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The Little Factory Girl, to a more fortunate Play-note.

Recent attempts in the British Parliament to afford to the children in the manufactories legal protection from severity and overworking, have probably excited this poetic appeal in their favour:

I often think how once we used in summer fields to play,
And run about and breathe the air that made us glad and gay;
We used to gather buttercups, and chase the butterfly—
I loved to feel the light breeze lift my hair as it went by!
Do you still play in those bright fields? and are the flowers still there?
There are no fields where I live now—no flowers any where!
But day by day I go and turn a dull and tedious wheel,
You cannot think how sad, and tired, and faint I often feel!
I hurry home to snatch the meal my mother can supply,
Then back I hasten to the task—that not to hate I try.
At night my mother kisses me, when she has combed my hair,
And laid me in my little bed, but—I'm not happy there—
I dream about the factory, the fines that on us wait—
I start and ask my father if I have not lain too late!
And once I heard him sob and say—"Oh better were a grave,
Than such a life as this for thee, thou little sinless slave!"
I wonder if I ever shall obtain a holiday?
Oh if I do, I'll go to you and spend it all in play!
And then I'll bring some flowers home—if you will bring me some,
And at my work I'll think of them and holiday to come!

From the New York Mirror.

OBADIAH.

"You are a good for nothing lazy rascal," said an exasperated farmer to his son Obadiah Davis. "You have neither watered the horses, nor fed the pigs. There's Sal scolding down stairs, because there's no wood cut for the oven; and you have left the bars of the lane down, and the cow has gone into neighbour Humphrey's field. Get out you lazy, good for nothing loon—out of my sight!"

Mr. Davis was six feet high. Obadiah was not more than five feet high. The last adjectives, with the terminating noun, were rendered much more emphatic by the hearty cuff, with which each one was accompanied, and the last explanatory push, which came from a palm of a hand, brawny with fifty years labour, formed a hint not to be mistaken, that the negligent youth's company was no longer wanted.

Obadiah was a lubberly looking fellow, about twenty. He bore the beating with good grace, the necessity of which, frequent experience had inculcated; and without saying a word to his irritated parent, he went down the lane—a neglect of the bars of which, had formed one of the counts in the declaration against him—and set down on a stone, in a little grove of trees, and by the side of a brook, whose waters swept rapidly over their sandy bed, and filled the air with freshness and music. He ruminated awhile with his hand on his chin in a pouting way, which with him as well as others, was a sign of some internal agitation.

"Yes," he exclaimed—for why should not a farmer's boy address the groves and invoke the rural spirits, as well as Tell or Brutus?—"Yes," says Obadiah, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his mouth, with more of a view of comfort than grace; "yes—I'll be darned if I stand this here any more. I can't be beat like a dog all my life, and I think I may as well give dad the slip now as any other time. I'll tell him on't. If he's a mind to give me a tangle, so much the better—if he ain't, why he may let it alone."

It was about two days after the preceding events, that Mr. Davis was surprised at the appearance of his son, apparently equipped for a journey. He stared at him a moment, partly silent from displeasure, and partly from surprise.

"Well, father," said Obadiah, with some hesitation, "I'm come to bid you good bye."

"To bid me good bye, you fool! Why, where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune in the world, father. I know I am of no use to you. I think I can do almost as well any where else. I can't do much worse, at all events. So I am going down to York, or somewhere thereabouts, to get along by myself."

Warm and deep feelings, thank heaven, are not confined to the wealthy not the wise; and nature fashions her humblest hearts, as rich in strong and delicious affections, as those which beat beneath flashing stars. Mr. Davis loved his son for many reasons. He was the only child of one who had stirred up the romance of earlier feelings, and whom now the green god overtook; and Obadiah, ordinary as was his general appearance, sometimes turned upon him with an expression of eye, or replied in mirth with a smile, which recalled her to his memory, and found no where else in the wide world. Besides, he was always honest and affectionate; and though he never discovered that kind of activity which might have

rendered him useful in the station which he had occupied; yet he was his son, and as such, he felt more than he was in the habit of putting in words.

