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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From the London Metropolitan.

I NEVER CAN ANOTHER WED.

BY L. J. MONTAGU.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
'Twas on her bridal day
I saw her last; and then her tears
Did stain her bright array;
Methought those tears for me were shed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
I never see the place
Where once she dwelt, but bitter tears
Come gushing o'er my face;
They say that love by grief is fed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
Nor would I trust me now
To look on her, in smiles, or tears,
Lest I forget her vow:
They tell me that her beauty's fled;
But be it so, or not,
I never could another wed,
She, never be forgot.

THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

In their dull, dim parlor, Mrs. Hargrave and her daughter were seated; Caroline on a foot-stool by her mother's side. The house was in one of those grey-looking streets which abound in London, though many a denizen of the metropolis little heeds their existence. Branching indirectly from, and therefore generally parallel with, some great thoroughfare, they are thoroughfares themselves, but threaded so little as such, that the fact is almost forgotten, till the necessary (or unnecessary) nuisance of a paving perplexity breaks up the high roads done up the stream of traffic, and sends its rushing tide of vehicles for days or weeks together down the "quiet street," waking its slumbering echoes with a ceaseless roar, breaking the nightly repose of its inhabitants, and working a revolution in its local customs. But the street I mean was distinguished by a further peculiarity from the general class to which it belonged. It was an artist street, the sign thereof being that here and there a window, as if regardless of the symmetry of outward appearance, soared upwards, apparently ambitious of communicating with its neighbor overhead. And Mr. Hargrave was a painter; one of a band so numerous, that no one can fancy in the description of him, that an individual is sketched. A man of talent, not genius; with more aspiration than power; and imbued with that selfish, self-willed egotism which, though it may sometimes overshadow a great mind, much oftener dwarfs to still narrower dimensions, and shrivels up, a little one.

I have said it was a dull, dim parlor, but not a dirty or dingy one; for neatness and cleanliness were as apparent as the shabbiness of the furniture. If curtains and chair covers were faded, it was from washing as well as from wear. Poverty reigned there with his iron sceptre, and his heel on all the flowers of life, but he wore a mask, half pride, half resignation, and his aspect was less repellant than it often is, when his rule is far less cruel and despotic. The first floor of the house was occupied by the artist as a studio. There pictures were painted which did, or did not, bring golden returns; there patrons—the few he had—were received; and there he indulged his dreams of future fame and appreciation, railing at the dulness of the multitude, because it failed to call him great, and—in one sense happily for himself—wrapping himself in his self consciousness as in a protecting garment of egotism, which shut out all the vulgar cares of life. He little thought—and he could not have been made to comprehend—that his very selfishness was the barrier to true greatness. Intellect, knowledge, learning, a life-long practice in the mechanism of his Art—all these he had; but he wanted the generous pulse of feeling which would have added a Soul to the evidences of Mind and warmed with the heart-fire of Genius his clever cold creations!

