EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine 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.

VOL. XXII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1839. No. 10.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning.
BY
Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

OUR BURIAL PLACE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," The "Linwoods," &c.

From the earliest records of the history of man, we have evidence of the respect of the living for the dead, in the sacredness of the burial place. Have not our sympathies leaped the gulf of time when we have read Abraham's appeal to the sons of Heth? "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you, give me possession of a burying place"—and the answer of the generous Hittite (when Abraham offers for the cave of Macphelah as much money as it is worth) indicating that a repository for the dead was not to be trafficked for—"nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein I give thee The land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt thee and me? Bury therefore thy dead."

The natives of our own land linger with filial fondness at the graves of their fathers. The most touching passages in their eloquent remonstrances against their forced removals, were those that alluded to their being driven far away from their burial places.

Different nations have had different modes of disposing of their dead, but whatever mode keeps their ashes near to us must preserve bright and obvious the links that bind us to the past, and suggest us to the future. I have sometimes regretted that the manner in which the Romans preserved their dead, was not in use among us, and have fancied an apartment in our houses where the ashes of our friends, saved from the corrupting processes of the grave, should be cherished in monumental urns. I have imagined what in this domestic cemetery would be the effect on our spirits of the solemn hour of twilight, of prayer, of midnight meditation, of sacred music, of any of these holy influences that seem to raise our souls above the world, or to bring back the spirits of the departed to mingle with ours here. I have fancied the pleasure of pursuing our daily employments with these hallowed memorials before us—of sewing, reading, and writing in their presence, as if they were still living among us. I have calculated the power of appeals to the living, in the presence of *their* dead - to the impatient under the load of life—to the sordid—to those eaten up with the cares of the world—to the flippant, and the vicious.

But this is idle. The customs of every age and country spring from its actual condition, and in our country, most especially, where nothing is stationary upon the surface, the dead should rest beneath it. What would become of our domestic cementery in dwellings rarely tenanted by the same family for two successive generations?—What would become of the ashes of the fathers who have died in Massachusetts, when their children move to the valley of the Mississippi, and their grand children perchance to Oregon?

But we have our burial places where generation after generation is laid down which we are sure will be guarded by the living, for the parent, the child, the brother of yesterday are there.

Most persons have a favourite burial place. Some prefer to be enclosed in a tomb: others would rest in a vault, beneath the consecrating walls of the church where they have worshipped:

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise '

We have heard of a lady (she must have been of the Broadway genus) who prayed to be interred in Trinity church yard, "cost what it might, for it would be lively there, and she should feel so lonesome out in the country!'

I cannot sympathize with the good lady. The city seems to me the place for the living, not for the dead; for action, bustle, pursuit, not for repose and high meditation on that "something that cometh after." Neither do I fancy the vault or the tomb; not that I object to the clannishness they express,—for the family on earth may be a family in heaven,—but I do not like the spirit of aristocracy and exclusiveness they sometimes indicate, and which with all our legislating and talking about it, not only clings to all the forms of life, but passes the threshold of the dead.

We feel that "God made the country," in its physical beauty and moral influence from the first sigh of existence, to the last honored place of rest, "the country churchyard." There would I lie, amidst my friends of all conditions where the sod over me was freshened by the same summer showers that pattered on the roof I had loved in life—where the morning sun, as he comes over my native hills, shines upon it, and his evening smiles over it.

My thoughts were turned to this subject yesterday, by a walk at noon day to an eminence that rises over the village of L——, and is surmounted, (as the highest pinnacles of most old villages in New England are) by a church. A lovely scene lies outstretched beneath this hill in L——: the clear bright little village beneath it, and far away

——"to where the sky.
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye."

a glorious amphitheatre of hills,—some sloped and rounded by nature for the hand of the husbandman, and the steep sides of others a dense mass of wood to their created summits; and deep set in the vallies between these hills, villages unseen but known to the familiar eye by smokes arising from many a dwelling, and amid this verdant frame work a little lake whose reflecton have suggested its descriptive name, *the Mountain Mirror* The wide spread landscape is dotted with orchards and every insignia of country contentment. The sky yesterday was overcast with light vapoury clouds; here and there a slant sunbeam shone down upon some little nook like a side-long glance of love, or a stolen smile on a favourite. The air was soft and mellow as it is on our pleasantest September days. After gazing on the distant hills till my eyes ached, I looked down upon the earnest groups that clustered in our village street, attracted there by the interest of a capital trial, and I turned from them to the cementery at the side of the church, and for the first time it seemed to me invested with the interesting associations of a country burying place. I have often looked on this place of interment with a sort of shuddering. It is on the very summit of a wet, bleak, gusty hill, where the very trees are piteously bent by the north winds. It seemed to me the teeth of the poor mortal fabrics must chatter, and their bones rattle as the winter blasts swept over them. I like not a burial place on a hill: it looks obtrusive and ostentatious, and marvellously suited to such glorifying inscriptions as the following, which is in the same church yard of L——:

"Reader!—expect the day which shall reveal to an assembled universe the virtue and piety of deacon J——W——!"

