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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TERMS.

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A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He rais'd in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower,—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Call'd the boy builder home to sleep:—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory;—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

THE POOR PAINTER:

OR,

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

BY T. SHEROLD.

"With sharpened sight sage antiquarians pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
—POPE

A young man about five-and twenty years of age of commanding figure, and intellectual face, was wending his way resolutely on the high road which extends from Arezzo to Florence. His costume, his careless air, and above all, his scanty wardrobe, which he carried at the end of his stick, plainly revealed that he was a travelling artist. He was, in fact, a French painter, of the name of Hermann. Enthusiastic love of the art of had brought him to Italy, and in this enterprise he had consulted his desires more than his resources. The organization of artists is in general incompatible with calculation and financial foresight, and such was the case with our hero. A sojourn of some months at Rome had nearly emptied his purse, and but little remained, certainly not more than a few francs.

"This will enable me to get to Florence,' said Hermann; and he continued his route on foot, without troubling himself as to the future. A painter, he thought, could not experience misery or hunger in the country of Michael Angelo.

Certainly our young traveller had not been very fortunate in his worldly debut. Art had responded but churlishly to his vehement desires. Success had not crowned his first attempts; and notwithstanding all his efforts, his name and his talents remained plunged in obscurity the most profound. At Rome he had executed many copies, and originated several pictures which he thought remarkable, but which the jealous public did not deign to notice. Previous to his journey to Florence, he offered himself as candidate for the great prize of painting, but the judges did not recognise in his works sufficient merit to allow him even to become a competitor.

A decree so severe had excluded from the Louvre all the pictures which he meant to offer for competition there He must either have mistaken his vocation, or been incorrigibly blind to bear up against so many humiliating failures.

On entering Florence, Hermann was so seduced by the grandeur of the monuments the beauty of the statues, and the magnificence of the palaces ranged proudly round him, that he forgot for a time the fatigue of his journey. Instead of seeking a resting place, and thinking of repose, he abandoned his thoughts to the wonders that were that were to be seen around him.—Covered with dust, and still carrying with him his wardrobe, he ran through the city looking at this object, admiring that, and criticizing all. This day an extraordinary bustle was observable in Florence. It was said that strangers from all parts had made a rendezvous in this illustrious city.

At each step was encountered faces and figures belonging to all the nations of Europe. Hermann gave little thought to this increase of population. The only object that attracted his attention was a carriage that passed him slowly, containing a most beautful girl, accompanied by a gentleman apparently her father. As our young artist's heart was as romantic as his imagination, the image of this charming creature haunted him for the remainder of his walk. He still thought of her—when the night fatigue, and a violent appetite, decided him upon presenting himself at a hotel of modest appearance, where he was told that but one single chamber remained unoccupied.

Hermann took it, supped and went to bed, and slept so long, that they were obliged to knock violently at his door to arouse him at two o'clock the next day.

Amongst the strangers that day then thronged Florence, not one of them less expected a visiter certainly less than our young artist, who did not know a creature in that crowded city. What, then, must have been his surprise, when he saw entering his room a man of the most distinguished appearance dressed in the extreme of elegance and luxury, which is only met with in great Italian noble men, or rich oriential merchants.

"Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Hermann?" demanded the visiter.

"Yes sir," replied the painter, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"I am the Prince Gratiani," said the visitor, making a profound bow.

"A Prince," cried Hermann, jumping from his bed. "But how comes it? Your excellency has doubtless made a mistake."

"No, Mr. Hermann. No, I mistake not it is you that I have come hither to seek."

"In that case," said Hermann, "your excellency will, I trust, excuse my receiving you in such disorder. If I had had any idea that I should have been honoured with a visit——"

"It is I who should apologise," said the Prince, "for thus intruding on the hours of rest of a man who, doubtless consecrates the quiet calm of the night to learned meditations."

"Oh! no," said Hermann. "I have slept too much, that is all; as I was overpowered yesterday with fatigue. Will your excellency permit me to dress before you?"

"I shall consider myself flattered in assisting so eminent a man"

"Eminent," repeated Hermann aghast.—"Your excellency is certainly deceived, or you mock me."

