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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A WET DAY AT A WINDOW.

BY A TRAVELLER.

I am lodged agreeably at Sanderson's hotel, over-looking from my western windows, the cemetery of Christ Church. The rain pours down with a steady monotony, and now and then, a leaf detached from the branch of the sycamore, nipped by the first frosts, falls sullen to the earth. A gentle fire of anthracite sparkles in the grate, and dissipates the chills of autumn. I had laid some volumes upon the table, as a provision against the melancholy of the weather but have turned my back upon Epicetus, to converse and interchange civilities with these 'speaking marbles' of the grave, which, in their blunt language, tells us that we are so much better than the philosophers—I forgot to say, that the unfeeling chairs, which stand formally and stiffly about the margin of the room, are enlivened by an agreeable gentleman a guest of the house, being seated upon one of them. He is my cicerone upon this occasion.

'This, sir, by the elm tree in front, is the grave of *Stephen Cullen Carpenter*, an ancient reporter to the House of Commons, in the days of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and other immortals. I have seen letters to him from Horace Walpole and Burke full of kindness and friendship. He could scarcely be an ordinary man who was the friend of either. In the vicissitudes of his fortune, he was thrown into the United States, where he established and carried to its fourth volume, the 'Mirror of Taste;' one of the best periodicals of the day. He edited also the Charleston Courier, and was for some time in the war office in Washington. He is now here! He had a heart framed in the prodigality of nature, an uncompromising Englishman, in the midst of republicans, loving and hating in excess. He had a keen eye and an acquiline nose—the entire expression and spirit of the eagle. All mute as the green turf that covers him! I thank thee heaven for our affections, the best part of our existence. I sit often here by the window, especially of a wet day, and look out upon the grave of Carpenter.

'The red breast loves to build and wabble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

'Here is one who did honor to his country as a patriot and physician. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and gave his eminent character to the Philadelphia Medical School of the University—it is Doctor RUSH. He had wit at will, a delightful style of writing and conversation. I knew him at the head of his class, where I often stole in, from no desire of medicine, but to listen to his eloquence, which was warmed by the contemplation of our future greatness and extacies of admiration at our new born liberty.

——— ——'Persuasion hung upon his lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about his flowering tongue.
Where are they now? Where the lifted arm.
The strength of action and the force of words.
The well'turn'd period, and the well-tuned verse.
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
———————As if they ne'er had been.'

No! his words yet dwell in the hearts of living men and his wisdom lives in the books of fame.

'Here, where the willow bends over the new grave, the rainy tears coursing along its gray trunk and drooping branches, lies another son of Esculapius—Doctor *Physick*.

'Great masters' of the healing art,
And mighty, mock defrauders of the tomb.
Spite of your jalepa'

'He was Rush's colleague in the University, and holds rank with the Coopers and Depuytrens. He received from a Virginia gentleman, the largest fee ever known to have been given to surgeon or physician, Astley Cooper's not accepted. One might fear, from a clause of his will, taking into view his means of information, that the practice of kidnapping the dead, extends higher into good society, than most persons suppose. His injunction was, to have his body watched by a strict guard for two months. I have seen a person, at the upper windows of this very house, sitting sentinel the long nights, to observe that the watchman might not sleep at his post, and the great dissector be dissected. Alas! how many of these marble castles are tenantless of their lords and ladies, which they vainly thought would have 'canopied their bones till doomsday.'—What a mockery among civilized man is the personal security. This we must seek in the catacombs of Oulsconsin. The guiltless Cromwells and inglorious Miltons, sleep there secure, at least of the sacrilege of the grave. In polite cities, they set you up Milton himself, as an anatomy in a doctor's cabinet. Nor is it enough to escape the resurrectionist and the doctor: one's memory may be insulted by a hackney, hungry-bitten scribbler, at a guinea a sheet, and sometimes a friend may blot it with a long, flat narrative, or a proser's rhyme.

