L. D. Teackle

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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1835. WHOLE NO. 582.

TERMS.

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From the New York Transcript.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Most or all of our readers must have heard of the romantic episode in the loves and lives of the parents of the celebrated Thomas A. Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; being no less a circumstance than that the father of the Archbishop went to fight the Infidel Saracens in the Holy Land, and while there he was wounded, taken prisoner, and was nursed by a beautiful young female pagan, who, like most young warrior nurses, fell desperately in love with the object of her attention and solicitude. After the eldest Becket sailed from the Holy Land, for England, she became absolutely inconsolable at his departure, and a short time afterwards she secretly left her father's house, with a little money and a few jewels, made her way to Acre, took her passage in a ship bound for England, landed in London—and although she could not speak a word of the language, except the name of the being she loved, and only knew a part of this, viz: that his Christian name was Thomas, she went crying that word through the streets of the great city until she found him—soon after which they married.

Singular as the above story seems, we have to record one to-day almost equally singular and romantic. Sometime in the course of the last year, as one of our fast sailing Liverpool vessels was dropping down the Mersey, with a fair wind and tide, for New York, the hands on board observed a small sail boat in the river astern of the ship, containing a party of pleasure, which was upset by a squall. The ship's yards were braced round, her topsails backed, and a boat lowered, which made for the party in the water. They were all rescued except a young lady, who, becoming separated from the rest, was carried down the river by the rapidity of the tide, and must inevitably have been lost, had it not been for the watchfulness and intrepidity of the mate of the ship, who instantly jumped into the fore chains, dropped into the water, swam to the drowning girl, and, being a strong young man, supported her till the boat reached and took them up. She was taken on board the ship (which was hove to) until she recovered, when the rescued party were ultimately landed. Strange to say, the parties all separated without the name of the vessel, or any of her people, being made known to the rescued parties; and the ship was soon under way for New York. On her return to Liverpool, the mate—who was a fine, handsome fellow, and who had not failed to observe, during their short acquaintance, that the lady he had rescued was a very beautiful woman—thought it might not be much amiss to endeavor to find her out, and enquire after her health. With this object in view, he hurried over a file of old Liverpool papers, and discovered that on such a day, 1834, a party of pleasure in a sail boat, including Miss Mary ——, had been rescued from a watery grave by the crew of a vessel bound out; but as some forty or fifty vessels (which had been wind-bound) sailed on the same day, the name of the vessel was not known. On making further enquiries, he found that the young lady's brother (a surgeon) was one of the rescued people, and that they had left Liverpool and gone to reside in the country. He obtained leave of absence from the ship, and without a chart or compass to steer by, he mounted a horse and rode out of the town towards Warrington. He had not proceeded half a dozen miles before his horse took fright, ran off and threw him violently on his head. He was taken up senseless, and carried to the nearest house, which fortunately happened to be a surgeon's. He lay some days in a critical state, and the first object that met his vision on regaining his senses, was the form of the fair Mary above alluded to, seated by his bed-side, bathing his temples and officiating as nurse. She blushed deeply on perceiving that he recognized her, and hastily leaving the room, sent in her brother and an elder but less agreeable female nurse. Finding him still too weak to converse, they assured him that he was with friends, deeply sensible of their indebtedness to him, and who were but too happy to have it in their power to contribute to his comfort. He was now convalescent, and, sinking into a sound sleep, they left him. He awoke very late the next day much refreshed; but as neither his host nor the sister made their appearance, he enquired for them, and learnt that they had both been called up in the night, and had gone some distance to attend the dying bed of a near relative.—Not thinking it necessary to explain to the old nurse, he did not state to her who he was, but waited anxiously for the re-appearance of Mary, whom he had already began to feel an interest for. The next day he was surprised by the visit of his captain, who stated that the horse had found its way back to the livery stable without a rider, which the owner reported to the ship; he had tried to find out what had become of the mate, but could not until that very day; he had heard at an inn that a young sailor had been hurt, and was lying at Mr. ——'s. The captain added that the ship had been suddenly ordered to sea, had taken in her cargo, and was ready to sail with that afternoon's tide. There being no time to lose, the mate wrote a letter to the surgeon, which he left unsealed on the table, and in which he said all that was necessary, including an intention to revisit them on his next voyage; a carriage was procured, and he, though feeble, went to Liverpool, and that evening sailed in his old vessel for New York. The letter left by the mate, unfortunately, was never received by those for whom it was intended, being, as was supposed, obtained, read and destroyed by a young lawyer, who had made Mary an offer of marriage and been refused, but who still visited the house. Thus on their return home, Mary and her brother were still without the least clue to the "local habitation or name" of their preserver, with this exception, that the lawyer, in the course of an incidental conversation, had sneeringly observed that the mate was "a poor mean Yankee," but denied knowing his name. Mary fretted and pined away, and at last took to her bed, for almost unconsciously she had become deeply attached to the sailor; her illness assumed at last a serious character, and being evident that she would not survive unless she again saw the object of her affections, her brother (at her urgent request,) took ship for North America, and landed in Boston a few days ago, whence they came on to this city on Sunday night. The passage and the hope of meeting the one she loved, restored her to comparative health and strength, and they put up at a private boarding house in Pearl street. Thus had Mary travelled double the distance of Becket's mother, without knowing even the christian or sirname of her beloved. In the meantime the mate arrived at New York, was transferred to the command of a merchantman in the southern trade, was cast away, fell ill, wrote to Europe, his letter miscarried—he sailed himself for England, went to the surgeon's house, was told all about Mary, and that she had then sailed about seven days for Boston. He took passage in the first vessel, came to New York, and without knowing that they were in the house, actually put up at the same place, and slept beneath the same roof with Mary and her brother on Sunday night. In the morning when he descended to the breakfast table, where he found the family already assembled, the first object that met his view on entering the room was the form of the fair traveller. She saw his face—uttered no exclamation, but sprang from her seat towards him, and would have fallen had he not rushed forward and caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Good God! Mary, is that you?" as she fainted away. When she recovered, mutual explanations and greetings took place, and we are happy to say that they were married yesterday afternoon, and set off the same evening to spend the honey moon at Albany, and by this time doubtless know one another as well as though they had been acquainted for years.

