J. Catup

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown." 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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CIRCULAR.

Annapolis, December 1st. 1831.

SIR:—

The Officers of the Md. State Temperance Society, at their last meeting, appointed the undersigned to address the people of this State with a view to promote the object of that Society, and to collect materials for a Report to be presented at its anniversary meeting, to be held in this city in January next.

In fulfilling this appointment, we beg leave to direct to you this Circular, and earnestly to desire your co-operation in the cause it advocates.

We hold these propositions to be true, so often established, and so generally admitted, as to supersede the necessity of further proof, viz.

That the use of distilled liquors by persons in health, is always unnecessary, & inevitably tends to intemperance;

That intemperance is the cause of most of the ignorance, pauperism, insanity, & crime that injure and disgrace our country.

That the losses, diseases, miseries and deaths, which it inflicts upon our people, are without number or parallel;

That this vice, and all its shocking train of evils, have increased and multiplied throughout our land, in a ratio immensely greater than that of our population; and,

That communities and individuals have heretofore made many and powerful efforts to arrest its desolating progress, but that all their efforts have been invariably and totally inefficient.

We respectfully solicit you seriously to reflect on these propositions, and to determine for yourself, if they be not undeniable,—if they do not present a truly distressing state of things, for the present, and a most fearful anticipation for the future,—if they should not call forth, into instant and zealous operation, the high and responsible obligations of the Christian, the Patriot and Philanthropist.

Should you determine to use your exertions and influence in the suppression of this vice, and with that view, anxiously inquire what can accomplish this most desirable result? we would answer, "The American Temperance Society," and would invite your attention to the principles on which that Society is founded. & the effects it has already produced, as proofs of the correctness of our answer:

Intemperance, in our day, is to be attributed almost entirely to the general habit of persons in health drinking distilled liquors. The progress and prevalence of Intemperance in all ages and countries since this poisonous stimulant was invented, co-extending with its consumption, together with its cheapness and its deleterious qualities, are some of the proofs of this position. This habit is commenced, generally in early life, and under the most insidious and specious circumstances, always inconsiderately, & by what is miscalled *temperate drinking*—Tolerate this temperate drinking, and the wit of man cannot devise means to arrest the progress of Intemperance. Let it be fashionable and respectable to enter within this outer circle of the influence of this vice, and vain will be all efforts to save thousands from their own self-destruction. Hence the conclusion, that any plan to be successful in putting a stop to Intemperance, must be founded upon the principle, that distilled liquors are not to be tasted—that "temperate drinking is the down-hill road to Intemperance."

Again, the habit of drinking ardent spirits, its associations, & the influences and interests connected therewith, are so extended and deeply rooted, as to defy all the efforts of the friends of Temperance independently exerted.—The diffusion of knowledge by agents, tracts, addresses, &c. required to remove and correct the many gross and dangerous errors and ignorances that prevail among the people relative to this vice, can be accomplished only by a permanent, vigilant and able association of men, supported by the systematical and combined exertions of all the Friends of Temperance.

These two principles, entire abstinence and union, are as the corner stone of the American Temperance Society.

But we need not speculate on this subject, we have practical results, indisputable and irresistible, to establish the efficiency of this Society. This Association was organized in this country, in the year 1826, and, by its last report, it appears that there were in May last 8,000 Auxiliary Societies in the United States, containing upwards of 300,000 enrolled members; that by their influence upwards of 1,200,000 of our citizens were then believed to be living entirely without the use of distilled liquors—1000 distilleries had been disused—about 3000 retailers had abandoned the sale of distilled liquors—and upwards of 8000 drunkards were reported to have been reformed—that many millions of gallons of ardent spirits less are yearly consumed in this country; and that the state of New York will save by the value of the diminished consumption of ardent spirits alone, $6,250,000. It is unnecessary to cite other equally unequivocal proofs of the success of this Society, for the most careless in every place where its principles have prevailed, must have observed that the happiest and most important results flow from them.

Nor is this all. This moral reformation is not to stop here: many of the best, wisest and most influential of our country are even now its active promoters. Most of its anticipated obstacles its progress has proved to be imaginary; and such as are found to be real, either have been overcome or may be disregarded. But the continuance of its success can be ensured only by the constant efforts of the friends of Temperance. As the field of its operations is enlarged, so should be the number and exertions of those who labor in its cause. As it extends the protection of its government over cities, counties, and states, the people of those cities counties and states, should perform their reciprocal duties of allegiance and support. The establishment, therefore, of a State Society in Maryland, daring this year, has imposed upon *our* citizens the obligation to support its cause and extend its influence.

If you acknowledge yourself subject to these obligations, permit us to suggest to you some of the most suitable means of their performance.

