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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For the Gazette.

IN SICKNESS.

'Tis well to feel the touch of pain,
Upon the fevered limb;
The heart in strange pulsations beat,
The eye grow dull and dim;
The brow less calm the ready tongue
Less pliant in its play;
Life's visions wear a paler hue
Than those of yesterday.

A solemn truth wakes o'er the soul
Which health could never tell;
Nor all the eloquence of man,
E'er utter half so well;
A truth before whose awful gaze
The dreams of earth depart,
And leave simplicity and faith
Lone tenants of the heart.

'Tis well from this dull room to look
Back on our wasted years;
And trace each landmark as we pass
With penitential tears;
To penetrate the coming scene
With care and danger rife;
And pray for strength to bear us on
Amid the storms of life.

Oh! when upon this couch my head
Shall helpless sink at last;
When this strong tide which thrills me now
Is ebbing low and fast;
May that which then awakes to life
Within this dying clod
Soar with no shadow in its flight,
Its upward flight to God!

HAROLD.

From Frasier's Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT.

"Well, my dear mother, this *is* happiness!" cried Walter Morton, drawing his chair still closer to his mother, and taking her hand between his, "Three whole years since I left you, and yet you do not look a day older than when we parted; and I declare you are handsomer than ever!"

The happy mother smiled. She was proud of her sailor son, proud of his handsome face, his gallant bearing, his true and noble heart. He was her only son and she was a widow. She was but young at her husband's death: and many were the difficulties with which she had struggled in order to educate her child, and prepare him to make his way in the world. Her efforts procured him a situation as mate in a large merchantman; and he had now returned from his third voyage, laden with honorable testimonials of the high estimation in which his employers held him.

"I have often thought," said Walter, "that you must be very lonely when I am away. Why should I leave you again, mother? We have enough now for our two unambitious selves, and it is but trifling with our own happiness to part when we might be together. I will not go to sea again."

"And when you marry, Walter," said his mother, smiling; "we must think of that probability."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I will marry an heiress; so that difficulty is settled. But you have told me no village news yet. How many marriages have taken place in my absence?"

"Three, I believe. Helen Warner is married to her cousin; Emily Burton to John Morris the brewer; and your old acquaintance and favorite ———, but what ails you, my dear?"

"Nothing, mother, go on!" So Amy Sinclair is married?"

"No, my dear—no such thing. What put that into your head? I have something to tell you of Amy, but I was going just now to tell you that your old favorite, Tom Purnell, had succeeded in winning the village heiress, with a fortune of a hundred pounds *paid down*, and wondrous wealth in perspective. We had such bell-ringing, and bonfires, and white favors! And poor Tom, in the midst of his happiness, gained my heart by wishing 'Master Walter was here?'"

"Well done, Tom! But about the Sinclairs, mother?" said Walter, somewhat impatiently.

"Ah, Walter, they have had much trouble since you were here. About a year ago Mr. Sinclair died, leaving his wife and daughter, to our surprise, in much pecuniary distress. Mrs. Sinclair was overwhelmed at first, but Amy, that noble girl, what strength of mind she showed in her sorrow! 'We must leave this house,' said she to her mother; 'we must part with all the elegances, and some of the comforts of life, and live in poverty and seclusion; yet let us stay here, dear mamma, here in this village, where no eyes will look unkindly on us in our altered circumstances.' Her mother was passive as a child, and agreed to all she proposed; so a small cottage was taken, the simplest articles of furniture were moved into it from the manor-house, and Amy brought her mother to her humble house. Poor girl! I have seen her tears fall silently, but how sadly! as she prepared the cottage for her mother's reception. Not a word of complaint or repining, nor an hour wasted in selfish grief, yet one could see her heart was aching. I did all I could to help her; and she soon made the cottage as comfortable as so poor a place could be made. But there was something more to be done. She found the pittance that remained when her father's debts were paid (for she insisted on paying them all) was so small as barely to suffice for the common necessities of life. Mrs. Sinclair was in bad health, needing many little comforts that she had not means to procure. Again Amy exerted herself. You remember her talent for painting?"