EXTRACTS FROM "PETER SIMPLE."

* * * * * Captain Kearney certainly dealt in the marvellous to admiration, and really told his stories with such earnestness, that I actually believe that he thought he was telling the truth. Never was there such an instance of confirmed habit. Telling a story of a cutting out expedition, he said, "The French Captain would have fallen by my hand, but just as I levelled my musket a ball came and cut off the cock of the lock as clean as if it was done with a knife—a very remarkable instance," observed he.

"Not equal to what occurred in a ship I was in," replied the first lieutenant, "when the second lieutenant was grazed by a grape-shot, which cut off one of his whiskers, and turning round his head to ascertain what was the matter, another grape-shot came and took off the other. Now that's what I call a *close shave*."

"Yes," replied Captain Kearney, "very close indeed, if it were true: but you'll excuse me, Mr. Phillott, but you sometimes tell strange stories. I do not mind it myself, but the example is not good to my young relation here, Mr. Simple."

"Captain Kearney," replied the first lieutenant, laughing immoderately, "do you know what the boys called the kettle?"

"No, sir, I do not," retorted the captain with offended dignity.

"Mr. Simple, will you take a glass of wine?"

I thought that this little *brouillerie* would have checked the captain; it did so, but only for a few minutes, when he again commenced. The first lieutenant observed that it would be necessary to let water into the ship every morning, and pump it out, to avoid the smell of the bilge water. "There are worse smells than bilge water," replied the captain. "What do you think of a whole ship's company being nearly poisoned with otto of roses? Yet that occurred to me in the Mediterranean. I was off Smyrna, looking out for a French ship, that was to sail for France, with a pasha on board, as an ambassador. I knew she would be a good prize, and was looking sharp out, when one morning we discovered her on the lee bow. We made all sail, but she walked away from us, bearing away gradually till we were both before the wind, and at night we lost sight of her. As I knew that she was bound to Marseilles, I made all sail to fall in with her again. The wind was light and variable; but five days afterwards, as I laid in my cot, just before daylight, I smelt a very strong smell, blowing in at the weather-port, which was open; and after sniffing at it two or three times, I knew it to be the otto of roses. I sent for the officer of the watch, and asked him if there was any thing in sight. He replied, "there was not;" and I ordered him to sweep the horizon with his glass, and look well out to the windward. As the wind freshened, the smell became more powerful. I ordered him to get the royal yards across, and have all ready to make sail, for I knew that the Turk must be near us. At daylight, there he was, just three miles a-head, in the wind's eye. But although he beat us going free, he was no match for us on the wind, and before noon we had possession of him and all his harem. By the bye, I could tell you a good story about the ladies. She was a very valuable prize, and among other things, she had a *puncheon* of otto of roses on board——"