His eyes appeared moist, therefore, as he remonstrated with the young adventurer, and found him firm in the purpose which he had, it seemed, been a considerable time in adopting; and after much useless persuasion, with a voice softened by the thought of approaching separation, he asked him what course he intended to pursue.

"I am going to study law."

"And how are you to be supported while you are following your studies?"

"I guess I'll teach school," answered Obadiah, with the gravity of a saint.

The old man, in spite of his sorrow, could not refrain from laughing at the thought of his young unsuccessful agriculturalist, retailing his wisdom and knowledge to the rising generation, or pursuing the subtle shadows of justice through the mazy labyrinth of law. He looked at him with increasing wonder. There he was, with his brown coat and lincey-woolsey trousers, his hair combed straight over his forehead, and his bashfulness flinging him in to the most awkward attitudes, even in this attempt to explain his new prospects. But Obadiah, it appears, had made up his mind, and was not inclined to return to his old employment on any terms. He therefore bade his father good bye, and shook hands with his sister Sally and the cook. A short walk over the farm afforded him an opportunity of performing the same tender duty towards the horses, the pigs, and the old cow. All things being at length settled to his satisfaction, he started on his way. The poultry were gathered upon the roost, and the old dog Cassar came after him, wagging his tail affectionately, and entreating eloquently, but in vain, to accompany his master on his novel expedition.

Many sensitive folks would have yielded a few soft regrets to the quiet and really beautiful spot he was leaving, perhaps forever. But Obadiah never dreamed of regretting what he was doing of his own accord. He cast, therefore, only a slight retrospective glance upon the scene of his boyish pains and pleasures; and having survived in a moment, with one eye shut, commenced his journey, whistling Yankee Doodle.

The disadvantages under which he laboured were immense. Without education, and totally destitute of experience of the fashionable or literary world; friendless, and almost penniless, he was to make his own way among those who had enjoyed proper instruction, and rich friends from their birth—who had been ushered into public life with the honours of college, and who could scarcely regard the quiet, plain and retiring country boy, except with smiles and derision.

His advantages, however, were not by himself disregarded. He knew the strength of a mind which had grown up in the solitude and quiet of nature's abodes, unweakened by the dissipation of fashion, and untrammelled by the fetters of a bad system of education. He knew that he had great difficulties to struggle against, and that he must depend upon himself, dully to supply all deficiencies of nature or art, by his own unwearied application.

In a splendid drawing room of a well known city, a young gentleman was entertaining some young ladies. They were all in rich and highly fashionable apparel. The girls were lovely; and they, as well as the graceful youth, whose handsomely turned periods excited so much pleasure, and whose satiric wit produced such frequent bursts of merriment, seemed whiling away the hours delightfully, in all the clamring and elegant familiarity of high life. A ringing was heard at the door, and the servant announced Mr. Obadiah Davis, who accordingly walked in with his hat on, and without the slightest embarrassment proceeded to business. The politeness ever attendant upon real gentility, prompted all the company to restrain their disposition; towards, mirth, while Mr. Davis presented his letter of introduction, and the gentleman was perusing the same. But when, after having finished and folded up the letter, Mr. Chatterton introduced Mr. Davis to the ladies, as a gentleman from the country, whose intention it was to pursue the profession of law, the lurking smiles curled their rosy lips in spite of themselves; and Mr. Chatterton himself, while he performed all the necessary duties which the etiquette of the day required, added to the good humour of his fair and merry companions, by a wink which did not pass altogether unobserved.

Mr. Chatterton complied with his request, which, upon the recommendation of a friend, he had made, to be allowed to file his certificate in the office where the young gentleman, under the instructions of his father, was also studying law.

Time passed on. C. Chatterton, in the full possession of an ample fortune, and surrounded by all the pleasures of life, found a thousand things to charm him from his office. He was young, gay, and witty. His society was courted by all his acquaintance of his own sex, and among the fair and fascinating of the other, a heart like his was sure to find joys too delicious to be yielded for the drudgery of a lawyer's office, or the remote hopes of future fame. He loved music, and its notes welcomed and detained him wherever he went. Dancing was his delight; and there were snowy haunts which he knew he might have for the

asking, and bright eyes to flash upon him when he did ask; and how could he turn from witcheries like these, for the dusty volumes of antiquated law? He was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and she wooed him in a thousand ways from his tedious task. Her breath was fragrant upon the air, and her voice came to him in winning tones upon every breeze.—It was impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to her enchantments; therefore, he walked, sailed, rode—sometimes he wandered forth in the morning, to witness the rising of the sun; and again, in the summer night, the moon would lure him out from the unhealthy lamp, to roam with loved ones beneath her rays.

