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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Advertisements

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A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

THE ENGLISH PREMIER.—Can that little, quiet, fragile, modest, almost insignificant-looking man, so neat, plain and formal, in his black coat and snow-white neckcloth, who sits with his legs crossed "any how," and his hat overshadowing his sharp features till they are scarcely seen, can that be Lord John Russel? Is he really leader of that compact and numerous party? And has he the power or the skill to rule and rein them in; to amalgamate all their discordant varieties; to tune their political violence, of which you have heard and seen so much; to pour the oil of his philosophical spirit on the troubled waters of their excited passions; to beguile them into suspending or giving up their cherished opinions and settled purposes, and cordially uniting in working out his views, and respecting, if not obeying, his will? When you regard the *physique* of Sir Robert Peel—his full, commanding figure; his intellectual face and head; his handsome, expressive countenance, his erect and manly bearing—you are half tempted to believe, on trust, all you have heard of his magical influence over the House of Commons. But no persuasion will induce you to think that the diminutive model of a man who has been pointed to you as Lord John Russel—whom Lord Palmerston, his next neighbor, might almost dandle in his arms—can possess those qualities which history tells us are necessary in order to sway popular assemblies.

In a few moments he takes off his hat and rises from his seat, advancing to the table to speak. Now, for the first time you see something that prepossesses. His head, though small, is finely shaped. It is a highly intellectual head, and the brow is wide and deep. The face, broad and firm set, sphynx-like in shape, is not of faultless outline, but it is strongly marked with character. A thoughtful repose, slightly tinged with melancholy, pervades it. The features are sharply defined, they look more so in the extreme paleness of the complexion—a paleness not of ill-health, but of refined breeding. The mouth is wide, but finely shaped, surrounded with a marked line, as though it were often made the vehicle of expression, while the lips are firmly compressed, as from habitual thought. The eye is quick and intelligent, the nose straight and decided, the eyebrows dark and well arched, and the whole face, which seems smaller still than it is, from the absence of whiskers, is surmounted by dark and scanty hair, which leaves disclosed the whole depth of an ample and intellectual forehead. A moment more, and you are struck with the proportions, though small, of his frame—his attitude erect, his chest expanded. You begin to perceive that a little man need not of necessity be insignificant.—There is a presence upon him, a firm compactness of outline, a self possessed manner, a consciousness of latent strength, that lead you to abandon your unfavorable view of his physical attributes, and to hope much from his moral and intellectual qualities.

He speaks, and for a time your disappointment returns. You have seen him make one step forward to the table, look all round the House, then make a step back again into his old place; then, with the right arm stretched partly out, and his face half turned to his own supporters, he begins. His voice is feeble in quality and monotonous. It is thin, and there is a twang upon it that smacks of affectation. but it is distinct. He is, perhaps, about to answer some speech, or to attack some measure, of Sir Robert Peel. He goes on in level strain, uttering a few of the most obvious common-places of apology or of deprecation, till the idea of mediocrity grows irresistibly upon your mind. Yet the House seem to listen attentively; they would not do so, if they did not know the man. Wait a little. A cheer comes from around him. It bears in it the effeminate laugh of Mr. Ward, the deep bassoon note of Mr. Warburton, the shrill scream of Mr. Sheil, the loud hearty shout of Mr. Wakely, and the delighted chorus of the Radicals and manufacturers. Nay, even on the opposite side, the "point" has not been without its effect, as many a suppressed titter testifies. All the level commonplace, it seems, was but the stringing of the bow; at the moment when least expected, the cool, prepared marksman has shot his arrow of keen and polished sarcasm at Sir Robert Peel, whom it has flashed, if not transfixed. You follow the speaker a little longer, now fairly interested in him, even though opposed to his opinions, and you find he proceeds, during a speech of perhaps an hour and a half, developing those characteristics of his mind which we have described in detail, now earning approval by his enlarged and statesmanlike views, now lowering himself to the level of the various prejudices of his party, alternately compelling respect and admiration, or provoking something like contempt; now rousing his own side to cheers against their opponents, to laugh at or suspect their own leaders; but always exhibiting power, self-possession, tact, skill, parliamentary and political knowledge, command of language, and felicity of diction, surpassed by but few of the distinguished men of the day.

