John Catrup

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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SUPPOSED MURDER.

We give the following story as it was related by a gentleman from the country. The appalling discovery, the legal proceeding, and the testimony mentioned in the course of it, we have heard from another source; but feel inclined to believe that their connexion with past occurrences, and the occurrences themselves, have received a strong colouring from the imaginations of our correspondent:

About thirty years ago, a small village was built up in one of the newly settled counties in the interior of New York, by some enterprising individuals, among whom was a Scotch merchant by the name of W——. He was an unmarried man, about thirty years of age, of some education, frank and social in his disposition, but somewhat addicted to the bottle. After trading a few years with considerable success, he became unexpectedly the inheritor of a large estate in Scotland; and the letter which announced his good fortune contained also a large sum of money. He immediately commenced arrangements for returning home; sold out his establishment to a villager whom we shall designate by the name of A.——; took a farewell carouse with his old customers and cronies, with whom he was literally "fou for days thegither," and departed for his native land. A year or more had elapsed, when some of the villagers got word; how, is not recollected—that W—— had never been heard of by his friends in Scotland; and a story obtained, and was believed, that his good fortune had made him mad, and that he had "drank himself to death" on his way home.

About the same period, a pedlar, (having, as was believed, a considerable sum of money with him) who had put up at the village for a few days, suddenly disappeared, and in a mysterious manner, and has never since been heard of. The circumstance is recollected, from his having made a deposit with a citizen of the town, of a sum of money, which has never been called for, and which, we believe, is still at interest for his benefit.

Mr. A——, and a younger brother, on the departure of W——, set up as merchants in his stead, and it was remarkable, that being men of small means and ordinary abilities, illiterate, and unacquainted with merchandize they nevertheless managed their concerns with unexampled success. They kept a large stock of goods purchased up the produce of the farmers in the country to a great distance around, were always "flush of money," and in short, "bought golden opinions of all sorts of people." The elder brother by dint of wise saws and threadbare adages uttered with a consequential air, came to be considered a man of parts was appointed a magistrate, and for a time, was the oracle of the village and its vicinity. There was, however, a recklessness in the transactions of these men which made sober people wonder at their prosperity, and half inclined them to believe it would not last forever. They gradually contracted dissipated habits and gathered round them a knot of gamblers and loose characters, and the village which had never been in the best repute for morality, became under their auspices the seat of all manner of iniquity.

A few years wound up their career by a failure in business, followed by a series of judgments and executions which swept lands and chattels, and reduced them to their former humble condition. The younger brother has managed to lead a bustling life ever since, wandering about the country and gaining a precarious subsistence as a black-leg and horse jocky. The 'Squire,' it was observed, did not bear his misfortunes with the utmost magnanimity. He became a moody and unhappy man—restless, unsocial, and absent-minded when sober, and addicted, in his maudlin moments, to moralizing on the vicissitudes of life, and the vices of the times. These habits gradually increased upon him, and at length took an aspect which for some years past, has caused his neighbors to look upon him as partially deranged.

He became subject at intervals of different lengths, to paroxysms of intense mental distress, during which he frequently declared himself the most wretched being in existence, but from a cause which no one could ever know. It is said that at such seasons he has been known to rise from his bed at night, fling himself upon his knees, and pray for hours in an agony bordering on despair; and and perhaps the next day fly to the bottle for relief, and under its influence, run into the opposite extreme of horrid blasphemy. Two other peculiarities of his character have also been the subject of remark;—the one a passion for tales of murder, the most horrid details of which he would dwell upon with intense interest;—and the other, an inordinate affection for the small inconvenient house which he occupied. This house—the oldest, perhaps, in the village—he had built himself, for his own residence.—After the ownership had passed from him, he still contrived to retain possession, and never would consent to the slightest repairs or alterations being made. His notions were looked upon as the whims of a half crazed man, which it cost the good natured owner nothing to gratify, and he was suffered to have his will. When compelled to leave the house at last, he did so with lamentations which distressed the sympathies of the neighborhood; and when told a few weeks ago that it was to be torn down, he said it was then time for him to be torn down also; and actually removed to an obscure nook in one of the western counties, professedly from inability to endure the destruction of his beloved domicil.

