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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From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

OUR JEANIE.

The sweet-briar in the vale displayed
The brightest flowers of June;
The warbler from the scented shade
Discoursed in sweetest tune.

At early morn and dewy eve
Our Jeanie sought the lea,
To kiss the fragrant gems, yet leave
The roses on the tree.

Across the mead with airy tread
She dashed the diamond dew,
Yet never crushed the violet's head,
But blest it where it grew.

She heard the bird with russet breast
Give forth its matin lay;
And innocently watched the nest
Swing on the tender spray.

The rose is bright upon the stem,
And pure the violet wild;
But brighter, purer is the gem,
A young heart undefiled.

Long did our gentle Jeanie mourn
The blossoms on the heath,
When came the ruthless plough to turn
The flowery soil beneath.

But now the tender maid that trod
In beauty on the mead,
Sleeps low beneath the furrowed sod
That Time ploughs o'er the dead.

The rose-tree waves upon her breast,
And there the violets bloom;
The warbler sings, beside its nest,
A requiem o'er her tomb.

A MINER.

Hazel Dell, Schuylkill co., Pa.

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A LOUNGER.

NO. I.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 27, 1847.

DEAR EDITOR: Upon your kind and flattering request—flattering to one so humble as myself—I promised on some day when you least expected it, to trespass upon your precious time with a letter straight from this "City of Monuments," made up of heterogeneous thoughts—a mass of tertium quids—thrown together without order or any pretension to beauty of style. And of all seasons of the year, when the scribbling itch seizes upon its poor human patients, there is none in which it rages to so great an extent as in the Spring, when every thing buds forth, when Nature opens her richest treasures and when the mind feels buoyant with the joy of the season: almost every one, at that time, who comes at all within the range of the malady, catches the infection and forthwith begins to unload his surcharged pen. Living, as I do, in the midst of a body of men, all of whom pretend to be, (and are in their way,) writers, from the printer's apprentice to the lawyer's clerk, and from the counter-jumper to the cobler, it cannot be at all surprising that the disease alluded to should, at this season, have entered my humble workshop, and made me a victim.

Labor is the curse and the blessing of man. For, although it has sometimes seemed hard to me to work the livelong day, to "grunt and sweat under my weary load," to earn by the ceaseless labor of my hands a precarious livelihood, whilst others are *idling* amidst all the luxuries of life, yet the keen appetite which accompanied my humble meal at midday, and the sound sleep that, at night bade defiance to feverish dreams and served, indeed, as a "sweet restorer;" aye, and the uninterrupted health that bloomed in my ruddy cheek and gave strength to my brawny arm, more than repaid me for the daily toil I underwent, more than compensated for the daily sweat of my brow. I fear, then, very much, my dear Editor, this first interruption to my hitherto continued health—I fear this scribbling disease. I have seen many, very many, who might have been useful citizens in their own peculiar spheres, carried suddenly off, by an immoderate attack of what I believe our physicians call in their incomprehensible dialect—the Cacoethes. I have seen others lingering for years under occasional attacks of the disease, beginning as reviewers and essayists, and getting worse and worse every year and at last dying from pure inanition as newspaper scribblers—the last, worst stage, I am told, of this fatal malady. And that I should be attacked at the outset in its most malignant form! I am sincere, then, when I say to you, as my friend, that I fear exceedingly this attack! Alas! that it should already have reduced me to the necessity of laying down my hammer and of taking up my pen—to write to a newspaper! I foresee in this the worst kind of consumption—the consumption of time! And, then, how profitless too! Other diseases sometimes serve as a purifier of the system; they prevent its total destruction by their timely supervention: a plague, a pestilence is better than this disease, which has not a redeeming trait. Am I not, then, to be pitied, Mr. Editor? Do you not see in the very rambling, disconnected, and apparently objectless mode in which this letter is written, that my attack is far from being slight, that, indeed, I am laboring under one of its worst forms, and need your best prescriptions!

But, thanks be to the ruling star of the Cocoethes, the fever has left me for this morning and at the very moment, too, when I was about to leave off complaining and write to you something of more interest. It has left my letter like too many modern books, all outside and nothing in—all preface and no substance. But it is useless to complain further; this is another of the bad features of the disease, that it always leaves you at the wrong moment and completely prostrate. I must wait until the next attack, which will be very shortly, for mine I believe is a tertian.

I am very sincerely, FABER.

[From the National Magazine.]

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRUSING IN THE LAST WAR."

'He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak'

THE bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me: the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingling together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

'Little Dick, sir, is dying,' he said'.

At once I sprang from my hammock—Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart had yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence. With the other boys of the ship he had little to say, for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot; though his companions imposed upon him continually.—Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his tasks as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me: and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since I had quite forgotten to enquire if he was hurt, though at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leapt to my feet—

'My God!' I exclaimed, 'you do not mean it? He is not dying?'

