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NO. 48

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Daily Albany Argus.

THE DYING MOMENT.
It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the path of sin,
And down to gather up its bitter fruits.—
I know a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise, bestowed his last request.
Mothers—'tis lying now!
There's a sleep sufficient in my breast,
As if some heavy lid my bosom pressed;
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry, and tremulous—and my breath
Comes feebly up.—Oh, tell me! is this death?
Mothers, your hands!
Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head!
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be waked?
Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray?
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me?
Oh! at the time of prayer?
When you look round—and see a vacant seat?
You will not wait for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there
Father—'tis going home!
To the good house you speak of, that blest land
Where it is so bright summer always,—and
Storms do not come.
I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free!
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!
Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've staid to watch the budding things and
flowers.
Forget it not!
Plant there some box or pine
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A silent offering to my memory,
And call it mine.
Sister—my young Rose-tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair—
I give thee.
And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away—my short life done,
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?
Now, mother sing the tune
You sang last night—I am weary and must sleep.
Who'll all called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!

WILLIAM McNEIR.

LAND AND NEGROES.

Court of Chancery the undersigned will
sell to Public Sale, on the premises, on Thurs-
day the 8th day of December next, if it
is not sold before that day, at 10 o'clock
of the first day thereafter,

THE FARM,

Whereon Col. Lewis Duval, now deceased,
dearly-resided, with the lands attached thereto,
amounting to 340 acres. There is on the premises
a large and elegant BRICK DWEL-
LING HOUSE, with out houses, and
in good order, there is situated
a large garden, a large garden containing
the most valuable Shrubs and Fruit Trees,
a fine Orchard consisting of a variety of
the best Fruit Trees.—The land is of an
excellent quality, and well adapted to the
cultivation of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Tobacco, &c. It is
not necessary to give a further description
of the above valuable property, as it is
well known to all who are conversant with
the same. Those inclined to purchase will
call on the undersigned at the same time and place.
Also will be sold at the same time and place,
pursuance of the said decrees, a number
of Negroes, consisting of Men, Women, Boys,
and Girls, amongst which are some valuable
ones, also a variety of stock belonging to
said farm, plantation Utensils, &c. and House-
hold and Kitchen Furniture.

TERMS OF SALE.

The purchaser of the Real Estate to give bond,
with good security, for the payment of the
purchase money in one and two years from the
day of Sale—the personal property for cash,
payable on the day of sale, or the ratification
thereof.

Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

LOUIS GASSAWAY Trustee.

Baltimore Gazette, and National Intelligencer,
will insert the above law at the day of
sale, and forward their accounts for collection.

TRUSTEES SALE.

By virtue of a Decree of the High Court of
Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will
sell at public sale on the premises, on Thurs-
day the first day of December next, at 11
o'clock.

A Valuable Real Estate.

Containing and being in Anne Arundel County,
near Elkridge Landing, and the Washing-
ton Turnpike road, and between 7 and 8 miles
from the city of Baltimore, consisting of several
tracts, or parts of tracts, or parcels of land,
joining each other, called "Caled and Ed-
ward's Friendship," "Walkers Inheritance,"
"Stony Run Hills" containing 235 acres,
and twenty perches, of land, of which about
the third is in woods.
There is upon this land a valuable Merchant
Mill, built of stone, with all the modern im-
provements in machinery, running 2 pair of
mills, and with a full of about 25 feet and a
small DWELLING HOUSE. The
terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree
are one fourth in cash, one fourth in
six months, one fourth in twelve months,
and one fourth in eighteen months, with inter-
est until paid, and the payments to be secured
by bonds or notes, with security to be approved
by the Trustees; and on the ratification of
the sale, and on the payment of the whole pur-
chase money, a Deed will be executed by the
Trustees.
JOHN SCOTT, Trustee.
Nov. 10th.

JUST RECEIVED

From the N. Y. Protestant Episcopal Press

THE HOLY BIBLE,
Price, \$1, \$1 25, \$1 75.

