EASTON GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

For the Easton Gazette.

RANDOM REVERIES.
No. IX.

"From grave to gay--from lively to severe."

DISCONTENTEDNESS.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quem sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores! gravis annis
Milesait, multo jam fracto membra labore.
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus Austris;
Militia est potior;——

Horace—Satire I.

The sorrows of life have been alike the theme of the poet and the philosopher in all times; and, it is needless to add, have been magnified into a fictitious position in the economy of Providence. The fact is the natural state of man is happiness. All his functions, physical, intellectual and moral have this object, and any deviation therefrom forms the exception to a universal rule; and it is the contrast afforded by such accident with the uniform law of our nature that renders the reverses of existence more prominent and less tolerable. Myriads of blessings are showered upon us daily, hourly—meet us at every step of our pathway, to which from their frequency, we are rendered insensible. Like the operations of the involuntary organs of the human body which perform their silent and health-giving functions unnoticed hour after hour, day after day and year after year, so thousands of motive causes are effecting for us untold advantages, which are unobserved and therefore unappreciated.—The light of day and the return of night—the rotation of the seasons, with their various sources of enjoyment,—the untold varieties and forms of physiological, social, intellectual and moral pleasures—all conspire to one great benevolent design of the Creator, but in their ten thousand arterial agencies are unnoticed and disregarded.

In this view of the subject, dear Reader, is it not the grossest ingratitude to array the occasional disappointments of this life, against its numberless means of enjoyment, or question for an instant the wisdom and goodness of that great Being, upon whom we are solely dependant for all we have and are. When we hear a man express himself as tired of existence and ever dwelling on its dark pictures, we put him down as either an exception to his nature or the basest of hypocrites. On the contrary, a cheerful manner and a heart that carries its youthful feelings into the scenes of busy life, that bears up against the tide of adversity with a proud bosom and an unquailing eye, commends itself at once to our hearty confidence and approbation.

The fact is, this affected repugnance to existence is opposed to the reality, and few of us bad or good would not thankfully receive the gift of protracted life, even attended by its diversified infirmities and troubles. Why pines the child amid the untrammelled spring-time for the fetters of manhood—why the full grown man for the days of his boyhood, why the student over his midnight taper for the cares of the merchant, the merchant for the hard toil of the farmer, the farmer for the quiet of the man of leisure? Whence the force and application of the interogatories uttered b the Roman bard, in his satires on the sge in which he wrote?

We admit that life is not without its troubles. The disastrous elements may sweep away fortune accumulated by years of labor and privation—affliction may enter the household and hush the silvery prattle of the dearest voice and pale the rose of the fairest cheek—death may tear from our embrace the most cherished ones, but even these casualties have their purifying and profitable uses. In all is revealed the hand of the same kind Benefactor, and our apparent misfortunes are but the introduction to our loftiest pleasures. We are by them made sensible of a continuous course of blessings, of which we would otherwise be ignorant; while chastened by the rod, we are the better fitted for that glorious inheritance of immortal beatitude reserved in the better world above.