1st. Call a meeting of the people to form an Auxiliary Temperance Society, render it instructive and interesting by [illegible] a Society, no matter how few at first may co-operate. Many of the most useful and numerous Temperance Associations have commenced under the most discouraging circumstances.

2d. Request the Ministers of the Gospel to plead its cause, in and out of the pulpit, and to form societies in their Churches: urge Physicians to state the causes and effects of Intemperance on the human frame,—to detect this poison. Alcohol, in all its secret and treacherous combinations, and to expose the fallacy of the degrading opinions, that men require to be goaded on by these stimulants to successful mental or bodily exertion,—and, that this unnatural and baneful vice cannot, at all times, be abandoned with safety.

3rd. Let your Society hold frequent meetings—circulate information on the subject of Temperance by addresses, newspapers, tracts, &c. Hand about your constitution every where: if practicable visit every family—it has been done elsewhere with great success, particularly in New York: obtain the signatures of men women and children; especially, invoke the influence of females—it is all-important: let no false delicacy retard their efforts to remove this vice, so intimately connected with their own happiness, which is produced, sustained, and destroyed by the happiness of Fathers, Husbands, Brothers and Sons. The rising generation depend on them for its first, best and most lasting impressions—let one of these impressions be a deep and abiding abhorrence of the very tasting of ardent spirits.

4th Invite all to try for themselves—what numbers even in this State, during the last year, proved by experiment, that all labor is better, more expeditiously and peaceably performed, where there is an entire abstinence from distilled liquors.

5th. Establish, as soon as practicable, a County Society: let its meetings be held during the sessions of the county courts: let reports from all the societies in the county be forwarded to it, at least once a year, at the fall meeting of the county society, to be incorporated in the county report, in order that by means of these county reports thus prepared and forwarded to the Secretary of this Society, before the end of December, in each year, the condition of the whole association throughout this State may be known. Till there be a county society it is desirable you should communicate to the Secretary of this Society any information you possess of the progress of the Temperance cause in your vicinity before the end of this month.

6th. In searching for information do not omit to ascertain, if possible, the following particulars, viz:—The present number of out-pensioners, paupers in alms-houses, hospitals, &c.—the expense of their maintenance, and the relation it bears to the whole county levy: how many of them have been reduced to this condition by their own intemperance or that of others; ascertain the same for the years 1801, 1811, 1821—the quantity and cost of distilled liquors consumed in your county, and the increase or decrease thereof—the number of licenses granted to retailers, &c., of distilled liquors, for the present year, in your county, and the same for the years 1801, 1811 and 1821—the yearly number of deaths in your city or county to be charged to this vice, and the proportion it bears to the whole number; and the crimes, diseases and miseries known to have been produced from Intemperance.

In conclusion we invite you, and a delegate from each of the societies in this State, and indeed all interested in the cause we wish to promote to attend the anniversary meeting of this Society, to be held in the City of Annapolis on Thursday the fifth day of January next. There will be, on this occasion, an address delivered by the Honorable John C. Herbert, one of the Vice Presidents, and many important measures proposed to extend the benefits and influence of this Association throughout the State.

STEVENSON ARCHER, Presd't.
ALEXANDER RANDALL, Sec'ry.
Alex. C. Magruder,
John Ridgely, M. D.
Franklin Anderson, } Committtee.
John Ridout, M. D.
Thomas S. Alexander.

N. B. It is desirable this Circular should be read at an early meeting of your Society, and be handed to the Editors of newspapers in your county with a request to give it an insertion before the end of this month Address all communications to Alexander Randall, Annapolis.

From the Club Book.

The extract we give below is from a tale entitled "The Gipsey of the Abruzzo," by the author of the "King's Secret," a highly successful novel recently published. El Zingaro, the gipsey, has for some slight and grateful kindness, shown him by the nieces of the ward of Mirialva, been the instrument of his escape [illegible] protection of one to whom he had been early betrothed by her father. The gipsey himself is caught, and [illegible] are introduced to him about planning a flight.

"The door again closed; the bolts again jarred on the bar; and the Zingaroi was once more alone But he was no longer the inaninate log that for so many hours had lain without exhibiting one sign of life or motion; but alert, active, and stirring; with a glance like the hawk and with vigour and ingenuity equal to his will.

First, with the assistance of his teeth he managed to spread before him his capa, and then, from a secret, pouch within its folds he drew forth the hidden implements for procuring a light, which ever formed a part of his *material*—quickly and skillfully using his partially freed hands, he succeeded in the first part of his attempt: when bidding over the light the bonds which confined his wrists he sat, partially feeding the flame, until the stout cords gave way—His hands thus free, he waved them in triumph and thanksgiving towards the star still shining brightly upon him; and in an incredibly short space of time he by similar process, freed his feet from bondage, though not without some suffering from the flames. As the last turn of the lashing was unwound, he sprung from the floor, and attempted to stand erect, but the cramped trembling joints failed to support him, and he fell back powerless upon the straw;—by degrees, however, he restored the circulation to his benumbed and sore scorched limbs, until they once more become capale of their wonted exertion.

