EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXVI. EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1843. NO. 44.

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.

From the United States Saturday Post.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

A bright afternoon, succeeding a dull, cloudy morning in Autumn. The sunbeams, the more brilliant for their late imprisonment gleamed gladly over vale, hill side and summit. Beautiful sunbeams, emblems of life and gladness in the human soul; infusing a fresher and livelier glow in the drooping, animating the weary & despondingly, glowing over all things with their golden lustre, making a sad world beautiful, and a bright world glorious. They stole through the cottage door, and the high arched portal of wealth; they rested, alike, on the hoary bowed head of age and the glad brows of youth, —on the truest and the lowliest.

Mabel Raynard smiled, for the first time that day as she wat bed from her window the heavy mists of the morning gradually recede in the distance, & warm, glowing radiance illuminate the landscape. Her own young heart had been full of sad thoughts, but now a bright and cheering influence dispelled the recent gloom. Not long can the very young remember their disappointment or sorrow by and the future with a glory, glad anticipations. And now, as the brightest sunbeam streamed full upon the eyes, made of her hair, leading a tinge of purple to the blackness and over her lovely, child like face, the light of hope sprang up like a bright beacon in her heart.

'I will seek my father,' she murmured, 'he will not—he cannot refuse the petition of his only child.'

In the same mansion, with his head bent over his clasped hands, his limbs relaxed and listless, his eyes bent down upon, though not upon the massive tome opened before him, sat a gentle man in deep thought. Suddenly, a small hand was laid upon his head, an arm stole 'round his neck and the lips of his child touched his forehead. He looked up with a quiet, searching glance into her anxious face, and her eyes sunk beneath it. He drew his arm around her, and placed her beside him, and for a few moments neither spoke, though Mabel's heart quivered like a frightened bird. At length the father said, sadly and mournfully.

'And so my daughter would leave me for the home of a stranger. Scarcely past her childhood she deems herself capable of choosing a husband better than her father. Ah me! will she find the world always so flattering and so kind?—will her lover be ever so devoted? I, who have read life better than you, Mabel. I who love you so truly and so fondly, have laid my interdict upon your wishes, & I have only acted thus that you might be a happier and a nobler woman.'

'Oh, father!' said the girl in a low, tremulous voice, 'never, never can I find a heart nobler and better than your's to lean upon never a home of greater enjoyment! Nor do I wish to leave you in your loneliness. He whom I love will join me in adding to your comfort, will be to you a son, supplying the place of my lost and lamented brother.'

'Never!' cried the old man vehemently while he half rose from his chair, and slightly pushed away his daughter, 'Never can such as James Lennox supply the place of my beloved Charles! never shall he call me father! not shall my home be polluted by his presence. He is a weak, unprincipled man, Mabel, unstable as the wind, companion of the profligate and the abandoned.'

Up, over the girl's pale brow rushed the burning crimson, and her lips quivering angrily, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she stood up before her father:

'He who told you these things perjured his soul with a base falsehood—and your informer I know. Dared Walter Lennox hope to heap insult and dishonor upon the noble head that stands unscathed & triumphant in its purity? dared he hope to win my hand by reviling his cousin's character? He is a bold and daring wooer;—more so than he shall be who wins the hand of Mabel Raynard!'

'Yet, father,' said she, more calmly, as Mr. Raynard gazed with astonishment upon his usually mild daughter, 'Yet, could these charges be substantiated, you know how willingly I would resign James Lennox. But they cannot!—they never can! And oh! father,' she pursued, sinking upon her knees beside him, 'for my sake, do not cast him utterly off! father, goaded by despair & anguish, hopeless, aimless, may he not become what you picture him? For the sake of the love you bear me, for the sake of the love you bore my mother, look not thus angrily upon her child! Give me but a faint, a distant hope, father! For my sake relent your stern decree;—he will be here, this evening—let it be my joyful face that shall greet him. Father, father, you will not utterly annihilate the happiness of your child!'