"Whew!" cried the first lieutenant.—"What! a whole puncheon?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "a Turkish puncheon—not quite so large, perhaps, as ours on board; their weights and measures are different. I took out most of the valuables into the brig I commanded—about 20,000 sequins—carpets—and among the rest, this cask of otto of roses, which we had smelt three miles off. We had it safe on board, when, the mate of the hold not slinging it properly, it fell into the spirit room with a run, and was stove to pieces. Never was such a scene: my first lieutenant and several men on deck fainted; and the men in the hold were brought up lifeless: it was some time before they were recovered. We let the water into the brig, and pumped it out, but nothing would take away the smell, which was so overpowering, that, before I could get to Malta, I had forty men on the sick list. When I arrived there, I turned the mate out of the service for his carelessness. It was not until after having smoked the brig, and finding that of little use, after having sunk her for three weeks, that the smell was at all bearable: but even then it could never be eradicated, and the admiral sent the brig home, and she was sold out of the service—they could do nothing with her at the dock-yards. She was broke up, and bought by the people at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, who used her timbers for turning fancy articles, which, smelling as they did, so strong of otto of roses, proved very profitable. * * *

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We had not been more than a week under the Danish island of St. Thomas, when we discovered a brig close in shore. We made all sail in chase, and soon came within a mile and a half of the shore, when she anchored under a battery which opened its fire upon us. Their elevation was too great, and several shots passed over us and between our masts.

"I once met with a very remarkable circumstance," observed Captain Kearney.—"Three guns were fired at a frigate, I was on board of, from a battery, all at the same time. The three shots cut away the three topsail ties, and down came all our topsail yards upon the cap at the same time. That the Frenchmen might not suppose that they had taken such good aim, we turned up our hands to reef topsails; and by the time that the men were off the yards, the ties were spliced, and the topsails run up again."

Mr. Phillott could not stand this most enormous fib, and he replied, "Very odd indeed, Captain Kearney; but I have known a stranger circumstance. We had put in the powder to the four guns on the main deck, when we were fighting the Danish gun-boats, in a frigate I was in, and as the men withdrew the rammer, a shot from the enemy entered the muzzle, and completed the loading of each gun. We fired their own shot back upon them, and this occurred three times running."

"Upon my word," replied Captain Kearney, who had his glass upon the battery, "I think you must have dreamt that circumstance, Mr. Phillott."

"Not more than you did about the topsail ties, Captain Kearney."

Captain Kearney at that time had the long glass in his hand, holding it up over his shoulder. A shot from the battery whizzed over his head, and took the glass out of his hand, shivering it to pieces. "That's once," said Captain Kearney, very coolly; "but will you pretend that that could ever happen three times running? They might take my head off, or my arm, next time, but not another glass; whereas the topsail ties might be cut by three different shot." * *

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We met at the captain's table, where we found, as usual, a great display of plate, but very little else, except the ship's allowance. We certainly had now been cruising some time, and there was some excuse for it; but still, few captains would have been so unprovided. "I am afraid, gentlemen, you will not have a very grand dinner," observed the captain, as the steward removed the plated covers off the dishes; "but when on service, we must rough it out how we can. Mr. O'Brien, pease soup? I recollect faring harder than this through one cruise, in a flush vessel. We were thirteen weeks up to our knees in water, and living the whole time upon raw pork—not being able to light a fire during the cruise."

"Pray, Captain Kearney, may I ask where this happened?"

"To be sure. It was off Bermudas: we cruised for seven weeks before we could find the Islands, and began verily to think that the Bermudas were themselves on a cruise."

"I presume, sir, you were not sorry to have a fire to cook your provisions when you came to an anchor?" said O'Brien.

"I beg your pardon," replied Captain Kearney; "we had become so accustomed to raw provisions and wet feet, that we could not eat our meals cooked, or help dipping our legs over the side, for a long while afterwards. I saw one of the boat-keepers astern, catch a large barracouta, and eat it alive—indeed, if I had not given the strictest orders, and flogged half a dozen of them, I doubt whether they would not have eaten their victuals raw to this day. The force of habit is tremendous."

"It is indeed," observed Mr. Phillott, drily, and winking to us—referring to the captain's incredible stories.

"It is indeed," repeated O'Brien; "we see the mote in our neighbor's eye, and cannot observe the log of wood in our own," and O'Brien winked at me referring to Phillott's habit of bad language.

"I once knew a married man," observed the captain, "who had been always accustomed to go to sleep with his hand upon his wife's head, and would not allow her to wear a night-cap in consequence. Well, she caught cold and died, and he never could sleep at night until he took a clothes-brush to bed with him, and laid his hand upon that, which answered the purpose—such was the force of habit."

"I once saw a dead body galvanised," observed Mr. Phillott; "it was the body of a man who had taken a great deal of snuff during his lifetime, and as soon as the battery was applied to his spine, the body very gently raised its arm, and put its fingers to its nose, as if it was taking a pinch."

