EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XVII. EASTON MD. SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1834. NO. 35.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three time for ONE DOLLAR: and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

From the Dublin Magazine.

THE IRISHMAN IN PARIS

It was in a saloon of the Palais Royale that I first met Arthur Mac Dermot; the night was wild, tempestuous and disagreeable: the wind hollowed, and so did the rain splash and so did the passengers; I was heart sick of Paris; tired of sights; abominated theatres; discovered that my valet was a rogue, and my mistress a rogue; had been jockeyed in the morning, and jilted in the afternoon; and not knowing how else to kill a dreary hour, as a last resource, dropped into hell itself

Every body has played Rouge et Noir if they had but the honesty to acknowledge it. Therefore every body knows the locale of the table, and the character of the company. On this night there was the usual family party, with some legs and some soft ones, a few small merchants were peddling cautiously, and the only player was just then regularly done up.

May the course of Cromwell attend you red and black,' ejaculated a tragi-comic voice; which issued from the mustached lips of a strapping Emeraldcr. I looked at the plucked one; he was a fine stout, darked-haired fellow of six feet. 'He will be in the morgue* to-morrow,' whispered a lemon-coloured dwarf, with a nondescript ribbon at his button hole; 'he has lost five hundred Napoleons.' *I* examined the sufferer again. The Frenchman was wrong; the careless dare devil indifference of the man showed that he possessed that true mercurial temperament indigenous to the land of potatoes, which rises while fortune sinks, and sets calamity at defiance.

While I still gazed at the unlucky gambler, he had assumed his hat and gloves, preparatory to leaving the scene of his defeat, when a sudden thought occurred, that even yet luck might change, and the poor fellow retrieve his losses. I took ten Napoleons from my purse, called him a part, and whispered my wishes. A broad, suspicious stare from the stranger, was succeeded by an inquiry of 'whether *I* was serious?' On this point I satisfied him, and the next moment he took out his ticket case, begged me to interchange cards, & returned as merrily to play as if he had already netted a thousand.

'The devil's in the fellow's carelessness,' said I, 'my Napoleons are gone forever,' and the very first movement at the table demolished the moiety of my subsidy. It silenced my own folly and determined not to witness the result. left the Palais Royal and hastened to my hotel, reprobating mankind and the elements.

Some hours passed; every lodger in the house was sleeping but myself. Suddenly a thundering knocking threatened destruction to the door, and the drowsy porter, muttering curses 'deep, not loud,' rose to parley with the untimely visiter. A colloquy in broken English ensued. My name was mentioned—Monsieur is in bed—Monsieur is not visible'

'Bed or shin, my jewel!' roared a voice whose tones I began to recollect—'tisi-Sir, I'll see him. I will by every thing that's fortunate' and in the briefest space imaginable the black whiskered adventurer of the Palais Royal bore down all opposition, and was standing at my bed side.

'We have been lucky, my darling boy,' exclaimed the excited Milesian, as he flung a handkerchief filled with notes and gold coin upon the coverlet. 'The old girl of the wheel proved herself a gentlewoman, stuck to me like bird lime, 'till by Saint Patrick, I cleaned out the company, and broke the bank—and now for a division.'

'A division—I have no claim beyond a return of the sum I lent you, said I.

"No claim! arrah noboclish, sure, we were regular co-partners in trade," replied my loving countryman. I denied altogether the existence of the firm, and after a stout demur on his part, received my ten Napoleons, with a squeeze of the hand, that left mine aching for an hour afterwards. Taking up his hat, Mr. Dermot rolled his treasure in the handkerchief, secured it with a knot and promising that he would see me early next day, was in the act of taking leave, when the porter knocked and was admitted. He came up to say that he had observed two men of very suspicious appearance, loitering before the hotel, and had no doubt but they had dogged the stranger thither, with evil design against his purse or person.

