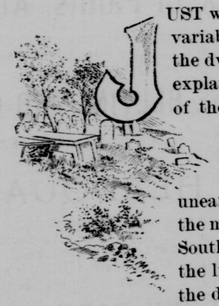
Land of Legendary Lore.



FROM this office there will soon be issued a book by the above title. It is written in flowing style, and portrays vividly the scenes in Talbot from its earliest settlement to the present day. There has been no work of the kind ever attempted before. It embraces biography, history, legends, manners, customs, and conduct of the people of Talbot. It is written by that man of many books, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, and will entertain every person who has ever known or heard of this part of Maryland. The chapters are numerous, nearly forty, and the illustrations are being made as rapidly as possible. The binding will be full cloth, library edition, handsomely engraved design on cover showing Wye House, the Lloyd Mansion, in the distance, the "c.nvas back," and Chesapeake Canoe in foreground. The book will be printed on handsome paper and may advance in price after publication. Cost of production already already warrants this assertion. The delay incident to getting out such a book is because of an endless amount of detail work in order that the book may not be slighted in the least degree. One of the most important requirements is "orders" and agents and solicitors are wanted. Liberal inducements made by writing to the publisher. Photographs of scenery, homes and historic places are also requested if sent immediately. Descriptive circulars sent on request. Specimen pictures are shown below.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD BURYING GROUNDS.



JUST why family graveyards were almost invariably placed in full sight of, and close to the dwelling house of the living is not easily explained. Some assert that it was a desire of the living to have their loved dead near them, while others say that in the olden time it was to protect the graves from Indian despoilation, or the bodies being unearthed by the wild animals. Whatever the motive the family burying grounds of the South are strangely near the habitation of the living. In many cases here in Talbot, the dead are inearthed close up to the mansion, or quite within a stone's throw of the broad piazzas upon which the families are wont to gather on summer evenings. These resting places of those who have gone before, under the eye of the living, seem a constant reminder that man's span of life was of short duration, and he, too, must soon go into the shadows of the Great Beyond.

In New England, and the Middle States the early settlers lived close together, the farms were not large, and a community had one burial place, there seldom being family burying grounds on a home estate. But in the South it was ever different and every plantation and farm, with rare exceptions, had its graveyard.

In Maryland, on the Eastern Shore and particularly in Talbot, these family burying grounds were a feature of every country home. Though there have been perhaps fewer changes here in Talbot of proprietorship of estates, so many remaining in the hands of descendants of the first American ancestors, yet there have a number changed ownership, and the bones of the dead went with the land, so to speak.

The change of owners meant also neglect of the burying ground on the estate; for new comers, unconnected by kindred ties with the dead, cared little, if anything, to keep the sacred spot in good condition; for death is sacred, and human ashes sanctify earth if anything does.

Talbot is dotted far and wide with these old family graveyards, a few in a fair state of preservation and well kept, yet most of them crumbling to decay, the brick walls a ruin, the gravestones time-worn, broken, moss-grown and even the inscriptions almost obliterated by the storms of many and many years. A few of these once respected sanctuaries of human ashes have even their history unwritten, while in places there are graves that are unknown entirely.

By a strange coincidence, however, one grave, standing alone and unmarked by a stone, many know of and recall its history. It is, however, marked by two trees, a large and small holly tree growing at the head and foot, and, *en passant*, I may remark that the holly grows to greater perfection and beauty in Talbot than any other place I ever knew. Many of them grow to the size of forest trees.

But to return to that lone grave. The one whose ashes rest there was a character, from all reports handed down of him. He was a hard drinker, or perhaps it would be as well to say an easy drinker, as he was fond of his glass at all times. He was also very fond of tobacco, smoking and chewing.

Dying, he did not wish to be deprived of either his rum or his tobacco, and doubtless having a respect for the Indian belief that one starting for the Happy Hunting Grounds should be well supplied, he left instructions that his coffin should be

Please cut this out and return it properly filled and signed or be kind enough to hand to a neighbor:

WILSON M. TYLOR, PUBLISHER, Easton, Md.

.....1898.

I hereby subscribe for.....copies of the book entitled **Land of Legendary Lore,** for which I agree to pay two dollars for each book after the same has been delivered, and upon inspection comes up to what was claimed for it in the advertisements—otherwise I disclaim this subscription.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This party is responsible and the signature here placed is genuine.

.....Witness.

.....Address.

Persons who have acquaintances at a distance, or who know of those interested in Talbot county are requested to send their names to the publisher on a postal, and he will be glad to mail to such parties circulars descriptive of the book. Remember the offer of $2.00 per volume is not guaranteed after the book is produced. A well known publisher of Philadelphia in looking at the prospectus of the book said that the same would be cheap at $4 and ought to command $3 in advance. Send in your orders in writing, verbal orders not considered.

WILSON M. TYLOR, PUBLISHER.

