THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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MUSIC.

If my song can fondly move thee,
Music sure must mingle there;
If it tell how much I love thee,
Sweet music be its raptured air.

Music was the gift of heaven.
Softly thus the heart to move;
All its soothing notes were given
As the gentle voice of love!

Would you Hope's bright language borrow,
What can breathe its joys so well?
Would you sigh the words of sorrow,
What is like its plaintive swell?

Oh, if, then, my song can move thee,
Music sure must mingle there;
If it tell how much I love thee,
Sweet must be its raptured air!

From Gleason's Drawing Room Companion.

The Clergyman's Love.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

MR. WORTLEY, the youngest, most amiable and best beloved of the three clergymen in Peltonville, was—in love. How this circumstance happened, it would be rather difficult to relate; but it is quite certain, that in church his eye was first attracted by the sweet and pensive beauty of Susan Bell, who sat every Sabbath in her father's pew, with her tender eyes fixed attentively on the young and handsome preacher.

Mr. Wortley observed her; he was pleased with her constant attendance, her patient attention, her approbation and sympathy. When he was pathetic her soft eyes swam in tears; when argumentative, her countenance gleamed with "bright intelligence;" when eloquent in portraying the beauty of piety and the glory of Christian hope, her eyes beamed with the fervor of heavenly aspirations.

The fair Susan's sympathy seemed to inspire the young preacher with fresh ardor each Sabbath; for when any thing occurred to prevent her attendance at the morning or afternoon service, there seemed something gone from his heart, and he was less eloquent than usual.

Mr. Wortley felt that this was wrong! and it was in analysing his feelings that he made the discovery that he was—*in love!*

Then forming a more intimate acquaintance with the Bells, and reading Susan's heart through the pure transparency of her conversation, Mr. Wortley loved her more deeply than before, and to his alarm, he found that his heart was entirely, irretrievably hers.

Some persons may blame the clergyman for falling in love from his pulpit. Let them reflect that the best clergymen are human. Others more charitable, may only be surprised that he, being a single man, and Susan, a worthy girl, did not propose to marry her at once.

Let me explain. Mr. Wortley had *not* foolishly resolved never to marry, but he *had* long since made up his mind to select for his wife some *poor* girl, who had nothing but a whole heart to bring her husband. A minister, he thought, of all men, should avoid the imputation of marrying for any worldly advantage, and when he was told, that by the death of a rich uncle, whose favorite she was, Susan had come into a small fortune of twenty thousand dollars, he said to himself:

"She can never be my wife!"

So two years passed, and Mr. Wortley still preached from his pulpit to the fair maiden, who listened with tender eyes upturned, and who never suspected his secret love.

But an unexpected occurrence troubled the serenity of the young clergyman's heart. A stranger, named Britton, took up his residence in Peltonville, and became a constant attendant at Mr. Wortley's church.—He was for a long time a subject of much gossiping conversation, and every body appeared to like him, except Mr. Wortley

And Mr. Wortley might have been prejudiced; for anybody might see that the stranger was very attentive to Susan Bell, who seemed pleased with his addresses.—He and the clergyman had met on several occasions, and the latter, whose perception of human character was certainly keen, became more firmly impressed, at each meeting, with the conviction, that Mr. Britton was unworthy of Susan.

Yet Mr. Wortley accused himself of selfishness, and endeavored to think better of his rival. It was to no purpose, and now, seeing Susan's happiness at stake, he was plunged into despair.

It was very natural then, that the clergyman should regret his resolution not to marry Susan, because she happened to possess a paltry twenty thousand, and that he should think seriously of retrieving his error.

"I may yet obtain her hand," said he to himself, "for she cannot love him."

It was one evening in the month of June—a warm, soft, quiet evening, and the dim twilight flung its sweet, melancholy influence over the young preacher's heart. He took his hat, and sauntered slowly in the direction of Mr. Bell's house. He passed the garden, and through the luxuriant branches of the trees, which fringed the road, floated sounds of human voices, and fell upon his ear. Gentle and low, were the words which were spoken, but they sent a pang into the clergyman's heart for he recognized the flute-like tones of Susan, who was not alone. The other voice was Britton's!

