TICE.
earnestly requests al.
him on book accounts of
standing, to call and li-
close them in some man-
therwise they will be put
ers hands for collection,
ettlement might prevent
rateful acknowledgments
nd hopes to merit a con-
obedient servant,
SOLOMON LOWE.

otice.
n application to the next
of Maryland to change
g up the public roads in
A VOTER.

Sale
rm known by the name of
g on Treadhaven Creek,
n, about six miles from said
about nine by land—it is
unded by water, and two
fence will enclose the said
he shores abound in the
as to improving the pro-
high state of improvement
this farm two hundred &
ere will be about one hun-
shels of Wheat seeded on
ail; there is but few situ-
r to excel it—Fish, Oys-
their season, are plenty;
no better shooting ground
y person wishing to pur
ion, can now suit himself,
ion at Newyear's Day—for
apply to the subscriber.
JOHN DAWSON.

Let,
House at present occupied
t $150 per annum, payable
ALSO.
use opposite Mr. Emory's
num payable quarterly.—
PHILIP WALLIS.
3w

R SALE,
RIDGE STOCK.
at this office.
3t

otice.
ntending to leave Easton,
ts all those indebted to him
their accounts on or before
uary next, otherwise they
the hands of an officer for
JAMES MELONEY.
8th, 1827.

otice.
rder of the Judges of the
dated the 13th of Oc ten
will sell at public ven for
s, on the 26th of Decem
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deceased, except one lot
Kerby now lives, the same
James Satterfield, one of
foresaid Elijah Satterfield,
he house & farm whereon
now resides, containing
nd—This farm is well im-
ngs, Orchards, &c. A farm
land is the tenant, contain-
f land—This farm lays on
Hog Creek and is conve-
market. A wood lot of
land of Robert T. Keene,
cres—This lot is very well
uses and lots at Collins'
s of land—This lot is well
with *Dwelling Hou*
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ent heirs of the aforesaid
for the payment of the
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I POTTER,
ON FOUNTAIN,
T. KEENE,
MBOLD,
ND
I MELONY. } Commissioners.

TICE.
warn all persons from hunt-
or gun on my Rich Neck
ooting at Sedgy Marsh, or
probable I shall be a good
s winter; my Overseer will,
sitive orders, not to suffer,
son in my absence, to hunt
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siderable damage has been
ractice—it is therefore ex-
will have a due regard for
s, as all trespassers will
with according to law.
SAMUEL HARRISON.
1, w

Saddlery.
G. STEVENS
y to inform his customers
generally, that he has just
TIMORE, a supply of NEW
e latest fashions, which ad-
tock, makes a general as-
t materials; he flatters him-
ence in business and with
ood workmen, he will be
satisfaction. He will also
pply of HARNESS, Collars
facture them at the short-
the most reasonable terms
stand nearly opposite the
d a general assortment of
ips, Horse brushes, combs,

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown:" RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE WOODLANDS.

A TALE—BY A RECLUSE

Amid the desolations of winter, while ing upward to the cold and stormy , or abroad on the naked forest and de- ated plain, when the mellow warmth & light glory of the Heavens have de- d, and the living green of the woodland e sweet flowers of the plain, have led away, then the recollected visions past spring times are most full of nd the heart revels in the unvanish- memory of the past, and swells with apture in the anticipation of the future.

I speak not here of those who are pent p in cities, who know the changing sea- ons only by the musty calender, or the varying thermometor—but of those who breathe the mountain and the valley air; who climb the dizzy summits piled by the giant arms of nature, towards the stars, or tread the mossy banks of mighty rivers, and read the name of each successive season, imprinted on the scenery around them.—To these, the remembrance of the glad month of flowers comes with an enchanting spell; as the mind wanders from that which has gone by, to that which is to come a thousand recollections crowd in—and forgetful of the howling tempest that raves and whines without, it at last returns, on the wings of fancy, to some bright summer scene, and revels there, amid all the imagery of younger and happier times, until reflection dispels the illusion, and the blank reality is only left behind.