'You see a mausoleum which rises higher than the rest—there towards the north. To me it is remarkable from many dear and private recollections. It is the burial place of THOMAS W. FRANCIS, formerly a merchant of note in this city, and a generous and high-spirited gentleman—I notice it only to relate you a story which asserts well enough, with the mistiness of the weather and our ghostly speculations. Once, in rising with the day, as was my custom twenty years ago, for a morning walk I dressed quietly, not to disturb the wife, who slept soundly; but she awoke suddenly, exclaiming in a fright, 'Oh dear, I dreamed Mr. Francis was dead!' and she went on relating the circumstances—the confusion, the distress of the family, the crowd, and finally, the funeral ceremony. 'I saw him buried in Christ churchyard; his two black servants, in crape, stood by the door of the mausoleum. Mrs. Francis went inside, I heard her sob, and fill the neighborhood with lamentations.' In half an hour I set out upon my walk, and met at the door an old gentleman who confirmed the awful annunciation of the dream; the event having occurred just half an hour before. I went on pondering upon the strangeness of the coincident, which, however, presented to me nothing supernatural. A few days after, passing by, I saw an immense crowd, with a funeral procession entering the northern gate, till they had filled up the interior and street outside. I entered with the rest.—I was struck dumb on seeing the two negroes in their crape by the mausoleum. A lady in deep black, descending into the tomb; I heard her cries. I asked whose burial it was, and some one answered, 'Thomas W. Francis!' I have the bump of 'marvellousness' remarkably small. I have read and heard so many lies in my life, and told so many in my younger days myself, that I have a strong inclination to scepticism and infidelity. I never had any belief in an immediate intercourse between ours and the spiritual world; I am willing to go before the mayor of Philadelphia, and swear to the truth of this story. I may add, that the dreaming lady lay under deep obligations of gratitude to the gentleman in question; but had no knowledge of his illness or anything which might lead to such revelations. Why, how meditatively you become! The tombs too, and monumental caves of death look colder and shoot a chilliness to the trembling heart! Shall I leave off.'

'No, no go on.'

Cast then your eyes upon that obscure corner to the northwest. Who is that with a coy and maiden modesty has retired thither to sleep alone? How humbly the marble slab rests upon the earth, hidden almost in the mantling grass; the mournful mint and night shade. It is the grave of one who has left the impress of his genious upon this and the last century; of one whose name is associated with human greatness in every region of civilized man, and stands upon the list of fame, abreast with Washington, an ornament not to America only, but to human nature—it is the grave of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Just before you are three Commodores; you can read them from your window; *Rogers, Bainbridge* and the other—phsaw! I will not introduce them here, to dim their lustre by the side of Franklin. The sun puts out the moon, and nevertheless the moon is beautiful. We Pennsylvanians, pride ourselves upon a tolerable share of the heroes of the country, and if they could have known how greatful would be those dear little creatures, who were yet unborn—their posterity—they would have preferred to be born in Pennsylvania rather than any place else. If it were not a wet day, I would descend with you among these tombs; we should discover, no doubt, many others, in plodding among the grass. 'Where is *Morris*, where *Rittenhouse, Fulton*, and the rest?

"Twenty years ago, there came over many Frenchmen, exiles after the disaster of Bonaparte; among others, a distinguished orator, Penier. On arriving here he asked to see the grave of Franklin, and after much inquiry, I was enabled to gratify his wishes. We procured the key, and entered there by the west, with the sexton, who led us toward this north-west corner. The Frenchman looked about among these heavier piles, which cover insignificant individuals, and like myself, was, no doubt, selecting the most magnificent, when suddenly we came upon this lowly mansion, its marble slab, blackened by time, reposing horizontally, and not higher than the ground, with its simple inscription: "Benjamin Franklin and Deborah his wife." The French orator was struck for a moment motionless, but recovered, he knelt, his hands clasped upon the marble: "illustrious man!" he exclaimed, "no other monument was needed to perpetuate thy name; it is written upon the pages of immortality. Happy thy fellow-citizens, and worthy thy great example, if from the innocency of their morals, craving not the incitements of emulation, they have left thee without the honors of the grave. But alas! what discouragement to virtue; what a blight upon our hopes of the perfectability of human nature, should it be from ingratitude, thy mortal remains are consigned to the undistinguishable and oblivious dust!" This is all I recollect of his pathetic invocation.

