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NO. 21

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JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Translated for the New-York American.
THE DOCTOR.

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... The cause of his surprise and affright was a man leaning against a pillar, immovable, and so weak, so suffering, that apparently he had not strength enough to drag him from the church when the last bell had tolled; his dry and sunken eyes were fixed on the face of the sexton, and his right hand supported his pale and aching brow.
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... The Doctor immediately sprang on him, as a dog on the wild boar just wounded by the hunter's ball; quickly and silently he drew from the sexton's belt a bunch of keys; seized his lantern, cleared with one jump the winding staircase, and found himself in the church.
... A door opened: Eudor was in the damp repository of the dead. Amidst all the splendid monuments, there was one place where the earth had been newly turned up and a wreath of flowers thrown over it. That was it, Eudor pushed aside the wreath, and dug away at this last resting place. The coffin appeared; the lid was broken, and once more he contemplated his victim.
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... Having pronounced these mysterious words, he raised the corpse as carefully as if it had been a sleeping woman he was afraid of disturbing, and laid it on his cloak. The coffin was empty, but when the monument would be finished in which it was to be placed, they would find it lightened of its contents, and what might then be suspected.
... A few years before a horrible profanation had taken place. A young and beautiful girl having died, was buried, and the next day her body disappeared. It was afterwards known that the lover of the young girl had stolen the corpse and embalmed it. The young man was burnt alive on the Place de Greve.
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... In 1601, seventeen years after this adventure, a duel took place one night on the Quai de l'Horloge, between the Chevalier de Cumminges and the young Marquis de Jaques. The latter having received a wound in the side, was carried by his attendants to the Doctor Eudor's whose dwelling was near and reputation great. Recalled to life by the skillful care that was taken of him, the Marquis was struck with the remarkable likeness, notwithstanding a great difference of age, which existed between the wife of the Doctor and the late Countess of Jaques, his aunt, who had died at the age of twenty-two, and of whom he had only seen the portrait.

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Hollida had been visiting Miss Carter for some years; and it was generally believed they were engaged, as the most solemnly affirmed. The prosecutor denied that they were ever engaged, or that he had ever courted her; although he had been in the habit of visiting her for three or four years. He had been heard to say, a few days before, that he understood that she intended to be present at his marriage, and 'forbid the nuptials.' She was of good character.
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Chaplin, St. Mary's county,
April 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the subscribers, hath obtained from the Orphan court of Saint Mary's county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mary Fenwick, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, at or before the 10th day of March next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 15th day of April 1831.
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On the 15th day of January, 1831, as Mr. Hollida was going to be married, escorted by a military company of friends, he was met by Susan Carter. She was on horse back and alone. She advanced with a horseman's pistol, and fired at the bride's groom, at the distance of six or eight feet. It did not appear that he was wounded. As she seemed to be in the act of drawing another pistol, and he like the famous Larry, not thinking it clever for a ball to pop the liver of one just about to be married, put spur to his horse, and fled in haste. He went immediately a mile or two to a justice of the peace, had a warrant taken out against Miss Susan, and when she was taken into custody, feeling secure, he went on her guard.
Hollida had been visiting Miss Carter for some years; and it was generally believed they were engaged, as the most solemnly affirmed. The prosecutor denied that they were ever engaged, or that he had ever courted her; although he had been in the habit of visiting her for three or four years. He had been heard to say, a few days before, that he understood that she intended to be present at his marriage, and 'forbid the nuptials.' She was of good character.
On the trial, Miss Carter was ably defended by Col. P. Martin and S. J. Gholson,

20 DOLLARS REWARD.
WILL be paid for the recovery of my NEGR O LAD, DORSEY, who has not been at home since the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday. He is about eighteen years old and stout made, of a dark complexion and distinguished by some peculiarity about his eyes, which do not resemble each other exactly. I suppose he has gone towards Washington or Annapolis. The above sum will be paid for securing him in any jail in the District, or Maryland, and not to be given me.
ELIZABETH GWINN,
Chaplin, St. Mary's county,
April 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the subscribers, hath obtained from the Orphan court of Saint Mary's county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mary Fenwick, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, at or before the 10th day of March next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 15th day of April 1831.
BENEDICT L. FENWICK, Adm'r.
April 15, 1831.

... 'But if I remained concealed,' returned the Count timidly.
... 'But if you should move it if you should not be master of yourself? But what is it to me?—remain, Count, if you choose; but I answer for nothing.'