THE CHURCHMAN'S

ALMANAC,
For 1832—Price 6 1/2 Cents.
For Sale at this Office, by
J. THOMPSON.

partaking of such bumble fare as we had to
place before him. I will call her, sir; and
she will be here in a few moments.
Use your pleasure, said the stranger; sor-
row has long inhabited my bosom; that I
would be the last who wished to plant
it in the breast of another. As the stranger
said this, he placed his hands before his eyes
whilst a deep drawn and heavy sigh escaped
him. Edmond noticed it, but he had too much
of the milk of human kindness in his composi-
tion, to wish to intrude upon the sorrows of
another. He opened a door, which discovered
a flight of stairs leading to the upper ap-
partments, and called in a tone replete with
fatherly affection—Caroline! Caroline! awake
my dear Caroline.
What want you with me, father? replied
a voice, the melodious accents of which ap-
peared to vibrate upon the stranger's heart,
and fill him with some strange emotion. Are
you not well, father, that you call me now?
asked Caroline.
I am well, my child, answered Edmond,
but we have a stranger here, who is unwell,
cold and worn with travelling—he must share
our cottage and our fare to-night.
I will be with you immediately, my father,
was Caroline's reply.
The stranger started at the first sound of
Caroline's voice, but soon afterwards appeared
to be occupied in deep and melancholy re-
flection. Shortly after this, a beautiful girl,
about eighteen years of age, entered the ap-
artment. Her figure was light, but well
proportioned—her cheeks glowed with the
rosate hue of health—her raven black hair
flowed in rich luxuriance around her, and
the soul speaking glance of her sparkling
eyes, told an observer, that it was animated
by a heart in which innocence and paternal
affection held undisputed sway. Her light
footsteps fell upon the floor unheeded by the
stranger, who noticed not her appearance in
the room, until her father said to her, Caro-
line, I will call Hannah, and you can then
prepare a repast for our guest.
Do not disturb her, father, you know she
was troubled with the rheumatism yesterday,
and it would be a pity now to break her rest.
I will prepare something for our guest myself.
You are too kind, my good girl, said her
indignant father; but do as you think proper.
When you are happy, my love, I can never
be otherwise, for there is a witchery around
you, which dispels melancholy.
As Edmond finished speaking, the stran-
ger raised his head slowly from his hands, and
turned his face towards where Caroline stood.
As soon as his eye had glanced upon her fair
form, and lovely countenance, he leaped
upon his feet and exclaimed, as a hectic flush
passed over his visage—Good! Heavens! the
image of my lost Eliza. He then stood like
one petrified, and fixed his wild and eager
gaze upon the now blushing and trembling
Caroline.
At length recovering his recollection—ex-
cuse me, my friends, he said; the remem-
brance of former times occasionally rushes
upon me, at an unexpected moment, and de-
prives me of my usual self-possession.
Make no apologies, said Edmond, here
your sorrows and your feelings shall be sac-
red, and any thing that Caroline or myself
can do, shall be done with a cheerful heart
and willing hand.
Thank you, thank you, from my soul I
thank you—the voice of kindness has so long
been foreign to my ears, that it now sounds
like the responsive echo of some dear departed
friend.
Caroline now withdrew, and after a short
absence returned. She displayed before the
stranger a neat and clean repast, of which
she invited him to partake. If it was not
served up with elegance and splendor, neat-
ness and a heart-felt welcome gave zest to the
meal. The stranger's eye followed Caroline,
as she glided around the table and minister-
ed to his wants. He partook but sparingly
of the viands spread upon the hospitable
board. When he arose from his chair, he
re-seated himself by his fire and again sank
into a deep reverie. His head fell upon his
breast, the tear started to his eye, and his
bosom heaved with many a sigh. Recovering
himself after a short interval, he arose from
his seat, and requested to be conducted to
his chamber. Edmond taking a light, showed
him his apartment and left him for the
night. When he returned to the parlour, he
found Caroline in a mood more than usually
serious. Taking her hand & kindly kissing her
rosy cheek, he said Caroline, my child, what
employs your thoughts, that causes you to be
thus sad?
My dear father, replied Caroline, our
guest looks so pale, so weary, and so woe-
begone, that the smile rises to my lips
when I think of him. And withal he seems
so kindly and yet so melancholy—he speaks
so gently and yet his voice trembles with
sorrow, that I cannot refrain from venturing
his grey hairs and compassionating his misfor-
tune.
His sorrows may be the consequences of
guilt, my child, said Edmond.
Never, never, rejoined Caroline, with
more than her usual fervor. Guilt never in-
habited a form so mild, so dignified as that
of our guest has been. Even now when worn
down by melancholy and sorrow, his pallid,
but expressive face exhibits strong marks of
 candour and intelligence.
You are an enthusiast, Caroline, said her