Reader, is thy cheek pale or roseate, thine eye sparkling or dusky, thy step heavy or elastic? Is the sound of thy voice like the light tinkling of a mountain rivulet in the spring season, or the deep tone of a sullen bell ringing knells in autumn weather? In the curtained mansion or shelterless cottage, tottering down the vale of years, or climbing the first green path of manhood, wherever thou art is it well with thee, dear Reader? Art thou humming all day long to thy heart some merry song taught to thy childhood? Or goest thou complaining on with a fault-finding temper and no prospect of contentedness until the grave shall compel thee to be quiet for aye? Sighest thou drearily, mortal, when all else is so happy around thee? When the gemmed wavelet still kisses the extended shore and dances back with a full heart to her ocean-mother—when the hills still put on their robes of green studded with the daisy and violet and send up tones of gladness through the pure ether from an hundred flashing waterfalls—when the stars ever look down into their quiet earth mirrors and laugh to see themselves therein? Sighest thou when the sheep are gamboling gaily on the broad mountain side—the cattle patiently reclining under the shade tree of the meadow-land, and the little birds ringing their soft melodies through the conscious foliage of the shady alder-brake? Sighest thou, when holy joy and patience and contentedness float up throbbingly like the incense-cloud of some old cathedral altar, blending their billowy overflowing sweetness, cloud within cloud and cloud above cloud, before the throne of HIM, who is Creator, Benefactor and Preserver. Canst thou, darest thou multiply thy ills against the strong perpetual course of the sun, and the stars, and the seasons, showering treasures of happiness in silvery profusion from a thousand over-dripping urns? If so, pause thou pusillanimous spirit, learn to live in this work-day world with a calm heart, elevated above its petty annoyancies, and instead of repining at what thou dost not enjoy, learn to be worthy of the least blessing with which a merciful God has gifted thee.

KNICKERBOCKER.

For the Easton Gazette.

OXFORD, Del., June 8th, 2186.

MR. EDITOR: Devoted as I have always been to antiquarian researches, I have been led by the zeal attendant upon such inquiries, to investigate the origin of many inventions now become obsolete; and in the prosecution of this subject, which, so far as I know, is unusual with those of my craft, I have met with such success as might be considered flattering to a mind less ambitious than my own. The progress of mind, as well as the action of mind upon matter, has always been with me a favourite study, amounting almost to a passion; and it affords me the highest gratification to communicate the results of my researches to those who, like myself, take pleasure in the contemplation of such subjects. I am the keeper of the county repository of antiquities—a capacity which gives me ample opportunity successfully to prosecute those studies whence I derive so much delight. Recently, in my annual round through the antique galleries, I met with many subjects which might be made interesting themes for dissertation, some of which I shall now present to your notice. Of the few specimens in existence of the antique implements called *muskets*, we have a small number in the repository.—These, as well as all other warlike weapons, are out of use in this age of peaceable negotiation. The last occasion upon which they were employed, as far as I have been able to discover, was at a tournament which took place about the time of the memorable war between the then Republic of Mexico, and the nation, which, at the same period, bore the name of the United States. Of the latter nation, this province formed a portion, but those at all acquainted with history need not be informed that the union has been long since dissolved by mutual consent. The specimens to which I have referred are in a tolerable state of preservation, considering how liable to rust the iron manufactured in that period always is. Forgers had not learned the use of lamodine in the manufacture of iron, which, besides making it as durable and indestructible as gold, improves the hardness and solidity of the metal. The name of this weapon was formerly spelled *Musquet*, and was derived doubtless, from the fact that its sharp termination resembled the proboscis of an insect called the *Musquito*, which has been extinct in the north temperate zone since the freezing summer of 1901. I found, also, Mr. Editor, an old newspaper published in the year 1846, in which is a literary curiosity—a paragraph narrating an interview between the author and the inventor of the common Literary Machine now in use. The paper, it seems, was printed in Easton, Talbot county, Maryland. The location of the place does not agree with the geography of the country at the present time, for there is no such county in the province, and it is not probable that it has reference to our Talbot county, Delaware. A tradition, indeed, exists, that the place where so many bricks are raised by the anti-gravitating machine along the Volution railway, in this county, was the site of a considerable village called Easton. But the fact of there being no navigable water in the neighborhood, and the advertisements of steamboats in the paper found, prove positively that this must be a mistake. However, we leave this problem for geologists and antiquarian geographers to solve, and proceed with our account of the rhyming machine as it was called. The newspaper was found wrapped around a bundle of wooden boxes labelled "rat destroyer," containing a dark substance resembling nictus, which emitted a very unpleasant odor. The paragraph read as follows;

