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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EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning.
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting,
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last, pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease
A purer sky, where all is peace.

THE STAR OF THE HAREM.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

It was twilight in the East, and its golden hues glanced athwart the sky that arched above the glossy sea of Marmora, while the rising moon just tipping the gilded crescents of the mosques, silvered the light waves of the Bosphorus. Near its banks at this hour sat a couple of turbaned youths dressed in the loose-made attire of the Armenian people. On a near approach it was easy to discover that one was a female evidently seeking to disguise her sex the youth by her side being her lover to meet whom alone she had hazarded this exposure by the water side.

"Ah, dearest Zillah, would that we had been born far beyond the sea whence comes yonder noble ship with those stars dotting her azure flag, for in America, I am told that religious belief is no bar to the union of hearts.

"Nor should it be here, Al Hassan," replied the gentle girl by his side, "did our noble Sultan understand the best good of his people; may the prophet open his eyes.'

"Though I love thee, Zillah, far beyond all else on earth, yet I can not abjure my religion for thy sake, for at best we can be here a short time only, and if I was unfaithful in my holy creed, then I could no longer hope as I do now to meet thee let what may betide us, in paradise."

"And thus, Al Hassan, are you doubly true to me, for though my father has educated me in the studied rules of Mussulman faith yet I am far from heeding such minutia as would entitle me to bear the name of a bigot; no, no; I love you the more that you are true to your religion."

Zillahwas a child in years, sixteen summers had not yet developed their power in her slight but beautiful form, and yet it was rounded so nearly to perfection, so slightly and gracefully full, as to captivate the most fastidious eye. Her face was classically beautiful, with a Grecian cast of features and eyes that were almost too large and too brilliant. The acknowledged children of the Turks can hardly escape being lovely in personal attractions, for their parent who becomes the favorite, is the chosen beauty of the harem, selected from out a host of Georgian or Circassian slaves, any one of whom would form a worthy subject for the artist's model. And such was Zillah's mother—a Circass an by birth; she had been brought by a Trebizond slave ship to Constantinople and purchased by her father, the richest Bey in the Turkish Metropolis.

Al Hassan was a young Armenian merchant of rich parents, and good family. By some chance he had met Zillah, and done her an important service at imminent risk to himself, by saving her from the deep river that encircles the city. A caique in which she was crossing, having by some mischance overturned while he was near the spot, he sprang into the water and swam with her to the shore. With the suddenness of oriental passion, they loved at once but their after intercourse was necessarily in secret, since they knew full well that the Bey would at once punish them both if he discovered them, for how could a Mussulman tolerate an Armenian?

Al Hassan was well calculated to captivate the fancy of Zillah. He was four years her senior, well formed and bearing a countenance which besides being remarkably handsome, was truly intellectual in its expression. Though young he seemed to possess many years of experience and an unflinching steadiness of purpose, which together formed a character that Zillah not only loved most dearly, but deeply respected. Al Hassan had travelled much already in his business, and had improved opportunities for acquiring knowledge, which rendered him in advance of many of those who were about him; besides which he seemed to avoid by instinct the vices of his people and the Mussulmen

Zillah and Al Hassan had often met as we have described, but always with the utmost caution; for the close watch and restraint enforced upon the women of Constantinople is proverbial even with us in America, and indeed, the females themselves seem fully to approve of their veiled customs, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that they voluntarily depart from them.—But this was an instance when heart claimed sway, and breaking through all the restraint of forms, sought the object of its devotion, nearly heedless of the risk, or the cost of detection. But at last Zillah was discovered by her father, the Bey, to be absent from the harem. None knew whither she had gone, nor how she had escaped; but the father's suspicions were aroused, and ever after, she found it impossible to escape even for a moment, and of course to communicate with the young Armenian in any other way, was out of the question. Thus rendered miserable, "The Star of the Harem," as Zillah was called, grew sick, and paler and paler each day, until the old Bey, now thoroughly aroused, was extremely anxious, lest she should be taken away. The best sages and doctors to be found, were summoned, and constantly attended the drooping flower, but alas! to no avail: their art was not cunning enough to discover the true cause, nor would she tell it; but knowing the hopeless character of her love, she nursed it in secret, and kept, ah! sadly kept, the secret locked fast within her young breast.