"Heaven forbid that I should mock a man of your talents. No, I am one of your most profound admirers."

"Then I do not understand it," said Hermann.

"I knew well, Mr. Hermann," said the Prince, "that your modesty is only exceeded by your overpowering talent. You would remain in obscurity if it depended upon yourself. But here your works are known."

"Truly," said Hermann, "I was far from thinking that they had penetrated as far as Florence. Your admiration surprises and embarrasses me."

"Well then," said the prince, bowing, "I shall do violence to my sentiments, and respect your scrupulous modesty; and, if more agreeable to you, will be silent as to your merits."

"You are kind and indulgent," replied Hermann.

Permit me but this once to speak of your glory, and to say that a man such as you are, must not inhabit so humble an apartment as this. It would be a disgrace to the city of Florence."

"It answered my purpose admirably," sighed Hermann, carried back by the observation to the frightfully reduced state of his finances.

"I am perfectly aware that all the apartments are let, and you could not probably find better in this hotel, and I consider myself fortunate that the state of things are thus, as it enables me to offer you that hospitality which will confer everlasting honour on the palace of Gratiani. Refuse me not, I conjure you. Come, all is ready to receive you worthily."

Hermann made several excuses, but he he found it useless to attempt to turn the Prince from his object; he yielded, in secret rejoicing at the prospect before him.

'It is evident,' he thought, 'that the taste here is more exalted than in other places. My pictures here would have met with that success which I vainly struggled for in Paris and Rome," and his mind revelled in all the delights of future fame. In descending the stairs of the hotel. Hermann gave free vent to his flattering thoughts the circumstances suggested, and inwardly lamented having thrown away his incomparable exertions on so blind and prejudiced a people as his early days were spent amongst.

Here was the field for labour, and fame and fortune, would alike be his. These thoughts added buoyancy to his step, and brilliancy to his eyes, as he seated himself by the Prince in his splendid carriage.

'You are not acquainted in Florence,' said the Prince; 'and if you will accept me as your guide, I shall be delighted to show you the principal buildings, and our splendid galleries.'

'Joyfully,' said Hermann, carelessly extending himself on the cushions of the carriage.

The young painter felt perfectly at his ease, and really began to be convinced he was a great man, when in the gallery in of the palace of Pitti his cicerone said—

'Perhaps you do not like painting? As to me I frankly acknowledge that I have no taste in that way. I neither admire nor understand the great works of art.'

It would be difficult to imagine the emotions of Hermann at these strange words. His pride mortally wounded, and his head drooped with disappointed hope.

'All is, I now see clearly, a mistake,' thought he with sadness: 'but who does he take me for.

They walked for some time, as the Prince was proud of being seen with his companion. They did not return to the Palace of Gratiani until dinner hour. Two domestics in showy liveries, conducted Hermann to his room, which was one of the handsomest in the palace. The young artist put on his best coat, and hastened to descend to the drawing-room, where a numerous company where assembled, amongst whom he recognised the charming girl he had remarked the preceeding day.

The Prince presented Hermann to the company, who showed him the most marked respect.

'But I warn you,' added the prince, smiling, that you must not speak to my friend of his merits or his celebrity. His modesty is excessive.'

'In mercy,' said Hermann, in a low voice 'draw not the attention of the company upon me, it will embarrass me exceedingly render me the greater service of allowing me to remain unoticed. Tell me first, however, who that beautiful fair girl is, sitting near the window?

'She is the daughter of a man whom you ought to know by reputation—Miss Hortense Pippart. You have of course heard of the great antiquarian of Geneva of that name?'

At dinner Hermann was placed between the Prince and Miss Hortense. It is needless to say that his attention was completely devoted to the latter. The conversation generally turned upon science, literature, and the arts. The young painter took no part in the discourse; he resisted upon these subjects all the advances and attacks of the company, and thus secured the triumph due to his discretion as his silence was construed into profundity of learning.—With his pretty and fascinating neighbor he talked fluently, but in a low voice and met with all the success he could rationally expect from a first conversation.