Now, during all this time, little Obadiah was as busy as a bee. He had taken a school, which occupied part of his time, and the income enabled him to defray all his expenses. Nothing called him from his duty.—The moon shed her silvery radiance in vain; and he had seen the sun rise so often, that it had lost all its novelty. His feelings were not awakened by wandering affections, nor was his clear and calculating brain disturbed by the intrusive visions of fancy. Nature, art, beauty and fashion, all went with their various revolutions and adventures without affecting him—his time was devoted to his duty, and he knew no other pleasure.

Ten years passed away, and brought with it, as usual, many unexpected changes.—Charles Chatterton, the lovely, the elegant, the mould of fashion, and the glass of form, had been left in poverty by the failure of his father. Bred up in all the luxuries of life, and unprepared to meet its ruder scene, he was inadequate to support himself. His fine, effeminate spirit broke down, and he lived in poverty, neglected by his former friends, and awaiting a miserable death.

Obadiah, on the contrary, has succeeded beyond all expectation. His skill and knowledge have acquired for him a high reputation; and he is rapidly amassing a fortune, which he will doubtless know how to keep, as well as to obtain. His manners, too, have become polished during his commerce with the world; and the rough and awkward country lad, is now one of the richest and most celebrated lawyers of one of the first States of the Union. His influence is visible upon a large portion of society, and there are rumours of an intention to send him to Congress.—What a pity it is that the fine and delicate enjoyment of our nature are so often inconsistent with worldly success, and that wealth and fame must be bought by so many sacrifices of feeling and affection!

THE BIODHICS.

From the Baltimore American.

One of the melancholy chapters in human history, is to be found in the narratives of the writers upon Canada and the other British American dependencies, respecting the fate of the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland. In Col. Bouchette's late work upon Canada, and McGregor's British America, great pains have been taken to collect all the facts which have attended the intercourse of the Indians with the whites, from their first discovery three hundred years since, down to the period of their final extinction. A darker picture cannot be found in the "book of time,"—or a more melancholy sketch of unintermitted distress, heroic endurance, warfare, defeat, and final destruction. Other tribes who have been extinguished by an apparent law of nature, in the advancement of civilized communities, have had intervals of peace, their gleams of success in resistance to fate, an occasional victory, to vary the rapid course of their inevitable decay. But with the Red Indians of Newfoundland, the Biodhics as they called themselves, from their first collision with Martin Frobisher in 1574, down to the period when the last of their race perished by starvation, there was no moment of peace in their downward career of perpetual persecution, warfare and defeat. It increases the sympathy which belongs to them to reflect, that they never ceased during nearly three centuries of misfortunes to defend themselves and assert what they believed to be their rights, with indomitable courage, quailing not before their enemies, but struggling manfully to the last, retreating as their numbers thinned to the recesses of their forests, and perishing with such enduring firmness in their retreats that no man knows when they died, or where the bones of the last Biodhics repose among his native trees.

The history of 130 years—that is from 1620 to 1750—as given by Mr. McGregor, is horribly brief, and inexpressibly affecting. He says, they were frequently shot by the fishermen and furriers. That is all that we can trace of the history of the tribe? What a triumphant wrong and extermination! The mystery of their ultimate destruction is not the least affecting part of this mingled tragedy of three centuries duration. In the winter of 1823 occurred the last communication ever had, and probably ever will be had with this people. Three women at that period gave themselves up in a starving condition, to the party of furriers. A few days before, in the same neighbourhood, two English furriers shot a man and woman who were approaching them, apparently in the act of soliciting food. Some years after, a society was established in St. Johns for the purpose of opening a communication with the Biodhics country. The

result is thus condensed from Mr. McGregor's Book, in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine. In autumn of 1827, a Mr. Cormack conducted an expedition into their country, with the view of pushing all the objects for which the institution had been formed. In his search for antiquities, he was not altogether unsuccessful, but as to the people themselves, he could find none.—"My party," says he, "had been so excited, so sanguine, and so determined, to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that on discovering their appearance every where around us—that the Red Indians, the terror of the Europeans, as well as the other Indian inhabitants of New Foundland, no longer existed, the spirits of one and all of us was very deeply affected."