I have now given you an account of my morning. Travellers have described often the gloominess of a solitary wet day in a strange land. Now here is a city as wet as can be, with the addition of a grave-yard, and thick mist, and silence resting on it as a weary cloud, & a stranger a thousand leagues from his native home. Yet the morning has passed with winged speed, leaving no impression of ennui or sadness. When the east winds return, I will seek my number twenty-four, and renew my conversations with the grave.

I am delighted with your Philadelphia, which may induce me to remain here longer than I had intended, and I am pleased with my lodgings.

From the U. S. Gazette.

Piscataway, Prince George County, Maryland.

TO MY ARM CHAIR.

Dearly Beloved—Almost every person that has visited the city of Washington has felt called upon to describe the MAGNIFICENT capitol, and the beautiful grounds by which it is enclosed—the President's mansion—the Department buildings—the rectangular streets, and the subsending avenues. Wherefore, then, should I fill a corner or a page of my letter, upon what might be as familiar to thee as Congressional debates?

I and mine accepted the invitation of a friend to visit Georgetown heigh's—that is, the city of Georgetown, adjoining Washington—for all that city is heights and depths, hill and vale. Let the need be said of the dwellings or the dwellers—inasmuch as the former 'are of age and can speak for themselves'—and the latter might not thank a stranger for meddling with their persons.

The first object of my attention was the College. We arrived between 12 and 1 o'clock, P. M. and on entering the gates, the first objects that arrested our attention were groups of students—one set playing ball with a most hearty devotion with a sort of premature dignity, that seemed to indicate no diminution of love for the sport, but a newly acquired doubt of its propriety in them—doubts which evidently diminished with every skilful blow of the players—and from being 'men lookers-on' in the game, one by one they dropped into the sport, shared its duties, and participated in its pleasures—and I thought the better of them for it.

Another group had assembled round a dealer in ice-creams, and seemed to be driving a brisk trade with that vender of perishable sweets.

The court into which we had driven was between the two extensive buildings of the college; and standing or sitting at the hall door of the southern building, were the gentlemen composing nearly the whole faculty of the institution, overlooking the sports and negotiations of the students, and looking back upon times when 'we once could' play better than they.'

There was a scholastic dignity and propriety in the appearance of the professors, that naturally arrested the attention of one who, as you know, laments that in divesting learning of a portion of the rust which time imparts, there has been a sacrifice of a portion of the material—and in removing something of the superfluities of the learned, there has been a loss of what will be found essentials.—The long black tunics or cassocks, and the priestly caps belonging to the professors of the society of Jesus, are eminently suited to the halls of learning, and gave an air of quiet dignity and Collegiate *appropriateness*, which certainly do not belong to the swallow-tailed coat and round hat to which fashion, or a dangerous disregard of outward influence, have condemned the professors of most of our modern seminaries. Let those who regard colleges in a higher light than the mere dispensers of *gerunds*, & of sines, and of co-efficients, consider the danger of removing the objects which produce salutary influences upon the minds of the young, and connect with their studies impressions of solemnity and *consequence*. Nor ought we to overlook the effect of these *habits* upon the *customs* of their wearers. I mean no disrespect to the *principles* of the estimable Society of Friends—principles which not only influence its members to great and permanent good, but which also operate in society at large, to meliorate manners and strengthen morals—yet these *principles* are not *all* that the founders of the sect trusted to—at least they are not all that the Society has proved beneficial. The very dress which *seems* to have been adopted to avoid effects, becomes now, by its peculiarity, the cause of great effects, and influences the *morals* of the *man*, by restraining the manners of the child the latter is exempted by his dress from many occasions of error, or reminded thereby of his special obligations, while the former is strengthened by habits thus acquired—learns to consider his dress not the means so much as the symbols of that propriety of deportment which becomes his connexion, and a pledge to the world of his attachment to the purity and requirements of his creed. Believe me, my dear chair, that nothing has been gained by the *excessive* moderation of the moderns. The bench has lost a portion of its dignity—the pulpit a part of its *seperate* sanctity—the schools much of their moral influence, by the nudity to which they have been subjected—and thou, friend of my solitary hours, what would be thy standing were the hand of improvement to strip off thy externals, scatter thy hangings, and leave thy arms and back as unadorned as the persons of modern *proffessors*. Alas! mirth would fill up its dimple, and sentiment dry its tear—for neither pun nor pathos would come from thy bare backed inspirations—What an episode!

