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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CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-MASTER.

From the Boston Monthly Magazine.

[We have taken the liberty to introduce the annexed article entire, for the double purpose of recommending the work from whence it is extracted by affording our readers a specimen of the original composition, and to exhibit a counterpart to the "*Miseries of a country Schoolmaster*," which appeared in the Galaxy last summer, and which, as internal evidence *almost* demonstrates, was written by the same hand—*Ed Galaxy*.]

"This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular."

N. Y. Literary Gazette.

The sufferings of country schoolmasters have been so often given to the public, that I whose mortal career has certainly been shortened if not sweetened, by the "delightful task," resolved at one time not to 'renew the sad remembrance of my fate,' but to let a speedy oblivion cover those calamities, 'all of which I saw,' and less fortunate than Æneas, 'all of which I was.' My story, I feared, would be treated like the certificates of our modern beggars. Public sympathy is nearly exhausted by the drafts already made upon it by that degraded class of beings to which I belong, and any more from the same quarter are liable to be protested. The following circumstance altered my resolution. Catching up an old newspaper the other day, in a fit of ennui, I summoned energy enough to peruse, for the third time, the pathetic tale of a fellow pedagogue which had attracted much notice on its first appearance, and it is evidently the production of a *masterly* pen. 'By this it seems he was actually in peril of dying an hungered—What! starvation in a country town of New-England! The leading idea of his piece now struck me as a palpable absurdity. To all his assertions my own experience gave the lie direct. The wining pathos of this writer, his admirable humor, and the fascinations of his style in general, all conspire to make upon the reader a deep but incorrect impression of the manner in which our country people treat 'the master.' To efface this, is my present object. Novelty I have none to offer—artifice I scorn—eloquence never sat upon my lips—my sole attractions are misery and truth.

At the close of the year 1825, my diabolic destiny sent me to H———, a village on the seacoast of a New England State, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer-fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight wintry weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty five children (if they can claim the name) of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the 'young idea' could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that too in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging prompted me to spare my own feelings—the only ones affected by that exercise—and to employ my ferule in ruling the writing books instead of the scholars: and I did desist soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the children, and, which is a natural consequence in H———, with their parents, was in the inverse ratio of flaggellations dispensed. One great point was already gained; but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished: namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success, than to spare the rod and spoil the child. In justice to myself, however, it should here be remarked, that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim; for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any given quantity of provisions. —This is indispensable. Our country people never starve the master, though I admit, with the most cheerful alacrity, that they may sometimes stuff him to death. Among them, no abstemious man can be a favorite. Whoever asserts the contrary, either wilfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The maw of Ichabod Crane, that Pink of pedagogues, we are told, possessed, 'the diluting powers of an Anaconda,' and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H———, if he have not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house at which I tarried night and morning was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold—for all the birch consumed in school, was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know, that, as it was never employed to produce heat by impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance. But a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner. I was therefore kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. Dunning's, in the vicinity of the school house. The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christian, I would say, barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindle into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock I retreated to Mrs. Dunning's, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal, that in a week's time, had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader 'ex uno disce omnes'—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty-eight days. First, came on an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate sized light house. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. Dunning, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork; but what I suspected, from its color and tenacity, to be gum elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all school-masters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language—till now I had never understood this expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Heliogabules; namely, a comical turret of dough nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings; at others it appears to be a kind of mongrel pancake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun fish. A plate of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an apple pie resembling the top of an overgrown toad stool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure, but terrible path to popularity. 'Come Master,' said Mrs. Dunning, 'reach to and help yourself—when you are amongst poor folks, you must put up with poor folks' fare.' I strove to alleviate the good woman's anxiety, by word and deed. I seized a potatoe, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonful of liquid pork generously poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty-eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple pie, and eleven dough nuts, which were thrust upon me with the most distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist-mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! as evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. Dunning's son a promising young Vulcan whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—& my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. Dunning; "Ah! Master, you wont make out a dinner. I am afeard you don't like our fare." At that instant I wished myself an Esquimaux or an Ostrich. As it was, I made one effort and devoured two more dough nuts; but here a symptom of strangling rendered me stiff-necked against all further solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school house, and merely remark, that had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—that sympathy is not expected,—that a smile would be an insult, for, to me it is a memento of any thing but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind, also that I have disclaimed exaggeration, & professed to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to meet without a sneer the solemn assurance that, in six successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For although the demon of popularity may be conciliated at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears that among other articles, I consumed during the first week six pounds of minced fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough-nuts.