The cold-hearted old Bey never dreamed of the true cause of her illness. True, he had suspected her of being too ungarded in her habits, and had laid restrictions upon her as to the liberty that should be permitted for her enjoyment; but as for disapointment in love being a cause sufficient to wither the beauty and health of his child, the cool, calculating old Turk could realize no such thing. In vain were all the remedies prescribed by the physicians that attended her, and at last the father who really loved his child, perhaps the only being on earth that had ever engendered an honest affection in his heart, determined to seek the confidence of Zillah. He entered the gorgeously furnished apartments of the harem, and seating himself on a rich divan of satin, he tenderly drew his child towards him.

Zillah loved her father, and at this unusual token of kindness from him, tears flooded her eyes and cheeks, and she buried her face in his broad mantle and sobbed aloud.

"My child," said the old Bey, encircling her slender waist with his arm, "tell me the true cause of thy sickness. Surely you must know what robs thy cheek of its color, thine eye of its brilliancy, and thy form of its strength. Speak, Zillah, as you would open your heart to the Prophet."

"Ah, father let me die in peace, since I know full well how hopeless is my malady; I love thee; and do not complain."

"Nay, Zillah, my child," said the Bey, earnestly, "tell me what this secret is—I charge you in the name of the Prophet."

The eyes of the beautiful girl sought the rich carpet, and a gentle blush stole across her pale face beneath her now almost transparent skin, and thus she mused for a single moment.

"Speak, my child, speak!" said the Bey, reading the half-formed resolution in her expressive face.

"Yes, I will reveal to you the truth, my father. You remember the youth who saved me from a watery grave."

"That youth; what of him, Zillah?"

"Father," she whispered, "*I love him.*"

"What, Zillah, thou lovest a dog of a Christian, a vile Armenian?"

"I have spoken," said Zillah, modestly.

The Bey knew his daughter to be fixed in her feelings, and that all his rage was only thrown away. She frankly told him that she never could be happy unless the young Armenian, Al Hassan, was her husband. The embarassment of the Mussulman was great in this dilemma. He had recourse to the most eminent physicians to know if a malady caused by love could ever prove fatal. They assured him that this had frequently been the case, and that his daughter was in a most critical situation. All this rendered him quite miserable, for he could not for a moment entertain the idea of his child's becoming the wife of one of the hated Christian race — Besides, the laws prohibited such intermarriages in the most positive and decided manner, affixing the most fearful penalties to a digression from the rule established. He thought long, and smoked many pipes over the matter, coming at last to the conclusion that there was but one way both to save his child, and to respect the laws, and his plan was accordingly formed in his own mind.

He repaired to the young Armenian's shop and purchased some rich goods, directing that the proprietor, Al Hassan, should see them delivered at his palace, and be there in person to receive his pay.

The terms of the bargain were strictly adhered to, and the merchant attended upon the delivery of the purchase. He received full pay for his goods, and a rich present besides, with a message that if he would follow the slave who gave them to him, he should be conducted into the presence of the Bey, who would be happy to receive so reputable a merchant. Al Hassan followed the messenger, through several winding passages, until at last they stopped short and suddenly, when the slave threw open a secret door, and the astonished Armenian found himself within the sacred precincts of the Bey's harem, and within a few steps of Zillah herself.—His wonder soon gave way to the joy of meeting her whom he loved so dearly, and in spite of all penalty, the two were the next moment embraced in each other's arms! The emotion of the gentle Zillah was too much for her debilitated strength, and she fainted. Al Hassan laid her upon the rich divans, yielded her to the host of attendants that thronged to her side.

