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."

VOL. XXV. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1842. NO. 28.

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.

From the New York Evening Post.

A FASHIONABLE PARTY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Miss Monckton, who gave the party described in the following extracts from Miss Burney's interesting Diary, afterwards became the Countess of Cork, and died, at a very advanced age, about two years ago.

"Miss Monckton is between twenty and thirty, very short very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak of all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, looking in a mirror. * * * Now for Miss Monckton's assembly. I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my extrance. Miss Thrale came also. Every thing was in a new style? We got out of the coach into a lobby full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went up stairs, and when we arrived at the door; stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could be sure we were going into the right appartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door.—This being done, we entered a room full of tea-things and one maid servant! 'Well,' cried Mrs. Thrale laughing, 'what is to be done now? I suppose we have come so early that nothing is ready.' The maid stared, but said, 'there's company in the next room.' Then we considered again how to make ourselves known, and then Mrs Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She, therefore, opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no courtsey, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went Intle I wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us. Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent.

There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her, made compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.—Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarcely more laborous; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round to nod it, and say 'How do you do? after which they found what accommodations they could for themselves. As soon, however as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her usual custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and, very politely, thanked me for coming, and said, "I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you.' 'No indeed you did me much honor,' quoth I. She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. * * Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed, 'My whole care is to prevent a circle,' and, hastly rising she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see. The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected.

'Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation took place between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen. 'How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House, are you? I can't bear a sacque.' 'Why, I thought you said you should always wear them as many people do. 'Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed, said the other 'you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles.' * * Mr. Burke went to some other party, and Mr. Swinnerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects: and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Metcalfe, who, with much satire, but much entertainment kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me. Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours? So' said he to Mr. Metcalf, 'it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?' 'He's jealous,' said Mr. Metcalf, dryly. 'How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons,' said the Doctor. 'I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear—when, from one corner to another, they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons, till, at last, wearied out, I went into yonder corner and reapeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney!' 'Ay, sir,' said Mr. Metcalf, 'you should have carved it into the trees.' 'Sir, had there been any trees, so I should: but, being none I was content to carve it in my heart,' Soon after they parted again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and, leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs put her little round head through two fine, high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place.—Ha, ha! Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson 'sit in a group, upon which she immediately said to him. 'Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle.'

'Does she?' said he, laughing: 'ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is the writer of romances?'—Yes that I do indeed,' said Miss Monckton, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horrible out of countenance. 'She may write romances and speak truth,' said my dear sir Joshua, who, as well as young Burke and Mr. Metcalf,' and two strangers, joined now in our little party.—'But Indeed, *Dr. Johnson*,' said Miss Monckton, 'you *must* see Mrs. Siddons. Wont you see her in some fine part?' Why, if I *must*, madam, I have no choice.' She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you.' 'Madam that can not be true.' 'Not true,' cried Miss Monckton, staring,—yes, it is.' 'It *can not* be madam. 'But she said so to me I heard her say it myself.' Madam, it is not *possible*! remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability' Miss Monckton looked all amazement, and insisted upon the truth of what she had said. 'I do not believe madam.' said he, warmly, 'she knows my name.' 'Oh, that is rating her too low,' said a gentlemen stranger. 'By not knowing my name, continued he, 'I do not mean so literally: but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before.'—'Well, sir,' said Miss Monckton, 'but you must see her for all this.' 'Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go.—See her I shall not, nor hear her, but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play I was ordered there by Mrs. Abington, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who; but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to show, that, when I was called, I came.' I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing, as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers. At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back for, she said, I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away. When I returned Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home: I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying, 'Why, I am old enough, an't I?' And, when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson, Sir is not this very hard?' Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home! She says, I an't old enough. I had never said any such thing. Ay, sir,' said the doctor, 'did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"