On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. 'The tameness was shocking to me.' But it shortly ceased to be so; for after this they followed me with canine regularity, and without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them merely as intolerable bores. A week had now elapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was the benefit of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H——, at least, they estimate a man's intellectuals by the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. 'The *Master*,' said they, 'is a fine accommodating man—he is'nt a mite partikler about his vittles.' So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up any body, and meekness herself might have pardoned the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighboring village of B——, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street—was struck with my altered appearance and expressed much sarcastic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed but once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large. As for the reader, be he never so sleepy, the night mare shall keep him awake while we are in company—but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At nine o'clock I found myself in bed, and a few minutes after, in the desert of Zaharra—for the night mare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in passing the Atlantic, my sides ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain water with estacy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burning thirst the inward. O! how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere.

My contemplation of the skies was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine who encompassed me round about in concentric circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and destitute of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally, by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of—dough-nuts. Henceforth let no melancholic victim of ennui, complain of feeling *blue*, till he has felt the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.' Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummelled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, O! horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the manna which had fallen to invigorate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile, without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and I was quietly resigning myself to destiny, when my natural gravitating powers were suddenly suspended. For me this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough-nuts, tumbled head over heels through space, and landed flat upon my back on the broad side of Saturn's belt. The planet which to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was jostled out of its orbit—instantly rolled over my carcase, and left it, a slap-jack. The crash awoke me. I was lying on my back, with the pillow on my face. After looking out of the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled again to bed; and there awaited the dawn of day in a state between sleeping and waking—a state from which I sincerely hope, the complaisant reader is exempt.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

ILL-TEMPER, ILL-NATURE, AND ILL-HUMOUR.

An ill-tempered man is impatient of trifling annoyances, is roused, by petty provocations to hasty and unmeasured language and actions, but is generally as easy appeased; his fire being like that of straw, as evanescent as it is sudden. Such an individual, when the corns of irritability are not trodden upon, may be gay, cheerful & benevolent. In general, however, he is an unsafe companion; and to converse with him is to inhabit over a volcano.

An ill-natured man is one who has a perverse pleasure in the misfortunes of his fellow creatures; one who enjoys all the vexations and disappointments of his neighbours; not because they afford materials for laughter, but because they give pain to the victims.

The ill-humoured man may be just, generous, and upon great occasions compassionate and friendly; but in his ordinary intercourse with society he overflows with an unceasing stream of bitterness. All his remarks are severe, harsh and annoying, and in the moments of his relaxation, in the hour of social enjoyment, he is morose snappish and insolent.

The ill-humored man differs from the ill-natured in this, that he does not rejoice in misfortunes, but takes pleasure only in seeing his friends uncomfortable; and he has no delight even in this measure of an annoyance, if he himself is not the author of it —Again, he differs from the ill-tempered man, because the latter must have some one to be angry with, whereas, the ill-humoured man is at odds with himself; the ill-tempered man must have external occasion for excitement, the ill humored goes out of himself to seek for the food of his humour.

This last modification of disposition is decidedly English; and whether it be attributable to '*less bronillards d'Angleterre*,' to the beef and puddingising; the anxious money getting, or other causes peculiar to England and Englishmen, it is rarely to be met with on the continent, in the same intensity in which it prevails at home. Individuals, indeed, of all nations, may be subject to occasional fits of spleen and discontent; but it is among Englishmen exclusively that we find ill humour an *etat, manier d'etre*, which clings to a man at all periods of life; and is neither mitigated by the success of love, of vanity, or of ambition, nor requires to be awakened by disappointment and vexation. "The humours of the body," says a moral writer, "imperceptibly influence the will, so that they enter, for a large part, into all our actions, without our being aware of it;" and thus it is that the ill-humoured man punishes, in his friends, the outrages of some pecant lymph circulating in his own veins; and revenges himself nobly on society for the offence of his liver or pancreas.

An ill-humoured man in the bosom of his family, sits like a spider in the centre of its web, in watchful and unceasing malice against all around him. No sooner does a burst of cheerfulness explode in his presence, than he hastens to repress it by a sarcasm or a rebuke. He studies the weakness of his friends in order to play upon them with more effect; and as the hackney coachman "makes a flaw," on his horse's shoulder to flog his callous hide to better purpose, so the ill-natured man delights to awaken an outraged feeling, to notice an imperfection, to shock a prejudice, and, in one word, to say to every individual the most unpleasant and vexatious things that recur to his recollection.

Certain it is, that whether we look into the parlour, the nursery, or the saloon, whether we examine the dinner party or the family circle, whether we follow the people into their domestic interior, or accompany them in their public amusements, there is in England infinitely less cheerfulness, good humour and ease in the social intercourse of the people, than are to be found in the society of any other of the European nations.