As the night advanced he boldly proceeded in his plan. First tearing down a large portion of the tapestry, he passed his hands along the walls of his prison; on three sides his views were opposed by solid stone: the fourth he discovered, with confirmed hope, to be stout wainscot. Whither did the next room beyond lead to? or by whom might it now be occupied? could natue support the dense smoke that must attend his attempt to burn a passage through here for the escape of which smoke not an outlet existed, except the window high over head, any effort to break which would alarm the yet wakeful inhabitants of the castle, before his purpose could be half effected Then came the more horrid suggestion, might he not ere the stout oak gave way before the flames, himself perish miserably, tortured by a vain dream of freedom while his limbs withered within the folds of the terrible agent whose aid he was about to invoke, These and a thousand other fearful imaginings, sept through the prisoner's mind, as he hurriedly collected a portion of his straw together with some of the dry & mouldering tapestry, so as to form a heap of combustibles immediately beneath the wainscot.

Thus prepared, ere he applied the light he again fixed his eyes upon the window as if he expected from the star of his wild faith some evident and visible sign to direct him. He now looked in vain; the star shone no longer upon him. For a moment a shade of doubt clouded his brow, ere he interpreted this change: then bending low his head he cried,

"Thou art gone; thou wilt no longer let thy free rays linger within these thrice-accursed walls of stone—thou art gone, to light up the dark mountain and the silver stream, and thou callest on thy son to follow thy free course, or die;—ever-blessed star of my fathers, be thou obeyed!"

As he concluded, he again bowed low his head with a solemn earnestness of voice and manner, that fully bespoke his ardent faith in the strange creed he held.

He touched with his light a selected portion of the straw, and the flame rose fiercely against the sturdy wainscot, and seemed in its strength to defy the puny effort.

The Zingaro patiently sat crouching upon his hams, and from time to time carefully fed the slow fire, which by degrees, gave certain evidence of its subtle, and insidious power upon the surface of the blistering, blackened oak.

A little while longer, and the wainscot began itself to assist in its own destruction: the bluish flame that at first had but flickered for a moment, unsteadily and by fits upon its surface, seemed all at once to fix its hold with a tenacity not to be again shook off, and in a moment after, it rushed in fierce triumph over the hissing wood.

The smoke became dense, even to suffocation: nevertheless, stretched at full length, with his face close to the floor, the Zingaro continued for a long time to endure this suffering, as he carefully fed and directed the flames, which, to his hopes, gave promise of freedom; but at length the heat and smoke combined might no longer be borne with life. Thus made reckless of the consequences, he suddenly started up, and seizing the vessel which contained his supply of water, he aimed it against the lofty window; the immediate shiver of falling glass which followed bespoke the success of his effort while the huge mass of smoke, lifting itself quickly upwards, left the floor comparatively free for breathing.

The dangerous consequences which had made him so long defer this movement, as he forsaw, almost immediately followed. First was heard the buzz of many mingled voices, gathering in the court below, to mark the thick smoke as it rolled through the broken window; then followed an eager cry for the keys of the tapestried chamber. Not an instant was to be lost; and no sooner did the prisoner hear these sounds, than gathering together the stout cords which had bound his feet and hands, he with their aid firmly secured the door inside; a work barely accomplished before he heard the quick tread of feet, and the hasty withdrawing of bolts; the heavy lock next turned in its wards, and an attempt was made to thrust open the door.

"Santa Maria! 'tis fast within!" cried a voice the prisoner recognized for Nicola's; "'tis the body of the poor Zingaro, doubtless, that has fallen against it—push stoutly together lads"—but the door again withstood their united efforts. 'Get axe and hammer quickly, some of you," continued Nicola; "the fire is certainly here, 'twas never a spark from my lamp surely when I took the lad his supper.—Ring out the great bell; call up my lord the baron, or he will be burned in his bed else, like the poor *heathen* within, whose flesh I can plainly hear sputtering like chesnuts a roasting."

A succession of sturdy blows rebounded from the entrance, and immediately the Zingaro tried with his foot to force the crackling wainscot, but it refused to give way. How to gain more time? already the door was rent from its hinges and had been down, but that the assailants had retreated from the first burst of smoke, calling loudly for water.

