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MARRIAGE IMPROMPTU.

I was describing or attempting to describe (when beguiled from my own reminiscences of Oxford into a foreign and less selfish train of thought, by the long-forgotten incidents of the rowing match at Henley,) what it is to resist, at the distance of a quarter of a century, the seat of our early education, to haunt, who ambition is dead within us, the scenes which were to apparently inexhaustible energy—to treat, when the torch of hope itself is quenched beneath the pale glimpses of life's waning moon, the courts and halls last bathed in all the sunny splendors of its cloudless day.

It is a species of moral martyrdom, but like all such, when braved at the call of duty and endured, in the spirit of philanthropy, not unmingled with a redeeming touch of feelings elsewhere worn in vain. Life in its freshness, will steal once more over the dahl, with the perennial verdure of the turf or ball seems but yesterday to have skimmed over, and the consciousness of our own decline and decay is lost in the venerable antiquity of the elms, which, like the giant reapers of literature, whose musings they first sheltered, make us feel children still. We forget, too, the world's disappointments, where its busy hum and "dread laugh" come not, and end by wishing to dream out the remainder of a tranquil existence, lulled by the chimneys whose monitory our youthful impetuosity could ill brook.

Left Oxford with a heart soothed and regenerated by early recollections and a matured head. Two of my chosen associates still vanished there in perennial vigour of mind and body, filling the high places of their tranquil commonwealth with equal dignity and authority, as cherishing towards them their less fortunate class-fellow, feelings unchilled by time and distance.

His daughter, who had been sitting in a dark corner, with her eyes fixed in evident unconsciousness on the wide expanse of sea which glittered under the rising moon beam, replied only by drawing the harp gently towards her, and beginning—rather as if in expression of her own sentiments than the mere echo of another's—Bayly's beautiful ballad:—

"Oh, no, we never mention her."

During the performance of this touching melody, every note of which, as it came forth, went straight to the heart, I had observed, from the position which I occupied, near the half-open window, a figure concealed among the shrubs by which it was skirted. At the conclusion of the song, I thought it right to mention the circumstances, though in a playful manner, to avoid alarming the ladies. "You have lovers of music in your parish, I perceive Mr. Sefton," said I carelessly; "there has been a moon-struck amateur enjoying Miss Louise's, behind that huge arbutus, for the last quarter of an hour."

Just then a privileged old Newfoundland dog, who was in the room, caught the stealthy step of the intruder without and giving a short angry growl, jumped out at the low window after him. I felt half sorry for the harmless listener; but in a few moments the dog's stifled bark gave place to a whine of joyful recognition, and he again leaped into the apartment, wagging his huge tail, and closely followed by a young man, who, without speaking to, or indeed seeming to notice any other member of the astonished group, walked straight up to one who sat clasping for support the harp before her, and said, "Louise, I could not live without you!—You will not be crueler than the wind and waves, which have sent me back to tell you so."

Reply there neither was nor could be. The falling girl slid from the sustaining instrument like a snow wreath from the mountain, and found more efficient support on the young man's shoulder. While her father and mother rushed forward, the children exclaimed, "Captain Darell!" and I, who could not withhold my sympathy, braved the night air to escape, had no resource but to creep more closely into my corner, to avoid being in the way, at such a critical moment.

"Philip Darell!" said my friend, with more sternness than I thought he could have felt or assumed, "was it for this I reared and loved you, and bre with the waywardness of youth, but to have the bitter fruits of a yet more erroring manhood poured into my unsuspecting bosom? Not content with well-nigh breaking the heart of my darling child, are you come back to mar, in very wantonness, the charitable office of time and absence?"

