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.

TO AN ESTRANGED FRIEND.

Farewell! a flash goes through my brain,
A pang goes through my heart;
'Tis past, and I am calm again,
Nor sigh that we must part;
Part as two ships that long have kept
Their peaceful course together—
Joyed when the wave in silence slept,
Or braved the stormy weather—
Farewell! bright dreams and hopes are o'er,
Henceforth our paths unite no more.

"No more—no more!" On memory's sea
That tone will sometimes come.
And bear me busy thoughts of thee,
And dreams of absent home;
And when upon that troubled deep
Time's fitful shades are stealing,
It will not be for me to weep,
Or own one pang of feeling;
Thine was the deed which tore in twain,
What nought can e'er unite again.

Ah! had I never known the guile
Which lurked beneath that sunny brow;
Had that proud heart grown cold the while,
E'en I should live to bless thee now;
The grave would then no more have spoken
Of what was past or yet to be,
The chain held on its links unbroken,
And in the grave no change for thee;
But time has bared the guilty stain,
I cannot be deceived again!

GLYCUS.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

MY READER: I have sat some minutes, with my pen suspended in air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point—I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forester's exquisite sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."

Now, it happens that the *real name* of the heroine of the "ower true tale" which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright—compel her to wear a *nom du guerre*, because my sister-authoress accidentally gave the true name to one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice truth to delicacy? that's the question. "No?" You said no, did you not? Then Lucy, Lucy Dutton, let it be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State New York lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly, rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner, observable for its seriousness, and unlike serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipodes of her sister; a "born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength, or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so detestible, as in a beautiful woman!

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of their station, in that then half-settled portion of the country. In those days, many engaged in school-teaching, from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle to take charge of a school, some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while, her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon there came a change; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gayety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy *loved*; but scarcely acknowledged it to herself while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one—a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parent's approval of her choice to become the betrothed of young Edwin W———, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how Heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them.—Mr. W——— gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home, until after her marriage, which at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birth day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W———, to M———, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal birth day had come. It had been ushered in by a May-morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had worn away, and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet, in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid a bright eyed, affectionate hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets, which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied:

"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile—we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by-and by—never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled, yet the "bridegroom tarried."—There were whisperings surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride-elect. At last, a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. "They are come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W——— muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another and another: The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride."

W——— strode hastily across the room placed himself by *Ellen*, and took her hand in his! Then; without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said:

"I wish to make an explanation I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have already the pleasure to announce that *I am already married*. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife."

Then, turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved, until I knew your *second* daughter."

And Lucy? She heard all with strange calmness, then walked steadily forward and confronted her betrayers! Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly palor of the cheek, the dilated nostrils—the quivering lip and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and bursts into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged gasped for breath, and staggered against the wall. Then Lucy clasping her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a deathlike swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W———; but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affection. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyality; but he had been held in check by *honor*, and never told his love, until when on his way to espouse another, in an ungarded moment; he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgement from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order "to save pain to Lucy," and prevent opposition from her—and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C———.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she revived and had apparently regained her conciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—*she was hopelessly insane!* But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years, must recollect,—this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of *men*. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of *unrest*. She could not, she would not be confined, but was constantly escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care, and unwearying efforts, in some measure controled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs, and rosy summers, and golden autumns, and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp,—no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and my elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fireside.—Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl, or mantle, worn and torn, until it was *all* open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle, on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags about her, which in the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the wood, or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no,—her meek and child-like *piety* still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her, down into the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not "afraid." Her Bible went with her everywhere,—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in 'purple and gold," and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked of him his name. "William Edwin," he replied, with a timid, upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said, as though thinking aloud, "I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted."

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

* * * * * *

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of C———. It stopped at the alms-house,—an attenuated form was lifted out, and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. *Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.*

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly.—Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West;—so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alms-house.

But they were very kind to her there.—The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearying devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne adown the tide of time it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it were a royal galley.

One day about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time slept tranquilly until morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own,—but she smiled, and bade the invalid "good mornin!" Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her and she exclaimed:

"Oh, what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added,

"Where am I?—and who are you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron—*the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned!* But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think Ellen married to Edwin!—'tis strange I should dream that."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was not a dream—'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be *untrue*—and that cannot be, for he loved me—we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them—I will go to them!"

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean;" said she "what makes me so weak?"

Just then her eye fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron, gently and so is mine; and yet we had fair plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy do you not know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid!"

I can no more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to inexpressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were all as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the night when the recreant lover and the traitoress sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narration of her poor friends's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "go on, go on," through the beaded drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:

[illegible] er more."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for *twenty years*."

"*Dead!* All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud.

Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately:

"But you know who drank that cup before you."

