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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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POETRY.

From the Fair Bulletin.

A LAND OF REST.

I gaze upon the downy bird
In Autumn seek its southern nest,
And when the song no more is heard,
I deem there is a land of rest!

I gaze upon the golden cloud
So softly moving to the west,
And when in distance fades its shroud
I deem there is a land of rest!

I gaze upon the sunny stream
Gay dancing to the ocean's breast—
And when I lose its passing gleam
I deem there is a land of rest!

I gaze upon the evening star
Sink slowly down a weary guest—
And when its light goes out afar
I deem there is a land of rest!

H.-TRISTO.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdue for fear of the storm
O, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way:
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour;
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!
Forgive and forget! there's no heart so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affections there live;
And the best of all require something concealing.
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the clouds from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such brows to have met
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If heaven refused to forgive and forget?

THE STOLEN BRIDE.

A TALE OF ANTIGUA.

In 1640, the English settlers were disturbed in their possessions of Antigua by the Caribs, who made a descent upon the island, pillaging it, and destroying every thing that fell in their way. After many lives being lost on both sides, the English were enabled to repel their invaders, who, however, succeeded in carrying away the Governor's wife and her two children. It is maintained by some authors that the after fate of this unfortunate woman was not known; but that every thing the worst might be imagined from the character of the Caribs, goaded on as they were by the loss of their country.

There is, however, a tradition still extant in Antigua, which most probably relates to this catastrophe. In the first years of this island becoming an English colony, it was, of course, but thinly peopled by Europeans, and consequently there was but little force to repel any invasion. Parties of Caribs from the different islands—particularly Dominica, used frequently to land upon it, and distress the inhabitants. In these invasions, no mercy was shown, no quarter given, to the unhappy people who fell in their power—and after a combat, numerous were the bodies left upon the field of battle.—Armed with their massive clubs and sharp spears, at the end of which was inserted a fish bone, dipped in the poisonous juice of the lianas or the machineel, the Caribs were no mean foes.

No sooner had they set fire to a cluster of houses, or destroyed a field of tobacco, the chief production of the island in those days, than they immediately flew to their canoes, which were so fast in sailing that before the alarm had subsided in one part they were burning and plundering in another. At that period, the house where the Governor resided was situated near Falmouth Bay; and in the village itself the principal of the English settlers lived. Government House, from its situation, was particularly open to the attacks of the Caribs; and here the first part of the scene took place, which gave rise to the "Legend of Ding-a-Ding Nook."*

It was night. The wind, which had been blowing rather hard during the day, as evening drew in, gradually sunk, until at midnight, the time when the legend opens, it was a dead calm. Nothing was to be heard but the dull moaning of the waves, as they broke heavily upon the beach, or, now and then, the distant bark of a dog from the house of the settlers, which, with the natural fidelity of that animal, had followed his master to these sunny Islands, when he came in search of that fortune which his native land denied him.

The family of the Governor consisted of himself, his young and beautiful wife, two lovely children, and his numerous domestics. At an early period of this evening, his lady, with the warm solicitude of a mother's love had seen her infants safely deposited in their cot; and with a mother's prayer for their happiness upon her lips, watched beside them until the depening rose upon their cheeks, and their measured breathings, showed that they slept the quiet sleep of childhood.

Hours rolled on, and all beneath that roof sought their resting place—all but the Governor's wife were quickly in the arms of sleep. As if some "spirit of the night" had whispered a hint of the sufferings she was fated to endure, an irresistible feeling of melancholy hung over her. Sleep she could not; and to ally the fever of her brow she rose from her couch, and throwing her robe around her she opened the lattice. The scene she looked upon was wild and beautiful. Dark masses of clouds still hung about the heavens, and strove to hide the beams of the rising moon, but she, "fair Cynthia," kept on her way in peerless majesty, and shed on every object her mellowed light. The simple houses of the English were visible amid the trees, above which the stately cocoa-nut reared its head, its long pendant branches perfectly motionless. On one side the bay of Falmouth lay stretched before the eye of the gazer, every snow crested wave of which could be counted; and on the other were the dark mountains, except in the opening of the bay, where nothing was to be seen but an extent of water.