At this moment the wily Turk entered, and with well feigned surprise declared that the Amenian had profaned his harem, at the same time sternly ordering his slaves to seize and confine him, in the keep of the palace but his stratagem was too shallow to deceive, Al Hassan who, as he was being conducted away, turned and said:—

"Think not that I am deceived by this hollow pretence; for I know full well your object in thus betraying me."

"Be this as it may, young man," replied the Turk, "there remains but one mode for you to escape from death. By virtue of the laws, you must now embrace the Mahomedan faith and marry my child, or your life is forfeit."

"*There is a God in Heaven!*" replied Al Hassan, as they hurried him away to the gloomy keep.

A week passed by, and still was the young merchant confined in the keep.—Each morning a slave appeared before him, stating that if he were prepared to comply with the laws, he should be released; if not a few more days would seal his fate. The old Turk thought that Al Hassan thus pressed, would finally yield and choose to renounce his faith rather than die; but he knew not the sustaining and actuating motive of this captive, whose answer was still unchanged. At last the Bey sent for him to appear before him.

"Do you still adhere to your purpose," he asked?

"I do," replied the Armenian.

"And dost prefer death to a life of peace with Zillah?"

"Ah! deeply, severely am I tried," said Al Hassan; "no torture could make me acknowledge so much, for as the apple of mine eye, do I love thy daughter cruel Bey."

"The choice is with yourself; life with her, or a fearful death."

There was a momentary struggle in the Armenian's mind—for but a moment did he hesitate and pause to consider.

"Speak for the last time," said the Bey, "ere I hand thee over to the mercies of the criminal tribunal."

"My trust is in heaven," said the Armenian, calmly.

"Enough," said the Turk, "bear him away to the court."

And Al Hassan was led like a traitor or a felon before the judges whose words were fate, and who were actuated by all the prejudices of their countrymen against the hated sect to which he belonged, but he was innocent, and knew no fear.

Boldly and without hesitation did the Bey charge him before the tribunal, of profaning his harem—a crime whose penalty, as all Constantinople knew, was death, unless the culprit became at once a follower of the prophet, and in an instance like the present, married the female.

The Armenian commenced his defence in a bold and manly strain. He announced at once his deep, unchanging love for the beautiful Zillah, and acknowledged the charge, preferred against him, of being found in the harem. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of the Bey himself, which could be easily proved by his own child and by the slaves that conducted him thither.

These were sent for and examined, and the Turkish tribunal were forced to acknowledge in their own hearts that Al Hassan was innocent. But he was found in the harem; no matter how he came there; he was a Christian, and the law provided for such cases was imperative. The judges all joined in advising Al Hassan to embrace the true faith, as they termed the Mahometan creed, but he steadily rejected all persuasion, and the judges were forced to pronounce his sentence. He was condemned to be beheaded.

"Is there no hope," cried the half-distracted Zillah to the judges—"must he die because he is a Christian?"

"There is no alternative for us, my child," said the chief judge; "we are but the agents of the law, its humble servants."

"The sultan! the sultan!" cried Zillah, as if a new thought had possessed her, at the same leaving the hall of justice.

She sought the palace of the "brother of the sun," and regardless of all ceremony, threw herself at his feet. She related in most eloquent terms the true state of the affair that so nearly affected her. She told the sultan, too, of the part her father had acted, but with all delicacy and consideration, and with her earnest but simple and true tale, engaged and interested the monarch. He sent at once for the judges, and listened attentively to their version of the affair, also receiving from them a recommendation of mercy. The sultan turned his face towards the east, and for a moment seemed lost in prayer. Then Al Hassan was ordered before him.

"Thou lovest the bey's daughter as truly as she doth love thee?" demanded the sultan, when both were before him.

"I have long loved her thus truly, noble sultan," replied Al Hassan.

"And thou, Zillah, dost love the Amenian, would'st thou become his wife?"

