MARYLAND PORTFOLIO

Centreville Times & Eastern Shore Advertiser.

It is due from the PRESS to the PEOPLE that all combinations to sacrifice their interests and resist their Will should be faithfully exposed.

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☞ Persons sending Advertisements must limit the time of insertion; otherwise, they will be continued and charged accordingly.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS to the Editors must be *post paid* to insure attention.

CHARADE.

Emblem of beauty, love's own flower!
My blooming first will e'er be known;
Born to delight with fragrant power,
Unrivall'd and alone.
Maiden of beauty! love's own gem!
Thy name will make my next appear;
Fair as the flow'ret on its stem,
But oh! how much more dear,
A plant my whole presents to view,
Not boasting beauty, but for use,
Medicinal, surpassed by few—
Name it now, or you're a goose.

☞ *A Solution is required.*

Female Department.

Next to mothers the young ladies have the great[illegible] agency in forming the character of the other sex. Their influence commences at a period when it is most needed. Young men, although their characters are in great measure formed, require some powerful restraints just at the time when they are becoming acquainted with the world, and are beginning to move beyond the inspection of a mother's eye. The young females with whom they associate, are the guardians of their virtues, and accountable for most of their evil practices into which they fall. It requires but little observation to be convinced that multitudes of young men, who are destitute of religious principles, pursue that line of conduct which is most likely to meet the views of the young ladies with whom they associate, and whose approbation they desire to obtain. There is not a vice prevalent among them that would not be relinquished, were it reprobated, and the perpetrator of it avoided, by the young, the fashionable, and the intelligent of the sex. None but the most hardened and impudent blasphemer will even now utter an oath in the presence of any respectable female. Why, then is not profaneness banished from our country? Because we welcome the swearer into our society, on condition that when he retires he may give full vent to the oaths which have accumulated in proportion to the period of restraint. If the omission to do good or to prevent evil, when in one's power, be a crime, what a tremendous account shall we have to render on the score of profaneness, intemperance, gambling, and duelling!—These practices, which disturb the peace of society, mar the happiness of families, hurry multitudes to death and perdition, and must ultimately call down the indignatian of heaven on our country, might be greatly, if not entirely exterminated, by a vigorous and judicious effort on the part of our sex. Let the practices themselves be uniformly mentioned in terms of reprobation and let us avoid those who pursue them as we would the midnight assassin, or the great adversary of God and man.

Original.

For the Centreville Times & Eastern Shore Advertiser.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT STORY-TELLING.

I have a beautiful little Hebe in my mind's eye of whom I want to write something—what to say, or how to begin I don't know; one thing is certain, she is ever present to my imagination, and my fancy and wishes are always skipping about in pursuit of her, and tracing her through every bye-path and cross-lane. I had some thoughts when I wrote the first line, of making her the heroine of some *tender little tale*, but that would require a genius; what next?—turn minstrel, and sing of "young love's dream;" but alas! I am not a poet, and can't dedicate a song to her charms—well, I might try an episode on female beauty—nonsense, when I talk about beauty, the girls always laugh in my face, and cry "wheugh! wheugh! man! you know nothing about beauty"—so I must feign return to my first proposition as a dernier resort; so for

THE STORY.

Not far from the pleasant and agreeable village of Boonsboro' Washington county, Maryland, stood the dwelling of the lovely, but unfortunate *Tara.*

Her parents had been wealthy, and of course she had entered the world with gay and shining prospects: she had often been sought after by the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood, but whether owing to the wishes of her parents, or their want of power to please, Tara had completed her twentieth year, without having been materially injured by the shafts of the little urchin cupid.

Tara, was really what would be called a beautiful woman—of an interesting and lovely countenance, and of rather small stature, but of an agreeable and fine person: her dark and expressive eye, together with her raven locks, placed her ivory forehead and rosy cheeks, in their fairest view: she was of a rather retired disposition, but in conversation, was sometimes lively and sprightly, and withal, a woman of uncommon spirit; so that there were few who knew Tara, that did not admire and esteem her.