"Mister Editer, the yankees have alwais claimed the credit of all useful inwensuns, to say nothin about wooden nutmegs, wooden gordseed, and patent razur straps; and that chap wat alwais had one more of the same sort thaut tha wos sumthin grate; but, mister edeter, they dozent hol a candel to mister john smith junier's patent crank power riming masheen; even mister codes' patent graduatin galvanic Battery aint a pachin to it, neither is mister professor morse's telegraf. in my Opinion it is the Greatest inwenshun, and the Most perfect pece of masheenism i ever seen. i had heard a good deel of ask about it, but i give its repitation no credut, like the automatin chess player, i thot there was intrig in the masheenery; but, mister editer, i Have tested it, and there aint a bit of yankeeism aboat it. its Principal value consists in the simpleness of the make of it, and the facility of its Operashuns wich are almost like Magick, and it do nt require no mind atall to wurk it. Al you have to do is to put in the hopper blank verse, and it will come out Firstrate rime, with the stops in there right plases, and the spellin cant be bete, even bi the skule mastir.—mister smith is a Grate man in every sence of the wurd; and he has bilt him a name that will last as long as literachure. i went up to mister smith's Shop tother day to see his masheen. Mister smith ses to me, ses he, mister brown, spose you Try your hand. John, ses i, i dont no nothin aboat makin rymes. no matter for that, ses he, gist coppy sum of these verses, and leve out the rime and the stops,—handin me a song Book, and so i did—i left out all the rimes and stops, and gist chucked the readin in the hopper; mister smith fixed the slide, winle i turned, and at every turn out cama a verse, with the rime first-rate, and the grammur and stops all rite. i beleve in my soe tha wos better than them in the book; and these are the verses it made:

My heart its secret well doth keep:—
She'll never know the burning sighs,
That roll up from their fountain deep,
Where tender passion smothering lies.

The hopeless love within my breast
Ne'er shrouds the smile upon my cheek;
And though it robs me of my rest,
I lighly of the passion speak.

An I though her name I ne'er repeat,
Her form is mirrored in my heart;
Its pulse for her will ever beat
Until the life-blood from it part.

And like the lamp in sacred fane,
Is my true heart in secret doomed
To burn and glow;—and all in vain
Until that heart itself's consumed!

now, mister edetur! a masheen that will make sich verses, i hav no hesitashun in sain, will facilitate the cause of literachure amazingly. Mister smith Tells me that it will make hims two, and i think every church ort to have one of its Own, so that the minister mite make the salms every sunday to suite the text; it would be rite handy. i should like to see your paper all rimes too; you cond gist put prose in the masheen, and have rime as fast as your Devel could turn.—i hope you will by one. JEMES BROWN."

Mr. Editor—This communication is rather quaint, and to our ears somewhat unintelligible; but to the antiquary it is valuable for its antiquity, as well as for the information it contains. The prophecy of Mr. Brown has been fulfilled, and Mr. Smith's machine and three centuries have made great changes in literature.

Yours, &c. WM. JOHNSON,
Keeper of the Repository of Antiquities, Oxford, Talbot county, Delaware.

From the Western Continent.

The Two Doctors,
OR,
A SHORT STORY TOLD TWO WAYS.

BY T. L. C.

It was a calm moonlight evening, in the spring of 1830. Weary of the bustle of the day, I had thrown myself in a lounging attitude on the sofa, and was endeavoring to court repose, when a servant entered and announced Dr. Leister. I started up, and with her assistance, hastily arranging my disordered hair, went forward to meet him—I will not say with how much pleasure.

We had met but twice before, yet I had forgotten that the world would call us strangers. There was in his manner, an indescribable something, that won my admiration and claimed an interest in my feelings. His person was fine his countenance expressive, and his features handsome, but, in his conversation, the easy expression of sentiments refined and pure, of feelings at once lofty and tender, he possessed a charm to me more potent than the golden dross his generous hand was liberal to bestow.

He bowed at my entrance, and as soon as we were seated, begged I would excuse the liberty he was about to take.

"I have," he said, "a melancholy story to relate and a favor to ask. I believe," he added, "you will not refuse to hear the one or grant the other."