A line of country, forty miles at least in extent, was found occupied with the fences prepared by the Biodhics, for stopping the deer in their periodical migrations from different regions of the island; no better proof could be given of their demand for food, and consequently of their great numbers, even in very recent times. But at this period, the whole of these vast preparations were neglected and decaying, the deer passed unmolested; the wigwags were, without one exception, deserted; the entire territory, within a ring of 230 miles, was silent and without a smoke; and Mr. Cormack closed his labours with the conviction that, if any solitary individuals of this once powerful nation have succeeded in escaping the merciless extermination of the whites, they must exist in the most hidden and wild places, among steep ravines, or in dark inaccessible situations, determined never again to appear in the presence of Europeans. There have been, doubtless, other Indian nations consumed, like these, by the continued violence of European encroachers, but rarely, we imagine, under circumstances of the same interest. The Biodhics were so peculiar a race, and persecuted so equally by Indians and by the European settlers, that some persons, (amongst whom is Mr. Pickerton) believed them to have been descendants of Norwegians, and in no respect connected with the Indian blood. Even Robertson supposes the Norwegians to have settled colonies in New Foundland; and the "wintland" mentioned in the early records of Iceland, is by some imagined to have lain here or in Labrador. Mr. McGregor rejects the notion of a European origin altogether, and we think rightly. Christianity could not so utterly have perished amongst them in a few centuries. And we may add, that all the features of their moral character were eminently Indian—their haughtiness, Spartan endurance of suffering in extremity, their obstinacy in rejecting all terms of accommodation from their persecutors, and the unbending heroism with which, to the very last, they retreated from the mercy of those whom they regarded as the foulest of oppressors. For three centuries, they carried on the contest; they suffered themselves at the last to be worn down by mere famine, to the wreck of perhaps a single family; and even of that wreck only three females, enabled by disease, surrendered to the enemy. Few chapters in the history of man illustrate more powerfully the grandeur of fortune; and no cases of national ruin and extinction are better entitled to our admiring sympathy. We are grateful to Mr. McGregor for having brought together the details of so profound a tragedy, from the records of authentic history; and the more so, as they run a risk of soon perishing in a colony which can have so little leisure for literary tasks.

THE NOTORIOUS STEVENS.

Among the prisoners who have been carried off by the cholera in the State Prison at Sing Sing, New York, is the notorious John Stevens, who, with his associates a few years ago committed some of the most extensive and daring forgeries that were ever heard of in this country. Stevens was an Englishman by birth, well educated, and believed to be an irregular descendant from one of the noble families of the kingdom. His career of crime had been in successful operation for many years in London, the West-Indies and elsewhere, before the hand of justice arrested him. He resided in this city a few months previous to his apprehension in New York, and was concerned with that arch villain Reed, in despoiling Mr. F. W. Dana of about ten thousand dollars, by passing a forged post-note to him for that amount on one of the New York banks. His depredations upon the merchants and the banks in New York, excited almost unprecedented alarm in that city, and it was many weeks before the eagle eye and vigilance of that renowned villain-catcher, Jacob Hayes, could put a period to his progress. After his arrest he was induced to make a full and frank disclosure of the means used by him to carry his plans into successful execution, in order to quiet the public mind, and to satisfy the Banks that many of the checks passed to them were actually forgeries. In one or two instances, the signature of mercantile houses were so closely imitated that the banks denied them to be forgeries, and were willing to submit to the loss until the question was settled, beyond a doubt by the information given by Stevens. In one instance when the gang had drawn about nine thousand dollars from the Union Bank, by a forged check, the forgeries being discovered in about an hour afterwards, one of the tellers repaired hastily to the other banks to ascertain if any large notes

