

THE ELKTON PRESS

And Cecil County Advertiser.

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ME VI.

ELKTON, (Md.) SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1829.

No. 26

ed, allowed herself to cal receiving friendly offices another of lord Murray; she, however, nothing like that imperious dame like that by chinking a full displaying jewels which rectly offered to her accept- duced best enforce atten- her verbal hostess. Her was to win her nominal Sir Wm. Douglas; but his- ity balled her perambulations not more laudable, than a hazard the displeasure of whom he rather feared for the doubtful chance of the supremacy, and came- of the Queen of Scots, her brother was of a nature- of generous sympathy from him Mary won pit- obtained his friend- coule, &c. and he engaged cause with impassioned- his first attempt for relief, and served but to furnish- for treating the Queen with- "Help me," she wrote- ne de Medicis, "help me- I shall perish in this place," ment Mary saw herself be- her only friend. Georgelad- lled from the castle; but he- her youth, equally devoted- Queen's cause, and more- am it. This new champion- pling of seventeen, an orphan- of the house of Douglas, and- dependent on the bounty of- clausman. No latent ambi- the zeal that glowed within- east—he was humble and ob- no juvenile vanity had suggest- dreams of passion as George- was believed to cherish. He- were prompted by pity and- him; if he failed in the enter- might expect to lose his life; and- succeeded, he was sure to lose the- ship of the house of Douglas. ver was courage more strikingly- plied; never was intrepidity- happily blended with prudence- in this modest youth.—Convinc- in the boldest course is the safest, solved at supper time; in the- of the assembled household, to- from the niche in which they- deposited, the keys of the castle, to- avail himself of the succeeding- to effect the liberation of the- of Scots. Approved of his plan- by the medium of Catha- ne, Mary, on the plea of- refused the next Sunday- twice from her bed; and by- here, she was at length re- returned to the presence of her od- who gladly quitted her for- table. No sooner was- from their vigilance, than- even waiting to change her- ties, she precipitately left the- ant, supported by Catharine, however, taken the precaution- a shawl from the window- sign of the enterprise. Soft- cautiously the queen descend- ally alarmed by imaginary- and real science. At the foot- chain she paused in an agony- was still. Without- to articulate a single word,- the minutes that must- elapsed since the critical mo- when Douglas was to secrete- . Even then he had to a- another task almost equally- in withdrawing, unnoticed, the assembled congregation,- of success were few, the- more imminent. Another minute- and, suddenly, like the phantom- di-um, appeared the active, though diminished form of William Douglas, at once beckoning the fag- to approach and significantly- moning to them to observe silence. the Queen and Catharine pursued her- each gliding like a nocturnal specter till they reached the first- and important gate, to which Douglas- ent one of the four large mas- keys concealed under his cloak. that sound the Queen shuddered, overwhelming was the dread of- covery; but her conductor quickly- ned, and then cautiously re-locked- portal. In like manner, he elen- the second gate, and again, in spite- the Queen's impatience, observed- same precaution. At the third portal no obstacle oc- curred; at the fourth, the baying of a- excited in the queen such alarm, she no sooner found herself with- the walls, than she darted towards

the boat, regardless of the stones which- bruised her feet, from which, for safety, she had cut off her shoes, and- springing into the boat, which had- been drawn to the shore, she contrived- Douglas not to lose a single moment. Having reached the middle of the- lake, Douglas threw from the boat- the heavy keys, which impeded its- course; meanwhile Catharine seized- an oar, & rowed with all her strength. But instead of steering for the nearest- land, Douglas started towards a more- distant point, contiguous to the wood, to which the fugitives might be- lured from pursuit. With what ex- altation did he now discover, on the- margin of the lake, a horse, evidently- prepared to assist their course, and, as- was now apparent, attended by Geo- Douglas, who, in conjunction with Lord- Seaton, and John Beaton, both in- cluded in the number of Mary's con- fidential friends, had, in different sta- tions, reconnoitered the coast. It were- superfluous to speak of joy in such a- moment, but faint were the transports- with which Mary was hailed by Lord- Seaton, to the rapturous emotions- with which the two Douglases recip- rocal congratulations. With what- pride did they convey her to Nidderly- and with what triumph did they see- her lodged in the palace of Hamilton!