This tete a tete was prolonged during the evening; they admired and respected Hermann too much to withdraw him from what evidently gave him so much to withdraw him from what evidently gave him so much pleasure. At twelve o'clock the company began to separate, when Hortense, with fascinating artlessness exclaimed,

'Already!' This was a strong manifestation of the agreeability of the companion she was conversing with.

The Prince and the artist were left together, when the former said with a milicious smile,"

'I see with pleasure that your profound talents disdain not the sweet occupation of gallantry. Whilst you were conversing with Miss Pippart, her father appeared to regard you with pleasure; he asked me if you were married, and I answered 'No,' without being myself informed on that point.'

'You have but attested the truth,' added Hermann, blushing and smiling.

'I have very little doubt,' continued the Prince, 'of the hope that passed in the brain of the antiquarian.'

'Alas!' exclaimed Hermann, 'in thinking that his favorable reception was based upon error.

'I do not understand your exclamation said the Prince, 'but I respect your secrets.'

'Alas! Alas!' cried Hermann, shutting himself up in his gilded chamber in the Palace of Gratiani, 'all this favour, and all these homages will disappear when they learn that I am but a poor painter.'

The next day Hermann, after passing a night of extreme agitation, was about descending to the gardens of the Palace to cool his feverish excitement, when Mr. Pippart presented himself before him.

'It is a colleague and an admirer that has come to pay his respects to you,' said the antiquarian entering.

'A colleague!' replied Hermann, astonished,

'An unworthy colleague, truly,' said Pippart, 'who wishes humbly to ask your advice upon this point; and he unrolled a long parchment filled with strange figures. 'What think you of that?' he demanded.

'It is very badly drawn,' said the young painter.

'Oh, let us pass over that imperfection; but how do you translate these figures?' asked the antiquarian.

"You would laugh if I were to reply; said Hermann.

'I dare say it is very simple and easy to read, said the old man; 'but yet I find difficulty ——."

The learned Genevese was visibly embarrassed, whilst Herman recoiled back with horror, at length discerning the frightful truth. The enigma was discovered.—They had mistaken the young artist for an antiquarian, versed in all the darkness of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"I have not found these figures,' continued Mr. Pippart, "upon the maps of the admirable work which you have revealed to the learned world.'

Hermann saw that he must summon up all his audacity to avert the catastrophe, and he replied with gravity.

'If these figures are not upon the maps of my work, it is because there are no such hieroglyphics.'

'You believe so?' said the antiquarian, starting back in affright.

'I am sure of it,' said Hermann,

'Oh my God! and I am about printing the translations.'

The learned Genevese regretted these imprudent words, but it was to late to recall them.

'Do not destroy me,' said he, in accents of despair, 'I hold a brilliant position—I am the father of a family—I occupy two chairs of professors—I have ample means of increasing my fortune—I am esteemed honoured, decorated—destroy not then, I beseech of you, the fruits of a laborous life; and if I must make to you a complete avowal, I confess that I understand nothing of the hieroglyphics that I explain—nothing of the science that I have professed with honor for the last thirty years; but I believed that I was not doing evil, because my most solemn conviction is, that the interpretation of the Egyptian is a rebus, a chimera, a prejudice, by which a man may live without doing wrong to any one.'

'Oh! that is very true,' replied Hermann on endeavoring to disgnise the serenity of his soul on hearing this avowal.

'All now depends on you,' said the Genevese, in evident disquietude. 'The scientific congress of Florence opens to-morrow. There will be no other Oriental Antiquarians there but ourselves. Give me your aid—stand by the sense of my translation of these figures, and I am saved. What do I say? your countenance will double my reputation. Be then merciful, I beseech of you, in the name of my child!'

'The indulgence which you ask,' said Hermann, 'I cannot but grant to the father of my intended bride.'

'And as it possible? Will you deign?—Oh! what honour, what happiness for my child; for she loves you, and I am enabled to give her fifteen thousand pounds fortune.'

All the exalted aristocracy of Florence were disputing the honor of receiving and entertaining the men distinguished for their learning who had arrived to be present at the Congress. By a fortunate chance the name of Hermann had appeared as the author of a scientific work, of which the German publisher had sent several copies into Florence. The President of the Congress had inscribed the learned name of Hermann amongst the number of eminent men who he had invited by the voice of the public journals to come and honour that re-union with their presence. The poor painter had been mistaken for the eminent antiquarian of that name.

