

# The Maryland Gazette.

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## MISCELLANY.

All our readers know that **ROBERT MORSE**, the editor of the Philadelphia *Album*, has greatly distinguished himself by his beautiful poetry in the *Southern Monthly Magazine* of the day. He has been so kind as to send us the following article, and we commend it to the public. It is not often that newspaper readers meet with anything so well worthy of their admiration.—*New England Weekly Review*.

### CHATTERTON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

All Earth is still, and the Night's starry arch  
O'erpreads the sleeping world! Would I could sleep!  
Would that the fiery fever of my brain  
Were cool'd by slumber or were chill'd by death!  
Well! I have liv'd Summers, but am not  
Anxious for further pilgrimage on earth!  
The Morn may come and look upon my corse—  
And yet I would not by self-martyrdom  
Go down among the tomb! Would I were dead!  
Thou solemn—thou interminable night  
So still and yet so beautiful with fire  
That light thy face of shadow—I have been  
Long time communing with those dazzling orbs  
Haze glittering above me—I have thought  
Of my green life, so lone and desolate,  
And wish'd that it might soon become extinct.  
I am not of this world's gross elements—  
My spirit goes forth to some high shrine,  
Unbodied, unrecalled, except by want—  
Ay want, that leprosy that chills the mind  
And makes us as the brute!

Who slumbers now  
The fair being who has been to me  
More than a star to some-night wanderer.  
Ah! does the slumberer's innocence may sleep,  
And innocence like hers, pure hearted girl,  
May well procure bright visions! Oh sleep on,  
For little know'st thou of the time to come!  
The world is new to thee, and flowers may now  
Spring sweetly at thy footsteps! I could die  
More peacefully, sweet Seraph, wert thou dead!  
Dost it seem strange? It is deep love for thee  
Which kindleth up this thought. Far better 'tis  
That the pure spirit pass away from earth  
In all its virgin beauty, than to live on  
"Till age and care shall steal away the rose  
And dim the eye's young splendour!

Oh sleep on,  
My restless, fond, and my unmission'd girl—  
I would not shade thy forehead with a thought  
Of all thy lover's sufferings, nor for worlds!  
For thee alone this weary life is borne,  
And thou' to rest one instant on thy lip  
Is mad'ning bliss—oh! 'tis the hell of thought  
To dwell on my dark hopes and darker fear!  
'Tis meet that my companions ship be night—  
Bullen and sombre night, without one star  
To mock me with its glory! And thou moon,  
That glarest upon me with thy maniac eye,  
What is thy world, and who are they that dwell  
Within thy lofty confines? And ye stars,  
Who were, it may be, ere this world began,  
At least, who came to being with this world,  
What of another? Answer—what of death?  
Oh God! who made this scene so beautiful,  
That 'e'en when I would curse thee for my birth,  
I gaze upon the stars and worship thee,  
Forgive an erring worm, if it rebel,  
And take away that which it cannot give!  
Forgive me! oh forgive me, God! and her  
Young Geraldine! oh may she early die,  
And thus escape the horrors of this world!

### TO THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lone, trembling one!  
Last of a summer race, withered and sear,  
And shivering, wherefore art thou lingering here?  
Thy work is done.  
Thou hast seen all  
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,  
And the green leaves, that knew thee in their bloom,  
Wither and fall!  
Why dost thou cling  
So fondly to the rough and sunless tree?  
Hath then existence aught like charms for thee,  
Thou faded thing!  
The voice of Spring,  
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again  
Will greet thee—nor the gentle summer's rain  
New verdure bring.  
The zephyr's breath,  
No more will wake for thee its melody—  
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be  
The hymn of death.  
Yet a few days,  
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,  
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form,  
In vain may gaze.  
Pale autumn leaf!  
Thou art an emblem of mortality,  
The broken heart once young and fresh like thee,  
Withered by grief—  
Whose hopes are fled,  
Whose loved ones all have droop'd and died away,  
Whose life is ebbing—lingering loves to stay  
About the dead!  
But list—'e'en now,  
I hear the gathering of the autumn blast,  
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!  
And thou art low!