My mind was early tinctured with love of the romantic, which the wild and broken scenery, along the banks of the noble Susquehanna, far in the interior of Pennsylvania, was so well calculated to inspire. In my earliest infancy I inhaled the dews that fell from the clouds, broken on the mountain tops, into the deep valley, and listened to the roar of the river as it foamed among its deduced beds, and thundered over its long cataracts, and wound around its iron bound shores. It was with emotions of painful regret that I left the habitation of my childhood, to spend a year in New York, in 17—The tone of feeling and sentiment, however which had now become identified with my being, and the half joyous, half melancholy delight with which fancy still lingered round my native home led me to mourn associations with spirits of congenial feelings in the gay island city.

It was late in May when I reached that place; and some time after I became acquainted with a gentleman whose mind, partaking originally of the same sentiments as my own, had been in early life mellowed and refined by the influence of the softer passions. He had loved—but love had left him a monument of its destructive power; and the pale tokens of departed health that faintly lingered on his cheek, reminded me of the last tinge upon the leaves of the rose in the hour of sunset, when the withering hand of decay has been upon them. Yet the fire of unconsumed genius, still kindled brightly in his eye and when the soul shook off the calm and settled thoughtfulness of melancholy in which it dwelt, and came out from among the gloomy images of grief, where it seemed to delight in hovering over the wreck of hopes once fair, but now gone for ever, he knew how to cheer the tedious hours, and even scatter gaiety around him.

I remember well, that my acquaintance with Henry Mar, commenced in one of the first moonlight evenings in June.—Those evenings, the most delicious of the whole year, we spent together, frequently in solitary walks on the banks of the East River. The interest I felt, and often expressed, in the welfare and happiness of this amiable young man, for he was not yet thirty, seemed to have gained his heart. The history of his sorrows had long been locked up in his bosom; and he brooded over it more because few knew it but himself. I long strove to soothe his wounded spirit, for I saw, I felt, that it was deeply wounded: but he smiled affectionately at my attempt, and changed the subject from himself, to others. At length in the morning of a fine summer day, we set out to make a long projected visit to a friend of his, who owned a neat little cottage on the banks of the Bronx about sixteen miles from the city; and having spent a delightful day, we mounted our horses to return in the cool of the evening.

We had ridden a mile or two when he expressed a wish to take a road which intersected to Haerlem, and putting spurs to our horses we soon found ourselves winding through a cool and delightful wood, on the shores of a wide and ample bay.—From the moment he caught sight of this splendid and delicious scene, Henry became silent and hastened on with breathless speed turning his eyes constantly with a wild and anxious air toward the blue expanse of water, as if eager to penetrate the mist of the coming night which now hung over it, and catch a glance of some object that lay beyond it. Nor was it long before the wished for object appeared to present itself; and, whirling his horse over a small brook he mounted a green bluff between the road and the bay, was off his saddle in a moment and hastily tieing the beast to a small bush he sat down on the grass. Unable to account for his singular conduct, I followed his example dismounted and took my seat by his side. In a moment his reverie went off, and taking my hand in his, which was moist and trembling, he spoke—"Ah my friend," said he, "you litte know how closely the scene before us is connected with my feelings—I should not have brought you here to witness my weakness, but you have a soul susceptible of feeling for the wretchedness of one whose crushed heart bleeds at the sight of those out spread waters and yon distant Woodlands."

I turned involuntarily towards the East. The waves lay calm and quiet beneath the falling shades—and the white canvass of several packets bound up the Sound scarcely caught sufficient air to bend them to their course. A faint tinge of light began to spread itself along the Eastern horizon, the promise of a coming moon; and the tops of the forest on the Long Island shore became faintly visible. We were sitting on the banks immediately opposite the Bay of Flushing—and romantic as the scene at this hour appeared, and well as I knew my friend's predilection for the wild and solitary retreats of nature, still, even after the passionate exclamation I had heard him make, I could not but think this a strange adventure. But he spoke—and I listened with almost breathless interest to the history of a broken heart.