father. Let us now retire to rest, and we
will speak further of the stranger in the
morning. Good night, and heaven protect you.
This saying, he left the parlour, and shortly
afterwards Caroline withdrew to her cham-
ber.
In the morning, Caroline arose early and
assisted Hannah, the only domestic employ-
ed in their little household, to arrange the
furniture and put the parlour in order for the
reception of the stranger.—Edmond was em-
ployed in taking care of the stranger's horse,
when he entered the parlour, and with great
kindness saluted Caroline, who replied to his
salutation with innate modesty and grace.
His appearance was less pallid and melanc-
choly, than it had been on the preceding eve-
ning, and the ease of his manner and depart-
ment, plainly indicated that he had passed
much of his time in the first circles of soci-
ety.
Have you lived long in this beautiful cot-
tage? inquired the stranger, as he looked
from the window. In summer this must be a
little paradise. In such a place as this, with
a few friends around me, I could pass the
twilight of life which remains for me, with as
much delight as I ever expect to experience
in this world of woe.
Why not remain with us then? replied the
artless Caroline. My father, I am sure,
would be pleased to have your society, and I
would wait upon you with the attention and
affection of a child. Oh! do stay with us—
our cottage is not large, but it is sufficiently
capacious to contain us all comfortably.
Lovely innocent, said the stranger, you
know not what you ask—believe not that
wealth can give happiness. I possess wealth,
but am wretched. I have houses and lands,
yet have no home, but am a lonely and
solitary wanderer. I will not, however, trouble
your young heart with my sorrows. Enjoy
the season of youth while it lasts—be happy
while you can, for sorrow, alas! too soon
overtakes us, do what we may to avoid it.
You have not yet, however, answered my
question, how long have you resided in this
cottage?
From my infancy, sir, replied Caroline.
Your mother—is she yet living? asked the
stranger.
Alas! replied Caroline, whilst the tear rose
to her eye, I never knew a mother's love—I
never experienced a mother's care or kind-
ness. She perished in giving me existence.
My father has been all in all to me, and my
heart clings to him with more than a
daughter's affection.
The child of sorrow myself, it seems as
if I were doomed to be the cause of sorrow
to others. Intending not, my lovely girl,
to wound your tender feelings, and I regret
that I spoke of your mother.
Regret it not, said Caroline, because al-
though I never saw my mother, my father
has often depicted her virtues to me, and it
does my heart good to speak of her and
think of her.
One question more, sweet Caroline. You
have not yet informed me of your name, and
I know no more of it than Caroline.
My name, sir, is Caroline Lawson.
Lawson! almost screamed the stranger, as
he recoiled, tottered and sank into a chair,
with his face pale as that of an inhabitant of
the silent tomb, and his lips quivering with
strong emotion.
Caroline, alarmed and terrified, reached
him a glass of water, which he hastily swallow-
ed. When he was somewhat revived by it,
with a hurried and impetuous voice, he ex-
claimed—your father—your father—what is
the name of your father—tell me—tell me
quickly, or I shall perish before your eyes.
The scene before her was unintelligible to
the affrightened Caroline, and she timidly re-
plied, my father's name, sir, is Edmond Law-
son.
The stranger raised his hands and eyes to
Heaven, sank upon his knees, and in a voice
scarcely articulate, exclaimed—Gracious
Providence, how wise and yet how inscrutable
are all thy ways. His head then sank
upon the chair, upon which he had been seated,
and he appeared to be engaged in fervent,
but silent prayer. After some time, he
arose and taking Caroline kindly by the
hand, he said, you must excuse me, my dear
Caroline, for the affright I have occasioned
you—excuse me now, and I will retire to my
chamber, and endeavour to compose my agi-
tated feelings. He then withdrew and closed
the door behind him.
When he was gone, Caroline went in
search of her father, to whom she narrated
what had occurred in the parlour. He was
at a loss to account for the stranger's con-
duct, but clothed in conscious innocence, he
apprehended nothing from it.
When Edmond and Caroline returned, they
found the breakfast table set, and the break-
fast prepared by the faithful Hannah. They
waited for some time before the stranger en-
tered the room. His countenance was now
settled and composed, and his manner more
reserved than it had hitherto been. When
they were seated at the table, his eyes were
alternately cast upon Edmond and Caroline,
with a glance so scrutinizing and penetrating,
that it greatly embarrassed both of them.
The stranger at length observed this, and
tried to ease upon them. He conversed, and
spoke but little. When the morning repast
was finished, and the coffee placed by
Hannah, the stranger, turned to Edmond

