of Tryon, Hateful said, 'Yes, he's a good workman; but he pays a heavy rent—he's obliged to charge extravagantly, and in this way he's losing all his customers—I wouldn't trust him a cent.'

And then his snake like eyes glistened, and he looked a thousand things more than he uttered, like a lover, so that the heart of the money lender became chilled towards his particular friend, and he said one day to his partner, when the bootmaker had left the office.

'He is what you call a bold gentleman—an elegant, dashing speculator, who disregards his present means and looks to the angels for his future. He is a good hearted fellow, and it is natural enough we should feel inclined to serve him; but we must not trust him too far. He has just now applied for a loan, and I have told him I would speak to you and he must call to-morrow. Now I propose we grant him one this time and tell him it is the last that we can make. The truth is, I have had a conversation with Hateful, who is a "dread fellow"—he said very little, but he looked a world of doubts.'

'I agree with you perfectly,' said his partner, a hen-pecked little man in the mercantile way, who talked very decidedly, but all ways took care to agree with his partner. (A lesson, by the by to other partners.) 'Undoubtedly,' he said, with an emphasis, 'I think so too.'

So the leading & the led determined they would very coolly rid themselves of our unfortunate Tryon, should he come again, which he did; for he had made a large purchase of leather, and could not meet his notes. But his friends, the brokers, bowed and smiled very politely and turned their backs to him. Tryon was a high spirited man, and his rage you may imagine. He could have feasted on the luxury of knocking them both down, but to knock people down because they would not lend him money, would show a state of beggary—would less him all his friends; for it is a very extraordinary fact that your particular friends are apt to cry you if they think you are getting poor.

'And besides,' he thought, 'the more I seem to suffer, the more will these wretches feel their own importance; and smile at it in vulgar satisfaction and complacency; and the scene, too, would be talked of; his credit gone, we must look after our money, his creditors would say; this rage is suspicious.'

Unfortunately they did say so; for although the scene with the brokers did not turn out a scene, and Amos did not strike the brokers, but behaved like a philosopher, and should have been rewarded for forbearance, he was not—his rejection became suspected—how it was never known, perhaps he betrayed himself by his manner—perhaps little Consequence, the broker's partner, could not keep the secret—no matter how—the gorgeous palace of his credit, like an unsustained precipice, tumbled—and no wonder, for his creditors thought, and thought is but air, or something still more immaterially than how easy it is to be shaken and dispersed.

No sooner was Tryon's rejection rumored in the city than dismay, something such as you will see on people's faces after the lightning and before the thunder, was on the faces of his creditors. Such hosts of visitors as our bootmaker had that day he never had before—to see the goings in and coming out, you would have thought it had been a new-year's day, if it had not been for that thunder and lightning expression. The consequence of the rush was that most of the creditor's debts became not worth a rush—they were clamorous for their money—very calmly told them he would pay them when he could, and they better let him go on with his business; and they met and consulted; and in their wisdoms determined to bid in hand, &c; and they took all he had, and forced a sale, and were cheated, as is usual in such cases; and they got about one half their due. So our bootmaker was left in debt for the other half. To be working to pay old debts was beyond his energy, and conscious of all conduct, he became suspicious of disgrace. He thought his good character was gone, and he might as well make the best of a bad one. He maintained himself for a while by lying and knavery; then by forgery—and at last he was maintained in the state prison. Hateful smiled like Satan himself, for Hateful was an "ugly man."

From the New-York Sentinel.

FEMALE TALENT.

Among the names of women who have aspired to follow the ventures lead of the author of Waverley, is one little known in this country, Mrs. Bray. She has lately published a historical romance connected with the history of Portugal, in which she has interwoven into a Chronicle of Moorish history, the story of the unfortunate Ines de Castro. The work is one of much power, as by gathered from the following extract, describing a public combat to which a young Moor is condemned.

