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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ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

O, dwellers in the valley land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour—
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn; because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop singing down the mountain side:
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank dawn's delighted eyes,
As bending with a pitying kiss,
The night shed tears of earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,
Before night comes, and says—"Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup;
The master hungers, while ye wait:
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain height,
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer:
Our day for him is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach:
Keep back no syllable of fire—
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech;
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim—
For meek obedience, too, is light
And following that is finding Him.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER AND HIS SON.

BY IBYCUS.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May. Two students, arm in arm, were strolling down the broad avenue of the Metropolis of our country, when they were suddenly accosted by an old man, whose white locks and bended form showed that the number of his days had almost expired.

"My young friends," said the aged man, "I am a stranger and wanderer upon the earth. I am now in search of an only son, who left the home of his father when he was but sixteen, and who I am told resides in the city of Richmond. I have come from the northern part of Canada, and I now find that all my funds are exhausted. If you can in any way aid me to continue my journey, you will confer a great blessing upon an afflicted father."

The students were not ignorant of the many impositions daily practiced upon the public in our large cities; but the tone, manner, and simple straight-forward story which this venerable old man had told, touched the finer feelings of their nature, and they contributed the sum of one dollar to aid him on his journey. Before placing the money in his hands, they asked him several questions concerning himself and his son, the prompt answers to which, confirmed them in the truth of his story. He told them that he intended to remain in the city until the next morning, and that if they would meet him at any place that night they might appoint he would tell them something further of his history. The curiosity of the students was immediately excited, and they requested him to call at the house of Mr. —— at the corner of a certain street. The old man thanked them for their kindness and promised to call that night and relate his history.

The young students continued their walk down the avenue discoursing upon the merits of the old man whom they had just met. Both agreed that he was worthy of the charity which they had bestowed upon him. Having ended their walk they returned to their rooms and commenced their studies, but could not help thinking of the appointed hour when their curiosity was to be gratified by hearing the history of this old man.

We shall pass over the duties of the day, for they differed but little from the ordinary routine of exercises which they were accustomed to go through, and the reader could expect to derive but little interest from a record of them.

The sun was now sinking in the western horizon and, at length, the long-expected hour arrived. The old man was punctual to his engagement, and the students were glad to meet him. They invited him up into a small room in the third story of the building, and when they were all seated, the old man commenced his story.

"I was born," said he, "in the western part of the state of New York; but my father and mother were taken with the cholera and died when I was but thirteen years of age. I was then entrusted to the care of my uncle, who was at that time a dealer in furs in the northern part of Canada. He sent me to school and I know not why, but I soon became exceedingly popular with all my school mates. There was not a party or entertainment of any kind given in the neighborhood to which I was not invited. I sometimes attended them but in reality I had but little taste for fashionable life, and the evenings often hung heavy upon me. I had early discovered some talent for writing verses, and every leisure moment found me scribbling lines with pen or pencil upon a piece of paper. I was accustomed to walk out of an evening, and to watch the stars just as they began to glitter in the sky; and I often fancied that there was *one* star which seemed to look down more kindly upon me than the rest. Why I conceived this notion I know not, but such was the fact.—I began to think that the planetary system had some influence upon the human race and that the destiny of each one was governed by a particular star. I betook myself to the study of Astrology, and altho' I had often heard my Preceptor say that the science had long been exploded, yet all the money which I could lay up was spent in books upon this subject; and so infatuated did I become with this science that my other studies were greatly neglected. My uncle was so much engrossed in business that he seldom noticed what books I read, and knew but little about my progress. I continued at school for three years, during the last of which I spent but little time upon anything which was not connected with my favorite study.