With a sigh, the clergyman turned away, and sauntered back even more slowly than he came, and reaching his quiet room in Elder Manson's house, he sat by the shadowy window, gazing sadly out on the silent stars, and on the solemn earth, until the fiery moon climbed on the eastern sky, and his chamber was no longer dark.

On the following morning, Mr. Wortley was paler than usual, and there was a sadness in his smile, which his friends could not understand. That day's meditation was father to his discourse on the next Sabbath, which had for its subject RESIGNATION, which was so full of the touching eloquence for which he was distinguished—so warm in the outpourings of a suffering but patient spirit, that the tender upturned eyes of Susan Bell were dim with glistening tears, and when, at the close of his sermon, he said in a deep agitated tone, "Let sorrowing souls pray God for resignation," and lifted up his voice in earnest prayer, the sympathising girl bowed down her face and sobbed.

Six weeks later, on a lovely Sabbath morning, the clergyman ascended the pulpit with an elastic step, and with a clear sunny brow. The fresh, summer morning air had given to his eyes a hopeful brightness, such as his friends had not seen for many days; and when he arose to pray, his rich voice vibrated with the solemn joy of a soul at peace with all the world.

Mr. Wortley had evidently conquered the melancholy to which his spirits had long been a prey.

After the second hymn, the preacher arose to prepare the subject of his discourse; but at that moment the sexton, in his noiseless slippers, ascended the pulpit, and handed Mr. Wortley some notices to be read.

The first was to call attention to a prayer meeting, to be held at the house of brother Woods, on Wednesday evening, and the second related to some church business. Having disposed of these, Mr. Wortley proceeded to unfold the third slip of paper. Suddenly the blood forsook his cheeks; he became deadly pale, and he leaned against the pulpit, as if for support. Then in a deep, tremulous, scarcely audible voice, he read:

"Notice is hereby given of an intention to marry, by Mr. JULIUS BRITTON and SUSAN, daughter of Joseph and Maria Bell."

The paper fell from his hands. He opened the Bible, and read his text from one of St. Paul's epistles. At first, his voice was feeble, but clear as the tones of the organ, his manner was languid, but warming with his subject as he proceeded, his countenance glowed, his voice rang out like clarion tones, his eye burned with the fervor of his eloquence, and the words of thought fell from his tongue like fire.—He had never preached with such fervor and effect. Even the stern and dismal Deacon Mills, who was a great stickler for orthodox sermons, the dryer the better, confessed, with his eyes still wet, that "Mr. Wortley's sermons must have considerable good in them, even though they were not so orthodox as some—they made the heart so open for the love and sympathy of all the world!"

As the minister concluded, there was scarcely a dry eye within the walls of the church—yet, strange to relate, Susan Bell appeared unmoved! She had not taken her eyes from the preacher since he read the notice of her intended marriage, but not a tear had been started; and when he closed, her face was so white and her gaze so fixed and unnatural, that the preacher, dropping his eyes toward her, as was his wont, could not but observe the strangeness which had come over her.

Some days after, Mr. Wortley was sitting in his study, when a visiter was announced. It was Julius Britton.

"I come to engage your services," said he, smiling.

The preacher turned pale.

"If you can attend at Mr. Bell's house on Thursday evening of next week," added Mr. Britton, significantly, "you will place me under obligations. Can I depend upon you?"

"So soon?" murmured Mr. Wortley making a mighty effort to be calm.

"Why, since the marriage contract is made, the sooner it is fulfilled the better, I think," replied Mr. Britton.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Wortley, musingly.

"But," he added, fixing his searching eyes on Britton's face, "Miss Bell has known you only a few months."

Mr. Britton changed color, and appeared ill at ease, as he replied, with a feeble attempt at humor:

"I take advantage of that; for you know she might grow sick of me, if our marriage was delayed too long."