Curious Delusion of the Aboriginies of Australia.—A sort of procession came up, headed by two women, down whose cheeks tears were streaming. The eldest of these came up to me, and, looking for a moment at me, said, "Gwa, gwa, bundo ,oal," "yes, 'yes, in truth it is him;" and then throwing her arms around me cried bitterly; her head resting upon her breast; and, although I was perfectly ignorant of what her meaning was, from mere motives of compassion I offered no resistance to her caresses, however disagreeable they might be, for she was old; ugly, and filthily dirty; the other younger one knelt at my feet, also crying. At last the old lady, emboldened by my submission, deliberately kissed me on the cheek, just in the manner a French woman would have done; she then cried a little more, and, at length, relieving me assured me I was the ghost of her son, who had some time before been killed by a spear wound in his breast. The younger female was my sister; but she, whether from motives of delicacy, or from any imagined backwardness on my part, did not think proper to kiss me. My new mother expressed almost as much delight at my return to my family as my real mother would have done, had I been unexpectedly restored to her. As soon as she left me, my brothers and my father (the old man who had previously been so frightened) came up and embraced me after their manner, that is, they threw their arms round my waist, placed their right knee against my right knee, and their breast against my breast, holding me in this way for several minutes: During the time which the ceremony lasted, I according to the native custom presented a grave and mournful expression of countenance. This belief, that white people are souls of departed blacks, is by no means an uncommon superstition amongst them; they themselves never having an idea of quitting their own land, cannot imagine others doing it, thus when they see white people suddenly appear in their country, and settling themselves down in particular spots, they imagine they must have formed an attachment for this land in some other state of existence; and hence conclude the settlers were at one period black men, and their own relations. Likenesses, either real or imagined, complete the delusion; and from the manner of the old woman I have just alluded to, from her many tears, and from her warm caresses, I feel firmly convinced, that she really believed I was her son whose first thought, upon his return to earth, had been to revisit his old mother, and bring her a present. I will go still farther, and say, that although I did not encourage this illusion, I had not the heart to try to undeceive the old creature, and to dispel her dream of happiness.—[Grey's Journal of two Expeditions in Northwest and Western Australia.

The following extract of a letter from the Island of Barbadoes, is copied from the Baltimore Clipper:

"The Island of Barbadoes is almost a garden: much the largest portion of it is cultivated; the roads too, (which is uncommon) are most excellent, but from their chalky substance, are most injurious to the sight. Since the emancipation of the slaves, there has been a great change, however, both in the cultivation of the soil, and in the financial arrangements of nearly all in the Island.—While the compensation money allowed them by England held out, naturally indolent and careless, each vied with his neighbor in extravagance and splendor; but when, after a short period there was nothing received from their former sources of remuneration—when there were no more dollars received from the labor of the slave; the mass of the inhabitants perceived their true position, which was in truth, comparative poverty: totally unaccustomed to labor of almost any description, they knew not what to do, and yet were most unwilling to resign their former ease and pride of wealth. If ever pride had a fall, this is the spot on which she stumbled. Shop-keeping was resorted to generally, by the most wary;—so was it by the manumitted slave, who soon found himself somewhat on an equality in this respect, with his former owner—until there are almost as many sellers as purchasers. When I was here in 1835, it was rare indeed to find a colored person engaged in trade; now it is difficult to find a street in which more than one-half the shops are not occupied by this class. The laborers (as they are now termed) on the estates, are much in the same state as they were previous to their emancipation; the only difference being, that they have the privilege of a choice of masters or employers, and the master is forced to render them comfortable while on his estate, else he cannot procure 'help.' The pay of a laborer is 25 cents per day, and is more than adequate to their support; and if they would be at all industrious they might save money; those who have attained the *dignity* of keeping shop, have done so by economy generally. They rarely eat more than one meal per day, which is after the fatigues of labor have been ended. Sweet potatoes and salt codfish or, when in season, flying fish, which are very nutritious, are the common food. When plentiful, the flying fish can be purchased 12 for a cent!

From the Cultivator.

POTATOES.

