J. Catrup

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 Lady's Book.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a "Woodburn," beside the fire in my *study*(!) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dosed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets—potatoes at 8s. and 6d."

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost—what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammer-cloth, driving by: what then was my delight when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbour's affairs for the sake of gossip—far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves. their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle.—I took care to enquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the surloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favorite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that—the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no farther enquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my enquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me. (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own,) boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking house keeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce.—I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, & the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers.—The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than 16 or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty six years old; pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect: no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out* and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs, and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at 8 o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent any thing; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause even on the threshhold.—I have endeavoured to bespeak their interest for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil,—for she drew,—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room, with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;—she had a beautiful child;—she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection?—What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery. One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the tooth ache,—not being given as I before said to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea: but circumstances slightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that enquiries are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a Mr. husband, and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honor compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash.—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in sitting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrade of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tete-a-tete* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For sometime I set down the *empressments* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily; Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tete-a-tete* walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing room during his very long morning visits and sit reading in the window of a room upstairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchment of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclaim, my lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bed side of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever.—They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby by turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, & resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her. But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear,—an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of Pistols arrive from John Morton and Son, Dover street; besides he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of "a Friend to Morality." That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the ollowing morning I arose to dispatch my letters when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing: no trunks, or wagons? What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage. Oh! I had it again, my wits never failed me—the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to "dull aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen, smiling as usual: and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the viscount?! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits ends; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly pertend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles' own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau?* and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crosby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way, this morning," said he "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said I, interrupting him. "Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honor compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child; I hope."

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness: I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family: but on the conclusion of my recital to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir, the lady whom you have thus honored by so great a share of your attention is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his *wife* and my god-daughter. I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

"Wife! God-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General; for God's sake, one instant, the elder lady?" "Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting. His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him." He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more, the Viscount?" "Is captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook Street. I was positively at my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There *is* some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

From the New York Farmer.

REARING POULTRY IN MEXICO.

September, 1832,

Sir,—I cannot embark for Campeachy without relieving myself by telling you not a cock and bull, but a cock and chicken story, which may be of service to those farmers who supply our markets with poultry.

The fondness of Spaniards for eggs and chickens appears to be inherited to the full extent by their American decendants, as at every Indian hut which I have stopped at in Mexico, I could get one or the other in default of every thing else in the eating line. It is true they are not very scrupulous about the number of feathers which covers the *pollito*, nor of the days it has been free from the shell, but then you know you can eat the more of them, and pay accordingly. But to return to my story. During the rainy season, the rivers of the state of Tabasco overflow the banks, and the little eminences become so many temporary islands, to which all terrestrial animals retreat for shelter. On these little mounds, too, the inhabitants place their huts, and it is fine sport to go hunting in a canoe from one islet to another all over the country. Monkeys, parrots, peccaries, snakes, in short, all animals of a tropical climate, may be found in the same congregation.

One afternoon, in the month of October, 1828, in company with the Vice-Governor of the state, I entered one of those huts aforesaid, to take some refreshment and rest, when I observed before the door a large cock with three or four dozen of chickens around him, engaged in all the occupations usually appertaining to the hen and apparently very proud of his office. Neither man, woman, child, pig, nor hen, would he suffer to molest his little ones in the slightest degree, and he would occasionally cock his eye up towards the birds of prey in the air with a menacing gesture, as much as to say "and you too had better keep at a respectful distance from my spurs." The following was the account of this phenomenon given me by my companion, Col. Estrada.

"The cock is chosen to hatch the eggs, on account of his superior size, and to take care of the chickens, on account of his superior strength while the hen is thus left free to continue filling other nests. To qualify him to take her place, he is first rendered intoxicated by swinging him over and over in a hammock, under which tobacco is burnt to keep him enveloped in the smoke. As soon as he becomes senseless and motionless, the feathers are stripped from his broad breast, and he is placed in a large nest with as many eggs in it as his body can cover, in the position taken by the hen herself while hatching. When he recovers from the stupor, the pressure of the warm eggs against his naked breast, seems to occasion an agreeable sensation, which detains him on the nest the full period of incubation. Why he continues his care to the chickens after they escape from the shell, is best known to himself,—but you see the fact before you, and the practice of thus substituting the male for the female is general in this country."

Now, Mr. Editor, all I ask of you and your readers is to *try* before you *deny* the truth of this story.

HENRY PERRINE.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being anxious to close his business here, respectfully requests all persons indebted to him to make immediate payment to Philip Francis Thomas, Esq. who is authorised to receive the same; those who neglect this notice must not expect to be indulged.

Oct. 18 LAMBERT REARDON.

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