The windows of my sitting room commanded a view of the street, and leaving the candle in my chamber, to prevent our being discovered by those without, we peeped cautiously abroad. The light was variable as the clouds careered across the moon; presently she shone brilliantly for a moment and in the passing gleam we saw distinctly two figures, such as the servant had described, lurking in the opposite port coche. The successful gambler had been pursued from that sink of villainy, the Palais Royal and the ruffians outside were waiting his leaving the hotel to rob and murder him. I shuddered when I thought how narrowly the unconscious victim had escaped assassination.

'Now what the plague can these fellows want with me?' inquired the countryman, with provoking indifference.

The porter grinned, shrugged up his shoulders, and replied with a polite bow, nothing more than to qualify Monsieur for the morgue in the morning.'

'Phew' said the Milesain with a peculiar whistle, & is it that they're after? Well a have the luck of thousands to-night I saw a very decent looking pair of marking irons on your table. I'll borrow them if you plase. Just when I go out, do you lift the window, and if, in course of your travels, you ever saw a couple of private gentlemen more beautifully taken in, never trust me with the tools again.'

Now would it not save you some trouble, and me a charge or two of powder, if you would not interfere with the executioner & remain contented for a few hours where you are?—There is an excellent sofa, wood enough in the grate, candle's wine, and you can make pillow of your property, and sleep upon Napoleons and bank notes.'

'Egad you are right, but'—

'You are dying for a row,' said I.

Why faith, I would give a few pieces to accommodate the scoundrels with the wrong metal, and while they expect gold make lead answer.'

'Well, *I* have no doubt but finishing a brace of cut throats would be a pleasant wind up to a night of play; but still I recommend the sofa to *you*, and them to the hangman.'

'You are right, said Mac Dermot,' "but it is unfair to let the honest men without waste time in useless expectation. He opened the window. Gentlemen of the pave, the top of the morning to ye, as we say in Tipperary. Toddle off, if you plase. I'm going to practice at the post beside ye, and as the light's but indifferent, why monamondiaoul! *I* might by mistake, shoot into the gateway.

The address of Mr. Mac Dermot was understood, and, indeed, would be surprising had it not, as he delivered it in three languages, namely English, Irish and French. A shuffling of feet, a muttered oath! and a momentary glimpse of two persons stealing round the corner showed that the hint was attended to.

In a little time my unexpected guest had arranged the sofa to his perfect satisfaction, heaped on a blazing wood fire fortified his stomach with by far the larger portion of a bottle of Lafitte, and long before I could compose myself to sleep in the inner chamber, a heavy breathing in the outer one told that he was as fast as a watchman.'

*A public room in which the miserable victims of suicide or assassination, are exhibited to be claimed by their friends.

MARY & ELIZABETH.

The following well written piece is part of a series of well written articles, in the American Monthly Magazine:—

"There is, perhaps, no aspect of the mind—many colored and various as are the points of view in which it may be considered more singular than that,—wherein it seems to collect itself, as it were, and to concentrate into a solitary moment of time, all the thousand emotions, whether of bliss or agony which it may have endured in disconnected succession through a long term of years. That moments of this discription are neither of rare occurrence, nor confined to individuals of any peculiar character,—must be evident to all who have observed, even with common interest, that most wonderful of created essences, the mind of man. To those, however who look somewhat beyond the surface of things, it will become manifest,—without becoming, on that account, one iota the less marvelous,—that the mind is more apt to return, and to live over again the events of former days abstracting itself wholly, and becoming totally forgetful of the present in its contemplation of the past, at periods of acute feeling, or of engrossing excitement; periods in which it would be naturally expected that apprehension, anxiety, or sorrow, would seize all the faculties of thought with a grasp so paralizing, as to rivet them immoveably to the consideration of their own immediate destiny.