About a fortnight ago, the house was torn down, and a discovery made which has produced no little excitement in that region, and, in the imagination of many, affords a clue both to the prosperity of A—— at the period above spoken of, and to his subsequent eccentricities. The house had no cellar; and the floor was laid on large sleeners which rested on the ground. Between two of these a quantity of earth had been filled in, which in consequence of the settling of the house had caused a rising in the floor directly above it. On removing this a perfect human skeleton was found, laying on one side, with the hip and knee joints slightly bent. A coroner's jury was immediately called, and after examining several witnesses, adjourned for the purpose of sending for A——, who was hunted out, arrested, and brought to the place just as our informant was about to leave it. He arrived in a state of boisterous hilarity, and seemed disposed to treat the matter as an excellent joke. As to the bones, he said he placed them there himself; and that they were those of an Indian, which had been dug up hard by, at the time he was building the house. A person to whom he appealed recollected some Indian bones having been dug up about that time, but they were only the larger bones of the frame and even then much decayed; while the skeleton found under the floor was entire—each bone being not only well preserved, but placed in its proper position; a circumstance hardly to be expected from A——'s limited knowledge of anatomy.

But setting this aside, enough came to light before the jury to show beyond a doubt that a human body must have been deposited there since the building of the house. For example, the floor was originally fastened down with long *wrought* nails, and the part directly over the skeleton has evidently been forced up since. The nails remaining in the sleepers, the heads were drawn through the boards.—These appear to have been bent down and driven into the wood, and the boards when laid down again were fastened with *cut* nails.—Again: a witness remembered a conversation he had formerly had with a clerk in A's store concerning the situation of the house; and to have expressed his surprise that a celler had not been dug under it The reason given was that the earth under the house seemed to be impregnated with something which gave it a strong smell of carrion. A physician of the first respectability, who had attended a sick person in the house about the same period, recollected the offensive scent, and it is now ascertained that the family actually quitted the house for many months on the same account, and resided in a shop in the rear. In short, when our informant left the place, facts were daily coming to light through the excited recollections of the older inhabitants, all contributing to the belief that a foul murder had been committed, and tending to fix the guilt on the elder A., with the privity, if not the participation of his brother. The most probable conjecture in regard to the victim is, that it was either W. or the pedlar above spoken of, both of whose fates are involved in so much uncertainty.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

MUSIC.

Some time since it was stated in some of the papers, that the wife of an itinerant musician had played him false, pocketed (if ladies wear pockets) the money earned with the hand organ and tamborine, and put herself under the protection of another and a younger gentleman, of ambulatory musical talents. The trouble into which the emigrant musician had fallen, is not all the ill luck that cometh upon his tribe, as the following police case from a London paper will show:

"RIVAL MUSICIANS.

"Alexander Coploffe, a chin music performer, & John Smith, a flute player with one hand, were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having disturbed the whole neighbourhood of Copthall-buildings by their discord. The defendants, it appeared, were in the habit of delighting the public with pieces of music, & after having played several airs on Saturday evening in Copthall court, they struck up "God save the King" as a finale. The flute player played with great simplicity, barring shakes, which he rattled through the court in wonderful abundance, while the other whipped his chin through an immense number of variations. It was, however, the opinion of the crowd, that the instruments did not agree, and the general cry was, that the shaking gentleman, being but second best should cease altogether. The flute player did not relish the preference given to his comrade, and for the purpose of showing his contempt for his hearers, played up "Molly put the kettle on," by which expedient he drew down the heavy displeasure of the chin musician, who at once turned his knuckles from his own face to that of his partner, and gave him a most disagreeable smash on the corresponding part of the countenance, which to the surprise of every body, sent forth no musical tone whatever, although played upon exactly in the right spot. The flute player, in an instant, brandished his copper-bound flute, and with an excellent aim, tried to knock music out of Mr. Coploffe; but although the melodious instrument came in contact with the melodious jaws of that gentleman, nothing was heard but a loud bellow and a doleful exclamation. The gentlemen who own chambers, and who have lately shown very little taste for the higher sort of musical entertainment, then interposed, and caused the combatants to be taken into custody.

The lord Mayor said that he had several complaints from men of business in the retired parts of the city, against singers, whistlers, fifers, hurdy-gurdy grinders, and others, who were often paid to stay away. The least such gentry could do, surely, was to bait their discord as much as possible.

Smith (the flute player) said that he had introduced the chin chopper to the town. At first the people were disposed to laugh at such a nonsensical piece of mummery, but they bore him at last, the introduction was so respectable. (A laugh.)