Thus happily terminated an enter- prise of which it was the peculiar- feature that none suffered by either- in person or fortune.—Even George- Douglas, after a temporary exile in- France, returned to Scotland, and- was rewarded with the hand and for- tune of a noble heiress, John Beaton, one of his auxiliaries, attached him- self to Mary's service, and little Wm. Douglas, as he was called, continued- in her household, and was one of the- individuals mentioned in that last test- ament which was written before her- death, with expressions of gratitude- and regret. In like manner, Catharine- Kennedy retained the intimacy with- her queen to which she had been ad- mitted by participating in her sorrow- and during all her subsequent trials, Mary was comforted by the presence, sustained by the counsels of those- whose fidelity and attachment had- been approved at Lochleven.

An awkward Dilemma.—Some ca- sion is required in passing our opinions upon strangers, a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public- levee at the court of St. James, a- gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "pray, my Lord, who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?" "That Lady, Sir," replied his Lordship, "is my sister." The gentleman reddened- with confusion, and stammered out, "No no, my Lord, I beg your pardon, I meant that very ugly woman who- stands next to the queen." "That- lady, Sir," answered Lord Chester- field, calmly, "that Lady, Sir, is my- wife!"

Printers have probably much more- enthusiasm than any other set of men- employed in mechanical labor. Their- implements are the means by which- the mighty stream of knowledge is- purified and enlarged, and rolled on- waves towards the unknown wastes- of futurity. They multiply the con- ceptions of genius, and enable them- to speak through new symbols to ten- thousand eyes at once. They are- agents in a mysterious process, and- although in part ignorant of its multi- form and remoteness, they have a- strong consciousness that they are- the conductors of the fire of genius to- distant regions and times.

Knowledge.—In the pursuit of know- ledge, follow it wherever it is to be found; like fern, it is the produce of all climates, and like corn, its cultivation is not restrict- ed to any particular class. We are igno- rant in youth from idleness, and we con- tinue so in manhood from pride, for pride is less ashamed of being ignorant than of being instructed, and she looks too high to find that which often lies beneath her. Therefore condescend to men of low es- tate, and be for wisdom that which Al- cibiades was for power. He that rings on- ly one bell will hear but one sound; and he that lives only with one class, will see but one scene of the great drama of life.

A sad excursion.—A gentleman finish- ed an eulogium on a lady with the fol- lowing words:—Ah, Sir! nothing beats a- good wife. "I beg your pardon," rejoined- a bystander, "a bad husband does."

None are so fond of secrets as those- who do not mean to keep them; such per- sons covet secrets as a newborn covet- money, for the purpose of circulation.

TERMS.—The Elkton Press, and Cecil County Advertiser, is issued on Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be taken for less than six months; and no paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square, will be conspicuously inserted three times, for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer notices at the same rate. Where the number of times they are to be inserted, is not specified, they will be inserted till forbid- den by the proprietors.

BANK NOTE TABLE.	
[For sale Weekly.]	
Per Cent. Dis.	Per Cent. Dis.
U. S. Bank Note, 100	100
U. S. Bank Note, 50	50
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U. S. Bank Note, 5	5
U. S. Bank Note, 2	2
U. S. Bank Note, 1	1
U. S. Bank Note, 1/2	1/2
U. S. Bank Note, 1/4	1/4
U. S. Bank Note, 1/8	1/8
U. S. Bank Note, 1/16	1/16
U. S. Bank Note, 1/32	1/32
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"Where every Muse and all the virtues meet."



For the *Elkton Press*.

The subject of the following lines I parted this life in the 5th year of her age, at Baltimore, in last October.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSEPHINE.

Autumn was come, the summer it had fled,

And lo!—the fragrant rose
And many a beautiful flower—
Autumn had commenced a change.

The herbage it was falling,
And the trees were nearly stripped
Of their green foliage.

While the sweet songsters of the wood
Had flown to warmer climes.

'Twas in October month that sorrow came.

Death—the enemy of all life—
The scourge of its communion Death,
Had marked one for his own.

And among many was his victim,
Who was a sweet, gentle, and alone.

Her parents' darling and her companions' pride.

Josephine now lay beneath the weight of sleep.

While others were the val of melancholy hung.

As the heron eye was seen,
The mirror of her vision—
The mirror of her vision—
The mirror of her vision—

She drew the pillow round her aching head.

When a low sigh escaped and told,
That death had found his office.