"Yes, yes," replied Walter, hurriedly and with emotion.

The mother was, perhaps, too much interested in the subject on which she was speaking, to observe that his voice trembled, and the dusk of evening had prevented her seeing the agitation his countenance betrayed. She continued—

"Well one month after Mr. Sinclair's death, I went very early to the cottage, thinking if Amy were up I might see her alone, and do my best to cheer her. I knocked softly and she opened the door, and led me into her own little room. Her drawing materials were on the table, and a half-finished miniature was with them.

"'You have been at work early, Amy,' I said, 'I am glad to see you do not mean to forget your charming accomplishments?'

"She turned to me with a calm, steady look, and answered, 'You shall know my secret. I am painting this for sale. I have been told in my happier days that my miniatures were worth many guineas, and now, dear Mrs. Morton,' she said, smiling, 'I am going to ascertain whether or no my friends were flatterers. Do not tell my mother; her mind is weakened for the present, and she might be troubled at the thought of my working for my bread. It will be a proud and happy thought to myself if I can only succeed."

"God bless her!" interrupted Walter; and did she succeed?"

"Yes. For her first picture she received twenty guineas. It was a beautiful sight to see her lay the money before her mother, and then throw her arms about her, and sob on her bosom like a child. It was the only time I ever saw her give way to her feelings in her mothers presence."

"And where is she now, mother?" asked Walter; "how does the noble creature live now?"

"She has toiled on with the same patient spirit that supported her from the first.—Look, Walter, do you see a light in that cottage window? That is Amy's home, and, probably, at this moment she is sitting at her mother's feet, weary with the labors of the day, yet gentle, happy, and affectionate, as if care was unknown to her. She has been employed as a portrait painter by all the wealthy families in the neighborhood. My only fear is that she may overtask her strength; but she looks well, and there is an expression of contentment in her face that makes her very lovely."

Lights were brought in and Mrs. Morton changed the subject of conversation. But when she had retired for the night, Walter stole softly forth, to linger about the cottage where Amy dwelt, and think over all he had heard of her conduct. It has been said that there is something not disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. It may be so, for certain it is that Walter's meditations did not end in sadness, though their subject was Amy Sinclair and all her trials. He returned home at last, with a quick and cheerful step, and as he turned to take one last look in the direction of Amy's home, a smile passed over his face, and he murmured, 'Happy!—yes, happy as a prince!"

It was about a month after Walter's return, at the close of a fine summer's day, that he induced Amy to lay aside her brush, and take a walk with him. It was a lovely evening, and the country through which they wandered had much beauty even for a stranger's eye; to them, for whom some pleasant association hung upon every tree, it seemed a paradise. In the course of their walk they passed the old manor-house, and Amy paused to look lovingly on its quiet grounds. Walter watched her anxiously, but she turned to him again with her own kind smile, and said, "Indeed, Walter, it is only for *his* sake—for my poor father's sake!"

Walter's long pent-up feelings found voice at last, and he told Amy how he had loved her, though hopelessly, when she was rich and happy, and how he loved her more a thousandfold in poverty and trouble. Who shall tell how sweetly those fond words fell on Amy's ear—how the happy tears rolled silently down her cheeks, as the secret of her own deep, yet unconscious love, was revealed to her heart?

It was late when they returned from their ramble, and Mrs. Morton was sitting with Amy's mother. The rest of the evening passed quietly, yet happily, and Walter whispered to Amy, while the widows were exchanging their farewells for the night, "We will tell them all to-morrow, Amy—*my* Amy? I will come early to help you with your confessions."