He looked upon her as she knelt before him, her face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes raised so beseechingly to his, her delicate form bent earnestly forward, and her child's heart fluttering against her boddice, and he leaned over her and clasped her to his bosom.

'I have never been a harsh or an imperious parent, Mabel, and, since you plead so earnestly, this much I promise you. Two years shall form your character; and if he, if Lennox love you still—and you shall deem him worthy—I—will not thwart you. To no other conditions will I yield my assent.'

'A thousand, thousand thanks!' the maiden cried, kissing her father's cheek. 'He will issue unscathed from the ordeal, dearest father;—he, himself, will prove how false your estimate of him has been. And see,' she added, darting to the window, 'some good angel has appriesd him of my successful pleading, for here he comes, as fast as steed can carry him.—How proudly—how nobly, he bears himself—even as some knight of the olden time!—I must away to meet him, the bearer of glad tidings.'

Mr. Raynard turned to the window as his daughter quitted the room. A servant was leading away a horse from the massive old portal, and a young man now stood before it with face and form of an Adonis,—there was a tone of finished elegance in his whole manner an air of fashion well suited to his extreme personal beauty. His eye, eager and wild as the falcon's glanced into the face of the girl who had just joined him, and a deep sigh burst from the father as he watched them disappear amid the wanderings of the garden walks, apparently in ear nest and delighted converse.

'Will her girl's heart break' he murmured, 'when this man's perfidy be proved, as it must be ere many months expire? or will she, like a true woman spring from her side one who is so base and so dissembling? She is happy now in the truth of the promise I have given her and I did so promise her that she might never think that my refusal in despoiling his hopes, had hurried him into excess.'

At this moment a young man entered the room and advanced slowly towards Mr. Raynard. Despite the air of profound dejection that pervaded his face, it was of noble and commanding aspect. Not the mere beauty of features or color,—for he was very pale, and with lips compressed and eyes cast down, bore no comparison to him who had won the love of his host'e daughter. But there was a dignity, a loftiness of bearing that fully compensated for the absence of more attractive graces. Over broad, snowy brow, the chesnut hair parted in slightly waving masses, and when his eyes, those glorious eyes were lifted at last to the face of Mr. Raynard, they spoke the powers of mind, the fire of genius that even the deep sorrow of the present moment could not quench

'I have come,' he said faltering, 'to bid you farewell, to thank you for your great kindness to me and to pray, that although the title I so vainly aspired to, that of your son, has been denied me, I may hope for a place in your affections an interest in my wayward fortunes;—is it not so?'

The old man's very soul was wrung as he grasped his hand—

'God bless you, Walter! you have been as my lost son to me,—and but for a child's whim, you might have been such in truth. Yet one word. Mabel, with all her fondness, is a proud and noble girl,—and when she sees James Lennox's unworthiness, she will cast him off forever. I know her. Walter, she came to me just now, and prayed me, for the sake of her dead mother, to consent to this union. And I yielded. Nay, shrink not, boy? Years, long years shall pass, that will either improve your cousin's character, or establish its worthlessness. Mabel may yet be yours.'

Light came for a moment to the desponding heart of Walter Lennox, yet only for a moment. How could he dare hope for the love of one who had treated him with uniform indifference, nay, bitterly with contempt, and so he turned away with a weary weight upon his spirit, and a tide of anguish circling round his heart.

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It was a lovely moonlight evening, and a face as lovely peered out from the parted curtains of Mabel Raynard's chamber; a face full of innocent and overflowing happiness. She looked upon the moon and the holy stars—she looked on the surpassing sweetness of the landscape before her, and her own heart was thrilling in unison with every glancing moon beam. Below her, where the cultivated garden slope stretched far away behind those mighty sycamores, until it reached the verge of a beautiful river, bloomed flowers and shrubs of rare fragrance, and the evening air swept balmly over her polished forehead, laden with their spiciness. And not alone did the wind nestle amid the leaves with its sweet moaning, not alone did the flowers sway beneath its breath. There was one there concealed by the waving arms of the sycamores, who gazed upon the fair face of the unconcious gil, upturned in the placid moonlight, and bid a long farewell to the object of his fervent love.