MESSRS. GAYLORD & TUCKER—You no doubt recollect the experiment I submitted to you through the Cultivator and Farmer, volume 2, number 4, with the Mercer, Yam and Rohan potatoes. My sole object then was to show that the Mercers and Yams were as productive as the Rohans. In planting the same kinds again, giving them all an equal chance, I find the Yams far superior to any I have ever raised, not excepting the Mercers, though I have always been very partial to the latter, and considered them the best for culinary purposes and for feed; but I find by an experiment last year, that the Yams are far superior on several accounts. 1st. They out yield all other kinds I have ever raised; they are very seldom hollow or pithy, as, according to my experience, the Mercers are very apt to be. 2d. They are a much firmer potatoe, and will keep better through the summer than any I ever had.

I will now give you my experiment last summer, which I consider a pretty fair one, if we make allowance for the unfavorable season for the potatoe crop—The land was a clover sward, ploughed in the fall, and manured the next spring at the rate of about twelve wagon loads to the acre. My seed potatoes were all cut and calculated to have but one eye on a piece. I planted three pieces in a hill. The ground was all nearly alike, except about half an acre in one corner that was wet, which I made no account of. In the first place, I planted twelve rows of Mercers. One way they were about three feet apart, and the other way about fifteen inches apart, as near as I could get them. We plowed them through only one way. There were about two hundred and twelve hills in the rows one way. Next, I planted six rows of Yams, and next to them twelve rows of Black potatoes and next to them six rows of Rohans, and next to them I planted a variety of kinds mixed together, such as Door Yards, English Whites, Kidneys and Pinkeyes. They were all tended alike, and I saw no reason why one kind should be better than another, unless the difference might be in the different kinds of seed. When I dug them, I found the result as follows: The Mercers gave, on an average, one bushel from eleven to thirteen hills; the Yams, a bushel from eight to ten hills; the Black potatoes, a bushel from thirteen to sixteen hills; the Rohans, a bushel from twelve to fourteen hills; the other mixed kind, it took about sixteen or eighteen hills to make a bushel on an average. Thus you see a large balance in favor of the Yams Some may ask why I did not plant as many rows of Rohan and Yams as I did of other kinds? In answer to that, I would say in the first place, I had not seed enough of the Yams. All the seed I had of them I raised from twelve potatoes the year before; and in relation to the Rohans, I planted no more of them, because I considered them inferior to some of the other kinds on several accounts

The Yams are a new kind of potatoe to me. I have raised them only two years I know nothing respecting their origin. A friend of mine gave me twelve of them in the spring of 1840. The result you have in the above named number. I believe he got the seed in the city of New York, though I am not certain. *He* told me they yielded excellently with him, and he extolled them very much.

As the Cultivator opens the way for the introduction of new articles into the agricultural line, I beg to avail myself of its agency for this object. An objection may be raised against the color, which is externally of a beautiful purple, with a bout two thirds of the inside answering to the exterior, which is no less esculent than the whiter portion. When cooked, they are very dry and mealy, and when 'mashed,' nearly answer to white, though rather of a purple cast, and are not surpassed by any other kinds I have eaten. One thing I had like to have forgot to mention. They are almost worth cultivation for the beautiful flowers they produce; the tops and flowers being different from any I ever saw. I think they deserve the attention of agriculturalists in every part of the Union.

I shall have fifty bushels or upward enengaged, which I shall dispose of as they shall be called for, on the opening of the spring navigation. I shall be pleased to forward you, gentlemen, a box containing a sample of the Yams for your inspection.

SOLON SMITH.

Fallsburgh, N. Y. March, 1842.

TO WASH WOOLLEN GOODS.—

The art of washing woollen goods so as to prevent them from shrinking is one of the desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded; and it is, therefore, with a satisfaction we explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woollen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and, as soon as the article is cleansed, immerse it in cold water; let it then be hung up to dry.—*Nashville Agriculturists.*

COTTON IN INDIA.

