EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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For the Gazette.

THE ALPINE HORN.

'Tis said that in the Alpine land,
Where towers the highest hill,
The shepherd forth is wont to stand
At sunset soft and still,
And with his trumpet Heavenward raised,
Proclaim aloud—"THE LORD BE PRAISED!"

Another from the nearest flock
Along the mountain's side,
Repeats the sound 'till cave and rock
Re-echo far and wide;
While others from recesses deep,
Send back the note far up the steep.

If thus go forth these simple men
Amid eternal snows,
And shout God's name to every glen
Ere night invites repose,
How should our hearts be upward raised,
Our lips proclaim—THE LORD BE PRAISED!

HAROLD.

RANDOM REVERIES.

No. XII.

'From grave to gay—from lively to severe.'

WAR.

O beauteous peace!
Sweet union of a State! What else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?

A few short paragraphs, kind and gentle reader, for thy private perusal, and we have committed to thy charity the twelfth chapter of the reveries. Be not offended at the continued prattle of the old man, we beseech thee. Bear with the infirmities of decline, and if aught should be found in these papers to please or profit thee, treasure it as a simple memento of one who loved to commune with thy heart and to whisper in thy willing ear the lessons of no brief experience. Think not that the article, into which we are quietly dropping, is intended as a censurable review of the war in which our arms are at this moment engaged. No—we were opposed to fighting up to the moment the first blow was struck, and the first American form stretched upon the Mexican turf. From that hour the origin of the war was merged into the war itself. We ceased to ask why we were fighting but how we could best maintain the credit and glory of our common soil. The fire kindles the dusky orbs of the old man as he writes, and the vital conduits of his frame bear the blood fleeter and farther than it has coursed through these wasted limbs for many a long day. Yet we would talk to thee of war generally—furnish thee the results of protracted observation on its social influences, and pray thee, as far as thou canst, to cultivate peace and its attendant blessings in the world. Listen then to the old man, and bear his words in thy memory for future reflection.

War contravenes the healthy operations of Law, which is necessary to the existence and progress of civilized society; or at least leaves it diseased and crippled. In the first case there is an end to all security for the weak against the strong—to all protection for the strong against the cunning and depraved, and the whole community becomes at once abandoned to suspicion and distrust, with its attendant curses. The remaining position destroys the efficiency and force of existing law, and removes its great hope and aim.—Confidence between the government and governed is annihilated, by a knowledge of the fact that justice in a legal contest if attained at all will be won by accident.—In short so notorious is this truth that it has grown into a political maxim, "It is better to abolish the law than to make man suspicious of it."

The social virtues which entrench the Law for its preservation and nurture and which constitute its strong fortification, are completely destroyed. These virtues are, a due respect for the moral and proprietary rights of others, a strict attention to domestic duties, and a love for the small sweet courtesies of life. Upon these has man erected the fabric of civil society; and these are the parents of social happiness and ease. What will be the result then to property, if habits of plunder take the place of a proper regard for other's possessions—what the effect upon domestic and public morality, if continued debauchery and animal indulgence take the place of a suitable respect for private and official duties—what the influence upon politeness and kind feeling, if severe discipline and total disregard of life take the place of love for and attention to the kindnesses of existence?

Again the bond of commercial and other interests which, after the securities of good government become firmly established perhaps more than all else unites society and upholds its regulations, is severed by the desolating operations of war. Seizure, taxation, and capture, by their repeated assaults, leave the great mammoth of commercial power and wealth a wreck prostrate and helpless, crushed and famished.

