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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RANDOM REVERIES.

No. XIV.

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It may be, dear reader, you have occasionally in the perusal of your family paper found something to admire over the signature of "TENNYSON"—some stray leaf from his printed volume which has floated off upon the tide of periodical literature to please the million and create a wish to know more of the author. England in her galaxy of genius has many bright and enduring luminaries, yet few, very few of those who compose her circle of popular writers have written with so little regard for ephemeral reputation or so much respect to the opinions of a discriminating posterity as Alfred Tennyson. During a life of noble toil he has encountered the customary fate of true merit.—The same envious temper which poured the vials of its wrath upon the devoted head of the Newstead Bard through the columns of Jeffrey's review, has not been without its effect upon the subject of these remarks. The Edinburgh and Quarterly have both opened upon his unoffending muse, and even Blackwood, Christopher North who knows what good poetry is better than any living man, has employed his powerful pen in misguiding public sentiment.* Yet how vain such attempts to arrest the progress of mind—the upward flight of true genius! The caustic page intended to consign Lord Byron to obscurity threw wide open the portals of his great fame, and the only effect of the illiberal attacks upon Alfred Tennyson has been to make him more than ever read and admired.

We have lying open before us a richly bound volume of our author, for which we are indebted to our youthful friend, E. R. H., whose taste is only equalled by his noble and generous impulses of character. It is a Boston edition, by Ticknor, and classically beautiful throughout. Let us open it carefully and read to thee, dear reader, from its pure and eloquent pages.

"MARIANNA AT THE MOATED GRANGE" has passages of startling beauty. Hear the shuddering description of her solitude—with what solemn interest he invests the most ordinary objects!

"All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

"HAROUN ALRASCHID" carries us back to the first book of tales we ever read.—Who does not remember the Arabian nights? The glowing description, the resplendent imagery, the voluptious finish of this poem how inimitable! We are in Bagdat bodily, surveying the great porch of the Caliphat. Hear the last lines, and look up admiringly.

"Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropped a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Hereon his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!"

"THE LADY OF SHALOTT" is one of the most picturesque compositions in the language, but too lengthy for our purpose. We quote from part third.

"A Bow shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily,
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazen'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick jewell'd shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the chrystal mirror,
"Tira lira" by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot."

What a picture of domestic bliss is the "MILLER'S DAUGHTER!" It is the consummation of married life and its enjoyments. The closing stanza is an emanation from the soul itself. Was there ever any thing stronger or more fervid in poetry?

"Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well."

"ÆNONE" is next. In its profound philosophy are scattered many living gems of beauty, like stars strown upon a dark stream. It is one of the greatest poems of the collection and would require a volume to point out its various merits. The following is a fine, commanding passage:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

"THE PALACE OF ART"—magnificently descriptive. We furnish one stanza.

"And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

"THE MAY QUEEN" is touchingly beautiful. It is something for gentle spirits to read and weep over in the silence of a summer morning in the woods. It should be read through, to be properly appreciated.

"THE TALKING OAK." This is without a blemish, and will descend to posterity as one of the most perfect poetical effusions of the age. Let us rehearse a verse or two:

"O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat Earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!"

Leaving out even a passing notice of many portions of this author's splendid versification we conclude with the finest of all. "In the poem of the 'Two Voices,'" as an excellent writer remarks, "we have the questions that Plato pondered,—and that, ever since the human race have trod among graves, and lifted their eyes to the stars, have shaken every soul of man at some solemn hours of the inward life with unutterable dismay and hope unutterable—discussed with the close argumentation of the keenest metaphysical questioning, and the fervid eloquence of the deepest moral convictions. The sneering devil of doubt wrestling with the desponding seal in one of the darkest seasons of its eclipse, when the shadow of the grave-cumbered earth passes between its clear orb and the everlasting life which it reflects,—this is the subject of Mr. Tennyson's finest poem: it is sublime as the matter it treats of, and its glorious and peaceful conclusion we rest, blessing the poet who has truly uttered the fearful conflict of the striving spirit, and thus nobly proclaimed its victory."