"The narrative of events," said he, "which live upon my brow, but which have never yet been trusted upon my tongue, should have been buried with me in the grave, but for the debt of gratitude I have incurred since our acquaintance—I cannot pay a debt like this with gold—the object of the world's base traffic; and you have no sorrows like mine to be compassionated, but since you have been kind and tender, bearing towards me the affectionate spirit of brotherhood, I can, I will convince you, that amid all my apparent weakness, mine was no timid spirit—I bent ... the breath of a zephyr. That thus when I leave you, you will shed a tear over my memory—and think your friendship—your love—was not misplaced.

"Left independent early in life, & under circumstances which subjected me to little control, I mixed much with the gay and fashionable world, and enjoyed that fluctuating feverish happiness which attends, most generally, an unembarrassed fashionable life. One evening at a large and splendid party, I was introduced to Caroline Le Fort, the only child, I understood, of a highly respectable English gentleman, who had emigrated to Long Island and settled in the neighborhood of Flushing, a few months before. She was young—but about sixteen, and never had my eyes beheld so ravishing a form. It would be in vain to attempt to describe her. Her voice, her manner, her very look and expression, had in them a most angelic, a heavenly sweetness; and yet her face had nothing of the tame insipidity of infantile or unanimated beauty; her keen blue eye kindled when she spoke, and on her cheek and brow might be read, each rapid emotion of her mind, as the current of thought rolled on from change to change; delighted with its richness, and astonishing with its fertility. Her figure was delicate—displaying the most perfect symmetry, with all the delicate grace, which painters delight to body forth, and poets love to immortalize. She was too beautiful for such a world, But, oh! the thought was sweet, that stole trembling as though it were sacrilege, across my bosom, even then, in the first hour of acquaintance. The thought I say was sweet, that it might be my lot to smoothe the uneven path of life before her; to deck out for her, a little paradise; to watch over her night and day; and make her life pass like an enchanted dream.

"I felt now that the calm and even tranquility of my life was broken up, that all that was to come would be joys brightest, most extatic sunshine, or the very darkness of frenzied despair. *I felt it*—reason, reflection, all the powers of the intellect are very weakness to the force of passion, when it takes hold of the soul, and assumes its mighty empire over it. I attempted, I thought of, no resistance to the impression from the first. Lost in the luxury of this new and indefinable feeling my eyes scarcely wandered a moment from the object of their idolatry during the whole evening. I was unconscious of every thing else around me, and when her father came to lead her to the carriage, at a late hour, I followed them to the street, and asked for permission to visit his summer residence, at the Woodlands on flushing Bay, as a criminal on the edge of the scaffold would ask for a reprieve. It was granted with the utmost cordiality and politeness, and full of the happiest hopes, I took my departure for my lodgings.

"I lost no time in the morning in paying a visit to the family where Mr. Le Fort, and his lovely daughter had remained during the night, but failed in seeing them—they had set out on their return home early. In the afternoon, however, I rode over to the Woodlands, and was received by the father and by Caroline with the most flattering attention. I know not that I said any thing at this time, which distinctly indicated the state of my mind, but my manner—my tone of voice—something I said or did—and love will prompt unconscious words or actions which convey an eloquent and unequivocal meaning—I only know that something I said or did, let out the secret. Mr. Le Fort, it seemed, knew my situation, and he appeared pleased with my fondness for Caroline, while Caroline herself evinced no displeasure I remained until the day following and was kindly invited to become a frequent guest, an invitation which you will readily suppose, I by no means neglected to avail myself of. Thus far our acquaintance had been rather general, than particular—it was not to remain so. My visits were constant, my attachment increased every hour. I will not attempt a description of the repeated interviews I had with Caroline; suffice it, once for all, to say that her father consented to my attentions, and she received them with kindness—I flattered myself, with pleasure.

