EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE--"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which our 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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DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND SON.—INFLUENCE OF THE FEMALE. CHARACTER.

FRANK.—Father, have you seen the beautiful rose which has just opened in sister Susan's garden? It is indeed splendid. I don't know how it is, but I am no match for Susan in gardening, she has the nack of making every thing flourish which she cultivates; and I have often observed, that if we are planting the cuttings of flowering shrubs, and although I might have dug the land and prepared the cuttings for her, there is not one in five of her's that will die; while out of mine, it is only about one in five that will live,—I begin to think there must be some truth in the old fashioned notion, that when a man is formed, a woman is formed also, the finest portion of the clay being selected for this purpose. All that Susan does, is done with the fingers, whereas all mine seems done by the *rule of thumb*.

FATHER.—There is certainly a difference in the way in which you and Susan do things, but I am by no means inclined to make the comparison to your disadvantage. I confess there is much beauty in that old-fashioned idea which you have mentioned; and with us, who know, and taste, and feel, 'the value of the female character, 'tis no wonder that it should have some weight: but *we* are fortunate in this respect, remember.

FRANK.—I declare, I fancy that I perceive a difference in the fragrance of sister Susan's flowers when compared with mine, and certainly they continue longer in bloom.

FATHER.—That, I dare say, is only a fancy, yet it is a pleasing one, to which, I suppose, you have not much objection. The idea, that to the finer mould of the female is to be attributed the power, which they assuredly possess, of bearing with more fortitude the reverses of fortune and the bereavements of life, than man, is beautiful and quite poetical: and many are the instances which I have known, where, after sustaining her full share of the trouble and anguish consequent upon such, the wife has been enabled to impart a portion of her mental courage to the support of a husband bowed to the earth with the weight of his share of affliction. Like a china cup, into which boiling water might be poured, and, immediately after, water, cold as ice, without fear of breaking—so the heart of woman will expand with prosperity and contract with adversity, without bursting: while the man, like a brown ware mug, is done up in half the time!

FRANK—Well, I never heard any one advocate so well the cause of woman, in my life!

FATHER.—Ah ha! that reminds me of an occurrence which took place some years ago, and which I must relate to you. I was travelling, by coach, in England, in company with six gentlemen, and a plain, homely woman, about sixty years of age: the subject of conversation amongst the men was the character of the female sex; and, although they agreed that the women were the *weaker* sex, they dissented in toto to the doctrine of their being the *softer*. I, as I always do, vindicated their *rights and privileges*, and on my remarking that they were formed of the finer clay, the old lady, who had long felt intense interest in the conversation, exclaimed, "Well! indeed I never heard any one talk so well in my life! I declare it does me good to hear you sir!" About the same time, I crossed the channel between Ryde & Portsmouth, in a sailing boat, on a stormy day; the passengers had taken their seats, when a very elegant young man, in the military dress of a foreigner came on board & enquired in broken English, if any lady wanted a protector for the passage? The *ladies*, all but one old fisherwoman, with a basket of fish for the Portsmouth market, had already been suited with partners, and she being the only unprotected female, he went and took his seat beside her, pulled her cloak about her head and feet, and waited upon her with the greatest assiduity. The old woman did not at first know what to make of it, but after a little, she winked at the rest of the passengers, and quite enjoyed it. The gentleman, seeing them smile, said, "gentlemen, I am a knight of the Prussian order of the *North Star*; our only bond of union is the protection of woman, at all times and in all places, without regard to age or beauty."

On our arrival at Portsmouth, he offered the old woman his arm, took the basket of fish in the other hand, and stepped gracefully on shore, handed her the fish, made her a bow, and walked on. The old woman could contain no longer, but bursting into a scream of laughter, she declared that it was the *rummest* joke that she had ever seen or heard of!