"Judge me not so harshly, dear Mr. Sefton," said Philip, as he bent with intense anxiety of genuine affection over the partially revived girl. "Of my past conduct you can say nothing which a penitent heart refuses to echo—out oh! believe me now, when Providence itself has sent the returning prodigal to his father's door, His confession is soon made, and to one a stranger to the besetting sin of me and mine. We are a proud as well as ancient race and pride drove me forth in cowardly silence, from the roof beneath which my heart and treasure lay, embarked for India with the barb of conscience and the pang of parting alike rankling in my soul; and

One, I presumed, was absent, for, after an anxious look around, and as soon as the storm of congratulations had subsided, I heard my friend say to his wife, "And how has Louise been, since I left you?" "Better," was the reply; "the dear girl struggles nobly, and such efforts are not long without their reward.—But you must not expect too much in locks or spirits."

I had the invalid's plea for retiring awhile to my chamber, and the privilege of a friend to do exactly as I pleased; so that it was not till dinner time that I met the object of my friend's anxious queries—a sweet interesting girl of about eighteen—not beautiful enough for a picture or a novel, but quite sufficiently so to win the heart of a man of taste and feeling. She was better than beautiful; modest, graceful and retiring; she grew upon the fancy as one gazes; and every fresh look enhanced the impression made by the last.

Of course my interest gathered strength and intensity from the hints I had overheard of a mental conflict, the traces of which were legibly written on a face too ingenuous for concealment. The flush of cordial joy which had brightened her cheek on her father's return, faded into paleness, as one of the boys casually remarked of some trifling occurrence here, "Ah! that was when Captain Darell was here," and began calculating how far he might then be on his way to India; and when a little smiling prattler of a girl added, "Dear Captain Darell! I wish he were here now!" I perceived, by the quiver on her elder sister's lip, that she had gone regretted by older hearts than little Lucy's! Mrs. Sefton, with maternal instinct, soon changed the conversation, and even Louise insensibly shared in its cheerfulness ere the ladies withdrew.

When my friend and I joined them in the drawing room, after the most cordial glass I had for many years partaken, I was sitting in the old fashioned bow window, in that delicious twilight which sheds its hazy calm on all around; and to which the moon, just rising over the softly curling waves, promised to lend a yet tenderer charm. "What an hour and what a light for music!" exclaimed Mr. Sefton; "Louise, my love, I hope your harp is in order."

Two of the group alone seemed absorbed by one single, overwhelming sentiment. The mother felt only that she had, perhaps for ever, lost her child; and Louise, for the moment, only that she had regained her lover. His return had been so unexpected, so hopeless, so utterly beyond the wildest dreams of romance, that she could only satisfy herself of its reality by lifting now and then her soft blue eyes from the mild bosom of her mother, to the beaming countenance of her betrothed. But even this delightful certainty of waking bliss was not selfishly proof against long-cherished filial feelings. The warm tears that rained from her mother's eyes on her departing treasure, soon met an answering flow; and they retired to pour their uncontrolled together.

When they were gone, Darell—to whom I was now for the first time introduced as his future father's early friend, and who, I flatter myself, was happily unconscious of my presence—proceeded to impart to us a circumstance connected with his sudden return, which he had not courage to communicate without preparation to either Louise or her mother, viz. that though he had, without a moment's hesitation, forfeited his passage in the vessel in which he originally embarked, to fulfil his honourable errand, a delay of three days was all he had thereby purchased, as the last ship of the season, of which, consistently with his honour and duty, he could not avail himself, was to sail within that period.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Sefton," asked the young man, "to crown your generous forgiveness, by giving me your daughter's hand to-morrow, and parting with her, alas! the moment the ceremony is over?" "This is sudden," said the father, meekly, "after a short pause—" "To-morrow! What will my poor wife say to it?"

"Would to Heaven I could spare her the blow, sir! But the roles of our service admit of no compromise, and no ship will sail during the next four months for my destination. It is not to a superseded deserter you would wish to give your daughter's fortune?" "No, no, my dear son," said Mr. Sefton; "you are but doing your duty, and God will enable me to do mine—say, and then strengthen poor Mary to say, His will be done. It would be, in the words of Holy Writ, to strain at a gnat after swallowing a camel, to grudge you a few short days, after resigning the delight of our eyes to you for life. But there are minor matters to be considered. A voyage cannot be undertaken, and by a female, without the necessary preparations."

