EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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TERMS.

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Advertisements

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NEVER FEAR.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Though the clouds are black as night,
Never fear!
Though the lightning's deadly bright,
Never fear!
Though the thunderbolt is red,
Though the shaft of death is sped,
God is present over head—
Never fear!
Though the tyrant's axe is bright,
Never fear!
Though the black cloud is in sight
Never fear!
Though a foeman is each knave,
Though a coward is each slave,
God is with the freeman brave—
Never fear!
Though the bigots' curses rise,
Never fear!
Though the martyr's faggots blaze,
Never fear!
Though they strive to cripple youth,
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,
God is ever with the truth—
Never fear!
Though the storm-god flaps his wings,
Never fear!
Though the tempest death song sings,
Never fear!
In the clouds are blue specks fair,
Though the dark boughs blows an air,
God is present everywhere—
Never fear!

RANDOM REVERIES.

No. XI.

"From grave to gay--from lively to severe."

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

The cheerfu supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha' Bible, ance his Father's pride;
The bonnet reverently is laid aside;
His lyart haffets wearin thin and bare;
Those strains that once in Zion sweet did glide.
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And let us WORSHIP GOD! he says, with solemn air.

[*Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Carefully let me remove thee, precious old relic, from the dusty corner of the library shelf where thou hast reposed amid the cobwebs of half a century. Venerable book! as I look upon thy massive form, parchment bound and embraced by those antique clasps, I feel as standing in the presence of something long gone into the region of the dead. Scenes start up around thee, reminding me of many who once gazed upon thee as I do now, whose eyes once pored upon these same pages, but who have been sleeping for years amid the silent mounds of the churchyard. Thou art animated old volume and so grave is the visage which time hath stamped upon thee, that I almost fear to approach lest I should touch thee irreverently. While the hand rests upon thy aged cover and ere a leaf is disturbed, let me go back with memory to the scenes in which thou wert a participant many years ago. In this ancient room our good old grand-father, like the pious Cotter of Burns, was wont to collect the family group at morning and evening prayer.—How solemn were those scenes, how fraught with deep and salutary impressions to all who mingled in them! The silvery locks, the solemn countenance, the tremulous tone of the aged man, as I have often heard them described, are vividly before me now; while each one of that group takes his respective seat as naturally, as though the occasion of assembling there had been interrupted only by a single day. Then came the unfolding of the leaves, the portion of God's word read with solemnity and emphasis, the song of praise, the earnest petition. Silent is the room, from whose walls at this hour sixty years ago went up to Heaven the aspirations of these simple hearts; and silent too are the actors in that drama. But thou art left; left to admonish us of the changeful tenure of our lives; left to teach us the important preparation for another and more enduring existence.

Here on the cover I trace the mischievous hand of some little urchin of the family, whose pin was busy while the back of the good old man happened to be turned away in prayer. Thoughtless child! how indelibly remains after so long a time the memorial of a folly, which youthful years only could excuse!

But let us open the revered Bible, and spend a few moments over its pages in silent contemplation. Here on the fly leaf are several favorite passages in the hand writing of my grand-sire. Time has faded them somewhat, but they are yet legible Let us read them slowly and with solemnity.

Matthew xii: 36. But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

Psalm xix: 10. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Psalm xlvi: 1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters therof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

A cherished friend wast thou, blessed book, to our venerated grand-father—warmly did he esteem, carefully defend thee from the accidents which have since befallen thee; and when his eyes were about to be sealed by death forever, he folded thee to his aged heart, and prayed for thee the same good offices at parting which were ever extended to thee during his life. And how staunch and pure and unfailing thy friendship in return! What a counsellor in perplexity! what a soother in misfortune! what a defence in danger! Did the cares of life press heavily upon the heart, thou wert ever prepared with consoling promises which never failed to lighten the brow of its shadow, and scatter the cloud which had settled upon the spirit. Did affliction and death enter the household, to thee was the appeal made in confidence, when the condolence of friends had become no longer availing.

Here in the midst of the old volume, reposing as gently as those whose names it bears, is the family record. Here the births—there the deaths. They tell the whole history of poor frail man in this life. Born into the world, but one pathway opens before him, which destiny compels him to pursue. Storm or sunshine may rest upon it, danger or security invest its tortuous courses—it matters not—one terminus awaits all who journey thereon! Not a few of those whose fate is here recorded were fleeting as the first blush of day. Flowers were they which unfolded in the morning, but lingered not for the scorching rays of the midday sun, or the dews and darkness of the evening season. The breath which awoke them into being wafted their gentle spirits to a world where the experience of this checquered pilgrimage can have no place forever.