The thirteenth day of June,
And found her not as he used to be.

In health, and breathing high in sportive innocence.

But cold and lifeless—
Wrapped in the mantle of down,
And enshrouded by the shroud.

Or her young form now stood, for the last time.

Her weeping relatives and friends.

The tear of anguish stood big in many an eye.

Or trickle down the cheek worn pale with grief.

The sigh breaking from the heaving breast,
Of one who loved her, was had kept
Vigils over her form for many a night.

As the keen anguish of a soul
O'erwhelmed with grief.

The thirteenth day had dawned,
And now was many a year.

When so long to be with was moving
The soul of Josephine.

The sun was setting, and the azure sky,
Bore the closing of the day.

When the procession reached the habitation of the dead—

The last resting place of frail mortality.

The sun was gone and the taper's light
Tore a sad gleam from the vaulted arch.

Upon the coffin-side below.

And now was played with the cemetery
The last of her, who oft had trod.

The verdant lawn in a symmetrical plain—
Of one who had placed from off the earth.

The choice of others' dwellings.

Since had the last one been shown,
When night, her raven mantle threw
Across the conscious heaven.

And now from gloom down the closing day.

The attending train now homeward moved
With streaming eyes and hearts ached.

With the remembrance of the last days of
Josephine.

FLORIAN.

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

I said between the meeting years,
The coming and the past.

As I asked, "the future one,
Will thou be like the last?"

One came in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day.

Thank heaven! I have no prophet's eye
To look upon the way!

For sorrow, like a phantom, sits
Upon the last year's close.

How much of grief, how much of ill,
In its dark shadow repose!

Shadows of faded work fly by
And ghosts of pleasures fled.

How have they changed from what they were!

Cold, colourless, and dead.

I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void.

And many a darker are behind,
On worse than nought employ'd.

Oh vanity! alas, my heart!
How wildly hast thou stray'd,
And misused every golden gift
For better purpose made!

I think on many a once loved friend
As nothing to me now.

And what can mark the lapse of time
As does an altered brow?

Perhaps 'twere but a careless word
That e'er of friendship's chain;

And angry pride stands by each gap,
Lest they unite again.

Love's end, albeit more terrible,
Than death, the lonely grave
Lay down their weary head.

For faith, and hope, and peace and trust,
Are with their hapless lot;
Though broken in their bond of love,
At least we broke it not.

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one,
Will thou be like the last?

There came a sound, but not of speech,
That to my thought replied,
"Merry is the marriage gift,
That waits a mortal bride."

But these hopes from this base earth,
The waste of worldly care,
And wed the faith to your bright sky,
For happy souls dwell there! L. E. L.

For the *Elkton Press*.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Part of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.)

MAN'S KINDNESS TO BRUTES.

I cast my eye upon the catalogue of various practices to which the human species give a name, and came to the conclusion that perhaps, all things considered, unbecomingly to brutes, is not only one of the most common, but also one of the most cruel and base of crimes.

And this question, I was forced to attempt to answer to the higher authorities of the human race, and to the human conscience.

It is a question, which, through the channels of the press, has been brought before the public eye, and which, I am happy to say, has been met with a place in some modest corner of our country.

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lagers into my very soul. That poor dumb creature which the angel Balaam beat, could not have addressed him in a more heart-rending manner than did the poor old victim of his sudden rage appeal to me by that intelligent look. He seemed to say to me, "Is it possible young man, that I who am not even being to you, and yet have grown both deaf and grey in your service, I who have so repeatedly toiled over this same ground to procure you some few fleeting moments of pleasure, should, for a single instant, and that owing in part to my selfishness, so far forget your gratitude and affection, and provoke your vengeance upon so old and faithful a servant? Then indeed is it time that I should part. But before I quit your service forever, I will bestow on you two things, and thus teach you how to do good for evil—my forgiveness and a word of admonition. Learn then, young man, that if you expect to find favour with HIM who

