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MISCELLANY.

From the Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.
LINES.
To a friend, who was uttering extravagant expressions of pleasure, at a display of nuclear magnificence.

Oh gaze not my sister with so much delight,
On those vain, fleeting splendours that lie
Along the horizon, so gorgeously bright,
Reflecting their hues on the sky.
They are forms that abide not, unstable as air;
Though as lofty as Andes they rise:
There's nothing substantial or permanent there—
Then let me not dazzle your eyes.
They are clouds, beautiful clouds and resplendent
In their hue,
And fringed with carnation and red,
And arrayed in a tulle of purple and blue,
Even down to their watery bed.
But deceptive as treason, and baseless as dreams,
They have borrowed the tints which they wear,
And their glorious effulgence, already it seems
Dissolving and fading in air.
Then gaze not upon them with so much delight,
They will lead you punied vision astray:
While admiring their beauties, they pass you by
Like the twilight's faint tremulous ray.
—JOHN—

(From the London New Monthly Magazine for July.)
THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.
By Mrs. C. Goss.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears,
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears,
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye—
And yet these none among them all,
To tell me I must die!
My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands, their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom,
And I am with the dead.
The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glittering, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death dew'd gleam of eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so!
I know that I must die!
The Summer wind breathes softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lovelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!
Ere after eye, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die!
My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow,
Ah! why are those sweet cradle hours
Of joy and fondling life,
Not even my parents' kisses now,
Could keep me from the dead!
Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of heaven;
But with a hollow vision still,
My soul in dreams has striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high,
I've heard a voice, that trumpet-tongued,
Bid me prepare to die!

Translated from the French.
MARIANA THE NEAPOLITAN.

Oh, what cannot a woman do when she is handsome; when a deep resentment drives from her heart every passion but hatred, every joy but vengeance. How religiously she treasures the memory of an affront. Like a spring that gushes up and is lost in the sand of the desert, she melts into tears until her eyes dry up, or death seals them; or she waits silently for the passing of the enemy, like the Hyena of the Egyptian tombs.
Recently a beautiful Neapolitan young lady arrived in Paris with a young man, one of those who possess the art of inveigling the affections, and abusing the confidence of a female. He had said to Mariana, follow me, abandon thy old father for mine—thy blue Italian sky for that of France—renounce for me the marriage that is proposed to you. For the pleasures of the world are opened, and the delights of love are for you. Mariana followed him.
He had left her many months alone, isolated in the midst of an immense city, not daring to return to Italy, and cherishing the desperate hope that he would come back to her. He had gone—the wretch! One morning he cast a look of disdain upon her who had ministered to his pleasures, and left her with a smile. What had he to fear? She knew not even his real name. The fear of dishonour, the lack of support, her woman's feelings, would drive her soon from Paris. The crime was well arranged he departed.
Poor Mariana! at first she had no suspicion; afterwards the horrible truth flashed upon her mind with all its force. Betrayed, abandoned—after having sacrificed all—betrayed by him—who then could be trusted?