I grant that it is not in your power to imitate your sister, in the delicate and gentle way in which she nurses her tender charge—raising their drooping heads and calling them "my pretties," for *she*, I am sure you will admit, *is* one of the softer sex. All this reminds me of that beautiful poetic gem, "The Hymn to the flowers," by Horace Smith, which was published in the Farmer's Cabinet a few months ago; the endearing epithets with which most all the verses commence are peculiarly delicate and effecting; and although I have read and repeated it times innumerable, I still experience new delight on every fresh perusal. You must copy it into your book and get it by heart, and then you will never be at a loss for a beautiful similie at sight of a beautiful and lovely flower.

FRANK.—Oh, I shall never forget that heavenly melody. But, Father, have, you not noticed that, meet farmer Sykes when we will, he is always singing? I have never heard neighbor Grabb sing or whistle: I think their clay must have been different in its nature at the first, and, while one might be likened to the happy soil, the other must be (what is the horror of all good farmers) a *weepy* soil.

FATHER.—Ay, Sykes has a soul to feel, as well as a tongue to express by heavenly sounds, the language of the heart. I am sure that this love of sacred music might be traced in all that he does—in his ploughing, in his sowing, in his weeding, and in his mowing and especially, in the managing of his cattle and horses, to whom he chants his commands instead of uttering them in that brutal tone and expression in general use amongst farmers; and when we hear the observation, "the farmer's eye makes the horse fat," I cannot but think the farmer's tongue does quite as much in that friendly office. And you must often have observed, when Sykes united his horses in the stables, for the purpose of harnessing them for their labor, and says, "come my beauties," how quickly they turn in their stalls, and stretch out their necks and open their mouths to receive the bit! and I have seen his saddle-horse carry the whip in his mouth and gallop with his master on his back.

FRANK.—All this is true—but you have been, all this while drawing your own as well as farmer Sykes's portrait, you know.

FATHER:—No one would calculate the advantages arising from a mild and gentle spirit, whether cattle, sheep and other animals are kept: but we might see the exemplification of these remarks in the character of those around us: for we know that farmer Blunden's two dogs, and his two more savage sons, are the terror of the neighborhood, while his poor animals are worried almost to death by incessant noise and driving. His dairy is ruined by such means, for his cows are brought up to be milked on the gallop, and their return to pasture is a perfect *cowshunt*! while the bloody ears of his sheep and hogs show that the hunters are often *in at the death*. Now, they complain that their milk will not keep, and it is notorious that they make the worst butter in the neighbourhood; and no wonder, for their cows are always in terror and dismay.

FRANK—Yes, and I cannot help contrasting all this with the quietness and docility of our animals, especially when I see them standing in the yard so peacefully, chewing the cud, and upon being spoken to, removing the right foot so carefully, to give room for the girl to place the pail for milking, and especially, when she goes to milk Flora, the cow which you purchased of Blunden, who, even yet will not stand quietly until the girl commences her song, which she continues during the whole operation; after which the animal looks for the potato or bit of salt or some other little remembrance, which ensures her obedience for the next milking. But there is one thing which I have oberved—they all moved much faster & walk quicker in the morning than in the evening, and seem brighter and more cheerful; and on their return to pasture, they will often set off on the canter in the morning, while in the evening all is still and solemn, with a seriousness which is very striking—now, have you never observed this?

FATHER.—I have; and in connexion with this, it it a remarkable fact; which you might have observed, but which I have never seen noticed in books—you may remember that we said "the morning is the time for *observation*, the evening for *reflection*?

FRANK.—Yes, I shall never forget that, for I am reminded of the difference, as well as of the aptness of the observation, every morning and every evening.

FATHER.—The act of *observation* draws forward the attention—that of *reflection* directs it backward, or to the consideration of what is past. Do you understand the natural distinction between the two states of mind?

FRANK. Perfectly; no one walks in a church-yard of a *morning*; the *evening* is the time for reflection upon the shortness and uncertainty of life.

Father.—Good. The fact which I allude to is this: birds which sing in the early morning, do so in the major or sprightly key; while those which sing in the evening and during the night, have voices in the minor, or key of plaintiveness. The English thrush and skylark, the goldfinch and linnet, are of the morning class—the black-bird or ouzel, the nightingale and redbreast, and several others, are those of the evening: the one is *observation*, the other is *reflection* personified.