said—Mr. Lawson, for that I understand to
be your name, I beg that you will favour me
with a private interview, as I have some com-
munications to make to you, which, perhaps,
may not be at present proper for your daugh-
ter's ear.
With pleasure, replied Lawson—Caroline,
my daughter, withdraw for a short time,
when we have finished our conversation, I
will call you.
Caroline instantly obeyed. When she had
closed the door, the stranger turned his dark
eye full upon the countenance of Edmond,
and scrutinized it, as if he would read his
inmost thoughts. After a pause of a few mo-
ments, the stranger commenced. Mr. Law-
son, said he, I am about to make a request,
which may perhaps appear a strange one,
coming as it does from a person unknown to
you even by name. Rest assured, however,
that my request proceeds from no motives of
idle curiosity, but is founded upon matter
which may hereafter have great influence
over your happiness and mine, and over the
future prospects of your lovely daughter. De-
ceive me not, I beseech you, but answer me
honestly and truly—more depends upon it,
than you can at present be aware of. The
request I have to make, is, that you will fa-
vor me with the story of your life.
That I will readily do, replied Edmond.—
I have no concealments, and I care not if the
whole world knew my history, which is but
a short one. A mystery hangs about my in-
fancy, the veil of which I have never been
able to penetrate. The first recollection I
have of myself, is when I was at the house
of a man by the name of Philip Myers, in the
county of —. Myers and his wife were
kind and attentive to me, and I venerated
them as my parents, as I knew no others.—
I was sent to school, and not a shade of sor-
row passed over my youthful mind until I was
old enough to enquire concerning my parents.
I then discovered that I was a being alone
upon the world, without one to whom I could
look for support or protection. This preyed
upon my mind and for a long time gave it
a tinge of melancholy which I was unable to
eradicate. I subsequently learned from my
kind protectors, that when I was an infant,
I was brought to their house by a lady and
her servant, who prevailed upon Myers and
his wife to receive me, by depositing in
their hands three thousand dollars for my sup-
port and tuition, with a promise of a fur-
ther supply when that should be exhaust-
ed. I continued in the family of Myers until
I attained the age of eighteen, when I
went to the city of Philadelphia, with the
remains of my three thousand dollars, which
Myers forced me to receive, without deduct-
ing any thing for my boarding during the time
I had been with him. When I arrived in the
city, Mr. Myers had procured for me, and
was fortunate enough to obtain at once, a
situation in the counting-house of Mr. John-
ston, and old and respectable merchant. I
remained with him, as his clerk, for four
years, when having amassed property suffi-
cient to satisfy his desires, he took me into
partnership and left the management of the
concern entirely to me. Our business pros-
pered, and in a few years I found myself in
a situation to justify me in turning my
thoughts to matrimony. A young lady, who
frequently visited the house of Mr. Johnston,
and who had frequent opportunity of seeing,
attracted my attention, I wooed and won the
lovely Eliza Williamson.
Happiness now smiled around me, and for
two years not one sorrow was mingled in
my cup of bliss, until that fatal hour which
gave me a daughter, and forever deprived
me of its mother. All now was dark and
gloomy around me, business was irksome,
and with the consent of Johnston, we dis-
solved the partnership, closed the concerns,
and I retired to this cottage, which I had pre-
viously purchased. Here, I have ever since
remained, my daughter being my only care,
and my only comfort. I am more wealthy
than my daughter or my neighbors suspect,
and my only desire now is, to see her settled
happily in this world, before I am called to
another and a better one. My motive for liv-
ing thus secluded and solitary, is to instil
into the mind of my beloved Caroline, ideas
of industry and economy, which may hereaf-
ter prove serviceable to her.
The stranger had listened with fixed and
mute attention, whilst Edmond was speaking,
and his countenance had varied with the var-
ying incidents he had related. He now
broke silence, and asked Edmond if he had
no token or some articles by which he might
possibly trace his parents?
Edmond replied, that he yet had a minia-
ture which was said to be that of his mother.
Let me see it, eagerly exclaimed the stran-
ger.
Edmond left the room, and in a few mo-
ments returned with it in his hand. The
moment it caught the stranger's eye, he turned
pale, trembled, & rushing forward, caught
Edmond in his arms, exclaiming, my son! my
son! my long lost son, have I at last found
you! Come to your father's heart and cheer
his few remaining days by the warm affec-
tion of a son.
And have I tried to see my father? ex-
claimed Edmond, as he pressed the old
man to his bosom—no shall be too hap-
py to see him.
Yes, Edmond, you do see your father, the

