J. Calrup

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.

VOL. XVIII — EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1835 — NO. 12.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENT
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine, for March.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY B. MATTHIAS.

'The facts are not otherwise than here set down.'

WIFE OF MANTUA.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes & alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets & cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge or conception. By mere chance, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are however, cases of folly and error which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character.—Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

—

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L*****: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife.—They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under the conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlour, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishment elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develope, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment and unremitting diligence. But for this labour, does not the mother receive a rich reward?—Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name?—Who can discribe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe: where he had resided for a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visiter. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, & under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on visits of amusement or pleasure—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity afforded.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie or duty of affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were, sufficient to intimidate his purpose or check his career of infamy.—Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business; and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations; the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honour,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guilt, one character more hatefully despicable than another it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings & calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy.—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation.—His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradations, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step—The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared were a mercy, compared, with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual developement of his pernicious principles, & shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favour of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power, such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, & such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardonable* but which in reality, were grossly licentious discretions of language & conduct, that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy.—Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered, reason loses its sway and a whirlpool of maddening emotions take possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicion were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*.

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and a daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be labouring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night.—The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the 'nipping and eager air,' would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are ambitious of a reputation for benevolence admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighbouring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing & furniture one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty five years of age, and might once have been handsome—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber.—She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment raised her hand to her mother's face. 'Mother,' she said, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child; are you better?'

'No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death!—There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me.'

'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless heaven, there is still one place, which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother; you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter,—you need rest.'

'Mother, there is a weight of wo upon my breast that sinks me to the earth.—My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—Oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken-father,—to the house of infamy, and death; but oh, I implore you, repent, be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh:

'Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do,—I do! But alas! my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who—'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the coloured woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, a MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—'Letitia L******.'

—

From the Nashville Republican.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANTI-MARRYING SOCIETY.

Declaration of Independence of the Young Men and Bachelors of Nashville, assembled at Celibacy Hall; read and unanimously adopted by the Society.

When, in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the Bachelors of the community to dissolve the social bands that have hitherto connected them with the Fair Sex—and to assume in fashionable circles, the *single* and *unmarried* station to which by the laws of reason they are entitled; a decent respect for the opinion of the married part of society compels them to declare the causes which urge them to secede from the empire of love, and to rally around the standard of their inherent freedom and natural independence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created unmarried; that they are endowed by nature with the unalienable right of remaining in a state of single blessedness until they are disposed to encumber themselves with the appendage of a wife. That to secure this right all Bachelors should be so firmly united in their common cause, as steadfastly to resist the multiplied and insidious attacks of the fair—the ancient enemy of man's native freedom.

Custom and the manners of the age would indeed dictate the propriety of that domestic relation which in all previous times has received the sanction of the world and the approbation of society. But when a long series of Balls and Parties, of winning smiles and killing glances pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to marry us against our will, it is our right, it is our duty to break the silken chains which "fancy weaves for love," and which the imagination teaches us so fondly and so familiarly to embrace; and to provide for our future safety and security in the "hall of celibacy"—the abode of freedom and the home of peace.

The history of the present race of ladies, in this place, is one of repeated encroachments upon the rights of Bachelors: tending directly to involve them in absolute despotism—to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

They have refused their assent to offers of marriage—the most wholesome and necessary for the interests of particular individuals—thereby manifesting a disposition to exercise the *veto* power; with which the unjust custom of society has clothed them to the direct injury of fallen man.

They have refused their sanction to the marriage of others of the community, unless they would relinquish their right of choosing wives for themselves; a right inestimable to all young men, & formidable to matchmakers and old maids only.

They have called together large meetings of the sex at places where our attention would be directed to the beauty of their persons and the glittering of their dress for the sole purpose of exciting our imagination, and kindling into a flame the dying sparks of our love.

They have ridiculed and sneered at individuals repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness these encroachments upon the rights of unmarried men.

They have endeavoured to increase the population of this state; for this purpose, procuring the Legislature to reduce the hitherto moderate tax upon marriage licences.

They have kept among us a multitude of dandies to perform those services which men would be so proud to render.

They have affected to render the female independent and superior to the male portion of the community.

They have combined together to subject us to petticoat jurisdiction—a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and repugnant to the laws of nature.

For taking into favor large bodies of dandies.

For protecting them by their smiles and influence from the just ridicule to which their breaches of decorum and good manners subjected them.

For forcing some of our acquaintances to marry against their will.

For carrying us to balls and parties to be danced to death in order to retain their favor.

For interfering in many cases with the rights of husbands—exciting their mothers and sisters to resist their lawful lords and masters; and causing to be inflicted on many of our married friends, the horrid *curtain lecture*, a species of punishment more formidable to husband than the dungeons of the inquisition.

For suspending the free will of bachelors and declaring themselves invested with full powers to negotiate marriages in all cases whatsoever.

They have abdicated their authority over us to which we were so willing to submit, by declaring us fit subjects for the attacks of all maids and marriage seeking spinsters in the community.

They have constrained our fellow men taken captive by them, to war against their brethren.