After the aspiring bride-groom had gone, Mr. Wortley was plunged in deep thought. He paced the room nervously; then, to cool his fevered brow, sought the open air. Long and painful was the struggle in his heart. At length he exclaimed, fervently,

"I will forget self. I will do my duty. I will be strong. Shall my voice betray emotion when I pronounce the fatal words, which shall make her his wife?"

The young preacher smiled, and lifted his eyes to the leafy canopy shading the azure vault of heaven. He seemed to see guardian angels looking approvingly down upon him. He was resolved.

But Mr. Wortley was troubled with an afterthought. And he was sure there was no selfishness in the fear that Britton was not worthy his intended bride. He thought only of her; and something within him whispered:

"It is your duty to study more deeply into his character before this marriage, which may be fatal to an innocent bride, takes place."

This silent monitor would not let him rest; and before the sun had gone down in the west, he was entering the house of Mr. Bell, whom he saw alone.

The clergyman made but little hesitation in introducing the subject, of which he deemed it his duty to speak. With a proper apology for inquiring about the character of Mr. Britton, he seriously wished to know if Mr. Bell had given his consent to the marriage without first ascertaining whether his intended son-in-law was really what he professed to be.

"Why, to be sure," said Mr Bell—who was an easy, unsuspicious sort of man—"it has never entered my head, that there could be any deception. Mr. Britton certainly appears respectable, and as for his property——"

"That is nothing. But is he a man of integrity?" asked Mr. Wortley. "Is he a man of principle? We see nothing in him to raise a doubt touching his past career. Do not blame me for the interest I take in your daughter's future happiness.—Where the welfare of the young and virtuous is at stake, we cannot be too cautious."

Mr. Bell was plunged in thought. He was not convinced that he had anything to fear; but the reflection that there was a *possibility* of deception, startled his naturally peaceful mind. Thanking Mr. Wortley for his suggestion, he asked his advice with regard to what he ought to do.

"If you like," replied the clergyman, "you can say to Mr. Britton, it is for *my* satisfaction that you propose referring to respectable persons he may name, for testimony concerning his character. Ah! here comes Mr. Britton himself! If you would rather, I will speak to him myself."

"Do, do," said Mr. Bell who shrank from the disagreeable duty.

Mr. Britton entered, polite, and smiling. Mr. Bell received him cordially; the minister was reserved and serious.

With all possible delicacy and carefully shaping his phrases, so as not to offend, Mr. Wortley addressed Mr. Britton on the subject he had opened to Mr. Bell's consideration.

"Do I understand you?" asked Mr Britton, visibly changing countenance, "You desire reference for my character. Ah! certainly—a mere form," added he carelessly. "I wonder I never thought of the thing before."

Mr. Britton took from his pocket a card, on which he wrote several names. This he appeared about to give to Mr. Bell, when, seeming to change his mind, he produced another card on which he wrote in the same manner, murmuring:

"I think I will write the names more distinctly."

He then handed the card last written upon to his intended father-in-law; and placed the other in his pocket book.

"Here you have six of the most respectable men in the town of W——— where I was born and brought up, and where I have lived nearly all my life. They are all church members. You can refer to either or all of them."

And with an air of indifference, which struck the minister and Mr. Bell differently, he walked out of the room.

"It is as I expected," said Mr. Bell.—"If there had been anything wrong in the matter, he would have been less ready to give us these references. It will be a mere farce to make use of them after all."

Mr. Wortley made no reply. His brow was clouded by thought.

"If he had proposed only one reference," pursued Mr. Bell, "there might still have been grounds for doubt. But see—there can be no collusion with these men. He has written *Deacon* before the names of two of them, and *Hon.* before another."

"And would it not be a satisfaction to receive from either of these men assurance of your son-in-law's integrity?" asked Mr. Wortley, "I can see nothing farcical in that."

"True, true!"

"And besides, what will Mr. Britton think now if you do *not* write? Will he not be apt to consider me *meanly suspicious*, instead of *honestly cautious*?"

"You have decided me," said Mr. Bell, "I will write to *Deacon J. F. Stone* today. W— is in — county, is it not?"