Thus, turn where we will, in investigating the ground work of society, and the aids to its progress, we find this mortal enemy in direct opposition, as if sent by Heaven to crush our schemes and disappoint our most reasonable hopes: there is not a plan for reformation and improvement, but, like Apollyon, this same arch enemy strides across the path and stops the way. And that these are no idle speculations, history affords a thousand irrefragible proofs: with one of these, however, we will content ourselves. We take the annals of France from Louis XIV, down to the Revolution, to be a testimony to all we have advanced, as complete as if written for the special purpose of supporting the doctrines here laid down. Under the reign of Louis le Grand, improperly so called—for his ministers were great, not he—his ambition with the love of power in his favorite, Louvois, who knew that he shone only in contests and strifes (like the lightning in the storm, most destructive as well as most brilliant), led Europe a dance of Death, in which the finest armies, the most skillful generals, the richest provinces, all met the same general ruin at his hand. Not that he was uniformly successful, even in his most convulsive efforts—by no means. With an infatuation that in any other than a King would have seemed madness, he ground the faces of the millions of his own poor, and stained the whole continent with their blood. While the great Colbert built up happiness, and wealth, and internal peace at home, his master entered his blooming and ripening fields of promise, to ravage and desolate, "to let loose the dogs of war" upon its alarmed inhabitants, and teach his heart sick minister the thanklessness of a reformer's office, and the treachery of his hopes. Now mark the consequences: the minister of war fell into disfavor with his capricious master; his great and glorious antagonist, the minister of peace, died worn out by his toils.—While the wheels of government are slowly loosing the momentum his power had given them, Louis himself is brought to the tomb, bequeathing turmoil and trouble to the Queen-regent and his successor, Louis Quinze. During this distressful period, one minister of finance after another was chosen, tried and dismissed; the same man was recalled again and again; herculean efforts were made to restore credit and security to the nation; but the task was too mighty, and even Richelieu's genius was unavailing. Anne of Austria, and the shadow of royalty that succeeded her, fought out their restless reigns amid rebellion and civil war, followed by Louis XVI, who dreamed of the happiness of power, till he woke to die by hands trained to all that was cruel and murderous by the "*glorious*" reign of his great-grandfather. It has been asserted, we know, that this revolution was a contest of principle; but the assertion was drowned by the fiend-like howls and shrieks for "bread! bread!" that rang through the palace of Versailles, on its first attack by the mob—was buried among the heaps of slain, whose needless death betrayed the vile corruption of military recklessness in the hearts of their butchers. Such was the lesson, read to man by the history of France, upon the character and consequences of war.

Reader, let this suffice for the present, at another time we will take thee a hill and dale ramble through the realms of poesy, under fairer skies and surrounded by more pleasing prospects.

HORRORS OF WAR.—The view of the Neckar Valley is one of the most lovely in Germany! and yet this very land, which, in the golden radiance of the setting sun, looks, like the garden of the Hesperides, has suffered more desolating ravage from the ruthless hand of war than almost any other in Europe. Tilly devastated it with his murderous hordes of pious savages; the Swedes followed in his steps, both literally and figuratively; but the palm of atrocity was reserved for the French, under Turrene; they burst upon it with merciless fury; but one sack was not enough, and the Palatinate was a second time subjected to such fiendish cruelties that all Europe rung with the horrors committed by them. The destruction of the Palatinate forms a glorious episode in the life of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, and there was a quaint cold-bloodedness about the proceeding which makes it interesting. Louis was going to a grand court ball, when Louvois came and said, "Sire, your army must receive orders to lay waste the Palatinate, and devastate it from end to end." "Indeed," replied Louis, "I am sorry for that, but if it is proper, of course it must be done;" and so saying he went off to the ball. The orders were immediately despatched, and admirably obeyed. Every house was burned down; the cattle were killed; the vineyards and orchards were cut down, and destroyed, and the inhabitants turned out in the depth of winter to shift for themselves. The garden of Germany was turned into a howling wilderness, where naught was to be seen but the smoking ruins of once happy homesteads, or heard, but the cries of wretched fugitives perishing with cold and want.

AWFUL DISCOVERY.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warren, the master of the Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side and within a mile of his vessel, they were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow colored peaks appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but their being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous, thundering, grinding, and crashing noise, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; but the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warren found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening, formed an impenetrable barrier, had been seperated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warren from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times; but no answer was returned.—Previous to stepping on board an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back on a chair with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct. The party went upon deck, & having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its innate maintained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand; and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in ice 17 days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warren, and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word On entering the principle cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was a corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Captain Warren was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.