At the Congress all passed off with great eclat. The veritable Hermann had long ceased to trouble himself about such matters, for this reason—that he had been dead for the last hundred and twenty years His book was only a reprint under a new form, a snare laid for science by a Hungarian editor

Enlightened as to the productive vanities of Orientalism, Hermann gave up his pencils to espouse Miss Hortense Pippart, and to this day shares with his father-in-law the dignities and honours consequent upon a professorship of hieroglyphics.—*[Godey's Reprint of the World of Fashion.*

THE WIFE OF AUDUBON.

Mr. Audubon married early, a daughter of the Bakewells of England—The family name—so well known in this country—is a sufficient pronunciation of her probable worthiness to share the fortunes of such a man. But apart from all such extraneous considerations, her life is the best commentary upon, and her Sons the best illustration of, what such a matron should be.—She shared with a smiling bravery, all the wanderings and necessities of her husband. Whether the temporary occupant of some log or frame hovel attached to a Trading Post of the Great South West, where it was necessary for the husband to take up his quarters in his double capacity of Trader and Naturalist—or as a sharer of honor, regal—so far as artistic and scientific appreciation could make them—bestowed on him amid the imposing luxuries of European Life, she was always the calm, wise, cheerful helper as well as sympathizer. A noble relict of that almost exploded school of Matrons who recognized the compact of marriage as a sacred unification of purpose as well as life—she does not seem to have aimed at a higher honor than that of being the true wife of J. J. Audubon. In this is her greatest glory; for a common woman with the fears and weekness of common character, would soon have crushed the gossamer life of his fine enthusiasm, beneath the weight of vulgar cares and apprehension.

So far from this being the case, she appears to have been so entirely identified with his successes that it would be impossible to separate her from our loving recognition of them. She was his resolute compaion in many of those long journeys he found it necessary to make in his early days to the far West. She crossed the Alleghanies with him on horseback at a time when there existed no other facilities for making the journey. She shared with him the wayside hovel of the mountaineer; laughed with him over the petty inconveniences of the travel, and shared the lovely enthusiasm which burst forth when its accidents threw in his way a long coveted or entirely new specimen. When it became necessary for him to sink his Jacob's staff here and there, and to leave her with his family amidst strange associations for long months together, he could go with the calm feeling that as the favorite bird of his own discovery, (the Bird of Washington) his eyrie would be safe in the jealous strength of his mate, and open and warm for him on his return.

How many a dark hour amidst the deep shadows of savage woods has such reposeful trust made luminous with joy and faith to him. How many gloomy defiles can be passed—how many cold and sudden plunges be endured—how many fierce, extravagant exigences he faced—by that deep, abiding assurance which feels and knows that there is beyond all it is a warm meeting place, a true heart to welcome, and a home!—Some of the most noble unpremeditated expressions of tenderness, we remember, are to be found in his biography of Birds, referring to the anticipated delight of such reunions with his family.—*Amer. Review.*

FREDERIKA BREMER.

Mr. Downing of Newburgh whose admirable works on country life and rural taste are so favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, has the good fortune to be a correspondent of this celebrated Sweedish authoress.

A letter which he has lately received from her country seat, Arsta, is full of charming and characteristic passages, written in English. Mr. Downing has allowed the editor of the New York Tribune to make an extract about America and her own home, which will, we are sure, gratify many. Miss Bremer is said to dislike travelling, but to have such a desire to see this country that she may yet be tempted to give up that pleasure. But to the extract:

"The kindness manifested from your country to the far-off stranger fills me with a most delicious feeling of joy and gratitude. And these endearing hands, stretched over the great ocean, in good will and benevolence, how eloquently do they bear testimony to the coming of that spirit which bids space and time vanish, that its work of love and union may be accomplished throughout the world. I sincerely hope to be so happy as to say this personally to you.

It has long been the wish of my heart to visit America, and to see with my own eyes that new uprising world. Indeed there is no other foreign land that I wish to know out of North America, and that especially for the peculiar turn of mind of its people, in public as in private life, in the State, the home, in society, and in nature.