As my eyes wander down the page it pauses at the name of one sweet child who though laid in his quiet grave long before my day, is not unknown to me through the traditions of the family circle Manly and beautiful was the little idol-boy. Rich auburn locks clustered in a profusion of shining ringlets around his transparent temples, his eye was angelic in its tender expressiveness, and the soul of more than mortal is said to have beamed from every feature and been apparent in every motion. Three summers had he spent among the flowers and fruitage—the fourth scattered its golden treasures upon his early sod.—The winter of his last year had left him at the opening of spring with a constitution enfeebled by repeated attacks of disease. Still he lingered out, until May brought in verdure and flowers. It seemed as though this lovely month, so replete with attractiveness, in the garden and the meadow, the field and the forest, had brought its sweetest and fairest offerings to wreath a garland of beauty and fragrance around his early tomb. On the most charming day of the season he was disposed by the hand of affection, at his own request, near a window, overlooking his little garden plat where he had often sported through the long summer hours, and with his large swimming blue eyes resting upon that spot, gave up his spirit without a sigh into the hands of him to whom it belonged. Fond child, a tear drops upon the page while we read, but it is not the tear of regret at thy early fate. The whirlwind was not for thee. Not for thee, the danger and strife, the sorrow and affliction which make up this April day of our existence. Happy escape! Unfitted to mingle in a world like ours prolonged existence would have left thee a wreck of thy former self, more frightful because of the beautiful elements which composed it. Here lies a lock of his hair silken and beautiful, as when the hand of some gentle sister placed it upon this leaf, a memorial more eloquent than words, of his beauty and gentleness.

And here is one who lived beyond the usual period allotted to mortals. Aye, eighty years found him a hale old man, with the heart of a boy, telling tales to the juniors in the old fashioned chimney corner. Often when a child have I hung on the eloquence of those lips, and wondered that so much of interest could be compressed into the life of a single being. His thrilling stories of sea and land made no slight impression upon my youthful memory, and even now I sometimes find myself lost in the contemplation of his trials and sharing his hair breadth escapes. Age came upon him like the snow upon the landscape, gently and peacefully. No galling infirmities were his—no crippled faculties,

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Others too are here around whose fate hangs much of tender and thrilling interest. But time will not allow us to linger over the recital of their joys and sorrows. Reluctantly we replace thee, old volume. A happy hour have we spent together in silent and profitable communion; and although the world calls us aside to mingle in its distracting scenes, the memory of this hour shall remain like the aroma of clustered wild flowers in the desert, which cheer its solitude long after they have ceased to meet the gaze of the traveller.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE USED IN THE TOWER.

The "rack" was a large wooden frame, of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it on his back upon the floor; his wrists and ancles were attached by cords to two collars at the ends of the frame; these ends were moved by levers in opposite directions till the body rose to the level of the frame. Questions were then put and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more by the further elongation of the ends of the frame from each other, through the means of the levers, until the bones started from their sockets. The "scavenger's daughter," another instrument of torture used in the Tower, was a broad hoop of iron consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. It operated by pressure over the small of the back, and, by force of the compression, soon caused the blood to flow from the nostrils. The "iron gauntlet," another kind of torture, served to compress the wrists and suspend the prisoner in the air from two distant points of a beam. "I felt," said F. Gerard, one of the sufferers by this kind of torture, "the chief pain in my breasts, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms and begun to burst out at my finger ends. This was a mistake; but my arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour I fainted, and, when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms They replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but, as soon as I recovered removed them again. Thus I continued banging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times. A fourth kind of torture used in the tower was called "little ease." It was of no small dimensions, and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remain several days.—*Innes's Trial of Somerset.*

GOD'S PRESENCE.—Where the king is, there is the court; and where the presence of God is, there is heaven. Art thou in prison with Paul and Silas, if God be with thee thou wilt sing hallelujahs. Art thou at the stake with blessed martyrs, as the sunbeams put out the flames and turn their troubles into comforts; so that is but winking and thou art in heaven. Therefore that soul that enjoys the Lord, though it may want the sun or moon to shine in creature-comforts, worldly delights to solace it, yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, & the Lamb is the light therefor; God himself irradiates it with the brightness of his beauty and Christ himself fills it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thus God bring his heaven with him, and that man that enjoys God carries heaven about him; so that here is his happiness, cast him in a dungeon, in a furnace, when you please, yet he is still in heaven.