He did not know—and he could not have been taught to comprehend—that the calm, patient, care-worn wife, deputed to the ignoble tasks of domestic drudgery; to the ingenious stratagems by which she strove to make one sovereign fill the legitimate services of two; and to the painful interviews when pressing tradesman begged the settlement of long standing accounts; had *acted* a finer poem in her forty years of life, than his brain had ever imagined, or his pencil ever executed. I have said that she and her daughter were seated in that dark parlor; but few would have guessed how occupied. The employment will appear little profitable, nay, perhaps on the contrary, it may seem to belong to the pomps and vanities of life. Briefly, then, by the mingled lights of winter twilight and a bright, if not large fire, she was plaiting and braiding her daughter's rich dark hair. From Caroline's early childhood it had been the doting mother's pride; no other hand had ever tended it, from the days of the golden curls, through all their deepening shades, till now, in its rich profusion; it was of the dark hue which looks black until sunlight or firelight brings out its greater brilliance. Helpful in most things beyond the average of her age and condition, in one respect Caroline Hargrave was helpless to the last degree. Beyond gathering up her long hair with a comb, or parting it in thick locks when damp from its frequent bath, the maiden of sixteen had not a notion of arranging her greatest adornment. Deep and beautiful as was the mutual attachment of the mother and her only child, to my mind there was something touching in the phase of it I am describing. The symmetrical figure bursting into the perfection of its rounded beauty, was little likely to have gayer apparel than the home-made cotton gown; the little foot was commonly disguised in cheap and clumsy shoes; the small and well-shaped hand had never known a Parisian glove, and her fair young face and violet blue eyes had never been "set off" by the witchery of a "darling" bonnet. The coarsest straw, or dowdy combinations of mysterious manufacture, were the only head-gear she had ever possessed—but the beautiful hair! that at least the mother could control, and limb-wearied, or mind-wearied, early or late, some hour of the day she would surely find in which, with practised hand and loving gesture, to wreath its wavy masses, one day in one fashion, the next in some other, till one might have thought variety itself was exhausted.

"Mamma," said Caroline, looking up, with a smile, and an expression of countenance that seemed a laughing contradiction to her words, "Mamma, do you know I am very vain of my hair!"

"Not vain, my love, I am sure," said Mrs. Hargrave, shaping, as she spoke, a massive plait like a coronet, for the young head that leaned upon her knee. "Not vain, I am sure, though of course you know it is beautiful."

"Dear mamma! cannot you tell what I mean?" exclaimed Caroline, "that I must have been deaf or blind last night, not to discover how beautifully you had dressed it. Really, I felt what Lady Fitzroy said was quite true, that no lady's in the room looked so well as mine. And I thought how kind and how clever my dear mamma was, and how much I wished she had been there to hear her tasteful work admired." And Caroline kissed the hand that was conveniently near her lips.

"Ah, I have been so busy all the morning, that you have not told me half the particulars of the ball yet—your first ball, too. Did you really enjoy it, my darling?"

"Oh yes—was it not kind of Miss Graham to invite me?"

Now Miss Graham was what might be called a young old maid, rich and generous, good and clever, and handsome enough to make a very handsome portrait, for the which she had recently sat to Mr. Hargrave. The painter despised with most supreme contempt that branch of his art, by which alone a twenty pound note was likely to find its way into his house; and had he suspected that his sitter really cared very little whether the portrait were a likeness or not, and merely thus employed him, as a delicate manner of benefitting his wife and daughter, it is probable contempt and indignation would have prevented him undertaking the commission. Yet such was the truth; and when to this trait of her character is added the fact that a week before the ball, she sent Caroline a quantity of India muslin, with the prettiest of notes, begging her acceptance of the same, saying, that she had received a present of several pieces from a cousin in the East, (so she had seven years ago,) and leaving her to suppose this was one of them, though really purchased that morning at Howell's—when this second trait of character is perceived, and understood, the discriminating reader will be intimately acquainted with the shrewd, generous, rather eccentric, but very high hearted Emily Graham.

"Tell me," continued Mrs. Hargrave, recalling to her mind, as it were a picture, the figure of her young daughter as she had appeared the night before in her filmy, floating muslin robe, and her rich dark hair, without on either, the addition or adornment of a gem or a flower, "tell me," she continued, "did you dance much, and who was it that found you partners?"

"Miss Graham herself," said Caroline; "and not only did she introduce me to partners, but to several ladies who were there, calling me her 'young friend.' Was not this kind and considerate? And do you know, I like better to talk to them than to the strange gentlemen. The latter asked me about operas, and theatres, and books I had never read, and I could only say 'I don't know' to all that was said. And then I felt confused, and that made me seem sillier than ever."

"But the ladies," said Mrs Hargrave, with a smile, "praised your hair, and so you felt at home in the discourse,—was that it, Caroline?"