We learn from the Nashville Whig, that the Natchez Courier contains extracts from a letter of Mr. Thos. J. Finnie, who, about two years ago, in company with three other Mississippians, embarked for India, for the purpose of engaging in the cultivation of cotton. He is settled it appears, on the banks of the Jumna, a branch of the Ganges, and has the control of a tract of land containing 5,600 acres, with a village of two thousand inhabitants. He says he is just as sure of making cotton there as on the banks of the Mississippi. Labor is so cheap that cotton may be produced at half the cost of its production in the United States.—The wages of a laboring man is $1 62 cents per month, he furnishing his own subsistence. With the advantages of a favorable soil and climate, and low wages what is to prevent India from becoming a formidable rival to American cotton in the European market? Mr. Finnie is so well convinced of what can be done, that he intends to plant five hundred acres in cotton on his own responsibility.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.—

The last English papers contain notices and surmises of the health of Louis Philippe. The following is from the London Morning Herald of the 4th inst.

"The rumors" writes a well-informed correspondent from Paris, "which have lately gained currency in London, as to the failing health of Louis Philippe, are I regret to learn, not without foundation.

"In spite of an appearance of strength, his Majesty the King of the French has for some time past been a great sufferer, and his ailment has become a source of uneasiness to his deeply-attached and devoted consort and his affectionate family. At a recent consultation of physicians the features of his Majesty's disorder, as well as general health, were narrowly examined. The conclusions arrived at by the distinguished members of the faculty present was, that the disease was dropsy I make this statement on ample authority. His Majesty's life may not be in any immediate danger, but the complaint has become painful and serious.

"The visit of the younger princes to London is postponed for the present, not from political causes, but owing to the state of health of their royal parent."

AN EX-EDITOR.

MAJOR BENJAMIN RUSSELL.—or, Major Ben, as the old gentleman is familiarly styled by his more intimate friends—although four score years of age, is apparently about as hardy & vigorous, both in mind and in body, as when he took up arms in defence of his country during the war of the Revolution, or when he wielded the pen with such ability and power in offensive skirmishes with his political antagonists. On all public days and occasions—either national or municipal—the Major rises with the lark, and acts well his part. Friday last, being the anniversary of the most glorious of Freedom's battles, Major Russell made a pilgrimage to those heights where he stood sixty-seven years ago. But, alas; he saw not on that consecrated battle-ground a single familiar face! The magnificent prospect, which he viewed from the summit of the Monument, of his good old city and its harbor and adjacent villages, that had since that memorable day so advanced in wealth and greatness, dissipated the sensation of loneliness that at first pervaded his mind.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

We copy the following paragraph from the London Shipping Gazette, June 2nd—under the head of Portsmouth:

The Winchester, 50, Captain Charles Eden, with the flag of Rear Admiral the Hon. Joceline Percy, will go out of harbour to-morrow morning; but it is doubtful whether she will leave Spithead for some days, as it is supposed, unless the government has received information from New York, by the Caledonia, to guide it in giving the necessary instructions to the gallant admiral about to assume the command at the Cape of Good Hope, as to what course he is to adopt with respect to searching vessels hoisting the American flag, that she will be detained until the arrival of the next despatches from America.

A letter from Washington to the Philadelphia U. S Gazette says—"Mr. Van Buren, you know, lately visited Col. R. M. Johnson—that was the real object of his whole journey. In his peculiarly bland and winning way he said to the old soldier: "You and I, Colonel, can of course have no collision or bad feeling; we will not oppose each other, but leave it to our masters, the people, to say who shall be the candidate of the party."—"Oh no," replied the wary Colonel; "we shall not of course, be in each others way; we cannot, since you wrote to the people of Missouri that you should not again be a candidate." For once the little Magician met with his match at his own game."

A TIPPECANOE BEAUTY.—We yesterday says the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 22d ult., saw a letter from Dayton, Ohio, from which the following is an extract:

"Mr. Van Buren remained here only one day. In the evening he visited the house of a prominent Loco Foco. Many ladies were present. One of them, on being presented, took the liberty of kissing the Ex-President. He remarked that such an act, he supposed, should be regarded as a signal to him to kiss all the girls, which he proceeded to do forthwith. On approaching one of them, however, a beautiful creature, she very archly and significantly drew back, and said—"No, no, Matty—I have sung too many Tippecanoe songs. The experiment must stop here." This ended the kissing business for the evening."