"Thus things continued more than three months It was now midsummer, when on a delicious evening, I was sitting with Caroline, on the green bank which descended from the cottage to the bay—my heart was full of happiness, as I held her hand in mine, and listened to her sweet voice, and marked by the full moon's beams that played upon her cheek, that pleasure sparkled in every feature of her intelligent countenance. She was speaking of the loves of romance. It was then I first asked her if she ever loved. Her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled a moment; but a sigh—a pause—and a calm and thoughtful paleness succeeded. "Love," said she, 'has not always been happiness to me—I have found it like the skies in April—much shade with but a few hours sunshine.' Her hand trembled slightly as she spoke, and just at that moment a white sail swept close in with the shore, and almost at the instant we discovered it, the notes of a wild and plaintive air, came from a flute in that direction. Caroline started, and the color went and came on her cheek as she bent forward with earnestness to hear. It ceased in a few moments—the sail vanished away in the clear moonlight over the sleeping waters, leaving upon the heart a sensation like that we feel in the dream of a summer night, when music, and delight, and melancholy, are blended together, and we awake smiling and bathed in tears. Mr. Le Fort came out upon hearing the music, and remained until Caroline retired. She did not rise next morning as early as usual, and, as I was engaged in the city, I had only an opportunity to press her hand and take an affectionate leave.

"Towards evening I was walking along the docks on the East River, alone, when I was suddenly accosted by a stranger, dressed in a genteel garb, but whose countenance I knew I had never beheld before, because when once beheld, it was not soon forgotten. He was rather above the middling size, with a high forehead, bold and weather-beaten face, coal black hair, and eyes that flashed fire when he spoke. He addressed me in the most polished language, apologized for the unceremonious manner in which he introduced himself, and declaring he had some communications of high importance to make, invited me to accompany him to an Inn, about half a square distant. I consented, though, coming from a perfect stranger, the request had something mysterious about it. We reached the Inn, however, and I was invited into a private apartment, and seated at a table, on which were placed wine and segars, and a candle: the stranger taking his seat opposite, a segar and a glass were despatched, and the matter for which I came remained unbroached—now, however, a servant entered with a large, white, covered sauce dish, which was set between us on the table. The servant retired, and the stranger bowing respectfully, began."

'Sir, you are doubtless, suspicious of the nature of the business we are met to transact; to a man of courage and spirit, as I take you to be, all ceremony is unnecessary. You and I, sir, have crossed each other's path, in what manner—when or where, is of no consequence—my name and character are of still less concern—one of us must die. This will tell the rest, take your choice" And he lifted the lid of the dish, uncovering a pair of pistols.

"Little, as, upon conscientious principles I was averse to duelling, at this time I felt not the slightest inclination to peril my life in a controversy about I knew not what; with I knew not whom; and in a manner, and place, withal, which afforded small chance of escaping a bullet, and even less of escaping the arm of the law. I therefore, returned my compliments to my polite entertainer, and taking up *both* the pistols, I examined them—found them primed and well loaded—and instead of returning one as he expected, I bade him keep his seat if he wished to save his head, and deliberately walked out of the room, with one in each hand. The stranger's brow, when he found himself disappointed and unexpectedly out-generaled, put on a most ferocious frown, and then a scornful smile curled on his lip, as he exclaimed "*Well I shall reach you yet*"—Warned by this language, I kept on my guard—& on my arrival at home, mentioned the circumstance. A warrant was advised—it was procured—but the stranger had vanished—he was entirely unknown—and the pistols had been furnished by a servant from a neighboring Inn, who had been prevailed upon by bribery to act the part he did. Thus matters rested—and in a short time I almost forgot the circumstance