Frank.—That is extremely curious, and it is actually so as I have often remarked, but without making the application, and the most doleful sound, to be heard only at night, is the cry of the owl!

Father.—So you see the truth of the remark, that 'farmers are, of all others, the most favorably suited for observation and reflection,' and if they are the least enlightened class of the community, it is not for want of opportunity to accumulate stores of instruction, of the richest variety. Now, let us close these Dialogues.

Frank.—Oh! but let it be with that sweet address to sacred music, which farmer Sykes repeated to us the other evening.

ODE TO SACRED MUSIC.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music—why thy power employ,
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guest,
Rather thy lenient measure pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the bleeding heart
Of those whom death or absence part:
And with some softly breathing air.
Smooth the brow of dumb despair!

Father—But here is another *close* which must not be omitted, it is so very applicable to the subjects of our conversation.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection;
And when again, he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

Frank.—And that, again, reminds me of those beautiful lines of Mrs. Barbauld, and which I so often hear you repeat.

Life, we've been long together,
In pleasant and in cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear—
Then steal away—give little warning.
Choose you our own time—
Say not 'good night,'
But in some brighter clime,
Wish me 'good morning?'

CHEESE. We find in the Cincinnati Daily Chronicle, a very interesting article on the subject of cheese, its consumption and the extent of its manufacture in the West. In 1823 two gentlemen of Portage county, Ohio, commenced supplying the river towns with the article by driving to Cincinnati in a skiff about 1500 lbs. cheese. From this small beginning the business has increased till their sales have amounted, for the last six years, to between 200 and 300 tons per annum! three-fourths of which is sold in Cincinnati, the balance at Louisville and other towns down the river.

In the single township of Aurora, in Portage county, Ohio, there have been made between 250 and 300 tons of cheese yearly, for the last ten years, which has netted the farmers about 6 cts. per lb. one year with another.

The amount of Western Reserve cheese sold in Cincinnati yearly, is estimated at between 800 and 900 tons, for the last six years, and is increasing annually.—The price has generally ranged from 7 to 9 cts. and has been as high (in the autumn of 1838) as 12 1 2 cts.; it has never been so low before, as at present (6 1-4c.) for ten years past.

Tumeric, marigolds, hawthorn buds, &c. were formerly used in England to color cheese; but annotto is decidedly the best ingredient that can be employed for that purpose, and is now used to the exclusion of every thing else. An ounce of genuine annotto will color 100 lbs. of cheese.

"BEANS." Among the standing products of New England, says our friends of the Tatler, and they ought to know next to ice and pumpkins, beans take the lead. Vessels fitted out of that part of the country carry a barrel of beans to every half barrel of bread, and a quintal of codfish to every ten pounds of beef.—A Beverly Captain once hoisted his colors at half-mast, on the wide ocean, and thus operated on the humanity of another Captain who came down and boarded him. There was found bread enough, water enough, fish enough, beef and pork enough—but only three barrels of beans, for ten men, who had yet a month's passage before them. It is unnessary to say that the circumstance of the case asthorized the signal of distress.

The New York Express of Wednesday afternoon says—

The last accounts from Europe have put an affectual check to shipments of both Wheat and Flour. The duty has advanced so high, that no more will go forward, until some change of price takes place.

Wheat, the great staple of the middle States, is now selling in this market at prices under a dollar a bushel. We doubt much whether there has been a period within the last twenty years, when the price of that article has been below the present rate.

KENTUCKY CORN CROP.—The Lexington Intelligencer of the 14th inst. states that the corn crop of Kentucky, the present year, is unusually large, and will perhaps surpass any that has ever before been produced in that State. As samples of the present crop, that paper states that the produce of a single acre of corn, from a field of Mr. W. C. Young, of Jasmin county, was found to measure thirty-nine bushels. A sample of equally good yield, was found in the field of Mr. Joseph Bryan, of the same county. From such samples, there can be *no mistake* in the Kentucky corn crop of 1840, any more than there is in her Whig majority. Both are O. K. "to a degree."