She opened her window and looked out upon the passengers in the streets.—No one stopped—Mariana then thought of death—but a new idea occurred.—She brought forth her dresses, purchased decorations, and gathering new beauty from despair, went with other females of her country to balls, and to the theatre—insults and injury rankling at her heart, and a smile, upon her lips. Seeking to be indebted to chance alone for an opportunity of avenging herself upon a traitor—she watched with eagerness the entrance of every person, yet recognized no one. She poured out before a piano the richest of her cultivated voice, and stifled the sighs which almost suffocated her. Her appearance at length was that of a mummy dressed and decorated, which one might put in motion, and which would be a union of external beauty and internal death.
A young man had noticed her with deep interest, and followed close as her shadow. He possessed a candid and noble soul, and he yielded that noble soul to love, he swore he would press to his bosom that brilliant star which had dazzled him. He kept his word but repulsed for a long time, he began to despair of happiness, when Mariana proposed to him to revenge her by the death of her deceiver, if he could find him.—He consented.
He immediately commenced an indefatigable search—visited every place, examined all corners, made himself acquainted with every grade of life. In every place where bodies moved, where voices spoke, they appeared, companions in love and vengeance, with a mission which the one incessantly recalled to the other.
One day Amedee said to Mariana, my brother has returned from his travels.
What brother?
The only one I have. A difference of temper has separated us for a long time. He returns to marry—to marry to-morrow. The nuptials will be brilliant indeed. If you wish to be a spectator of them, place yourself against the altar, I shall see you and be happy.
After the service he escaped and joining his mistress found her pale and convulsive.
It is he, said she—
Who?
You know well—my enemy.
Who to me; I comprehend the whole—my brother—
Yes—yes. And this morning how affectionately he pressed my hand!
I have pressed your hand upon my heart, and you have felt it beat at the thought of injury and revenge?
Mariana, what do you require of me? It is a fearful thing.
He fell—but some hours after he changed his mind. He asked for his brother, and coldly recounted to him all. The brother smiled at first but afterwards pausing, he asked who had told him that.
Your victim?
Are there then victims in these days? Cherished and favoured lovers are so common, that it is scarcely possible that one could be missed.
It is thus Gustavus that you refer to your error?
The error was love's—not mine. He quit me too soon.
Cold and contemptible railer. How if this woman whom you thus condemn, had fallen into my hands, as if by heaven's design, that a crime should be committed between brothers—if she had authorized me to revenge her of a disloyal wretch?
This is too much, sir.
It is true, nevertheless.
What for an Italian wanton?
Wretch, cried Mariana, as she rushed into the room.
Gustavus received her with a gesture of contempt—which Amedee answered by a blow. Then agreeing on an hour and place of meeting he dragged Mariana from the room. Both were at the place appointed—determined and silent. Gustavus had a thoughtful air, not usual in him—and Amedee held, with a trembling hand, his untipped pistol—
When suddenly a female form stood between them.
This is enough, she said, each of you has done his duty. But innocent blood would not be acceptable offering to him from a dying wretch.
Dying? exclaimed both.
Yes, Amedee, I desired to see whether you loved me enough to sacrifice all to me. To be a witness of your brother's happiness was impossible to me—I have taken poison.
Good heaven! cried Amedee my hand and my life were yours.
You would have despised me, and indeed I should have deserved it, your brother alone had my affection. Be reconciled—let me join your hands; adieu, Gustavus; be happy with your young wife. She died. Poor Mariana.
Gustavus lost his gaiety—and as to Amedee, he never married—and is often seen leading his forehead upon a nameless limb, whose secret alone he knows.