Winter had now set in, and with it came balls and parties, routes and galas. It was at one of these balls given in a neighbouring village, that Tara saw Henry Segarvar, who was particularly struck with her appearance, and sought an introduction; they danced frequently together, and Segarvar was intoxicated by her beauty and loveliness—for Tara was an elegant dancer, and on that evening seemed arrayed with peculiar grace and beauty. It was not many days before Segarvar visited Tara at her father's house, where love perfected the work that he had commenced in the gay and the giddy ball-room. At this period, it is impossible to tell what influence the attentions of Segarvar had upon the heart of Tara, but certain it is, that the mind of Segarvar was not free from disquietude at the attentions paid the lovely Tara, by a young gentleman of the same village with himself, and, as love is ever jealous, Segarvar's mind for a while strayed from the contemplation of the charms of Tara, and he wished, with a haughty air, that Tara with her lover, might be happy.—

There are are a thousand ebbs and flows of feeling, known only to the soul that loves—we feel a restless inquietude of mind, that seems to settle on no point or place, and the fondest pleasures which before charmed our hearts and diverted our fancies now seem stale and insipid. Love is a tyrannical feeling—at one time the heart becomes depressed with gloomy and doubtful sensations—at another, it will rise above itself, riot in anticipated happiness, and partake of a variety of pleasures and joys known only to the mind that loves.—

Time, which developes all things, showed that Segarvar had imbibed a wrong impression as regarded Tara's affection for his village acquaintance, and he was no sooner convinced of its truth tnan his mind fondly returned to its devotedness, and fondly placed round its own neck those chains which ultimately proved the ruin of Segarvar, and the misery and destruction of the blooming maid Tara.

Segarvar now enjoyed an uninterrupted intercourse with his adored Tara, and the tones of her piano often responded to the fond and inward exclamation of his heart—that,

There is nothing half so sweet in life
As young Love's dream—

Tara, was a lover of musick, and Segarvar was extravagantly fond of, it: he would sit for hours by her side and listen to her melodious voice as she would chant, with a smile in her eye,—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through ills and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And sure if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this.

Segarvar would not unfrequently raise his eyes, beaming with enquiry, to the face of Tara, when in the middle of some of these couplets, and with an enquiring, anxious look, seem to ask if Tara did not sing, that Segarvar might feel how near and how dear she was to his heart.

It was not long before the father of Tara, being averse to the marriage of Segarvar and his daughter, compelled the latter to forego his visits to his house; this was a severe and cruel prohibition to the lovers, who never lost an opportunity of gratifying their inclinations of being present with one another. This coming to the ears of the parent of Tara induced him in a measure to restrain her in her liberty—however, the old gentleman finally determined to confine her altogether to the house, and hoped by such means to nip in its bud, what he thought, on the part of his daughter, to be an improvident attachment. The want of proper exercise, and the bias that her mind received, from the tyranny of her father, together with the unhappiness that Tara felt in being entirely separated from Segarvar, evidently effected her spirits, and ultimately caused a slow and obstinate fever to take possession of her; Tara's disease was of that kind, that seldom yields to the skill of a physician, and each revolving sun plainly showed the ravages that it was daily making upon her lovely form; the rose was gone from her cheeks, and the scintillating expression of her eye, had faded and vanished. It is impossible to describe the anxiety and fear with which the devoted Segarvar passed his time. He seemed to be unfitted for society, and completely withdrew himself from all company; there, in the dead silence of his chamber, and in the gloom of night, to dwell in thought and retrace the many happy moments he had spent with his Tara—that Tara, who was now languishing on the bed of disease, and almost wrestling with death, and he not permitted to say one word—nay, to get one lasting longing look of all his heart held dear; the thought was torturing to Segarvar, and he gave himself up a prey to melancholy and disquietude, and not till now was Segarvar aware of the extent of the influence that Tara held over his heart. Segarvar was naturally of an impetuous but also of a forgiving disposition—when he did love, it was with heartfelt, joyous love; he gave all, he asked all back—he was forgiving in his temper, naturally enthusiastick, and vivacious; he possessed strong feelings and strong propensities. Thus, it was with him, that the woman of his heart was not now accessible to him; at times he would be cool and collected, at others restless and frantick.

It was when one of these frenzied moments of despair had subsided, that Segarvar about the close of an unhappy day, was sitting apparently easy in mind, as a young gentleman who had accidently stopped at the house, mentioned a report which was circulating through the village, that Tara was dead! Segarvar spake not——but remained perfectly motionless and quiet, and after drawing a deep and long sigh, again sunk into quiet and silence.—But the shock had been too great for his sensitive soul to bear; the reflection, that he had forever lost his Tara was too agonizing; and he sunk under it—Segarvar's soul took its flight without one convulsive throb of nature, and passed into eternity without one sigh or groan!