### A SCENE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE:

BY S. G. HALL.  
It was in the gay and happy and flourishing metropolis of England—the great, the wealthy, and the free; it was within the walls of a city in which strangers by hundreds, bay by thousands, even at the very moment were receiving their daily bread, dealt out to them by a generous and liberal hand. (But the circumstances recorded in the following article took place. The story, when written, must appear more like the creation of fancy than the unvarnished truth; but, for an hour's walk, may afford abundant proof, how weak and ineffective is the language in which it is describ-

ed, and how far more fearful is the sight than the detail of human suffering.)

A few evenings ago, a young woman, whose age might be about 18, entered the shop of a baker in one of the principal streets of Spitalfields, and asked in the name of a person who dealt regularly at the shop, for two loaves of bread. They were readily given, but were received in a manner so peculiar as to excite the suspicion of the baker, who on narrowly questioning the conscience-stricken girl, at once ascertained that she was not the messenger of the customer by whom she professed to have been sent. She was immediately given in the custody of a constable and taken to the watch house. When the charge was made, she uttered no word, but looked like the very picture of misery without hope, and as she was led, or it may be almost said dragged along the streets, a few occasional but deep sobs were only tokens that she was at all conscious of, or caring for, the disgraceful situation in which she stood, but when the creeping door of the temporary prison had closed upon her, she sunk upon the clay floor and wept and screamed as if her heart was breaking. It was not until she had exclaim'd at intervals—'I want! my father and mother are starving! and it was with difficulty the constable could loosen her firm grasp of his cloak, and leave the wretched girl to the most dreary of all solitudes, dreary even to the hardened in guilt. He had however, learnt the address of her parents, and as he bent his way homeward, he called to mind the few afflicting words she had uttered, the scanty clothing that covered her limbs, and the wild agony of her looks as she gazed upon him, whilst the tears fell rapidly down her very pale cheeks. Her story may be true, thought he; in this district God knows what may have happened; and as he recollected the place in which she had informed him her parents dwelt, 'I will go,' he continued 'and see if she has told the truth.' From his own scanty cupboard he took some bread and broken meat and sought out the miserable dwelling. It was indeed, miserable; poverty and disease appeared as if written on the very door; as he knocked, a hollow voice, that seemed the echo of the sound, replied, and he entered.

A man about the middle age wrapped in a kind of rug, his hair matted, his beard long, and his blood shot eyes sunk in his head, was leaning against a weaver's loom, in one corner of the miserable apartment; in another lay a woman among some filthy straw, a torn blanket was thrown over her, and at her feet, sharing the same scanty covering, were three children, who appeared more like corpses laid there for the grave, than living beings in the spring of life.—The woman drew the blanket more closely around her as the stranger entered—the action deprived the children of their share, and the man saw that they were perfectly naked.—The room contained no furniture of any kind, and in the grate there had evidently been no fire for many days.

The poor creature's story then was true, thought their visitor, but it is my duty to ask some questions. The man on being addressed, threw open the rug in which he was wrapped, and showing that there was no clothing over his wasted limbs; but the bones seemed ready to break, at a single motion, through the yellow skin that covered them, and he spoke in a broken voice, and said that it was two days since he or his family had tasted food.

How happy was the benevolent man that he had brought something with him wherewith to satisfy their present hunger! He drew out the bread and pieces of broken meat; and it was with horror he saw them then ravenously devoured by the woman and children among whom they were divided.

The tears were falling from his eyes as he listened to the brief story of their sufferings; the man and his family had been driven by distress to sell or pawn every article in their possession, one by one; the garments of himself, his wife, and children had gone, and they had no prospect but that of perishing. He was a native of Coventry, and the distress there had driven them to London, wherever greater distress soon overtook them.

And are these all your children, inquired the constable.

'No Sir,' was the reply, 'we have another daughter.'

Where is she?

'She told us, about an hour ago, that she had met a kind lady who promised her some bread, and she has gone to try and see her.'