"Rideth upon the whirlwind and directeth the storm,"

if you expect pardon for your trespasses, if I say you expect mercy from HIM, predicate your hope at least in part, upon your habitual mercy to brutes—for recollect it is written "thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." If readers of the time that these reflections had passed in review before me as growing out of that look that poor old beaver gave me, I was ready to sink into the earth. I found myself degraded lower than the brute creation. What an humiliating position! And yet that look, the poor old beaver kept his word, and I never could get him to hunt for me again. So that it really seemed to me that just heaven was offended with me, and that I was a blot upon my species. O that my fellow men, when supposing any act burdens upon the faithful ox, when maltreating the noble horse or abusing the sagacious dog, would reflect that these and all other animals are intended for our use and not abuse—that we are not to "damn their eyes," to "curse their noses," and beat them with unmerciful whips. I frequently think of poor old beaver, with a heart that is filled with two emotions struggling for ascendancy, namely, an affectionate remembrance of his faithful qualities, and remorse for the unjust and unchristian return which he received in his old age. And may we not be admonished by the proper application of such reflections to the various incidents of our lives, in some good degree to imitate the precepts of mercy? For my own part, I feel that I owe so many painful moments for having inflicted so many pains to the good will and services of that faithful old servant, how completely must I embellish the fleeting pleasures of my life by not maliciously avoiding that which has a tendency to deprive him of the kind regards of HIM who careth for the lowly and the constrained ever to keep in practical use, that great lesson of forbearance. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." M. P. Z.

Farm, 21st Dec. 1833.

EDUCATION.

The following Extract is from a well-written article, which appears in the last North American Review on the advantages of education.

"Whoever has looked deeply into the interior of ancient republics, will discover the origin of their dissolution, in the neglected education of their youth. We are divided by the spirit of the age, into the characters, which appear in their decline of most of the popular governments of former times, and this circumstance sometimes leads to an erroneous inference in favor of the high mental improvement of the majority of the people."

But we forget that luminous bodies shine the brighter for the surrounding darkness. A large majority of the Grecians, in the time of Demosthenes, and by far the greater part of the Romans, after Augustus, were mentally uneducated.

"It is a great pity that many of our people are ignorant of the principles of liberty, and the rights of man. It is a great pity that many of our people are ignorant of the principles of liberty, and the rights of man."

A solid and liberal education, therefore, guided by religious and moral sentiment, is the most invaluable boon that a country can confer on her youth. In our own country, and in every other, it is almost impossible to find any thing else to stay the powerful currents of national jealousy rushing against each other from the North and South, to combine the energies of so great a nation, occupying an immense territory, in one common cause, to strengthen the ties, and confirm the pledges of mutual friendship and harmony, which arise from our history, our institutions, and our prospects."

There is a striking analogy between the changing seasons of the year, and the changing events of human life. In no season of the year are we more forcibly reminded of these than in autumn, when we behold lying thick around us the faded leaves of the year's summer. How short the period since spring was with us in all its youthful loveliness! But it has fled, and all its promised happiness. The summer, too, although it came to us with all the candor and serenity of meadow, and its four hopes and affections on its sunny objects around us, and led us by the hand through those regions where fancy delights to rove, and imagination soars with her untethered wing; yet, the very moment our hopes were strongest, our fancy most exalted, summer left us, to grope our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

ERURVAVEN.—There are two modes of establishing our reputation—to be gained by the sword, or to be gained by the pen. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calculation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but is also the only service he will perform for us.

From Poulson's American.

"WHAT DON'T LOOK WELL."

I sometimes think I'm nervous, I have such queer and often dangerous sensations, on looking at the operations of mankind, and I am often at a loss to decide upon the test of what is good manners, when I see people who pretend to take the lead in those matters, doing things, which I think, "don't look well."

"I don't look well," to see a gentleman going through the streets eating apples, nuts, &c., nor does it look any better to see them breaking open letters, and snatching at their faces buried in it, leaving other people to turn out for the purpose, and people, all for a "show of business."

"I don't look well," after passing ladies and gentlemen in the street, to wheel and drive, as if their persons and dresses, I am ashamed to walk the streets, with a person who is so indiscreet; and yet they are very fashionable folks that do it. If a second survey is denied, cross the street, walk down fast and cross over to meet again, which you can look at their faces, not at all.

"I don't look well," nor does it sound well to see a person tripping along as if he were two-thirds crazy, whistling or humming a tune—tut, tut, doo, la, la, la—my love was far, with corresponding grace of the head. It is not sufficiently grave nor consistent with that propriety which "public demeanor" requires. I do not like to walk the streets with a person who does that.