"I believe it is; but Mr. Britton should have told us, since he knows neither of us ever visited that part of the country," said the minister, quietly

As Mr. Wortley left the house, he saw Susan and her lover standing together under the porch. He spoke to them and passed on observing, as he did so, that a slight blush suffused Susan's cheeks, and that Britton regarded him with a triumphant smile.

Almost any other man—or Mr. Wortley, under any other circumstances—would no longer have entertained a doubt touching the character of Mr. Bell's son-in-law, after witnessing the apparently frank manner in which he offered to refer for testimony in his favor, to the principal men in the town where he was brought up.

Yet the young clergyman was not satisfied. The happiness of her he loved was at stake, and he could not see her married to one of whose honor and integrity he had no certain proof. He returned home full of perplexity and distracting doubts.

Three days after, Mr. Bell and the minister met again. The former produced a letter, with an air of satisfaction and triumph. It was from W—, and signed by Mr. J. F. Stone; Wortley read it. His hand trembled, and the color left his cheek.

"You are satisfied now, I trust?" said Mr. Bell.

"Deacon Stone certainly speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Britton," replied the minister, "certainly one could expect no stronger commendation."

Mr. Bell placed the letter in his pocket, and commenced talking on another subject, as if anxious that this should not be mentioned again.

Although Mr. Wortley was conscious of having done nothing which he did not deem it his duty to do, he was afraid that Susan and her father might not rightly view his motives. Even now—after seeing Mr. Stone's certificate—he was not satisfied, but such was his repugnance at again giving utterance to doubts, he scrupulously held his peace.

The reader will undoubtedly pronounce Mr. Wortley to be very unreasonable.—He, himself, was afraid that such was the case. But the style of eulogy in which Mr. Stone spoke of Mr. Britton, did not appear to him at all characteristic of a sober deacon, and now, more than ever did he fear that some deception was practiced. So strongly, indeed, was he impressed with this idea, that he could not rest until he had written the following letter to the *Postmaster* of W—.

"Sir: I write this letter to ascertain whether there is one deacon J. F. Stone living in your town, or whether you ever knew a man named Julius Britton. Any information concerning either of these individuals will be gratefully received by the subscriber. Respectfully,

JAMES WORTLEY."

This letter the clergyman directed to the Postmaster of W—, mailed it, and waited anxiously for a reply.

Two days passed. On the morning of the third, a letter post-marked "W—," was received by Mr. Wortley. He was at the breakfast table when it was handed him, and more than one of his friends observed the sudden change of his countenance as he tore it open. He read as follows:

"In reply to your inquiry, I have only to say that there is no such man as Deacon J. F. Stone living in W—, and I never heard the name, until a few days since, when a letter superscribed with it, came to this P. O., and was taken out by another person. As for the man named Britton, I believe there was formerly such a person at the W— Hotel, but I know nothing definite concerning him.

Your humble servant,
ELIAS SNOW, Postmaster."

Mr. Wortley arose from the table. His friends noticed his abrupt movements, and his agitated manner. Telling them, hurriedly, that he was called upon to leave town that morning, he ordered his chaise, adding that he might not return within a day or two. Half an hour later he was driving rapidly through the village.

(Concluded next Week.)

YANKEE SPEED.—An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had ran a mile in a minute. "My good fellow!" exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me, from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I possibly could, several times around a large factory—just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast, that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, *and was twice in danger of riding over myself?*"

The following definition of the words Cabal and Whig may not be uninteresting to our readers as an item of history:

The word Cabal originated in the reign of Charles the Second of England, from the initial letters of his ministers' names—Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale. The word Whig was given to the liberal party in England by the royalists, in Cromwell's day, from the initial letters of their motto, "We hope in God."

THE CASE OF JOHN S. THRASHER.

In answer to the resolution of the U. S. Senate, calling for information in regard to the imprisonment of JOHN S. THRASHER, at Havana, the President of the United States transmitted on Wednesday a letter of instruction from the Secretary of State to Mr. BARENGER, our Minister at the Court of Madrid, in relation to the subject.

