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No. 48

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**Fresh and Splendid
VELVET CLOTHS.**

GEORGE NEVILL,
Merchant Tailor,

has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a
Large Stock of Goods,

In his line, consisting of
the best Velvet Cloths, and
an assortment of Cassimeres,
and a variety of

VESTINGS,
Of the latest fashions, with an
assortment of

Coats, Gloves, Collars & Suspenders,
of which he will sell low for Cash,
to punctual men on moderate terms.
Sept. 18.

In Chancery,
November 4, 1828.

On the petition of George Simmons,
Cephas Simmons, William Moshier,
Lewis Sutton, adm'rs. of
Henry Childs, and Henry
Thompson,

vs.
Henry C. Brown, in the case of
Richard Brown, and others,
vs.
Robert Brown, & others.

The petition in this case states, that
pursuant to a decree of the Court
of Chancery, made on the 12th day of
March 1827, a decree was passed for
the sale of the real estate of Richard
Brown, deceased, upon a bill filed by
Richard Brown, and others, against
Robert Brown, and others. That on
the 11th day of May 1827, Louis Gaa-
way, the trustee, sold the said real
estate for the sum of \$1,748 50, which
has been ratified and confirmed.
That Henry C. Brown is entitled to
one-sixth part of the proceeds of said
sale, after deducting the costs of suit,
and the trustee's commission. That at
the term 1827, of Anne Arundel
county, court the petitioners, George
Simmons, Cephas Simmons and William
Moshier, recovered a judgment for an
account against the said Henry C. Brown,
for the sum of sixty-seven dol-
lars and ninety five and three fourth
cents, upon which costs, to the amount
of five dollars and thirty-one and two
thirds cents, have accrued. That at the
same time a judgment for an attach-
ment for the sum of fifty-six dollars
and sixty six cents, with interest from
the 1st day of November 1825, was
entered in favor of Lewis Sutton,
administrator of Henry Childs, for the
said Henry C. Brown, upon which
amounting to \$8 65 have accrued.
That writs of attachment were issued
under said judgments, returnable to Oc-
tober term 1827, upon which returns of
debts were made. That said writs
were renewed in April and October
1828, and similar returns of
debts were made thereon.

The petition further states, that the
said Henry C. Brown is absent from
the State of Maryland, and has left no
agent upon which said writs of at-
tachment can be levied. That the pe-
titioners have no other means of ob-
taining satisfaction of their several
debts than the fund under the direct-
ry of this court. And they pray that
the order may be passed directing the
proceeds of said Henry C. Brown, of
said proceeds as may be necessary, to be paid
down to posterity, not only on ac-
count of its deep interest, but as a
State Record of the voluntary ac-
cessions, daring spirit, and determined
solution, of other citizens, during
period of doubt and dismay.

In the confident expectation that
citizens of Maryland will consider
proposed publication of sufficient
importance to entitle it to their patron-
age, the Subcriber is induced to issue
these proposals.

The Price per Copy, not to
exceed \$2 00.

J. GREEN

House of Delegates
December Session 1827,
Has been completed and is ready
for distribution. A few copies for
at this office, price \$1 50.

NECROLOGY.

ANNALS OF THE VILLAGE.

Betty Stevens.

“What difference is between the
Duke and I? no more than between
two bricks, all made of one clay; only
it may be one is placed on the top of
a turret, the other in the bottom
of a well by mere chance. If I were
placed as high as the Duke, I should
stick fast, make as fair a show, and
bear out weather equally.”—Vittoria
Corombona.

It is many a long year since I saw
Simon Stevens—yet I remember him
as distinctly as if I had seen him yester-
day. He was a lank, sharp vis-
aged man, with deep set eyes, thin
lips, and a loose, attenuated frame,
looking for all the world like a barn
boiler by contract.

Simon supported this singular frame
by the sale of garden seeds, which
he raised in summer, and carried to
various parts of the Union during the
winter. In travelling, he rivalled
the boasted cheapness of modern
stages and steam-boats, for he asserted
that he had made a comfortable
journey from Boston to Montreal,
without expending more than a pis-
taheen. Simon's neighbours called
him “a close, unsoberable man;”
and perhaps it was too true—for the
little he earned was obtained by hard
labour and rigid economy; and he
had small compassion for those who
had less industry, and greater desires
than himself. But unpromising as Si-
mon was in temper and aspect, there
were not wanting dames, who were
eager to undertake the task of amelior-
ating his character. The most pro-
minent among them was Betty Tower
—a muscular, raw-boned dame, to
whom nature had proved a most cruel
step-mother; for never was love
frightened away by a more sour and
malignant face; and never was maiden
more anxious to secure the good will
of that capricious little urchin. Hood
would have filled a volume with the
“whims and oddities” of Betty's com-
s; but I am fain to pass over all
save the last, and most successful one.