Filial Affection.—The following truthful paragraphs we extract from an exchange. The author is not given:

A dutiful and obedient daughter always makes a devoted and faithful wife. Let no man, as he values his own happiness, marry a woman of an unfilial nature. In spite of the guile of Iago, there was much wisdom in his remark to Othello, when exciting the Moor to suspicion of Desdemona's integrity, "She has deceived her father and may thee!"

There is no trait of endearment more pleasant than the confiding tenderness of a young maiden in the care and vigilance of her mother. If she be an only child, the pleasure with which we contemplate her silent and cheerful acquiescence in every maternal dictate, is greatly enchanced.—When the sentiment of love is first awakened in the heart of such a one, it seems rather to deepen than to divert the stream of her filial affection. No man should be so selfish or unwise as to desire the lessening of the pure and holy obedience, which is the best assurance of his own enduring felicity. Happy is he who has won for himself the fond love of a young creature, whose life has been guarded by a mother's prayers, and into whose spirit the gentle influences of a mother's mind have descended, like dews into the petals of a flower which might else have faded in the morning of life.

STRANGE PRAYER.—A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III. performing public worship in the Tron church of Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh."

A HEBREW WEDDING.

Major Noah gives the follow account of a recent Hebrew Wedding in New York:

A few days ago, a Hebrew wedding took place in this city between two young couple, who had been engaged some year and a half to each other. In order to give all their friends and companions an opportunity of being present on the occasion, the Minerva Rooms, in Broadway, were engaged—a practice generally prevailling in Europe, and worthy of imitation in this country, as our houses are so small that few beyond the family circle can be accommodated at a marriage festival. The ceremony was to take place in the afternoor, and the carriages continued to arrive with the ladies and gentlemen until 3 o'clock. The gentlemen repaired to the large saloon, which was brilliantly illuminated with gas.

In the afternoon prayers were said by the officiating priest, and the ceremony of signing and witnessing the contract then took place, the bridegroom only signing the various obligations in use since the Babylonish captivity. That concluded, a canopy of crimson damask was opened, and held by four young gentlemen, wearing the insignia of groomsmen, and from an opposite door the bride entered, dressed richly in white satin, her head ornamented with white flowers, from which was suspended a rich veil, which covered her face. A troop of bridesmaids, dressed in white, followed in her train, together with her mother and a large number of ladies, dressed for the occasion. The parties placed facing each other, sustained at each side by parents and friends; the priest holding a glass of wine in his hand, chaunted the marriage ceremony with becoming solemnity—when the bridegroom, taking a ring from a waistcoat pocket, exhibited it to those around him, to satisfy them of its genuine character, saying in Hebrew, as he placed it on the fore finger of his bride, "Lo! with this ring do I wed thee, according to the laws of Moses and Israel." Then each tasting the wine over which the blessing had been said, the bridegroom dashed the glass to pieces, in proof of the instability and insecurity of all earthly blessings, and the usual congratulations and embracing of parents, relatives and friends took place. The whole party then retired to one of the saloons to partake of various refreshments. About 7, dinner was announced, and the table, spread with every thing choice and substantial, with all the luxuries that could be procured, and the richest wines, was soon surrounded with the gay throng, the bride and groom seated at the head of the table. All drank their health and happiness. The song, the jest, the merry gloss made the welkin ring, until the flourish of trumpets announced that the band was in the orchestra, and the whole party rose and retired to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up until a late hour—ices and refreshments being amply served in the course of the evening.

At midnight, a carriage conveyed the happy pair to their home, while the invited guests continued to dance.

"Until the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walked o'er the brow of yon high eastern hill."

This was a gay and agreeable Hebrew wedding, where a great number were hospitably entertained, and the ceremony was so very impressive, that their wedding day will be the theme of conversation and a day of jubilee for the rest of their lives.—So Jacob married Rachel, Moses Zipporah and King Ahasuerus married Esther.