"I was at this time making preparations for spending the month of August at the Woodlands with Mr. Le Fort and the enchanting Caroline. The old Gentleman delighted in the amusements of fishing and hunting, of which I was particularly fond—the game in the neighborhood of Flushing, and along the shore was fine, and I anticipated a great deal of pleasure in the long visit, from these sources; but more than all from the opportunities it would afford of enjoying much of the society of my beloved Caroline, with whom, now, every dream of future happiness and every plan of future life was closely, intimately, inseparably, blended. The day at length came; I set out, but meeting with some detention on the road, it was dark before I reached the Woodland Cottage I found Mr. Le Fort alone, and was informed by him that Caroline had taken a walk upon the banks, from which she had not returned. I resolved to surprise her in the ramble, and taking my hat and cane, proceeded down the path which led to a beautiful grove on the border of the waters below the hill, in which I knew she had a favorite walk, where she often enjoyed herself in the cool of the evening. The moon had now risen, but the high bank, crested as it was with lofty trees, threw a deep and impenetrable shade over the scenery below. I walked slowly and silently down the pathway to the shore, and stood and listened, leaning against the mossy trunk of an aged tree, to catch some sound which might lead me to the object of my search. A slight breeze from the South-east rustled in the tree tops, and the waves rippling along the sand, drowned every other noise in one deep and melancholy murmur; but the moon rising gradually higher, began to illumine the grove with faint rays of soft and melting light. I gazed intensely down the lawn, and started.

"An angel form, robed in a snow white garment leaning upon a dark tall, figure, came slowly towards the spot where I was standing. Faintly as I saw, I could not mistake the person of Caroline, and to astonishment succeeded a thousand rapid conjectures. Did not her father say she had walked out alone? Had she a relative? Would she be thus intimate with a stranger? Had she another lover? These were distracting questions which I could not—dare not attempt to answer. In a moment, the recollection of my strange interview in the city, flashed across my mind and the words '*We have crossed each other's path*,' burned on my very heart.—But what should I now do? Here was another perplexing question. Utterly unable to resolve, I kept my position—the trunk of the tree hid me effectually from view, and I bent my ear to the low whisper in which they were conversing, though my conscience accused me of treachery the while They approached to the cottage path, but ten or fifteen paces distant—but still I could only distinguish now and then a solitary word. I strained to hear; I trembled with very anxiety; a hundred times I cursed the winds and the waters that broke the sounds I so earnestly strove to collect. It was all in vain: they parted—the single exclamation "Farewell, we shall meet again at the appointed time, farewell," was all I distinctly heard.—Caroline ascended the hill a short distance and paused, while her unknown visitor disappeared, among the shades of the trees, and in a few moments I saw a white sail skimming along the bay and shaping its rapid course towards the Sound; while by the moonlight, I dimly discovered at its helm, the vision I thought I could not mistake, of him whom I now was forced to regard as my mortal foe.

"My eyes had fastened on that little skiff so earnestly, that when I turned, Caroline was no more standing on the hill side; and slowly, and immediately I retraced my steps to the cottage. I found her upon the back piazza, and she extended her hand to welcome me, with a sweet smile upon her lips, and enquired in an affectionate tone of voice after my health My feelings struggled violently for the mastery—but I conquered them sufficiently to avoid exposing myself—and made such remarks as were calculated to free her from all suspicion of my having been a witness of the scene which had just passed. Indeed I strove to assume, if possible, even more than my usual tenderness of manner—and never before had my fondness met a return more warm and unequivocal than it now did. Had I lost an eye or a limb I could have forgotten the loss at such a time and under such circumstances.—But the challenge the mysterious rival the secret assignation—these kindled up a fire in my bosom which was unquenchable. I became absent and melancholy the moment I was off my guard, and this, before the evening was spent, was observed by Caroline. She insisted I was not well, & when I at length acknowledged a slight indisposition, all the hidden feelings of her heart seemed roused up—she hung over my brow pallid as it now was by the sickness of my heart, with a look of indescribable tenderness, and all that her tongue had hitherto refused to utter came now to her eyes. How could I be mistaken—could this be aught than love?—could love be treacherous? I could neither reason nor reply—my heart swelled in my throat when I thought perhaps I was wronging the innocent idol of my soul, and sensible that I could not long conceal the struggle within me, I accepted the proposition to retire.