'I fear, sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'

'And I have been lying idle here!' I exclaimed with remorse. 'Lead me to him.'

'He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you sir,' and as the man spoke we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm, blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calmly it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chesnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his little head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

'He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?' and as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. 'He has seen better days.'

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly,

'Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out,' he spoke with emotion—'to mourn over you.'

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

'Has he come yet?' he asked, in a low voice. 'Why wont he come?'

'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand, 'don't you know me, Dick?'

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said,

'You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but its all I have.'

I burst into tears: he resumed.

'Doctor, I am dying, aint I?' said the little fellow, 'for my sight grows dim.—God bless you Mr. Danforth.

'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I, you saved my life. I would coin my own blood to buy yours'

'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk.'

'Anything—everything, my poor lad,' I answered, choking.ly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

'It's a long—long way up there—but there are bright angels among them—Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them.—Hark! is that music?' and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening intently for a moment. He fell back; and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angel's voices? God grant it.

A LONDON COURT.

The court was a great place for children; and fine weather brought them out like flies, so thickly that it was wonderful to think where they got to when it was wet. They were a race of pigmies constantly at war with mankind; and upsetting the peace of strangers by countless machines calculated to seriously maim and injure all invaders of their domains. They had iron hoops, which tied the legs of passengers in noppless knots and threw them down; and shuttlecocks like shuttlecocks that flew in their faces; and horrid bits of wood, sharp at each end, which on being struck went in unintended directions and stuck in the eyes of the traveller. They also kicked bits of tile and oyster-shells against his legs, when performing their war-dances on a chalked-out diagram on the pavement; and would rush round corners in large bodies, meeting him whenever he approached, driving his elbows through windows, and his feet irrevocably between area gratings. They all had white hair, and never wore hats nor bonnets; and their notion of money was vague. Yet there were one or two shops in this court the other houses were lodgings, whose doors were always open. There was a coffee-shop, in the window of which the same three eggs in the worsted moss basket—once green but now blanched buff—had remained in the memory of the oldest boy; so had the empty tea-pot; so had the *Weekly Despatch*, semi-transparent and coffee-stained, that hung over the blind.—There was also a green-grocer's, who always had oysters out of season as big as cheese-plates; and never sold any thing but rhubarb and rattling walnuts—at least in the vegetable line; for otherwise the owner dealt in pale cakes of facetious devices—horses, fashionable ladies, and wheelbarrows—which were so stale that they eat like pumice stone, and would have been cruel things to devour in bed. There were also tall tumblers covered with old tea-pot lids, full of hazy bulls'-eyes and small barber's-poles of peppermint; and a corner was appropriated to feeble tops, unspherical balls, hatchment-like kites, that could not by any possibility be made to fly, but when started whirled round and round until they shattered against the ground; and the evil-spirited shuttlecocks before alluded to, which, like the Australian crooked missiles, never went where they were intended, but lodged over shop-windows, and darted down areas, and flew over walls, and vanished down plugholes, and in fact brought woe with them wherever they went.

Some grumbler, says the Albany Journal, was complaining that Gen. Taylor, had not yet proved himself a thoroughly qualified General.

"How so?" enquired a bystander.

"Because he has never yet made a successful *retreat*!" was the reply.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Perhaps fewer discoveries have of late years been made in medicine than in most of the experimental arts, though there is none other that confers such direct and practical benefits on mankind. Even the researches in chemistry undertaken with zeal by professors of the highest genius and prosecuted with eminent success, have not led to any important results in that science, justly regarded as divine since the age of Esculapius. Amid the advance of a thousand shapes of impudent quackery, the true art of healing has made comparatively little progress, and medical men have rather directed their attention to the most skilful employment of the means at their disposal than to the development of new powers for the cure of diseases that have hitherto baffled their skill, and for the amelioration of the pains incidental to humanity. It has been reserved for an obscure practitioner on the other side of the Atlantic to make the most valuable discovery that has been revealed to the world since Dr. Jenner introduced the process of vaccination.

The inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether to produce insensibility to pain seems undoubtedly due to Dr. Jackson, of the city of Boston, in the United States. His title to the discovery is clear, and deserves explicit recognition. He is better known, we believe, for his scientific attainments in mineralogy than for this medical skill; and it was probably while making experiments in his laboratory that he discovered that wonderful property in ether which promises to prove of such immense service to surgical science. The surgeon dentists of America appear to have been the first to avail themselves of the discovery; but, when it was found that insensibility to pain could thus be produced for all operations on the teeth, it was soon applied to more important purposes; and the numerous trials made of it in our hospitals in the most difficult and dangerous cases of surgery have completely established its efficacy, and shown that, with proper precautions, it may be used with the most signal advantage, destroying all sense of pain to the patient, and materially facilitating, by the quietude and repose thus induced, the acts of the operator.