In this letter the Secretary, expressing regret that Mr. Thrasher has made no communication whatever to the Department respecting the circumstances of his case, states that two letters had been addressed by the Department to the American Consul at Havana on the subject, to which, as yet, no answer has been received. Copies of these letters are enclosed to Mr. Barrenger.

The Spanish view of the matter, as officially communicated, is that Mr. Thrasher had long been a resident in Havana, that he had become domiciliated there, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the Spanish Crown; and therefore, as they suppose, was answerable to the ordinary tribunals of the country for any criminal act committed by him.

With regard to our treaty of 1795 with Spain, which secures certain privileges to citizens of the United States, the Secretary expresses doubt whether after having sworn allegiance to the Spanish Government he can longer claim the privileges and immunities of an American citizen. It is further doubtful, in the opinion of the Secretary, whether, if he were to be regarded in all respects as an American citizen, the provisions of the treaty have been violated in his case.

Under existing circumstances it is thought best to make the same application in behalf of Mr. Thrasher, which has been made in favor of the persons connected with the expedition of Lopez, who have, in like manner, been sent to Spain; and Barrenger is instructed accordingly. The case of Mr. Thrasher is certainly less flagrant than theirs. They were violent invaders; he at most could be guilty only of some connivance or secret countenance of their unlawful proceedings; and, as his friends represent the matter, his conduct was principally instigated not so much by sympathy with the invaders in their general objects, as by a desire to minister to their necessities. We cannot judge of this, says the Secretary, "because we have neither any proof nor any statement of the particular acts in which the alleged treason or conspiracy consisted. But, however this may be, you will present to her Catholic Majesty's Government, in as strong a manner as may be consistent with propriety, the expediency of pardoning him with the rest, so that nothing may remain in the form of lingering punishment of an individual to keep alive the recollection of the occurrences equally lamented by both Governments."

The want of official information respecting Mr. Thrasher's case is much to be regretted, and it is a little singular that some representation of it did not reach the Government through the American Consul at Havana If the rights of an American citizen have been outraged in his person, the mode of redress is not to be found in the form of a solicitation to the Spanish Government for his release; but in a peremptory demand under the guns of an American squadron. If he is not an American citizen, but a sworn subject of Spain, we do not see that our Government has anything to do in the case. The Spanish law of domiciliation, however, is of doubtful construction, we believe, and not altogether analogous to our laws of naturalization by which full citizenship is conferred, and full allegiance imposed. Under such circumstances the course recommended by the Secretary may be the one most likely to be peacefully effective.—*Balt. Amer.*

THE LATE KING OF HANOVER.—Earnest Augustus, King of Hanover, who died on the 17th ult., in the 81st year of his age, was born in England, and as Duke of Cumberland received his University education at Cottingen, entered the army in 1790, in 1794 commanded the First Brigade of Cavalry, and in an encounter near Tourney lost his left eye. In 1813, he was made a Field Marshal, but on the accession of William IV., took umbrage at being preceded in command of all the Horse Guards by the Duke of Wellington, and resigned his rank in the army. He was the last remaining son of George III.

The youth of this prince was dissipated and disreputable. At 28 (in 1799) he entered the House of Lords. He was a Tory, and a violent partizan. In 1815, he married the Princess of Solms Braunfels. He was suspected of taking part in the famous "Orange Conspiracy," and came near being sent to the Tower by the House of Commons. He was also involved in a mysterious affair in which he was charged with having murdered his *valet* named Lellio, but the facts of the case were never clearly established.

He was the first member of the House of Peers to take the oaths of Queen Victoria, by whose accession to the British throne, he became King of Hanover, as that Kingdom could not be held by a woman. He entered on his government in 1837 by withdrawing the constitutional rights that William IV. had granted to the people of Hanover. In 1840 he had to give them back, and in 1848 made still further concessions. He was thus the only *constitutional* sovereign in Germany.—During the Irish famine, he made a donation of $10,000 for the relief of the sufferers. He was not beloved by his subjects. His passions were hot and his disposition arbitrary, but he had some good impulses and always adhered to his friends. He is succeeded on the throne of Hanover by his only son, George Frederick, who was born May 27, 1819, and for many years has been blind.