The Lord Mayor—He has the advantage of you in not being at the expense of an instrument.

Smith—Yes, my Lord, he has only to dab his tongue up against the roof of his mouth and to work his fists upon his chin, and out comes all his music. There is no use in such juggling. I have only four fingers and a thumb in the world and I can play any air that ever stood in an orchestra.

Coploffe—You play! you can't play none at all. Nobody would give you a farthing if de did'nt for pity when de saw your shivering and shaking—I don't know vot make me beat my chin along vid such a stupid rascal

Smith—How would you have got your living but for me?—Please you, my Lord he was but a poor beggarly foreigner when I took him in hand.

The Lord Mayor—And what will you call him now?

Smith—He told me when I first seed him that he had plenty of practice, for he had nothing else to do with his jaws but to play upon them (laughter;) and now he has every thing a gentleman wants.

Coploffe—De people likes me best; he gets more for charity, but I gets more for music; he blows on dat flute of his until he set all a shivering and shaking de people trembles when de looks at him and den de gives him hawpennies.—(Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—But you had no right to strike him, my good chin chopper, although he might have played out of tune.

Smith—I forgive him that, my Lord; for I gave him better than I got; besides we're both going to a party to night at the west end of the town.

The Lord Mayor—But I will not let either of you go until I have every reason to believe that we shall not be troubled with you again.

Smith—To tell you the truth, my Lord after one whole day's work, we only got fourpence, and most of them were so hot, that we melted 'um in beer—Sometimes at the west end we have crowds after us, and we always gets our money raw. (Laughter.)

Coploffe—'Tis his cursed flute vot gets de burning hawpennies; I never lifts up none ven he play, or I get de scald. Ven I play de hawpennies come like out of the sky. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Well you may go but if you appear before me again, I'll send you where the hawpennies are neither cold nor hot.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WOMEN.—From a critical notice of 'Mirabeu's Letters from England, we extract the following account of the French women by that celebrated character.

The French Women.—"When a French lady comes into a room the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, has her head and feet better dressed—her clothes better fancied and better put on than any women you have ever seen.

When she talks she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her languge is the language of amiableness—her accents are the accents of grace—her embellishments a trifle—interests upon nothing—she softens a contradiction—she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly—and when she has a mind, sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

"Her eyes sparkle with merit—the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy—in telling a story she is inimitable—the motions of her body, and the accents of her tongue, are equally gentel & easy—an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good humoured and cheerful, and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased.

"Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly—but perhaps it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French—the French are superior to them in many other. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman—it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric.

English Women.—"I have mentioned here the women of England, and I have done wrong. I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. I shall not presume to determine whether, in the important article of beauty, form and colour are to be preferred to expressions and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered preferrable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *tonchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall give a trait. If a Goddess could be supposed to be formed, compounded of Juno and Minerva, that Goddess would be the emblem of the women of this country [England.] Venus as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it, for I have given the perfections to the WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

"One point I had forgotten; and it is a material one.

It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe. The English women are the best wives under Heaven—and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands."

[From the Court Journal.]

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

For the Week ending 22d September.

The only novelty noticeable among the fashions of the week, is a small capote of cherry-coloured watered silk, the front being shaped into small points, that meet under the chin instead of strings and turning up slightly towards the centre. It is trimmed with bows of cherry-coloured gauze ribbon, beautifully shot with white, and a small heron's feather. The crowns of bonnets are no longer made to fall back, but, although still small, quite perpendicular. When composed of pale grey or camel's hair silk, they are trimmed with china-asters, balsams, or double larkspurs. The bows are universally made without ends.

With dresses of plain chaly made for the evening, gauze sleeves may be worn; as it is a material that admits equally of silk or thread net, or lace by way of trimming. Many chaly dresses are richly embroidered in floss silk; and to these, large sleeves of blonde are generally added. Full dress muslin evening dresses for young ladies, have a falling pelerine of lace; and short sleeves trimmed with bows of coloured gauze riband.