All was in readiness. Alonzo cast a look on Hamet, in which there was something less severe than his usual expression:—'Art thou prepared?' said the king. 'Ay, for life or death!' replied Hamet. 'Then God be thy

judge, young man,' said Alonzo, as he raised his arm and gave the signal. The trumpet gave one clear and hollow blast.—It trumpeted the blood; for it sounded like the knell of death to all but the obdurate of heart.—Ere the echoes of the surrounding mountains had finished repeating the awful claron, the barrier was thrown open; and with one bound the bull burst out.—With nostrils smoking, as he uttered fearful bellowing, he stood gazing around, shook his sides, pawed the ground with his broad hoofs, but did not advance to the combat. He was black in colour, and therefore had been named Nero.—Whilst he thus stood, wild cries arose from the circus—they were strange and mingled; some seemed uttered in joy that the animal showed little symptoms of being willing for the attack. The more brutal Portuguese, however, those true lovers of the game, who could forget even humanity in their sports—greeted the creature with yells, hoots and hissing; since it was always deemed an infallible mark of cowardice in the bull, if he did not instantly attack his foe. Hamet was ready to receive him; his wood knife in his hand—his eyes fixed on his enemy. His fine person drawn to its utmost height, every muscle in his slender limbs seemed to swell and to show its power, as he stood, like a green-hound on the slip, eager for the hardy encounter.

Dogs are sent in, when the bull, that had been thus irritated by having the dogs turned out upon him—a usual practice, whenever the animal showed any delay in the attack—now sufficiently convinced all the spectators that such delay was not from want of spirit. With an aspect full of savage fury, he lashed his sides with his broad tail, bellowed, tore up the ground with his hoofs and horns, and darted forward towards Hamet. The youth, by leaping with agility alone to be compared to the nimble-footed chamois as it springs from rock to rock, endeavored, but in vain, to avoid the continued pursuit of the bull,—his eye ever watchful for the moment of attack.

No such moment occurred; and it seemed evident that his life would terminate with the time in which he should become spent and breathless from the violent exertions he made to preserve it. Hassan saw this. He clasped his hands together in agony—he looked up to heaven—he uttered fearful cries, that mingled even with his prayers. 'O for angel's wing to waft him hence in safety! Mortal aid is there none to save him.—But see, prophet of Mecca! what a daring act! He has seized the terrible animal by the horns; he suffers himself to be dragged round the arena. Now he hangs by one hand; he stabs him in the throat; the blood sports like a fount of waters; but the brute still lives. Look! Hamet falls from his hold—God save thee! He is up again he is on his feet. O Allah, how I thank thee! He flies! he flies! but look, the brute is mad with fury—gnawed with wounds. See how he tears up the sand. He follows, he follows—How will Hamet escape? He has driven the youth close to the barrier; there is no escape, no hope—he must fall! He falls not! he falls not!' exclaimed Hassan. 'O noble Hamet!' At this instant a loud, continued, and deafening shout of applause shook the arena; for Hamet, bold, active, quick of eye and vigorous of limb, with one bound, at the very instant the bull was about to toss him on his horns, sprang on the animal's back, and leapt over him. He ran forward, Nero had already received more than one stab from the knife. None of them, however, reached any mortal parts; still he bled fast, and there was mortal pain; still he kept him at bay, till the creature was somewhat spent by the loss of blood, he might even yet dispatch him. So great was the interest excited in the breasts of the spectators, that many called out to him to make for the extremity of the arena under the king's pavilion, as being farthest removed from his enemy.

The bull had, indeed, turned again to the pursuit; and that with so much fierceness, the last efforts of his rage, that the sight of it impressed horror. The blood streamed from his flank; he bellowed, rather than ran forward with dreadful bellowings. He shook his neck and sides, tossed the sand in his career, whilst volumes of smoke arose from his mouth and nostrils. Hamet, as final effort, determined to spring upon him; and, for that purpose, when within a few yards of the bull, turned to confront him. His foot slipped—he fell, and the knife dropped from his hand. All hope fled; for at this instant he stood close to the barrier, which cut off all retreat, and the wild bull was making towards him, with head bent, to gore him to death with his horns. A cry of horror arose from the arena. Hamet sprang up. There was no escape. Ines de Castro sat immediately above the very spot where the youthful Moor was in so much danger. Quick in feeling and in thought, she tore from her shoulders the crimson mantle in which she was wrapt, and threw it into the arena with so true a hand that Hamet caught it—and ere the beast could disentangle himself from the blind thus thrown over him, Hamet recovered his knife, that lay close to his feet, and struck it into the spine.—His mighty enemy fell, a convulsed corpse.