Of all the cases yet published, we think that reported by Mr. Lawrence, the eminent surgeon, which we take from the *Medical Gazette*, the most decisive. The seat of disease was the eye. It was a case of amaurosis, and inevitably fatal in its termination. Unless the affected part could be removed. But the operation was one of the most painful and exhausting to the patient known in surgery. When last performed by Mr. Lawrence, it took twenty-six minutes for its completion, the patient during that time suffering the most excruciating agony, and so writhing under it as to incommode the surgeon's efforts. In the present instance, the patient, after inhaling the vapor, sunk into a state of placid insensibility. The operation was performed in six minutes without any sense of pain being exhibited; and, when the patient was restored to consciousness, he was ignorant that the operation had taken place, and presumed that it must be deferred until another time. A more decisive instance of the success of the process could not be desired; and it is evident that, from this time, the discovery must take its place amongst the most surprising and the most beneficial ever made in medical science.—We refer our readers to Mr. Lawrence's report as an extremely interesting document. Another case, equally decisive of the value of the discovery, though different in its details, is published by an Edinburg paper. Here the patient, after taking the vapor, remained mentally conscious, though physically insensible. Feeling nothing, and not knowing that the operation was in process, though his leg was being laid open by the knife, he remarked on objects around him, and declared his belief that the inhalation was "no go," as all his mental faculties were as active as usual. The philosopher will appreciate the value of the distinction thus established between mental and physical sensation.

The simplicity of the apparatus required places it within the reach of all members of the profession. The best form adopted bears a close resemblance to a hookah, the ether being placed in a bowl, and the patient inhaling it through a flexible tube, with as much ease as though he were smoking a pipe.—*Britannia.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF RESOLUTION

"Resolution," says a writer, 'is omnipotent.' And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but "seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort," we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose the best aids and means are of little worth but with it even the weakest are mighty Without it, we shall accomplish nothing; with it everything. A man who is deeply in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pick-axe of the old seal: "Either I will find a way, or I will make one." He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told of the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied, "Circumstance! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them." In self cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto: "Higher—for ever higher!" we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has sealed the chief barrier to it; and so he who seizes the grand idea of self cultivation, and burning like living fire within him, and and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer to the sum of all perfection.—If we are but fixed and resolute—bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and at every moment; and even obstacles and oppositions will but make us like the fabled spectre-ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind."—*Self Culture," by Rev. Tryon Edwards.*

DO NOT DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

The possibility of a great charge being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little *ghee* (or buffalo's butter,) three elews one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipcord; finally a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he considered to be a store somewhere above him the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread who drew up the pack thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack thread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight—and so at last escaped from the place of his duresse.—*Quarterly Review.*

MISS MARTINEAU IN EGYPT.

This delightful writer is now in Cairo, from where she has written to a friend the following animated strain:

This travelling is charming work, gay, profitable, wholesome, noble; and all who hear of the Desert and Palestine sound more and more delightful. You have already heard of our bad voyages; they will pass away from our minds with the November which caused them. All since has been summer like, and glorious. We meet for a little cup of coffee at 8 A.M. I have watched from my windows the golden sun of Africa strike the minaret opposite, and flood the square, and cast shadows from the camels, and Turks and Arabs, and all the odd mortals that there do congregate. Then out we go, snuffing the fresh, cool morning air, and seeking the chance shadow of any wall. Our umbrellas are covered with brown holland to save us from a *coup de soleil*. One morning we went to Cleopatra's Needle; another to Pompey's Pillar; yesterday to the fine garden and pavilion of a Greek gentleman, where the the Pashas breakfast sometimes; and to-day I got my wish.

We came home to breakfast at half past ten—a *table d'hote* meal—then out, sight seeing; home to rest and dress, and out to dinner at some Frank House, at half past six, ending the day with feasting and fun. I am now going out to dinner in my travelling dress, all our things being packed off to Cairo, and we are to follow early in the morning on a somewhat tedious and fatiguing voyage (we are told) of forty eight hours. But I can't yet conceive of tedium here—such an air to breathe! One must try it to believe how the human eye may see. The shadows of the lateen sails are blue; the green of the gardens dazzles the eye like radiance This charm is everywhere, of course; and there are palms and oleanders in fruit and flower everywhere; and hedges of hybiscus and covolvolus, and tamarisk; and thickets of lemons and oranges; and an unfathomable sky over all.