The Zingaro saw at once that now or never came the decisive moment—gathering therefore the remainder of his straw and other fuel, he quickly heaped it before the forced door, and just as this was falling inwards, he flung a blazing mass upon the ready pile—a wall of fire in an instant supplied the place of the barrier just beaten down, and the terrified water-bearers ran from the spot, with cries of horror, as they caught a glimpse of the dark form beyond which appeared to move calmly and untouched amid the blaze.

In a few moments the fallen door began to add fresh fuel to the fire; the great bell, too, rung out the awful sound of flame. Drunk with the smoke and maddened with the pain of his half-burned hands the Zingaro also prepared for his last desperate effort. He covered his head and shoulders with thickened folds of his capa, retired a few paces from the now smouldering wainscot, then rousing his whole force for the attempt he rushed forward and dashed himself side ways against it. The half burned boards burst before his weight, and, whelmed amid the blazing ruin, he rolled into the next apartment.

Shaking the burning embers from about him, he hurried across the unoccupied and unfurnished room, and opening the door, entered the passage beyond.—On the instant a voice arrested his step:

"Who art thou?" demanded a man, advancing hastily from an adjoining door, holding high a lamp "why am I thus rudely aroused, and whence this peal of wild alarm?" The Zingaro turned upon the inquirer, and the light flashed upon his face. Had the master fiend himself, clothed in all his terrors, met Mirialva's sight—for he was the speaker—he could not have looked more dismayed than he now did, as he gazed upon his late prisoner, blackened with smoke, and with garments glowing from the sparks of fire which still clung to them.

"What demon art *thou?*" again demanded the baron, as he stepped back towards the nearly closed door of the room just left by his sentenced prisoner, "speak."

Demoniac indeed was the look the gipsey cast upon his foe, as with a voice of thunder he shouted.

"*Lo Zingaro!*" Then bounding forward with a tiger-spring he dashed the bewildered baron into the apartment already half filled with flames, and closing the door, quickly drew the bolts. He then turned into Mirialva's now vacant bed-chamber, tore from the sumptuous couch & windows, the silken cords which draped the curtains, and by their aid descended with speed and safety into the private garden of the castello.

Already flames were bursting from the closely barred windows of the room which held the wretched Mirialva. The Zingaro paused for a moment and looked upwards—a wild scream for 'help!' burst upon his ear—a roar of curses & loud laughter followed. This last was the domestics in the gallery, who thus mocked what they *took for* the cries of the suffering Zingaro. A yet wilder and more piercing cry of agony again filled the air—and again it was echoed by fresh yells of savage mockery.

"Ha," exclaimed the listener, "these shrieks should have been mine, and such the laughter that would have greeted *my* agonies! Ha, ha, ha! roar on, ye accursed; let your shouts of joy ring in the ears of your unheeded burning lord, and may the friends of Ebelis redouble your cries, as his black soul is hurled amid their eternal fires!" Dashing the hot sweat from his scathed brow the gipsey made for the olive grove, and with difficulty held his way, until exhausted, he sunk upon the welcome margin of the calm waters of *Gli Fonti D'Amore.*"

From the Boston Transcript.

THE WHOLE HOG

Mr. Editor.—The late account in your paper, of the origin of the above saying, which of late, both politically and morally, has assumed much significance, is incorrect. It arose in the following manner It is well known hogs are very plenty, in the western country, so called. When the season for slaughtering arrives the farmer dresses his hogs, as they call it, and in general, without a cent in his pocket, arrives at Louisville or some principal settlement, in that part of the country; here he meets, among other adventurers, speculators in cotton, who usually have plenty of money. So great is the thirst, among these people, for gambling, playing 'old sledge,' as it is called in Virginia, that the farmer must have a 'touch at it' before he has had time to sell his hogs and realize his cash. So as soon as he sees 'Cotton Man,' he exclaims, 'stranger, what say you to a *touch at old sledge?*' Done, stranger, and they are seated at once. The farmer starts fair and says: "I've no money yet, hav'nt sold,' and, after shewing him a schedule of the weight of his hogs, with a fair price always 'honor bought,' 'now,' says he 'my quarter hog is so much,' and planks his scrip, when the 'cotton man,' planks his money. They play with alternate success; but, on one occasion, a farmer, who had brought a number of large hogs to market, had, by quarters and halves played away all, except one which weighed over 400 weight. Well, said the 'cotton man,' what will you go now?' 'Go,' said the farmer, 'Panthers and alligators! I'll go the whole hog.'

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on TUESDAY the ninth day of May next, on a credit of 12 months, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with security bearing interest from the day of sale, that large and convenient three story brick dwelling house, situate on Washington street, and the two story frame shop adjoining (the property of the late Col. Jabez Caldwell)—persons wishing to purchase would do well to examine the property before the day of sale—Sale to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. and attendance given by

JOSEPH CALDWELL, Adm'r.

Dec. 24

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