LATTER DAY SAINTS.

The Liverpool Chronicle contains the following:

The New York packet ship North America, Captain Lowbar, sailed on Tuesday week, with 19 cabin passengers and 200 in the steerage. The whole of the steerage passengers belong to a sect called "Latter Day Saints," and are bound for Quincy, in the State of Michigan, on the borders of the Mississippi, where a settlement has been provided for them by one of their sect, who has purchased a large tract of land in Michigan. We understand upwards of 2000 are in treaty to early next spring for the same location. A great portion of those who sailed in the North American are members of a Total Abstinence Society, and are from Leicestershire and Herefordshire. They were shipped by the respectable house of Fitzhugh & Grimshaw, of this town.

MARRIED—On the 22d August, at the Parish Church of Himbleton, by the Rev. John Vernon, James Hobbins, Esq., of Chaddesley Corbett, after a *lengthened courtship of four days!* to Harriet, youngest daughter of Mr. William Chambers, of the new House, Himbleton. The *youthful* bridegroom was rather past his prime, being in his 77th year, and consequently had no time to lose; his fair bride, (who has nearly seen sixteen summers,) had pity on him and took him off hand, 'for better or worse,' (after he had settled upon her the whole of his property, amounting to upwards of £800 a year.) It seems that the newly named Benedict offered his heart and hand the previous Monday to Miss Sarah Chambers; the bride's eldest sister, and being refused, made overtures to the next sister, Miss Ann, from whom he also received a repulse: but, determined not to be baulked in his intention to obtain a young wife, and remembering that 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' he tried a third time, and, as before mentioned, was successful. Miss Harriet being unable to resist the present solicitations of the persevering wooer, the loving couple are now in this town spending the honey moon.

[Montreal Herald.

From the Savannah Georgian Oct. 17.

FROM FLORIDA.

A Mail with Government Despatches captured by the Indians.—We learn from a friendly and attentive correspondent at Fort Holmes, (under date the 8th inst.) that the Express Rider going West with the Mail was fired upon (6th inst.) by a large party of Indians concealed in a small hammock three miles distant from that post.

He discovered the Indians before they fired, but his horse becoming alarmed he was unable to turn him, and making a "virtue of necessity"—the rider with admirable presence of mind, threw himself flat upon the horse and dashed through the enemy—about fourteen of whom fired at him. One ball carried away his hat, but he was fortunate enough to escape without a wound. The horse ran about 100 yards and fell; the rider immediately seized the mail bags & fled towards Fort Russel, hotly pursued by the Indians, who continued the pursuit as far as Orange Creek, four miles from the scene of their attempted murder.

The rider in the course of the chase was compelled to drop the mail. Information of the affair did not reach Fort Holmes until late in the afternoon. Lieut. J. McKinstry of the 2d Infantry, immediately started with 25 men in pursuit of the enemy—arriving at the spot he took up the trail and continued the chase until 8 o'clock that night, when he reluctantly gave it up, and bivouacked on the banks of the Ocklawaha. The next morning Lieut. McK made a raft and attempted to cross his command over the river, satisfied that the Indians were in the hammock of the opposite side, but it was found that the bark was not only too frail, but the stream too rapid to effect the object. The trail was lost in the mud and water of the Ocklawaha swamp.

The next morning Lieut. McK. returned to the scene of action, and extending his men as Light Infantry, found the greater part of the mail.

The only letters broken open were those addressed to the Commanding General and his staff. These letters were found at a long distance from the spot where the large portion of the mail was discovered, and on trail which the enemy followed in their escape.

One order from Washington addressed to Gen. Armistead was missing, its envelope only having been found. These circumstances convinced Lieut. McK. that the enemy had with them some who can read, and if so, it is not impossible that they are now in possession of important information, for the season for opening the campaign is rapidly approaching, and the communication from Washington which we have mentioned as missing, may have been instructions relative to the movements of the army during the ensuing season.