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added:

"The Lord Jesus you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied:

"Oh, yes, I knew and loved Him *before I fell asleep*."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential wondering, and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first, her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal—then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth!

But those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her Night of Years.—*Golden Rule.*

SCENE IN A RESTAURANT.

A TRUE SKETCH.

A few days ago several flatboatmen were paid off by their employer, and, among other laudable resolves, they determined to have a dinner at one of the fashionable restaurants down town. Arrayed in their newest homespun coats and trowsers, their unsophisticated phizes shining with ruddy health, and their pockets pretty well crammed with bright dollars, they sallied forth down Chartres street.

"Bill," said one in a tone that smacked of expostulation and advice, "I dont't like them French restarants, cause I've heard it said that they hashes up all sorts of things, and I likes to know what I eat."

"Oh, thunder!" replied Jake, "it's merely the way they cooks the fodder, that's all. Now I know that they sometimes laces their coffee with brandy; but then you can have it plain if you like."

"Well, for my part," remarked Tom, "I ain't particklar; I'm all-fired hongry, and my insides is gromblin like a mannygerry just afore the animals is fed."

Entering the restaurant with these prefatory remarks, they sat down; the waiter bowed politely, and inquired what they would have. Jake pointed to a gentleman who was discussing a delicous bowl of chiken gumbo, and asked "what's that feller eatin?"

"Gumbo, sir—gumbo."

"Well, let's have three pannikins of gumbow," said Jake."

The dishes were brought, and they fell to eating like so many cormorants. Bill still appeared nervous, and every now and then he'd pick out a small bone, and look at it very mysteriously. His companions laughed at him; still he inspected every mouthful, and seemed dubious as to the ingredients composing his gumbo. At this juncture four fashionably dressed gentlemen came in, took seats near our verdant friends, and ordered—

"*Cafe, pour quartre personnes.*"

Bill dropped his spoon in horror, while Jake and Tom opened their eyes to the utmost width.

Boys," said Bill, getting very pale, "did you heer what that feller said that's got the har on his lip?"

"It sounded like *cat*," replied Jake.

"Yes," continued Bill, looking all kinds of ways for the door, "and I'm d——d! if it wasn't *poor cat* too! Oh, gosh! may be it was lean kittens that I been eatin in this cussed soup!"

The trio stopped eating very suddenly; each man pulled out his two bits and called the waiter. Just as they were paying him, the gentleman who had ordered the coffee, said—

"*Garcon—pousse cafe!*"

The three Hoosiers jumped up and made for the door. Jake was the first one to give utterance to his wrath.

"Bill," said he, "d——d if you wasn't right! He said *poor cat* furst, and now he's called for *puss coffee!* I feel that soup rilin in me now—come let's all get a dose of glauber salts, or we'll bust, sure!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

TABLE TALK.

Some of the Representatives to the Legislature are occasionally the subjects of a joke, probably from their inquisitive dispositions. At the table of one of our Hotels on Washington street, one of the "wisdom" who was in the habi o asking those around him, instead of the waiter, to wait on him, one day asked *Mac*, the gentleman opposite,

"Can you reach them *pertaters*, sir?"

Mac extended his arm toward the dish and satisfied himself that he *could* reach the *pertaters*, answered,

"Yes, sir."

"And will you stick my fork into one of 'em?" asked the Rep.

"Oh, certainly," said Mac, as he took the fork, carefully stabbing it into the potato, where he left it.

At this the Rep. was somewhat vexed, and [illegible]

"Ah!—your—fork!—yes—oh, yes, sir!"—and taking hold of the fork, he drew it from the potatoe, and passed it back to the Rep, whose nerves seemed not a little shocked.

'Waiter!—*waiter!* I say!"—cried the Rep.,—"will *you* pass me a pertater? I've been tryin' for a half an hour to get one, and if you don't pass 'em along purty soon, I'll vacate my seat and report your conduct to my insulted constituerwents!"—*Boston Paper.*

TRY IT ON.

The Knickerbocker tells an excellent story of Burchard, the revivalist; not of him, exactly, either, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this wise:

'I am now going to pray; and I want all that desire to be prayed for, to send up their names on a piece of paper.'

On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names of persons on whose behalf he was to 'wrestle,' as he said, 'with the Almighty.' A pause soon ensued, when he said, 'Send 'em up! I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can pray for a dozen.—Send 'em up! If you havn't any paper, get up and *name* the friend you want prayed for.' At this stage of the proceeding a man whom we shall call Oziel Biggs, a stalwart person of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever, and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amidst the winks, and becks and smiles of the auditory, said:

'Mr. Burchard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson!'

The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement in the audience, that Oziel was a 'hard case.'

'What is your name, Sir?—and who is Mr. Thompson?'

'It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift.'

'But,' said Mr. Burchard, 'have you faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the power of petition?'