But there is a burial place toward which my heart yearneth, and its yellow sands seems to me as they did to a little fellow of my acquaintance, who being transplanted to a new soil, and seeing there a coffin let into a wet grave, and thrust down amidst intersecting roots, cried out. 'Oh, take me *home*, and bury me in the nice warm sand at S——!' In the warm sands of that burial place, in a deep valley enclosed by mountains, and over shadowed by a green hill that rises like a projecting wall above it, how many friends (friends dear as life) and familiar acquaintances are laid! In the centre of this hallowed ground there used to stand two tall old pines. Every silver whisper of their stems spoke to the soul. They have been cut down! Peace to him, for he was a harmless man, who did this sacrilege, because forsooth his view of a flaming red church was obstructed by these two mournful sentinels! It was most foul murder,—murder and treason.'

Every little mound I tread upon in this burial-place, recalls some social or individual history. From my childhood I knew those that sleep beneath it—the rich and the poor - the master and servant—the good and bad. Here lie two enemies, side by side—their coffins touching,—who could not eat at the same table, breathe beneath the same roof, or worship God in the same church. Where are now their strifes, their unbridled passions, their unrelenting hate, their *everlasting* feuds!

'Underneath this stone lies J—— M——, Justice of Peace at all times and places!'—a little man, almost as quiet in life as in death, who never made a broil, and notwithstanding the claims of universal magistracy set forth in his epitaph—never I believe settled one.

'Here side by side, in three successive summers, were interred three sisters. How beautiful, how lovely and beloved, were they in life, how desolate they left their widowed mother, how each was mourned by the survivor, their epitaphs but half tell; for I well remember when with general sorrow the village procession followed one after another to the insatiable grave. Grief is *still* here.

Here lies one, joyous in life, and most courageous in death, who was brought home, wasted and suffering, from foreign countries, to breathe his last sigh in his native land. The last glimmerings of the summer twilight were fading from the the valley, when his brothers brought his body into the burial place of his fathers. For long and anxious months his parents had prayed and wept for him, but when they laid him among his departed kindred, the voice of praise and thankfulness, and not the cries of grief, was heard. His gentle mother fills the next grave!

We buried our good old Colonel —— here. He was of the old regime, of those times, when the gentleman did in his secret soul believe that he was made of better clay than the 'fellow.' Col. —— was the last relic among us of anti-revolutionary anti-republican days; the last surviving associate and boon companion of those three notable gentlemen of Connecticut river, real Demigod's in their day, 'but styled by their profane descendants. 'River gods.' The Colonel was royal to the King of England, and a tory to his last day, because he believed that *orders* were Heaven's first law; but as the wave of the multitude rose and covered one elevation after another, he submitted with christian meekness, believing the people were made kings by the judgment of Heaven upon the rebellion of man. Amidst the familiarity and rusticity of our village life, the Colonel maintained his punctilious politeness; and I remember the ruling passion strong in death, his last words: they were addressed to a lady weeping over him; 'Pray, madam,' he said, 'be seated.' He was a good man and true, and there where rank is graduated by merit, where there be angels and archangels, he may find himself exalted far above some to whom he could have given precedence here.

Near the Colonel lies a fair specimen of the old regemie of the softer sex; one who never dreamed of these degenerate days, when women explain the Mechaniques Celestes of La Place, and rectify the political economy of nations, but who, according to the elder orthodoxy, spent her three score years and ten in making pastry, concocting syrups and sweet meats, and exploring the culinary arcana. Her ruling passion, too, was dominant in extremities. I remember the night her husband died, she took one of his attendants into her pantry to descant on the size, color, and quality of her pickles. When they came out, he was gone!

A little farther on, for here—shame to us! the colored people are laid apart—we buried 'old Jo.' He would, if he dared, have protested against this location, for Jo was an 'extra exclusive' in life, and on his death bed gave his apparel to my friend ——, whom he considered the first gentleman in the county, saying: 'Pray except my clothes, Sir, for I can't bear the thoughts that any *nigger* should wear them!'