"Oh! noble sultan, it is the only wish of my heart ungratified."

"If I err, the Prophet forgive me," said the monarch, again bowing his head towards the east, "rise and go hence; you are from this hour married to each other, and may the Prophet open the eyes of all unbelievers."

Under such countenance as this, none dared to complain, and the happy Zillah and Al Hassan, would not have changed their lot for an accepted Peri's place in Mahomet's Paradise.

[The reader may have seen, in the last foreign journals, that the Sultan of Turkey had, for the first time, sanctioned a *mixed* marriage, and also, that the English papers are still discussing the political bearing of the movement. The marriage referred to, is that between Zillah the rich Bey's daughter, and Al Hassan, the Armenian merchant, & this, gentle reader, is a *true* story.]

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

One beautiful, but keenly cold evening in January, a young gentleman entered Dr. C——'s office, (with whom I was spending a vacation,) and hurriedly inquired where he should find the Doctor.

Not being able to inform him he requested me to accompany him down the street to H——'s hotel, as there was a young lady in the ball room very ill.

Supposing it a fainting fit, I clapped a bottle of hartshorn, together with a lancet into my pocket, and accompanied him.

On the way he informed me, as I already knew, that a ball was in progress at the hall and had been interrupted by the unfortunate illness of one of belles of the evening.

Arriving at the hotel, we were somewhat surprised by the rapid filling and driving away of the carriages at the door.

We caught, now and then, an exclamation, which betokened extreme terror, but heard nothing sufficiently distinct to admit of forming a conclusion as to the cause of the apparent confusion.

Passing up the stairs, we encountered numbers of young ladies, with their mantles thrown carelessly about them, with cheeks as pale and lips as bloodless as though they themselves were the subjects for whom aid was summoned.

They were hurrying away as from consternation, the hilarity of the occasion having been suddenly exchanged for mute terror.

Hurrying through the crowd, we entered the ball room. It was very spacious, and brilliantly lighted, but deserted of its occupants, save a group in the centre, who seemed horror stricken by the sight humanity compelled them to remain to witness.

On a sofa, which had been drawn from the side of the room, sat a young lady, in a stooping posture, as though in the act of rising, with one hand stretched out to take that of the partner, who was to have led her to the dance.

With a smile upon her lip, and eyes beaming with excitement, death had seized her. The smile of joy was transformed to a hideous grin; the beaming eye now seemed but a glazed mass protruding from the socket.

The carmine, added to give brilliancy to her complexion now contrasted strangely with the sallow hue her skin had assumed, while the gorgeous trappings, in which fashion had decked her seemed but a mocking of the habiliments of the grave.

Death under such circumstances was horrible.

No wonder the pale mother, as she knelt beside her child, groaned out, "Not here! not here! Let her die at home!"

We had arrived too late to render aid. The spirit had fled, and all that could be done was to remove the body, and strip it of its senseless paraphernalia. This horrible catastrophe was one of those striking acts of providence, by which we are forewarned that Death claims all seasons for his own. When the young and beautiful, surrounded, by the consolations of religion, depart in the triumphs of a Christian faith, we bow ourselves to the stroke, and believe that a seraph has passed from among us, to mingle with the pure above.

But a sudden dispensation, like the one above, leaves a shadow upon the hearts of the survivors no after scene can describe. Do they mingle with the merry dancers? In the midst of their festivity comes the awful phantom of the past.

In the silence of their own chambers they weep for the departed, and seek in vain, in memory's store-house, for some fond message whispered from the bloodless lips, as the spirit sighed itself away.

"Not here! not here! let her die at home!" would be the exclamation of any mother were she to stand thus by her only child; while the only response vouchsafed would be found in the soul harrowing exclamation of those around "dead dead! and in a ball room!"—*Northern Budget.*

MARIA LOUISA OF AUSTRIA DEAD.