BURNING OF THE RICHMOND THEATRE.
The following account of the burning of the Richmond Theatre, is extracted from 'A

male friend, in another part of the house. The wife gained a window—leaped out and escaped unhurt. Her friend followed and was killed. The father clasped two helpless girls to his breast, and left a boy of twelve years of age to follow—the boy was forced from the father, ran to a window, sprang out and was safe. The parent, with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those behind him, and those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them—he became unconscious, but was still borne along—he was taken up, carried to his bed and opened his eyes to see all his family safe.
On the contrary, Lieut. Gibbon of the Navy, an exemplary in life as heroic in the service of his country, and on the brink of a union with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond for every accomplishment and virtue—was swept into eternity while exerting himself to do all that man should do in such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety—then rushed back to save her in whose fate his own was bound up—he caught her in his arms had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way, and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

From the New-England Magazine for October.
SCINTILLATIONS OF SCIENCE.
Letter from Miss Rosalinda Bluebottle to her cousin in the country
Boston, April 1, 1832.

DEAR JENNY:
We arrived here safe in the stage, or, to speak more correctly, I should say, we accomplished our itinerary in the diurnal vehicle. My sanitary condition is as good as I could reasonably desiderate, although riding in the stage is somewhat unpleasant, and I was rather incumbered by the serenity of the circumlocutory motion attending the wheels. I am informed, however, this is a defect from which such machinery can never be exempt. Pray write to me soon, as to the health of all the family, and how you get on with your studies in mathematics and chemistry. For my part, I think of nothing else. I hope the Lyceum is well attended, and the Female Philosophical Union. What did they do with my essay on the dissection of butterflies? Meantime I shall give you some account of my journey. The quadrupeds which conveyed us were four in number, and appeared to be the *equus caballus*. My proficiency in Natural History has not been so great as I could wish; yet I was enabled to distinguish, as we passed along, many interesting animals, as the *oni arica*, which are kept in multitudinous flocks, and those languid integuments are fabricated into cloth. I also noticed the *bos taurus* in considerable numbers. I saw a great many large trees with knotty and crooked branches, which, I am sure, were the *quercus robur*. We were surprised by the sight of a man in a state of complete inebriety, lying under a tree by the roadside, which I took to be a species of *juglans*. An awkward accident happened, about ten miles from town, which I had nearly forgotten.—We were descending a steep hill, in which case, according to the laws of gravitation, it is mathematically demonstrable, that the movement is on an inclined plane. This occasioned such a rapid circumgyration of the rotatory supporters, that ere we reached the foot of the descent, the vehicle lost its centre of gravity and was propelled with so impetuous a concussion against a rock, as utterly to annihilate its integrity. The rock I did not examine geologically, but have no doubt of its being a sort of *wacke*.
Most of the journey we were troubled by the pulverulent state of the atmosphere around us, which I think must have been occasioned by the gravel on the road being comminuted by frequent contact with the feet of quadrupeds. The caloric action of the solar rays, moreover, acted as a powerful sudorific during the meridional hours; but towards the close of the day a nebulous expansion of the aerial regions at the extremity of the horizon indicated the approximation of a shower. The rain would have proved highly agreeable, had not the moisture been superabundant. Cotton, unfortunately, is not impermeable to the aqueous element, and my starched ruffles were diminished of all their rigidity.
Cousin Jenny, I assure you, Boston is full of wonders. I mean to give you the whole description, but have not at present been able to hit upon a plan sufficiently scientific. The streets are not altogether rectilinear, and on many occasions approach towards that tortuosity of course, which Dr. Harsicapschitz, you know, explained to us as the *hyperbolic*. The squares are rather polygons, with the angles absconded. The streets are generally furnished with an artificial stratification of granite nodules, presenting a surface not altogether so uniform as that of a mahogany table; and as the numerous vehicles that permeate the city; traverse on iron-bound peripheries, you may imagine that the reverboration and repercussion of sound is occasionally annoying to our auditorys. I could say as much of the tintinnabulatory rebeca; from some score of bells. One of the largest hangs in a steeple directly opposite my window. I employed myself last Sunday, while it was ringing, in making some remarks upon the rapidity of the vibrations, but before I could complete them, I was attacked with a sudden

deafness in both my ears. I hope, however, to get rid of it in a few weeks.
Many of the old houses here, are built of liguicous materials, and, in consequence, are exceedingly liable to sudden ignitions. The modern edifices are generally constructed with rectangular parallelepipeds of argillaceous earth, indurated by combustion. Animals are very rare in the city, except a single species of the *equus*. A few houses contain some of the lesser quadrupeds. My arms were, scally scratched yesterday by one which I recognized as the *felis tatus* and I am kept awake all night by the barking of another, which I shall beat soundly, if ever I catch him, as I have no doubt he is of the species *canis*.
Uncle Gregory is very good humoured, but I fear I shall never imbue him with a proper respect for science. He laughs at me for calling his leathern snuff box, a coriaceous receptacle of titillating nicotiana.
I should have sent herewith some presents for my little cousins, consisting of certain saccharine concretions, fantastically modulated into the semblances of animals and men; but these were unfortunately demolished, together with a looking glass and two china vases, by the awkwardness of an old lady to whom I was exhibiting the operation of the electrical machine. Pray send me the musical gown I left at home. I have split a bowl of sulphuric acid upon the white satin one, and believe it will never wash out. Have the pig got well of the experiment I made upon them with the carbonic gas? Yours ever.

