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. XIX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1836. No. 25.

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 times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WILLIAM LOVEDAY

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at his Store House in Easton, he thinks as general and complete an assortment of Goods suited to the present and approaching seasons, as he has ever been able to offer.

AMONGST WHICH ARE:

Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. &c.

BRITISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND DOMESTIC

GOODS,

IRONMONGERY, GROCERIES,

China, Glass,

QUEEN'S-WARE WOOD WARE,

TIN WARE, STONE WARE,

&c. &c. &c.

He thinks he can offer them on such terms as will suit purchasers. He therefore invites his friends and the public generally, to call and view his assortment, and judge for themselves.

april 9 (Wlawfw)

MANTUA-MAKING.

Mrs. Hamilton,

Most respectfully informs the Ladies of Easton, and its vicinity, that she is prepared to attend to all orders in the above business at a moments warning, and humbly solicits a share of their patronage. Being a stranger, she begs leave to refer to Mrs. Lowndes and Mrs Lloyd, in regard to her competency. She will, at all times, be found by inquiring at her dwelling on Dover Street, Easton, nearly opposite the Cart Wright Shop of Mr. J. B. Fitzjarks.

June 4, 1836 (3wov

NOTICE.

The heirs of the Reverend Christopher Spry, of Kent county, deceased, are requested to meet the subscriber in Easton, on any Tuesday in June next after the first Tuesday, to receive their dividends of said estate; any of said heirs not attending personally must recollect their receipts must be taken before a justice of the peace agreeably to the order of the Orphan's Court. SPRY PENNY.

Administrator of Christopher Spry, decd.

May 21—

FOR SALE,

Two Durham short horn male Calves, from the stock of Col. John H. Powell of Pa. imported cattle, which he lately sold at an average of $362 each. I have in my possession the pedigree of the Calves, given by Colonel Powell—being supplied, I will take $50 for each. Also two young mares, 3 and 4 years old, fine workers, sired by Chester, the dam was a fine saddle creature. Apply to

NS. THOMAS.

Anderton, Oxford Neck, June 4

The Cambridge Chronicle, will copy the above advertisement, two weeks, and charge this office.

THE SATURDAY NEWS,

AND

EASTERN SHORE GAZETTE:

A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Literature, Criticism, the Fine Arts, General Intelligence, News, &c.

Price Two Dollars per annum—payable in advance.

On Saturday, July 2, 1836, the subscribers will commence, in Philadelphia, the publication of a new weekly newspaper under the above title.

The *News* will embrace every variety of light literature, including, Tales, Poetry, Essays, Criticism, Notices of the Fine Arts, the Drama, &c. The original matter will be supplied by writers of the first eminence. A regular correspondence will be maintained with Washington, and the principal Cities of the Union, and arrangements are in progress by which letters from Europe will be constantly furnished.

Attention will be paid to securing at the earliest possible date the choicest productions of the English periodical press. Popular novels will occasionally be given, though they will not be suffered to interfere with a general variety. The latest news, and all items of interesting intelligence will invariably form part of the contents.

The *News* will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest class, and will furnish as large an amount of reading matter as any weekly paper now published in this country. It will be conducted in a spirit of the most fearless independence. All allusion to party politics, or sectarian religion will be carefully avoided.

LOUIS A. GODEY,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
MORTON McMICHAEL.

Agents of this paper will be allowed the usual commission.

Six copies furnished for ten dollars.

All payments to made in advance.

Orders, free of postage, must be addressed to L. A. GODEY, & Co.
No 100 *Walnut St. Philadelphia.*

June 11

Our editorial friends in the country will oblige us by inserting the above prospectus, and accepting a free exchange.

BLANKS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE UNCHANGEABLE:

OR, FIDELITY NO FICTION.

'I really *must* request, my love,' said the elegant Lady de Grey, as she left the room, 'that you will never flirt with that Mr. Leslie again.' *That* Mr. Leslie!