"I don't look well," when you meet a friend or two, to stop exactly in the centre of the side-walk, and "gabble" without regard to others' convenience or rights, obliging the passers-by to wheel round you or break ranks. When I meet a friend, I retire either to a range with the lamp-post, or towards the buildings, thus leaving the channel free for the population's current; and I do so, because I think it is right.

"I don't look well," to see a "gentleman" with a dog or two, capering round him, a long the street, he whistling instructions and rattling apoplexy. A dog is a ridiculous and useless plaything in a city.

"I don't look well," to see caps and their tasseled appendages. A cap ruins the appearance of many a good-looking man, and makes a bad-looking man, look worse. They may be comfortable, however, and nobody is annoyed, if one chooses to wear them. "De gustibus non disputandum."

"Every one to his liking" in that manner; but you don't catch a cap on my hand, for I don't like the looks of them.

The maxim I will suggest what "does look well," in the opinion of an occasional observer of men and manners, hoping these few remarks may lead the many to whom they apply to consider them attentively by this universal rule—"smile and wince."

OCCULUS.

From the *Birkshire American*.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.—A Farce.

Scene.—An editor is discovered in an elbow chair, with a long list of subscribers before him, his face radiant with hope, and his pockets filled in anticipation, to overflowing. Enter printer's devil with a bundle of letters, postage unpaid. The editor glancing his eye over the contents, turns blue, for where he expected bank bills, he finds only the paper-maker's bill, the type founder's bill, the ink manufacturer's bill, &c. &c. In this situation, surrounded with meagre and confounded with horrors, he utters the printer's devil to be a blue devil, and having in vain aid in conjuring up the ghosts of delinquent subscribers, he begins to read over their names.

Editor. John Lamberfunction!

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper five years—total amount 10 dollars.

Ghost. Intends to settle up as soon as ever he draws that 'ere prize in the lottery, which he is looking for every day.

Editor. Rodman Limberwig!

Ghost. Runaway!

Editor. The devil catch him!

Pr. Dev. I don't know where to find him, sir!

Editor. Peter Gimcrack!

Ghost. Gone to jail.

Pr. Dev. I'd rat on him, sir!

Editor. Lemuel Love-the-bottle!

Ghost. Lays out all his money for grog.

Editor. [Striking his name off the list, and proceeding to the next] Nehemiah Filgarick!

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper three years, advertising sundries—total amount \$9.

Ghost. Can't pay the money: you take any thing in the way of trade!

Editor. Yes, any way to accommodate.

Ghost. I'll take my pay in fire wood.

Editor. Hasn't any wood to spare. Any thing else in the world will be at your service.

Ghost. Well, then, I will take a few bushels of grain.

Editor. Is sorry to say he has not a bushel of grain to sell. But any thing else that you want.

Editor. I'll take some pork.

Ghost. Unluckily the pork is all promised.

Editor. A side of beef then.

Ghost. Has all his own beef to buy; but any thing else in the world that you can mention.

Editor. I should like a load of potatoes.

Ghost. Great part of them were eaten by the frost so far—

Editor. Some winter apples would do as well.

Ghost. A little good in the orchard and not all up. But can't you think of something else that you would like?

Editor. Ay, I'll take any thing in the world to get my pay—even a load of chips and wheatstons.

Ghost. Very well—hell take that about it [exit].

Editor. Ephraim P. Dingdore!

Ghost. Has broke to pieces long ago.

Editor. Luther Quintenborg!

Ghost. Disappeared between the days.

Editor. Anthony Scurvey!

Ghost. Never in-ended to part the face process in this way.

The editor, out of all patience, threw the printer's devil with his foot, and throws his inkstand at the ghost, of whom vanish into thin air, and rest dance a fandango at his discomfit and mortification.

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY.

FROM LOCKHEVEN CASTLE.

By Miss Benger, Author of "James and Mary, Queen of Scots," &c.

The Castle of Lockheven, having long mouldering in decay, the ruins of those compact round towers, so often repeated the English name, has yielded to time; the steep stairs leading to the state apartments have been transported, for the purpose of constructing dykes, to the opposite shore; even the chamber occupied by Mary Stuart is with difficulty to be distinguished in the surrounding mass of ruins. The lake, with the exception of the few small habitations erected on its bank, which disturb not the faith of historical associations, presents the prospect that it was in other days; as we may spare a glance to the moor roof, where the too early laurel poet, Michael