Long did that beautiful lady gaze upon this scene; many thoughts did its loveliness conjure up—thoughts of her native land, its verdant hills and spangled dells, and all its towering cities. Present objects were fast fading away, when a splash of the waters were heard, and as her eye sought the ocean, a swift gliding canoe came in sight. At this moment the moon which had been lately obscured, shone out with redoubled brightness, and she could plainly discover that the canoe contained about twenty armed men, and was quickly followed by another, with even more than that number. Who could these strangers be? was the first thought: and what was their business at such an hour? Were they Caribs? And one more glance at their wild forms and the dreadful truth rushed across her mind, that they were coming to storm the house. Soon she awoke her husband and told him her fears, the domestics were aroused and armed, and the house put into a posture of defence.

The canoes were no longer to be seen; and even the lady was inclined to ask.—Could it be one of those wild vagaries of the imagination? when suddenly the war cry was heard, and, with dreadful imprecations, a party of Caribs bounded in sight. Terrible was the fight that succeeded, and many a corpse strewed the ground. At length the Caribs were obliged to retreat: but alas! they carried with them all that was dear to the Governor—his wife and children. The Caribs, hotly pursued, made for the place where they had directed their canoes to wait, under the charge of some of their friends dragging the unhappy lady and her two babies with them. Frightened by the wild looks of the Indians, and suddenly awakened from its slumbers, one of the little innocents commenced crying bitterly, which its distressed mother, at the command of her conquerors, vainly endeavored to still. After walking or rather running for some distance, they had almost reached the sea side, when one of the Caribs, more ferocious than the rest, and thinking that the cries of the child would perhaps lead their pursuers to the spot, caught the baby by the feet and swinging it around his head, at one blow dashing out its brains upon a neighboring rock.† This deed committed in sight of its parent, the lady and her remaining child were rudely hurried on, until, the beach gained, they were thrown into one of the canoes; & the whole party embarking, they pushed out into the ocean.

The Governor, finding they had escaped proceeded on board an armed vessel, and immediately sailed in pursuit of the enemy. The morning that succeeded that disasterous night was one of West Indian beauty; not a vapour was abroad; the sky was one deep, lovely blue, and the sea looked like fluid light. Seated upon the high poop, anxiously did the Governor scan the waters in hope of seeing the canoes; but nothing met his eye—not even a speck appeared to raise his hopes. Hour after hour passed away, but no sight of the fugitives; night drew on, and the breeze died away; the sails flapping heavily against the mast, bespoke another calm. How tedious seemed those hours of darkness—how fervently was the morning wished for; but just before dawn the wind sprung up, and soon after the mountains of Dominica appeared in sight. Slowly but surely the vessel glided on, every eye watching for some trace of the lost ones, who in the opening of a little bay, two empty canoes were discovered. Could these be the same they were in quest of, was the anxious query; and if so where could there owners be?—Orders were given to let go the anchor, and prepare the boats; and in a short time the Governor and his party, all well armed were landed on the beach.

A beaten path led up to the mountains, and it was determined to pursue in hopes of its leading to some dwelling where they might obtain information. As it proceeded however, it became more and more intricate, guava bushes, aloes, and the prickly pear grew thickly together, while different species of parasites conspired to render the path more impervious. In some places it was almost obstructed by these various bushes, interspersed with larger trees, so that the companions of the governor were for returning supposing no one could have passed that way lately. But he was determined to proceed a little farther, and had just stretched out his hand to sever with his sword the overhanging boughs of an acacia, when suddenly he made a start, his heart beat almost to bursting, and, unable to speak, he pointed to his amazed followers a portion of white tafeta hanging to one of its sharp thorns.