KNICKERBOCKER.

* To this catalogue of abusers we may add the author of "Timon," who has marred his otherwise splendid work by hypercritical taunts at some of Tennyson's best efforts.

DEATH AND THE RAILWAY!

(Mr. Dombey, seeking relief in change of scene, repairs to a railway station, to set out for Leamington, and observes with a pang of jealousy that "Toodle," who happens to be stoker, wears a mourning band for poor Paul.]

He found, however, no pleasure or relief in the journey. Tortured by these, thoughts he carried monotony with him, through the rushing landscape, and hurried headlong, not through a rich & varied country, but a wilderness of blighted plans and gnawing jealousies. The very speed at which the train was whirled along, mocked the swift course of the young life that had been borne so steadily and so inexorably to its foredoomed end. The power that forced itself upon its ironway—its own—defiant of all paths and roads, piercing through the heart of every obstacle, and dragging living creatures of all classes, ages and degress behind it was a type of the triumphant monster, Death.

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth booming on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide, away, with a shriek, and and a roar, and a rattle; through the fields through the woods, through the corn, thro' the hay, through the chalk, thro' the mould, through the clay, through the rock among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him like as in the track of the remorseless monster Death!

Through the hollow, on the height, by the heath by the orchard, by the park, by the garden, over the canal: ocross the river where the sheep are feeding, where the mill is going, where the barge is floating, where the dead are lying, where the factory is smoking, where the stream is running where the village clusters, where the great cathedral rises, where the bleak moor lies, and the wild breeze smooths or ruffles it at its inconstant will away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and no trace to leave but dust and vapour: like as in the track of the horseless monster, Death!

Breasting the wind and light, the shower and sunshine, away, and still away, it rolls and roars, fierce and rapid, smooth and certain, and great works and massive bridges crossing up above, fall like a beam of shadow an inch broad, upon the eye and then are lost Away, and still away, onward and onward ever: glimpses of cottage homes, of houses, mansions, rich estates, of husbandry and handicraft of people, of old roads and paths that look deserted, small, & insignificant, as they are left behind: and so they do, and what else is there but such glimpses in the track of the indomitable monster Death!

Away; with a shriek, and a roar & a rattle, plunging down into the earth again & working on in such a storm of energy and perseverance that amidst the darkness and whirlwind the motion seems reversed, and to tend furiously backward, until a ray of light upon the wet wall shows its surface flying past like a fierce stream. Away once more into the day, and through the day, with a shrill yell of exultation, roaring rattling, tearing on, spurning every thing with its dark breath, sometimes pausing for a minute where a crowd of faces are, that in a minute more are not: sometimes lapping water greedily, and before the spout at which t drinks has ceased to drip upon the ground, shrieking, roaring, rattling through the purple distance!

Louder and louder, yet it shrieks and cries as it comes tearing on resistless to the goal; and now its way, still like the way of death, is strewn with ashes thickly.—Everything around is blackened. There are dark pools of water, muddy lanes; and miserable habitations far below. There are jagged walls and falling houses close at hand, and through the battered roofs and broken windows, wretched rooms are seen where want and fever hide themselves in many wretched shapes, while smoke and crowded gables, and distorted chimneys, and deformity of brick and mortar penning up deformity of mind and body, choke the murky distance. As Mr. Dombey looks out of his carriage window, it is never in his thoughts that the monster who has brought him there has let the light of day in on these things: not made or caused them. It was the journey's fitting end, and might have been the end of everything it was so ruinous and dreary.

So, pursuing the one course of throught he had the one relentless monster still before him. All things looked black, and cold, and deadly upon him, and he on them. He found a likeness to his misfortune everywhere. There was a remorseless triumph going on about him, and it galled and stung him in his pride and jealousy, whatever form it took; though most of all when it divided with him the love and memory of his lost boy.

