EASTON GAZETTE.

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RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From the American Traveller.

THE MURDERER.

A LEGEND OF THE BAY.

He rests, while spirits guard the spot;—
Stranger forbear!—approach it not,
Unless kind pity melt thy heart:
Then shed thy tears and quick depart.

It was at the close of an autumnal day, when a strange boat was seen, by a belated fisherman to approach the spot now known as Nix's Mate in Boston harbor, from a brig, whose tall masts, crossed by their darker colored yards and numerous lines of rigging that hung from them appeared in the distance, upon the transparent surface of the skies, like the slender threads of the spiders mesh; and as it drew nearer the bluff beach, it was discovered to be a vessel of war.—The fisherman fearing lest the strange boat should prove a pirate, hid himself behind a large rock. A loud roar, like the sudden clap of thunder which peals from the summer's cloud before its dense curtain settles upon the surface of the parched earth, at this moment sounded along the bosom of the peaceful waters.

"Dat was de signal gun," said the black cock-swain, Massa you hear "um speak?"

The one thus addressed, and who appeared, from his significant attire, to be an officer of rank, answered with a harsh "Ay, ay, Sambo—let them wait our time now; we have marched at their call more than enough to balance a dozen slips from duty"—then fixing his coal black eye upon the negro, he continued. "What say you, you black rascal,—will you stay on board that hulk and work your soul out of your eyes? Or will you take a cruise along with me, who am discharged at my own request, and roll in gold and idleness?

"Massa," said the black, whose eyes expanded to three times their usual size upon hearing such news from the lips of his superior, "What 'e matter now to run off"—Debil, but de old Gunner will be tossing Long Jenny's mouthful of cold iron at us. Guy, Sambo no dodge the lightning."

"Pho," said the master: "you afraid of Long Jenny! Why did you steal the jolly boat and run off at Tobago, when our guns were all loaded, and the balls whistled around your ebony ears almost as thick as the countless hail drops that patter from the blackened bosom of the raging tornado?"

"Jolly, massa," said the black, "liberty hab de sweet charm for me den, when I so near Phillis; but 'cepting the liberty of myself, now dare be nottin to run for. No little Phillis here to press her sweet lips to mine, and say, Sambo, how I lub your white soul."

"Whew!" said the master, just as though you feel any of the tender fire of love, except it be towards the *filling* for your stomach; but once for all, will you go with me?"

"Where be massa going?—jolly if you could only jist git my *bull-ants* from the purser, but I go wid you to de gallus to sabe both our lives—if I woud'nt split my mizen."

"Balance, you mean, Sambo; but make yourself contented about that—here's gold enough to satisfy us both."

As the white said this, he lifted a large bag from beneath the seat, which had till now escaped the black's keen eyes. On seeing this powerful attraction, he left his station and springing to the bag, felt the round pieces that lined its inside. Being convinced that they were real shiners, he chuckled out, "Jolly, I'll jist go, massa. Put me down on the roll, and pay me my advance."

The young man laughed heartily to see the scruples of this son of Africa so easily overcome, while he drew from his pouch the customary number of golden sovereigns; which, upon being dropped into his open palm, disappeared quicker than the sudden flash of lightning.

The shades of evening had now wrapped the surrounding Islands in a deep mantle of dusky light. They landed, and after making the boat fast to a small sappling, both master and black stretched themselves out upon the green sward.—Soon the master was lost in sleep; but the negro, who like his forefather Cain, was endowed with a savage disposition, slept not; but raised himself softly from the ground, and listened attentively to the low breathing of his master, until he became convinced that he slumbered in peaceful security. He then drew from his pocket a long Spanish knife, and after whetting it upon a soft sand-stone, cut the sleeper's throat from ear to ear. A low groan accompanied by a profuse flow of blood, was all that followed; and the spirit we trust left its cold habitation of clay, for a purer and happier one above. As soon as the palpitations of the sufferer's heart had ceased, the black began with a flat stone to dig the grave in the sand; then rifling his pockets, he buried him & taking the bag of gold, pushed off from the shore. A few strokes served to throw him into the current and at length naught was heard by the horror-struck fisherman whose powers of action seemed to have forsaken him, save the hollow moan of the surf as it dashed its foaming bosom upon the chain of breakers now known by the appellation of the "Great and Little Brewsters." The fisherman then marked the spot, and seeking his hut on the main land, retired to rest, praying that justice might some day overtake the treacherous black. He however determined to seek the brig the next day, and communicate the horrid tidings to the commander; but when he awoke in the morning, the vessel had disappeared.