Life was one beautiful dream to Mabel Raynard, even in the absence of him, who gave its principal charm. What though long, long miles intervened between them!—were not his words to be treasured, his smiles recalled, his thousand flatteries remembered. And then came letters, breathing the very soul of love and tenderness Mabel read and re-read these precious epistles—and smile not reader, if the first were more treasured, when gradually they became fewer and filled with details of fashionable life, of balls and routs, in which he always seemed the most prominent actor. In all this she saw but his kindness, his wish to amuse her—living, as he did, in the heart of a metropolis, and she buried in the obscurity of the country. The selfishness, the vanity of his heart was never apparent. Yet dearer and dearer grew those first, fond letters he had written her soon after his return. And so a year sped on.

And then to Mabel's startled ear came the tidings that her lover had forsaken her for the smiles of another. That the belle of the city had gained the heart proffered to the simple country girl.

She sat alone that night. Ah! who can tell of the deep struggle with her own heart—of the crushed hopes—the utter disappointment of that hour? The moonlight streamed full upon her face again amid the parted curtains of her chamber window.

'And is this true, Anna? Are you sure, quite sure?' she said to the friend who had very gently broken the tidings. 'Did he gain me but to forsake me? Oh! Anna, Anna, speak true as you value my happiness. Be quick, quick—there is an aching, quivering pain about my temples, and I shall go mad if you hesitate longer!'

'I was but the other night I saw him, Mabel. He is a splendid looking man, truly—but I hated him then, that he dared to smile so proudly and so triumphantly upon the rich Miss Lemer. It was known throughout the room that she had gladly accepted him. And I thought of you darling, and I smiled so bitterly and spoke such cutting biting sarcasm, that even he was silenced—for, Mabel I heard that man boast of the number of his conquests, and he dared to name you among them?

The young lady paused paralyzed the effects of her own words: Motionless, white as alabaster grew that beautiful face—the large dark eyes were fixed tearfully upon her friend; she spoke no words—she heaved no sigh—but she sat there with the moonlight streaming over her pallid face, as though the blood had frozen in her veins, and life had left her heart. At length she uttered in a deep, unnatural tone:

'You may still have been mistaken, Anna: are you sure he named me, and you?'

'Sweet Mabel,' answered her friend, tenderly twining her arms around the wretched girl; 'I would not pain you but to save you—and what I tell you, is alas, too true. And now, spurn from your heart the ingrate who is unworthy of your pure love! Could you know what I do, Mabel; how many a fond heart has been crushed through his treachery; how many an innocent love has been won and slighted—you would treat his very name with the contempt it merits.'

'Leave me, leave me!' murmured the poor girl; 'leave me this night to my own sorrow, and the morrow will satisfy you as to my future conduct.'

She wrote to him that night. Beside her was his last letter, written a week previous still filled with sentiments of love—A scornful smile came to her blanched lips as she conned its contents. She wrote proudly and sternly, told him, of his perfidy and falseness, and discarded him forever. Not a tear dimmed her eyes—not a tremor shook her hand as she closed and sealed the letter. She rang the bell, gave it in charge of a servant for immediate despatch—and throwing herself upon her bed, murmured,

'I may now at least indulge in woman's natural sorrow.'

Those tears were the last she ever shed for James Lennox.

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'Mabel,' said Mr. Raynard, 'do you still hold your antipathy for Walter Lennox?'

'No! father, no! I was unjust and cruel towards him. I can scarce remember now, what I said or did, but I believe I have pained him sadly.'

'He will visit our neighborhood shortly. I know not whether he will summon courage to call on us after his disappointment. Can he have any hopes of success this time?'

'None, father, none!' She answered, reproachfully: 'I cannot bestow my love so lightly. Let him return as a friend, if he will. I can receive him in no other view.'