GREEN OR UNSEASONED FUEL.

BY PROF. J. J. MAPES.

If farmers would ask themselves why charcoal will answer a better purpose than wood for melting iron, they would understand by analogy why well-seasoned wood is more economical for fuel. If charcoal be slightly moistened it will be found to have no superiority over wood for any use as fuel. Three cords of green or partially seasoned wood will not warm a room for as great length a time as one cord well dried, and entirely free from moisture.—The rational is simple, and although to be found in books, is nevertheless true; it may be understood:—"Substances contain heat as latent in proportion to their bulk."—Thus, if we pour a cubic inch of alcohol on our head and then fan it, the one cubic inch assumes the form of vapor and becomes 700 inches, capable of receiving a proportionate amount of heat, and therefore takes heat from the nearest hot object, the head causing it to cool. Water placed on the head and then rapidly evaporated, will cool the head from the same causes. It may however be understood that a single pint of water contained in a piece of wood thrown on a fire, will first become 1700 pints of vapor, and that this vapor will increase in size the five hundreth part of its bulk for every degree of heat, added so that it travels up the chimney, carrying with it as much heat as would warm all the air in a large room for considerable space of time.

Let any farmer weigh a green and a dry stick of the same size, and he will be convinced that a very moderate size stick may have an extra weight of eight pounds and therefore contain one gallon of water.

If an iron net work be placed above a wood fire, and a number of shallow pans upon it containing water, so that a large amount of vapor is continually rising, this vapor will so perfectly absorb the heat generated below and carry it up the chimney that the heat radiated in the room will be too slight to warm it, and similar effects must take place from the use of green or only *partially seasoned wood.* Indeed, wood may be rendered just sufficiently moist to permit its burning without radiating any useful quantuty of heat in a horizontal direction into the room.

Many suppose that green wood may be burned in stoves with profit. This is also an error, for the vapor will pass up the pipe carrying with it the heat, and preventing its being received by the iron and radiated into the room.

With these facts in view, should not every farmer provide a dry place for fuel, and have a stock at least sufficient for a year's supply always on hand.

The use of air-tight stoves throughout the country is diminishing the consumption of wood and supply of potash to the soil is comparatively decreased. These peculiar kinds of stoves will lessen the bulk of ashes by leaving them for a longer time than usual in ordinary stoves, and indeed so large a portion of the lighter part is carried off with the currents of air and smoke that the remaining portion is nearly pure potash, and should be dissolved in water before application to the compost heap.

STRANGE!—It appears that at the Dinner given to *M. Kossuth* by the gentlemen of the Press in New York, no toast was given in Honor of the *President of the United States;* and it also appears that *Mr. Webster's* letter to the committee stating the impossibility of his being present on the occasion was *hissed;* but not, it is to be hoped, by any American present. Now, we believe it to be true that the first movement made by any public man in christendom for the release of Kossuth and his companions, from their imprisonment, *was made by Mr. Webster*, in his letter to the American Minister at Constantinople in February last; and we think it altogether probable that, but for this letter and the influence which it produced in Turkey and elsewhere, Louis Kossuth would still, at this day, have been a prisoner in Asia Minor.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

SINKING OF A TENNESSEE MOUNTAIN.—It is stated that a few days ago a portion of Walden's Ridge sunk, with a noise resembling deep-toned thunder, leaving a huge gap in the timber that fringes the sides of the ridge, extending about two miles in a parallel direction with the top. The gap in the dense timber appeared to be about sixty or a hundred feet in width, and the fissure in the earth reached to an unknown depth, in which trees of the largest size were torn up, and enormous rocks, which had probably lain concealed for ages, were rent from their primitive beddings and laid bare. The foundation on which the mountain rests is supposed to have given away.

DEATH OF AN ARMY OFFICER.—Lieut. Col. Daniel Randall, Deputy Paymaster General of the U. S. Army, died at his residence in Washington on Wednesday, in the 60th year of his age. Col. Randall was a native of Annapolis, Maryland, and entered the Army in July, 1818.

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