He therefore carried away the log-book mentioned and, returning to his own ship immediately steered to the southward deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unkown way, and, by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisioned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.—*Westminster Review.*

SCOTCH COUNTRY INN ON SUNDAY.—Even in this age of rapid locomotion there must be few of my readers who have not been, at least once in their lives, the habitant of a Scotch country inn on a Sabbath evening. It is necessary, however, that they should have been in the same situation on some other evening of the week, that they may properly appreciate that sober quiet, that softened stillness, that more than partial cessation from labour, and din, and discord, of things animate & inanimate, that pervade the precincts of a country inn on the evening in question. The lighting of a bed-room candle, or the ringing for a pair of slippers, at such a time, seems to be done under protest. The chamber-maid who, the evening before, looked so made up of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," that you wondered whether she smiles through her sleep, or even if she ever shut her eyes at all, they glanced so brilliant, and cheerful, and happy, now looks demure and grave, while every dimple seems to say, "Nae daffin the night, ye ken it's Sunday." Go down stairs, and you find the ostler seated at the kitchen fire, hatless, inactive, with a face ten times more demure than the maid's, his finger and thumb inserted in a well-worn edition of the "Scots Worthies" or the "Confession of Faith." Pass in the bar, you observe the landlady seated similarly occupied; her snow white cap and collar, and sober silk gown proclaiming that maid and matron are at peace. Scolding is banished for a day. Mine host is stretched, pipe in hand, now eyeing his portly helpmate, anon watching the clouds that curl in regular succession form his almost motionless lips. The clock at the top of the staircase is the only object within or without that seems to court your observation, its constant, well-marked march, sounding, amid the stillness, louder than you ever heard it before, till you attach an importance to it that amply makes up for your neglect of it in times past, because you have nothing else to listen to.—*Tait's Magazine.*

TAKE A NEWSPAPER.

We find the following (which is true as Preaching) in one of our exchanges:

TAKE A NEWSPAPER, and you do more to secure the morals of your children, and prepare them for future usefulness with a single dollar, than by five times that amount bestowed upon them in any other way. It is a duty which every father owes to his family and to his country, to take a newspaper. It cultivates a taste for reading, and spreads before the minds of rising generations a chart of the passing events of the age, which they will consult, and will, by so doing, add daily or weekly to their stock of knowledge. No person who reads a newspaper regularly and carefully, goes into a world without a knowledge of its doings that secures for him intelligence and respect. We say to every man, and every man should say to his neighbor, "take a newspaper."

EDITORIAL ABILITY.—Newspaper writing, says the London Spectator, has grown to be an art of itself. Many a literary man who thought because the "greater includes the less," every author is ex-officio qualified to be an editor, has sunk back into the rear place of the press, after some smart writings had shown his bookish talent, and his inability to deal with facts. Others who could pour forth volumes, have failed, because they could not cope with hydraulic pressure; or prompt selection of siden points needed for the space and rapid comments of the journal. Take the best papers of London or Paris, different as the circumstances of the case may be, and you must allow that it is not every booby that could seize the moral spirit of passing history. The same with equal justice of the American press. People of some little talent fancy they can edit a newspaper if they can do nothing else, but they eventually find their mistake Not only is intellect, but knowledge of the world, miscellaneous information, tact, industry, rapidity of thought, a nerveous style, & a capacity at once to catch the strong and weak points of every subject, are required for a good editor.

TALENT REWARD.—Of all the writers who make London their head quarters, Douglass Jerrold is the cleverest. If thought makes the great author, Jerrold is a better writer than Dickens. He has struggled through a life of personal privations and poverty; but at length, in almost "the sere and yellow leaf," he has succeeded in an enterprise which will now yield him an income of $10,000 annually—This enterprise is the publication of his "Weekly Newspaper." If it will eventually give him as many thousand pounds sterling a year, it will no more than furnish a just reward to the author, whose pen never touches paper but with the motive of doing good to mankind.—*Sunday Time*

"There is a flower, my Master," meekly said a Jewess, "that unfolds its petals when all eyes are shrouded save His to whom its fragrance floats up. It pours its incense out in darkness and secrecy."—[Be like that plant, and bare thy breast to the gaze of heaven.]

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—The baptismal admonition of the Hindoos is as impressive on the bystanders as it is beautiful:—"Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around you smile; contrive so to live, that you may depart in smiles, whilst all around you weep."

THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD UPPERMOST-OCRACY.