No sooner had we alighted than the venerable President of the College came to give to us the welcome of courtesy, and do the honors of the place.

The northern building contained recitation rooms, cabinets, the extensive dormitories, a shrine of the virgin, an altar, and a most valuable library of ancient and modern literature—the former seemed to me specially deserving of attention. From one of the upper windows of the building I looked down upon the kitchen garden, the laundry and vineyard of the college. The lands of this institution are extensive, nearly an hundred acres, and all wonderfully disposed in hill and valley, 'mutum or fresh shade,' and all in the highest state of cultivation. The vineyard yielded about five hundred gallons of wine, and the cabbage garden an incomputable number of that valued esculent, of which, for private reasons, I make special mention.

The other extensive building had its uses, beside that of chambers for the professors. The upper room was devoted to collective studies that is, it is the general school room—below was the extensive chapel, with three altars, & an organ, and below that was the refectory, (we had experimental understanding of the uses of this apartment)—below *this* was the kitchen, a place of no common occupation, since it supplied food for nearly two hundred mouths. The gardens here are richly supplied with indigenous and that can please and gratify in that department. We noticed that while the professors receive that respect in *their* places which was due to these places and themselves they required nothing to themselves—*per se*.

When we entered the court yard, we were struck with certain sounds which seemed most unearthly to us, who love this earth and its creatures. They were prolonged with all the horrors of discord, nor could we tell what ungreased wagon wheel was thus unceasingly turned, and it was not until entering a narrow passage in the college building, that we discovered the cause. Two lads were occupying their hour of noon by blowing discord upon two clarionets. We looked at the presence of the President should silence them for a time—his tall, venerable figure cast a shadow, indeed, upon the note book before them, but not upon their spirits. The contracted cheks of one that was sucking up a high note, and the distended face of the other that was blowing out a full tenor, never vexed a muscle for President, ladies, nor an Editor—on they went at full screech and we danced up stairs as if a tarantula had bitten our heels. The President evidently had no ear for music, or so he thought that such hands had nothing to do with such an ear.

Of the rich contents of the library—of the magnificent prospects from the windows of the College—of the urbane attention of the learned and humble President—with the particulars of a slight discussion in which I entered, I will confer with thee in private. Meantime let me add, that having taken leave of our courteous guide, we proceeded to the *monastery* all having made a pretty thorough examination of that institution, its interior arrangements may constitute the theme of the next epistle from

THE EDITOR.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

FUN ON BOARD A STEAM BOAT.

PLAYING A STRONG GAME WITH A POKER PLAYER.

Nothing since a gambler had a game played upon him by the deck hands and firemen on board one of our Western steamers—a game even stronger than that played by our Second Municipality on the class of the community in New Orleans.

It seems that he had made out to strike up a 'sell game' of poker with some of the deck hands, and that, by dint of shearing, putting the cards, and other tricks known only to those up to, and who make living by, 'handling the papers,' he had transferred nearly all the surplus revenue from their pockets into his own. He cut and shuffled to all appearance fair some time, but was finally caught at a trick which at once led the honest steamboat men into the secret of 'how the thing was done,' and proved that they had lost their money by any other than 'a clean thing.'