'I am afraid I never shall' was the unheard exclamation of her beautiful daughter, to whom the injunction was addressed. Lady Emma had thrown herself back in her arm chair. The rounded and youthful cheek was flushed by the maternal admonition, and still more by its subject—her dark blue eyes flashed with pride at one moment, the next were filled with tears, whilst the bright ringlets which shaded her brow looked as if the rays of the setting sun had fallen on them, and, enamoured of their beauty, had refused to depart.

She was a subject for Chalon!

'My dear, dear Laura, is she not unkind? She has not asked Herbert to dance for a whole month, and now that he is going to sea for three long years, she says I must not flirt with him!' She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Laura smiled—for she had been out two years; she signed—for she had *once* a 'first love.'

'Emma, if you go on thus you will look quite a fright to night, and it is just time to dress.'

Emma looked at the pendule, and dried her tears.

Lady Mordaunt intended that night to astonish even the London world with the splendour of her fancy ball, and she almost succeeded.

'What a beautiful girl that; with the bright hair and the black veil, waltzing with the Conte di Castelbianco—splendid! Do you know her, Leslie?' enquired a dandy, of a young man in a palmer's dress, his elegant figure disguised in an immense cloak, and his handsome countenance hidden by an enormous slouched hat.

'It is Lady Emma Vaughan.

'O! you know her then?

But no answer came—the Palmer was gone.

Lady Emma had waltzed, and was returning to her seat, when her name was whispered in her ear; she turned; a tall figure was bending gracefully over her; the eloquent and tell-tale blood rushed over cheek and brow—she trembled violently—relinquished with an agitated bow the arm of her *distingue* partner, and accepted the offered courtesy of—the Palmer.

An hour had elapsed, in the course of which Lady De Grey, and sundry disappointed dandies, had made fruitless enquiries for the lost maiden, when Lord Stanfield and a friend sauntered into a small tent exquisitely fitted up. They were about to retire, thinking it was empty, when their ears were saluted by voices.

'Will you promise, will you give me a pledge that on my return in three long years, you will be mine—at least, that you will make no other man happy with this dear hand?'

'I dare not *promise*,' said a low sweet voice.

'I have brought you a ring; let me place it on this hand till I can place another there.'

'I will accept it,' whispered the sweet voice again; 'but I can promise nothing and now farewell.'

'Good night! My own, my beautiful, farewell, farewell!'

'How excellent!' laughed Lord Stanfield, as he left the spot; 'we must see who these romantic lovers are.' A moment more, and Lady Emma left the little tent, her black veil drawn over her blushing face. She was leaning upon the arm of the Honourable Herbert Leslie, a Lieutenant (in expectation) in his Majesty's service.

The next morning, when the first rays of the summer sun were admitted into her chamber, Lady Emma awoke—a weight was upon her heart. Lady De Grey was angry, and Herbert had joined his ship!

During the 'affaire' of the toilette, she came to the fixed resolution that she would eat no breakfast.

In vain did rolls of all sizes and shapes, strange as those of Laputa, offer themselves—in vain the aroma of chocolate and coffee assailed her; she was determined.

'Emma, my love,' said the softened Lady De Grey, 'take *something*'

'Nothing, thank you,' was the heroic answer!

Tears occupied her till luncheon came with its substantial board; but the spirit of martyrdom was still strong within, and her mother talked of Sir Charles Clarke; but how could Lady Emma eat (even if she were hungry) when Herbert had departed?

How powerful is first love!

The next day, half a roll was the morning repast of 'la belle delaissee;' and matters were altogether better, save that neither requests nor commands could induce her to accompany her mother to a ball at which they were expected.

The succeeding day a party met at Lord De Grey's hospitable mansion, and Lord Stanfield placed himself at Emma's side. Highly amused by what he had overheard; he had determined to make her forget 'The Absent One.' —What passed we know not, but that night he waltzed with her at a ball; to which she had positively determined not to go! * * * *

At the end of the season Lady De Grey entered the room where her daughter was sitting.