THE MEDLEY.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near

at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.

That quaint old moralist Quarles, in his Enchiridion, gives us the following advice: Gaze not on beauty too much lest it blast thee nor too near, lest it burn thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee; if vice accompanies it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associates with it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's bonfire and the fool's furnace.

No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one that could make a good pudding. I wish the girls all knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

Men are born with but two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say, but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least.

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the vulgar insipidities of "bonds and shoes," are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the metropolis:—

He's the man that won't relaxe  
His mind both boots and shoes,  
My leather's good, charge's just  
My price is—cannot relaxe.

The next is more sublime; but as it has less of the business like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobblers.

My boots are of the best, my shoes are  
All among the leaves and trees;  
Sing, O sing ye heavenly muses,  
And I will mend your boots & shoes.

LIBERIA.

The following letter is from J. Mochlin, jr. Esq. Governor of the Colony of Liberia, to Elliott Crosson, Esq. of this city:—

Liberia, Feb. 21, 1831.

My dear Sir,

The prospects of the Colony were never brighter than at present; the improvements in commerce, agriculture, buildings, &c. during my short visit to the United States, have been astonishingly great, and far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. In Monrovia alone, upwards of 25 substantial stone and frame dwelling houses have been erected, within the short space of five months, and many others are in progress; and should nothing intervene to interrupt our present advancement, our little town will ere long be one of the most desirable places of resort on the Western coast of Africa. I have been informed by a captain recently from the leeward, that there is at present, much more business done at the place, than any of the old European settlements on the Gold Coast.—That our commerce has greatly increased, will be rendered evident by comparing the marine list contained in the Herald of the present month, with that of any of the preceding.

Our agricultural interest, I am credibly informed, (for my health and multiplied duties have not permitted me to examine for myself) have advanced pari passu;—indeed the spirit of improvement appears to have gone abroad in the colony, and the people seem to be awakened to the importance of more fully developing the resources of the country, than has hitherto been done.

The St. Paul's River Navigation Company have as yet done nothing; but I hope the scheme will result in something very advantageous to the Colony, and highly interesting to the public at large. I will, as soon as my health permits, institute an examination of the feasibility of the plan, and make a report to the Board of Managers; but that the mere attempt will be productive of benefit I have not the least doubt.

Our influence over the native tribes in our vicinity is rapidly extending; and since my return several have made application to be received under our protection, offering to subject themselves to our laws—or as they expressed it—"They want to be made Americans, and to be allowed to call themselves Americans;" I can assure you no small privilege. In one or two instances their request has been acceded to; in others it has been thought expedient to grant it, in consequence of their remote situation rendering it impossible for us to afford them protection, without involving ourselves in endless and ruinous disputes with the natives; but as soon as prudence will warrant, they shall be admitted as part of the community. This mode of proceeding I find to be the most effectual of civilizing them, for as soon as they consider themselves as subjects of America, they visit us more freely, and by associating with the colonists, insensibly adopt our manners and customs, and gradually, from being ignorant pagans, become civilized and Christians.

We have at present among our recaptured Africans, many, who on their arrival here, were scarcely a remove in point of civilization from the native tribes around us, but who are at present as pious and devoted servants of Christ, as you will meet in any community, and by their walk and conversation afford an example worthy of imitation. They have a house for public worship and Sunday schools established, which are well attended, and their church is regularly supplied every Sunday from among our own clergy. These peo-

ple I consider as forming one admirable medium of communication or link between the savage natives and the civilized colonists from the United States, and will, I have no doubt, prove a powerful means of spreading the light of Christianity and civilization over this benighted country.