This he felt assured, must have been torn from the robe of his wife; and consequently, that was the road her conquerors must have carried her. Upon further search among the rank and tangled grass, in hope of discovering prints of footsteps, marks of blood were observed. These led to farther inquiries. Could they have murdered her there? But no; had such been the case, greater quantities of blood would have marked the deed. Perhaps she might have been wounded, and placed in some concealment near. Again they proceeded guided by the drops of blood, until coming to an abrupt turn of the path, about a dozen Caribs' huts lay stretched before them and their fierce inmates lolling around the open doors.

In less than a minute all was confusion! Confident that this was the party who had stolen his wife, the Governor rushed upon them furious with passion. Not a Carib did resist his power; Carib after Carib lay stretched by the prowess of his arm; and springing over his prostrate foes, the husband entered the principal hut, which he had observed was carefully guarded throughout the fray. A well-known voice called his name, an infant's cry of joy saluted his ear, and bursting open an inner door, his weeping wife was in his arms, and his darling child clinging around his knees. It took but little time to quit that spot, and retrace the mountain path. The drops of blood he had seen were occasioned by his wife's shoe coming off, and the ragged ascent cutting her tender feet upon her journey to the Carib's huts. The boat was quickly gained, and in a few minutes they reached the ship, and unfurling the sails, they sought the shores of Antigua, where they arrived in safety.

Hitherto all was well. Happy in again seeing her husband, and knowing herself and child were safe, that lady still took comfort, although mourning the untimely fate of her other darling. But this did not last long. Other thoughts arose in her husband's breast—thoughts too horrible to mention.

"Oh! what dreadful minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, still doubts, suspects; yet strongly loves."

In vain his poor unhappy wife protested that she was pure.

"Jealousy is a green-eyed monster,
That doth mock the food it feeds upon;"

and by its whispers drove him, who was the affectionate friend and protector, to be the harsh and implacable tyrant. No longer enjoying the society of his wife, he determined to get rid of her; and for this purpose built a keep in Ding-a-Ding Nook, and, conveying his wife hither, left her to wear away her life in hopeless misery.

This is the legend; and well might that Nook be selected for such a place of seclusion, for it is a valley shut in by the surrounding mountains, and open only to the sea. I have heard another version of this story, which says, the Governor and his lady parted by mutual consent, and that it was her wish to have a house built in that spot. Surely, if this was the case, she must have had the taste of an anchorite.

*One state in Antigua called by that name

†This rock is still pointed out upon an estate, called Patterson's, belonging to the Hon John Athill.

FISH.

A friend who has just returned from the sea shore of New Jersey, informs us that the whole shore, for thirty or forty miles, is covered with dead fish, cast up by the sea. They are of all kinds, from the smallest perch, to the largest sturgeon, some rock fish weighing forty or fifty pounds and rich sea bass. Many of the fish are washed up before they are dead. So great is the number, that a gentleman computed that on Leaming's Beach alone there must be ten thousand bushels. What has happened among the fish, we cannot tell, as we do not know to what unwholesome influences they are liable in the deeps below, but something extraordinary must have been in operation to produce an evil so extensive. Was it a volcanic eruption.

DETRACTION.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasures of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.—*Johnson.*

Arrest of a Notorious Female for Abduction.—We have been in possession for some days past of the history of a woman in connection with certain base transactions, who is not unknown to the courts in this city, but have deferred referring to it until the ends of humanity should be accomplished in rescuing from impending ruin two interesting orphan girls. That object having been gained, we notice the matter now somewhat in detail, with a hope that she may meet her reward, if not from the law, from which she has long been a fugitive, at least from an indignant and insulted public opinion. The female alluded to, is known as Mrs. Lackey Barry, alias Mary Coyle, alias Bramble; whose life seems to have been passed in crime and beastiality. She was originally a resident of the vicinity of Cambridge, Dorchester county, of this State, but abandoning her husband, took residence in this city—bringing with her a daughter of much beauty; both of whom, mother and daughter, are known for their vile life. Among the incidents of criminal record against her, it will be remembered that some time back, while still living in this city, she visited the store of Mr. B. V. Richardson, for the supposed purpose of purchasing, and concealed two splendid shawles beneath her cloak; which the clerk soon missing, went in pursuit of her and found them in her possession. She was arrested and committed for trial, but was afterwards released upon straw bail, she went off, and there the matter rests. The next thing heard of her was, that she had been arrested in Norfolk, Va., for offering to sell five negro children, whom she was charged with having abducted from their father, George Roberts, living on Fell's Point. In this case also, she gave bail, and nothing has since been heard of in the case. The colored man got possession of his children again. She then went to South Carolina, and we know nothing of her history while there. We next find her in Washington city, where she carded herself as "Mrs. Coyle, dress-maker." But we come now to speak more particularly of the recent base act, in the career of this notorious woman, which has called forth this notice of her.