Simon Stevens had a cat and dog,
on which he lavished some of the
kindness, that warms every human
heart, and which can never be utterly
driven away. When Simon took
a “stamp,” as he termed it, this cat
and dog led a most forlorn existence;
and when he returned from a long
journey, it grieved him to look at
Tabb and Growler's dissipated habits,
and to observe how reluctant they
were to stay quietly at home.

Betty Tower scraped acquaintance
with these perverse animals; and by
dint of caresses, & a spare bone, now
and then, they became more than
half domesticated under her solitary
roof. Hence it was necessary for
Simon to go there frequently to claim
property—and it was likewise incum-
brant upon him to thank Miss Betty
for her persevering kindness—so the
acquaintance went on little by little,
till Simon at last went for his dog
and cat, and brought home a wife to
keep them in order. On such slight
events does matrimonial destiny of-
ten depend!

Betty was an ambitious, strong-
minded woman. Had she been the
daughter of Henry the 8th, she would
have acted her part as well as her
renowned namesake, so mighty in
her passions, but mightier in intel-
lect, but Betty Stevens had no ob-
ject, save her husband; and though
she acquired almost unbounded influ-
ence over his narrow and timid mind,
it was generally believed that her
administration made him a better and
a happier man. But there was an-
other being, who did more towards
christianizing Simon's heart, than
Betty and all the preachers could
have done—this was little Elizabeth
—the child of his old age!

In the days of Simon's bachel-
ship, the cats and dogs knew, by
instinct, that it was death to set foot
in his dominions, and were fain to
content themselves with barking at
Tabb and Growler through the fence;
the very chickens had learned to do
no more than stretch their necks
under the gate to snap at a sleeping
worm; yet Elizabeth's foot-tracks
were all over his garden—and though
the dosing father would inwardly
groan with vexation, when he saw
her little feet go pad, pad, over the
very places he had just planted, yet
he could never summon resolution to

send her into the house. Every where
the pretty innocent was at the old
man's side, at the hearth-stone and in
the church—in his garden and his
bed. So much had his rugged nature
been subdued and softened by her
artless prattle, that poor chubby
little rogues, who in days gone by
would not have dared to peep with-
in his doors, now frequently went
from thence with pockets full of nuts
and gingerbread; and the little crea-
ture, who had proved so powerful in
her helplessness, was such an one as
a father well might love; for though
Elizabeth Stevens was the offspring of
such unsightly parents, she was from
her very cradle, a perfect cherub in
beauty. The first time I saw Simon
with his new charge, he was weeding
his garden while his wife sat knit-
ting at the door, and happy little
Betty was trotting round with her
tiny water pot—doing a vast deal of
mischief—but imagining herself very
useful, just like a multitude of bust-
ling politicians, who are taught by
the craft and experience to believe
they are turning the crank, which
moves a nation's machinery. I then
thought that the child's dimpled face
had the most gushing expression of
mirth and happiness I had ever be-
held. Six or seven years passed be-
fore I saw Elizabeth again. When
dining at the princely mansion of the
wealthy George Cartwright, my at-
tention was one day particularly at-
tracted by a pretty little waiting maid,
with pink calimanco petticoat, & short
baize gown, in whose expressive fea-
tures I instantly recognised my fa-
vorite! The struggle between her
parents parsimony and affection had
ended in putting her out at profitable
service, with the privilege of spend-
ing her Sundays with them. A happy
day it was for Simon and Betty!
Had Mr. Cartwright himself been ex-
pected to spend his Sabbaths at their
humble dwelling, the flour could not
have been more neatly sanded, or the
fresh strawberries culled more nice-
ly, than they were for this darling
child. Indeed, the love they bore
this docile, affectionate and bloom-
ing creature, was the one strong,
ruling passion, like Aaron's serpent,
swallowing up all the rest. Every
look and action betrayed how heart
and soul were bound up in her; and
the youthful lover in his fondness and
jealousy, was never made so unhap-
py by neglect, as was honest old Si-
mon, when this beloved daughter
seemed less reluctant than usual to
bid him farewell. But alas! the
strongest earthly ties must be broken
—Simon Stevens was, in process of
time, gathered to his fathers! He
died as he would have wished to die
—his eyes resting upon his daughter's
face, and his cheek nestled fondly
upon her arm.