'I know it, darling, I was but joking;' rejoined the old man, though a gleam of hope sprung up in his heart.

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Two years have passed since the commencement of this brief tale—and Mabel Raynard stood again at the same window from which she had watched the approach of her youth's idol. Two years,—and had he proven a true and loyal lover, orange blossoms might have been twined e're this over her raven curls, and her sunny smile gladdened another home. But now—why looks the maiden farth with a tearful eye and tremulous lip?—What mean those mourning robes that shroud her figure? And why beside her, on a table, lie her cloak and hat, both of that sombre hue that speaks of the destroyer. Mabel Raynard is gazing for perhaps the last time upon the domain of her father, the home of her happy childhood. Alas! what changes had those brief years wrought. Possessing then, a father and a lover; the cold earth had scarcely closed over the honored head of the former, while her affection for the latter was now as a vague chimera, a delusive dream of her childish fancy, and yet the revulsion had wrought a wonderous changes for the child had now become a woman, full of warm and rich affections—of brilliant and ennobling powers of mind.

'My own beautiful home!' she murmured, leaning her small hand upon the casement sill: 'Why do I love thee so? whence comes the charm that binds me closely, now that he, who made my life happy is gone forever? Oh! father, father, thine was the loved hand to shower blessings, numberless as the stars of heaven; that hand now mouldering in its damp sepulchre of earth, though the spirit is with the God who gave it?

Sad and sorrowful was the heart of the orphan. A feeling of desolation she had never before experienced, crept over her. She was alone upon the wide world, with those most dangerous gifts to an enthusiastic girl, great wealth and extreme personal loveliness. And now, the last tie that bound her to the past, was about to be severed, in her abandonment of that home which had always sheltered her—Within its lofty chambers had sounded in days gone by,

Sweet childhood's song of glee—

here had she gambolled be the side of her only brother—here had a mother's face bent tenderly over her, e'er they carried her, the beautiful and deeply mourned to her long rest—and here, greatest of all trials, had she leaned in fearless agony over her dead father.

'Mabel,' said a kind voice beside her. 'Do not weep so bitterly. Bear yourself up against this last, this greatest trial, and the future will open its glorious colors to overspread the darkness of the present.'

'Ah, Walter! answered the maiden rising, and placing her hand in his—'Talk not to me of new friends, new joys—since I must leave my home, let it be quickly, for my resolution wavers even now, as I look out upon that beautiful and familiar scene.'

She held her mantle towards him, and he folded it carefully around her, then drawing her arm in his, he led her quietly through the portal of her home. Tenderly as a mother he lifted her into the waiting carriage, and amid many a sorrowful face Mabel Raynard passed away to other scenes and other friends.

Her future home would be with the mother of her friend Anna, in the centre of a busy metropolis, amid all the life and gaiety of a populous city. Yet to Mabel in her first season of mourning, never had she experienced more complete isolation than amidst the moving mass of beings, insensible alike to her bereavement and her patient suffering. But time the soother of grief, the balm to many a wounded spirit, wore on, and carried another year, like a slowly rolling wave to the bosom of eternity.

'Mabel,' said Anna Rolson, entering her friend's room, 'I met Walter Lennox in my walk this morning. His visit to the city, he says, will be of some duration. Aye, smile dearest! and blush so prettily, for lo! as I entered the door his servant handed me this beautiful boquet for Miss Raynard. Rose buds and all such delicate emblems, as I live! ah, Mabel, there are many ways of breathing love.'

Mabel Raynard sat that day beside a table on which lay books, paintings, and music. She had attempted each in turn, yet all had been thrown aside, and now she leaned her head thoughtfully upon the table, and strove to read a stranger volume—the windings of her own heart. One part she read clearly and truly. An open letter lay before her, traced in the characters of a hand she had almost ceased to remember. The contents ran strangely thus:

'You have not utterly cast me off, Mabel; unworthy as I have proven. I acknowledge with deep penitence and remorse my shameful conduct But, oh, believe me when I tell you, no matter how my actions belied me, that I loved you then and I love you now, and ever, better than life itself. And there was a time that you returned it. They say that woman's love is deep and lasting. Pray God, yours have survived the lapse of time. One smile, one word may answer this. Be mine! be mine Mabel! and if a lifetime of devotion can redress one wrong, you shall be happy.'