But the morrow came, and Walter did not appear. Amy's cheek flushed at every sound, and her heart sunk when hour after hour rolled by, and still he came not At last an old and faithful servant of Mrs. Morton was seen approaching the cottage, and Amy ran forth to meet her, but as the old woman came near, Amy stopped, afraid to ask what had happened.—

"Oh, Miss Amy," cried the weeping woman, "I have a cruel sorrow to tell you of! My poor mistress!—her heart will break! She loved him so dearly, and, God knows so did I!"

Amy returned in silence to the cottage, and the servant followed her. Mrs. Sinclair was up-stairs, and Amy did not call her, but after quietly closing the door, bade the woman sit down near her, and tell her what happened.

"Poor master Walter!" cried the woman, who had been his nurse; "he was so noble; so good! Poor Master Walter!—he is gone!" and a passionate burst of tears interrupted her speech, Amy's face was pale as marble, but she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said—

"What do you mean nurse? Is Walter Morton *dead*?"

"Dead!" repeated the nurse—"dead! Yes, Miss Amy, these eyes have seen him lying pale and dead. Oh, to see his poor mother's agony! He did not come down to breakfast, and she went herself to see what ailed him. To my dying day I shall not forget her shriek. She found him dead and cold—her own, her only child!"

The nurse was too much absorbed by her own grief to observe the effect of her words on her listener, who sat like one stunned, with dry eyes and livid lips. Her mind refused to comprehend the exceeding bitterness of the sorrow that had fallen upon her. Once or twice she passed her hand across her brow, and glanced uneasily round the room, but she did not speak. At last the nurse said—

"I have brought a message to you, Miss Amy, from my poor mistress. She bade me go on my knees to beg you to fulfill her request. She has no picture of Master Walter! will you make one now?"

"It—now?" said Amy, as if trying to understand what was asked of her. "Is it not too late? Did you not say he was dead?" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"No, dear Miss Amy it is not too late. There he lies, calm and beautiful as an angel. Dear Miss Amy, as you hope for pity yourself, pity his mother's sorrow, and do what she asks!"

"Paint Walter's picture now—now, when he is dead! that is what you ask, is it not, nurse? I will do it." Then, with strange, unnatural composure, she collected her drawing materials, and prepared to leave the house, bidding the nurse tell Mrs. Sinclair of all that had happened.

In a darkened chamber of the house to which she had so lately welcomed him in health and joy, Mrs. Morton watched by the body of her dead son. There he lay, pale and still, yet with a smile lingering about his white lips, a smile of more than earthly beauty. By what strange and sudden malady the soul had been freed from its mortal tenement none might tell, but that it passed away calmly and without suffering; the happy expression of the features seemed to testify.

"My son! my son!" whispered the poor widow, as she kissed the closed eyes; "all my other children did the Lord take from me, and then He called my husband to be with Him, but I deemed thou shouldst lay me in in my grave. Thou, too, art gone! His will be done!"

Again she seated herself beside the bed, weeping, "yet not as one without hope." Her chastened heart grew calmer, and many a blessed thought of that country to which those she loved had gone, and to which she herself was, as she trusted, drawing near, glided across her mind and comforted her. At length she heard a step on the stair, and, rising to ascertain who was coming, she met Amy Sinclair at the chamber door.

"Dear, dear Amy," she whispered, "are you come to do it?"

"Yes," answered Amy, "I will do it, but I must be alone;" and she passed into the chamber of death.

There was a hollow sadness in her voice that had alarmed Mrs. Morton, who waited at the door, listening anxiously, lest any sound should betray that Amy had over rated her courage, or that the first sight of death had alarmed and overpowered her. She little suspected how much had died to Amy with Walter Morton. All was still for a few minutes, and then she thought she heard a low yet bitter groan, but when she opened the door, Amy was already seated at her task composed and tearless. Again Mrs. Morton left her, and went down stairs to make the melancholy arrangements which she knew must claim her attention.