Some few months ago, this woman visited the scene of her former residence on the Eastern Shore, and abducted from the care of an aunt, two interesting orphan girls, one aged about eleven and the other five years. They were brought to this city, the daughter aided in this nefarious transaction. The friends of these two orphans, uneasy as to their destiny, for they obtained knowledge of the fact that they had fallen into the hands of a woman [illegible] nigh related to them, they feared would prostitute them as she had done her own daughter, to base and vile purposes, immediately apprised a family in this city of the matter, and asked their interference, in recovering the children again, if possible. Diligent search was made, and they succeeded in finding the youngest girl in a house of ill fame, in the neighborhood of Federal Hill, from whence she was taken after some resistence on the part of the inmates, and conveyed to the house of her deliverers. The innocent girl recognised the face of the lady who was prominent in rescuing her from impending ruin, and expressed her gratitude in a truly affecting manner. The other child was absent, and in charge, as supposed of the vile woman, who, like a serpent, had beguiled these two little innocent children, from their virtuous and happy home. The family alluded to, however were determined upon accomplishing, if possible, their errand of mercy & humanity; & by dint of diligent attention to the matter ascertained that the vile woman, with her virtuous charge, was in Washington, D. C. The persons, efficient in this matter, procured letters from legal gentlemen of this city, to the U. S. Attorney of the District of Columbia, Mr. Fendall, and repaired forthwith to Washington; upon arriving there, after first assuring themselves of the presence and location of the woman, they procured the instituting of proper legal process for her arrest with a view to the recovery of the child. Under a warrant issued by Justice Thompson on Monday last, officers Burr, Beck, Dexter and Mills, succeeded in arresting her and her daughter on Tuesday morning. The girl was found in the house and was identified by the family in pursuit, as the lost orphan child. The woman (Barry) was taken before the Magistrate; but during the investigation, she was summoned before Judge Cranch under a habeas corpus, who caused the child to be delivered over to the benevolent persons who had instituted its recovery. The woman and her daughter were subsequently committed to jail, in default of $1500 security to answer to the offended law.

The family alluded to above, who have thus saved from ruin two orphan girls, will pardon us for giving their names to the world. We therefore give the names of Mr. J. H. McKnight and lady—to whom, we are sure, will be awarded, the kindest regard of a virtuous community, the most heartfelt thanks of the friends of the children, and the prayers of the orphans themselves.

We close this already too extended notice of this infamous woman, by asking, "shall she go longer unwhipped of justice?"—*Balt. Clipper.*

☞ 'I feel rather dull to day,' as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

THE ANTI-RENT MURDER AT GRAFTON.

The Troy Budget of Saturday, contains the following circumstantial and probably correct account of the late murder in Grafton.

The brief account of the horrid murder in Grafton, which we gave yesterday, was not full or correct in all the particulars, as farther information has advised us. We give below the details of the transaction.