WHOEVER has ventured to descend to the under-ground oyster palaces of New York, has seen that the king lives there and not in Union Square. The progress of the *oyster period*—the five years during which there has come about a gradual acknowledgment, *by luxury* of the sovereignty of the Democracy—is worthy of historical analysis. Never before, since the world began, were "The many" ministered to, *at small cost* with more luxury than "The Few" *at great cost.* The "greatest *luxury* of the greatest number," is now an acting principle of the constitution, "as understood." The broiled oysters eaten in the cellers for two or three shillings, are not only better eating than the fifty times as expensive dinner in Union Square, but, what with gilding and mirrors paintings and rich drapery, cushions and silver forks, they are also served up more luxuriously. And, *apropos*, it extends to other matters as well. Who can travel to Albany, for any money, as sumptuously as King People in his floating Palace for a dollar? Who can live by himself, in his own house, for any money, better than the People at their Hotels? Who can ride from one end of the city to the other, in ever so costly a carriage, more comfortably than the People in their velvet omnibusses for sixpence? The money of the Few will still at a very large price, buy privacy; but at the present stage of the Oyster period, it can buy no luxurious pre-eminence in food, apparel or locomotion—none in amusements, and certainly none in flattery from the prop e-lauding poets. The Cheap Many have the best of everything worth having, and this, we say, is a new era, and worthy of historical commemoration.

The Subterraneanism, of which the oyster is the type, and of which Mike Walsh is the Representative in the Legislature, started for the ascendant in Luxury about five or six years ago. At that time the people's feeding was no cheaper than now but it was "cheap and nasty." The customer for an oyster stepped into a dingy cellar, and, after watching the knocking off of the edge of the bi-valve with a bit of iron hoop, he forked the succulent disclosure from between the broad blade of a jack-knife and the oyster-man's thumb, peppered and ate it standing. A spattered decanter, on the shelf behind furnished a swallow of bad brandy, and, (with a cracker to console his teeth for the go-by given them by the oyster,) the refreshment was consummated.

The memory of any New Yorker will run through, in a moment, the degrees of progression in oyster-eating from that time to this. We take it for granted, that in this travelling land, even our remotest country reader has eaten oysters at King People's place and price in New-York, & knows that delicious *apotheosis* of parched corn and veal cutlet, a broiled oyster. We shall be understood, therefore, when we call attention to this coming together of the *cheap and luxurious*, as to a curiously noticeable period. The oyster and Mike Walsh are humps on the camel caravan of republican progress. His very name is descriptive of the slide of the knife into the oyster, (Mike!) and the plenitudinous gulp (Walsh!) with which it is swallowed The *oyster period*, therefore is, phonotypically, as well as properly and ably represented in the Assembly, and as the rider upon a ground swell which is now coming up to a tenth-wave prominence on the sea of politics, we shall look to "the Subterranean" for a bold and original representation of a new Uppermostocracy.—*Home Journal*

RECORDER'S COURT.

A black eye was the subject of grave consideration before the Recorder yesterday. Black eyes are generally considered handsome, but this one, which was possessed by a quiet looking German, was a very *mournful* looking peeper. He charged an acquaintance with coloring it, and presented testimony to prove the fact. A Dutch boy, who was witness for the plaintiff, was asked by the attorney if, when he saw the man first, he noticed *the eye.*

"Yaw," says he, "he had der eye."

"Was it black?" inquired the counsel.

"I gant dell," replied the witness.

"Didn't you say you knew he had it?" persisted the lawyer.

"Yaw," continued the witness, "I knowed der eye vos dere."

"Then tell me what it looked like!" exclaimed the attorney.

"It shust looked like a striped rag mit a knot in it at von ends," answered the witness.

"What looked so?" inquired the lawyer, almost out of patience.

"Der eye!" answered the witness.

"What made it look so?" again essayed the counsel.

"Cause it vos tied up mit der *handkercher!*" was the reply.

"I thought you said you had seen the eye?" remarked the attorney.

"No!" said the witness, "but I knowed it *vos dere!*"

This satisfactory evidence was permitted to stand aside.—*Reveille.*

SINGULAR AND PLURAL.—An old footman having read Lindley Murray, was afterwards very precise in his announcements when ushering in visitors. On one occasion a gentleman named Foot, with a daughter on each arm, was shown into a drawing-room with this introduction—"Mr. Foot and the *two Misses Feet!*"

LETTER TO AN OLD LADY,

Who likes news in fact, and hates fine writing.