None watched the progress of Amy's sorrowful task; and when, long after, she confessed the tie that had bound her to Walter, she told but little of the four days she spent in the chamber of death. Something she said of the gay, mocking sunshine that filled the summer air with life, and the dreary, unbroken silence of the little room that was then her world. She hinted at moments when the passion of grief conquered her, and she wept in hopeless agony; and again, the calm evening would find her kneeling beside him, his cold hands in hers, praying that her despair might be forgiven, and finding, some of the comfort she so sorely needed.

The picture was, finished, and two days afterwards Walter was laid in his grave. Mrs. Morton's affection for Amy appeared daily to increase; and in a few weeks, she persuaded Amy and her mother to take up their abode in her house.

Poor Amy's patient, faithful spirit struggled hard against despondency, and she continued her labors as a miniature-painter with the zeal of her former and happier days. But alas! success did not, as formerly, attend her efforts. It might be that her hand was less skilful; it might be that the gay and thoughtless who had at first found a pleasant way of obtaining a character for benevolence, by patronizing the pretty young miniature-painter, had found some still more interesting object on whom to bestow their so-called charity. Whichever was the cause, Amy's pictures no longer gave satisfaction; and again and again they were returned to her as requiring alteration, or even rejected altogether. These disappointments added a last drop of bitterness to her cup, little thought of by those who thus heedlessly inflicted pang after pang on a worn and breaking heart.

It was about eight months after Walter's death. The early spring-flowers were showing themselves among the grass, the birds were beginning to sing in the budding trees; to the happy, it was a season of hope and promise. Amy returned home after a long and lonely walk; and when her mother asked the result of her expedition, she shook her head sadly, and laying a parcel on the table, replied—

"As usual, they are not pleased with the pictures, and I have brought them back.—Dear mother, I cannot even help you now!"

She hid her face in her hands, but the tears forced their way between her thin fingers, and it was long before her mother could comfort her. She seemed soothed at length, and went to her room, to lie down to rest after her walk. Before that day, strangely enough her mother had been unconscious of Amy's declining state of health, but now she could shut her eyes to it no more. Mrs. Morton, anxious to preserve that precious life, procured the best advice that the neighborhood afforded, and assisted Mrs. Sinclair in nursing the invalid with unwearied devotedness; but all care was vain, and in a few weeks Amy Sinclair lay on her death bed. It was then that she confessed to her mother and Mrs. Morton the love that she had borne to Walter; the grief that, for their sakes, she had so carefully concealed, even while it was consuming her life.

"I wished—I tried to live!" said she, when they knew all; "but I was weak, and it has pleased God to take me from you. I trust I have not murmured; but it was so sudden so very sudden."

That night, while the two widows watched her calm sleep her spirit fled without a sigh, and till morning dawned, and they saw the angelic expression that Amy's brow wore they knew not that she was dead!

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer gives the following interesting sketch of the personal appearance of Washington.

The description given by a previous correspondent of Washington's approach to the hall of Congress in Philadelphia has freshly awakened my own reminiscences of the same scene. Its vivid truth cannot be surpassed. I stood with him on that stone platform, before the door of the hall, elevated by a few steps from the pavement, when the carriage of the President drew up. It was, as he describes it, white, or rather of a light cream-color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups, by Cipriani, representing the four seasons. The horses, according to my recollection were white, in unison with the carriage. (He says they were bays; perhaps he is more correct.) As he alighted, and, ascending the steps, paused upon the platform, looking over his shoulder, in an attitude that would have furnished an admirable subject for the pencil, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing long white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side to get a nearer view. At that moment I stood so near that I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with a veneration amounting to the deepest awe. Nor was this the feeling of a schoolboy only; it pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that, even in his social and convivial hours, this feeling in those who were honored to share them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterwards, but never with any other than that same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put an impress of sacredness upon his own instrument. The first sight of the man struck the heart with involuntary homage, and prepared every thing around him to obey. When he addressed himself to speak,' there was an unconscious suspension of the breath, while every eye was raised in expectation. At the time I speak of he stood in profound silence, and had that statue-like air which mental greatness alone can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase leading to the Congressional hall, I glided along unperceived, almost under cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered instantly after him into the lobby of the House, which was of course in session to receive him. On either hand from the entrance, stood a large cast-iron stove; and, resolved to secure the unhoped-for privilege I had so unexpectedly obtained, I clambered, boy-like, on this stove, (fortunately then not much heated,) and from that favorable elevation enjoyed, for the first time, (what I have since so many thousands of times witnessed with comparative indifference,) an uninterrupted view of the American Congress in full session, every member in his place. Shall I be pardoned for saying its aspect was very different from what we now witness? There was an air of decorum, of composure, of reflection, of gentlemanly and polished dignity, which has fled, or lingers only with here and there a 'relic of the olden time.'