He continued thus to go his usual round until seven years had rolled over his head, now whitened by his arduous toils and the heavy hand of age.—At the seventh anniversary of that sad event a brig, similar to the one before mentioned, cast anchor in the offing. A boat was seen to approach the fatal spot as before, but instead of two men, there were now thirty, and commanded by an old sea dog. As soon as they reached the place, a gallows was erected, and a prisoner in irons, who had remained till now unseen was conducted to the scaffold. A black man was called, who testified that seven years before, on this very spot the prisoner murdered his commander while he slept, and buried him in the sand; and that he, who was cock-swain to the boat, fled to save his life. The prisoner solemnly protested his innocence; and lifting up his eyes to heaven as they fastened the fatal noose about his neck, cried aloud—"Heavenly Father as a testimony of my innocence, permit the shore which now bounds my place of execution, to wash away until not a vestige shall remain, except the very earth whereon I now innocently suffer."

The captain then gave the signal—the boatswain blew his shrill call—the innocent victim dangled in the air, and was soon a stiffened corpse. The black's teeth chattered audibly, as a figure, at that moment, started from the dark shadow of a neighboring rock, and advanced towards the spot where the unhappy victim met his fate. As the stranger drew near, he inquired the cause of the melancholy scene before him. The trembling negro stammered out a reply—at that moment the moon shone bright upon his agitated countenance, and he was instantly recognized as the assassin.

The stranger then cried out in anguish, "I have come too late to save the innocent"—then turning to the captain, he added, "but the guilty shall not escape unpunished! Sir, I beseech you to secure that black—*he* is the murderer."

The captain surprised at this sudden turn of affairs, begged him to explain himself—which he did as follows:

"Seven years ago, as I was fishing on this beach, at this hour in the evening a boat approached it—that black, and one who appeared to be his master, landed near me, and after making the boat fast to a tree, stretched themselves out upon the grass to sleep. As soon as the negro found the white man slept, he drew his knife and cut his throat—then rifling his pockets & burying him in the sand, he pushed off in the boat and from that period until now, I have searched anxiously for him, but have searched in vain. As I sought my hut to-night, I observed your boat land here, and concluding you were in distress, I came to tender my assistance; and though I arrived too late to save the life of an innocent fellow creature, yet, thanks be to God, I came in season to testify against that cold-blooded monster."

The captain, after hearing him through commanded the body of the mate to be cut down; but it was no longer tenanted by the vital spark of life. He then turned to the black, whose eyes rolled in their fear-strained sockets, and with a single stroke, cleft his head with his glittering sabre; & heaving him high and dry upon the shore, left him, food for the screaming sea gull. The mate's body was then buried beneath the gallows, and after raising a heap of stones, the boat prepared to return.

The captain then approached the old fisherman, and in a harsh tone said, 'Old croaker, can you pray!"

"Yes," cried the agitated old man.

"Well," said the captain addressing his men, "if that's the case take him on board—it shall be said no longer, that Kid has no chaplain to pray over his dead.

They soon arrived on board, and the next day the brig was seen on her outward course by the inhabitants of old Plymouth, like a speck upon the eastern horizon.

The prayer of the murdered is now fulfilled; and naught remains of that once wide neck of land, save a little pile of stones, which, as yet, withstands the utmost fury of the raging elements.

Paul Pry.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Contemporary (the *Spectator*) truly and eloquently observes—"Let a poor starving out-at-elbows rascal pick a gentleman's pocket of a half-worn eighteen-penny handkerchief, and the pump, or the treadmill, or the hulks—according to the mood of the mob and the magistrate—are all too little for him. If, aspiring to something higher, the thief should break a pane in the Earl of Wallow-in-wealth's pantry-window, insinuate himself through the aperture, and abstract from the shelf 'where they had been but an hour before carefully deposited by his Lordship's butler,' five silver tea-spoons, value 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* the whole world of London and of Bow street will be in amaze at an atrocity for which nothing but a short shrift and a stout halter—COTTON and hemp—can possibly atone. But let the offender figure in a suit of the newest cut, with a gold watch and a diamond ring—let him inhabit a fine house, keep a carriage with a pair of greys, and give venison and claret to fiddlers, painters, and small wits,—let him by virtue of these elegant exteriors rob the aged of their savings, the young of their dower, pluck the shield from the widow and the stay from the orphan—cheat every friend that possesses the materials of being cheated—beggar five hundred families—and then withdraw to the land of liberty and equality beyond the Atlantic, instead of being pursued by the execrations, he shall be followed by the pity of the million, and a hundred good reasons invented for the palliation of his villainy.

There are, indeed, many curious solecisms in public opinion. A poor destitute creature prostitutes her person for bread—she is infamous and outcast. A rich man prostitutes his mind for power or distinction, and the world smile at the lapse, while friends approve its *prudence*. We ordinarily rate the gifts of mind above those of the person, and why is the abuse of the more precious accounted of less disgrace than that of the grosser nature?

