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MISCELLANEOUS.
From Blackwood's Magazine for August.
THE WATER LILY.
BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Water Lilies, that are serene in calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.
Lilies and Shadows of Scottish Life.
O! beautiful thine art:
Thou sculpture like and stately River-Queen,
Down the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.
Bright Lily of the Wave!
Thou art the grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit e'erly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.
Lily like thy head
Of flesh and beauty, feminine yet free,
The eye and the pictured azure spread
The water be.
Was't like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm, thus beating up
The blue sky that auster cup,
As to the shower?
O! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman quivering, to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
Midst Life's dark sea.
And Faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily! Springing into light,
And bravely above the waves' might,
Through the storm's breath?
Yes, Lily! with such high thoughts,
Thou art the grace in my bosom's light,
Thou something more of thy own purity
And peace be wrought:
Something yet more divine
Than the clear, bright, virgin lustre shed
From thy form that breast upon the rivers' bed,
As from a shrine.

From the United States Gazette.
RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS (St. John, Chap. XI.)

Written upon a blank leaf of the Bible during sickness at the Pennsylvania Hospital, March 16, 1833.
The disease on Lazarus fell, and death
Fell mortally his victim seized,
A more life-giving spirit to the earth,
He buried him to the grave and bound him there,
The witness monarch of the tombs remained,
Till he was, in the precincts of his power,
Present, every where unscathed—
O'er a stupor's deathly work,
There the miracle which here began,
As now his hand deflected him,
Lazarus' glorious Prince approached and "Jesus wept."
Lazarus' world whose blood was shed for you:
Lazarus' soul come forth! The Saviour cried:
O! conscious that Almighty Power, thus spoke,
From his silent wall, and bade the Grave
The mandate of the "Word of God."
Open its portals, and a "vital spark"
From the bosom of the Prince of Life,
Warm'd the heart of him whom "Jesus loved."
Lazarus brought back life triumphant from the grave,
Lazarus lived again.
Death where was thy sting!
Gone, thy victory then!

From the New England Magazine for September.
THE PROSELYTES
A SKETCH.

The student sat at his books. All the day had been pouring over an old and time worn volume, and the evening found him still absorbed in its contents. It was one of that innumerable series of controversial volumes, containing the theological speculations of the great fathers of the Church. With the best reverence so characteristic of countrymen, he was endeavouring to detect truth amidst the numberless inconsistencies of heated controversy—to reconcile jarring propositions; to search out the thread of logic argument amidst the rant of prejudice and the sallies of passion, and the course of operations of a spirit of personal bitterness, but little in accordance with the awful purity of the question at issue.
Wearied and exhausted with his researches, at length closed the volume, and rested his weary forehead upon his hand. "What ails me," he said, "these long and painful hours,—these midnight vigils,—these wearied bodies, before which heart and flesh are chilled? What have I gained? I have pushed my researches wide and far; my life it has been one long weary lesson—I have not from me the busy and beautiful world; I have chastened every youthful impression, and at an age when the heart should be lightest and the pulse the freest, I am sad and silent, and sorrowful, and the heart of a premature age is gathering around me. Alas! these ponderous tomes,—these volumes of the venerable receptacles of wisdom,—breathing, instead of the freedom of heaven, the sepulchral dust of antiquity, have become assimilated to the objects around me; my very nature has undergone a metamorphosis of which Pythagoras never dreamed. I am no longer a reasoning creature, looking at every thing within the circle of human investigation with a clear and self-possessed vision,—but the cheated follower of a physical absurdities,—a mere, echo of scholastic subtilty. God knows that my heart has been a lofty and pure one,—that I