The game, as a matter of course, was blocked at once, and a demonstration immediately made, that the gambler should fork over his illgotten gains. This he flatly refused to do—said that he had won the money fair, and that he was very clear of parting with what he had come honestly by. They still persisted, and he still refused.

The boat at length stopped to wood when the men finding it useless to attempt regaining their money by fair means resorted to a plan which the gambler undoubtedly thought foul. Having gained the consent of the engineer to use the engine for a short time, they forthwith put a plan in execution—a plan rather bordering on that code of laws generally known as coming under the especial jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

They in the first place made an end of a rope fast round the neck of the wondering gambler, while the other was tied to the end of the piston rod, allowing him only two or three feet of slack—They told him that unless he shelled out their money instantly they would work the engine, and at the same time that they were not responsible for any injuries he might sustain. Loth to give up his gains, the fellow cast one look at the new system of extortion, coolly calculated his chances and then told them 'they might work away and be d——d.'

No sooner said than done: and the gambler was immediately seen first chasing the piston rod upon all fours, and then backing out of its way. His eye all the time was as firmly set upon the rod as ever that of Her Cline or Gabriel Ravel was upon the tight rope. After working forward and back several times, one of his tormentors asked him,

'Dont you think it best to hand over?'

'Dont bother me,' retorted the gambler.

'You'll get sick of that fun,' said another of the boatsmen, as he was following the piston rod up in the attitude of a bear.

'Not as you knows on,' rejoined the gambler, as he backed out of its way.

In this way they ran upon the poor fellow for some time, he still manifested an unwillingness to give up the spoils. By this time all the cabin passengers had heard of the fun going on below, and went to witness it. After a few moments respite, the engine was again set in motion, and the gambler along with it. The [illegible] was bolder and hearty in the extreme, as the poor fellow, intent upon nothing but his own safety, followed the piston rod up to prevent his neck being jerked off, and then backed out of its way to avoid being fairly ran over and crushed. We can liken his looks and actions to nothing save an old bear being dragged up to some point against his will and backing out the moment a foot of slack was given him; or else to a savage and hungry bull dog with a rope round his neck, fiercely endeavoring to get at some prey and then being dragged back the moment his mouth was opened to secure it.

'Fire, and fall back,' was heard from an individual in the crowd.

'Root hog, or die,' came from another.

'Twig him—only look!" says one.

'Here he goes, there he goes,' said a second.

'Ha ha, he he, hi hi, ho ho," laughed another.

'Aint he in a pretty fix,' cried still a third.

'Serves him right, says a fourth.

'Good enough for him, said a fifth, the piston rod all the while keeping him in full exercise, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks in streams.

'Aint you most ready to hand over now?' said one of the plucked deck hands.

'Don't bother me, I say,' retorted the gambler,' 'If you do, I'll lose my luck.'

'Won't you give up the money!' said another of those whom he had fleeced.

'If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm d——,' continued the companion of the rod—'I've got the hang of this game—understand the principles of this machinery now and you may work me from one end of the Mississippi to the other before I'll give up the first red cent—that you may.

The gambler was worked in this way until the boat was ready to start, without flinching or showing any disposition to give up. Considering that they had got the worth of their money out of him in the shape of fun, and that he had worked hard and afforded sufficient amusement to more than compensate for their odds and pickayunes, the engine was stopped and the man let loose.

After puffing, blowing, and wiping the perspiration from his face, the gambler looked at his tormentors with a self-satisfied air, and exclaimed 'You can't come it over this child with any of your common games. I've stood three pluck once too often to be bluffed off even if there was forty against me. Any time you want to get up another game, and there's any thing to be made by it, I'm your man.'

The boat was soon under way and all hands adjourned to their respective callings.

LYING TAUGHT TO CHILDREN.