'That's neither here nor there,' responded Oziel; '*I want you to try it on him.*'

We find the three following very good things in our friend Charles Green's excellent paper:—'Supposing Beelzebub should have the misfortune to lose his tail, why would it be impossible for him to repair the loss in Boston?' "Can't tell." "Give him up? Why sir, because the've shut up all the shops where they *re-tail bad spirits*."

EDGAR SNOWDEN, Esq., the accomplished Editor of the Alexandria Gazette, has been nominated as the Whig candidate to represent the counties of Fairfax and Alexandria in the Virginia Legislature.

ON THE EVENTS OF THE WAR.

From the Louisville Journal.

Every battle-field is the source of inexpressible grief and wo, and agony. To say nothing of the gory victims that on such fields yield up their latest breath, who shall attempt to portray the agony that must pierce the hearts of their surviving friends? The battle of Buena Vista may be consecrated to fame, and poets may hymn its glories and attune their harps to sing the praise of the survivors and to chant mournful requiems over the graves of the gallant dead, but that bloody field will also be consecrated to human wo.—Each one of the thousands that were martyred to the fell spirit of war had his friends, by whom his loss will be mourned. Many fathers there fell, leaving their helpless children to struggle with the stormy tides of life without the protection of the parental arm. Many husbands there died, leaving trusting wives to lament in bitterness of soul their loss. The dearly beloved sons of hoary headed sires there sighed their last breath away, to be mourned awhile and soon to be followed to the land of spirits by those to whom their loss is irreparable. When we reflect on the desolation that will be carried to thousands of firesides; the gloom that will hang like a cloud over numberless homes lately bright with the hues of happiness; the tears of orphans, the shrieks of wives and mothers and sisters; the groans of fathers and sons and brothers; the wide-spread and lasting grief that will result from the carnage of Buena Vista, what heart can refuse its sympathy with the bereaved, or refrain from cursing the infatuation which renders such scenes of blood necessary? Awful and deep is the responsibility of those rulers who bring on a country the calamities of war, and, from motives of ambition, cause the green fields of this beautiful earth to be reddened with human gore!

And what great purpose is to be advanced by the iniquitous war which has already cost this nation a vast expenditure of blood and treasure? What compensation is the country to gain by the waste of so much money, and the quick deaths of so many thousands of its sons on the battle field and the slow deaths of so many other thousands by pestilence and disease?

If national glory can be reached only through such mournful scenes, it is not a possession to be coveted. Is our country to be rendered more prosperous, our people happier and better, by this cruel war? Is the peaceful spirit of religion to be promoted by the carnage of Buena Vista? No; for no such purposes was this great calamity brought upon our country. The war was begun to advance the popularity of certain detestable politicians and unworthy aspirants for office, and it has been continued for the disgraceful purpose of extending our territorial limits, already far too extended for our population. If the war were waged to secure our liberties, or to shield our firesides from the ruthless invasion of the hired battalions of foreign tyrants, it would then present some attractive feature to our countrymen, and the tidings of each victory would be received with feelings of exultation. But *how different is the feelings with which the victories of our troops in Mexico are regarded!* We see no demonstrations of great joy, and our streets are not noisy with expressions of delight. This would not be the case if the war were considered necessary. The war is viewed as unrighteous, and the objects sought to be secured by it are not considered desirable; hence, although all persons are pleased that our soldiers are victorious when led against the enemy, and although all are ready and anxious to utter panegyrics on the gallantry of our officers and men, yet but few wish to hear of any further victories, however brilliant, or desire that any more bloody trophies shall be reaped on the soil of Mexico.

We ardently hope that the field of Buena Vista may be the last scene of carnage that the gallant Taylor may be called on to witness, for we cannot believe that any Mexican force will dare again to meet him in battle. We hope that the Mexicans will now feel satisfied that they cannot drive the Americans from their soil, and be disposed to enter on negotiations which shall lead to a speedy peace. The people of our country are anxious for the restoration of amicable relations, as they do not desire any further effusion of Mexican blood, nor any appropriations of Mexican territory.

From the New York Express.

We have to lament the fall of many young and gallant spirits in this unfortunate, and, as we have maintained, we think, uncalled for and inexcusable war. Beginning with the storming of Matamoras, the sortie from Fort Brown, the occupation of Point Isabel, through the bloody battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to the taking of Monterey, and terminating with the carnage on the field of Buena Vista, the step of that grim monster, War, has been not alone over the stiff and stark bodies of the slain, but over the broken, bleeding hearts of a multitude of survivors. The demon has marked his fell progress up to such poor achievements as, with all this sacrifice, we can boast of, as yet, by the trophies of sundered ties, of widowhood, of orphanage, of filial and paternal and maternal agony. The funeral cars have rolled, three deep, through our streets, as we have sent home our dead from the fields on which they fell, to re-

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