Our schools have hitherto been in rather a languishing condition, but I have great hopes ere long to carry into operation the system of education lately adopted by the Board of Managers, and with the view of rendering the burden as light as possible to the society, a law has recently been passed by the Agent & Council, taxing all the Real Estate in the colony, at the rate of 30 cents in the hundred dollars, which tax is to be exclusively devoted to the support of public schools; the amount thus raised, together with the proceeds of sales of public lands, as well as the duties on spirituous liquors will do much towards accomplishing this important object; and if my health should continue to improve, I trust soon to be enabled to announce that all in the colony are enjoying the advantages of education.

As to the morals of the colonists I consider them much better than those of the people of the U. S.—That is, you may tax an equal number of inhabitants from any section of the Union, and you will find more drunkards, more profane swearers and Sabbath breakers, &c. in Liberia. Indeed I know of no country where things are conducted more quietly and orderly than in this colony; you rarely hear an oath, and as to riots or breaches of the peace, I recollect of but one instance, and that of a trifling nature, that has come under my notice since I assumed the government of the colony. The Sabbath is more strictly observed than I ever saw it in the U. S.—Our Sunday Schools are well attended, not only by the children of the colonists, but also by the native children who reside amongst us.—The natives themselves are so well acquainted with our strict observance of this day, that you never find them offering any thing for sale, nor can you hire them to work for you, I mean those who have been among us and at all acquainted with our customs. Mr. Skinner the Baptist Missionary stated, that he was surprised to find every thing conducted in so orderly a manner, and the Sabbath so strictly observed, and that the state of society was much better than he expected to find it.

The death of Dr. Humphreys, which occurred a few days since, will, I fear, as usual, be attributed to our climate—nothing is further from the truth. The fact is, that when he landed he was very far gone in a consumption of the lungs.

The commissioners for adjudicating claims for spoliation under the late treaty with Denmark, assembled at Washington, on Monday, All three of them, Mr. Winchester, Mr. Hoyt, and Mr. Danae, were present, and Mr. Fulton their Secretary. The first business will of course be confined principally to receiving claims, and setting questions as to forms, testimony, &c.

Bull. Rep.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

A very interesting suit once took place in the city of Gotham, between two persons of colour. Dinah, a lovely ebony dame of twenty-five, whose eyes, lips, shape, and gait, out-riced the finest productions of Imbert's pencil, brought a suit for breach of promise against Pompey, and the damages were laid at twenty five dollars and fifty cents. It appeared in evidence, that Dinah was chambermaid to an Abolitionist, and Pompey was a waiter to one of the leaders of good society; therefore, the contending parties were of high standing in 'society.' It further appeared in evidence, that Pompey had paid his addresses to Miss Dinah for three weeks—that he had whispered his tale of love, in accents soft and bland, had moreover given her, in testimony of his truth, a peacock's tail, with a valuable chrysalis; but so idly, without cause or provocation, but with malice and enviousness, the dark Lothario had impudently and inhumanly deserted the lovely Dinah, and joined in wedlock to Rosa, after a courtship of two hours. The jury after having mooned out for two days and nine hours, returned with a verdict in favour of the aggrieved and disconsolate plaintiff, of six dollars and three quarters, with costs. N. Y. Mer. Ad.

WILLIAM PENN ON MARRIAGE.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a marriage state; and stray from the path, to search out pleasure in forbidden places. It is the difference between love and passion, that this is fixed, that is volatile. They that marry for money, cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting. O how sordid man has grown! Man, the noblest creature in the world! As god on earth, the image of Him that made us; that to mistake earth for heaven and worship gold for God.

A drunken Scotchman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, where a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out, 'Wha's kistin me noo! I see what it is to be weel liket among the lasses.'

Advertisement and legal notices on the left margin, including names like 'TH. J. BRICE' and 'JONAS GREEN'.

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