I begged he would proceed, and expressed my willingness to oblige him.

"And to do honor to yourself, Miss Raymond. Well you shall hear my story. I was summoned to-day, for the first time, to see a gentleman, whose disease has for several weeks baffled the skill of the most able of our faculty. Of several, who were to meet for consultation, I was the first to reach the sufferer's abode. I tapped lightly at the door, and a gentle voice bade me enter. I obeyed, and was at once struck with the appearance of the only two occupants of the little chamber—a young man, whose dark eyes spoke volumes of tenderderness, as they rested on the fair face of a lovely woman, whose golden ringlets shadowed his pale but noble brow, as leaning over him, every speaking feature expressive of anxious solicitude, she held a cordial to his feverish lips.—Then parting the fine hair on his forehead she imprinted on it a kiss of love, so pure, that it seemed for a moment to re-animate the almost dying man. Excuse me, Miss Raymond—the touching tenderness of the scene unmans me, and I must hasten to the close of my narrative. I could not but remark the loneliness of the youthful pair. On inquiry the husband informed me while his wife left the room for a few moments to procure some nourishment I had ordered, "that her father was a resident of this city—a man of affluence, but that on her marriage with the man of her heart's choice, he had renounced her forever. We have been married but a few months,' said he 'and as my resources cease with my ability to labor, we are obliged to observe the strictest economy:—But,' he added, with a smile, 'my Clara does not murmur and should I be spared to resume again my station in the counting-room, I shall, I hope, be able to shield her from the hardships she is so willing for my sake to endure—and we will endeavor to console each other for the loss of those sunshine friends, who have deserted us in the hour of misfortune.' At this moment the wife entered the chamber. I awaited the arrival of the Board—we consulted—I have hope of our patient's recovery. He is, Miss Raymond, destined yet to shine. I intend to devote much of my time and whatever talents I possess, to his restoration. Will you join me in the task?—will you bestow upon the devoted Clara each day, one hour of that time, which otherwise may be heavy on your hands, and, by your sympathy and friendship, strengthen her for the performance of her task of love? You will—I read approbation in your animated face. Shall I apprise Mrs. Stanmore of your purpose to visit her? If so I will call, and myself have the pleasure of introducing you to one, who I doubt not will awaken an interest in your heart."

I promised to accompany him at nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, on his mission of mercy, and, gently pressing my hand, in token of his gratitude, he took his leave.

Scarcely had I resumed my place upon the sofa—not now to sleep, but to dwell on the perfections of Dr. Leister—when I was again interrupted by a visitor. He, too, was a physician; but oh how strangely different.

Dr. A—— was a man of plain common sense, and still plainer common feelings; but of great professional abilities. He was a bachelor of forty, and a constant visitor at my grandfathers, who, the world naturally enough prophesied, would make me the heiress of golden hoard. But the Doctor was a plain man, and plain men are remarkably insipid companions. He could talk a week of the delights of sourcrout or cold slaught; but a landscape, or a touching scene, had never impressed the plain man's imagination; and now, to my great annoyance, he entered the parlor, with a plain story in his rather good looking mouth. I could have bit my own tongue for vexation when he commenced the same subject but now discussed with so much feeling and animation, by the elegant Dr. L——. To do him justice however I must say that he entered on the subject with becoming gravity; but had it not been for the names of the parties which I immediately remembered as the same, I should not have been recognised the interesting Stanmore, and his lovely Clara, in the good looking young couple with which he commenced his story. But you shall have the exact version of it.