"My uncle now became very much embarrassed in business and a few months after my leaving school found him a bankrupt. I was then forced to get my own living for I could no longer depend upon him for support. I accordingly obtained a clerkship in an insurance office where I was employed six hours per day in writing. In this way I found time to devote to my studies, or I should say to my *study*, for in truth I had but one. So devoted was I to the works of the old Astrologers, that I always spent the best part of the night in examining their intricate theories. Constant sitting at the desk during the day and leaning over my table at night soon impaired my health and I was forced to abandon the one or the other. The former I could not for it was my only means of support, and I was thus reluctantly compelled to give up my favorite study. My physician advised me to take a great deal of exercise and to go into company as much as possible. Once more I entered the fashionable circle, and the evenings I once spent in study were now given to pleasure. I became pleased with a young lady and addressed her. She accepted the proposal and we were married. Twelve months after our marriage she presented me with a lovely boy. We were now living comfortable and happy, for my salary had increased, and I was able to support my little family in a decent manner. Every year I laid by a portion of my income, intending as soon as I was able to purchase a farm and retire to the country.—Ten years passed away and the amount which I had laid by was invested in Bank stock from which I hoped to receive a handsome per cent. But the Bank broke, and my little treasure was gone, and once more I was totally dependant upon my hands for support. It was indeed a sore calamity to me, as well as my wife, to see our hopes, in one day, thus dashed to pieces. But this was only the beginning of sorrows. My wife was suddenly taken ill and died. There was but one tie that now bound me to earth and that was my little son. I broke up house-keeping—sold off my furniture, and went to boarding. My little boy was placed under the care of a gentleman who had just opened a school in the city of Montreal.

"Until this time he had never been to school as his mother devoted much of her time to his education, and she was a woman of no ordinary attainments. I kept him at school until he arrived at the age of fifteen, when I found myself able to send him to college, which I did, though it was hard for me to separate from him. He remained but one year and then returned home. I found him changed in his disposition and habits, and given entirely to pleasure. I missed him one morning at breakfast and enquired for him, but no one knew anything of him. I became alarmed for his safety and went to his room where I found the following note lying upon his bed:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"You will doubtless be surprised at my sudden and mysterious departure. My absence from you at College was a great injury to me,—I became intimate with one who has ruined me. I cannot bear your presence and have determined to quit Montreal never again to return to it. I am going to seek my fortune in the world—perhaps you may see me again before you die. Adieu.

"Your unworthy Son."

At the reading of this note, (which he had always kept with him) he burst into tears, for he could no longer restrain his feelings.

We must now pause for awhile and notice the effect which this story had already produced upon the minds of the two students. They had listened with the deepest interest. Not a word had escaped from their lips. Their eyes had been intensely fixed upon the old man, and in his countenance they read the emotions of his heart. They had been early taught to respect and venerate the aged, and these fine feelings, which should always be cherished by the young, were not left to grow cold and callous in the hearts of the students. Perhaps the reader has imagined that these young men were brothers. In one sense they *were* brothers. They had been brought up together, and so strong was their attachment for each other that they *loved* as brothers. There was a congeniality in all their thoughts and feelings; but they were not related by blood. They were both orphans, and were under the protection of the same guardian. They were chums and classmates in College.—Their tastes had become the same, and in this way they grew up as brothers. Both then as we have said, were deeply interested in the history of the old Astrologer. Indeed there was something about this old man, that could not fail to strike the eye, even of the most careless observer. He was upwards of three score and ten, and what a variety of reverses and misfortunes a man may pass through during that period! At one time he was like those students with whom he now conversed—young, gay, and full of delightful anticipations. Now he was bowed down with age; and life, which was once a garden of roses, had now become a bed of thorns. Father and mother—brother and sister—wife and friend—one by one he had followed to the cold grave; and there was now but *one* tie which bound him to earth, and who will say that even that last human tie will not soon be severed by the hand of death?

* * * * * * *

He took from his pocket his tattered 'kerchief and having wiped the tears from his eyes, resumed his story.

"When I read that note," said he "a thousand thoughts rushed to my mind.—My brain whirled and my eyes grew dim. What had he done? Had he committed any crime? No, that is impossible for one so young—John cannot be a criminal. I could not believe it. What then can be the cause of his departure? What could have tempted him to leave his father? I set out immediately in search of him. I went from place to place, but could hear nothing of him. Finding all my efforts in vain, I was forced to the conclusion that he had fled the country, and embarked to a foreign clime. I was compelled to abandon my search, though I never lost all hope of seeing him once more. Years passed away but no tidings came concerning my lost boy. A few weeks ago I received a letter from a citizen of Montreal stating that on such a day if I would be in the city of Richmond I would see my son Conceive for a moment the joy I experienced on the receipt of this letter. It was an anonymous letter but it contained news of my lost son, and caused my heart to leap with joy. Need I tell you that I left Montreal immediately, and now, thank God, I am thus far on my journey. Should I be so happy as to meet my son once more on earth, it is all I ask. My prayers will be answered and I shall then die in peace."