Soon after this event, I missed E-
lizabeth from behind my chair when
I dined with my friend George Cart-
wright. Her modest and attractive
looks, had interested me so much that
I could not forbear inquiring what
had become of her.

Mr. Cartwright replied that she
was too handsome for a servant, and
that to confess the truth, he found
the disposition of his own girls some-
what injured by the notice she received
from visitors—especially as their
wild, frank, good-hearted, but mis-
chievous brother, had more than once
declared he wished he had a sister
half as handsome as Betty Stevens.
My friend added, what he thought
very remarkable, that her widowed
mother had collected together all the
money she had saved so parsimoni-
ously, and was actually preparing to
go to the West-Indies, with a distant
relation, in order to establish a board-
ing house. I had always known her
an ambitious woman, whose power-
ful traits of character needed but pe-
culiar circumstances to call them into
prodigious exertion; but this spirit
of enterprise at her time of life,
with her secluded habits, seemed to
me almost incredible. Yet it was
true—and maternal affection, ambi-
tious to place a beautiful daughter
beyond the depressing influence of
her birth and education, had wrought
the miracle!

Afterward, I more than once heard
of Mrs. Stevens at the head of a
very flourishing and respectable es-
tablishment—and of Elizabeth, a dis-
tinguished belle and reputed heiress.

Where is Betty Stevens now? ...
My friend George Cartwright is dead;
his large fortune is divided among
his children; his daughters have man-

ried New-York merchants; and with-
in a few years his son has brought
home to his splendid residence a fa-
mous West-Indian lady. Had you
seen her face in childhood, you would
know it now, by the dimpling arch-
ness of expression; which even in
sadness beams forth, like fragments
of a rainbow among the clouds.

Yes, it is even so—the dress so
tasteful, yet so costly in its simplici-
ty—and that majestic figure worthy
of the Juho Matrons, belonging to
little Betty Stevens; who once fan-
cied herself very picturesque in green
baize and pink calimanco.—Mass. J.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

Perhaps no class of men have a
wider range for the exercise of the
imagination than those persons who
are engaged in the whale fishery. Al-
though in a partial degree blunted by
their monotonous course of life, still
their passion for the romantic and the
wild, meets with frequent encourage-
ment in the contemplation of scenes,
in which the rude but noble and high
sentiments of the savage are blended
with the more refined notions, and
softened by the chivalrous etiquette of
civilized life.

It was near one of those small Span-
ish towns which line the western coast
of America, north of the Isthmus,
where our ships were brought to an
anchor, after having ranged the Paci-
fic about ten months in quest of Sper-
maceti whales. Our success had been
extremely good, and wearied with
the hardships and toil of our labori-
ous occupation, panting for the green
vales and woody summits of terra
firma, we heard with pleasure the order
to lower the boat, and let half the
crew go on shore.

I chanced to be one of the “elect,”
and never did I ply the oar with such
good will as that afternoon, until I
landed on the beach, when making
fast the boat, we sallied in a body, to
have a look at the town, and make
our remarks on the inhabitants.

Never shall I forget the impression
made upon my heart, upon entering
the little settlement. Fresh from
the ocean—with a mind free from
care, I was prepared to receive what-
ever came within the pen of my ob-
servations “in simplicity of soul;” and
thus it may be supposed that the
scenes I witnessed, were likely to af-
fect me strongly, and become forcibly
impressed upon my memory.

On entering the settlement, I per-
ceived not the bustle and activity I
had so often noticed in towns of this
description, here and there could be
seen a solitary Spaniard slowly walk-
ing the streets, with his face mantled,
and his constitutional gravity soften-
ed into a pensive sadness of all en-
grossing melancholy. Three or four
old men sat on a bench, in the public
square, who raised not their eyes, on
our approach, but maintained a sullen
silence—characterized by all the stern-
ness and reserve of “Rome's slaugh-
tered Senate.”