A spirited writer in Annals of education specifies several ways, in which the art of lying is taught. It is taught in families and in schools. Lies are told to children by hundreds and thousands, long before they can speak. This may be done by looks and actions as well as by words. All deception, in the view of the writer, is lying. And undoubtedly he is correct. How much lying then there must be in the world.

We will give two or three examples illustrative of the ways in which lies are told to children, and by which they are taught to lie.

'You have something on your table or about your person, which your child manifests a desire to obtain. You tell him it is not fit for him, or attempt to conceal it. How long will it be ere he will begin to conceal from you something which is convenient for him to yield?—And when he has reached this stage of lying how long will it be before he will take another degree in the same craft, and attempt to deceive you in words?—It is but a step from the lie in countenance to the lie in action; and but another step from the lie in action to the lie in word or in deed.'

Take another example. 'The child is ill: We wish him to take nauseous medicine. He is assured that it is agreeable to his taste. We sip a little, and assume a cheerful appearance and countenance. But he soon learns that he has been deceived; and how long will it be before he loses all confidence in our veracity; and not only so, but is encouraged to repeat, in his way and sphere, our own unhappy example?

As a child grows older, and becomes more acquainted with society, especially that part of society which ought to be known to him most favorably, does he find a more strict adherance to truth in those around him? Rather does not everything in this respect, wax worse? Does he not find falsehood current every where, and on almost all occasions?'

'Parents, brothers and sisters smile and look kindly to visitors, and urge them to stay longer, or call again soon; with a thousand of the like assurances of friendship; and yet how common is it, as soon as they are out of hearing, not only to criticise their character and manners, but to show by our looks and actions, if we do not say it in words, that we are glad they are gone.' Of lying, by saying 'not at home,' when we are so, and requiring children or domestics to say the same, it is scarcely necessary that we should speak; so obviously evil are its consequences.'

These examples might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. They will prove sufficient, however, for our purpose, if they awaken the attention of our readers to this subject, so that they see how wide spread is the sin of lying; practised in ten thousand ways daily, both by parents and children. The evil is alarming and should be checked. Parents and all who have charge and instruction of children should see to it, that they deceive not, either by word or actions. Children are imitators, and are naturally more disposed to imitate a bad example than a good one.

From the United States Gazette.

MULBERRIES AND SILK.

The remark is frequently made by persons not engaged in this interesting business, that every body is raising trees, but few or none are raising silk. Such remarks can only proceed from ignorance of what is really the condition of the silk business among us; and while great pains have been taken to inflame the public mind respecting the Multicaulis, none whatever, or comparatively very little, have been taken to diffuse information as to the progress of the culture of Silk. Hence the remark above named being so general. But there are facts in existence, strong enough to satisfy the public mind, if candidly stated, that the raising of silk is going on as rapidly as the nature of the business will admit, and as the most sanguine could possibly desire. These facts are well known to those interested in the business, and may be briefly stated. Ten cocooneries have been built (within the writer's knowledge) within a year past, in the neighborhood of this city, some of them large enough to feed two millions of worms, and others are in contemplation. One establishment near Philadelphia raised near 700 ounces of eggs last season, which sold last fall at $10 per ounce, and the balance which remained on hand this spring sold readily at from $20 to $25 per ounce, and the demand was active enough to have absorbed three times the quantity. The whole cost of producing this 700 ounces, did not exceed $1200, while they sold for not less than $12,000. All these eggs were purchased for actual feeding, and have been distributed throughout the country, there to be propagated, and to add fresh stimulous to the business.—Besides these, many hundred ounces have been imported from France, and have met with ready sale at $20 per ounce, even when purchased in quantities amounting to $1000 at a time. The article is in so great demand; that holders consider it no object to abate the price to secure a large sale. Still there is a scarcity of eggs, and the demand of this spring cannot be supplied. It is doubted whether the supply produced in 1839, from domestic increase and foreign importations united, will be sufficient to meet the demand for 1840. It is believed that not less than twenty millions of worms will be fed on the Multicaulis this

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