"You saw that yourself, Mr. Phillott?" observed the captain, looking at the first lieutenant earnestly in the face.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Phillott, coolly.

"Have you told that story often?"

"Very often, sir."

"Because I know that some people, by constantly telling a story, at last believe it to be true; not that I refer to you, Mr. Phillott; but still, I should recommend you not to tell that story where you are not well known, or people may doubt your credibility."

"I make a rule to believe every thing myself," observed Mr. Phillott, "out of politeness; and I expect the same courtesy from others."

"Then, upon my soul! when you tell that story, you trespass very much upon our good manners. You must meet a friend of mine, who has been a courtier all his life; he cannot help bowing. I have seen him bow to his horse, and thank him, after he had dismounted—beg pardon of a puppy for treading on his tail; and one day, when he fell over a scraper, he took his hat off, and made it a thousand apologies for his inattention."

"Force of habit again," said O'Brien. *

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* * * * * Mr. O'Brien, how remarkably well you played that sonato of Pleyel's this morning."

"I am happy that I did not annoy you, Captain Kearney, at all events," replied O'Brien.

"On the contrary, I am very partial to good music. My mother was a great performer. I recollect once she was performing a piece on the piano, on which she had to imitate a *thunder storm*. So admirably did she hit it off that when we went to tea, all the cream was *turned sour*, as well as three casks of *beer* in the cellar."

FROM THE FARMER AND GARDENER.

AN APPEAL,

To the People of the old States particularly.

Among the many wagons conveying movers to the West, which daily pass through this town, was one on Tuesday attended by thirty-five persons, twenty-six of whom were upon it, the others followed on foot. They were five families from the Western Shore of Maryland, who had united in chartering a single wagon, the upper loading of which was bedding piled to the height of 12 feet from the ground, on the top of which 26 women and children were perched. On the next day, four families, containing 29 persons, with a single wagon, followed from the same neighborhood.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