So deeply were the students moved at the history of this old man, that each of them offered him his purse. But the stranger refused such unbounded liberality. He told them that he only wanted sufficient to carry him to Richmond, and he doubted not that when he saw his son, he should find him in good circumstances, and he would then be able to return the amount which he had received from them. But the students insisted that he should accept the gift. "Upon these terms then," said he, "I will accept of the gift. Promise me that you will receive the same amount in return should I find my son."

"We will attend to that matter," replied one of the young men. "Do you take the money and we are satisfied."

"May God bless and reward you," said the old man. To-morrow I shall set out for Norfolk, and the next day I shall be in Richmond when—when"—again the old man burst into tears, but they were tears of joy at the anticipation of seeing his long-lost son. O! Time! happy for man that he cannot raise thy curtain, and penetrate the future! Did we see at a glance, all that was before us, how few would be able to meet the "ills of life?" Well indeed is it for us that we are thus short-sighted.—Were it otherwise, how many millions would resort to the sword, the dagger, and the poison to end their existence!

But to return to our story. The old man arrived in Richmond on the morning of the 14th of May, the day which was mentioned in the anonymous letter.

It was a day of noise, bustle and excitement in the capitol of the old Dominion. The streets were thronged with people, all hurrying to and fro in the greatest confusion. The windows and doors of shops and dwellings were crowded with men, women and children, anxiously expecting, to see something that was soon to pass by. The rattling of carriages are heard in every direction. Hundreds and thousands—men of all grades and professions—school boys—street beggars—even mothers with their infants grasped in their arms—all—all—are eagerly pressing towards the *State Prison!*

Where was the old Astrologer?

He too had joined the long procession, expecting every moment to see something of his son. Yes—this old man, who has just told us something of his history—*he*, too, was on his way to the Prison!

Where was his son?

* * * * * * *

Within the prison yard is erected a scaffold. An officer clad in a long black robe, with a sword hanging at his side, is leading a criminal up the ladder of the scaffold. That criminal is John S——, the son of the old Astrologer. Reader, in his youth he had forsaken a kind father;—he had fallen into bad company;—he had become a *gambler and a murderer*, and now in the presence of that father, he was about to suffer the penalty of his crimes!

There was but one refuge for the aged and heart broken father. That refuge was the *grave*.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to the full enjoyment of them. By secret sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates, and the frame within assimilates itself to that without.—In this state of sweet composure we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object.—The patient ox is viewed with general complacency, the guiltless sheep with pity, and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of fishes, because they are expressions of enjoyment, and having felt a common interest in the gratification of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them. But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated. The cultivation of it not only refines and harmonizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being who is the author of all that is sublime or good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatable with the sensibility of heart which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us. Emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this divine and beneficient inspiration, man finds a fame in every grove, and, glowing with devout fervor, he joins his song in the universal chorus, or muses the praises of the Almighty in more expressive silence.

ECHOES—SINGULAR.—At a valley near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces distant from each other the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. In Woodstock, England, there is an echo which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night; and there is one on the North side of Shipley Church Sussex, which repeats twenty-one syllables.

A VETERAN CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Conn., would complete the ninety-third year of his life on Saturday last, and on the 13th of March next it will be *seventy-five* years since he was ordained and installed over the church in Franklin. His congregation wished to observe his birth-day as a sort of Jubilee, but postponed the ceremony until the Monday following, with a view of paying him a donation visit. His health had been so good, up to his ninety-first year, that he had been detained from church only two Sundays during his ministry. He performs the duties of his office without an asssistant! He is a patriarch indeed.

Declivity of Rivers.—It is stated that a declivity of three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity to running water of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the water of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; that is about twice as high as St. Paul's Church in London, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month.