"Miss Raymond," he said, "you have a very sick neighbor here—quite a good looking young couple——poor people, though—very poor—and I guess to proud for their circumstances. The young women was born to a fortune, but there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you know. She would have her own way—married her father's clerk—and, as might be expected, he cast her off. They seem very fond of each—but living on love is a poor trade—and as you are rich and fond of giving away, I thought you might help them, by sending in little nick nacks from your own table, and letting one of the servants go occasionally to help turn him in the bed. I intend to visit him myself occasionally, until he dies or gets better—though if he lives my fee may be lost—if he dies it certainly will be. After all, Miss Raymond, our's is a losing business, and a fatiguing one—and as I am really sleepy I will go home. I should not have called to-night, but this young man told me of his poverty, and knowing you were in the habit of helping the needy, I thought I would tell you of their distress, and leave you to adopt what course you please. I have medicine to put up—so, good night."

And the plain Doctor made his exit.

'Good looking couple!" I repeated after him, as soon as the door was closed. Love a trade!—nic nacks from the table!—a servant to assist the devoted Clara in performing for the unfortunate Stanmore, her task of Love! Heartless, insipid drone! I murmured, as once more I assumed my lounging position. And yet he may be right—he is a man of sense and discernment. Leister's imagination may have led him to paint too highly a scene of every day occurrence—or the woman's good looking face as the plain Doctor calls it, may have made too great an impression on his heart. Golden ringlets—lovely face. Well, I shall see her to-morrow.

And to morrow I did see her. Leister was punctual to his appointment, and notwithstanding the feeling something like jealousy, which I conjured up, I listened with deligh, during our short walks to his animated conversation, and almost sighed with regret when he opened the door of his patient's house. But I no longer thought his picture too highly drawn, when, with the easy grace of high breeding, Mrs. Stanmore advanced to meet me, her sad but brilliant eye, animated with a momentary pleasure, as she placed her snowy hand in mine, and frankly welcomed me, as the friend of Dr. Leister.

After a few moments' conversation, I accompanied her to her husband's camber, from which she was seldom absent. Stanmore was extremely low, but the Doctor thought him better, and Clara thanked him with a grateful smile. The hour I spent with her seemed to pass too swiftly away, for Liester sat by my side, and Clara, like a guardian angel, hovered around her husband's pillow. I left her more than ever disgusted with the plain Doctor and his plain way.

On my return, I found him at my grandfather's—listened to a plain declaration of what he called a liking for me—assured him that I esteemed him much, but could not reciprocate his sentiments as he desired, while in my heart, I ridiculed the idea of associating sentiment with a mind like his.

But I must hasten to a close. For several weeks I watched with Leister and Clara, babbling a disease more incurable than Stanmore's proved to be—for he has quite recovered, and I—every day grow worse. * * * * *

Leister and I have just returned from Clara's. Her father accompanied us.—He has become extremely fond of his son-in-law; and Dr. Leister's pretty wife, as he is pleased to call your humble servant, is extremely happy in having been instrumental in mending the unnatural breach between parent and child.

* * * * *

I have just complained to the Doctor, describing my symptoms as follow:—Fond of his society—restless in his absence—unhappy during his indisposition—and miserable, if I fancy he neglects me. He prescribes, a whole morning spent alone in my camber, with reasonable reflections and anticipations of happiness in his society whenever he can steal away from the duties of his profession.

I am endeavoring to be obedient this morning, and having no better subject for my mind to pen, I present you with the short story told two ways.

MARLBOROUGH'S BATTLES.

A very interesting paper in a late number of Blackwood (says the Courier and Enquirer) is that on *Marlborough's Despatches*, which presents a view of the closing campaigns of that great Captain, written with great spirit and knowledge of details. The siege of *Tournay* and the battle of *Malplaquet* especially are painted with a particularity of detail and fire of narration that causes the eye almost to see the moving columns swept out of existence by the springing of secret mines, or the murderous discharge from countless batteries, and the heart to listen as it throbs under the trumpet tones of the great commanders, *Marlborough* and *Eugene* on the one side, *Boufflers* and *Villars* on the other, as they spring forward to lead their gallant battalions.