SAMUEL WARREN, THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."—"I have observed," says the *Spectator*," that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." There are few men of our profession abroad of whom this is more true than that of Mr. Warren. We understand that he is a barrister, nearly fifty years of age, in a respectable but somewhat limited business, and is neither remarkable for learning nor tact in his profession. He is a nervous person, and not prepossessing in his personal appearance, nor popular with the bar, who tell many laughable stories at his expense. One of the best things which he did, in his own estimation, was to write an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* several years ago, in which he ran a parrellel between Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, much to the disparagement of the former. An invitation to dinner, subsequently, by the latter, and the election of Mr. Warren, are a part of the gossip of the English bar. His "Diary of a London Physician," and, more recently, his novel of "Ten Thousand a Year," gave him considerable reputation in the literary world, and the latter excited much attention, not only for its own intrinsic merits, of which it has many, but also from the fact that most of the characters are drawn from life. Mr. Hayward, the former editor of the *Law Magazine*, in particular, is subjected to unsparing ridicule. When this book was published, the author was tried in the bar mess on one of the circuits under the person of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's servant; the charge being that this servant had written a certain false, scandalous, malicious and ridiculous book, called "Ten Thousand a Year." He was convicted and sentenced to death, but, on a pathetic appeal by Mr. Talfourd, who testified to the good qualities of this servant, and promised for him that he would never be caught writing such a book again, the punishment was changed to transportation. Mr. Warren was present, and the bar took ample revenge for the ridicule cast upon some of their number by the author, and pleased themselves at the same time. It is not probable that Mr. Warren's legal reputation will ever be equal to his literary. A gentleman who happened to be present at the argument of *Saunders vs. Smith*, (Myine and Craig, 711,) when Mr. Warren appeared for the first time at the chancery bar, stated, in our hearing, that his appearance was not graceful nor prepossessing, and although he sustained himself very well for the first hour, he afterwards flagged, and provoked the smiles of the older members of that bar.—*Law Reporter.*

A GOOD BURLESQUE.

The New York Mirror is publishing a series of English letters written under the signature of F. M. Pinto, in one of which there is a most felicitous burlesque upon the novelist, G. P. R. James. This writer is a guest at Eton Hall and there he meets the teeming novelist, both being aware that they were to encounter each other. The following dialogue inimitable in its way, then takes place:

"Sauntering into the library after strolling through the conservatories, I saw a slender gentleman, dressed in rather a jaunty manner, with a light blue coat and silver buttons, with a green shade over his eyes, examining an illuminated copy of Froisseart. There was no other person there, and as I entered, he looked up from the book and said:

'Ah, I presume this is the celebrated Mr. Pinto, from America?'

'The same,' I replied, with an honest blush at hearing myself called "celebrated" by a stranger.

'Well,' he said, 'I am the celebrated Mr. James the novelist. I am happy to see the countryman of Cooper, Ingraham and Hook us.'

'What!' I exclaimed, grasping him by the hand, 'do I behold the real G. P. R. James, the author of that prolific Novel which has appeared under so many different names?'

'The same, sir,' he replied, embracing me warmly. 'Pray, Mr. Pinto, are my works read in America?'

'Your *work* I presume you mean,' I replied, 'why, my dear sir, it is published once a month regularly by one of our great publishers, and always with a new title. The last time I think it was called 'Morley Ernstein.' Can you tell me what it will be called next?'

'I have already chosen the name of Beauchamp, he replied, 'don't you think it a good novelesque name?'

'Admirable,' said I. 'Now let me ask you Mr. James, where you obtained that brilliant idea of beginning your novel by describing elaborately a horseman, and so forth, 'who might have been seen at the close of an autumnal day?' And also allow me to enquire whether or not anything of the sort ever was seen?'

'Oh, I understand,' said the great author, 'why that is a trick of my confounded amanuensis, who is a shocking mannerist. I observe that your distinguished countryman, Mr. Simms, has copied that as well as the other little faults of my novels very faithfully. Do you know that my publisher once accused me of issuing one of my novels under the name of Simms?—Fact. Somebody sent him a copy of 'Guy Rivers' and he swore I wrote it!'"

THE MISERIES OF A COMIC WRITER.—Repeatedly called upon in the midst of a strange party to "say something funny." Having half-a-dozen scrap books put into your hand for "an impromptu."—Being expected, wherever you go, to sing a comic song. Being the especial confidant of everybody's bad jokes, and made the victim for the "capital thing some one is sure to have heard yesterday." Making desperate love to a pretty girl, who only laughs and says, 'La! Mr. Smith, you're always joking." Being saluted as you go into a room, with "Bravo, here's Mr. Smith: now we shall have something good." Being introduced as "the young gentleman who does all the funny things in the "Penny Magazine." Being suspected of turning every thing you see into ridicule, and putting everybody you meet into print.—Being condemned to hear every day in your life, that "the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Being invited to meet a clever young gentleman "who has written a farce." Laboring under the conventional notion that it is not customary for a comic writer ever to pay anybody; that he generally goes to bed tipsy; and that he cannot write unless he has a bottle of gin at his side. Hearing mothers continually say to their daughters. 'My dear, you must not believe a word that he says." Being invited out, and finding it is to "give a candid opinion"—father, mother, brothers and sisters being all present—"upon a number of droll things little William has been doing upon Pardise Lost." You are obliged to say they are "very clever for a boy," and you are then asked if you cannot get them inserted in *Punch*? Being confidently asked "if it is true you drink much?" Being asked most seriously by a young lady "if the incident you described of being pursued by a constable, and escaping up the chimney, over the roof of the next house really occurred to you?"—In short, being suspected of doing all the blackguard, out of the way, outrageous, improbable, stupid things you describe.