The constable told them in brief terms of the melancholy situation in which the daughter stood. And oh! to see the withering look of the wretched mother, as she leaped from the straw, forgetful of the common calls of decency, and to hear her agonizing scream, as she caught the man's arm, exclaiming, 'my child, my child,' and to think of the faded cheek of the father, as he eagerly seized the man's shoulder, and with a wild and incredulous stare, asked what he said—or the

wailing of the other children, as they gathered round the group, scarcely conscious of what was meant, but terrified at the wilder looks of their parents? Let us draw such a picture of our own dear, happy, prosperous homes, for a moment, and how our hearts will sink within us—how the brain will throb, and how the hand will tremble as the lips utter the words, 'Merciful God forbid!'

Their visitor was in tears, but he sobbed forth a few words of consolation, and assured them that he would tell the magistrate in the morning, all he had himself seen.

He left the wretched dwelling still more wretched.—Want and Misery had been long their inmates, and now shame was come to take up with them his abode;—they endeavoured to pray, but had their prayers been heard they would have appeared more like revilers than the outpourings of trusting and patient sufferers. What could they do? they asked each other, throughout the sleepless night—they could not go naked as they were, to see their daughter, or to pray that she might be restored to her miserable home; they pictured her to their imagination jaded as it was by hunger and want of rest, as perishing by her own hand, in the filthy hole to which justice had dragged her, and in the depth of their despair, they prayed that when the morning brought the news to their wretched dwelling, their ears might be stopped by death. In moments of the utmost utter hopelessness the mother did counsel her husband to destroy her and her children as they lay there among the straw—and she told him the deed was easily done, for already was the breath failing them. He hesitated, and the hideous glare of his eyes, and the movements of his long bony fingers, told that had he been further pressed to do the deed, it would have been done. The hearing of his breath, and with the same action loosened his tongue that cleaved to the roof of his mouth told plainly of the agonizing struggle that was passing within. He gave one yell as if his breath had burst, and lay senseless along the ground. When he awoke from his fit, the wife was standing over him—her face all bruised with the blows her own hands had inflicted in her madness, and one of her children, a very babe, lay stretched along the wall, against which in her phrenzy, she had cast it.

The morning had been some hours gone; and there they lay gazing with almost insane looks upon one another, when the door suddenly opened, and the daughter rushed into the room bearing a large and apparently heavy bundle, which fell from her arms when she beheld the hideous glare of her parents eyes as they turned towards her.

'Father, father! mother, mother! said she, as she shook them both, see, see, God is good, and there are good men!—I have brought food and money, food and money, see, see!

For many minutes her efforts to arouse them from their stupor were vain; at length, though very gradually, they were made to understand what had taken place, and as they pressed their arms around their daughter's neck, and went over her bosom, their senses came back, and the call of nature was heard and answered.

The girl had been followed by the kind constable's wife, on whose lap lay the little innocent whom the mother had nearly killed in her madness, and she was cautiously giving nourishing food to the other children. In a few moments they were all partaking of the relief that had been brought.

A very few words will tell what remains of their story. When the wretched girl was brought before the magistrate in the morning, the good constable was present in the office, and in his own plain but powerful language, he described the state in which her famishing parents and their children had been found, a subscription was immediately entered into: the circumstances were made public; the poor girl was not only dismissed, but she bore with her, bread sufficient to relieve their immediate wants—and money was soon supplied to them by those who never turn a deaf ear to the call of the suffering. They are now living on the same spot, but at ease and comfort—by the labour of their hands.

Reader, this story is as true as that you now read it—it was penned from the lips of the constable, who bore so prominent and so honourable a part in the scene—and you may at any time learn his name, and hear it in his own more simple, but perhaps impressive language. He will tell you that the assistance which your heart at this moment prompts you to bestow, is not now needed by the family for whom I may have excited your sympathy, but he will also tell you of thousands—thousands in his neighbourhood who are in a state of equal destitution. He will relate to you their sufferings, and you will supply him with the means to lighten the burden of sorrow, of want, of shame, perhaps—the which may the Almighty keep far from you! To you, as Britons—to you as men or women—but above all, to you as Christians, the few pages you have read are humbly and respectfully, but ear-

nestly addressed, in the hope that through you the famishing weavers of Spitalfield may obtain some relief.