But the women, the women! there
is something in the patient, enduring
grief of a woman, which touches the
heart of a sailor. When he compares
their gentleness and timidity with his
own embrowned, rugged and iron
frame, his reckless and callous heart,
they seem like beings of a more ethereal
mould, and he can scarcely be-
lieve that he is worthy to be the pro-
tector and partner of such lovely be-
ings. Then to see these gentle ones,
moving about pale with grief, or sit-
ting absorbed with heart-broken list-
lessness, oh! 'tis a sight that stirs his
soul within him.

This was the state of things in St.
Joseph's. As we moved along the
deserted streets, and marked the
gloom which overspread its inhabi-
tants, a gentle zephyr seemed to
breathe upon our ears, and say, sor-
row has been here—And sorrow had
been there. The ague fever had made
dreadful ravages among the inhabi-
tants. Scarcely a father but had lost
a son or a blooming daughter, scarce-
ly a child but had seen its parents
borne to his last mansion; wives had
gazed their last agonizing looks upon
the marble features of their husbands;
and the impassioned lover had breath-
ed the heart-bursting sigh over the
grave of her, who had been the object
of his young and ardent idolatry.

The afternoon passed slowly away,
in contemplation of scenes of unhap-
piness—and although we were dis-
appointed in our dreams of joy and
hilarity, the heart was improved, and
the tears which fell at the shrine of

humanity, were more to be desired
than the flowing can, and the loud
laugh which speaks the vacant mind.

Evening came, and the western sun
sunk through a misty cloud and hid
his broad disk beneath the horizon.
I had separated from my partners,
and did not arrive on the beach, un-
til the sound of the distant dash of the
oar, announced to me that I had been
left ashore, while my shipmates were
making the best of their way to the
vessel, which, by this time, had be-
come invisible in the increasing dark-
ness.

I turned and walked slowly to-
wards the town. It lay at the dis-
tance of a mile and a half from the
beach, and was only distinguishable
by the faint glimmering tapers which
lit its wretched inhabitants to the bed-
sides of their dying relatives. I made
my way thro' dell and thicket—
marsh and pool for some time, when
emerging from a bed of reeds, I gain-
ed the summit of a little hill, and
stood regarding the twinkling lights,
when through the silent air, a gentle,
harmonious strain of music broke
upon my ear. I listened attentively.
I distinguished a number of female
voices tuned to the most exquisite
melody. 'Twas a dirge. I was not
long at a loss to discover from whence
the sound proceeded.

At a considerable distance, on the
top of the hill, I perceived a number
of torches, and could plainly distin-
guish a number of female figures,
dressed in white, but could see no-
thing more.

Being a sentimental traveller, I
bent my steps thitherward. As I
approached the spot, I discovered a
circle of youthful females, surround-
ing a small coffin in which lay the
loveliest infant I had ever beheld.
The ghastliness of death had not dis-
figured its composed and regular fea-
tures; but in all its native beauty, it
lay like an elegant specimen of mar-
ble sculpture.

I stood a little distance from the in-
teresting group, and unobserved,
watched their motions.

Near the head of the coffin sat an
aged couple, supporting a young la-
dy, of uncommon beauty; a sylph like
figure, over whose pale countenance
the gloom of melancholy had thrown
a sombre shade as gave her, almost,
an unearthly appearance.

The pensive strain of the fair wit-
nesses of her distress, rose on the
still night air; and well accorded with
the darkness of the night and the sail-
ness of the scene. Her companions
were all the children of sorrow—and
they knew how to sympathise with
the daughter of affliction.

The father of the poor unfortunate
sat regarding her with a stern and
rigid countenance, in which I could
not perceive the least mixture of
compassion. The mother appeared
no less severe; but occasionally, when
she stole a glance at her daughter,
she seemed half willing to speak a
word of consolation, did not the un-
moved and relentless brow of her
partner forbid any such interference.

Once or twice one of the songstress-
es approached the sufferer, and seem-
ed desirous to speak, but the old man
gave her such a look as convinced
her that her temerity would be at-
tended with danger.

Child of sorrow, thought I, is this
thy doom? For one offence to be
banished from hope and happiness!
Fallen one—is there no one to bid
thee arise? Are not thy sorrows suf-
ficient, without the reproaches and
neglect of a censorious world? Is
every tie of kindred humanity to be
broken, because thou hast once yield-
ed to a too acute sensibility! Oh were
thy seducer here to witness this
scene, methinks 'twould be punish-
ment enough for him.