Had she been selfish, or haughty, or vain, Mabel would have gloried in thus humbling her recreant first love. But the remembrance of that early sorrow had passed away, even as a troubled dream. They had met since, in careless and casual acquaintance, without one pang for her, and she was too noble and too good to glory in her triumph. One only thought she gave it, and then turned to peruse another page of her heart's feelings.

Once the *doubtful* now the *certain*, heiress of splendid fortunes—once the timid, untutored country girl, now the dignified and self-possessed lady of the city. For these he deems me worthier to bear his name.'

A hand was laid upon her arm, and Walter Lennox stood beside her, with a doubtful smile upon his lips & a changeful cheek. He had been her friend, her more than brother in all her afflictions, and Mabel freely placed the letter in his hand.

'Your answer?' he queried briefly, after he ran over its contents.

'A decided negative,' was the answer, 'how could I answer another?'

There was a moment's pause.

'Mabel,' said Lennox, in a voice low and tremulous, 'if I dare to proffer again my once rejected suit, will it meet the same answer? On your father's death-bed you promised to hold me as a dear brother. But the world cavils at this title and so in truth do I. Ah! let the tie be nearer, holier.

He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips, then pressed the unresisting fingers to his forehead. Suddenly Mabel looked up, and met his eyes, fixed so passionately, so tenderly upon her, that a burning blush mantled her beautiful cheek, and yet a smile broke over those lips that spoke no reply It was enough. His manly arm was around her, his lips for the first time pressed hers, he went forth from that room her chosen, her affianced husband.

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And now 'tis Mabel Raynard's bridal eve Amid a group of fair, young girls she stands the fairest. Over her brow and amid the clusters of her raven hair they weave the gossamer veil and the orange blossom. The wealthiest bride, of all, that season, she wears no jewels over her pure robe of satin. Her queenly and glorious beauty is her only ornament.—Anon she leans upon his arm, who stands beside her in all his noble and manly bearing, and her lips pronounce those vows that bind till death. The dazzling and brilliant scene passes unheeded for the moment; the present seems lost in the past, and her dead father rises before her, to approve her choice and bless his children. She looked upon the face of her husband, literally radiant with joy, and oh! how dull and vapid seemed the first love of the child, to the fervent devotion of the woman. That was a sweet delusion, but this, a bright and certain reality. The objects of both were standing, beside her. James Lennox, with his eyes cast down, and his manner constrained and embarrassed, attempted to follow others in his congratulations; and Walter, with his majestic figure, and his spiritually animated face, seemed like a being of another world.

'Thank Heaven! thou art my last and best love!' she murmured half unconsciously.

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THE ROMANCE OF FRONTIER LIFE is well exhibited in the following extract from an oration on the last 4th of July at Camp Madison, Ky., by the Hon. Geo. Robertson:

In 'the Blue Lick defeat,' August the 20th 1782, the cormorant of death fed greedily on the flower of the first settlement. On that darkest of their gloomy days every settler lost a friend and nearly every family a prop. And on that bloody field the Cole, Todd and Trigg the chivalrous Capt. Hatfield, and the gallant son of Boon, lay undistinguished among the promiscuous slain, all soon mangled by devouring wolves and vultures, so as not to be recognized by their friends, who, three days after the battle buried the fragments. A few of their crumbling bones, since collected by their countrymen, now lie exposed to the elements in a confused pile, on the summit of the bleak and rocky plain where the heroes fell. We cannot now imagine the grief and despondency with which the mournful intelligence of that day's catastrophe covered the land.