In many of these spheres methinks I see the idea—the sun of intellectual life—clearing up, making its way to earthly reality, and transforming chaos into harmony and beauty. A specimen thereof is even your book (Landscape Gardening) on the subject it embraces.

We very much need such a book in Sweeden to help some of us to plant and build, and others to open our eyes with some understanding to the objects that surround them—at least to be a little less drowsy.

Allow me now to ask. Have you any intention of coming to Sweeden, to see our romantic land, its cottages, and old mansions? There is one of the latter which would gladly open its doors to welcome you. It is on the coast of the Atlantic, three Sweedish miles from Stockholm.—Its name is *Arsta*. And happy should one of its inmates be, there to make you 'les honneurs" of her native land, and let me whisper it—to have your counsels about a most unlucky and *mistriving* plantation, in *no style at all*, which he has there undertaken. Allow her, my dear to sir, here to entreat you to pay a thought or two to this, and to hope a joyful result! In the mean time she subscribes herself.

Your obliged and thankful
FREDERIKA BREMER.
Arsta, the 23d Oct., 1846.

DESTRUCTION OF PACKET SHIP THOMAS P. COPE, OF PHILADELPHIA.—The splendid packet ship Thomas P. Cope, of 800 tons, Capt. F. H. Miercken, went to sea from Philadelphia for Liverpool on the 26th ult., having on board, passengers and crew included, 82 souls, and also a cargo consisting of 2650 barrels flour, 1450 barrels corn meal, 7500 bushels wheat, 4138 bushels corn, 93 hogsheads and 70 barrels tallow, 27 bales hemp, 644 kegs lard, 800 sides leather, 41 cases pickels, 3 carriages. On the 29th ult., in lat. 41 15 N., lon. 65 W., her mainmast head was struck by lightning, which set on fire the rigging, and, descending along the mast, communicated with the hemp and tallow below. The mast was cut away and every effort made to extinguish the fire below, but without effect. The passengers and crew worked hard until the 5th inst., when fortunately the British ship Emigrant, from Liverpool for St. John, N. B., hove in sight and took off a part of the passengers.

At night a gale sprung up which cut off communication between the vessels, but next morning it abated, and all hands were safely transferred from the burning wreck. The last boat's crew, previous to their departure, took off the hatches, when the suppressed smoke burst forth like the escape of steam, and enveloped the whole vessel in a cloud which rose mast-head high. Three hours afterwards, something like an explosion took place, and in a few minutes more the goodly ship was lost to the view. On the 16th inst., in lat. 42 N., lon. 67 20 W., the Emigrant was spoken by the packet ship Washington Irving, Capt. Caldwell, and the passengers and crew of the lost ship were put on board of her and brought to Boston, where they arrived on Sunday afternoon. The Thomas P. Cope was one of the finest ships belonging to Philadelphia, but two years old, and insured to the amount of $18,000.

Not afraid.—One of the Baltimore volunteers, at the battle of Monterey, exclaimed as he hit a Mexican a desperate blow, "D—n you, take that, there's no city court out here!" So says a letter-writer.

FROM D'ISRAELI.

You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian Diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by the Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will in fact be a second and greater Reformation; and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic Professor of Heidleberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown; since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet.—But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are ten at Berlin alone.

A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favor of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, has not been very agreeable to the czar.—However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Caverin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendi-abel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?

And is Soult a Hebrew?

Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous; Messena for example; his real name was Menasseh: but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was that some Northern power should be applied to in a friendly meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our confesence. Count Arnim entered the Cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Cohingsby, that the world is governed by every different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.

But the passionate and creative genuus that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, thought it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; the science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you will find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that are not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield; Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelsohn; are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your 'muscadins' of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel. * * * * * *

USE OF THE LANCET.—Doctor Dickson the celebrated Thermal practitioner, in England, has nearly abolished the use of the Lancet, and considers it fatal in apoplexy and paralysis. Several well attested cases of apoplexy have been relieved by no other remedy than pouring cold water on the head from an elevation, and persisting in it for twenty or thirty minutes. Inflamation on the brain is relieved by this cold effusion and the patient recovers

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