We know not what effect such paragraphs have upon the feelings of others, but for ourself we can, in sincerity and truth, aver, that they cause the blood to course through our veins with more than icy coldness. We love, we trust, our whole country with all the ardor of genuine patriotism; but as all human affections have their grades and degrees, so are ours regulated with respect to that particular member of the great American family of States, in which it was our humble lot to be born. For Maryland, we cherish an affection which we will not name; and although we rejoice with all the warmth of young love in the advance of any member of the confederacy in the march of prosperity and greatness, when we see any such evidences of the downward course of things in the "*old thirteen*"—that glorious galaxy, whose chivalry and blood was the price of our freedom—as is to be found in the paragraph which forms our text, we confess it makes us sick at heart. What is the spectacle presented? In *two short days*, sixty-four of our citizens, from the same neighborhood, are seen passing through a single town on the Ohio, wending their way to the far west, or southwest, and how many there are who will follow, our imagination cannot conceive; for it is but a few months since we heard of a gentleman from one of the lower counties on the Western Shore of this State, who was deputed as an agent for thirty-five families to go to the West, to seek out an eligible location for them to emigrate to. But why do they leave these green fields—those cherished haunts of their childhood? Why do they depart from the soil whereon their forefathers dwelt for centuries? Why do they desert those sacred fanes, in which their ancestors and themselves have so often, and so long, offered up their anthems and their prayers to Him, who listens in mercy and decides in justice? Have those green fields, those haunts, that soil, and those fanes, no longer any hold upon their affections? Do not the associations of early life—do not those connexions formed in the spring tide of their existence, never cross their minds?—do not those fond recollections of earlier and more lasting friendships, remind them of the thrice hallowed scenes which were once so dear to them? If reflections such as we have described, do not obtrude upon the thoughts of those whose eyes are cast towards the setting sun, there is no hope left; for human nature is not what we took her to be: she is more obdurate than marble—colder than the arms of death. But if these thoughts do sometimes steal over their minds, there may still be hope that all may yet be well—that the tide of emigration which almost threatens to take from many of the middle and southern members of the old States, the healthful, the industrious, the enterprising and the young, may be stayed, and that those who have contemplated breaking away from the ties of their youthful and more mature age, may be prevailed upon to abandon their intentions, and once more turn their thoughts towards the improvement of the loved soil that gave them birth. Ask those who have gone, or are going west, why they have left, or intend to leave, their native hills, and they will tell you "*the soil is worn out.*" We admit that much of it is worn out, and that in numerous instances its products do not repay the toil and expense of cultivation; but then this is not the fault of the soil; it was all originally kind, much of it fertile, and yielded generous returns for the labor bestowed upon it. Bad tillage, an injurious system of cultivation, and too long continuance in exhausting crops, have brought it to its present deteriorated state; but this, certainly, does not justify the conclusion that its former fertility cannot be restored. We believe that *all* of those worn-out fields can be *thus* restored by the adoption of a judicious system of culture; and that such as are within the reach of the advantages of those resuscitating beds of shell and other marl, in the tide water districts, may be carried far beyond the highest point of their original fruitfulness, and that, too, at a cost which will bear no comparison with the increased amount and value of the produce which may be raised from a given quantity of land. If this be practicable, should not the whisperings of patriotism, the veneration for ancient and present associations—those ties which bind man to the place of his birth—should not these admonish him to make one noble, one generous effort in its behalf? This question is so simple as not to admit of debate—every virtuous and ennobling impulse of the heart responds a warm, a sincere, an ardent affirmative. They call upon us, one and all, to make that effort. Who is there among us, whose fortune it may have been to have been born in one of the old States—of those States which laid the foundation of human liberty—no matter how humble his sphere of life—that does not feel the distinction an enviable one? When we say this, we mean nothing disparaging to the new States—those vigorous and patriotic *scions* of the old stock—for God knows we love them *all*, in sincerity and singleness of heart. Then let each and all of those whom we address, turn with renewed affection—with renovated regard, and an unswerving determination, to make another manly effort, one which shall be alike worthy of ourselves and our respective States. The rotation of crops, whenever tried, with the aid of clover and plaster alone, in many instances, have wrought wonders in the way of meliorating the condition of the soil, and where lime, and an economical husbanding, and application of those manures produced on estates, have been adopted, the improvement has been still the more manifest. Lime, it will probably be said, is costly, in one sense, to all who have to purchase it—to many whose localities are remote from its deposites, its obtainment may be said to be impracticable; but to those who live within a distance accessable to navigation, its first cost, whether that be twelve or twenty-five cents the bushel, is not, and should not be, an object; for it will pay an interest of more than an hundred per cent. So also would the marl prove cheap to such as can procure it, so as to have it delivered on their fields at these prices; and we have been favored with the perusal of a correspondence, which shows that in some situations within the marl districts, it can be delivered on the landings of many gentlemen, at from 6 to 8 cents, and in some situations, more favorably located, at 4 cents the bushel. No on a acquainted with the fructifying properties of marl, will question the correctness of our assertion, when we state, that by the application of from 100 to 200 bushels to the acre, according to the degree of exhaustation of the soil to which it is applied, its rate of yield may be raised from its present depressed state, to from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre; in favorable seasons, that of corn from 8 to 10 bbls., and other articles of produce in like proportions. The first cost of either lime, shells, marl, or ashes, should not deter any farmer from trying their efficacy, where they do not exceed the price named, as there can be no question but that the investment would prove safe, and of lasting benefit to him who may make it. The farmers of *Long Island*, New York, pay from 6 to 10 cents a bushel for leached ashes, then have to pay freight for fifteen or twenty miles of water carriage, and the expense of land transportation from 5 to 6 miles, and still grow rich. The *modus operandi* is easy of solution. By the use of these ashes they make *one* acre produce what it formerly required *three* to do, and thus they save the expense of cultivation and of labor on *two* acres, together with the interest on the value of the land.

From the American Farmer and Gardener.

BENE PLANT—A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE SUMMER COMPLAINT.

The numerous applications for this valuable medical plant, has induced us to raise a number, to accommodate the demand, and it can now be had by applying to Robert Sinclair, Jr., at his seed store, connected with this office. It is thus noticed in Fessenden's American Gardener:—A few leaves of the plant, when green, plunged a few times in a tumbler of water, makes it like a thin jelly, without taste or color, which children afflicted with the summer complaint will drink freely. It is said to be the best remedy ever discovered.

The neglected Lady's Slipper.—We see by a notice in the August number of the Horticultural Register, that at a meeting of the London Horticultural Society, in May, a number of beautiful flowers were exhibited, and among them a *North American Plant*, called the *Lady's Slipper*, which, it is added, is the most brilliant plant that has ever been brought to England. So the poor neglected *Lady's Slipper* has found favor at last! Than which, a more beautiful flower, one of richer or more varied hue, does not adorn a garden; but it is *common*, and that is enough to seal its fate. We have in our view, while we are writing this, a giant stalk, of *imperial purple flowers*, as double as leaves can make them, as glossy as satin, and in the *tout ensemble*, presenting a sight more beautiful than Cleopatra in all her loveliness and glory, but still it is but a *Lady's Slipper*—an American Lady's Slipper—and like the prophet of old, it has to go out of its own country in search of honors.