It was in a state of mind not wholly dissimilar to that which we have endeavored to shadow forth, that Mary, in the solitude of her last earthly night, diverting her attention entirely from the terrible shock she was about to undergo on the morrow, thought only of her native land, still dear, though still ungrateful, a prey to the fierce contentions of her own factious offspring: of her son, torn at the earliest dawn of his affections from the arms of a mother, nurtured among those who would teach him to eradicate every warmer recollection; to pluck forth, as if it were an offending eye, every lingering tenderness for that being who, amidst all her sins and all her sorraws, had never ceased to love him with a perfect and entire love. There is, in truth, a something more evidently divine partaking more nearly of that, which we believe to be the very essence of divinity, in a mother's love, than in any other pang or passion; for every passion, how sweet soever it may be, is yet a pang,—of the human soul. All other love is liable to diminution, to change, to extinction, all other love may be alienated by the neglect, chilled by the coldness; frozen to the core by the worthlessness, of the object once beloved.

All other affections are influenced by a thousand trivial circumstances of time and place; absence may weaken their influence, time obscure their vividness; and above all, custom may rob them of their value; over all other love, the estimation of the world exercises an almost boundless sway; we honor, in our hearts, those whom the world has dignified with its approval and too often, if that approval be unmeritedly withdrawn, we too insensibly desist from that admiration which must be a component part in every warmer sentiment. But on the love of a mother,—commencing as it does, before the object of her solicitude possesses form or being; springing from agony and sorrow; ripening in anxiety and care; and reaping too often the bitter harvest of ingratitude, all external influences, all incidental causes, are powerless and vain. Time, but excites her admiration, but increases her solicitude, but redoubles her affections. Absence, but causes her to dwell with a more engrossing memory on him, from whom her heart is never absent. Custom, but hallows the sentiments to which nature has given birth. Neglect and coldness but cause her to strain every nerve to merit more and more the poor return of filial love, the solitary aim of her existance, so heartlessly denied her. Nay, worthlessness itself; but binds her more closely to him whom the false and fickle world has cast aside, to find a refuge in the only bosom which will not perceive his errors, or credit his utter destitution.

Thus, *thus* it was with Mary!—She knew that the child of her affections regarded those affections as vile and worthless weeds!—She knew that he was selfish, vain and heartless!—She knew that when she had toiled through many a summer's day and many a wintry night in framing for her beloved boy a garment, embroidered with the best of her poor skill, decked with every gem that yet remained to her of all her former pomp—that garment, the labor and at the same time a solace to her imprisoned weariness—that garment, which a son possessed of one spark of human feeling, would have cherished above the value of man's loyalty, or woman's love,—would have worn it beyond the one or principality,—would, as necessitated, as second only to the shroud of his mother,—that garment, on a miserable pretext of court etiquette, was returned to the heart broken captive, as a mere gift of ceremony, a thing under any circumstances valueless, but now impertinent and calling for contempt instead of gratitude!—She knew that a single embassy a single word from that child whom she still adored,—if conveyed to her relentless persecutor in the strong language of sincerity and zeal, if borne not by a fawning courier, but by one of those high spirits which Scotland has found ever ready at her need, if enforced by instant threats of war, would have broken her fetters in a moment, and conveyed her from the dungeons of Fotheringay to the courts of Holyrood!—All this she knew, yet her heart would not know it. When all Europe rang with curses on the unnatural vacillation of that son; when every Scottish heart, whatever might be its policy or its party despised this abject cringing; when Elizabeth herself, while she flattered his vanity and affected to honor and esteem his virtue, scoffed in her royal privacy at the tool she designed to use in public; Mary alone,—Mary the only sufferer, the only victim of his baseness, still clung to the imagination of his probity, still adored the child, who was driving her out, as the scape-goat of the Jews, to expiate the sins of himself & his people, by her own distruction. But it was not on James alone that her wayward memory was fixed. At a time when any soul less dauntless, any spirit less exalted, would have shrunk beneath its load of sorrows, Mary had a fond regret, a tear of sorrow, a sigh of sincere gratitude, for every gallant life that had devoted itself to ward from her that fate which their united loyalty had failed only to defer, not to avert. Chastelar passed before her with his tones of sweetest melancholy, & that unutterable love, which made him invoke blessings upon her who doomed him to the block & Darnley, as he had seemed in the few short hours, when he had been, when he had deserved to be, the idol of her heart; & Bothwell, the bold, the eloquent, the glorious, but the guilty Bothwell, her ruin & her betrayer; Douglass, the noble, hapless Douglass, he who had riven the bolts of Lochleven, and sent her forth to a short freedom and a worse captivity; Huntley, and Hamilton and Sayton, and Kirkaldy the most formidable of her foes, till he became the firmest of her friends, all passed in sad review before the eyes of her entrance imagination.