MORALITY OF MEDICAL MEN.—From a return of prisoners given in the Parisian Moniteur, a fact very sastisfactory to the medical profession has been made public, viz: that of all the professions, the medical is the most moral. From 1828 to 1838, there were in France, 41,679 male prisoners, aged above twenty-five, under criminal charges. Of these there were 33 priests, 33 barristers, 9 attorneys, 75 notaries, and not one medical man!

HINTS ABOUT BEDROOMS.—Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded, as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than one third part of our lives: and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigor, becomes a source of disease Sleep under such circumstances, is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and langour, which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling for many successive hours the vitiated air of our bedrooms, and how the health must be as effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children & young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bedrooms, nurseries, schools, etc. Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bedrooms in the morning before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere—the close, oppressive, and often fetid odor of the room—and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some morning after means have been taken by the chimney ventillator, or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bedrooms during the night and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children. which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.—*Sir James Clark on "The Sanative Influence of Climate."*

☞ The Home Journal of last week thus hits off the young Queen of Spain.—What an Amazon!

Gossip from the Spanish Court is now an established department in the Paris papers. The young Queen Isabella is described as a perfect lioness. The politics of the kingdom are turbid, but she will not lose the crown without heading her own troops in its defence, and she would make a formidable Amazon. Her habits are thus recorded:—She rises at three, P. M. After a most hasty and careless toilette, she takes coffee, and orders out a dashing equipage presented to her by Queen Victoria. She drives herself, and often insists on her husband's taking the seat beside her, which he does in mortal terror, thinking every safe return a special miracle. Her horses are maddened with her whipping and reining. This daily excursion is over at five, and she then dines—her first meal for the day. After dinner, she rides on horseback, or exercises herself at the sword and pistol. From the dusk of evening to midnight, she plays cards, dances, sings, and follows her humor, and at one, she attends the councils of her ministers, which she convokes and presides over at this unseasonable hour. She then shuts herself up and remains alone till seven in the morning, when she goes to bed—her husband rising invariably at the same hour! A recent occurrence is mentioned as very illustrative of her character. She was on her way in state equipage to be present at some ceremony, when one of the officers of her suite, mounted on a vicious horse, was thrown and killed. The queen ordered the horse to be brought saddled to the court-yard of the palace, and be ready when she should rise the next morning.—It was done, and, in spite of bold remonstrances from her attendants, she mounted the vicious beast, and rode him furiously round the court several times. When she dismounted, she said:—"You see that it is only an awkward rider that gets killed with such a horse!"

A PUZLING REPLY.—A clergyman was reading the burial service over a corpse, and having forgot which sex it was, on coming to that part of the ceremony which reads thus, "our dear brother or sister," the reverend gentleman stopped, and seeing one of the mourners immediately behind him, stepped back, and whispering to him, said, "Is it a brother or a sister?" The gentleman, a native of the green isle, replied, 'Friend, 'tis neither, 'tis only a *relation*."

SODA-COFFEE.—The flavor of Coffee may be improved by adding forty to fifty grains of carbonate of soda to each pound of roasted coffee. In addition to improving the flavor, the soda makes the coffee more healthy, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.

THE LIVER-PIE DOCTOR.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* relates the following:—Doctor K. of Strausburg, persuaded of the fact that medicine is an experimental science, adopts no particular system of therapeutics and receives whatever lessons chance may present, with a religious deference.

Some time since, his house-joiner, attacked with inflamation of the lungs, earnestly entreated for something to eat.

"Alas! the poor man, to all appearances, will sup with Pluto, this evening," said the disciple of Hippocrates; "let him be with his last earthly repast."

"But, doctor," exclaimed the wife of the dying man, "he asks for fat liver pie."

"Give him whatever he requests, my good woman, and esteem yourself happy in having it in your power to administer to the last wish of your husband."

Eight days after, Doctor K. returned to the joiner's to learn from his wife how the brave man had met the last enemy, when, to his surprise, he found him wholly restored. Immediately, he drew forth his memorandum and wrote:—For inflamation of the lungs, fat liver pie.