have buried myself in this living tomb, and counted the health of this feeble and outward image as nothing in comparison and shadow of His own Infinite Mind,—that I have toiled through what the world calls wisdom;—the lore of the old fathers and time honoured philosophy, not for the dream of power and gratified ambition,—not for the alchemist's gold or life giving elixir,—but with an eye single to that which I conceived to be the most fitting object of a godlike spirit;—the discovery of Truth,—truth perfect and unclouded,—truth in its severe and naked beauty,—truth as it sits in awe and holiness in the presence of its Original and Source!
"Was my aim too lofty? It cannot be; for my Creator has given me a spirit, which would spurn a meaner one. I have studied to act in accordance with His will: yet have I felt all along like one walking in blindness. I have listened to the living champions of the Church; I have pored over the remains of the dead; but doubt and heavy darkness still rest upon my pathway. I find contradiction where I had hoped for harmony; ambiguity where I had expected clearness; zeal taking the place of reason,—anger, intolerance, personal feuds and sectarian utterances,—interminable discussions and weary controversies, while infinite Truth, for which I have been seeking, lies still beyond,—or seen, if at all, only by transient and unsatisfying glimpses, obscured and darkened by miserable subtilties and cabalistic mysteries."
He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The student broke its well-known seal, and read, in a delicate chirography, the following words:
"DEAR ERNEST: A stranger from the English Kingdom, of gentle birth and education, hath visited me at the request of the good Princess Elizabeth of the Palatine. He is a preacher of the new faith—a zealous and earnest believer in the gifts of the Spirit, but not like John de Labadie or the Lady Schumanns." He speaks like one sent on a message from Heaven,—a message of wisdom and salvation. Come Ernest, and see him; for he hath but a brief hour to tarry with us. Who knoweth but that this stranger may be commissioned to lead us to that, which we have so long and anxiously sought for,—the truth as it is in God?
"Now may heaven bless the sweet enthusiast for this interruption of my bitter reflections," said the student, in the earnest tenderness of impassioned feeling. "She knows how gladly I shall obey her summons; she knows how readily I shall forsake the dogmas of our wisest schoolmen, to obey the slightest wishes of a heart pure and generous as hers."
He passed hastily through one of the principal streets of the city, to the dwelling of the lady, Eleonora.

In a large and gorgeous apartment, sat the Englishman, his plain and simple garb contrasting strongly with the richness and luxury around him. He was apparently quite young, and of a tall and commanding figure. His countenance was calm and benevolent; it bore no traces of passion,—care had not marked it—there was a holy serenity in its expression, which seemed a token of that inward peace which passeth all understanding.
"And this is thy friend, Eleonora?" said the stranger, as he offered his hand to Ernest. "I hear," he said, addressing the latter, "thou hast been a hard student and a lover of philosophy."
"I am but a humble inquirer after Truth," replied Ernest.
"From whence hast thou sought it?"
"From the sacred volume—from the lore of the old fathers,—from the fountains of philosophy, and from my own brief experience of human life."
"And hast thou attained thy object?"
"Alas—no!" replied the student; "I have thus far toiled in vain."
"Ah! thus must the children of this world ever toil—wearily—wearily—but in vain. We grasp at shadows—we grapple with the fashionless air—we walk in the blindness of our own vain imaginations—we compass heaven and earth for our object, and marvel that we find it not. The truth which is of God, the crown of wisdom, the pearl of exceeding price, demands not this vain-glorious research; easily to be entreated, it lieth within the reach of all. The eye of the humblest spirit may discern it. For He who respecteth not the persons of His children, hath not set it afar off, unapproachable save to the proud and lofty; but hath made its refreshing fountains to murmur, as it were, at the very door of our hearts. But in the encumbering hurry of our daily vanities, we hear not the waters of Shiloah, which go softly. We look widely abroad; we lose ourselves in vain speculations; we wander in the crooked path of those who have gone before us; yea, in the language of one of the old fathers, we ask the earth, and it replieth not,—we question the sea and its inhabitants,—we turn to the sun, and the moon, and the stars of heaven, and they cannot satisfy us; we ask our eyes, and they cannot see, and our ears, and they cannot hear; we return to books, and they delude us; we seek philosophy, and no response cometh from its dead and silent learning. It is not in the