... 'That is right,' replied he, 'for the same occasion, same dress.'
... 'The coffin was there, but the Countess was still on her bed. The old aunt approached, scissors in hand. One would have thought her the representative of Fate severing the thread of life. A golden tress was already between the instrument—Eudor rushed forward and arrested her arm.
... 'What are you doing?'
... 'Why should I not, I want it for relics.'
... 'Are you mad? Do you wish to join her?' This hair, still wet with the death-sweat, bears the seeds of death. Leave it alone, or rather, think of burning the bed, the garments, all that she touched. Relics indeed! remember her words and her deeds.
... He then raised the body and placed it in the coffin; four men lifted it on their shoulders, and the funeral procession moved.
... At church the service for the dead was performed, a long and sad service composed of cold and grave words, and of solemn and melancholy chants. A priest then gave a sponge dipped in holy water to each of the mourners; the assistants one by one sprinkled the coffin, and at last, wet with this sacred dew, it was taken to the churchyard. The grave was ready, the coffin was let down, the earth with a hollow and quick sound fell over it, the grave was filled up, the earth raked over it, and the sad and silent crowd retired with death for a while in their thoughts.
... 'Three hours had elapsed since the last ceremonies had been performed, and the church presented a striking and imposing scene, calculated to impress on weak and wavering minds, the terrors of religion. The rays of the moon striking on the painted window panes, threw strange figures over the white and lofty walls, while the different effects of light and shadow gave to the images of the saints a fantastic and unusual appearance; the altar was still hung with black; in the middle of the church yet stood, covered with black cloth sprinkled with silver, the stools on which the coffin had been placed; and from the pillars around still hung the each-tissues of the late Countess; for the contemptible pride of birth dares even to show itself in the abode of death, and place itself in contrast with this last and greatest proof of the vanity of earthly distinctions. It was a solemn spectacle, and occasionally the moon, hidden by a cloud, left the whole in darkness, which was only relieved by the flickering and uncertain flame of the lights around the altar.
... Suddenly a slight noise was heard, a foot-step, a man carrying a lantern and long extinguisher appeared. It was the sexton. He went his rounds in silence, and as he returned, suddenly dropped his extinguisher and uttered a loud exclamation.
... The cause of his surprise and affright was a man leaning against a pillar, immovable, and so weak, so suffering, that apparently he had not strength enough to drag him from the church when the last bell had tolled; his dry and sunken eyes were fixed on the face of the sexton, and his right hand supported his pale and aching brow.
... 'Bountiful Providence, is it a ghost?' said Maitre Arnoux, the sexton; and as he pronounced these words he let his lantern shine full upon the figure of the stranger.
... 'What are you doing here sir?' said he, when he found he had to deal, not with a ghost, but with a young and handsome man. 'There is a time for all things; and that for prayers and pious meditations has passed. The church is closed.'
... The person to whom these words were addressed, answered only by a half suppressed groan; his limbs gave way and he fell on the pavement.
... 'May my good saint St. Anthony, help me,' exclaimed Maitre Arnoux; 'what am I to do with this man. I verily believe he is half dead.'
... As he uttered these words, he shook him violently by the sleeve; and filling his hands with holy water, bathed his temples. The young man opened his eyes.
... 'I am very weak indeed,' said he, in a low and faltering voice. 'My sufferings have overwhelmed me. Have you no cordial, good man?'
... 'I have but one,' replied the sexton, 'which is excellent for recalling one to sense—good wine.'
... The broad and rubicund face of Maitre Arnoux, indicated pretty well that he did not often spare the remedy.
... 'Yes, I think a little wine might restore me.'
... 'Well then, my friend, you must try to crawl up to my cello for it would really be offending the saints to let you drink here.'
... Assisted by Arnoux, the young man reached a little door that opened into the church, and having ascended a narrow and winding staircase, found himself in the sexton's rooms, who immediately poured out some wine for him.
... 'Well, friend, do you feel better now?'
... 'Much, much better,' replied Eudor; while his companion emptied a large glass.
... 'True Burgundy,' exclaimed Arnoux, striking the table with the tin cup he had just emptied.
... The cups were again filled; but one merely raised his lip, while the other threw himself back, and scrupulously swallowed the last drop of the nectar of Burgundy.
... 'His exaltation the Archdeacon does not drink any to compare to it' exclaimed the sexton, in his bacchanalian enthusiasm; 'it comes directly from Burgundy I will tell you the whole story.'