"Dear mamma, can you think me so foolish? The ladies talked to me about many things, and when I seemed ignorant, enlightened me. I did not feel confused at all with them, and I can hardly tell how it came about that Lady Fitzroy admired my hair, and called her daughter to observe its arrangement, recommending her to describe the style to her French maid, Annette."

"Then I suppose we shall have the honor of introducing a fashion, my child?"

"I do not think so," replied Caroline, "for the young lady shook her head, and said that if her maid could dress hair with half the simple grace that mine displayed, she might soon make a fortune at no other employment."

Mrs Hargrave was twining the last loose tress round her fingers while Caroline spoke, and the daughter did not remark that she paused a moment, dropping her hands for that instant on the young girl's shoulder. Then quickly completing her self-appointed task, the mother stooped to kiss the smooth fair brow before her and dismissed the child with one of those fond words which are the sweetest music loving lips can utter—when tuned by one heart's key note, they reach another no less warm.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The scene is again the parlor, in the "quiet street," but three years have passed, and busy as old Time must have been about more important matters, he had condescended to leave there agreeable evidences of his passage. The room was no longer dim and dull, on the contrary, it wore a decided air of substantial comfort. Instead of worn and faded chintz, thick curtains of a plain but serviceable manufacture, kept out the wintry air; a warm carpet felt soft to the feet; an easy chair stretched out its inviting arms on one side of the fire, whilst on the other a comfortable couch extended its length. Nor was the room without an ornament. Opposite to the chimney-glass, and reflected therein, so that the picture seemed always present, was a beautiful portrait of Caroline Hargrave—in truth one of her father's most successful productions. Representing her simply attired in white, it recalled precisely her appearance on the eventful night of her first ball; and at the moment of which we are speaking, the original was not by, to invite comparisons.

Mrs. Hargrave was seated on the couch, and beside her was a gentleman, a young man of three or four and twenty, who, though deeply interested in the conversation which was going on, and looking without remarkable [illegible] his eyes every now and then, either to the portrait or its reflection, as if it were the presiding deity of the place. Although three years had passed, so far from the lady looking older, the case was absolutely the reverse; a truth which was the more apparent from the circumstance of her being much better dressed than before, wearing on this occasion a quiet and matronly dress of dark satin. Her habitual expression now was one of repose and contentment, but at this moment it was lighted by a visible, half tearful gladness, and yet ruffled by some feeling that partook of anxiety.

"Why will you," exclaimed Wilton Bromley, for we will take up their discourse at the minute when, Asmodeus-like, we look in, "why will you, my dear lady, revert to what you are pleased to call the inequality of our station? I will admit it only to be inequality of fortune; and I am so eccentric as to think this an inequality which renders us peculiarly well suited to each other. Dearly as I love Caroline, were I penniless it would be a sorry subject to speak of our marriage—and were she rich, I should distrust the power of my moderate income—should feel there was something wrong in our relative positions—should despair of ever knowing the exquisite sensation, the thought, that even in the most worldly sense, and in reference to mere material comforts, her future lot promises to be brighter and easier than her past."

Mrs. Hargrave pressed his hand, and said, with emotion, "You are all that is good and generous."

"And what can really be a richer inheritance," the young man continued, "than health, talent, and beauty? If an artist be fit companion for our nobles, surely his daughter may mate with a simple gentleman."

"A really great artist!" murmured Mrs. Hargrave, as if half ashamed of the insinuation her words conveyed, and yet determined to speak the truth.

"I am no connoisseur," said Wilton, nor is this the time to discuss Mr. Hargrave's talents. If," he added, with a smile, "I do not always award him the pinnacle he assumes for himself, I cannot deny him very great talents; and even by the vulgar and often false measure of success he may be tried, since his art has provided honorable and comfortable sustenance for his family, and has educated a daughter to be the paragon I think her."

"Suppose he has not done this?" said Mrs. Hargrave, looking down and playing with the fringe of her apron.