The House seemed then as composed as the Senate now is when an impressive speech is in the act of delivery. On Washington's entrance, the most profound and death-like stillness prevailed. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in the deepest attention; and the souls of that entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes on the noble figure which deliberately, and with an unaffected but surpassing majesty, advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing Senators and Members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the Speaker's chair. I well remember, standing at the head of the Senate, the tall, square, somewhat guant form of Mr. Jefferson; conspicuous from his scarlet waistcoat, bright blue coat, with broad bright buttons, as well as by his quick and penetrating air and high-boned Scottish cast of features. There, too, stood Gen. Knox, then Secretary of War, in all the sleek rotundity of his low statute, with a bold and florid face, open firm and manly in its expression. But I recollect that my boyish eye was caught by the appearance of De Yrujo, the Spanish Ambassador. He stood in the rear of the chair, a little on one side, covered with a splendid diplomatic dress, decorated with orders, and carrying under his arm an immense *chapeau-bras*, edged with white ostrich feathers. He was a man, totally different in his air and manner from all around him, and the very antipode especially of the Man on whom all eyes but his seemed fixed as by a spell. I saw many other very striking figures grouped about and behind the Speaker's chair, but I did not know their names, and had no one to ask; besides, I dared not open my lips.

The President, having seated himself, remained in silence, serenely contemplating the Legislature before him, whose members now resumed their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship, in the most solemn pauses of devotion, was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in Lord Lansdown's full length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with the most scrupulous neatness, black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and wrists, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so a to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large black riband. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and, when seated, laid it on the table.

At length thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript, which he opened, and rising, held it in his hand, while in a rich, deep, full sonorous voice, he read his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity, as being the utterance of a mind profoundly impressed with the dignity of the act in which it was occupied, conscious of the whole responsibility of its position and action, but not oppressed by it. There was ever about the man something which impressed the observer with a conviction that he was exactly and fully equal to what he had to do. He was never hurried; never negligent; but seemed ever prepared for the occasion, be it what it might If I could express his character in one word, it would be appropriateness. In his study, in his parlor, at a levee, before Congress, at the head of the army, he seemed ever to be just what the situation required him to be. He possessed in a degree never equalled by any human being I ever saw, the strongest, most ever-present sense of propriety. It never forsook him, and deeply and involuntarily impressed itself upon every beholder.

His address was of moderate length: the topics I have of course forgotten; indeed I was not of an age to appreciate them: but the air, the manner, the tones, have never left my mental vision, and even now seem to vibrate on my ear.

A scene like this, once beheld, though in earliest youth, is never to be forgotten. It must be now fifty years ago, but I could this moment sit down and sketch the chamber, the assembly, and *the* MAN.

Having closed the reading, he laid down the scroll, and, after a brief pause, retired as he had entered: when the manuscript was handed for a second reading, to Mr. Beckley, then clerk of the House, whose gentlemanly manner, clear silver voice, and sharp articulation I shall ever associate with the scene. When shall we again behold such a Congress and such a President?

THE STUART FAMILY.