### A DISCOVERY.

The following 'Discovery,' published in the Boston *Telegraph* of April 22, 1824, remains yet to be made by many a 'Jack Newbottle.' And as some old things are quite as good as new, if not better, we disinter it from among the old newspapers of five years, and give it a reprint, in hope that it may do some more good.

#### Journal of Humanity.

Friend Hallock—I think it my duty to communicate, through the medium of your paper, a great discovery, which has lately burst upon my mind; and which, I hope, will be of general use. I have always blamed the selfishness of those, who when they have found out any salve, or nostrum, look up the secret in their own breasts and suffer their neighbours to perish for the want of it, unless they will purchase it at an exorbitant price. I shall adopt a more generous method; and hasten to tell you of a discovery, which if the world will only rate it by its utility, will place my name on a level with those of Napier, Franklin or Fulton, and even entitle me to outshine the glory of Columbus himself.

You must know, sir, that I was one of those fools who get married before they get any thing to eat; and I had a dozen mouths to feed, before I had hardly a crumb to put into either of them. When I was about nineteen years old, I took a notion to go to a singing school; where I saw Lydia Lovell, whose black eyes and writhing voice, wounded my heart, and shot all the little prudence I had, stone dead. To make a long story a short one, I courted her, and after the usual quantity of smiles, tears, puttings, sheep's eyes, quarrels and reconciliations, I married her, Oct. 31, Anno Domini, 1810. We should have been married a little earlier, only I could not rake and scrape money enough to buy one iron pot, one skillet, three chairs, a bed and a pair of bellows without a nose; with which conveniences we furnished our chamber, and began house keeping; as happy as most unmarried love, without one particle of reflection or foresight, could make us.

The honey-moon flew away in bliss; and I must own the first two or three years of our wedlock were not so miserable as they might have been. I was strong and hearty, with two good hands to my body, which had been accustomed to work, and Lydia was a trifling girl, who managed our expenses with some economy. But after all I was miserably poor, and I had in abundance the poor man's blessings. My wife was a fruitful vine, and alas! she was the only vine, in my possession, which was fruitful. What, however, beyond every thing else, increased our difficulties was, that I had fallen into the practice of drinking grog every day. I had been habituated to it from my youth, and been accustomed to reckon a little rum and water (no matter in what proportion) among the necessities of life. I followed a laborious profession, and thought a little stimulant necessary to the health of the body and keeping up the spirits. Indeed, I could not do without it; it was out of the question. So wedded was I to my superfluous appetites, that my drink-jug and my tobacco box were the idols of my heart.

Did you ever see, Mr. Editor, a man on our harbour in a boat—wind and tide against him—rowing away like a trooper, and yet making no head way? If you ever did, you have certainly seen Jack Newbottle's counterpart. I was a wood sawyer, and worked like a dog; yet I never could get one bit of bread and butter before hand. I was up early and late; never meant to be, and never thought myself an idler. Still, when it rained money, my dish was never up. Accounts came in before I could settle them; people came a dunning before I knew how to answer them. I never thought myself a hard drinker, never suspected such a thing; but when Tiptleton, the shopkeeper, brought in my bill for drink, I am almost ashamed to tell how long it was. It was nothing but do—ditto; do—ditto; like the dull unvaried note of the cuckoo, or whip poor will; and a charge at the bottom heavy enough to sink the heart of Ceresus himself. I believe the rogue overcharged me; for I cannot think a half pint a day, with one or two exceptions, is going to amount up to a barrel in three months. I have no idea of bearing on my shoulders all the sins of the knavish shopkeepers.