'Emma, my love, your father has had a proposal for you, from Lord Stanfield; of course you will give a favorable answer?

'Mama' hesitated the blushing girl, 'I cannot; I am *almost* engaged.'

'To whom?'

'To Herbert Leslie.'

'A boy of eighteen!' ejaculated the amazed Mama!

It is needless to repeat what followed. Emma was firm and heroic, though she thought Lord Stanfield more handsome and more agreeable—even than her 'First Love.' * * * * *

Time past on, and another, Emma's second season, summoned Lord De Grey to town. Soon after its commencement they threw open their mansion to three or four hundred particular friends. Wearied with every thing, Emma was standing listless and alone, when Lord Stanfield sought her side. She blushed, but received him kindly. He danced with her again—again.

All was over; the lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed; but Emma still stood before her mirror.

Her cheeks were crimsoned, but not with indignation; her eyes flashed and sparkled, but not with anger. She gazed at her own most lovely form in triumph; she took the turquoise ring—the gift, the pledge of the 'boy,' and threw it from her.

She had accepted Lord Stanfield.

* * *

Two months elapsed, and the young and handsome Herbert had been recalled with his ship. He hurried home instantly, and arrived at night. He found his paternal halls illuminated; music, carriages, and noise awaited him; he dressed, and entered a welcome guest—the hero of the night!

'Lady Emma?' tremblingly inquired he.

'Will be here to-night' replied his sister, with a mysterious smile.

Abroad, Herbert had forgotten love and ring; but now he was as much in love as ever!

'Here are the bride and bridegroom' was whispered round the rooms; 'here they come!'

'I, shall look at the bride—is she not beautiful?'

Leslie gave an anxious glance. On the arm of the stately and triumphant Lord Stanfield was laid the fairy hand of Lady Emma—the *bride*.

It was now his turn to be *heroic!*

Herbert walked up to her, gave her one low and mocking bow—one bitter and Byronic smile—one withering look—and rushed out of the room——for five minutes!

Lady Emma bowed and smiled!

Herbert did not challenge Lord Stanfield—remarking that he was too much disgusted with his 'first love' to think of appealing to a *second*.'

From the Susquehanna Register.

THE ACCIDENTAL MARRIAGE.

The thread of human life is of mysterious fabrication. Man often changes his intentions—stops short in his progress—turns suddenly to the right or the left in the pursuit of some new and uncontemplated object; and for which he can give no definitely assignable reason. In illustration of the fact, the following story is offered, which may be regarded as truth, except the real names of the actors, and a little embellishment to prevent the recital from being too personal.

It was of that season of the year when the atmosphere was daily making rapid strides towards cold weather, when Harry Atwell, after a weary day's ride among the hills of Berkshire, stopped at a stage house to get refreshment and lodging for the night. He was too weary to indulge his prejudice against the posts of stage accommodation, and thought less of a few cents of extra charges for his own and his horse's fare than he did of his fatigue. Having seen his horse well provided for, and having taken his repast, just as he was retiring to rest, he heard the rattling of the wheels of the stage coach upon the pavement at the door. He knew of no possible curiosity to dispossess him of sleep, yet sleep visited him not: He used every species of flattery to obtain the balmy favor of Morpheus in vain—While thus striving for repose he heard the sound of female foot-steps and voices ascending the stair-case which was contiguous to his room, and which passed his door to an adjoining apartment.—From the fragments of conversation among them which he could understand, he judged the kitchen maid was lighting to their bed, a mother and her daughter who were passengers in the stage.—To him they were strangers: they commanded from him as he thought only a stranger's regard; he could count up no possible interest in their society, their business, or acquaintance with them; again he endeavored to compose himself to rest but his endeavors were fruitless.

While wakefulness played upon his senses and tortured his weary frame, he heard the daughter complain to her mother of suffering from the cold—that she could not get warm—and that she must return to the kitchen fire to warm her.—He heard her descend the stair-case without emotion or a single care, save that of his being freed from the unintelligible sound of their talking, as his senses now began to enjoy what his weary frame so much craved; and he was soon lost to all surrounding objects.