"How?" returned Wilton, then he has a private fortune, which, for his sake, but for that alone, I rejoice to learn?"

"Not so. Is it possible Miss Graham has never hinted at a means of income not apparent to the world in general?"

"Now you mention it, she once hinted at some secret, calling it a gold mine, and speaking in as mysterious a manner as it she were setting me an enigma to guess.—Having no talent for that sort of thing, it passed from my mind, but now that you recall the circumstance, I do recollect that she clearly intimated that it was something which resounded to your honor, and that if when I discovered the fact I should not think so, I should deserve to lose Caroline whom she would immediately endeavor to console, and provide with a worthier lover."

"Noble hearted woman!"

"Yes, noble-hearted, and right minded is she," returned Wilton Bromley; "and of this I am sure, that whatever she approved must have been noble and right; wise too and prudent, it is very likely, in that lower sense of wisdom and prudence to which the greatest wisdom is not of necessity allied; for Miss Graham's enthusiasm is always joined to the practical genius of common sense. So, dear lady, either gratify the curiosity you have piqued, or leave the riddle still unsolved, if so it please you."

"My heart allows me no choice; for a mean deception carefully planned, seems to me but the ill-favored twin of a bold falsehood. Not that there is pain in telling *you* the truth; —the trial was to tell my husband."

"A mystery to him, too—wonder on wonder!"

"For a time even to him; but listen, and I will sketch the history of my married life in a few sentences. I married early, with but a small fortune, besides the riches of hope and youth. We loved each other at least my husband loved—still loves me—as well as a vain man and an egoist is capable of loving. But I saw not his faults then, and bitter—bitter indeed was the knowledge of them when it came. Taking his dreams of fame and fortune for solid expectations, I saw my little property consumed without much anxiety, nor did I know for a long time how much it was diminished.

"Suddenly the blow fell; three years after our marriage, and when Caroline was an infant in my arms, I learned that we were penniless. I do not believe it possible that they who have never known poverty can be made to understand what the struggle of life really is—forgive me if I say this even to you," and she pressed Wilton Bromley's hand as she spoke. "If they could be taught this knowledge, it would be, I think, the most beneficial revelation the human race could receive. The cares which depress till they degrade; the necessity of money-seeking, until the jaundiced eye sees in earth's noblest things by its own [illegible] them; the withering of the heart's [illegible] for want of the power of exercising them; the writhing under petty obligations, writhing because they are so gracelessly conferred nine times out of ten; the serfdom of the very soul, whose thoughts even are not free."

"Believe me, I can realize all this," said Wilton, with much feeling.

"You think you can, as a thousand other generous natures have said and thought; but, I tell you, there is a new sense comes to us with this sort of suffering, but a sense that vibrates only to its own agony. The rich may comprehend the condition of the helpless, abject poor, the utterly destitute; but of the yet deeper trials of the *struggling*, they know but little more than can a blind man know of sight, even by the most vivid description, and with the strongest human sympathy.

"This life of suffering was mine," she continued, when tears had relieved the bitterness of her recollections, "for years, many years; mine, I say, rather than ours for, wrapped in his own dreams, Mr. Hargrave scarcely shared them. But, amid all, I had one joy, my only child, my Caroline. It was my aim to keep her heart uncorroded by worldly cares, and the bitterness of poverty; I did this, and, in the very doing, my soul escaped at intervals from its corruption. It one respect, my husband's abstraction and isolation worked well. I took care that discourse about money, about poverty, should not meet her ear. Until the age of sixteen, I educated her myself, for I was able, with the help of books, to do this; although, when I attempted to make my poor acquirements serviceable as a daily teacher, I found younger and abler instructors very naturally preferred. Perhaps my mother's love quickened my abilities; at all events thus it was. At sixteen, Caroline went to her first ball—you remember the night?"