Mr. Plum Martin of that town, recently purchased lots of the Patroon, and exercised rights of ownership, by cutting timber on it. This annoyed the "Indians" on it and they came to the determination of preventing him from doing so, and on Thursday last, fifty disguised men paraded, armed, for that purpose. On that day, Mr. Martin, Elijah Smith and three others, had out some wood on another and an adjoining lot, something less than half a mile from the scene of the murder. Abat 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. M. was drawing a load of wood on the Turnpike, near a little settlement of buildings, owned by E. Stevens, D. Maxon and others, when he was interrupted by the Indians, and annoyed in various ways. Smith and three men with him in the woods heard the noise, and came to his assistance. Smith was in advance, with his axe swinging carelessly in his hands, and seeing Martin pressed against the fence in the road side, and the Indians about his team—he cried out "leave that team alone, it is my property."

An Indian cocked his large horse pistol and said, 'if you advance any farther I will blow you through.' He continued to advance towards the team and Indians, and on coming near them one of the Indians caught him by the collar and jerked him around suddenly, and the Indian with the cocked pistol immediately fired, and the ball penetrated the small of his back. Mr. Smith made no hostile movements further than to continue to advance towards the team, neither did he brandish his axe in any way as has been stated in the Troy Whig.

On the discharge of the pistol, the Indians having in charge Mr. Martin, left him and shortly after all dispersed in different directions. Martin asked Smith if he was not hurt, who said, in substance, he did not know, neither did he care. He was conducted into a neighbouring house, (widow West's,) without knowing to what extent he was injured. He sat down in a chair, and while other preparations were making, Mrs. West discovered a change in his countenance, and said, "He is dying!" And while in the act of being removed to the bed, he expired—cut off by brutal outlaws and assassins, in the vigor of life—depriving a doating, and now childless mother, of her only comfort and support. This mother was known to love her child with an ardor unprecedented, as her shrieks and cries afterward fully demonstrated. On her way to the corpse of her son, an unfeeling brute in the form of a man, tauntingly told her that her god was shot and killed. He knew the affection of the mother for her offspring, but was too base to appreciate her anguish.

HUDSON, Dec. 21.—Our anti-rent troubles are on the increase. The examination of the four prisoners now going on, is likely to unravel all the secrets of their association formed in this county, on the 19th of October last. It enrols some very respectable farmers, and what is more astonishing, some two who own their lands in fee. A very respectable farmer was committed to day from the witness' stand who refused to testify and to answer a question which he said did not criminate himself. After some hours, he sent a message to the Court that he was willing to answer all questions put to him. He was then put on the stand, and testified to many important facts. So that with a few such witnesses we shall at no distant day put a quietus upon that agrarian spirit in this county. This rebellion flourishes well in our manor towns, as ignorance is a genial soil for its growth. Last evening a messenger arrived from Albany informing us that in the noon cars of to-day the Burgees Corps with 300 stand of arms, in addition to their own, would come to our aid, and if we can reach the first of January I shall then have full faith in our new Governor elect, as he will probably at once declare these several counties in a state of insurrection, and quarter troops in every infected district. Our sheriff received a message this morning, and from a reliable source, that the Anti-Renters were personally notified that night, in the town of Copake, to hold themselves in readiness, at a minute's warning, to march to Hudson, fire the city, and release the prisoners.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Much simplicity is observable in the make of dresses—the ornaments, however, are various in gimp, passementerie, byrinthes, but the most elegant is the dentelle de vellours, which possesses the advantage of matching the color of the dress. Embroidery, is also used on silk cloth, cachemire, and the finer merinoes, and often intermixed with velvet. Black lace, though no longer a novelty, is as much in fashion as ever for a variety of toilette. There is some dimunition in the width of dresses, and for walking they are also made shorter; but for dress on the contrary, they are still longer, approaching almost to a train. Berthes continue to be worn either the same as the dress, or of lace, and the short sleeves are with trimmings extended below them. Spenders of black velvet are very fashionable, with jackets, to be worn with skirts, of satin trimmed with bands of velvet. Cloth is much used for walking dresses of the demi-Amazone form, they are embroidered or richly ornamented with gimp. The manteaus under the various name of pelisse, pardessus, paletots, camails, crespin, are now seen in all variety; the materials are equally various, from velvet, satin, silk to the plaids in flannel; they are all with sleeves, very few are full at the top, but very wide at the bottom; the pelisses of black satin are frequently embroidered in soutache, braid, or silk, and more simple ones are with numerous rows of narrow velvet. The palerines Russes are the great novelty this season: they are very deep behind, and form scarf in front, and are either of ermine, lined with blue, or marten, with violet or crimson.