"My dear sir," said Darell, blushing as he spoke at his own inference, "I fear you will call me a sad puppy, if I tell you that I vent-

ured, on the strength of a sanguine character and knowledge of your daughter's angelic sweetness, to write, on leaving the ship at Deal, to a friend of my mother's in London, to have in readiness all that could possibly be required for a lady's comfort and accommodation. If I am the happy man I scarce deserve to be," added I, "you shall have notice to despatch them by express to the out port if not, as you value my friendship, let me never hear of them more."

"If I tell this to Louise," said her father, forcing a smile, "she will drag me back still. To bespeak the paraphernalia of an anxious bride was indeed a bold stroke for a wife. But the exigency of the case must, I suppose, be admitted as an excuse. There was forethought in it, Philip, and that argues well for the future. And now good night, my dear son! I must have leisure calmly to review the wonderful events of this evening, ere I can remember aright either in my petitions or my prayers."

"I am sure," said I, and most sincerely, "it will ever be numbered among my sources of thanksgiving that I have been present on an occasion of such deep and uncommon interest. I am an old man, Captain Darell, and have lived to lose the angel object of an attachment such as yet but as the willow twig to the oak of centuries. But believe me, my feelings when I laid her in the dust were blissful, compared to what yours must have been had not Providence saved you the agony of fruitless remembrance. All's well that ends well—and so I trust will your marriage impromptu."

The worn and harassed aspect of the good pastor, as on the following morning he alone joined Darell and myself at the breakfast table, attested the conflict he had to sustain with nature, in reconciling his poor wife to so sudden a separation. But the conquest had, in mightier strength than their own, been achieved; and when Mrs. Sefton, encircled by her remaining children, looked in for a moment on her countenance which seemed to oppress Darell more than clamorous grief.

Louise did not appear. There were paternal and maternal counsels to be received, too sacred for even the ear of affection—and filial tears to be shed and wiped, too bitter for the eye of affection to witness—and many a fervent prayer to be poured out, that a step so hastily though irresistibly adopted, might not prove a rash one. All this was done, and in heartfelt sincerity; yet Louise wondered and was half ashamed to feel so happy. To leave all, save one, whom she had ever loved, and yet not so entirely miserable—to see, even through her tears, the image of Philip Darell prostrate in penitence and passion at her feet! It was strange, unaccountable, inconsistent, and therefore—human nature!

There may be, and there have been, such things as a merry wedding; but it must be when those whom it unites have never had cause to dread separation, and those whom it separates look forward to speedy reunion. It was not so with the struggling and subdued group around the altar of —, when its venerable pastor pronounced, with a faltering voice and moistened eye, the words which made over to another the only one among his household treasures, as yet endeared to him by the hallowing touch of sorrow.

It was mine to give, with the feelings of one to whom the very word marriage had long been sadly ominous; the trembling hand of the hardly conscious bride to him on whose usually animated features the flush of triumph was quenched in the tears of a household. The mother stood rooted to the spot on which chance had placed her, pale and motionless as the rudely sculptured mourner on an adjoining tomb; while the usually blooming brothers and sisters, with their white dresses and white countenances, might have passed for cherubs of monumental alabaster.

The ceremony was over, and at the door stood the carriage which was to convey away the dizzy object of such a sudden revolution from her bewildered relations: To part at such a moment and under such circumstances, seemed ominous. A sudden thought struck me; and while the daughter hastily exchanged her bridal garb for travelling attire, I said to her father, "Why lose a few precious hours, or perhaps days, which the winds may yet lead you of one so dear? Let me send for another carriage, and we will all accompany the dear couple, and see them safely on board."

The proposal seemed an inspired one, and was carried by acclamation. An old scabbie which the village afforded gave room for a party of youngsters only to be equalled by Mrs. Gilpin's famous one—

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three."

to which the rector and myself served as ballast while his gentle wife sat, like a guardian genius, smiling on the new-born happiness of her children. What mutable, as well as "perilous stuff," we are made of! Faces lately bathed in tears were now all radiant with smiles, and in the joy of having Louise a little longer, even the parents' half forgot that they must resign her at all!