Thus it was that the last Queen of Scotland passed the latest night of her existance. With no consciousness of time, with no care for the present, no apprehension of the future, she had paced the narrow floor of her apartment during the still hours of midnight. Unperceived by her, had the stars paled, and then vanished from the brightening firmament; unseen had the faint dappling of the east grown into the cold clear light of a wintry morning; unheard had the castle clock sent forth its giant echoes hour after hour, to be heard by every watcher over leagues of field and forest. Another sound rose heavily, and at once she was collected; time, place, and circumstances, flashed fully on her mind; she was prepared to meet them. *It* was the roar of the morning culverin & scarcely had its deafening voice swept over, before a single bell, hoarse, slow and solemn, pealed minute after minute, the signal of her approaching dissolution.

Calmly, as if she were about to prepare for some gay festival, she turned to the appartment were her ladies, overdone by wo and watching, yet slumbered, forgetful of the dread occasion.

'Arise'—she said, in sweet low notes, 'arise, my girls, and do your last of earthly duties to the mistress ye have served so well. Nay! start not up so wildly, nor blush, that ye have slept while we were watching. Dear girls, the time hath come; the time for which my soul has so long thirsted. Array me then array me as to a banquet; a glorious banquet of immortality! So!' she continued, scattering her long locks over her shoulders, 'see, they were bright of yore, as the last sunbeam of a summer day, yet I am prouder of them now, with their long streaks of untimely snow, for now they tell a tale of sorrows borne as it becomes a queen to bear them! Braid them with all your skill, and place yon pearls around my velvet head-gear. We will go forth to die, clad as a bride; and now methinks the Queen of France and Scotland owns but a single robe of rich device; bring forth our royal train and broidered farthingale, it suits us not to fall with our limbs clad in the garb of mourning, when, heaven knows, the heart is clothed in gladness.' Tearless, while all around were drowned in lamentations, she strove to cheer them to the performance of this their last sad office not with the common-place assurances, the miserable resources of earthly consolation, much less with aught of heartless levity, or of that unfeeling parade which so oft adorned the scaffold with a jest, and concealed the anxiety of a heart ill at ease beneath the semblance of ill-timed merriment; but by suffering them to read her inmost soul, by showing them the true position of her existence, by pointing out to them the actual hardships of body, and the still deeper humiliations of the soul, from which the door of her escape was even now unclosing; and if she was not wholly successful, she yet prevailed upon them to restrain the bitterness of their grief, and, if sorrow they must, at least to sorrow in secrecy and silence. Scarcely had she completed her attire, and tasted of the consecrated wafer, long ago procured from the holy Pious, and treasured for this extremity, when the tread of many feet, and a slight clash of weapons in the ante-chamber, announced that the hour had arrived.

Once and again, ere she gave the signal to unclose the door, she embraced each one of her attendants—'Dear, faithful friends, adieu, adieu'—she said—'forever; and now remember!—remember the last words of Mary. Weep not for me, and, if ye love me, shake not my steadfastness, which, thanks to him who is the Father and Friend of the afflicted, the fear of death cannot shake by useless lamentation or abject terror. We would die as a martyr, cheerfully—as a queen, nobly!—Fare ye well—and remember!'—With an air of royal dignity she seated herself, and with her maidens standing around her throne, she bore the mien of a high potentate, awaiting the arrival of some proud legation, rather than of a captive expecting a summons to the block—'And now'—she said, as she arranged her draperies with dignified serenity—'admit their envoy!'