But the survivors, though wofully bereaved, were not to be discouraged or dismayed. They were resolved never to look back or falter in their first and last resolve to conquer the wilderness or die in the attempt. *Israel's God* stood by and sustained the noble but forlorn band for their cause was his. On the long roll of that day's reported slain were the names of a few who had in fact been captured, and, after surviving the ordeal of the gauntlet, had been permitted to live as captives. Among these was an excellent husband and father, who, with eleven other captives, had been taken by a tribe, painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all. The night after the battle these twelve prisoners were stripped and placed in a line on a log, he to whom we have specially alluded being at one extremity of the devoted row.

The cruel captors, then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one; but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up also and drew their bloody knives to strike under each uplifted arm, they paused, and, after a long powwow, spared his life—why, he never knew. For about one year none of his friends excepting his faithful wife doubted his death; she, hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived and would return to her. Wooed by another she from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her expostulating friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct; she reluctantly yielded, and, the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin; at the familiar sound she leaped out like a liberated fawn ejaculating as she sprang, 'that's John's gun!' It was John's gun, sure enough, and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterwards that same husband fell in 'St Clair's defeat, and the same disappointed but persevering lover renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife. The scene of those romantic incidents was within gunshot of my natal homestead, and with that noble wife and matron I was myself well acquainted.

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A GENIUS AND NO MISTAKE.—We have frequently heard of the evidences of more than ordinary talent exhibited by a little fellow in this place of humble origin, but who rejoices in the euphonious and classic name of MILTON MOORE. He has from his childhood given indications of cleverness not very common, and though at this time but thirteen years of age, he has exhibited specimens of imitative art & mechanical skill which are not often met with, such as a miniature fire engine, drawing paintings &c. More recently has turned his attention to sculpture, and the little but rough slabs of marble, in his perseverying and skilful hands, have been reduced to shape and made to represent flowers with a beauty and truthfulness to nature, which proves beyond a doubt that Milton Moore is an embryo Cleavinger or Greenough. What has done, so far, may be regarded as mere child's play—it is his way of enjoying his hours of leisure, and if the man equals the promise of the boy, 'Milt' will go ahead and no mistake.—Chambersburg (Pa.) Whig.

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The Player and the Publican—Foote, travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare?

'I have dined as well as any man in England,' said Foote.

'Except Mr. Mayor,' cried the landlord.

'I do'not except any body whatever,' said he.

'But you must,' bawled the host

'I won't.'

'You must.'

At length the strife ended in taking Foote before the Mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years, always to except Mr. Mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing, that the thought the landlord was the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor.

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JOHN RANDOLPH'S MOTHER.—If men's minds would but retain the form and pressure of a mother's mouldings, how much more bright their characters would appear in after life than they often do! The soundest and most correct thinkers have acknowledged that those traits for which the world have given them most credit were the result of early maternal counsellings. The late John Randolph some years before his death wrote to a friend as follows:

'I used to be called a Frenchman because I took the French side in politics; and thought that was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for *one recollection*' and that was when my departed mother used to take my little hands into hers and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' &c.

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BOLINGBROKE.—Bolingbroke left one of his infidel publications to be published by Mallet, a brother unbeliever. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of the legacy, exclaimed. 'A scoundrel! who spent his life in charging a pop-gun against Christianity, and a coward! who afraid of the report of his own gun, left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.

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THE ELOPEMENT.—The parties concerned in this affair which has created more excitement abroad than here (if we may judge from newspaper reports) were brought to this city yesterday by High Constable Moody, & examined by Justice McCauly. The circumstances which there transpired show that the affair is a more melancholy and pitiable one than was at first immagined. Schrouder which we understand is the name of the man with whom the girl eloped, is now under arrest upon the charge of ABDUCTION.—It is believed that he is a married man.—One person present at the examination was willing to swear that he *is married*, and has two children. The Mayor of Philadelphia, as well as several Clergymen to whom the runaways applied to be married, much to their credit, refused to tie the knot. Schrouder has been sent to prison.—Del. State Journal.

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