Three precious days were spent at P—, in that intensity of mutual affection which springs from impending separations but they borrowed cheerfulness from hopes of future reunion. Even Mrs. Sefton could survey

with satisfaction Darell's liberal and judicious arrangements for her daughter's comfort, to which one circumstance alone seemed wanting.

Time had not permitted the friends who provided all inanimate requisites for the voyage, to secure the services of a respectable European female; and Darell was inquiring of the captain, without much hope of success, for one among his humbler passengers to supply the deficiency.

"You could not have been in better luck, sir," answered the captain, "if you had sailed as often as I have. There's a little Scotch lassie put under my special care by my mother in the north, whom I have been somewhat puzzled to stow away safely, as I don't think the black eyes of my fine lady passengers, or the soldier's wives in the steerage, the best of company for her. She seems tidy and good humored, and will make up by her lively rustic prattle for her want of experience. She is going out at the request and expense of a faithful Scotch mechanic, and has about as much notion of India as of the moon. All she knows is, that Sandie is there, and that is enough; I'll send her to the inn to speak to her new mistress."

Annie came—and a pure bit of unsophisticated nationality never came from nature's mint. On being asked if she was not afraid to trust the constancy of a lover she had not seen for seven years, she stared, as if not aware of the possibility that absence could impair affection:—"He'll surely be as blithe to see me as I am to gang so far to see him, poor fellow!" was her simple and touching answer. "Are you not afraid of the voyage, Annie?" "No; we are all in His hands; and I came free Cronary in a ship no half size muckle."—"The climate, Annie, is none of the best, and many die there."—"What's ordered man just happen: folk die aw gat."

It would have been cruel to shake a confidence so consistent and well founded. When questioned on the subject of her capabilities, she quietly answered, "I can just do any thing, I've been at the reading school ever since I can remember, and got a veers writing since Sandie sent hame the silver. I can wash, and bake, and spin, and work stockings, and ony thing else I'm learned. I'm no ill at the uptak."

This closing testimony (albeit a friend's) proved correct. Annie turned out invaluable. Captain Darell, on their arrival, gave her away to Sandie; and when both their moderate fortunes are made, Annie is to sail home with her "bonnie, discreet, kind-hearted ledly."

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Winds.

- 1 Cloudy, P. M. clear, pleasant, light breeze, nw—se
- 2 Clear, cool, moderate breeze, nw—se
- 3 Clear, pleasant, fresh breeze, nw—se
- 4 Cloudy, rain, thunder and lightning at night with heavy rain, fresh breeze, nw—se
- 5 Clear, cool, fresh breeze, ne—nw
- 6 Clear, cool, moderate breeze, ne—nw
- 7 Flying clouds, cool, fresh breeze, se
- 8 Cloudy, cool, fresh breeze, heavy rain in the night, se—nw
- 9 Rain half the day, light breeze, nw—nw
- 10 Clear, pleasant, fresh breeze, se—nw
- 11 Clear, cool, fresh breeze, se—nw
- 12 Clear, pleasant, light breeze, sw—nw
- 13 Clear, warm, moderate breeze, se—nw
- 14 Cloudy, pleasant, fresh breeze, se
- 15 Rain, several showers in forenoon, mild, light breeze, se—nw
- 16 Clear, pleasant, light breeze, nw
- 17 Clear, warm, light breeze, se
- 18 Rain, showery, warm, fresh breeze, nw
- 19 Clear, pleasant, light breeze, rain at night, se
- 20 Cloudy, moderate, fresh breeze, nw—nw
- 21 Clear, cool, fresh breeze, nw
- 22 Clear, moderate, light breeze, nw
- 23 Cloudy, rain, cool, fresh breeze, e
- 24 Rain nearly all day, cold, fresh breeze, ne
- 25 Clear, cool, fresh breeze, nw—nw
- 26 Cloudy, rain, thunder in evening, with fresh breeze, w—w
- 27 Cloudy, sprinkle rain, fresh breeze, cool, nw
- 28 Clear, P. M. cloudy, thunder, sprinkle rain, cool, fresh breeze, se
- 29 Clear, cool morning, light breeze, sw—w
- 30 Clear, pleasant, light breeze, nw
- 31 Clear, cool, heavy blow, nw

THE COBLER.