Maria Louisa, the Grand Duchess of one of the small States of Austrian Italy, and formerly wife of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, died recently. This was the woman for whom Napoleon repudiated his first wife Josephine, from which moment the star of the great captain's destiny glimmered and grew dim. The simple announcement of the death of Maria Louisa of the house of Austria, unheralded as it is with royal funeral pomp or the noise of imperial ceremony, and scarcely ruffling the surface of the world's attention, must yet, in the bosoms of some, call forth a variety of emotions, especially when they remember the connexions and extraordinary history of this unfortunate princess. She was the daughter of a powerful emperor—the queen of another still more mighty—and the mother of a king. She was torn from her regal state, and from the society of her consort, by the barbarities of war—exiled, degraded, and at last expired in obscurity. From the high role of distinguished royal personages she has passed away, as one whose last days few sought to honor, and whose character the great mass of the world cares not now to remember. Her only distinction is—that she was Napoleon's wife.—*Galaxy.*

MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT.

It says much for the proprietors of the cottage at Chalfont, and for the feeling of the country in general, that this simple dwelling has been sacredly preserved to this time. You see that all the others near it are much more modern. This is of the old framed timber kind, and is known not only by the village, but the whole country round, as Milton's house. Mr. Dunster, in the additions of his edition of "Paradise Regained," said that the cottage of Chalfont "is is not plesantly situated; that the adjacent country is extremely pleasant; but the immediate spot is as little picturesque or pleasing as can well be imagined." He might have recollected that it could signify very little to Milton whether the spot was picturesque or not, if it were quiet, and had a good air; for Milton was, and had been long, quite blind. But in fact the situation, though not remarkably striking, is by no means unpleasing. It is the first cottage on the right hand as you descend the road from Beaconsfield to Chalfont St. Giles. Standing a little above the cottage, the view before you is very interesting. The quiet village of Chalfont lies in the valley, amid woody uplands, which are seen all round. The cottage stands facing you with its gable turned to the road, and fronting into its little garden and field. A row of ordinary cottages is built at its back, and faces the road below, To the right, ascends the grass field mentioned; but this, with extensive old orchards above the house, is pleasing to the eye, presenting an idea of quiet rural repose and of meditative walks in the shade of the orchard trees, or up the field to the breezy height above. Opposite to the house, on the other side of the way, is a wheel-wright's dwelling, with his timber reared amongst old trees, and above it a chalk pit, grown about with bushes. This is as rural as you can desire. The old house is covered in front with a vine; bears all the marks of antiquity: and is said by its inhabitant, a tailor, to have have been but little altered. There was, he says, an old porch at the door, which stood till it fell with age. Here we may well imagine Milton sitting, in the sunny weather, as at Bunhill Fields, and enjoying the warmth, and the calm sweet air. Could he have seen the view which here presented itself it would have been agreeable for though in this direction the ascending ground shuts out distant prospect, its green and woody upland would be itself a pleasant object of contemplation; shutting out all else, and favorable to thought. The house below consists of two rooms the one on the left, next to the road, a spacious one, though low, and with its small diamond casements suggesting to you that it is much as when Milton inhabited it.—Here he no doubt lived principally; and to all probability, here was "Paradise Regained" dictated to his amanuensis, most likely at this time his wife, Elizabeth Minshull. The worthy tailor and his apprentice were now mounted on a table in it, busily pursuing their labor.—*Wm. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

THE FATED PANTALOONS.

An old gentleman of London, merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter endowed with great mental and physical charms, and possessing every faculty calculated to please and delight. She had besides a fine dowry. She was attached and engaged to a young man in her own rank, as well situated as herself with the world and worthy in all respects of her love and the happiness he promised himself. The preliminary arrangements were made, and after having been postponed two or three times, the marriage was positively fixed for Thursday 15th April, 18—. The preceding Monday the young gentleman who ought to have received £100,000 sterling as dowry on the day of his marriage, and 30,000 after the death of his father-in-law, who was far advanced in life, had with his beautiful betrothed one of those little scenes of jealousy which happen to all lovers, even those the most enamored of each other.