A wife can bear much from the man she loves—jealousy, peevish ness, unkindness, in all its sad variety of shapes; but neglect is the blighting canker worm that creeps to the very core of woman's tenderness, withering and distroying all within its reach. The woman of weak and little mind will sink beneath neglect, crushed like the blade of grass we tread under our heedless footsteps; but if she be of a lofty and daring spirit, she will do worse, seek revenge; ay, revenge, though it be bought at the price of her own soul.

At a camp-meeting lately held in Connecticut, a preacher delivered himself of the following: 'I would that the gospel were a wedge, and I a beetle; I would whack it into every sinners heart among you.'

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady nook, said—'This is the spot where I intend being laid, *if I'm spared!*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It was in the year 1779, that I painted, for the first time, the portrait of the Queen then in the flower of youth and beauty.—Marie Antoinette was tall exqusitely well made, sufficiently plump without being too much so. Her arms were superb, her hands small, perfect in form, and her feet charming. Her gait was more graceful than that of any woman in France; she held her head very erect, with a majesty which enabled you to distinguish the sovereign amidst all her court, and yet that majesty did not in the least detract from the extreme kindness and benevolence of her look. In short, it is extremely difficult to convey to any one who has not seen the queen any idea of all the graces and all the dignity that were combined in her.

Her features were not regular; she derived from her family that long, narrow, oval peculiar to the Austrian nation. Her eyes were not large, their color was nearly blue, and they had an intellectual and mild expression; but the nose was thin and handsome. Her mouth was not large, though the lips were rather thick.—But the most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion I never saw any so brilliant—ye., brilliant is the word—for her skin was so transparent that it took no shade. Hence I never could render its effect so as to please myself, I lacked colors to represent that freshness, those delicate tones which belonged exclusively to that fascinating face, and which I never observed in any other woman.

As for her conversation, it would be difficult for me to describe all its benevolence. I do not think that Queen Marie Antoinette ever missed an occasion to say an agreeable thing to those who had the honor to approach her.—*Souvenirs de Mad. Lebrun.*

LETTER FROM SANTA ANNA TO YANKEE DOODLE.

SENOR YANKEE DOODLE:

I have tel my brave compatriots muchas long yaros about de grand victoria I gained at Buena Visia, and sal be muy obligado if you will let me say one hole paxver to yours. In de first place, den, you Americanos make one grand mistake about my first letter to the General Taylor, in which your papers make me say "surrounded by veinte tousand," when I said veinte hundred"—verdaderamente, senor, I said, "hundred." In de segond place, your journales deny dat I took de "five hundred," which is ong grand es-shame, as I sal prove demonstrate. Bien, den, I took de resolution to fight the General Americanos—dat is one: I took de brave Mexicans to de front of him—dat is two; I took up my headquarters in a ravine, *alias at archin hearing* of his artillery—dat is three: I took two of his cannon, in spite of de dead soldiacos dat surrounded 'em—dat is four; and den I took de back track to Agua Nueva—dat is five! I only went back to get a better strik, so as to make sure of de six h and last position, to wit, de field he stuck to so desperate an ente; but being lame and rather out of breath when I got there, I thought my valor ought to be satisfied with de five. Finalmente, senor, you Americans speak me very harsh, because I left my dead and wounded to de generosedad of de General Taylor! But did *I* kill 'em? did *I* wound 'em? No, senor; he did it himself; and I should like to know if it was not his business to take care of those he had rendered incapable of taking care of themselves! I thought it was and so did not trou le myself about them. Gog and Lagout!

Soy siempre,

A. L. DE SANTA ANNA.

BRANDY'S WASH FOR FRUIT TREES—*Receipe.*—Take three gallons of ley from wood ashes, strong enough to just float an egg;

One pint of soft soap;
One quarter pound of nitre, (salt petre,)
One handful of common salt.

The nitre should be dissolved in warm water then add the salt and other ingredients and stir till thoroughly incorporated. Apply it to the trunk and large branches of the trees with a common painter's brush.

[*Note.*—If applied to very young branches or leaves, the wash may prove injurious owing to the strength of the ley.]

FRAILTIES.

All men have their frailties. "As I grow older," said Goethe, "I became lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces I always suspect. He knows too much of crime who denonces a fellow creature unheard—a knowledge of which can only be obtained by criminality. The hypocrite always strives to divert attention from his own wickedness by denouncing unsparingly that of others. He thinks he shall seem good in exact ratio as he makes others seem bad."

HARD WORDS.—A Physician thus addressed a surgeon, while in their patient's chamber:

"You must not fail to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow morning."

"I will never suffer it," cried the sick man, in a fright.

"Sir, don't be alarmed," rep i d the surgeon, "the doctor only orders you to be bled."

"Oh! as for bleeding," replied he, "it matters little; but as for the other, I would sooner die than endure it."

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