Meanwhile, you have lost sight of the defects of the speaker—defects of voice, manner, and action, which place him as far below Sir Robert Peel, in the merely mechanical part of oratory, as his occasional elevation of thought and happy choice of language place him in these respects above him. If you had not thus been carried away, you would have been speedily wearied by the drawling monotony of voice, the hesitation in delivery, the constant catching up and repetition of words, and even portions of sentences; and you will have noticed that the only action used was a constant stepping forward from the bench to the table, and back again, an occasional thumping of the latter with the right hand, when not rested permanently on it, a folding of the arms akimbo, or an action peculiar to this orator, when he rests his left elbow on his right hand, while the left arm, raised perpendicularly, is held up as if in warning at his opponents.—*London Times.*

SHAKSPEARE.

The following is part of a lecture of Mr. Lynde, in Liverpool (E.) on the character of Shakspeare as a writer:

This man, Shakspeare, was not for an age, but for all time. About him was no individuality, no style, no peculiar method; but an ubiquity that encountered every obstacle, and without any seeming effort hurled them under foot. His kings speak out right royally, his priests and bishops are true church men, his ambassadors are like men who have spent their lives in diplomacy, and even *Portia* argues like a jurist fresh from the Pandects—all is perfect. * * * Shakspeare hath never impotence of thought, nor, (although something is said of his drawing on the old poets,) has he any antiquity in his expression, and few will be disposed to argue that his plainest thoughts are not the most powerful, but are also opposed to the antique. * * * * * * *

Who can analyze the final cause of that emotion the poet fills you with—whether pity, or terror, or admiration, or awe, or that profound human affection, by which sympathy the eyes become tearful and dim,—by which the thought has Genesis—spreads through the whole intellectual being, broadens and brightens into a radiant noon across what was—chaos! When the wild Utopia of the poet is proved to be no dream—nay, is proved to be practicable; when the serene and smiling happiness, the poet paints is found to be at our own hearths, by our own table, beneath the sanctity of our own roofs—there, waiting for us to take her by the hand, she remains—when the face of nature smiles, and our beautiful mother stands no longer in the shadow? Not less astonishing than his power is the exhaustless fertility of his imagination. It is limitless as the limitless space. * * * Shakspeare's preeminence does not lie in his stored knowledge, in book-learning merely, for Ben Jonson saith that "he had little Latin, and less Greek." And what need of these to a child who gazed for ever into the august loveliness of the universe; who drank the beauty of every thing below "crisp heaven" as a Titan would drink wine. He is superior to every man only in his marvellous comprehension of man and his nature.

The outward nature he bound to the inward nature of man, and he made them play upon each other by sympathies, and by instincts invisible to him who feels.—* * * The oftener we read, the more do our minds become allied to his—the more Shaksperian are we. We feel as if the spirit of his singing were floating around us—we feel the sonorous measure of his verse go onward like the tramp of multitudinous footsteps, with a stern, lofty, grand credence. * * * In all Shakspeare's imagery, there is no violence—the painting does not writhe in disproportion or ill-fitness before you; his pictures are drawn from the common property of man. He woos nature as if he were her lover; and so arises that eternishing alternation between man and nature; that indestructive familiarity with the beautiful: that converse with meadows and streams, and woods and hills, and mountains.—Soft moonlight nights are filled by him with the *smell of the earth*—with stars, and dews, and odours—and you hear music, and manly voices at some distant lattice window. The night, murky as the nether gloom, again yawns and vomits lightnings that show you *Lear* on the heath, or those semi-existences in their unhallowed incantations waiting for *Macbeth*—a Brocken revel. Gray ruins in themselves are forbidding, depressing—giving to one melancholy fancies, but cast the golden sunshine on the ivy—make the streams go murmuring under the sedges, here and there like a thread of silver; let the mill wheel be heard in the distance, or a country carol from some plough boy,

"Shading his hazel eyes with slanting hand,"

ring blithely from some neighboring field—and the picture is altered. And this would Shakspeare do.