As extraordinary and sudden as was the death of Segarvar, as unexpected was the recovery of Tara; the report of her death was but idle; induced from the insensible state into which she had been thrown by the violence of her fever. Her father, fearful of the consequences, carefully concealed from his daughter the death of Segarvar, throughout her long and tedious recovery. As, however, Tara recovered her health, her love began to be alarmed—she had now been convalescent some time, and she had received no tidings or communication from Segarvar: women are naturally very proud on the subject of love, and thus it was with Tara; she conceived herself slighted by Segarvar, and her pride was wounded; and she was determined at all hazards to resign him, and if possible forget him, "What" exclaimed the noble hearted girl, "can Tara love a man who has faltered in his faith, who has profaned love's sanctuary—can she lay aside the modesty of her sex—and let the false-hearted Segarvar, triumph in the trammels that he has placed round her heart—no, love, thou art too sacred, to be violated with impunity; and when once thy torch is smothered by falseheartedness, nothing but severe penance must atone for the outrage offered thee."

Segarvar had now been dead for some time; and his friends had ceased, except on particular occasions, to speak of him—it is therefore no wonder that Tara, having been directly under the eye of her father, had not yet heard of his death; but as she had now perfectly recovered, and consequently less in his presence, she had frequent opportunities of seeing persons from the village. Her distress, may therefore be partly imagined, when she heard of the death of Segarvar, and the fact of its being produced by the report of her dissolution—the person who informed her of it, was a servant in the house where Segarvar had lived; who had come to the residence of Tara, to bring a small copy of "Moore's Melodies;" the book had been found in Segarvar's coat-pocket, with "Tara Abingcourt" written on one of its pages.——

Tara is now frequently to be seen at the dusk of the evening, wandering about the bye-paths of the neighbourhood, with a fillet of grass or straw encircling her forehead—her father has been dead many years—and the vacant and idle stare of the insane maiden, serves only to remind the passing parent, of the dangerous effort of crossing the wishes of youthful lovers.

DELIA.

Many men have fallen victims to their own quackery, and many to that of their physicians. Muretius lay sick at Rome. He sent for several physicians, who held a consultation on the state of their patient in Latin, imagining that Muretius, whom they did not know, did not understand that language. Their final determination was—"what matters this man's life? We will try an experment"—(Faciemus periculum in anima vili.) "And so," said Muretius, raising himself from his pillow, "you make no scruples of playing with the life of a man, whose soul Christ has redeemed!" The experimental philosophers were struck speechless, hung their heads and slunk off.

Some of the German phrenologists, it is said, now assert the power of modifying the protuberances upon which they found their science; and indeed, of substituting an entire new set, as a dentist supplies artificial teeth. Thus they undertake to turn a dull into a sprightly man, a sour into a sweet temper, a knavish into an honest disposition, and so forth.

A country clergyman preaching a very dull sermon, set all his congregation asleep, except one poor fellow who was generally deficient in intellect. At length the reverand orator, looking round exclaimed with great indignation. "What! all asleep except this poor idiot!" 'Aye, quoth the fellow,' "and if I had not been an idiot, I should have gone to sleep too."

M. Malacarne, an Itilian geometrician, pretends to have strictly resolved the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle. His proposition is this: "The circumference of a circle is composed of three sides of a square equal to the circle, plus and semi diameter" He offers a reward of three hundred francs to the first person who shall, before the 1st November next, convict him of error.

Many years ago, when the North Hants Militia were marching from Winchester to Waltham, under a burning sun, one of the privates contrived to procure, at a little chandler's shop, by the road side, a draught of wretched meagre beer. Within ten minutes after the man was a corpse. Over his grave is the following epitaph, written by the chaplain, at the express desire of the, then Colonel, Mr. Hans Stoane:—

Here rests at peace, a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers! beware of his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong, or not at all.

The Law.—Lawyers cannot be expected at the moment to answer at least one quarter of the questions which are put to them. The statutes of this country occupy 45,000 close quarto pages, and the reports of common law decisions continually referred to are contained in no less than 55,000 other pages. So that the standard of evidential books of legal authority consists of about 100,000 pages. These books are of course, exclusive of the different abridgments and treatises of law, and arguments and comments of legal decisions. Of these, Vesey's, Comyn's, and Bacon's Works contain a quantity of type equal to 200,000 common octavo pages!