hitherto wretched John Lawson. That, my
son, is the picture of your misguided mother,
who in one imprudent hour ruined her happi-
ness and my own. Listen to me, Edmond,
whilst I give you a brief sketch of the unhap-
py circumstances, which have caused you to be
so long lost to me. At some future period
I will give you a more detailed story of my
life. When I had arrived at the age of
twenty-five, I was married to your mother,
with whom I lived happily until you were
eighteen months old, when a villain stole in-
to my bower of bliss, and under the disguise
of friendship and virtue, poisoned the spring
of all my happiness. The base seducer fled
from my just revenge, and with him fled your
guilty mother. Their flight I could have
borne, had they but left me you, my son; but
the unfeeling monsters took you with them,
and left me wretched and alone. I had then
pursued in every direction but from that day
until this blessed hour, I could gain no intelli-
gence of them or you. My heart withered
within me when I discovered all search to be
fruitless, and I wandered I scarcely knew
where or whither. Providence, however, at
length guided us to your cottage, and I shall
now be happy. But where is my grand-daugh-
ter? I long to press her to my arms, for she is
the image of what your mother was at her
age.
Caroline was called and made acquainted
with as much of what had just transpired, as
was deemed necessary. She sprang into the
arms of her grandfather, and clung to him
with the embrace of true affection.
The old man became an inmate of the cot-
tage, and is now sinking gradually, but with-
out repining to that bourne from whence no
traveller returns.
Caroline about a year after the discovery of
her grand-father, was led to the altar by an
amiable and worthy young man, with whom
she lives happy and contented. She is beloved
by all who know her, and almost idolized by
her father and grand-father, by whom her
every wish is gratified.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF LA- VALETTE.

All my comrades had obtained advance-
ment; the General (Buonaparte) wished to
reward me also; but not willing to expose
himself to refusal from Government, he de-
termined to bring about a marriage between
me and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day,
when I had accompanied him to the Treasu-
ry, to expedite the sending off of the sums
that were required at Toulon for the fleet,
he ordered his coachman to drive along the
new Boulevards, that he might have as his
leisure a conversation with me. I cannot
make a major of you, he said; I must there-
fore give you a wife—you shall marry Enli-
de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and
very well educated. Do you know her?—I
have seen her twice. But, General, I have no
fortune.—We are going to Africa; I may be
killed—what will become in that case, of my
poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking
for marriage.—Men must marry to have
children—that is the chief aim of life. Kill-
ed, you certainly may be. Well, in that
case she will be the widow of one of my aides-
de-camp—of a defender of his country.—
She will have a pension, and may again marry
advantageously. Now she is the daughter
of an emigrant, that nobody will have; my
wife cannot introduce her into society. She,
poor girl deserves a better fate. Come, this
business must be quickly settled. Talk this
morning with Madame Buonaparte about it;
the mother has already given her consent.—
The wedding shall take place in eight days;
I will allow you a fortnight for your honey-
moon. You must then come and join us at
Toulon on the 20th. (it was then on 15th.)
I could not help laughing all the while he
spoke. At last I said, I will do whatever
you please. But will the girl have me? I do
not wish to force her inclinations.—She is
tired of her boarding school, and she would
be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's.
During your absence, she will live with her
grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not
be killed; and you will find her when you
come back. Come, come! the thing is set-
tled. Tell the coachman to drive me home.
In the evening, I went to see Madame Bu-
onaparte. She knew what was going forward,
and was kind enough to show some satisfac-
tion, and called me her nephew. To-mor-
row, she said, we shall go to St. Germain,
I will introduce you to my niece. You will
be delighted with her. She is a charming
girl! Accordingly, next day, the General,
Madame Buonaparte, Eugene and I, went in
an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped
at Madame Campan's. The visit was a
great event at the boarding school; all the
young girls were at the windows, in the par-
lour, or in the court yard, for they had ob-
tained a holiday. We sought entrance the gar-
dens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought
anxiously, her who was to be my wife. Her
cousin, Hortensia, led her to us, that she
might salute the General, and embrace her
aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them
all. Her stature was tall, and most grace-
fully elegant; her features were charming,
and the glow of her beautiful complexion was
brightened by her confusion. Her bashful-
ness was so great, that the General could not
help laughing at her; but he went no farther.
It was decided that we should breakfast
in the grass, in the garden. In the meanwhile,