High ornamented combs are almost exploded; but when worn, those of black buffalo horn are selected for ladies with fair hair, and for black hair, very pale tortoise shell or amber, or a new composition of gold coloured gum, are preferred. But the most remarkable innovation in hair-dressing is the introduction of plain flat curls; which (by way probably of economizing their own time) has been attempted by the leading coeffeurs of Paris. The fashion is, however, so extremely unbecoming to persons of prominent features, for whose advantage the light *crepe* curls were originally invented that it is not expected to become predominent. But whether flat or frized, the curls are completely divided, so as to show the whole forehead. A very pretty ornament, called a *cadenette*, is likely this winter to replace those *a la ferroniere*—and another fanciful addition to the toilet has been introduced in the form of a black velvet that passes round the throat and crosses in front through a black jet ring;—the ends falling to the top of the corset, are confined on the bosom by a second jet ring, to which a broach pin is affixed. This little cravat being mounted without gold, has a neat effect, and is supposed to form an advantageous contrast to fair complexions.

The little light morning caps, originally made to be worn under bonnets, with a *ruche* of double plaited *tulle* round the face, have now a third plaiting next the crown, edged with a very narrow colored riband, which produces a better effect than the ends of riband at first plaited in with the net.

We have lately seen a beautiful bandeau (equally serviceable as a bracelet) of daises in white enamel; the leaves and centre of the flower being composed of gold filagree. Another of a similar form was designed in bunches of currants, the fruit being formed of uncut garnets or carbuncles. Settings of the antique form still prevail; but the chains *a la imperatrice* so much worn last season, are now generally made with a stud of chrysophrase, beryl, or turquoise between each lozenge.

Boudoirs.—The dressing-room of a woman of fashion, says a Parisian periodical, ought to be furnished with a Persian divan, an Algerine carpet a perpetual fountain playing into a crystal or marble basin, flower-pots, with rustic feet and pedestals, in every corner of the room, an *etagere*, or raised stage, to display a thousand elegant trinkets, a Japan table, ornamented with a toilet service of enamelled porcelain, and transparent blinds to the windows, painted with landscapes. The boudoir must be in a still more fantastic taste; & moveable tents are now made which with the aid of a ring affixed to the centre of the ceiling of any small apartment, will in a moment convert it into a luxurious retreat. These tents consist of curtains of a sort of tiffany silk beautifully painted in arabesques or bouquets of flowers, which are confined round the wainscot, and made to fall in flutings by means of a rich silk cable.—A Persian carpet, and a few silken cushions or ottomans, complete the furniture. An alabaster lamp is suspended from the centre.

The Editor of the Nantucket Enquirer drily relates the following anecdote, which bears indubitable marks of coming from the sea serpent part of the coast:—

"About thirty years ago, a very small child was noticed to steal away regularly from its meals and to carry its plate of victuals with it. This had been repeated so often that the parents determined to watch its movements. Following the child, unperceived, they saw it go to a snug corner of the yard, seat itself on the ground and disposing its plate before it, separate the provisions into two parts, and then quietly wait, as in expectation of company. It was not long before a large rat, to their great surprise, made his appearance from a neighboring hole, and seated himself at the side of the plate opposite the child with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Immediately both set to, without ceremony, the one with a spoon and the other with a nose, each at his own division of food.

"The dinner party seemed to enjoy all the gust which intrinsic worth and agreeable participation could yield. When the feast was over the rat retired, and the child returned with apparent satisfaction to the house. The only occurrence which marred the harmony of the occasion was an attempt of the visiter to take a morsel from the portion which the other had reserved for itself; but this aggression was met on the part of the child with a gentle tap of the spoon over the part used in taking snuff, and the moderate *reprimand* 'keep on your own side, rat.'

General Cemetery.—The company formed by Mr. Carden, for the provision of an ornamented burial place, on a large scale, out of the bounds of the metropolis, (near Hamstead,) has received the sanction of the Legislature, and may now be considered firmly established. Arrangements have been made with the London Clergy for the payment of a small fee for every body removed from their several parishes—5*s.* each, and 7*s.* 6*d.* for Marylebone. Nearly 10,000*l.* has been paid for land, of which the company is empowered to purchase eighty acres; trees have been planted; and a boundary wall is nearly finished: the capital subscribed is about 36,000*l*; above 22,000*l* has been paid, and altogether about 15,000*l* expended. Every intelligent person must rejoice to see the nuisance of burying in churches and church yards in the midst of a dense population, abated. It has long been desirable, and Mr. Carden deserves well of his country for the zeal and perseverance with which he has so successfully labored in this cause.—*London Pap.*

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