The sudden and unexpected opening of his door broke his slumbers, and aroused him again to full wakefulness.—By the assistance of the faint glare of light which came in at his window, he discerned a female figure advancing; and as he felt no fearful apprehensions from his unexpected visiter, he resolved to let curiosity direct him in what should follow. Accordingly, while he viewed her motions through the dusky shades of night, and saw her, preparing to be his bed-fellow, he feigned to be asleep. At length she took lodgings by his side, supposing him to be her mother, and whom she used every precaution not to wake.

Anxiety for repose had now entirely escaped him. If he could not hitherto have given any reason for his wakefulness a reason was now most obvious; to know his fair, or supposed to be fair, nocturnal visiter, and bed fellow lay hard upon his mind. Imagination would circulate freely round her ample premises; and whether she was the young lady who had descended to the kitchen—some wench of the cook-room, or some sleeping and dreaming matron, or love distracted girl, who frequently made unconscious wanderings by night, had protruded herself into his bed, was to him unknown. Any way, he determined to watch till morning in order fully to understand this strange transaction—it was not long however before he was in part relieved from his conjectures.—His unknown companion soon began to complain of coldness, and, shivering with cold said 'Mother, do lay close—do put your arm over me—I am so cold,' &c. He was now fully assured that it was the young lady of the adjoining apartment who had taken lodging with him, and, who had mistaken his bed and himself for that of her own and her mother.

Although a stranger yet he felt no desire to take the least advantage of her mistake, nor expose her to calumnious reflections. He sincerely wished to correct her mistake, but how to do so without creating an alarm, was not easy for him to determine. However an opportunity soon offered itself. The muscular form of the arm that was laid over her, and perhaps the unconscious caress that escaped the owner, so different from the affectionate embrace of a mother, its clothing and its weight, led her to suspect some error. She felt the wristband encircling his wrist which convinced her that she had by mistake wandered to the bed of some male stranger, and in wild consternation she sprang from the bed at a bounce. Expecting such an act as this, Henry had made preparations to meet it; and he arrested her flight by grasping her by the hand. 'Madam,' said he, 'you have made a mistake—don't be affrighted—give yourself time to hear me, and I presume I can correct you. Your mother is unquestionably in an adjoining room, and from whom I will no longer detain you.—She hurried from his presence to her mother, whose slumbers had intervened what had passed between daughter and the stranger, and which the daughter knew by the reproof her mother gave her for her long stay at the fire side.

It was now no longer difficult to assign a reason for the absence of Morpheus. He often changed positions unconsciously while ruminating on what had passed, & was more than once almost ready to believe that some prognostic must attend it. To raise his feelings to a still higher pitch of sensation he discovers in his bed a ring which, from what he could judge, must be an object of some value to its owner. Such were the incidents connected with the ring it could not fail to be an article of worth to him. This incident furnished his mind with a new train of thoughts. It was an article of worth to the lover, the owner, and the finder; but should he bear it off, it would sink in value to him, for it could only convey to his mind the recital of a nocturnal event almost too transcient to be realized. To retain it he viewed as too vulgar—in the extreme unjust; while how to return it—that was the question. To tender it to the owner at her lodgings would merit the severest rebuke, as being an offence against chastity and decorum, and would reflect odium on himself; to offer it after she had arisen would unavoidably either unfold the whole transaction, or occasion a denial of the ring, and thereby bring upon himself the severity of reproof and perhaps a joke which might follow him to his disadvantage; yet to return it to its original owner he firmly believed it to be his duty. While laboring under this perplexity the thought struck him of changing his course and of taking passage in the coach, hoping thereby to gain an opportunity of returning the ring to her who perhaps had the greatest reason to regard it as a treasure.