The doors were instantly thrown open as she spoke—the sheriff uttered his customary summons, and without a shudder she arose. 'Lead on'—she said—'we follow thee more joyously than thou, methinks, can marshal us! Sir Amias Paulet, lend us thine arm, it fits us not, that we proceed even to the death, without some show of courtesy. Maidens—bear up our train—and now sir, we are ready.'

But a heavier trial than the axe awaited the unhappy sovereign; for as she set her foot on the first step of the stairs, Melvil, her faithful steward, flung himself at her feet with almost girlish wailings. Friendly and familiarly she raised him from to ground. 'Nay, sorrow not for me,' she said, 'true friend, subject for sorrow there is none, unless thou grievest that Mary is set free, that for the captive's weeds she shall put on a robe of immortality, and for a crown of earthly misery, a circlet of beatitude!'

'Alas! alas!—God grant I may die, rather than look upon the damned deed.'

'Nay, live good Melvil, for my sake, live! Commend me to my son, and say to him Mary's last thoughts on earth were due to France and Scotland—her last but these to him! Say that she died, unshaken in her faith to God, unswerving in her courage, and confident in her reward. Farewell, true servant; take from the lips of Mary the last kiss that mortal e'er may taste, and fare thee well forever!'

At this moment the Earl of Kent stept forth, and roughly bade her dismiss her women also—'for the present matter lacked other ministers than such as these.' For a moment she condescended to plead that they might be suffered to attend her to the last, but when she was again refused, her ancient spirit flashed out in every tone, as she cried trumpet-like and clear, "Proud lord, beware!—I too am cousin to your queen—I too am sprung from your proud blood of Tudor—I too am an anointed queen. *I* say thou shalt obey, and these *shall* follow their mistress to the death—or by foul violence shalt thou force me thither—Beware, I say, how thou dare do me this dishonor.'

Her words prevailed—without a shudder she descended—entered the fatal hall looked with an air of smiling condescension, an air of almost of pity, on the spectators crowded almost to suffocation, and mounting the scaffold stood in proud and abstracted unconcern, while, in the measured sounds of a proclamation, the warrant for her death was read beside her elbow. The bishop of Peterborough then drew near, and in a loud voice and inflated style, harrassed her ears with an oration, which, whatever might have been its merits, was at that moment but a barbarous and needless outrage. 'Trouble not yourself,' she broke in at length disgusted with his intemperate eloquence, trouble not yourself any more about this matter; for I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and in this religion I am resolved to die. Turning resolutely aside, as if resolved to hear no further, she knelt apart, fervently prayed, and kissed again and again the sculptured emblem which she bore of Him who died to save. As she arose from her orisons, the Earl of Kent, with heartless cruelty, her constant and relentless persecutor, burst into low revilings against 'that popish trumpery', which she adored. 'Suffer me now, she said, gazing on him with an expression of beautiful resignation that might have disarmed the malice of a fiend, suffer me now to depart in peace. I have come here, not to dispute on points of doctrine, but to die!' Without another word she began to disrobe herself! but once, as her maidens hung weeping about her person, she laid her finger on her lips, and repeated emphatically the word, 'remember!' And once again, as the executioner would have lent his aid to remove her upper garments; 'good friend,' she said, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, 'will dispense with thine assistance. The Queen of Scotland is not want to be disrobed before so many eyes not yet by valets, such as thou!' All was now ready—the lovely neck was bared; the wretch who was to perform the deed of blood, grasping the fatal axe; and the fierce Earl of Kent beating the ground with his heel with savage eagerness' Without a sigh she knelt, without a sign of trepidation, a quicker heave of her bosom, or a brighter flush of her brow, she laid down her innocent head; and without a struggle or convulsion of her limbs, as the axe flashed, and the life-blood spouted into the very countenance of her slayer, did her spirit pass away.