A PARADISE.—A terrestial Paradise appears to have been found by our forces at Tampico. In December they were luxuriating on green peas, oranges, bannanas, lemons, canvass back ducks, teal, snipe, &c., which sell at prices truly remarkable. Wild ducks were only *one cent each*. It is a glorious place in winter, but a dreadful yellow fever sepulchre in summer.

BORROWING A THOUSAND.

We remember, says Major Noah, an anecdote, showing the manner of doing business in those times. Our worthy and venerable friend, Stephen B. Munn, kept a dry-good store in Pearl street, and had a very honest but dull clerk, by the name of Peck. Mr. Mann, having a note of $1000 nearly due, directed his clerk to throw in the box another note to be discounted to meet it. On the morning that it fell due, he went to the bank to take up the note at rather a late hour, and found that his accommodation note was not in the bank at all. He ran up to the store in a flurry, and asked the clerk what had become of his note.

"I threw it into the box."

"What box?"

"The box at the post-office!"

The murder was out. What was to be done? The money must be had, or his note would be protested.

"Hark ye, Mr. Peck! If you dont borrow a thousand dollars for me to take up that note, never let me see your face more."

Peck, alarmed, ran out of the store without his hat, and entering the neighboring stores, said—"Can you loan Mr. Munn $1000?"

The answer in every place was—"We cannot spare it. We have nothing over, and have heavy payments to make to-day."

At last he ran into Laverty & Gantley's.

"Can you loan Mr. Munn $1000?"

"Certainly we can!"

Peck, overjoyed, received the check, ran to the bank, took up the note, and returned, exhausted, to the store.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Munn, "of whom did you borrow the thousand dollars?"

Peck, in his hurry and trepidation, had actually forgotten who had loaned it. His dullness and fright had driven the name of the firm out of his head; and it was not until some days had passed, when Laverty & Gantely sent for his check, that he knew to whom he had been indebted.—Peck might run through all Pearl street, at his day, without being able to borrow $1000 in the mode and manner his application was made at that time.

HOW TO GET FAVOR.—In a certain burgh town in the stewarty of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, there existed in the days of yore a member of a learned profession who was called to the command of a company of volunteers. This individual, though in every respect a most excellent character piqued himself upon his appearance under a martial garb. One day on returning home from a parade, he thus accosted his sergeant:

"Well, Sergeant Morrison, how did I look in the field to-day?"

"Why," responded the Sergeant, "your honor looked like Julius Cæsar at the head of the Roman army."

"Jenny! bring Sergeant Morrison the leavings o' the cald guse, and a bottle o' port."

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.—An old clergyman, who had an old tailor as his beadle or officer, for many years, returning from a neighboring sacrament, where Thomas was in the constant habit of attending him, after a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow-traveller, the "minister's man."—

"Thomas, I cannot well tell how it is, that our church should be getting thinner and thinner—for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and should have far more experience than when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas, "old ministers, now-a-days, are just like old tailors—for I am sure I *sew* as well as ever I did, and the *cloth* is the same, but it's the *cut*, sir—it's the *new cut!*"

"AID AND COMFORT OF THE ENEMY."—SAMBO.—Pete, what you think Massa Polk mean by gibia' "aid and comfort to the Mexicans?"

PETE.—Well I doesn't know, 'zactly.

Sambo.—Why you dum' nigga! Guess you no be acquainted wid modern history. *Aid* means lettin' Sante Anne fru de blockade, to help de Mexicans fight Gineral Taylor.

PETE.—Well what be de *comfort?*

SAMBO—Why, de two millions dollar Polk ax Congress to give him last summer to hand ober to Santa Anne. But guess Massa Polk didn't cotch Congress sleep dat time—he didn't got de shiners. Yah' yah!

The best composition that can be prepared, to relieve carriage wheels and machinery from friction, is composed of hog's lard, wheat flour and black lead (plumbago.) The lard is to be melted over a gentle fire, and the other ingredients—equal in weight—may be added, till the composition is brought to a consistency of common paste, without raising the heat near the boiling point. One trial of this paste will satisfy any of its superior utility.