MR. RIVES IN NEW YORK.

The New York Herald gives us part of Mr. Rives' Speech at Auburn. The following is the notice of the organization of the Convention

At 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, the Convention met at the Baptist Chapel. Gen. Tallmadge was appointed President *pro. tem.*; Mr. Romeyn, of Ulster Co. made a good and appropriate speech pointing out the propriety and beauty of the attendance of ladies at these meetings. Gen. Pierre Van Courtlandt (one of Jefferson's electors) was chosen President of the Convention, and the meeting adjourned to a good dinner, at the American Hotel, which was washed down with champagne, and the Convention met again on the green in front of the Theological Seminary, at half past one.

This Seminary is situated at one extremity of the village, on a beautiful knoll of rising ground, with a very large green before it. At the extremity of the green, and facing the College, a large platform was erected for the revolutionary soldiers, (many of whom were there,) the officers of the meeting, the speakers and the reporters. About 40 long benches were constructed out of rough planks for the ladies, all of which were filled with some of the most lovely women in the country. All the trees around the green were filled, and in every window of the College there were dozens of young ladies, all anxious to see and to hear Mr. Rives and Mr Legare. There must have been at half past 1 o'clock, not less than 5,000 persons present. Many of them were there at one o'clock.

We have assembled to discuss those principles of government—principles which have been subverted to the purposes of the present administration. We have assembled as our revolutionary fathers did, to discuss the merits of the stamp act, and the tea tax; and have assembled to present those principles of our faith which should be held sacred—and I have risen here to present to you our distinguished fellow citizens from another state.

We have seen the effect of some of the measures of the administration, at Washington & it is high time, my fellow citizens that the augean stable there was cleansed. Augean, King of Elis, you know kept a large number of oxen for nine years in his stable, without having it cleaned out, and it was one of the labors of Hurcules to cleanse it The augean stable at Washington has had a number of animals in it for nearly 12 years, without being cleaned out. (Laughter) Hurcules performed his immense task, by turning the river Alpheus through it, and thus cleansed it through. Now, we'll turn the great current of public opinion (that is rushing all over the land) through the augean stable at Washington; and we'll not only clear out the litter and filth, but we'll clear out the cattle along with it. (Immense cheering and laughter.)

But I have not arisen to speak, but to introduce to you a man who stood up for the defence of his country, in the very worst of times; in the times that tried men's souls. (Loud cheering) I have risen to introduce to you, that noblest work of God, an honest man. (Cheers.) One who stood up in his place on the floor of the Senate, and declared in the presence of the minions of executive power, that he had a country to serve, as well as a party to obey! (Immense cheering.) I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. William C. Rives, of Virginia.

Here a voice in the crowd called out, "Nine cheers for old Virginia," and nine cheers were given.

The Hon. W. C. Rives then came forward and was received with tumultuous shouts of welcome.

The offer of a bet is no argument—although it may be a proof of confidence in an assertion. We regret that this kind of appeal upon the result of elections has become so common among many members of both parties. The annexed paragraph shows that the proprietors or editors of the New York Courier have openly offered to bet that Harrison will receive 213 electoral votes.

[From the Courier and Enquirer]

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Every man of candour and ordinary intelligence is now ready to admit that all hope of electing Martin Van Buren is at an end, and yet some of the leaders are willing to mislead and deceive those who are not so well informed, by *pretending* a confidence in the result which they do not feel

To demonstrate to all parties, the *certainty* of defeating Van Buren, it is only necessary to remind them, that *one hundred and forty-eight electoral votes* are sufficient to elect either candidate. Now, we claim in behalf of the Whigs, that we have TWO HUNDRED & THIRTEEN ELECTORAL VOTES already secured beyond all contingencies—being *sixty five more* than are necessary for a choice, exclusive of the doubtful States, and to demonstrate that this *claim* is not idly put forth, we hereby give notice, that on application at the desk, any person may have a bet of from five to five hundred dollars, on the electoral vote of each of the following named States, or on any one of them!