The victory of Malplaquet cost the allied forces of English, Dutch, and German, commanded by Marlborough, 20,000 men in killed and wounded, or about one-fifth of the number engaged. The vanquished party, the French, with about equal forces in the field, did not lose more than 14,000 men. This disparity is accounted for by the enormous losses sustained by the allied army in the desperate storming of the strong and amply-armed and vigorously defended entrenchments, behind which lay the French force.

No more striking scene has been commemorated than that recorded in the following extract as occurring on the day of the battle of *Malplaquet*. The season was early autumn—the month September; the region, in the heart of Flanders. On the preceding evening, 10th September, all the corps of the allied army had reached the respective points opposite the wooded and entrenched position of the French, whence next day they were to make the attack and "the men lay down to sleep, anxiously awaiting the dawn of the eventful morrow." That morrow came, and—

"At three in the morning of the 11th divine service was performed with the utmost decorum at the head of every regiment, and listened to by the soldiers, after the example of their chief, with the most devout attention. The awful nature of the occasion, the momentous interests at stake, the uncertainty who might survive to the close of the day, the protracted struggle now to be brought to a decisive issue, had banished all light feelings, and impressed a noble character on that impressive solemnity. A thick fog overspread the field, under cover of which the troops marched with the utmost regularity to their appointed stations; the guns were brought forward to the grand battery in the centre, which was protected on either side by an *epaulement*, prevent an enfilade. No sooner did the French outposts give notice that the Allies were preparing for an attack than the whole army stood to their arms, and all the working parties, who were still toiling in the trenches, cast aside their tools & joyfully resumed their places in the ranks. Never, since the commencement of the war, had the spirit of the French soldiers been so high; or so enthusiastic a feeling infused into every bosom."

Some thirty-five thousand human beings, killed or miserably maimed, whom that morning's sun beheld in full life and vigor, strewed, ere it set, the field and the environs of this solemn religious service. Is not this striking and sad? We add to it the record of another religious service on the battle field after the victory of *Malplaquet*:

"Few prisoners (not above five hundred) were made on the field, but the woods and entrenchments were filled with wounded French, whom Marlborough, with characteristic humanity, proposed to Villars to remove to the French headquarters on condition of their being considered prisoners of war—an offer which that general thankfully accepted. A solemn thanksgiving was read in all the regiments of the army two days after the battle, after which the soldiers of both armies joined in removing the wounded French on two hundred wagons to the French camp. Thus, after the conclusion of one of the bloodiest fights recorded in modern history, the first acts of the victors were in raising the voice of thanksgiving and doing deeds of mercy."

It does seem one of those strange inconsistencies, of which reasoning and immortal man is alone guilty, that, after so fearful a strife to harm and destroy each other, the two contending armies should vie with each other in doing deeds of mercy."

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION ON THE PHYSICAL FRAME.

MANY years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end he begged the Minister of Justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death; the Minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of his own rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him: "Sir, several persons who are interested in your family, have prevailed on the Judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the idle populace. He has commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death, within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain." The culprit submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution.—He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made before hand; his eyes were bandaged, he was strapped to a table, and at a preconcerted signal four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived, as to flow gently into basins to receive it. The patient believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversation of the doctors in an under tone confirmed him in this opinion. "What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die, he would have lived a long time." "Hush!" said the other, then approaching the first, he asked in a low voice but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?" "Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state." The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was also gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—A mild-tempered old gentleman was going down his cellar-stairs with a lamp and an old brown pitcher, on a frosty evening, and his feet slopping from the first step, he was precipitated to the bottom! His wife, a nice old lady, hearing the noise, ran to the cellar door, and called out—

"Why, husband! have you broke the pitcher?"

"No I haint, love," replied the old man, "but I'll be darn'd if I dont do it now!" and immediately smashed the pitcher against the cellar wall.

SCIENCE.—"A frog," says Professor Pump, "is an amphibious animal, as what lickers on cold water, and consekwently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down, he has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does, himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called, because it usually is heard in a mill pond. He is a warment what ain't so bad when broiled on a griddle. No, sir-ree."

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