"The chamber allotted for my rest was on the first floor—it contained one window that looked towards the bay—I closed it up—threw myself on the bed and lay some time. But sleep had departed: and, when I felt more calm, arose, dressed myself in my morning gown and slippers, and taking up a volume of the "*Spanish Chiefs*," which lay upon the table, I sat down to read. The tale was of treachery, and treason, and midnight murder—of disappointed love, and perilous adventures But it seemed to mingle with the gloom of my mind, and I read until I almost fancied myself bearing a part in each desperate dilemma. At last a violent head-ache attacked me—the room was heated, and I extinguished the light—threw open the window, and retired to bed. A feverish and sickly slumber fell upon me—and a thousand fearful things flitted across my dreaming fancy Once I thought myself on board that flying bark, and he who guided the helm, (as she flew over the stormy waves) resembled my beloved CAROLINE in beauty and in gentleness. On a sudden his visage changed—he wore the scowling brow of my unknown but avowed enemy. He put on a savage and triumphant smile, and exclaimed, "*I told you I would reach you yet*," as he raised his hand, in which glittered a keen dagger, and plunged in my breast. I gasped and cried for help—but the waves only yelled around me. My blood, I thought, flowed like a deluge—the waters became red, and the boat sunk beneath me Still I was not. A momentary torpor followed and I dreamed that Caroline had wedded a ghastly, but potent Chieftain—that I had parted with her forever, and that I was banished to a dreary wild where the ghastly forms of unsocial men roved about me in silent gloom. Then I thought her companion was the monarch of some other world, and that I saw him carry her on a bright cloud away from my sight. She looked happy; and as I stretched my arms towards her I awoke, and recollected where I was.

I slumbered once more and dreamed of the cottage—my mysterious enemy was present again—again I saw his white sail cut the waves and flap upon the shore. I thought he sprang through the window into my chamber. There was a momentary breathless pause; & while I listened for the words "*I told you I would reach you yet*." a distant scream pierced my very soul. I involuntarily cried Caroline is murdered! It awoke me. The room was in utter darkness—I remembered it had been moonlight, and that the moon had shone brightly in before. I was violently agitated, my dream pressed upon me with a horrible force. I thought I heard a faint breathing in the room, and now, I fancied the assassin at my bed side, and shrunk from the expected stroke of an uplifted weapon. My natural courage was prostrated—I tried to pray; but dread paralyzed every effort—my heart beat strong and violently, and at last I imagined I felt a hand pressed carefully on my pillow, to ascertain the position of my head, and that a face was leaning close over mine; it was, I thought, a measure to determine where my throat was, by feeling my breath. I held my breath, and strained my eye balls almost out, in endeavoring to see it. In another moment I was sure I felt the keen edge of a razor drawn across my neck!

Until now the power of motion had forsaken me In the horror of the moment it returned—I uttered a piercing shriek, and endeavored to grasp the hand. It seemed withdrawn, but I leaped from my bed; and recollecting that I had left a pocket knife I had been using on the table, I grasped it, and rushed towards the door. My arm was arrested—I turned, instant as thought, and plunged my knife into some one. A scream and fall succeeded; the question flashed like lightning upon me—*Who have I murdered?* I paused—a light came hastily along the entry Mr. Le Fort entered; I turned—the angelic form of CAROLINE lay weltering in blood upon the floor! I saw that her lovely hands were clasped closely on her bosom and that she was pale and gasping in convulsions!—I recollected nothing more, but a fierce rushing of blood to my heart, a cold shudder, and deathly sickness.

When I came to myself, several persons were weeping by my side Still I thought it was a troubled dream. I asked

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