of that bank had been changed by any of them in the course of the day, the money drawn being in notes of that description. When the teller entered the Franklin Bank, one of the clerks was then counting out to Stevens the change for a note of the Union Bank of one thousand dollars, but his appearance, his self possession, and the circumstance, completely protected him from their suspicion. He was sentenced to be imprisoned in the State Prison, for a period of fourteen years for his crimes, and two of his accomplices, Holdgate and Sutton, for the term of their natural lives. Reed was apprehended in New York for the forgery committed upon Mr. Dana, and being demanded by the Executive of this Commonwealth from that state for punishment, was transported hither, tried, convicted and sentenced to the State Prison at Charlestown.

The personal appearance, manners and education of Stevens, gave him currency and consideration in almost every circle where he was able to gain admission. In the interior of Pennsylvania, he represented himself to be an English nobleman of fortune, travelling in this country for his own pleasure and gratification, and so well did he sustain his assumed character, that in many places his society was eagerly courted by the most distinguished of the inhabitants. He succeeded in winning the affections of a young lady of respectability, in that state, whom he married without a shadow of suspicion on her part that he was acting perfidiously, and that she was ultimately to become the wife of a tenant of the State Prison. Her fidelity and attachment to him were not to be shaken, however, though she found herself in that painful situation, abandoned by her friends, an outcast almost from society, and the pale victim of despair. She immediately opened a small military establishment in New York, and maintained herself respectably and comfortably by her own industry.

When Justice Valentine, one of the Police Magistrates in that city, was impeached for misconduct in the discharge of his official duties one of the charges preferred against him was, that he had borrowed five hundred dollars from her husband while in Bridewell.—Upon his trial before the Court of Common Pleas, Mrs. Stevens being subpoenaed as a witness, underwent a long and severe cross-examination from his counsel, with a view to overthrow the evidence she had given in regard to that charge against the magistrate. The object of the counsel was to discredit her testimony, by endeavouring to show that she must necessarily be a woman of loose character, in consequence of her being the wife of a felon. Her firmness and demeanour on that occasion were very remarkable; and the sensibility she evinced when appealing for protection against improper interrogatories from the counsel, produced a decided impression among both the court and the assembly, that however wretched her condition was, and however perfidiously her husband had acted towards her, yet that she had ever adhered to him through civil report and good report with an unshaken fidelity.

Boston Atlas.

From the American Daily Advertiser.

THE LATE MR. JEFFERSON—THE ACTOR.
By the death of this distinguished actor, the American stage is bereft of its brightest ornament. During the many years that he was before the public, he was not only unrivalled in his peculiar department, but he may safely assert, that of his competitors, there was not one who could endure the comparison. From the commencement of his career, until a few weeks previous to his death, he continued with untiring spirit to hold the highest station in the mimic scene; and while his own heart was lacerated by an accumulation of family misfortunes, he was the delight and admiration of the public. In the endearing relations of private life, Mr. Jefferson was no less esteemed. His integrity, though engaged in a profession with which calumny is always busy, was unshaken. In fact, the narrow circumstances, which induced him to remain until the last upon the stage, were in a measure owing to the goodness of his heart, and that consciousness of rectitude, which prevents suspicion against others, rather than to any deficiency of encouragement on the part of the public.

As a father, the lamentations of his children speak more feelingly of him than could be done by an array of words; and as a friend it is sufficient to say, that of the many who had opportunities of being acquainted with his character, there were none who did not both respect and esteem him. Death, for a year or two past, has been busy in his domestic circle. His wife and several of his children have perished in rapid succession, and these repeated shocks upon a man of his remarkably affectionate disposition, have not been without their effect in rendering him an easy victim to the ravages of disease. Mr. Jefferson's habits were domestic; his means of enjoyment were interwoven with the presence of his numerous family, and it cannot cause surprise, that seeing them sinking from his side into the grave, his spirits became broken by affliction, although all outward signs were studiously repressed for the sake of those who remained, and who laboured assiduously to cheer the widowed heart. But he is gone, and estimable both as an actor and a man, it may well be said.