PICTURE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

He was not much, if at all, above the middle size, but admirably proportioned, whether for feats of agility and strength, or for the lighter graces of society. But it was his face more especially, and the magnificent expression of his features, that first struck the beholder. The broad, imaginative brow, the keen large, lustrous eye, pervading, clear, undazzled as the eagle's, the bold Roman nose, the resolute curve of the clear cut mouth, full of indomitable pride and matchless energy all these bespoke at once the versatile and various genius of the great statesman, orator, and captain who was to be thereafter. At this time, however, although he was advancing towards middle age, and had already shaken off some of the trammels which luxurious vice and heedless extravagance had cast around his young puissant intellect, he had achieved nothing either of fame or power. He had, it is true given signs of rare intellect. But as yet they were signs only; though his friends looked forward confidently to the time when they should see him the first citizen of the republic.—And it is more than possible, that, in his own heart, he contemplated, even now, the attainment of a more glorious, if more perilous, elevation. The locks of this noble-looking personage, though not arranged in that effeminate fashion which has been mentioned as characteristic of Cethegus and some others, were closely curled about his brow,—for he, as yet, exhibited no tendency to that baldness for which in after years, he was remarkable,—and reeked with the choicest perfumes. He wore the crimson-bordered toga of his senatorial rank; but under it, as it waved loosely to and fro, might be observed the gaudy hues of a violet-colored banqueting dress, sprinkled with flowers of gold, as if he had been disturbed from some festive board by the summons to council.—As he passed through the crowd, from which loud rose the shout, following him as he moved along. "Hail, Cæsar! Cæsar! long live the noble Cæsar!" his slaves scattered gold profusely among the multitude who fought and scrambled for the glittering coin, still keeping up their clamorous greeting, while the dispenser of the wasteful largesse, appearing to know every one, and to forget no face or name, even of the humblest, had a familiar smile and a cheery word for each citizen.—*The Roman Traitor.*

WAYSIDE LACONICS

1. Would you jest with the tiger, first see that all his teeth are drawn.

2. Love is the only true maturer in humanity; we ripen vainly unless with her assistance. The germ of the heart never awakens into consciousnees and life beneath any other smiles.

3. It is, perhaps, less immoral to deceive one's neighbor than to deceive one's self. To him we may make atonement;—but there is no couching that habitual blindness which is inevitable to result from a habit of self deception.

4. In the punishment of death, society, in its fear or selfishness, totally excludes from consideration one of the great ends of punishment, which, in protecting society, ought never to lose sight of a regard for the recovery of the offender. A citizen is a child of the State, whom we should chastise for his misdeeds, rebuke for his excesses, and place equally out of the way of harm and mischief, but whom no parent would think of cutting off entirely, while a sin is yet to be repented of, and talent yet remains to be made useful.

5. The fool pays for anything but wisdom, as no one seeks that which he supposes himself to possess already.

6. It is one satisfaction, when we fail to find preferment, that we are at least free from all indebtedness.

7. The mistakes and errors of youth are the evil genii which wait upon our manhood, and the ghosts that make us tremble in old age. They chill our ardor when ardor would be success; oppose our progress when to advance would be to conquer;—haunt our walks, which might otherwise be blessed by happier spirits, by love, by grace, by faith and beauty,—and are not to be laid by all our exorcisms, not to be entreated by all our supplications.—We have raised them in our folly, till they have grown superior to the check of our wisdom. Our very friends are useful to encourage their assaults, and to keep them from perishing.—*Northern Patriot.*

THE FEMALE HEART.

Some writer has very eloquently said there is nothing under heaven so delicious as the possession of pure, fresh, immutable affection. The most felicitous moment of man's life, the most ecstatic of all emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The springs of feeling, when in their youthful purity, are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness—the spell that once draws them forth, is the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted as a woman's love. It matters not whether it be for husband, or child, or sister, or brother, it is the same pure, unquenchable flame, the same constant and immaculate glow or feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Do but give her but one token of love, one kind word, one gentle look, even if it be amid desolation and death—the feeling of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bond or mercenary tie. More priceless than the gems of Golconda, is the female heart; and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca, is woman's love. There is no sordid view, or qualifying self-interest in the feeling. It is a principle and characteristic of her nature—a faculty and infatuation which absorbs and concentrates all the fervor of her soul, and depths of her bosom. I would rather be the idol of one unsullied and unpractised heart, than the monarch of empires. I would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic female, than the sycophantic fawning of millions.

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.

Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and careworn features of the well dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness & color; but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. Cuvier closes all else, a description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is a state of force." What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilization has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular and excessive. Our muscles waste for want of action; our nervous system is worn out by excess of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operations for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.—*Thackeray.*

FAMINE AND SCARCITIES IN FRANCE.

The following is a list of famines, which according to history have taken place in France within the last eleven centuries.

The first famines are those which, in consequence of war and pillage, took place in 779 and 793.

Under the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, in 824, there resulted for the third time a scarcity, caused by the inclemency of the seasons.

In 843, the famine was so great, that earth was mingled with flour in making bread.

In the subsequent year of 845, there was an awful mortality.

In 855, there was another, which was so extensive that the living were too few to bury the dead.

