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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AGRICULTURAL.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

ON THE FARM.

This month is one which the judicious and provident farmer should turn to his advantage. Now the woods are filled with fallen leaves, and it should be the business, as it is the duty of the husbandman, to collect as many of them as he can together with the mould on which they repose. Let this be carefully spread over your cow yard, taking care to give it a moderate ba in-form, and though you may put five hundred loads thereon, by spring you will find that the whole mass in your yard will be just as good as though it consisted of the manure of your cows alone. If you have *pine* woods on your place, don't forget that the *pine-shatters*, of all the leaves of the trees of the forest, is the best.

APPLE ORCHARDS —Before the ground freezes, dig up the earth from around your apple trees, five or six inches deep, and as many feet from the trunks of the trees; take this to the middle of your rows of trees, and by means of dry brush or weeds burn the earth, and with it you will destroy the germ of the myriads of canker and other destructive insects which otherwise would prey upon your fruit next year. After the burnt earth is thoroughly cooled, mix a small portion of unslacked lime with it, and replace the earth around the tree.

APPLES!—Hand-pick and put away all your apples, whether intended for the table or cider.

CATTLE.—Your cattle should be fed with hay, and put into your cow-yard every night, unless your pastures are very good, which we do not expect is the case at this advanced period of the fall.

Your *milch* cows should if possible have rich slops or some nourishing succulent food given them, as also your *heifers* which may be forward in calf.

HOGS —Your hogs intended for killing should be put up as soon as the acorns cease to be plentiful. If you wish your hogs to *thrive* with *regularity*, not more than a dozen should be put into one pen. Any pumpkins which you may feed to them will be greatly improved by being *cooked*, as by subjecting them to the operation of fire, the saccarhine matter is diffused through the mass, and the vegatable principle which has a tendency to scour, will be deprived of that baneful quality.

WHEAT.—If by any untoward circumstances, you have been prevented from getting in your *wheat*, or any portion of the quantity you allotted to sow, you may still sow—but push ahead and get it in as speedily as possible—don't delay it beyond the 10th of November.

Every spare moment and wet day, devote to getting out your small grain for market before the winter closes in upon you.

FALL PLOUGHING—Get as much of your stiff ground intended for spring culture, ploughed, as you can.

CORN.—Pull and house your corn as rapidly as you can.

POTATOES, *Turnips*, *Beets Carrots*, and *Parsnips*, must all be got out of the ground and put beyond the influence of frost.

IMPLEMENTS and TOOLS of all kinds must be overhauled: such as need it have repaired, and put the whole away in your tool house, under lock and key.

PEAS —Is it not probable that this article, in its varieties, might be cultivated much more extensively, and with highly remunerating profit? At one thing we have been often surprised — the failure of Maryland farmers, and the remark might probably be applied with equal truth to the farmers of all the Southern States, to supply their own tables with this delightful and convenient dish.

With nice family made middling of bacon, or the thin part of the middling of fat family pork, what can be nicer than the soup of the *Lady pea*? We are told, by-the-bye, by a gentleman who is the largest dealer in this article in our market, and who is, if possible, as fond of it on the table as we are, that it is greatly improved and made much more palatable, by throwing into it, before it is quite done, some sprigs of green mint and a pepper or two, such as at this season are sold in our market for pickling. The Baltimore market is, we understand, chiefly supplied from about York River, in Virginia. W. McDonald & Son sold last year, principally from that neighborhood, not less than 5000 bushels, and we learned to day from another house, that it had orders now for a thousand bushels of black-ey'd peas. The true Lady pea is very small and round, of a beautiful, almost transparent color. A pea somewhat resembling it, but larger, is called the Jefferson pea. The lady pea is to-day selling at retail, at $2 a bushel. We repeat that it appears to us to be an act of gross improvidence and want of taste in every farmer who fails to plant enough of peas, to be put away and kept for convenient consumption in his own family. For this purpose a few bushels say not more than two or three, would suffice for a large family; and while nothing can be more acceptable, as an occasional dish, none can be more convenient or economical. They augment, greatly, in the process of cooking, which is extremely simple. A quart we should suppose would make a mess for a family of half a dozen; yet we venture to say that instead of being one of the items in the list of every farmer's self-supply, it *is* even rare to find the Farmer who either makes them or buys them. Those who regard these small items as beneath their attention, as objects of systematic culture for sale, would yet find their account in taking care to have enough for their own table. In fact it may be laid down as a general rule, that we should not pull money from the pocket to buy what we can easily make; and there is no doubt that many small matters might be cultivated, which go to constitute desirable variety and good cheer for the table, without a dollar of additional expense—The farmer choosing either to forego the most palatable dishes, or to send his money to Baltimore or other markets to buy. To extend the culture and consumption of fruits and vegetables may be regarded as a patriotic duty. It would not fail to refine the blood and with it the morals of the community. We are, it cannot be denied, though we like not to hear it from foreigners, too much of a meat-eating and whiskey drinking people. Here are the articles that every man who cultivates ten acres of land, should have in abundance for his own table, or be ashamed to call himself a good *husband*-man: Dried peas—beans for hominy—sweet potatoes—carrots—parsnips—beets—celery—onions—turnips. We omit cabbages and Irish potatoes, which nearly all aim for, and which alone too many depend upon for the consumption of their own table—many making not even enough of these for their slaves. As to the mode of culture of peas, we believe that in Virginia they are generally planted among the corn if not at the same time with it. We should be glad to have a communication on the different varieties of peas adapted to the Southern States—the best mode of cultivating, and the product per acre. How far is the general impression true—no land is too poor for peas, or does that crop, as much as others, depend on the degree of fertility in the soil as measured by its capacity to produce corn or wheat? We would recommend as to these small matters, which in the mass, make up our table comforts, the maxim which applies to money matters—Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves—take care of the garden, the farm will take care of itself!—What say you, housewives?