The London Quarterly Review of December has an interesting article entitled 'The Stuarts in Italy,' in which the vain pageantries of mock royalty which the Italian governments paid to that exiled family, whose tyranny had compelled their exclusion from England, are graphically described. Notwithstanding all the baseness, cruelty, perfidy and despotism of that race, they seem to have captivated all classes by their engaging private manners and personal dignity. No reader of history fails to sympathize with Charles the First at the bar, and the scaffold, however strong may be his conviction that the death warrent of the dethroned monarch truly describes him as 'a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy.' No reader of fiction can help admiring the sturdy loyalty of the Jacobites who 'were out' in the year 1715, and the apparent manliness and heroism of the ill-starred Charles Edward, whose first successes in 1745 almost paralyzed the government, and whose crushing overthrow destroyed the last hopes of his family.

Charles Edward was himself ruined by that enterprise. Originally endowed with many virtues, frank, generous and brave, he sunk into the most abandoned dissipation and debauchery, and in 1788 his fine constitution sank under his protracted excesses. There is something mournfully ludicrous in the attempts made by the Cardinal Frascati to inter him with royal honors. 'The body was embalmed, and confined in full dress, with the George and St. Andrew in pinchbeck. An inscription was prepared in lead with Carolus III, Magnæ Britanniæ Rex, and a wooden crown and sceptre were carved and gilt.'

With this empty pageant ends the history of a race who were heirs to a great empire; a history of lawless tyranny and wrong, succeeded by exile and ignominious death.

The *Gazette Medicale*, published in Paris, speaking of LOUIS PHILIPPE, King of France, says—

"He rises at 5 in the morning, at all seasons' works in his cabinet while fresh and clear, and therefore with ease—breakfasts simply—then takes a long walk, which promotes a mild and salutary reaction towards the skin; at dinner has constantly half a fowl dressed with rice, and for his drink takes only pure water, which his Majesty is very particular. At the end of his meal he takes half a glass of old Bordeaux wine. He sleeps on a single mattress, laid on a camp bedstead, but for never more than six hours. Such is the sober and austere life of our Sovereign, and with such a regimen men may live long. It is known that Louis Philippe has some medical opinions of his own.—His remedies, however, are most innocent, and have the sanction of one of the greatest practitioners by whom our art is honored. Like Sydenham, in fact, the King may carry the whole of his therapeutical apparatus in the head of his cane. The lancet and opium are his great remedies."

EXCELLENT.—An eastern paper, in an article on the subject of perseverance and industry, says:

A few years ago Luther Severance, Horace Greely and James Harper, were bringing water by the pail full to wash type in a printing office—they were knocked about by the older boys. But they did not sit down and weep, and declare they would run away from their employers. No—they stuck to the trade year after year, till they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is in Congress, Greely is editor of the New York Tribune, one of the leading political papers of the day, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing establishment in America, and was elected Mayor of the city of New York one year ago by an overwhelming majority. So much for energy and industry.

The New Comet.—The nucleus or head of the comet is now easily seen by the naked eye. At 8 P. M., it bears about N. W. at an elevation of about 10 degrees South of the star Sigma Aneromidæ. The tail of the comet appears, through a telescope, to be about 5 degrees long; it is still invisible to the naked eye, but will probably soon become visible, if the comet should continue to increase in briliancy.—*Boston Trav., Tuesday.*

The celebrated English divine, Thomas Fuller, was a great jester. On one occasion he asked Mr. Sparrowhawk 'what was the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?' 'Sir,' said Mr. S., 'an owl is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* the face, and *fuller* all over.'

☞Private letters from Stockholm state that the King of Sweden, in full accordance with this ministry, has determined upon the emancipation of the blacks in the island St. Bartholomew. It is known that this is the only colony that Sweden possesses in the Antiles. In order to carry this plan into execution, the sum of 60,000 fr. is destined each year to ransom the slaves of that island. The instructions given to governor of the colony enjoin him to deliberate first the women, then the children, and finally the men.

To be moderate in prosperity is to know how to walk on the ice.

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