A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin—"No," replied the mechanic; "but I know who is wrong in the argument."—"How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

A gentleman in Pittsfield some where about, being one day in a brown study fell into an earnest conversation with himself. His wife in the other room hearing him, and having a female curiosity to know whom her other half was talking with, carefully opened the door, and finding him entirely alone, said, "my dear, why do you talk to yourself?"—"Because he replied, 'I like to talk to a man of sense.'"

STATE OF MARYLAND, SC.
Anne Arundel County, Orphans Court.
On application by petition of John M. Welch, Administrator, &c. of the estate of Sarah Welch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.

THOMAS T. SIMMONS,
Reg. Will & A. County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.
THAT the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of Adm'n. D. B. N. on the personal estate of Sarah Welch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 12th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 12th day of June 1832.

J. M. WELCH, Adm'r. D. B. N.
June 15, 1832.

\$100 REWARD.
RAN away from the subscriber, on the 13th instant, Negro man, **BEN**, He is about 55 years of age, about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, tolerable bright mulatto, rather slender built, slow of speech, speaks low, and has a down look when spoken to, he has a small grey fore hair, about the size of a dollar, which is conspicuous.

He was purchased of the estate of the late Chancellor Johnson, in 1825, and as he was his carriage driver, and has also been mine, has travelled pretty generally throughout the State, and has a very general acquaintance in and about Annapolis and Baltimore. He will no doubt make his best way through one of those places out of the State his object he believes to be Pennsylvania. It is probable that he has been furnished with a false pass, as several have obtained them from an individual in this district within the last year.

His clothing being various, cannot be correctly described, but will be found in part to be, a drab roundabout, a mixed roundabout, and pantaloons to match, also possibly a Cassin coat, with a half worn black fur hat.

The above reward will be given if taken 40 miles or more from my residence, and if 50 dollars elsewhere, so that I get him again.

BASIL MULLIKIN,
Near Queen Anne's, P. George's Co. Md.
May 13, 1832.

Anne Arundel County, Sc.

On application to the Judges of Anne Arundel County Court by petition, in writing, of Beale Gaither of said county, stating that he is in actual confinement for debt only, and praying for the benefit of the Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, entitled, "An act for the relief of insolvent debtors, passed at November session, 1807, and the several amendments thereto, and the amendments thereto, and a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his said petition, and the said Beale Gaither having satisfied the Court by competent testimony that he was seized two years and three months before the fourth day of October next, to appear before the said County Court, at the court house of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if any they here, why the said Beale Gaither should not have the benefit of the said act, and the same to be as prayed.

May 17, 1832. Test.—WILLIAM S. GREEN, Jm.

FOR ANAPOLIS.

CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, will commence her regular route for Annapolis, Cambridge (by Castle Haven) and Easton, on FRIDAY MORNING NEXT, the 20th inst., at 7 o'clock, from her usual place of starting, lower end Dugan's wharf, and continue to leave Baltimore on every Tuesday and Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for the above places throughout the season.

Passage to Castle Haven or Easton 83 50 to Annapolis 51.

N. B. All Baggage at the risk of the owner or owners.

LEML. G. TAYLOR, Capt.
March 24.

CASH FOR NEGROES.

I WISH TO PURCHASE

100 LIKELY NEGROES,

Of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age, field hands also, mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than you can get elsewhere. Any communication in writing, will be promptly attended to. I can be found at Williams' Hotel, Annapolis.

RICHARD WILLIAMS.
May 1, 1832.