And here is J.'s grave—J——, the fiddler. How often have young hearts, as well as feet, danced to the sound of J——'s fiddle! He was the Apollo of [illegible] sound. His [illegible] violin might have roused the poetic imagination—'created a soul under the ribs of death!' Poor J——! that fiddle was most dear to him. He loved it first, last, & best, & when he was actually dying, he begged his attendant to hold his hand, that he might move the bow over the strings. Like the swan, he expired in his own music.

And here lies one whose worth is truly recorded on this stone by one of those who set it here to express the honor and gratitude they owed her. No praise could exceed her due, who filled a long life with usefulness, and met her death with dignity & submission, saying, as she bowed her head, 'This is the last stroke, and the best!'

'ELIZABETH FREEMAN, known by the name of Mumbet. Died Dec. 28, 1829. Her supposed age was 85 years. She was born a slave, and remained a slave for nearly thirty years; she could neither read nor write, yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal; she neither wasted time nor property: she never violated a trust, nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial, she was the most efficient helper, and the tenderest friend. Good mother, farewell.'

Here lies one, albeit our village Doctor, who breathed around him an atmosphere of health and cheerfulness. He withheld his drugs, and gave us smiles and pleasant words, which, as Scripture tells us, are health to the bones,' and so we lived to lay him here, whom neither the skill of his brethern nor the love of our stricken hearts could save.

And this is the grave of our good Pastor, who survived a generation of his flock, and after preaching to them and to their children's children for the space of fifty nine years, (as his epitaph tells us,) was laid to rest among them. He was a theologian of the old New England school. His creed was as unchangeable as his fashion of dress, and that never altered a thread. To his dying day, he wore his three cornered hat, his knee buckles and shoes buckles, and ribbed stockings snugly fitting his well-preserved leg, which disdained the leveling pantaloon. We have hinted at the inflexibility of his faith,—but there ended his sternness. He might have counted on his fingers those of his flock who, according to his theories, could hope to escape the 'wrath to come' but never a scapegrace among them died, but he found some loop-hool for charity. His faith was a portion of his inheritance—his charity was breathed into his soul by the spirit of God. Here he sleeps in the midst of his people, of the children whom he dedicated, the young whom he joined in holy bonds, the wandering whom he reclaimed, the faithful whom he encouraged, the old with whom he took counsel. May they all appear among the redeemed, when the grave shall give back its dead!

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow: and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory She said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest."—The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, and that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sang thee."

But Memory said, "Hope is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine.—And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long"

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he awoke, they came with the lark, to bid good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at last Age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend.—He looked at her seriously and said. "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted thee."

And she answered, 'I fear so, for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are!'

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a bearer upward flight.

[illegible] when his soul went forth from the body and the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold, and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form, and said,—'Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine—Jesus hath redeemed it.'

From the New Orleans Picayune.

SERMON BY A COLORED LADY.

Miss Lee, the colored rival of Fanny Wright, to whose lectures in Philadelphia we alluded a day or two since, is now it seems in New York. She delivered a lecture there the other night, we presume, something in this wise:

My bredren and sistren.—Lights ob de stage! spirits ob *darkness* made *darker* on account ob color! genuses ob universal 'mancipashun! dar you ar! In dis distemple hab you 'sembled to hear de impractical piety of my lub, to listen to de great lectur dat I'm gwoin' to gib on de gross subject ob '*malgamation*—ob malgamation, I say, all round, (I'll tank dat colored gemman not to holler so loud, kase de ladies way dar in dat fur cornah cant hear me stinctly. In gibin you my pinions on dis all absorbin and disorganisin topic I does'nt wish to sult any ob your principles or fend any ob your prejudices—dat I does'nt; I merely wants to hab you arribe at de jale ob truf. Now, niggas—now, my deah friends. I hope you is'nt gwoin for git mad when I tells you dar is many heah what will neba reach de jale ob truf. Dars no such thing. 'Memba, niggas, its a strate but mighty narrer rode dat leads to truf, and up hill all the way. Now how you bandy leg'd and crooked niggas, how you 'spec to git up? You cant do dat. 'Spose you git up half way, and your feet slip, whar is you den? You's down, 'kase dere's no pose and rail fence. And you fat niggas, what chance you hab? You needn't tempt it, neder, kase you cant squeeze froo. So, I think its perfectly clar dar's no chance for none cept slim, straight niggas, like Massa Garrison, and I, and Massa Tappan and de like to get froo.