It seems to us, that the world rate the infamy of crimes as inverse to the urgency of temptation. The man who picks a pocket for the supply of his dinner, is loaded with ill names, and, a mean scoundrel to be abhorred and punished; but he who despoils for the maintenance of hot-houses, race-horses, and opera-girls, is regarded, as the *Spectator* affirms, with all tolerant indulgence, and we style him not a thief but a defaulter, a word of extremely genteel sound, and which obtains even a credit from the *respectable* class of persons comprehended in its application.—The temptation to steal for a meal is more urgent than that to rob for superfluities, and yet we see the greater severity with which the first is regarded. Let us try the same rule in another province of moral judgments. A woman in the possession of every comfort of life, who lapses from wantonness, is regarded as less infamous than the unfriended destitute being who makes profit of her person for bread. A meal to the famished is a pressing temptation, wantonness an idle one: but the wantonness finds more excuse than the want.

Two men quarrel in a pot-house; they go out and fight; one kills the other; there is an apprehension, a trial, a verdict of man-slaughter if the Judge or Jury be out of humor with boxing. Two gentlemen quarrel, and go out deliberately on a mere *punctilio*; there is no heat of blood between them; they are indifferent whether they kill or not, and only anxious to go through certain ceremonies of violence for the good of their reputations, not the gratification of animosities which have evaporated, as consequences disproportioned to cause are contemplated. One kills the other, and walks at large.—

[London Exam.

From the Middletown Sentinel.

"A Bachelor," who has been so fortunate as to obtain admittance into Mrs. Ware's *Bower of Taste*, adduces the following examples of the benefits accruing from matrimony.

Benefits of Matrimony.

I went to one neighbour, and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of the object, and would assist you, but you know that I have a family, and that charity begins at home."

I called on a second; he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me; but added he, "I have stronger claims on me, which I am bound to regard—those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied, that "nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family." He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business, failed. At a meeting of the creditors, it was resolved that the one should be fourthwith released; but that the other, because he was a bachelor, might yet, as was his duty, go to work and pay a still greater dividend.

An insurance company were about to appoint a secretary. There was as usual twenty applicants. In the discussions of the board of directors, the talents of many were set forth; when a member rose and said that one whom he should propose was a man of moderate capacity, but that he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded, and holdes the office still.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied smiling 'I am a married man,—which I understood to be $1500 per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over $1000.

Two criminals were tried for forgery, at Old Bailey, and were condemned to death. The king pardoned the one who was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life, being a bachelor.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, excite sympathy, procure office, or escape punishment, you have only to be married.—*A Bacheler.*

We extract the following interesting and remarkable account of a case of HYDROPHOBIA from the London Literary Gazette witnessed by an officer in the Marine Barracks, Dublin.

"About three months ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master (who was very fond of him) to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper, &c. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals quite outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him—That evening I saw the dog, and thought him uncommonly ruffled; when I attempted to caress him, and was patting him on the back, he turned at me, and growled, although he used to know me well. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit at several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing that nothing was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim) entered; he remained in it some time before the dog took any notice of him; however, he suddenly made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on duty, about this time; the dog seized him by the leg and tore away a considerable portion of flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to be at large, & even slept in his master's room by his bed side, and licked his face repeatedly. The following morning the master of the dog began to feel some alarm I advised him to have him shot; he agreed. As we were going to the spot where he lay, he bolted up, snapping at every thing which came in his way. He passed close by me I called him, but he did not notice me. He ran through the streets of Dublin, bit a number of dogs and a child; he attempted to seize a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head and kiled him The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out upon the spot by a physician who on examination pronounced the animal to have been in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. None of the officers or soldiers who had been bitten knew of any ill effects having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, the child died and three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exibiting symptoms of hydrophobia.

All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave, thinking it might divert his attention and he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence, all was forgotten; and those remaining who had suffered, (though not quite so severely,) recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house a few days ago, in perfect health, to rejoin his regiment. (This he told me a few hours before he died.)—When he got to Birmingham, he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which made him not relish his breakfast as usual. However it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found he had a great disrelish to both eatables and drinkables when put before him, although he felt an inclination to eat and drink when not before him. He could not account for this, but observed he felt no alarm, until he called for porter, feeling thirsty. When it was brought he put it to his mouth, but the moment he took a mouthful, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, and I believe the passengers rose up & said he was mad—This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat or drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to believe it was the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small lake of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe hid his face with his hands; for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him. When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and in the act of putting it towards his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail & he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he sailed from the night before; consequently, this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury.

He had then been on shore about two hours, and had ordered a coach, and drove up to the royal barracks. Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting with, 'How are you my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!' I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a good deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavoured to pursuade him to believe so; although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack yard he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a hurried manner, 'Dogs!' If I were to live a thousand years I should never forget that moment; something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me, from emotion.—He was in the act of peeling an orange, which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. When he had taken off the rind, he put a small piece into his mouth, but as soon as he felt the liquid, he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream.—When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, 'There! was not that like the bark of a dog?' A physician arrived soon after, who is eminent in Dublin. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologized to him for having given him the trouble to come as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to know the decision of the physician, on his leaving the room: upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news:—to know that our brother officer, with

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