DEAR AUNT:—Fifteen cents a line is the pay Dumas gets for the romances he publishes piece meal in the newspapers. Extravagant sums are now given for sepulture in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," which the memory of Burns has made very fashionable—but the plebeian poet is past hearing of it.

—An elephant in the Menagerie, in London, has bitten off another elephant's tail.

—There is a very excited movement in England to bring about the repeal of the illegality of marrying a deceased wife's sister. Commissioners are visiting the different districts to elicit facts and receive information, prior to the introduction of a new bill on this subject at the approaching session of Parliament.

—A delicate flattery has been detected in the practice of a famous corn cutter in London, who carries, in his sleeve, corns made from the paring of a horse's hoof, which he shows *for their own extracts*, to gentlemen upon whose toes he has been operating. This is *something* like Vivian Gray's flattery to an author by quoting to him brilliant passages from his book which were never in it.

—A celebrated lawyer in Pa is; who *is* one hundred years old, danced with a young relative recently at his centennial birthday.

—The eggs consumed in France, 1845, were nine billion three hundred million.

—Pork suet, from Cincinnati is mentioned as a new article of importation in England.

—With the death of Sidi Abdallah (who died recently at Algiers, aged one hundred and-ten,) it is mentioned that he had neither touched his hair and beard, *nor seen a Frenchman* for twenty years.

—A new way of imbibing knowledge has been discovered in the morning devotions of an ignorant tribe of Mussulmans. They imitate the character of a passage of the Koran on a smooth board with black dirt, *then wash it off and drink the liquid.*

—The wife of a lamp-lighter in New-York, a few days since, killed her husband by knocking his ladder from under him.

—Light from the Leverrier planet reaches this world in four hours, twenty one minutes, nineteen seconds, while the light o. the sun comes to us in eight minutes, thirteen seconds.

—The King of France is about calling a Congress of the Powers of Europe to explain why he married his son.

—The morning after a recent Baltimore wedding the bridegroom found under his plate at breakfast, a check for $100,000, from the bride's father.

—An Englishman has lately fought a duel with swords in Germany, by which he saved his honour and lost his nose.

Your affectionate nephew.—— ——.

Home Journal.

A PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—A concert was given in Philadelphia on Thursday evening last, at which a Piano, valued at $250, was awarded to the author of the best conundrum handed in. The following is the conundrum to which the majority of the committee awarded the prize—under protest, as we understand, of Mr. Du Solle, (one of the committee,) who contended that it was deficient in meat:

530.—Why is the character of the prize piano estimated like the character of the great and good man?

Because we judge of its grandeur by its action—its goodness by its tone.

In lieu of the above, the following is the one which the disagreeing member of the committee contended was the "best and most original," viz:

425—Why does an individual who gets "deeply, darkly, beautifully *blue*" enact the part of a religious hypocrite?

Because he wears "the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in!"

The following conundrums read upon the occasion, were entitled to credit for peculiar excellence:

508.—Why is Santa Anna, in asserting that the United States Army and people were cowards and barbarians, like a *harp struck by lightning?*

Because he is a *blasted lyre!*

694.—Why was Jonah reckoned among the "upper ten thousand?"

Because he was the bosom companion of a *big* fish.

969.—Why should a man with one cent extort a large quantity of bread stuff?

Because he is the owner of *ten mills.*

983.—Why should Prince Albert feel jealous of one of our American generals?

Because Taylor has his arms around Victoria.

986.—Why is the man that wins the prize piano like a man asking his wife for a dessert after dinner?

Answer—Because he says I'll take that pie, Anna.

Why is an act of *homicide* like Great Britain?

Because it is known over the world as *assassination—(a-sassy-nation.)*

826—Why is the beauty of the prize piano like Charles Dickens?

Answer—Because it *lies* in its "*Notes.*"

HOW TO REDUCE A FAMILY.—Hire one of those houses, advertised as being "very desirable for families, pleasantly located with stages and railroad cars passing the door every five minutes." Then let the young ones out to play on every fair day.—*Yankee Doodle.*

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