In 864 and 867, the famines were frightful.

In 868, the country was a desert, and the men and women became cannibals.

This continued in 868. At Sens, 56 persons died of hunger in a single day.

In 873, there was again famine.

In 874, one-third of the population died.

Tis continued in 875, and 876.

Twelve years of famine in 33!

In 945, Paris was desolated by the griping sickness, which took its rise in the scarcity and bad quality of provisions.

In 1005, caused by the extortion and rapine of the Counts, says Dulaure, commenced a famine which was continued for five years, and was followed by the plague. The men, according to Raoul Glaber, nourished themselves on reptiles, and unclean animals; they also ate the women and children.

From 1021 to 1028, a famine of seven years continued, and the whole population was in danger of death from want.

In 1031, there was a terrible famine, during which the people devoured dogs, cats, rats, corpses and carrions. Travellers were everywhere arrested, killed, and their bodies equally divided. They caught children to kill and eat them. At Tournus, human flesh was sold in the market place. The chronicles of Vernun state that the famine was followed by a pestilence. The scourge continued till the abundant year of 1034.

But in 1035 the pestilence and famine returned.

In 1042, commenced a famine through all Europe, which continued seven years.

In 1053, there was another scarcity, which lasted five years.

In 1059, it returned for seven years, and was compared to the famine in Egypt in the time of Joseph.

In 1074, it was new famine.

In 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, there was again famine, which re-commenced in 1086, and caused the plague.

It returned in 1108.

Here we find a gap of nearly two centuries.

In 1329, according to Frossart, a net of herrings sold at Paris, for 30 gold crowns. There died, daily, at the Hotel Dieu Paris, 80 persons. And Edward of England, who was at the time besieging Paris, raised the siege on account of the want of provisions.

In 1332, there was a famine in Paris, caused by the Duke of Anjou, who burnt and pilaged the environs.

In 1418, there was a scarcity at Paris, caused by the Armagnacs.

In 1590, there was another.

In 1593, there was another horrible famine, described by Voltaire in his Henriade; 13,000 persons died in Paris alone, of hunger.

In 1596, a famine occurred, in which, according to L'Estoile, a mother drowned her two children. On the 26th of April, the poor were chased from the city. Notwithstanding, the luxury and dissipation of the great still continued to take their course.

In 1725, under the ministry of the Duke of Bourbon, bread at Paris brought 10 sous a pound.

In 1788, the famine was frightful.

In 1793, there was great scarcity.

In 1816, the scarcity was also great, the continued rains having considerably reduced the harvest

Also, in 1829 and 1839, bread was very dear, but there was no scarcity.

THE CONJUROR OUT CONJURED.

The other morning, says the Reveille, we were thinking of something infernal, when in walked Signior Blitz, looking us full in the face at the same time, from behind that shadowy cloud of hair and whisker in which he envelopes his satanic countenance. We were very good friends instanter, spite of hoof or brimstone, and were just about to surrender ourselves in wonder and admiration at the way in which the Signior conjured coin into our pockets, and, more misterious still, out of our pockets, when who should pop in but De Meyer, with lion port and kid-like courtesy.—Here was another victim for the arch enemy, and accordingly Blitz began to play the devil with the musician even as he had done with us. De Meyer stood it for some time in high admiration, when he exclaimed:—

"Fell, I han surprise as noting else peside! Now, Monsieur Pleetz, I till show some hombogs, too." He forthwith tore a small strip from the margin of a newspaper, which, again, he divided into six very small pieces, and spread them out on the palm of his hand.

"Now, Monsieur Pleetz, I vas desire to know if you can give von pouf (puff) wis you mout, and blow avay all dise leetle beets, except von dat I shall show you."

The magician studied the problem closely, but to puff away, at a breath, five of the pieces, without stirring the sixth, was enough to puzzle the devil himself, and so his disciple gave up, earnestly desiring to be informed as to the art of the matter.

"Perry vell, I show you," said De Meyer. "Now den, vat piece shall I keep on my hand ven I pouf?"

Blitz pointed out the very centre piece.

"Oh, dat is him; good! Now, *regardez!*" The impromptu conjurer deliberately laid his pencil point upon the bit of paper designated, gave a "*pouf*," and sure enough the other five piecs left his hand in a hurry!

There was a great laugh at the expense of Blitz, he however, immediately got rid of the "sell" by disposing of it to our "Senior," who entered at the moment, and who by the bye is now in the market with it!