It was at a little party. The young lady thought her lover too attentive to one of her friends who had the finest eyes in world and resplendent tresses of auburn hair, beautiful enough to make a man distracted. To the reproaches made to him, the young gentleman replied with some little asperity, and ventured some quick remarks upon a certain cousin whose superb waistcoat had attracted general admiration and which they said had been embroidered by the pretty hands of the beautiful heiress. He added, even, the young and the impudent! that it would be quite too late for him to be master when he should be married, and that she '*wore the breeches*' most too soon! After supper, the two lovers grew cooler and cooler to each other in spite of iced Champagne and Roman Punch, so much so that they parted in pique. The next morning, our young man felt great regret at his conduct on the previous evening, which then appeared to him to have been wicked and unjust. He repented of it, and wishing to make the *amende honorable*, he enveloped with great care a magnificent dress of satin which he had some days before ordered for his betrothed, and sent it to her with the following note:

'My dear——I have not been able to close my eyes all night for thinking of the ridiculous misunderstanding of last evening. Forgive me, I beg of you, and as a pledge of your pardon, deign to accept the garment I send you, and wear it from your affectionate

After having written these lines, the young lover gave the note and the package to a servant; but finding that a pair of his pantaloons required mending, he profited by the occasion to send them to his tailor who dwelt in a street which led to the house of his betrothed in Bush Lane. The reader suspects already perhaps the fatal mistake of the servant. The unfortunate man left the elegant robe of satin with Mr. Thompson, the tailor, and the note with *the old worn pants* at the house of the young lady! Her indignation was at the height at this new affront of her lover, and when he presented himself at her house the door was shut in his face. His explanations, his apologies, his tears and his prayers were unavailing and repulsed with disdain. The marriage will not take place. The young lady could not be brought to reverse her resolution, and it is said that from that day she has cherished an implacable hatred of the sex that *wears the breeches.*'

AN OLD LETTER.—A friend has handed us the following letter for publication. It is copied from an ancient publication:—

Letter from a Lady to her Nephew.
June 2, 1759.

Dear Nephew,

I have not written to you since my last before now, because we had moved from our former place of living, and did not know where a letter would reach you, but I now with pleasure take my pen to inform you of the death of your only living uncle, who died very suddenly last week, after a lingering illness of five months.—The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, living perfectly quiet and speechless, all the while talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, except I had wrote you by last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have had postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was brought on by his last sickness, for he was never well ten days together, during the whole time of his confinement, and I believe his sickness was occasioned by eating too much of rabbits stuffed with peas and gravy, or peas and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I cannot tell which; but be that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last, the doctors gave over all hopes of his recovery.

I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you know that in December next he would have been twenty-five years old, lacking ten months, and had he lived till then, he would have been six months dead. His property now devolves to his first kin, who died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us, and you know his property was something very considerable, for he had a fine estate, which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost in a horse race. It was the opinion of every body at the time that he would have won the race, if the horse he run against had not been too fast for him. I never saw a man, and the doctors all say so, that observed directions and took medicines better than he did; he said he would as leave drink gruel as wine, if it had only the same taste, and would as soon take jalap as eat beef-steaks, if it had the same relish. But, poor soul, he will never drink more, and you have not a living relation in the world, except myself and your two cousins who were killed in the last war. I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall seal my letter with black sealing wax, and put on it your uncle's coat of arms, so I beg you not to break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings.—When you come to this place stop, and do not read any more till my next.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

P. S. Don't write to me again until you receive this.

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING-COUGH.—A tea-spoonful of castor oil to a table-spoonful of molasses: a tea-spoonful of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

Mr. Bradshaw, M. P., who married Mary Tree, sister to Mrs. C. Kean, died lately in London.

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