Feathers are very generally used for velvet capotes; saules, marabouts, in blending shades from pink to cerise, deep blue to sky, orange to citron, &c. the flat feathers are either spiral or placed flat on the capotes of velvet, matching either the velvet or ribbon that forms the trimming. The horizontal coiffure forming the intermediate between the high & low is the style now preferred: the little caps fanchions of lace and muslin caps should all be adapted to the coiffure. A style of coiffure suitable to young ladies is composed of several rows of very narrow velvet, which une around the plat, and terminate with a nœud of broader velvet with ends. The Druid wreaths of oak leaves, and leaves of gold, encircling the head will be worn this winter.—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

A DREADFUL STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The Louisville Journal contains the particulars of a frightful steamboat accident:

"It is stated that about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, the 14th inst. as the Belle of Clarksville, from New Orleans for Nashville, was rounding the Bar below the Horse Shoe Cut-off, she came in collision with the Louisiana, from Memphis, on her way to New Orleans. The Belle of Clarksville did not obey her helm, but sheered off by which she came directly across the bow of the Louisiana. The engines of both boats were immediately stopped, but not in time to prevent collision. The Belle of Clarksville was entirely demolished—the hull parting from the cabin & the cabin breaking into two pieces. The hull instantly went down, and the cabin floated to Old Town landing, about twenty-five miles below Helena.

The Louisiana took from the fragments all the persons on them. As far as can be ascertained, thirty one lives were lost.—Below we give a list of them.

Names of passengers lost, nearly all of whom were residents of west Tennessee.

Wm. Tabb, P. Linn, W. Linn, J. Ryan R. Matisle, N. Sills Wm. Jones, T. Whitley, N. T. Allen, A. Kirkland, J. Askew, G. Hyer, son of J. W. Hall, J. Peay, Jno. Holiday, (assistant engineer,) 4 negroes belonging to J. Peay, 12 negro hands belonging to boat—31.

The survivors lost, all their baggage.—There were six valuable race horses on board, all of which were lost, among them the celebrated mare Ann Hayes. Nearly all the passengers who were saved came up on the Duke of Orleans; to the clerk of which boat we are indebted for the foregoing particulars.

No censure can be attached to the officers of the Louisiana. The collision, we are informed, was altogether accidental; and resulted from the fact that the Belle of Clarksville did not obey her helm and was consequently unmanageable.

The cargo of the Belle of Clarksville consisted of sugar, salt, coffee, and molasses, all of which was lost. The iron chest containing $12,000, was saved. The cargo was insured for $23,000, and the boat for $8,000."

SLICK ON BUSTLES.

In his celebrated work called "High Life in New York," Jonathan thus enlarges on the prominent fashion of the day, while giving an account of a "*swearry*" or "*conversationary*" he attended at the splendid mansion of his cousin John—Speaking of his cousin's wife he says:

"I looked at her pretty earnestly, I can tell you, and I do think she would have been a critter that John might have been proud of, if it warn't for that stuck up way she's got since she came down here to York. I never see a critter's back stuck up as her's was. I rally thought he was getting the rickets, and I felt so anxious that I turned to cousin John afore I went up to speak to her, and sez I sort of low, 'Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awful to see what a great hump she's got growing since she's cum away from Connecticut.' With that cousin John looked kinder larfed a little, but I could see he didn't feel just right, & arter a minute he said, sez he, 'Hush cousin, you must not speak so loud; it's true Mary has put on to much bustle, but it's the fashion you see.' I looked around, and as sure as you live, there wasn't a gal in the room that hadn't her back a sticken out the same way. Such a set of humpbacked critters I never did put my eyes on; and yet they all stood about smiling and a talking to the fellers as if nothing ailed them, poor things.

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