sky above, nor in the air around, nor in earth beneath; it is in our own spirits—it lives within us; and if we would find it, like the lost silver of the woman of the parable, we must look at home.—to the inward temple, which the inward eye discovereth, and wherein the spirit of all truth is manifested. The voice of that spirit is still and small, and the light about it shineth in darkness. But truth is there; and if we seek it in low humility—in a patient waiting upon its author—with a giving up of our natural pride of knowledge—a seducing of self—a quiet from all outward endeavour, it will assuredly be revealed, and fully made known.—For as the angel of old rose from the altar of Manoah, even so shall truth arise from the humbling sacrifice of self-knowledge and human vanity, in all its eternal and ineffable beauty."
"Seekest thou, like Pilate, after truth? Look thou within. The holy principle is there; that in whose light the pure hearts of all time have rejoiced. It is the great light of ages," of which Pythagoras speaks—the "good spirit" of Socrates; the "divine mind" of Anaxagoras; the "perfect principle" of Plato; the "infallible and immortal law," and "supreme power of reason" of Philo. It is the "unbegotten principle" and source of all light," which of Timæus testifies the "interior guide" of the soul and everlasting foundation of virtue," spoken of by Plutarch. Yea—it was the hope and guide of those virtuous Gentiles, who, doing by nature the things contained in the law, became a law unto themselves.
"Look to thyself. Turn thine eye inward. Heed not the opinion of the world. Lean not upon the broken reed of thy philosophy—thy verbal orthodoxy—thy skill in tongues; thy knowledge of the Fathers. Remember that truth was seen by the humble fisherman of Galilee, and overlooked by the High Priest of the Temple, by the Rabbi and the Pharisee. Thou canst not hope to reach it by the metaphysics of Fathers, Councils, Schoolmen, and Universities. It lies not in the high places of human learning; it is in the silent sanctuary of thine own heart; for He, who gave thee an immortal spirit, hath filled it with a portion of that truth which is the image of His own unapproachable light. The voice of that truth is within thee; heed thou its whisper. A light is kindled in thy soul, which, if thou carefully heedest it, shall shine more and more even unto the perfect day."
The stranger paused, and the student melted into tears. "Stranger!" he said, "thou hast taken a weary weight from my heart, and a heavy veil from my eyes. I feel that thou hast revealed a wisdom which is not of this world."
"Nay—I am but an humble instrument in the hand of Him, who is the fountain of all truth, and the beginning and the end of all wisdom. May the message which I have borne thee be sanctified to thy well-being."
"Oh—heed him, Ernest!" said the lady. "It is the holy truth which has been spoken. Let us rejoice in this truth, and, forgetting the world, live only for it."
"Oh—may he who watched over all his children keep thee in faith of thy resolution!" said the Preacher, fervently. "Humble yourselves to receive instruction, and it shall be given you. Turn away now in your youth from the corrupting pleasures of the world—heed not its hollow vanities, and that peace which is not such as the world giveth—the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall be yours. Yet, let not yours be the world's righteousness—the world's peace, which shuts itself up in solitude. Encloister not thy body but rather shut up the soul from sin. Live in the world, but overcome it; lead a life of purity in the face of its allurements; learn from the holy principle of truth within you, to do justly in the sight of its author,—to meet reproach without anger, to live without offence—to love those that offend you,—to visit the widow and the fatherless, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."
"Eleonora!" said the humble student, "truth is plain before us; can we follow its teachings? Alas! canst thou—the daughter of a noble house—forget the glory of thy birth, and, in the beauty of thy years, tread in that lowly path, which the wisdom of the world accounteth foolishness?"
"Yes, Ernest—rejoicingly can I do it!" said the lady, and the bright glow of a lofty purpose gave a spiritual expression to her majestic beauty. "Glory to God in the highest, that he hath visited us in mercy!"
"Lady!" said the preacher, "the day-star of truth has arisen in thy heart; follow thou its light even unto salvation. Live an harmonious life to the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God. Remember that the King of Zion's daughter is all-glorious within; and if thy soul excel, thy body will only set off the lustre of thy mind. Let not the spirit of this world—its cares and its many vanities—its fashions and discourses, prevail over the civility of thy nature. Remember that sin bought the first coat, and thou wilt have little reason to be proud of dress or the adorning of thy body." Seek rather the enduring ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—the beauty and the parity of the altar of God's temple, rather than the decoration of its outward walls. For, as the Spartan monarch said, of old, to his daughter, when he restrained her from wearing the rich dresses of Sicily.—"Thou wilt seem more lovely to

me without them"—so shalt thou seem; in thy lowliness and humility, more lovely in the sight of heaven and in the eyes of the pure of earth. Oh—preserve in their freshness thy present feelings—wait in humble resignation and in patience, even if it be all thy days, for the manifestations of Him, who, 'as a father, careth for all his children.'"
"I will endeavour—I will endeavour!" said the lady, humbled in spirit and in tears.
The stranger took the hand of each. "Farewell!" he said; "I must needs depart, for I have much work before me. God's peace be with you; and that love be around you, which has been to me as the green pasture and the still water,—the shadow in a weary land."
And the stranger went his way; but the lady and her lover, in all their after life, and amidst the trials and persecutions which they were called to suffer in the cause of truth, remembered with joy and gratitude the instructions of the pure-hearted and eloquent WILLIAM PENN. J. G. W.