"How well! Never has her image been entirely driven from my heart from that hour; though for a while absence and travel might have weakened the impression. It was long before I recognized the real nature of my feelings but I now know that in that girlish grace—see, mamma! it is beaming down upon us now"—and he pointed to the picture—"almost childish simplicity, I met my destiny. What a beautiful portrait it is. Her father has caught just the expression she wore; too innocent of evil to be frightened, too pure and graceful to be *gauche*, her natural timidity had a fascination about it beyond all words to describe. I remember comparing her to a white dove, whose wings had strayed among the peacocks of an aviary; and then her beautiful hair! oh, I had no comparison for that!"

"You thought it beautifully dressed?" said Mrs. Hargrave, with a tearful smile.

"I don't know how it was dressed," said Wilton, adding, with the most charming ignorance of the mysteries of the toilet "it did not seem arranged at all; the beauty of it was, it looked so natural—it always does!"

"You know I always dress Caroline's hair?"

"Yes; I have heard her say so. What is to be done when I take her away? I must absolutely apprentice a maid to you to be instructed in the art."

"I think you had better; the idea, I assure you, is not in the least absurd. I would take her without a fee—that would be the only point not quite *en regle*."

Good Heavens! what do you mean? No, surely—a light is breaking on me!"

"I mean the admiration excited on the occasion you mention, first gave me the idea of turning my talent for hair dressing to profitable account. A talent originating in a mother's love and pride—though, perhaps, assisted by opportunities and accidents likely enough to surround an artist's wife. The naturalness you observed seems to be the secret of my success, and the particular by which I am distinguished from the herd of *coiffeurs*. A day or two after Caroline's first ball, I called on Miss Graham, mentioned the idea which had flashed upon my mind; received her sympathy and approbation—and more than this, her introductions were the stepping-stones to my fortune."

"Fortune!"

"Yes, fortune; at least, in comparison with our former poverty such as it has been to make twenty guineas a week, in the London season, besides receiving fees from ladies' maids and others, merely to be allowed to look on while I operated. And out of the season, I am perpetually being sent for into the country, and well paid for my time and trouble. These are the 'ways and means' which have paid my husband's debts; have surrounded us with every needful comfort, and have given Caroline for two years, the benefit of the best masters in every branch of her education. Wilton Bromley will not despise his wife's mother, for having practised so very humble a branch of Art."

"He will love and honor her the more," said Wilton, pressing her in his arms, "that is, if further love and reverence from him be possible. No wonder, with such a mother, Caroline is peerless. But says what did you mean by it being a trial, to tell your husband,' this history, which to me seems beautiful?"

"He has a different pride from yours."

"And now that the results are so fortunate and evident?" asked Bromley.

"The subject is never mentioned between us—he acts as if the thing were not. But let me ring now, and send for Caroline—she has longed for days past that I should tell tell you the Great Secret.—*People's Journal.*

ELOQUENT EXTRACTS

From an address of Bishop Doane introductory to a course of Lectures delivered in the Junior Hall of Burlington College. The Bishop sets forth the design of the College as being to bring up Men—Gentlemen—Scholars—Patriots—& Christians.

The following is his idea of *manliness.*

"We are told, that the Parian marble, before the sculptor's eye had fallen upon it, or his hand had touched it, contained, in the perfection of its beauty, the Apollo Belvidere. He only found it, and exposed it to the gaze of an admiring world. And old Prometheus as we read, kindled, with fire from heaven, the clay cold statue, into life, and lovelinesss, and love. But, tell me, what are these but allegories, to set forth the beauty and the power of Christian Education? And, what are these results, but faint and far off shadows, their triumph, who by patient love, and faithful prayer, develop, through the agency of the transforming Spirit, from the dull and sluggish and corrupted mass of our poor fallen nature, a gracious child, a glorious youth, a god-like man? The manliness of love, the manliness of truth, the manliness of piety! The manliness that wears the spirit on the brow; purer than purest christa, more transparent and more precious. The manliness that bears the heart out in the hand; no plan, no purpose, no pursuit, no palpitation, that it shrinks to show. The manliness, that fears to sin, but knows no other fear. The manliness, that knows to die, but not to lie. The manliness, that never boasts. The manliness, that never domineers. The manliness, that never swears. The manliness, that never drinks. The manliness, that bows in meek compliance, with the shadow of a parent's wish. The manliness, that sees, in every woman, the sex to which we owe our mothers. The manliness, to look all danger in the face, and seize it by the horns. The manliness, to bear all hardships, without grudging; and to render every honest service, without shame. The manliness, to make concessions to the weak. The manliness, to feel. The manliness, to pity. And the manliness, to pray. This is the manliness we ask from God, for these dear children. Such are the men, we strive, through grace, to form, at Burlington College.'