PHILADELPHIA.—A letter from that city to the National Intelligencer says:

"I cannot picture to you the lamentable inertness which marks all bussiness. People are idle by thousands, and all kinds of property, from a yard of tape to a square of houses, is depressed from thirty to fifty or sixty per cent. below the prices of last year. Rents in particular are falling daily. I know of houses which are now offered for the ground rent and taxes. We look anxiously for some measure of relief from Congress. We have but one million of city bank paper afloat; we had not long ago twenty-three millions.—From such extremes, what but ruin can ensue? Local action will not cause any change. The evil is national and such must be the remedy."

A letter from New York in the Philadelphia Evening Journal says:

The Mayor, for several days past, has been secretly engaged in an investigation, which has resulted in the developement of some astounding malpractices by sundry police officers. Stolen goods, it seems, to the amount between 15 and $20,000, instead of being returned to the rightful owners, have been divided among certain subordinates of the police department, and the thieves and burglars, in many instances, allowed to escape.—Several of the Police Officers will be suspended and brought to trial on these charges.

VIRGINIA PUBLIC DEBT.—We copy the following from the Richmond Enquirer. We wish we could say of Maryland, what is here said of Virginia.

"We have already stated, and now repeat it emphatically, that the interest on the State debt has been thoroughly provided for. Provision has also been made for the punctual payment of the interest due in July, on the James River and Kanawha Company's Bonds; and negotiations are now going on for the sale of the loan of $250,000 of State stock with a reasonable prospect of very shortly realizing the means of redeeming a considerable portion of the bonds in the hands of Morrison & Co. As far as the credit of Virginia is concerned, we can say with truth *all's well.*"

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—The June number of this Magazine was received by us says the Baltimore Patriot several days ago, and we have availed ourselves of the time that has elapsed to peruse it. The contents are of various merit, some decidedly good, and others only passable, but the good so much preponderates that we are safe in pronouncing this number of the Magazine among the best yet issued Those who are familiar with the work, will understand that this is high praise. The opening article is an elaborate and highly finished essay on the "Greek and Roman Poets," which will be read with peculiar zest by the classic scholar, and be found interesting to the mere English reader. In the course of the essay a translation is given of Anacreon's "Reasons for drinking," and an all-sufficient answer made by the author of the essay. Those who are not teetollers will find all the reasons for drinking in these verses of the Greek as follows:

"The earth drinks up the genial rains,
Which deluge all her thirsty plains;
The lofty trees that pierce the sky
Drain up the earth and leave her dry;
Th' insatiate sea imbibes, each hour,
The welcome breeze that brings the shower;
The sun, whose fires so fiercely burn,
Absorbs the wave, and in her turn,
The modest moon enjoys, each night,
Large draughts of his celestial light:
Then, sapient sirs, pray tell me why,
If all things drink, why may not I?"

The TEETOLER will be highly pleased with the triumphant answer, and could Anacreon be brought back to earth, he would most likely become a Washingtonian after reading as follows:

'Tis true the earth drinks up the rain;
'Tis true the trees drain up the plain;
'Tis true the sea does quaff, each day,
The wanton airs that kiss its spray;
'Tis true the sun in Thetis' lap,
Reclines at e'en and takes a nap;
Then looking up from ocean's cave,
Doth tinge the moon with watery wave;
But yet they answer, one and all,
We WATER drink—thou ALCOHOL!"

We have no room for a more extended review of this admirable periodical, but we cannot close this notice without again warmly recommending it to those who desire a really valuable magazine.

Among the passengers which sailed from Boston on Thursday last, in the Cunard steamer for Liverpool was Major GEO. W. WHISTLER, late Engineer of the Massachusetts Western Railroad. Major W. goes out to fulfil the responsible appointment which has been conferred upon him by the Emperor of Russia, of superintending the construction of the great railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow. In giving up his office in the Massachusetts road he relinquished, we learn, a salary of $6000. His compensation in Russia is said to be three times that sum, besides liberal allowances otherwise.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0071.jpg