The human mind, while under the influence of paroxysm, makes rapid excursions through the regions of fancy, and a vast number of images are hastily contemplated; and thus was it with the mind of Henry. He sometimes fancied her to be a beauty, surrounded by a multitude of charms & accomplishments—at other times, a Miss Vinegar, with a visage like a battle axe—possibly, some married lady—possibly a shrewd, and object of disregard and dread by all her acquaintance. He at once resolved to forget till morning, all this strange manœuvre, and to cover the whole with a pleasant repose. But his resolutions were ineffectual—they were only of that kind, which men often find it not impossible to carry into effect. His mind would, in spite of every power he could muster, be inquiring into the mystery of what had just passed and it seemed that some circumstance, of consequence, or event of magnitude must be connected with it To have a view at least of this strange female by fair day light he was determined, and to accomplish this he resolved to take a seat in the coach for one day's ride.

He now patiently waited for the call for the stage passengers to arise; and when that call was given he instantly arose, and making all possible haste, gained the hall before the ladies. He there posted himself in the most favorable situation for a reconnoitre; to his great satisfaction, he soon saw two females only enter the room, and whom he had the strongest reason to believe were the ladies in question. But their dress and the shade of night prevented his making any satisfactory discovery. His only course was now to follow his previous determination of being their companion in the coach; and accordingly he gave a few hasty directions to the landlord for the maintainance of his horse during his absence, and then took seat in their company.

Tedious enough were the passing hours which intervened the rising sun.—He had sufficient leisure for speculation had not the darkness of night intercepted his visions and of course the time passed heavily along with only now and then some disconnected remark or accidental sentiment to break one continued silence. Daylight at length began to dawn; and as the increasing light illumined the coach, he summoned every optic nerve to aid him in examining the features and the form of her who had accidentally and unconsciously produced or rather caused, such an excitement in his feelings. The full tide of day light unfolded to his view not a Miss Vinegar with a visage wrinkled by years and a countenance distorted by an acrimonious and fugitious spirit, but beauty symetry of form and accomplishments united.—He viewed & contemplated her by sudden and transcient glances of the eye, with all the penetration his situation and circumstances would justify, and every review only gave inducement for another mingled with a growing desire for acquaintance. New and different topics were called up to induce and keep conversation active in order to strip curiosity of all impudence while feasting his fancy upon the features and accomplishments of the young female passenger.—Sometimes he could fancy that he beheld in her countenance, her person, her general demeanor, and the genius of her mind, all that he or any man could desire to be united in a wife, and some secret sensation would often tempt him to attempt an acquisition, but then the thought that she might be in the legal possession of some happy husband, or plighted to some doating swain, repressent his attempts, but could not hush his curiosity. Several painful hours had passed away without discovering any circumstance to soothe the fluctuations of his mind; until at length from some remarks between the mother and the daughter upon the juvenile transactions of their neighborhood he fancied he had good grounds to believe that the daughter still remained in the state of 'single blessedness.' This give him no small satisfaction, as the task of returning the ring to her whom he believed to be its owner was greatly diminished.

By this time conversation had in a great measure become divested of formality and restrain; and he learned with much pleasure that the design of the journey was to visit some relatives in the country; and that a few hours would bring them to the close of their journey. He carefully feigned to have business in the same vicinity to which they were going, and offered them any assistance they might need which he could grant. They received his proffered kindness with many thanks and such demonstrations of pleasure, as to give him additional assurance. Having thus ingratiated himself into their favor, and the unpleasant task of self-introduction being, principally overcome; he discovered an easy pleasure in the company of his new acquaintance, and the passing moments were no longer tedious. However, the business of the ring still lay heavily on his mind; the difficulty of passing it up to the owner was not yet removed; he earnestly wished to return it, and in that act he ardently wished to obtain her whom he found himself now estimating far above the value of the ring.