THE HONORABLES AT DINNER.—A few days since several members of the legislature representing some of the interior counties of this State were at a boarding house in this city, where at the table they displayed what was deemed by some of the other boarders an anti-democratic fondness for honorary titles. In addressing each other the style would be:

"Will the Honorable member from Chatauque hand me the butter?"

"Will the Honorable gentleman from Otsego be kind enough to pass me the vinegar?"

"Certainly, sir, we may expect something sharp from the Honorable member from Chenango!"

A Down East clerk, becoming uneasy under this display of empty honors, called out in a loud sarcastic tone to the black waiter:

"Will the Honorable gentleman from Africa be kind enough to pass the bread?"

The laughter that ensued may be imagined. The honorables were henceforth silent.—[*N. Y. Paper.*

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this:—Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all, keep them all a-going."

ROGUERY AND ROMANCE.—At Boston, on Tuesday, two ties pera o s named Lott Budy and Thomas Mooney were convicted of the crime of robbing a gentleman of his watch and $1200, in February last. The day after the robbery both prisoners were "flush." Budy fled to New Hampshire and Mooney to New York. Upon his arrest in New Hampshire Budy threw away some papers which he had about him; but they were found soon after, and among them was the following letter from a lady:

Boston, March 2d, 1847.

Dearest—Write me as soon as you receive this, as I dare not write till I hear from you.

Thy fate may be darkness—I ask but to share
The sting of each sorrow—the cloud of each care;
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be
More dear than the smile of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee—they say that thy love
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;
But the chain thou hast linked is more precious to me.
Than liberty if it divides me from thee.

However rough thy path, that path I can bear.
A cell it were brightness, if thou too wert there.
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart.
It is life to be near thee, and death if we part.
Ever thine.

You will know who this is from when I tell you that Charles F**** sends his best respects. Write soon.

The Boston Post adds—Budy is now in the "cell," so ominously alluded to in the third stanza; but the lady has not been allowed to share its "brightness" with him.

CARE IN SELECTING SEEDS—POTATO ROT.

Farmers should exercise great care in the selection of all seeds for planting. This is particularly important with respect to the grains and plants which are not indigenous to this climate. Some of the grains we raise, and many of the vegetables we use were originally brought from distant countries and climates something different from this. The plants may seem pretty well acclimated here, still there can be no doubt that there is a greater tendency in them to degenerate than plants which were natives in this soil. But the selection of the purest and most perfect seed of all native plants is of sufficient importance to justify much care and labor of the farmer in the case. We are obliged to your Hingham correspondent for calling attention to this subject and urging farmers to plant such seeds as they desire to reap. We are not prepared, however, to ascribe all the malady that has appeared in the potato crop to negligence in the selection of seed. The defence of such a supposition seems attended with insuperable difficulties Can we think the farmers both in Europe and America have within a few years fallen into negligence of which they had not before been guilty? Can we imagine that the neglect began in one portion of a country and regularly advanced from year to year through every section of it? If defective seed be the whole cause of the difficulty why does the farmer with the same management lose more than one half his crop and the next year find scarcely a defective potato in it? We admit the case presented by Mr. R., appears a strong one, but think there might have been other causes than differences in the seeds used which occasioned the success of one neighbor in raising a sound crop and the failure of others situated near. There might have been difference in the soils. In dry, porous soils we have seen much of the malady; and in adhesive soils composed of a large per centage of clay, we have seen no crop for several years entirely free from it.

There is an opinion that the potato has been for a long time degenerating in the countries of its adoption and that it must finally be lost to us. We discover no ground for so gloomy foreboding. If there be progressive degeneration and we should be obliged to relinquish the culture of those now in the country, might we not go where the plant is indigenous, transport some of the poisonous roots here, begin the cultivation anew, and with as favorable prospects as stimulated the labors of our ancestors? But it is doubted whether this labor will for a long time to come, if ever, be necessary. Renewed attention to the habits of the plant and increased care in its culture may in future secure healthy products. It has not been uncommon in this country to plant potatoes in reclaimed swamps. Now, it is well known that a little redundant water will always destroy in any stage of their growth or in their maturity. The fact that low and moist lands sometimes produce great crops is not proof these soils are congenial to the the health and endurance of the article.—The growth of dry lands is mostly preferred for the table, we suppose because the potatoes are more perfect. An author remaks, that potatoes will grow almost everywhere and therefore the culture of them is generally neglected. Our experience in failures should rouse us from neglect, and the growing importance of the article induce a very careful systematic cultivation.—*Ploughman.*

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