Taking time by the forelock.—Catharine Tudor, at the funeral of her first husband, (John Saulsbury,) was led to church by Sir Richard Clough, and from church by Morris Wyne, of Guedir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him civilly, and informed him, that she had accepted the proposals of Sir Richard Clough, in her way to church, but assured him that if she buried Sir Richard he might depend on being her third; which really was the case.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUAKERS.

When marriage is agreed upon between two persons, the man and the woman, at one of the monthly meetings, publickly declare their intention concerning it. At this, their parents, if living, must either appear or send certificates to signify their consent. This being done, two men are appointed at the men's meeting, and two women by that of the woman, to wait upon the man and woman respectively, and to learn from themselves, as well as by other inquiry, if they stand perfectly clear from any marriage promises and engagements to others. At the next monthly meeting the deputation make their report. If either of the parties is reported to have given expectation of marriage to any other individual, the procedings are stopped till the matter be satisfactorily explained.—But if they are both of them reported to be clear in this respect, they are at liberty to proceed, and one or more persons of respectability, of each sex, are deputed to see that the marriage be orderly conducted. When the parties are considered to be free, by the reports of the deputation, to proceed upon their union, they appoint a future day for the solemnization of it, which is generally one of the week day meetings for worship. On this day they repair to the meeting house with friends. The congregation when seated, sit in silence. Perhaps some minister is induced to speak. The parties at length stand up, and taking each other by the hand, the man first, in an audible and solemn manner, utters a declaration to the following effect:—'Friends, I take this my friend A. B. to be my wife, promising, through divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and a faithful husband, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." Then the woman in like manner adopts a similar language. A certificate is then read, the names and descriptions of the parties being first inserted; they then sign the same—the man first, the woman with her maiden or widowed name, the relations next, and such others present at the solemnity as think proper. Two registers of the marriage are signed at a convenient time, generally after the nuptial dinner, by the parties themselves, and by three witnesses. These are delivered to the next monthly meeting, where one of them is preserved in a book kept for that purpose, and the other carried to the quarterly meeting, and fixed into another book, and indexed.

Not very long ago, a young man who had been a constant visitor at the house of an old and tolerably wealthy citizen of New York, was supposed to be on the point of marriage to his daughter. The young people were looked upon as "one and indivisible," and nothing but the priest's sanction was wanting to their happiness:

"But now, alas! the scene of bliss
Was changed to prospects dreary."

Death that undying enemy of man, suddenly took her father to himself, and instead of the gay attire of the marriage ceremony, the family had now to assume the dark insigna of mourning. By degrees the widow overcame her sorrow—and as the memory of her departed lord failed to excite the sigh and flow of tears usual on such occasions, she began to open her eyes upon her new condition. Having no other care on earth not she; the welfare of her gallant engrossed her thoughts; and wise by experience, she all at once declared it was not proper the youth should any longer visit her daughter as a lover. It was very strange, and only to be accounted for by the fickleness of his sex in love affairs; but the gallant was suddenly convinced of the justice of the old lady's conduct, and went occasionally *in a friendly way* only, to see the mother and daughter. The poor girl's face evinced her disappointment and sorrow, but how was she astonished to find that.

"In a few months, or ere those shoes were old,
With which" her mother "followed her poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, even she,"

gave herself in wedlock to her own *cide vant* lover—a young Yorkshireman, by the bye!—Cupidity, it is certain, overpowered Cupid in this affair, for the widow, though old, was comparatively rich.

☞ An Italian chymist has discovered that the green colour contains the principle of the magnet, and that this colour suffices to render a needle magnetic. To produce this effect, he decomposes a ray of light by means of a prism, and exposes a steel needle for some time to the action of the green ray; the needle soon becomes magnetic. This experiment is said to have been repeated with success at Ghent.

A gentleman who had courted a Miss Lloyd, but afterwards married a Miss Take, was accosted by a friend, "So I hear you have married Miss Lloyd,' 'Indeed, answered he,' it was a Miss*take*, I assure you.

A country Lady, not a hundred miles from York England, being told of the wigwams in America, observed, that she had read of them before, and begged to be informed whether they would *bite.*

A Physician. A certain physician, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My friends," said he, I owe you much, for you confer great favours upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance we should all go on foot and be starved."

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