From the Maine Cultivator.

FARM BARNS AND STABLES.

Barns should be so placed as to make them warm and comfortable for cattle.—They should have a southern, or an eastern aspect, and a celler should extend under the whole building. For this room the cellar is the best in the whole barn, and is made at less cost than any room that can be made in the building. A farmer who has rocks handy can dig and stone a cellar with labor that is less costly than that of carpenters.

Barn cellers are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the upper parts of the building. Roots for stock can be kept here and fed out with a great saving of labor compared with storing in the cellar of the dwelling house. And barns may be so finished that hay may be stored conveniently below the barn floor. This is exceedingly convenient when you are in a hurry, and always are in the afternoon in hay time. For one man may cart house a load and throw it off while the others are left in the field to gather the hay. When all hands are at home the hay may be levelled down. Rainy weather answers for this business.

Barns should always be set on the same side of the road with the house. Yet we find many farmers placing barns and out buildings on the south side of the road, and directly opposite to the dwelling house This cuts off the most pleasant prospect that is usually to be had from the south side, or end of the house. It compels you to cross the road many times in a day to see your cattle and feed them And it exposes you to all the affluvia that is generated in the dung heaps in hot weather—for in hot weather the winds are southerly.

I would place my barn, hog pen, and so forth, on the easterly, or northerly side of house, rather than westerly, because the east winds are less prevalent than the west and when they do prevail they are never so charged with putrid matter as west winds that have blown over heaps of manure.

Farm buildings thus arranged may be set quite near together without offence to the nasal organs; many steps are saved in a winter by setting the barn and the hog pen near the dwelling house; and you can so arrange them in most cases, as to be able to run to the stock to be fed, under the lea of the buildings, and from the nothwest winds.

In winter the hogs should be under the barn both for their own comfort and for yours. They will live warm there and you carry them food when you go to feed the cattle. In summer a trough may conduct the wash of the dairy directly to the pen, and save you the labor of carrying it by hand.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—It may not be generally known that the bodies in the German Cemetery in Twelfth street are in process of exhumation and removal to a burial ground in Williamsburg. In connection with this a discovery has been made which has excited much curiosity in the neighborhood and attracted the notice of many scientific gentlemen.

In the course of removal two bodies were taken up, those of a husband and wife, the former having been buried nineteen years, the latter seventeen. They lay about two feet from each other in a sandy soil. The skeleton of the husband alone remained, but the form of the wife retained all the plumpness and freshness which existed at the time of interment. Even the cap and shroud were perfect. The coffin was perfectly hard. The body presented the appearance of the frost upon plum-cake, or more properly of spermaceti.

Technically the body had become adipocire—a substance into which flesh may be converted by placing it in running water. Human bodies not unfrequently undergo the change when buried in such a soil and position that they are exposed to the action of water. The principal strangeness about the thing is that the body of the husband, buried so near, did not undergo a similar change.

It is remembered by the friends of the wife that she died suddenly, instantly in fact, while the husband was the subject of a lingering illness.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Intended Exportation of Shakspeare's House to America.—An Englishman has addressed a letter to the London Times, in which he announces that Shakspeare's house is about to be removed to America. He say, "It is with the greatest indignation that I have this day heard from good authority that the house in which Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, which was advertised for sale, which implied, as every body thought, mere a change of housekeepers, has been purchased for the purpose of being removed to America, and that its removal is about to take place.—Need I add another word to excite in the breast of every Englishman as much indignation as it does, sir, in your correspondent."

VALUABLE RECIPE.—A drop or two of honey well rubbed on the hands while wet after washing with soap, prevents chapping and removes the roughness of the skin. It is particularly pleasant for children's hands and faces in cold weather.

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