But the worst of my trouble was at home, I have naturally a good temper, except when something provokes me; but my wife, in the midst of my misfortunes, seemed to grow dreadful cross and scolding. She wanted tea and sugar, when she knew I had no money to get them; and we had something to quarrel about almost every day. I suppose I did not provide for her as well as I might; but then no husband likes to be scolded at, even if he is to blame. Sometimes she would remind me of my promises when I was courting her—just as if courting times were to

last always! sometimes she would snivel and cry; sometimes she would try to set the pathetic; and sometimes the reproachful part, while the children would look on, and think their parents wanted a whipping more than over they did. O, Mr. Editor, if you could have looked in, and witnessed some of our nuptial scenes—the room in confusion—the tea-kettle fallen—the skillet overturned—the Johnny cakes in the fire—the ashes all over the hearth—my children crying—my wife scolding and I swearing—you would certainly allow that matrimony, grog drinking and poverty, are three of the most ill-sorted companions, that were ever patched together. My children grew very ragged, and what is worse, I fear their clothes were but emblems of their minds. My wife too not only neglected her temper, but her person. She was entirely changed from the spruce black eyed girl, I fell in love with at the singing school; and I remember, one day, Tom Seaver, coming to visit me, and seeing her scrawled hair, said, that her head looked as if it had six mice nests built in it; and the seventh was building. But I could have borne the mice nests of her head, if her heart had not been a very rattlesnake's den.

Thus, sir, we went on growing poorer and poorer, and plunging from one misfortune into another. Nothing seemed to turn up in my favour, until, at last, my condition grew too bad to be endured a longer. I sat down one day on a white barren log which I had just sawed off, and while the coaches were rattling along the street, I said to myself, 'Jack Newbottle, what is the matter? What is it that keeps the wooden spoon forever in your mouth? Don't you work hard? Yes. Don't your employers pay? Yes. Don't you take a little corial now and then, to keep up your spirits? Yes. Do you spend your money on horses, dogs, gamblers and cheats? No. What the plague then makes you so poor? Ah, I know; it is that tempestuous wife of mine, who wants to spend all my earnings, and ten times more, on herself and a pack of worthless children. Just as I had finished this soliloquy, there came along a great blowzy fat dog, and overstepped my run jug. I saw the precious liquor run on the ground, and I had not a cent of money to buy a drop more.

"O woe! O woe! woeful, woeful days,  
"Never was seen so black a day as this."

I went home that night cross enough; but the next morning I arose in a better temper than usual; and making a virtue of necessity, I worked all that week, without a drop of true corial. Still, when Saturday night came, I was alive, and able to do what I had not done before for many a day. I went to meeting; and what do you think the minister preached on? Why, as it stung me out from every body else, he undertook to show that people were betrayed into intemperance by degrees, and I became drunker before they thought of it. He even maintained that ardent spirits might be dispensed with. In a word, to make a long story a short one, partly by profession, and partly by necessity, I have come over to his side of the question. I have made a most astonishing discovery; I have found out by experience, that neither rum nor brandy, gin, whiskey, punch, egg pop, nor lung, are to be reckoned among the necessities of life; and as I had no suspicion of this curious fact before, I beg leave to publish it for the benefit of mankind. Rum is not the staff of life; a man can live without it. There has been a great change too wrought in my family. My wife has become so neat and good natured, that I have almost fallen in love with her a second time. The times go better with me; and, unless some new storm should blow up, I hope to live and die in competence and peace.

JACK NEWBOTTLE.

### From the Massachusetts Journal.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

There is a kind of magic to the female heart in the touch of silks, and satins, and sarsonets; in the handlings of lace, leno, and embroidery, which it is difficult for the other sex to conceive, excepting those unfortunates who have to pay the bill, which are the unfeeling consequence of such a temptation, when any fair one has any kind husband with credit enough attached to his name to be placed on the debtor's side of a ledger in any of the emporiums of women, vanity, and ruin.

It used to be said of a certain very beautiful professor of the admirable arts of millinery and mantuamaking, that she had been the cause of more matrimonial fracas than had ever occurred through the difference of temper, irreconcilable dispositions, infidelity and jealousy, or the thousand and one causes that render the married life in general, anything but the Elysium which bachelor poets would make it.—Her beauty made any thing become hers; of rather she became every thing. Every day, therefore, her varied genius in the composition of caps and bonnets was exerted to produce something new, which she wore herself; and as many who crowded to this shrine of vanity and