From the Family Physician and Gazette of human life.
THE REMEDY OF THE SPLIT FOWL.
Among the most disagreeable things attending the practice of that most arduous of all professions, medicine, are the prejudices the physician must constantly meet with, either in the mind of the patient, or in those of his friends. It is easier to cure the bodily complaint of 100 persons, than to eradicate the prejudice from the mind of one. Absurd and ridiculous, and hurtful notions, which have as it were grown up with them, in spite of all the efforts of reason to root them out.
Visiting a patient a short time since, [for it is my misfortune to be a physician] I perceived a very disagreeable smell, like that of putrid meat, apparently issuing from beneath the bed clothes at the foot of the bed; and enquired what it was.
"Why," said the good wife, who was attending on her sick husband, "its nothing but a dunghill fowl he's got on his feet poor man."
"A dunghill fowl!" exclaimed I with no little astonishment.
"Yes, doctor," said she, "I had the fattest fowl in the barn yard cut open alive, and one half put on one foot and one on 't'other while it was all alive and kicking. It is a charming thing for a fever, doctor."
"A live fowl cut open and put on a mans feet for a fever! who put this foolish notion into your head?"
"A foolish notion or not doctor, I am sure Mr. Tozer is a great deal better of his complaint than he was; he doesn't sweat so confusedly, and breathes a great deal shorter and quicker than he did."
"So much the worse good woman."
"So you always tell me doctor, when I am doing all I can for the benefit of the sick in my family. So you told me when I was stuffing the cold of my husband the dear Mr. Pfeezer, heaven rest his soul—which in spite of all I could do, turned to an inflammation of the lungs, and he is now in his grave, poor man."
"But what could put it into your head this shocking remedy of the split fowl?"
"Why its been in my head ever so long, doctor. My grandfather was cured by it of a putrid fever, as I have heard my mother say. My father was likewise cured by the same remedy, of a dreadful rebellious fever; but just as he was getting on his feet again, he had a prolapse, which carried him off. Besides these, my cousin Jonathan Jenkins was cured of an inflammation in the same way. Then Mrs. Thistlesifter, who you know is very skillful in roots, arbs, and so forth, says there is nothing in the world so good for a fever as a split fowl!"
"A split fowl! I was going to say; and indeed if all the fools were so, who meddle with what they know nothing about, the world would be better off. Did you give Mr. Tozer the medicine I left him?"
"No, doctor. Mrs. Thistlesifter came here just after you went away, and I could not do no less than to insult her in so impotent a crisis; and we come to the conclusion between us, that it was best not to give the medicine you left; but to put the split fowl on his feet, poor man and dress him well with pepper-grass tea, and a little gilligo-over ground and smart weed with it."
"So you didn't give the medicine I left then?"
"No, doctor. Mrs. Thistlesifter and I thought it such an impotent case, that the split fowl was the principle thing to be relied on. Besides to tell the truth, doctor, we were afraid there was mercury in the medicine, as we had noticed a white powder in it."
"Indeed and so because you and Mrs. Thistlesifter noticed a white powder in the medicine, you threw it aside, and opened a live fowl!"
"Yes, doctor, I do think that mercury is a dreadful bad thing. It saves people's lives to be sure—but then it gets into the bones, Mrs. Thistlesifter says, and there's no getting it out again as long as you live."
"Oh! I wouldn't a had Mr. Tozer, poor man, to take it for any thing."
"And so, by following your own & Mrs. Thistlesifter's foolish notions, you've lost your husband!"
"Lost him! did you say, doctor, lost my dear Mr. Tozer!"
"Ay, I grieve to inform you that he won't live forty-eight hours."
"Not forty-eight hours, doctor! not live

forty-eight hours! and I've only been married to him a year."
"I am sorry to say there is no hope for him." "And I laid out so much money for my wedding cloths only a year ago. And the dunghill fowl gone too! the fattest rooster in the barn yard! Oh, miserable me, that I should be a widow so soon again!" Saying this she wrung her hands bitterly.
The next day Mr. Tozer died. Mrs. Tozer, as in duty bound, wept profusely for his death; but finally comforted herself that she had done every thing an affectionate wife could do—having taken the advice of Mrs. Thistlesifter, and having killed the most valuable rooster in the barn to save her husband's life.—A Country Physician.