TOAST AND WATER.—This article simple as it is, is rarely well prepared.—Cut a thin upper crust of bread as thick again as is usual for toast: brown it carefully, but see that it is not burnt, smoked or blacked; pour on it as much water as is required, and cover the vessel till cold.—A slice of thin-cut orange or lemon peel infused with it improves it greatly. It should be made early in the day during summer, and placed in the sun, when it may be drank with impunity.—*Kilton's Practical Medicine.*

COOKING SALT BEEF.

Those who have voyaged much on the great waters must have observed what care a good ship's cook takes to soak his beef well, so as to wash the salt out of it.—With this view he causes it to be towed through the pure water of the sea a day or two before it is cooked.

Sometimes he makes it fast to a rope and pitches it over the stern; but here John Shark sometimes makes free of it; and thus establishes another claim to that hatred which all seamen cherish for this voracious inhabitant of the ocean. Generally, therefore, two or three lumps of beef and pork may be seen dangling from the bows, dipping as the vessel plunges, sinks, and rises in the clear blue waters of the sea; buffeted, knocked about, now deeply immersed and now dripping high above the waves, the meat is well washed through every fibre before it is plunged into the pot.

The sea cook always boils or rather simmers his meat very slowly, so that it has time to swell and become tender.—This is the great secret of boiling meat that has been salted for long voyages. It is an improvement to partially boil it in one water; to pour such water away, and afterward add fresh water, if not so much the better.—*Liverpl. Albion.*

EFFECTS OF CULTIVATION.—Buffon asserts that wheat is a factious grain, and there is scarcely a vegetable, whatever its present character, on our farms, that can be found growing naturally. "Rye, rice, barley, and even oats, cannot be found wild that is to say, growing naturally, in any part of the world." All have been modified by the industry and skill of man, from their originals, and to such a degree as not to admit of our recognizing them, or even discovering their relation. Such are the effects of cultivation, that from a small bitter Chilian root, we have succeeded in obtaining the potatoe. From the acrid and nauseous *opium gravcolens*, comes the delicious celery, and from the diminutive colewort, with its seven distinctive leaves and ungrateful flavor the rapid and nutritive cabbage of a dozen pounds weight.—*Saturday Emporium.*

PRESERVATIVE POWER OF ICE.—The Anti-septic power of ice was illustrated in the year 1803, at Yakoust, on the banks of the river Lena, in Siberia. The body of a mammoth slowly appeared from a mountain of ice, in which it had been entombed and preserved from decay, according to all probability, from the time of the deluge. The animal was sixteen feet in length, nine feet in height, and the flesh was in such excellent preservation, that not only did the bears and wolves devour it with eagerness, but the inhabitants of the district actually cut it up as food for their dogs.

HOME.—A man's house is his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he turns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide everything convenient and comfortable, and even the tasteful and beautiful should not be neglected!

"A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why, should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most happy at home?"

MEMORY brings its own light with it; but that light, which, like the lustre of the moon, is a reflected one, partakes the character of the period from which it flows.—When we look back, in our latter days, towards the joyous activity and energy of first manhood, the evening seems to be brightened for a moment by the splendor of noon; and when, in the full summer day of maturity, we pant under the heat of our passions and at the excitement of a rife and endeavor, the calm, fresh gleam of the morning appears to fall refreshingly upon our hearts, as soon as we turn our eyes to the softer eyes of childhood.

THE SABBATH.—We are glad to learn that the Directors of the New Jersey Railroad from New York to Philadelphia, have determined unanimously, that in making a new contract for carrying the mail, the Sabbath shall be exempted, and that the road shall not be used for any purpose on that day. The Railroad and Steamboat lines are coming to this determination throughout the nation. The manner in which this great moral revolution has been accomplished, is worthy of much contemplation. The great instrument has been truth, kindly expressed, until the truth has come to control a leading portion of individual minds. There never was a moral reformation carried on more peacefully and harmoniously than this.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

WRITE IT IN GOLD.—'The great comprehensive truths,' says President Quincy, 'written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these:—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freed my none but virtue, virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.'

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