For this purpose inciting them to dwell on the happiness of married life; which happiness it is well known is founded only on the assertions of hen-pecked husbands.

Against these attacks we have often petitioned for redress. Nor have we been wanting in our attention to the ladies. We have warned them from time to time that we would not wed against our wills and contrary to our better judgments. We have reminded them of our uniform gallantry and love. We have appealed to their native nobleness of soul and conjured them by the marriage ceremony to let us choose for ourselves but they have been deaf to the voice of reason and of love. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which urges us to this declaration, and hold them as we do the rest of womankind, enemies to our peace and quiet, and the industrious promoters of marriages and *curtain lecture*. We, therefore, the Young Men and Bachelors of Nashville, do ordain and publish this our Declaration of Independance, in support of which we mutually pledge our lives, and our rights to marry.

Signed, for and in behalf of the Anti-Marrying Society at Celibacy Hall, assembled the 30th January, 1835.

DICK MARRY—ALL, President.
TOM COURT—ALL Secretary.

—

From the Gentleman's Vade Mecum.

CITY POLICE SCENES.

"It is most astonishing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of Sixth and Prune streets—"it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place,—never. Here am I, six feet two, without my stockings sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's that lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would if it had a mouth; and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country! what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine smallers of whiskey, and what with that and the premature old age, I verily believe I'm assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!

Mr. Mervyn now clamoured so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there! What's the matter?"

"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself—Help me out—gently—there. Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, is'nt it?"

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a gattural."

"They would'nt have known much grammar if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"O! ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you're wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How did you like the ups and downs of public life? Is'nt variety charming?"

"If it was'nt that I'm a public functionary, and mus'nt give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however.—You're my prisoner. *Hally cooshay* to the watch'us. That's the Dutch for being tuck up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs, how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork, why should'nt you like what makes pork fat? So—so—steady. Now, I'll tell you all about t'ether night. I was passing your box in a friendly, promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch ain't wound up, it can't either keep good time, or even go."

"Well, what else?"

"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watchmaker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time."

"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and that you *lifted* me up like a patent lever? You're wide awake now; but that night you wer'nt up to trap, or you would have caught me. I caught a weazel asleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for once."

To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further: and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, declaring his name was not Walker.

"Whether you're name is Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go-cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Hav'nt I got an office, or at least, ain't I in a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletraps? If I must go, it shall be on the Yankee principle of rotation—bring a wheelbarrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-barrow, in which Mervyn was placed. Away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn. "Charley's making a barrowknight of me. Gently over the stones. I don't like bumpers, when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra! cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch-house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a *barrow* nial castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he," and no stairer. If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to draw back"

So saying he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue, he was soon caught, and lugged back, being as he said, like goldsmith's work—beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and in consequence, the unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

—

From the Mobile Commercial Register.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

The Execution of Charles R. S. Boyington, for the murder of Nathaniel Frost, took place yesterday, pursuant to sentence about two and a half miles from the City. A large crowd of spectators assembled to witness the dreadful spectacle. Two-thirds of the male population of the city were on the ground; and many hundreds, we might almost say, some thousands, from the country. Different computations vary the number from six to nine thousand. The smaller number, is doubtless nearer the truth—but the concourse was really immense, considering the size of the town. The public mind had been so intensely excited by the circumstances of the crime; the place, so open and frequented, the time, the broad sunshine, so audaciously chosen for the deed,—the mode so savage and cold blooded,—the victim, a confiding helpless invalid,—the motives so base and sordid,—by the flight and pursuit of the accused, his extraordinary coolness and self-possession on his apprehension, and at the trial; and the rumours that have prevailed since, of his hardihood in all respects, relating to the crime and the punishment, to life, death, judgment and eternity—that a case never was presented, combining more of the elements of fearful interest, of curiosity deepened by wonder and horror.—The expectation was universal, that he would address the public, either in confession or denial of the offence, and as it was known that he had been engaged in prison, in drawing up a long document many, who in general avoid executions, were induced to swell the number of spectators.

The demeanor of the prisoner, on his way to the scaffold, corresponded with these intimations. Declining assistance and refusing to ride, he walked with a step as firm and unwavering, and a mien as erect and undaunted, as any one among the escort. Not a muscle seemed to shake, or a feature to be moved; and it was remarked that his foot kept time perfectly to the dirge that followed him.

The procession marched so slowly, as to be more than an hour in reaching the place of execution; during all of which time Boyington seemed, by his deportment, more like the chief personage in a grand mourning procession for another, than a condemned criminal, carried to a certain & ignominious death. Indeed, his subsequent conduct leaves a general impression that he did not believe himself going surely to his death; but expecting, without the slighest ground for such a delusion,—but nevertheless expecting, a reprieve, or some other chance for safety; and had prepared himself to go through the ceremonies without shrinking, so as to produce a public impression of his innocence, and a popular sympathy for his sufferings. This is the only rational interpretation of his whole conduct. His hope was the heated and fervent conclusion of an over sanguine disposition, persuading itself irrationally of what was impossible, or among the most improbable of possibilities; yet upon such delusive speculations did he rely to the last minute of his existence; discarding for it, every atonement for earth and every thought of eternity.

When the scaffold was reached, he