THE LOST SHIP.
OR THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.
Taking care of the main chance, I have elsewhere attempted to define the keeping one hand on your own pocket, and the other in your neighbour's—a definition which, whatever it may want of truth in its general application, was in exact accordance with the practice and opinions of Gideon Owen. He was one of those who, very early in life, discovered the inconveniences attendant upon bearing a good character—a quality, he would observe, in such universal request, that the possessor is liable to be robbed of it at every turn. Nay, it was even an encumbrance to a man of his peculiar genius, which, when relieved from the restraint, developed itself in a manner which promised to secure himself a distinguished place in that catenar which is more remarkable for heroes than saints. He was one of the honourable fraternity of British merchants, though, like a true genius, he altogether rejected those common-place notions by which that respectable body have the universal reputation of being governed. The halter and the gibbet were the line and rule by which Gideon was regulated in his dealings; and it is admitted that he was exact, to a nicety, in his measures. The accounts of a man who trusted to no one, and whom none ever thought of trusting, must necessarily have been in a nut shell; and it was Owen's boast that his pocket was his counting-house, and his journal and ledger a two-penny memorandum-book.
For a description of his person—behold him plodding his way through the streets, regardless of every external object, but in chuckling self-gratulation on having completed some advantageous and overreaching bargain; observe the pleased, but unpleasing expression, so purely animal, of his countenance; remark, too, his left hand clenched upon his bosom, a sinister attempt to keep down the upbraidings of conscience, or, perhaps, to guard his heart from the possibility of its being assailed by any of those sympathies by which ordinary and grovelling minds are sometimes turned from their purpose. His vigilance was at once useless and misplaced—useless, because his heart was as hard as a brickbat, and misplaced, because with him the seat of feeling was the neck.
One of his latest commercial transactions of so remarkable a character, that I shall venture to put it on record. Gideon was, on a sudden, seized with a passion for speculation to the East Indies, and accordingly purchased a vessel, loaded her to the very hatches, and, like a prudent man, insured the ship and cargo to a considerable amount. It is true, there were some trifling discrepancies between the invoices and the shipments, but such things will occur in the hurry of business, and underwriters are not particular so long as the ship stands A. E. and they get their premium.
Two months afterwards, news arrived that the vessel had foundered, to the great dismay of Gideon, who alleged that he had insured too little, and of the underwriters, who found that they had insured too much.
Some of them had taken heavy lives upon the risk, and one man in particular, had ventured to an amount, the exaction of which would have left him and his family without a shilling in the world, and Gideon, unluckily, was not slow in advancing his claim. A meeting was appointed between Owen and the underwriters, at a coffee-house, for the purpose of discussing certain matters connected with the loss, when his documents were produced and found to be unchallengeable. One of the parties, however, ventured to express a doubt as to the total loss of the vessel.
"Nay," exclaimed a voice from an adjoining box, "if it be the loss of Hopewell, I can vouch for that."
"And pray," inquired one of the parties interested, regarding the volunteer witness with no complacent look, "what makes you so knowing about the loss of the ship?"
"The simple fact of my having had the pleasure of being in her company at the time," rejoined the first speaker, a fashionable dressed young man, with a handsome but sun-burnt countenance, rising and leaning carelessly against the partition of the boxes, so as to confront the party, one of whom, the individual who had at first addressed him, took upon himself the office of spokesman, and continued his interrogatories by saying, "Why, you were surely not one of the crew?"
"No," answered the young gentleman, bowing in acknowledgment of the compliment implied, "I was only a passenger, and so when the Hopewell struck, the captain and

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which have formerly taken...
SBA SERPENT...
The Sea Serpent explained...
occurrence took place in...
GREEN, Kentucky, a short...
REFORM...
SICAL OPERATION...
Dr. E. A. Ward, while...