It was near the close of the following day when they arrived at their place of stopping. The house to which they were going was of some short distance from the road side: and his assistance now in handing their baggage, together with other past kindness, gained him an easy introduction among their friends, & consequently friendly solicitations for social visits while he should remain in the vicinity: and such was the interest that he realized in the person and company of the young lady, that he found it no difficult task to attend with punctuality to every solicitation. In short, since to become acquainted with her was his only design in turning aside from the direct pursuit of his pecuniary interest, he could find no real enjoyment when not in her company. Such indeed had already become his attachment for her that he at once determined to hazard a disappointment.

By dint of stratagem he gained from her the pleasing intelligence that she was free from promise or obligation to any man as connected with the matrimonial contract. The solution of one problem more, is either the affirmative or negative result, and his business in that vicinity would come to a close; and that question was, whether he should meet a welcome, should he give her a visit at her own residence. Having obtained the affirmative answer, he hastened on his return to his horse: and having completed his first intended journey, and despatched the business upon the completion which he set out, he returned home.

This singular transaction in all its various bearings and connexions, as may be easily conceived, often recurred to his mind; and it was to him a mystery whenever he contemplated the ring; that, if this young lady was really the owner, no mention of the loss of it should have been made in his hearing. The ring he still retained, thinking that some favorable combination of events might crown the return of it with diversion.

The story now when shortened is this: Soon after her return home he visited her, and subsequently married her. Every thing bade fair to crown their union with happiness. To return the ring to its bride when now he was satisfied was hers from having learned from her she lost her ring on the previous journey, he sought to do in the most advantageous manner. Accordingly at one of their marriage festivals while mirth & merriment occupied the guests, he unexpectedly appeared to be excessively angry & accused his wife of deceiving him—of having been in bed with a man before they were married. The deepest consternation instantly filled the hitherto jovial circle; while the bride made unqualified denial of the charge. He alleged that he could prove it—she summoned to the trial: and friends interposed their kindness in attempting to hush what they supposed the real elements of stormy life. Whereupon, he took the ring from his pocket book, and handing it to her, said, 'Madam, is not this ring yours?—You left that ring with the man in whose bed you shared. Can you deny it?' As may be well supposed she was shocked to the very soul of her, while the whole of her tavern excursion through her mind.—The fact, though a mistake on her part, she saw clearly was fully understood—and she trembled for the fear of consequences which she expected would inevitably follow. After having diverted himself and the company at her expense, in petrubation and the prospect of almost certain misery, he made a full rehersal of the story to the great amusement of the company, and the happiness of the bride, to see the prospect of a most ferocious storm so pleasantly terminated.

TRENTON, N. J. June 3.

Ingenious attempt to break Prison.—A vicious young fellow in Lamberton Penitentiary, John Conduet, on Monday morning last, made an attempt to break out—which, for design and execution, would not have disgraced Vidocq himself. He was confined alone in a cell, the only entrance to which is through a bar iron door which opens into a narrow hall—the common outlet of some six or eight cells—and this hall communicates with the entry running through the entire wing by another bar-iron door. The custom of the institution is, for the prisoners to retire to their rooms, and be locked up, at seven o'clock—a short time after, another keeper passes through the entry, looks into every cell to see if its occupant is there, and tries the lock. With all this the prisoner was well acquainted, and arranged his plan accordingly. He borrowed from an inmate of a neighboring cell a suit of clothes, in which he dressed himself. Then taking his own he contrived to give it the appearance of an effigy of himself, instaling it in his shoes, and crowning it with his hat; not forgetting to decorate the back part of its head and neck, which the hat refused to cover with a copious supply of his hair.

The moment the key was turned on him on Monday evening, having all things ready he proceeded to action. His "worthy representative," whose constituents parts had been carefully secreted except the dress which he wore, was made to "put on the form and semblance of a man." Then standing on his bench, with his back to cell door, and the front as though looking out to the front window, he left his new friend, like a substitute in the militia, to pass muster in his stead. By some art unknown, he quickly contrived to draw back the heavy iron bolt, and broke the eye of the lock which secured his door, although both of them were eighteen inches distant from any aperture in the cell door, and no aperture is more than one inch and a half wide. Arriv-

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