Massachusetts,	14	Georgia,	11
Connecticut,	8	Louisiana,	5
Rhode Island,	4	Tennessee,	15
Vermont,	7	Kentucky,	15
New Jersey,	8	Indiana,	9
Delaware,	3	Ohio,	21
Maryland,	10	Michigan,	3
Virginia,	23	New York,	42
North Carolina,	15		
			213

Now, if there be not a single state enumerated in the foregoing list, upon which the boasting, crowing betters of the Loco Foco Party dare to hazard a bet, it is ridiculous for them to pretend that there exists the shadow of a hope of electing Martin Van Buren. The question is settled beyond all peradventure, and the Loco Foco leaders no longer deny it among themselves.

The foregoing, say the Editors of The Courier, has been published and placed before the door of their office since Tuesday last, yet no one has appeared to risk "five dollars" upon Mr. Van Buren's chance of getting the vote of any State on the list.—A proof of Harrison's success, far more conclusive to our apprehension than the hopelessness of the President's friends, is found in the recent returns from a dozen States.

TO THE WHIGS OF MARYLAND.

The undersigned, as members of the Whig Central Commitee of the State, have deemed it to be their duty to present this statement of their views. The Whigs of Maryland will, we have no doubt, sustain this proceeding and acquiesce in its propriety.

General Duff Green, as editor of the Pilot, has discussed in his paper subjects, which in the opinion of the undersigned have no proper connection with the Presidential election. Within a few days this gentleman has published a Prospectus for a newspaper, in which he expresses his determination to continue after the election, discussions on questions with which the Whig party has not been and will not be identified. As an individual General Green has an undoubted right to take such a course as his own judgment may approve. As an Editor of a party paper he has thought proper to persevere in conduct which he knew was disapproved of by the Whig party of Maryland. He has repeatedly been requested to avoid all discussion in reference to religious sects, but such requests have always been disregarded. He has ever assumed the position that he alone is responsible for what may appear in his editorial columns. This is undoubtedly true; and our object now is to make this manifest beyond all dispute to the people of Maryland.—We now emphatically declare that the Whig party is not in any way or to any extent responsible for what has heretofore been published in the Pilot on the subject of Catholicism and naturalized voters, and will not be responsible for what General Green may be pleased hereafter to do.

It is our decided conviction that the election contests in this country are already sufficiently exciting and absorbing in their character. If the differences of opinion between the religious denominations are to be appealed to and to be used as incentives to party action, no man can foresee how terrible may be the result. Heretofore after the elections have been settled by the ballot box, a calm has succeeded the political storm. With the close of the contest have subsided the excited and often angry feelings which prevailed during its continuance. Those who were alienated one from the other by political discussions have generally returned to their friendly relations after the settlement of the questions which divided them But if, in addition to the causes of discussion which ordinarily exist, a religious controversy is to take place, who can allay the excitement which these combined causes may produce, and when will such a contest be finally settled?

In this country every man is permitted to worship his maker in such way as his conscience may approve. Our Laws and Constitutions were framed to secure to all, this glorious privilege. The native and naturalized citizens are equally entitled to the blessings of our government. All are equal, and when a stranger takes up his abode here, and has remained among us during the time prescribed by the naturalization laws, he has a right to become a citizen, and will be entitled to the privileges of citizenship.

Such being the views of the Committee, and as they believe, of their constituents, the great Whig party of the State of Maryland, they hereby declare their disavowal of any concurrence in the present or prospective editorial course of Gen. Green and devolve upon him alone the entire responsibility of his measures.

N. F. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

Samuel Harden,	Jams Frazier,
James Harwood,	Nelson Poe,
Hugh Buckhead,	Gus. W. Lurman,
Wm. H. Gatchell'	Thomas Y Walsh
James Grieves,	Asa Needham,
G. R. Richardson,	George M. Gill,
A. G. Cole,	Wm. Chesnut,
Charles H. Pitts,	John P Kennedy,
George W. Krebs,	Sam. McClellan,
James L. Ridgley,	Wm. R. Jones.

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