"We had heard much and seen nothing of the torpedoes the Yankees were using. Some one dived down and brought up the remains of Cushing's torpedo. It was of the size and shape of a three gallon oil can. Fifty pounds of giant powder had been packed in a round wood casing. About this was a covering of thin copper, so that a space occupied by air was at the butt of the torpedo. That was to make the torpedo float with the point downward when it was released from the torpedo boom. There was a point shaped like the business end of a candle. About this were a score of large percussion caps, each of which touched fulminating powder inside the copper covering. The torpedo was exploded on the same principal as the old-fashioned cap and powder gun. When Cushing pulled the lanyard the springs at the end of the torpedo boom were loosened, the deadly messenger started from the boom toward our ram, and striking its side with full force the caps went off and ignited the fulminating powder, which, exploded the giant powder.

"Chief Constructor Porter was notified the day following the explosion what had taken place. He sent experts to look over the wreck. They said the hulk was useless. Capt. Welch ordered the machinery to be destroyed, so that it might never be used by the enemy. Several barrels of powder were exploded there, and all that remained of the pride of the Confederate Navy, in that region at least, was blown to pieces and sunk in the Roanoke.

"In the summer of 1872—about two years before Cushing's death from brain fever—he was traveling for his health, and he went down the coast to Albemarle Sound. He was curious to see what remained of the old ram. He spent a day or two about Plymouth, and I chanced to meet him at Hampton Roads a few weeks later. I was resting there, and when Commander Cushing learned that I was one of the crew of the ram the night he blew up our prize craft, we became quite intimate during the week he remained at Hampton Roads. Cushing told me that he was not quite 22 years old when he performed the perilous feat of blowing up the Albemarle, and that he had a vote of thanks and a gold medal from Congress the very day he was 22. He told me that the torpedo he had used on our ram was one of six that had been made at Springfield, Mass., especially for destroying the Albemarle. The idea of blowing our ship up had been talked of by Admiral Porter and Commodore McComb in Angust and September, 1864, but there seemed not the least hope to perform the hazardous feat. When, however, the Albemarle had thrice gone down the Roanoke into Albemarle Sound and had sunk such gunboats as the Southfield and the Amboy, and knocked ugly holes in the stanch little Miami, it was realized that something desperate must be done very soon. Lieut. Cushing had successfully done remarkably daring things in 1861 and 1863 during the naval operations off the coast of Florida and on the Backwater in Wilmington harbor. He was called into consultation as to how the big threatening Albemarle might be made useless Think of the staid, dignified naval commanders consulting with a beardless Lieutenant.

"But Cushing was ready to embark upon any expedition that would smash the rebel ram. He apparently never took heed of the risk he ran. He loved excitement, and welcomed a chance to show his nerve. It is not generally known, but Commander Cushing told me that he made three unsuccessful attempts in the three weeks previous to the wrecking of the ram to accomplish that purpose. Once Cushing and a party of only five young men, each armed with a twenty-pound torpedo, tried to get through the swamps on the north bank of the Roanoke, opposite Plymouth, and then to the Albemarle at the wharf. But the rains had made the swamps impassable, and they found the shore alive with rebel sentries. Another time Cushing and a party tried to get around at the rear of Plymouth, intending, by a sudden advance down through the streets of that lazy old town some dark night, to discharge the torpedoes against the ram and then get away as best they could.

"By the last week of October Cushing was well nigh desperate, and he resolved to risk everything in blowing up the Albemarle. Commodore McComb gave him a launch, and Cushing went about his preparations for the expedition up the sound and river to the ram. When he went to get his volunteer crew of fifteen, he had more difficulty than he expected. He had to tell the men plainly that there was scarcely hope for any of them returning from the expedition and that he wanted as volunteers those sailors only who were prepared to die in the hazard and had no one dependent for support upon them. Commander Cushing told me that he never really recovered from the shock of the intense excitement of that historic night and explosion. He said that there were but four survivors, so far as he knew, of the expedition. Two of his men were killed in his launch just before the torpedo was fired, and there were about eight who were, no doubt, shot in the water by the musketry and howitzers. Had Cushing lived and had his health, he would, no doubt, have been an Admiral before he was 45—the youngest officer of that rank in the world. He was a thin, pale-faced and nervous man. One would never have picked him from an assemblage as the man of marvelous intrepidity that he was."

MODERN BATTLESHIP.

Electrician Dahlman Says It Is a Regular Bundle of Electric Nerves.

"The modern battleship," said Mr. W. E. Dahlman, a well known New York electrician, in Washington the other day, "is a regular bundle of electric nerves, through which circulates the current performing various offices for the comfort, safety and convenience of the crew. It lights the ship in every part; it brings up ammunition from the magazines; it helps to load the guns, and when they are loaded it fires them. It aids in steering the ship; by its agency the officer on the bridge directs the engineers and the man at the wheel; it sends torpedoes on their deadly errands, and it furnishes the power for the great searchlights by which signals are sent at night and by which the sea is patrolled.