A general burst of lamentation broke the silence; but, amidst that burst, the heavy stride of Kent was heard, as he sprang upon the scaffold, and raised the ghastly visage, the eyes yet twinkling and the lips quivering in the death struggle! A single voice, the voice of the zealot bishop, cried aloud. 'Thus perish all the foes of Queen Elizabeth.' But e'er the response had passed the teeth of Kent, a wilder cry rang through the hall. The savage yell of a small greyhound, the fond companion of the murdered queen's captivity. Bursting from the attendants who vainly strove to hold her back, she dashed, with a quick, wild cry, full at the throat of the astonished earl; but e'er he could move a limb, the peril, if peril there were, was past. The spirit had been too mighty for the little frame. The energies of the faithful brute were exhausted, its heart was broken, in that death spring. It struck the headless body of is mistress as it fell, and in the agony of tenderness, perished while licking the hand that had fed and cherished it so long. Wonderful! that when all men had deserted her a brute should be found constant in its pure allegiance! and yet more wonderful, that the same blow should have completed the destiny of two rival sovereigns! And yet, so it was! The same axe gave the death blow to the body of the Scottish, and to the *fame* of the English queen! *The same stroke completed the sorrows of Mary, and the infamy of Elizabeth.*

H.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—It does not appear to be generally known that the terms of the following United States' Senators expire at the end of the approaching session of Congress:

Mr. Sprague,	of Maine,
Mr. Bell,	New Hampshire,
Mr. Silsbee,	Massachussetts,
Mr. Knight,	Rhode Island,
Mr. Frelinghuysen,	New Jersey,
Mr. Clayton,	Delaware,
Mr. Leigh,	Virginia,
Mr. Brown,	North Carolina,
Mr. Calhoun,	South Carolina,
Mr. King,	Georgia,
Mr. Bibb,	Kentucky,
Mr. White,	Tennessee,
Mr. Waggaman,	Louisiana,
Mr. Poindexter,	Mississippi,
Mr. King,	Alabama,
Mr. Robinson,	Illinois.

Besides the above, there are three vacancies by resignations to be filled, viz: from Pennsylvania, in place of Mr. Wilkins; from Georgia, in place of Mr. Forsyth; and from Maryland, in the place of Mr. Chambers. The elections now in progress, therefore, are more than usually interesting, for they are to decide the complexion of the next Senate.

Important from the British West Indies—The New Haven Herald of Tuesday says; "By arrivals at this port from the West Indies yesterday, we learn that the abolition of slavery in the English Islands had commenced. In one of the Islands [Antigua or St. Kitts] the governor called together a portion of the most intelligent of the slaves, and informed them of the conditions upon which they were to be made free, and the course to be pursued for that purpose. A spirit of revolt was immediately manifested, and martial law was about to be proclaimed for the *protection of the whites.*

We regret to find that there was another riot in Philadelphia, on Wednesday night, 20th ult. Our neighbours seem determined to earn for themselves a most unenviable distinction for acts of lawless violence:

From the U. States Gazette.

More Rioting.—We are sorry to give an account of a riot in Southwark. The immediate cause of this disturbance was not the same as that of the former excesses, though it can scarcely be doubted that some of the same feelings were awakened by the outrage of the black man. It is stated that a colored man named Battis, committed a violent assault upon a white man, on Wednesday. The sufferer was taken to the hospital, and a report of the injury was generally circulated. A large number of individuals assembled and assaulted the house, broke in doors and windows, destroyed most of the furniture, turned out Battis and his women, and left the whole a complete wreck. The Mayor was at an early hour on the line of the city, with his police. The names of Foil, McCullough, Barney McLaughlen, John Gamet, and Samuel Forrest, are given as those of the rioters arrested, and held to bail in the sum of $1000.

Battis is also in prison; he was a barber, and kept his establishment in south Fourth near Shippen street.

PRINTING

Of every description neatly and expeditiously done at this Office.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0732.jpg