We must add the Bishop's striking description of a Gentleman.

'When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman.—You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cairngorm, or a Cape May chrystal, to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grand-father.

'What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Nor is it proof of a gentleman to do no work. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects, his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror, though he was of England's knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draft of cool spring water, that was brought, to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And Dr Isaac Barrow, in his admirable Sermon, on the calling of a Gentleman, pointedly says, 'he should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; direcing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority, rewarding the goodness of meaner people, by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world.'

CHOLERA.—The *most sensible* medical letter on the cholera that has yet appeared, has been sent to the London Times, by Rev. Mr. G. Winslow, vicar of Tugby, Leicestershire. The reverend gentleman quotes his own experience of the treatment of the cholera, the result of which, he says, is that "of all the maladies to which man is liable, there is none more easily subdued and more curable than the cholera, if the physician can only have a fair opportunity of combatting the disease in its first invasion of the system. The great mistake we have all made is in regarding the diarrhea which precedes the disease only as a premonitory symptom, and devoting our whole attention to the more concentrated form which it subsequently assumes; whereas it is the first stage, the first effect of the poison upon the system, and the only period of its progress when the disease may be successfully assailed. The remedy most useful in this and every stage is calomel. Calomel is our sheet anchor in cholera.

In the first stage, combined with opium, it rarely fails to cure, but it must be given in the large dose of twenty grains of calomel to two of opium, and be repeated, if necessary, quickly; and in the subsequent states of the disease, it is the forlorn hope of the physician. No other remedy has ever succeeded where mercury has failed to restore the action of the liver; and we may as well attempt to blister a board, or warm a corpse with friction and stimulants, as to rouse by such means the vital powers, when the patient has fallen into the state of collapse. Let the public remember the important fact, that diarrhœa is the first symptom of cholera, and in that stage it is most easily remedied; but if it passes that period, and the serum of the blood has been so drained off as to leave it like tar in the vessels, there is very little chance for any but a fatal termination.

BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS.—Mr. James B. Ayres has communicated to the public, through the Christian Advocate and Journal, a recipe for curing the discharge of blood from the lungs. It is as follows:—Take sixty grains of sugar of lead, ten grains of white vitrol, half an ounce of laudanum, and five ounces of water, put them in a bottle, and shake it before taken. One or two tea-spoonsful every two hours, or oftener, may be taken, according to the bleeding. The preparation is rather pleasant to the taste. Mr. A. states that it had proved an effectual remedy in several cases of bleeding at the lungs, within his knowledge.

OBLIGING A ROBBER.—The latest and best thing of the kind that we have heard, relates to "Fred," the prince of all wags. He was jogging home rather late, and a little happy, when, passing by a dark alley, a large two-fisted fellow stepped out and seized him by the collar, demanding his money.

"Money!" said Fred, "money I have none, but if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days."—*Buffalo Express.*

Breach of Promise of Marriage. The jury in the case of Hellen Mahrens, formerly of Baltimore, vs. Henry Frollick, in the Common Pleas, N. Y., for the breach of promise of marriage, gave a verdict for plaintiff of $1,000.

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