"Our war with Spain will be largely a war of electrical machinery, and one of our great advantages lies in the fact that we are a nation of machinists, our specialty being in the domain of electricity. In that we excel the rest of the world, and our mastery of the subtle force will be one of the greatest factors in the struggle that will end in the humiliating defeat of the Spanish nation."
—Washington Post.

The Law of Blockade.

There are complexities in the law of blockade, but its essentials are simple enough.

A blockade must be proclaimed so that ships of all nationalities may be notified of its existence.

Ships already at sea when proclamation is made must upon arrest be notified and permitted to depart for some other than the blockaded port. Until such notice the ship is not liable to capture.

Ships so notified and all ships sailing after proclamation of blockade has been made are liable to capture upon attempting to pass the blockade.

In case of capture they and their cargoes are confiscate, but neither their officers nor seamen, if the ship carries a neutral flag, are subject to any other penalty. They are guilty of no crime.

No neutral nation is bound to respect any blockade till it has been made effective. If it is not so, neutrals resent and resist the seizure of their ships attempting to trade with "paper" blockaded ports.

Holmes' Record of the Civil War.

This is how Oliver Wendell Holmes recorded the outbreak of the civil war: "On Friday, the twelfth day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one, at half past four of the clock in the morning, a cannon was aimed and fired by the authority of South Carolina at the wall of a fortress belonging to the United States. Its ball carried with it the hatreds, the rages of thirty years, shaped and cooled in the mold of malignant deliberation. Its wad was the charter of our national existence. Its muzzle was pointed at the stone which bore the symbol of our national sovereignty. As the echoes of its thunder died away the telegraph clicked one word through every office of the land. That word was 'War!' "

A Mean Trick.

Not long ago The Iola (Mo.) Register published an article to the effect that in excavating for a cellar in that city a workman found an old tomahawk with the name of the famous Indian chief Loof Lirpa carved in the handle. After all the papers of the state had copied the item The Register asked them to spell the name of that chief backward.

There is a nice line of Maslin Kettles holding from 8 to 16 qts. at hard time prices at
NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

THE OCCULT FACULTIES IN MAN

BY HON. LORAN A. SHERMAN—EXPERIMENTAL TELEPATHY

And Thought Transferrence—Existence of a Form of Energy Which the Physical Senses Cannot Perceive—Reproduced in the Gazette in Weekly Installments.

PART III.

"Psychic Phenomena, Facts and Conclusions," has properly two divisions. Phenomena and facts may stand demonstrated of themselves, without pointing to absolute conclusions; and it is true that men are wide apart in their conclusions regarding the significance of psychic phenomena, the reality of which only ignorance questions. And at the outset of psychic investigation the honest seeker after truth will find himself confronted with phenomena which purport to be of a somewhat different character, the production of disembodied men, spiritual rather than psychic, and yet so intermingled that it is not always easy to discover the line of separation between the two, if there is any. The theory assumed as the basis of this intermingled phenomena is that life once individualized in man is continuous, and that at the death of the physical organism the real man leaves the body, taking on its counterpart in a spiritual body, and retaining consciousness, memory and individuality. I shall not attempt either to prove or disprove this theory, but in reporting phenomena and facts will not seek to disguise either their real or assumed character.

At this point we meet wide differences of opinion and find the way blocked by walls of prejudice, crumbling somewhat at the present day, it is true, but still difficult to surmount.

The modern Spiritualist, whose era has not passed the half century mark, and the orthodox Christian have developed wonderfully in liberality of thought, sentiment and belief during the past quarter of a century, but are still antagonistic. Startled by the presentation of phenomena which appeared new, but were really as old as the race, many of those who accepted Spiritualistic theories during the first quarter of a century of the modern era imagined that their mission was to bring about both a social and religious revolution. Christianity and the Bible were attacked viciously; there was much talk of affinities, and some practice of the theory, and assumed spirits of the dead speaking through mediums, some fraudulent, were called upon to advise and direct business affairs. The result was to create intense prejudice against Spiritualists and the name Spiritualism, as the communistic and other unusual and revolutionary practices of the disciples and apostles of Christ created prejudice against them. During the last quarter of a century, however, the Spiritualists have learned that the Bible and the teachings of Christ constitute their strongest support, and they do not longer tolerate the idea of a social revolution.

Turning to the element in the population of Christian countries—which is in the majority—the people who accept, either positively or nominally, the creeds of Christian churches, we find them today placed in a most peculiar position. While quite generally denying the genuineness of alleged occult and spirit phenomena in the present age, they find the Bible full of reports of like phenomena, and the spirit of Jesus reported communing with the disciples and apostles and developing spiritual phenomena long after his death. Abraham was a remarkable psychic or medium, having the ability to see spirits. One of these appeared to him with the declaration, "I am Almighty God." Later, according to the record in Genesis, the Lord appeared to Abraham as three men who came to his tent under the oaks, and one of these men manifested his occult power by reading Sarah's thoughts

(Continued on page 6.)