New Monthly Magazine.

From the Boston Traveller.

'The tree of my cradle is prostrate and dead,
The smiles of that mother who rocked me has fled,
The warriors to battle my footsteps who led,
'Neath the sods of the valley are mould'ring and low."

We, two or three days since, accepted a polite invitation to visit a revolutionary veteran, now in the House of Correction, who has attained the very advanced age of *one hundred and five years*. He is a Scotchman by birth, of the name of Donald McDonald; and though he has traced the country of his adoption from her Indian paths, her log houses and her forest fields, in all her advances to civilization, wealth and refinement; though all the friends & kindred of his early days have long since faded from life's picture and new generations risen around him, to give place in their turn, to others who now guide the destinies of the nation; he still retains his faculties, both mental and physical, in a degree truly astonishing. He possesses all the sprightliness and vigor usually attendant on a healthy person of seventy five; can walk without a staff or any kind of support; is but little troubled with deafness, and can discern objects distinctly.

He came to America in the Army of Gen. Braddock, and was with that officer at the time of his memorable defeat in 1755; he was at the taking of Quebec, and in several other important engagements; and during our revolutionary struggle, was four years confined on board the 'Jersey prison ship.' He has made it a practice for many years to visit some descendants of his former friends at the South; and no longer ago than last spring, he had a journey on foot from this place to Petersburg, Va. travelling from 8 to 12 miles a day. The crime for which he is now confined, is no other than intemperance, and his release will be granted in a few days. He says that for the first 80 years of his life he drank intoxicating liquors of no kind; but since that period he has indulged himself in some degree; preferring however, cider and beer to strong liquors. When speaking of his brave compatriots in arms and the happy consequence of the revolution, a playful smile seemed to rest on his countenance and joy animated his whole frame; but when his thoughts turned upon those who were more closely allied to him by the ties of kindred and affection, a tear stole down his furrowed cheek and a deep drawn sigh, suddenly struggling to escape almost choked his utterance. We question whether, in the whole United States, a parallel can be found to this very uncommon instance of longevity.

LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Thursday, Jan. 11.

LIBRARY.

Mr. Banning delivered the following report.

The committee appointed by an order of this house adopted on the 27th ult. "to examine into the state and condition of the library appertaining to the house of delegates and to suggest some more effectual mode for the preservation and safe keeping of the laws and other books the property of the state;" beg leave respectfully to report that they have fully considered the subject—that they have endeavored by all due and proper diligence to ascertain what books of right belong to the house of delegates and agreeably to the direction of said order, have hereunto annexed a schedule of such as now remain in actual possession and of all that could be found and identified as the public property. Your committee having collected all the books within their reach, and carefully examined the library, are constrained to state, that there appears a great deficiency, as many of the books which they suppose, bad from time to time, been deposited therein, are not now to be found. Many of the laws of our own state and of our sister states, have been removed, and the propriety of an immediate procurement of other copies, to supply the deficiency in this respect, is respectfully submitted and recommended to the consideration of this house.

Your committee beg leave further to report, that they have examined a room in the state house, containing books belonging to the state, which, in the opinion of your committee, are of the value of from $2,000 to $3,000. Neither the room nor the books appear to be in the particular care of any person. For the disposition of those books, the bill herewith reported, provides. And in conclusion, your committee are of opinion, that it is necessary and expedient that a room should be fitted up in the State house, for the special purpose of preserving and safe keeping the laws and other books now in actual possession, and such books as the present or any future legislatures may from time to time order to be procured and they therefore respectfully submit & recommend the passage of the bill above referred to, and now laid before your honorable body.

The list of books was accompanied by the bill therein referred to. The report and bill were severally read and laid on the table.

Bills Reported.

Mr. Denny—for the relief of the several counties of this state.

Mr. Tidball—authorising commissioners to be issued to take the testimony of witnesses residing within this state; also a bill to authorise the levy court of Washington county to levy a sum of money to be applied towards the erection of a bridge over the Concocheague creek, on the road leading from Hagerstown to Mercersburgh.

Mr. Bennett—to authorise the several orphans' courts of this state to order the sales of real estate in certain cases.

Mr. Montgomery—directing that the sense of the people of this state be taken on the expediency of calling a convention to reform the constitution, and for other purposes.

Mr. Gantt—to repeal and amend so much of the law providing for the infliction of corporal punishment.

Mr. Teackle—relating to the treasury department, and to regulate the collection and expenditure of the public revenue of this state; read and referred to the standing committee on ways and means.

Friday, Jan. 12.

The bill, entitled, An act to confirm the proceedings of the Levy court of Somerset county; also the bill, entitled, An act for

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