Now it happened at the moment the savant doctor had effected this marvellous cure upon his house-joiner, his lock-smith was suddenly attacked with the same complaint. Choking with an effusion of blood in the chest, the poor man was about to render up his spirit, when the doctor conceived the happy idea of administering to him the new remedy, fat liver pie.

On the morrow, he returned to ascertain the improvement in his patient, when, to his astonishment, he found that the unfortunate locksmith had gone to manufacture keys for St. Peter.

"Monsieur le Doctor," said the wife of the defunct, with sobs and moans, "it is you that have killed him with your fat liver pie! he died choked with the second mouthful."

"He is dead, you say my brave woman. That changes somewhat the case," continued the imperbaturble doctor, and opening his memorandum, he wrote this scientific aphorism: Inflamation of the lungs: fat liver pie.—Good for house-joiners, bad for locksmiths.

DISEASE OF LADIES IN PARIS.—A husband who had the cruelty to extend his base economy to his wife's wardrobe, lately called on a witty physician of Paris to consult him as to the increasing melancholy and depression of the young partner of his soul. The doctor took the case in hand, and made one or two visits to the lady. At a subsequent call of the husband's to enquire the result of the medical observation, the astounding intelligence was communicated to the anxious questioner that his wife was *moulting*.—The husband at first laughed. "Birds shed their feathers, I know, my dear doctor; but ladies—come, come, what is my wife's disorder, for feathers I venture to say she has none!" The doctor made no reply, but sat down and wrote out a prescription, which he handed to the gentleman, and taking his accustomed fee, bowed him out. On reaching home, the husband handed the unread *recipe* very indifferently to his wife, requesting her to send for the medicine. She opened it, with melancholy listlessness and read as follows:

Prescription for Madame R. de S——
A decoction of fifteen yards of velvet;—friction of the shoulders with new cachemire shawls;—a tisane of several new bonnets:—the whole mixed up with a vigorous stir of visits and an infusion of pocket money to suit the taste of the patient.

Nota bene.—The improvement in the health of the lady will be perceptible from the first shedding of the feathers of her present plumage.

The following is given as definition of an avaricious man:—A selfish, sorded, slavish, saving, secluded, sombre, sad, sly, savage, scheming, scolding, scowling, scrutinizing; secret, sedate, senile, servile, sequestered, shallow, skeptical; shadowy, shabby, severe, shameful, shapeless, sharking, shivering, shunken, shrewd, shy, sickly, silent, sinning, single, skitish, slender, smutty, snarling, sneering, solitary, solicitous, solemn, sorrowful, soulless, sour, spare, sneaking, speculating, spider-like, spindle-shanked, spiteful, splenatic, spunging, sputtering, squabbling, squalid, squeaking, squinting, stale, starving, stayed, stern, stiff, stoical, stony, straining, studious, stupid, subservient, subtle, sulky, sullen, suppliant, surly, sycophantic, shaver.

DESIRABLE EXCELSIOR.—What the next step onward will be in the progression of which the following shows an advance, we are only prepared to pray for. "In this labor-saving age, it is a scandalous that the time of hens should continue to be wasted in setting three weeks each on a dozen eggs, whereof perhaps eight or ten turn out chickens and half of these are lost by dew draggling and other perils of chickenhood. Repeated attempts have of late been made to reinvent some fit and feasible apparatus for Chicken hatching, and the simplest and cheapest, we think, the surest and best among them is the 'American Egg-Hatching Machine,' recently patented by Mr. L. G. Hoffman of Albany. It costs but $15 or $20, will hatch 600 chickens at a batch, and is kept warm by the burning of a spirit-lamp—the heat, it is said costing but 25 cents for the brood.—Mr. H. feels sure of hatching 98 from every hundred eggs—rotton ones of course not counted. This machine is now on exhibition at 179 Broadway, and we bespeak for it the scrutiny of the curious and the enterprising. It surely must be practicable to perfect a machine of this kind; and Mr. Hoffman is confident he has done it.—*Tribune.*

POTATOES.