The Lost Boy.—The following interesting fact is related by the Rev. J. H. Steward, in his account of the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*:
"Amidst these almost overwhelming distresses, involving in one great calamity, men, women, children, and even tender infants, it is a rest to the heart to turn for a moment to some special marks of divine mercy. I am sore, my very dear friend, the following incident, related to me by the father of the boy, will deeply affect you. He was near the helm with his child, grasping his hand, till the waves rolling over the quarter deck, and taking with them several persons who were standing near them, it was no longer safe to remain there. The father took his child in his hand, and ran towards the shrouds, but the boy could not mount with him. He cried out, therefore, 'father! father! do not leave me!' But finding that his son could not climb with him; and that his own life was in danger, he withdrew his hand, and when morning came, the father was conveyed on shore with some other passengers who were preserved, and as he was landing, he said within himself, 'How can I see my wife, without having my boy with me?' When, however, the child's earthly parent let go his hand, his heavenly Father did not leave him. He was washed off the deck, but happily clung to a part of the wreck, on which some others of the passengers were floating. With them he was miraculously preserved. When he was landing, not knowing of his father's safety, he said, 'it is of no use to take me ashore now I have lost my father.' He was however, carried, much exhausted, to the same house where his father had been sent, and actually placed in the same bed, unknown to either, until clasped in each other's arms. When we read the interesting fact, regarding this poor ship boy, let us remember the words of David, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

We are struck with the feeling evinced in the simple language of the captors of Black Hawk and the Prophet, in their brief speeches. The language of the Indian is the language of nature—and hence its eloquence—the eloquence of truth. Shenandoah, a venerable chief, on one occasion, made that figurative and pathetic declaration: 'My children—I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an autumn, wintery have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top.' It may well be questioned, whether any modern orator or writer could more feelingly portray the decay of the faculties; the mental and physical inefficiency of age. Scarcely less admirable, was the remark of Pashmataha, a western warrior, who died, we believe at Washington. 'My brothers! said he, will go back towards the setting sun—but I shall not go with them. They will walk in the woods, and hear the winds in the trees, and see the sweet flowers springing up under their feet; but Pashmataha will not hear nor see. They will say to my children, Pashmataha is no more! And they will listen. It will be to them like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak, in the stillness of the woods.' Many similar specimens of eloquence and pathos crowd upon our memory, and with admiration, is mingled a feeling of sadness, at the thought, how fast the Indian race is vanishing away. How forcible, and how correct, is the touching remark of another: 'They see, shrinking before the tide which is pressing; they say, and they will soon bear the wear of the last wave which shall settle over their forefathers. Slowly, and sadly, they climb the distant mountain, and read their doom in the setting sun. Soon, they will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their mid virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.—*Providence Journal.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That the subscriber of Baltimore county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non on the personal estate of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of April next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1832.
CHARLES F. MAYER,
Adm'r. D. B. N.

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BANK OF MARYLAND.
Baltimore, Dec. 24th 1831.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors of this Institution, the following scale and rates have been adopted for the government of the officers thereof in receiving deposits of money subject to interest, viz:—
For deposits payable in ninety days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 5 per cent.
For deposits payable thirty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 4 per cent.
On current accounts, or deposits subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the depositor, interest shall be allowed at the rate of 3 per cent.
By order of the Board, J. WILSON, Cashier.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.
That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Joseph Morton late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 1st day of January 1833 next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 15th day of October 1832.
GEORGE MORTON, Adm'r.

STATE OF MARYLAND.
Anne Arundel County Orphans' Court,
September 25th 1832.

ON application by petition of Eli Lusby, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Robert Lusby, 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.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That the subscriber of Baltimore county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Robert Lusby, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 25th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of September, 1832.
ELI LUSBY, Ex'r.

STATE OF MARYLAND.
Anne Arundel County Orphans' Court,
October 24th 1832.

ON application by petition of Charles F. Mayer, Administrator De Bonis Non of Henry E. Mayer, 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.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That the subscriber of Baltimore county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non on the personal estate of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of April next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1832.
CHARLES F. MAYER,
Adm'r. D. B. N.

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 any purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in the market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. Can at all times be found at Williamson's Hotel, Annapolis.
RICHARD WILLIAMS.

IN CHANCERY.

ORDERED. That the sale of the Real Estate of Richard G. Watkins, deceased, as made and reported by Somerville-Pinkney the trustee, be ratified and confirmed, subject to the contrary be shown on or before the 30th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be published once in each of three successive weeks before the 30th day of November next in one of the Annapolis newspapers.
The report states the amount of sales to be \$1000 00.
True copy.
HAMBAY WATERS,
Reg. Com. Ch.

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