Ye rigid moralists, spare the ten-
der victim of flatter and seduction.
Recall that you too are made of
mortal clay—you too are liable to
fall; then vent your reproaches upon
him, who was designed to be the pro-
tector of unguarded innocence, but
who has reversed the order of nature,
and sought her ruin, by taking advan-
tage of that very quality which is the
ornament of a woman—sensibility!
But throw a cloak of charity over her
failings; speak peace to the fair suf-
ferer, and bid the drooping flower
lift up its head in hope.

I little knew that the only one in
the country who could presume to in-
terpose between the injured damsel
and her offended parent, was so near
me.

I discerned a military officer stand-
ing close to my right hand, whose
restless eye surveyed the scene with
increasing interest. He was a man
below the middle size, light, vigor-
ous, and active; his countenance was
severe and war worn. With his left
hand he grasped his sword hilt, and
his right was moving rapidly over his
forehead, while his head was stretch-
ed forward with impatient ardor, and
his face beamed with rough compas-
sion and varied thought. He was not
long in doubt how to proceed; he
hastily advanced into the middle of
the circle. The maidens gazed upon
him with fear, and seemed to shrink
from his presence; he advanced swift-
ly towards the forlorn, but youthful
mother. The old man started and
frowned; he gazed upon the intruder,
and was about to speak, when catch-
ing the eye of the soldier, he sud-
denly quitted his daughter's side and
made room for the stranger.

At this sight the maidens crowded
around, the mother and their friend,
and “Bolivar!” burst from their lips
in a simultaneous whisper.

The sufferer raised her eyes to the
face of the “Deliverer,” and in a faint
whisper pronounced “Joseph!”

“He is——” the hero could say
no more.

“Is coming back; coming back,”
cried the broken hearted girl, with a
convulsive laugh.

“He told me to present this token
of affection,” said Bolivar, taking a
locket from his bosom, in which was
worked a braid of bright raven black
hair.

“And he!” cried the girl with a
voice of eagerness, and fixing her
distorted eyes upon the general.

“He hopes to meet you in heaven!”
was the answer.

“My babe is there!” replied she,
and kneeling down, kissed its cold
lips.

The reason of the mother was fled
forever. She arose, and clapping her
hands, cast her eyes upward, and
cried out, “Fly, fly away little cherub,
haste thee—There! there! he's in his
father's arms;” then turning to the old
lady “Did I not tell you mother, that
Joseph would come back; ha! ha! ha!”

The parents of the lovely maiden
then enquired respectfully of Bolivar,
the fate of her daughter's soldier.

“He fell fighting at my side,” said
the General, and the last words he
said were—I have ruined her, but her
father was the cause; had he consented
to our union all would have been
well!”

The old man's features relaxed; he
groaned, and sunk upon the earth.
The aged mother wept aloud; a little
bustle ensued, during which the for-
saken one effected her escape.

When it was perceived that she
was gone, the party dispersed, and
some went in pursuit of her; while
others, with myself to rest. But the
events I had witnessed banished sleep
from my eyes, and early in the morn-
ing I rose and walked down to the
water side, to look for a passage to
the ship. As I approached the strand
I observed a crowd of Spaniards col-
lected around something which seem-
ed to interest them.

I joined them, but what was my
surprise to see the lifeless form of the
hopeless nymph, borne from the surt,
covered with sea weed, and bleeding
and mangled by the sharp stones a-
gainst which she had been driven dur-
ing the night.

It was not long before her father
was seen coming towards us, wring-
ing his hands and plucking the grey
locks from his hoary head in all the
wildness of frenzied grief. He rush-
ed to the side of his daughter, he gazed
a moment on her inanimate clay! he
was not destitute of friends, and
consolation flowed freely—“Talk not
to me,” cried he—“she had no friends,
no consoler, and she was my only
child! shall I then accept of the sym-
pathy which I denied to her? No, no,
take her hence—take her away; she
was my all; it might have been other-
wise; I never believed Joseph sin-
cere—I see it all!”

Three days passed away, and the
old man was laid by the side of his
heart broken daughter. The mother
of the unfortunate is known to every
whale man by the name of “Mad Bet.”
She is a wretched old woman, who
occasionally comes off to the ships
with a kit, load of fish, and has often
alarmed strangers, by her loud cries
and howlings in the dark wood which
lies a little to the eastward of the
town of St. Joseph's.