But to 'splain in de best manna de subject and my disabilities will allow. I kno dat I hab de prejudishes ob de whole cibilized and sensible world agin me, and it stands to reason dat I should. I know dat I hab a most outrageous undertakin and one dat is opposed by all who has reason and sense on dar side. Dars de habits of eduqnation, de organizashum ob society, de universal system ob belief and ebery ting else agin me, but den I'm histed up to fresh desertion by what I has to encounter—I soove myself wid be consolashum dat I'll meet the enemy and I'll be his. Notwidstandin many sider me a hysteric and tink dat I'se a tryin to undermine and blow up the ortodox system, still de benefit ob science, de lub ob de declaration of our dependence, and de universal mansipashum from the chains of ignorance and de foolish disquisitions ob our best frends demand dat my system should be seminated throughout de terresquial globe. And oh! my learners, may de light ob dis grate turf beam down upon you and melt your preconcerted notion ob tings, till de genii ob intelligence is triumphan! de adbersary is lebelled wid de dust, and the star ob cibilization is in de 'scendant.

I come now, niggas, to a pint I'se been aimin at eber since I begun dis discourse, and dat is de end. Afore you clar de church I wants to tell de he niggas who hober round while de serbice is gwoing on not to stan round de door, like white folks, and grin at de sisters wen dey cum out. Wat dey dar for? I rader spec some of you gals is looking at em wid eyes ob lub, dats wat I does. Now 'twont do. 'Twont do for he niggas to stan round de door while de lecture's gwoin on awaitin for de gals to come out, and wen dey do come bone up to em and go off wid em nobody knows whar. Dis ting is growin and growin and prewades among all of you. De oder night and sorry is I to say it, I saw Massa Tappan in very 'spicious circumstances. I suppose you'd like to know how I come to be in de way to know any ting about it. Well I can splain dat to your dissatisfaction at some oder opportunity.

Picayune.

There is a man in Kentucky so sharp-featured, that he cuts all his acquaintance.

Buffalonian.

We know an old maid who would make a good match for him. Her face is so sharp that she pares apples with it.

Picayune.

From the Boston Cultivator.

THE ROHAN POTATO.

The Rohan Potato takes is name from the Prince de Rohan of Geneva, in the vicinity of which city it was raised about the year 1830. The man who originated it was so choice of it, and regarded it so highly, that King William could not get him to part with a single tuber. He cultivated it in a little wallad enclosure—had them taken up only in his presence kept them under lock and key, and they were cooked and given to his [illegible] before his own eyes. No [illegible] having a splendid collection of Cacuses, and among them some kinds which the possessor of the potatoes took a great fancy to, he begged the Prince to give him some; but the Prince would only do this for some of the potatoes, money being no object. The amateur consented and gave him two potatoes, with a promise upon his honor that he would never send any of them to Holland, Belgium, England, Prussia or Germany.—By his fortunately not including France and Switzerland, the Prince was at liberty, without forfeiting his word, to send some to France, which he did, and from thence they were imported to this country in the spring of 1836. So much for their history, which is very singular.—The produce of this potatoe in Switzerland was so great that it would hardly be believed three potatoes weighed respectively 13lbs. 7 oz, 11lbs. 9 oz. and 9 lbs. 13 oz.

What I have now to state relates to their growth in this country. Mr Thompson of Catskill, N. Y. was the first who received any of those potatoes eight or ten of which cost forty five dollars.—Judge Buel after circulating the Rohan two seasons gives the following as his reasons for recommending them to the public.

First—Because their quality for the table will justify it. If not superior, they are good. The flesh is yellow, solid, and of good flavor.

Secondly—Because they admit of great economy in seed. Two eyes is a sufficiency (and many of the tubes have 30 or 40) to plant a hill, and three or four bushels to plant an acre of ground

Thirdly—Because they require comparatively little labor in harvesting, a man being able to dig thrice as many of them in a day as of ordinary kinds. The tubers are very large, 110 of the largest completely filling a flour barrel. 27 bushes were dug in our presence in one hour, the tops being previously pulled by one man, at moderate labor.

Fourthly—Because they yield an abundant crop—from 85 rods of ground were gathered 175 bushels, while the common kind did not give half a crop.

The experiments of other cultivators fully certify to the truth of Judge Buel's. The following are instances of their produce, the past dry season, when other kinds were in many instances, not worth digging.