NEXT to bread, we regard the potato, as the most important article of daily food to the people of the Northern and Middle States. It is a crop of incalculable value.—Now is time for planting; for late planting has given rise to three fourths of all the premature decay that has befallen the potato in this section. Early planting however, is not a certain preventive of the rot.—For many instances have been recorded where potatoes planted in autumn, winter, and early spring, have suffered equally with those put into the ground the last of May and the first of June. No case of rot has occurred, so far as we have seen, where the seed was supplied in the hill with the *mineral elements* used by Nature in organizing the plant, and bringing it to a healthy maturity.

The "Nassau Agricultural Magazine" gives a very interesting account of an experiment tried last season by Prof. Fresenius of Wisbaden, in the culture of potatoes.—On analysis, the Professor found about one half ounce of incombustible mineral matter in the potatoes (tops and tuber) in each hill. Ordinary stable manure he found did not contain all these minerals in sufficient quantity to meet the demands of the plant; while it furnished a large excess of nitrogenious and other organic matter.—This excess, Dr. Fresenius was confident operated to excite *disease* and in a tendency to decay in the vegetable. To remedy both defects, i. e. the lack of minerals, like potash, lime, &c., and the excess of organic matter in the manure, generally used in the culture of potatoes, Dr. F. directed one acre in a large field to be planted without any stable or barn-yard manure at all. Instead of it, he made a compound by mixing 20 lbs. caustic wood ashes, 15 lbs, calcined and powdered bones, 20 lbs. gypsum, 15 lbs. soda, and 40 lbs. lime making in all 110 pounds.

The fact is so stated expressly, but we suspect that the "ashes" used was potash, and not crude wood ashes. The Dutch or Hessian acre is about two thirds as large as ours, and usually contains 3,200 hills of potatoes. 100 lbs. of potash, soda, lime, &c. would give 3,200 half ounces in the aggregate, or one to each. At the time a small hole was made for dropping the seed, a half ounce of the above compound, (measured in a little cup that would just hold that quantity) was first thrown in and slightly covered with earth; and then the potates dropped and covered in the usual way.

The result has been that all the potatoes which grew on this acre have remained perfectly sound down to planting time, or the 20th of March, this spring, while those treated with manure in the same field and neighborhood have suffered greatly from disease and early rotting.

To give our readers the full benefit of this experiment, we will say that 200 lbs. of good, unleached house ashes, will answer as a substitute for the 20 lbs. of potash; and that 40 lbs. of common salt will contain 15 lbs. of soda. The 10 lbs of gypsum, 15 of burnt bones, and 40 of lime, every farmer can easily procure.

Surely there is great common sense in supplying every cultivated plant with the constituent elements necessary to form its whole substance and weight. Nor should there be a great excess of any element.—Few are aware of the vast importance of this particular rule. To illustrate the principle, let us suppose that to make good bread, one needs a half ounce of salt to two pounds of flour. A baker innocently thinking that it would make no difference to the assimilating organs in the human system what were the proportions of salt and flour in bread, provided both were present, attempts to feed his customers on bread of two pounds of salt to a half ounce of flour? Could any living system long subsist on such nourishment? Clearly not. The vitality of plants is quite as susceptible to injury, and as liable to extinction, by *defective food*, as the vitality of animals.—Every living thing, whether vegetable or animal, is nourished and grows in accordance with certain immutable laws. These laws should be carefully studied and obeyed by every agriculturist.—*Rock. American.*

COMPARATIVE NUTRITIVE POWERS OF GREEN AND DRY FODDER FOR CATTLE.—A communication has been made to the Paris Academy of Sciences, by M Boussingault, on the comparative nutritive powers of green and dry fodder for cattle.—Hitherto the received opinion was, that natural or artificial grasses, on their being converted into hay, lost a portion of their virtues. To determine this point, M. Boussingault fed a heifer alternately, for ten days at a time, upon green or dry food, and weighed the animal after each ten days. He found no difference in the average weight; and therefore comes to the conclusion, that the hay made from any given quantity of natural or artificial grass has the same nutrition as the quantity of green food from which it is made.—*London Athenæum.*

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