Mr. Woodruff of Windsor, Conn. from about 20 potatoes weighing a fraction over a quarter of a pound each, raised twenty bushels and a half. The average of the most productive hills was 8 lbs. 10 oz, the largest single tuber weighed 2 lbs. 13 oz. Mr. W. spread the surface of the ground with barnyard manure and turned it in with a plough—furrowed 20 inches deep—covered the seed with four inches of earth.

Hon. William Clark, Jr. of Springfield, from one potatoe raised one bushel.

Mr. C. C. Nichols of Northampton from three pecks raised 18 bushels.

Mr. Roswell Hubbard of Hadley from 4 pounds obtained 1173 pounds. 293 produced to one planted.

One gentleman in the neighborhood of Catskill, from one and a half pounds raised ninety two and a half pounds, and another from one pound raised ninety three and a half pounds.

Mr. Heger of Oxford, Conn. from 13 oz. tubers, produced, in a dry loam, 144 lbs.

Many other similar experiments could be given, but we doubt not that these are ample enough to leave no doubts of their productiveness.

As to their value as a potatoe for the table, I do not think they have been fairly tried. Prince Rohan speaks of them as being extremely farinaceous, and if so, they must be a fine potatoe. The high price which they command will, for the present, prevent their merits being fully tested—as few who raise them are willing to eat them when they are so valuable. As soon as they are plentiful this will be decided One merit they possess which few other large potatoes do—and that is, the large tubers are not hollow.

In cultivation they require good land, deep ploughing and frequent hoings—to make them show their full character; in light soils, they produce a crop where the St. Helena and others have failed—The hills should be about four feet apart, and only two or three eyes planted in each. The stalks grow from six to eight feet high, and Prince Rohan states that he supported them on stakes; this however was only done to make them produce as much as possible. They should be planted very early, as they are a late variety, and should not be dug until late in autumn.

I would invite every farmer to try this potatoe, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will be found to be all that it has been recommended.

AGRICOLA.

GREAT SALE OF MULBERRIES.

The great auction sale of Morus Multicaulis Trees, on Saturday, was attended by such an immense concourse of purchasers, that the large room of Mr. William H. Franklin, the auctioneer, could not contain them: The trees were remarkably fine, and had just arrived from Mobile. They appeared to be of two [illegible] were but one year old. The [illegible] ed from $1 each tree for the largest size down to $1 75 for the smallest trees, which was the least price that any were sold for.

Public opinion seems to set decidedly in favor of trees of American growth, as they will yield about thrice as many young plants the ensuing season as the imported ones, besides which those that have arrived from abroad, are mostly in a ruined and decayed condition, and in fact, the last and only large importation is a mass of decay and rubbish, not worth the freight.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.

A Fair Retort.—One of the most learned and witty of a very talented bench of county judges, recently undertook to cheapen the price allowed by the board of supervisors to the sheriff for boarding the prisoners in jail. The worthy functionary declared that he could find those who would contract to board them at *seven shillings* a head per week and insisted that the price allowed should not therefore, exceed that paltry sum.—A bystander aptly remarked in reply, that he could easily find men who would fill the worthy judge's seat upon the bench *and do its duties as well as he did*, for fifty cents a day - ergo that compensation was amply sufficient for his judgship. The truth of the proposition were so apparent to the mind of his honor, that he did not feel disposed to press the matter further.

Buffalo Patriot.

Singular Case.—The Boston Post gives an account of Parmenus Huntoon, who was lately committed to the jail of Burlington, Vt., charged with robbing the Post Office at Essex. While in prison he swallowed a pill containing 120 grains of opium. The next morning he was found in a state of insensibility.

He continued in this state till the next Friday evening, a number of medical gentlemen exerting their whole skill to revive him in the interim, but to no purpose. At last one of them, A. Dr. Heineburg, by adopting a leaf from the practice of the renowned Sangrado, succeeded in restoring Huntoon to life. By using the warm bath, scarifier, and cupping glass, the Doctor was enabled to draw eighteen ounces of blood from the region of the cerebellum upon which the patient opened his eyes, rose up and called for water. He had been dead, to all intents and purposes, for four days, and when questioned on that subject said he recollected taking a pill of opium *last night*. He is now in a fair way to recover entirely from the effects of his potent dose.'

The Baltimore Sun notices the birth of a boy, a child of Mr. Asabel Somers, with no fewer than *three legs*. What a capital sub-treasurer he'll make!—*Picayune.*

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0525.jpg