Washington in the Field of victory and Chamber of Death.—From Custis's Recollections of Washington, we copy the following, relating to the Siege of Yorktown and a domestic scene.

"The weather during the siege of Yorktown was propitious in the extreme, being, with the exception of the squall on the night of the 16th ult, the fine autumnal weather of the South, commonly called the Indian summer, which greatly facilitated the military operations. Washington's head quarters were under canvass the whole time.

The situation of Yorktown, after the surrender was pestilential. Numbers of wretched negroes who had either been taken from ther plantations, or had of themselves followed the fortunes of the British Army, had died of the small pox, which, with the camp fever, was raging in the place, and remained unburied in the streets. When all hope of escape was given up, the horses of the British Legion were led to the margin of the river, shot, and then thrown into the stream the carcasses, floating with the tide, lodged on the adjacent shores and flats, producing an effluvia that affected the atmosphere for miles around. Indeed, it was many months before Yorktown and its environs became sufficiently purified to be habitable with any degree of comfort.

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rang with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown. His stepson, to whom he had been a parent and protector, and to whom he was fondly attached, who had accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the Revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the Commander in Chief in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease (the camp-fever) would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis.—He was supported to the ground, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham, a distance of thirty miles from the camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer, and a groom, left the head-quarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the gray of the twilight, aroused by a trampling of a horse, and looking out, discovered the Commander in chief alighting from a jaded charger in the court yard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik; and to the eager inquiry,—Is there any hope? Craik mournfully shaking his head, the General retired to a room to indulge his grief, requesting to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington, tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother observed to the weeping group around the remains of him he so dearly loved. "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own." Absorbed in grief, he then waved with his hand a melancholy adieu, and fresh horses being ready, without rest or refreshment, re-mounted and returned to the camp.

For a great distance around Yorktown the earth trembled under the cannonade, while many an anxious and midnight watcher ascended to the house tops to listen to the sound, and to look upon the horizon, lighted up by the blaze of the batteries, the explosions of the shells, and the flames from the burning vessels in the harbor.

At length, on the morning of the 17th the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attentive ear could not catch another sound. What had happened? Can he have escaped? To suppose he had fallen, was almost too much to hope for. And now an intense anxiety prevails: every eye is turned towards the great Southern road, and the express! the express is upon every lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff, women with infants at their breast, children with wondering eyes, and tiny hands outstretched, all, all, with breathless hopes and fears, await the courier's coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day; but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

A length there is a cry—He comes! he comes! and merging from a cloud of dust, a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the lash and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostril dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road, while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way, Cornwallis is taken.

And now arose a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble. The tories, amazed, confounded, shrunk away to their holes and hiding places, while the patriotic Whigs rushed into each other's arms, and wept for gladness And ho! in that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an aspiration ascended to the Most High imploring blessings on him whom all Time will consecrate as the Father of his Country.

The prediction of Cornwallis in the tent of Washington was verified. The 19th of October, 1781, was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution; hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and Empire dawned upon the destinies of America from the surrender of Yorktown.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, RED, & BLACK MEN.

A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, Wm. P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington, that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed after the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate upon it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the Governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother" said he "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare, but after much deliberation have concluded to decline his offer. What will do well for white men will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw how he had bungled, and determined to try his skill again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man, and then he was satisfied. You see therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made these men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books and maps, and papers, the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. "These my sons," said he, "are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.

"The white man being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting he looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon the box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next, and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars, and make every thing even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter and a mighty warrior but he was not to learn any thing from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any: nor was he to make rum or whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools it was clear he was to work for the white and red man which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt how to read and write and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little bit of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up a little piece of paper, and they looked under it and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their land, and the graves of their fathers, and that the white man by knowing how to read and write had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington therefore, that we are sorry we connot receive teachers among us, for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

WITCHCRAFT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The following is the detail of an actual case of witchcraft, which was deposed to on oath by a witness in a cause of "Fogwell vs Clarke," in the inquiry before an arbitrator at the present Devonshire assizes. The witness was produced by the plaintiffs to support the evidence of a previous witness whose testimony had been considerably shaken upon cross-examination the day before. Mr. Slade, counsel for the defendants asked him how the plaintiff came to get hold of him? 'Why,' says he, 'T—— B—— came to me last night and said, Tom, they have been and proved me a liar.' 'Why, you must have a pretty strong power of belief,' says the learned counsel 'to believe him anything else. Are you a believer by accident in witchcraft?' 'I have good reasons to believe in it,' says the witness. 'As how?' 'Why, I saw a white woman at two o'clock in the morning, nine years ago, drawing circles in the air, and the next day my mouth was drawn up to my eye. I went to Dr. ——, & he gave me a charm which cured me immediately. I gave him 3s for it. What it was is best known to himself; he told me that I should go to sea for seven years, and that at the end of that time I should have my mouth drawn up again, and so it was. I went to sea for seven years, and that very day seven years my mouth was again drawn up. The doctor was gone to America, so I could not get it charmed away, and I lay on my sick bed for a twelvemonth.' The roars of laughter with which this curious account was received by a numerous auditory may well be imagined, especially when the rough honest exterior of the witness (a sailor) is considered, and the implicit and unfeigned belief which he gave to the origin of his illness.

For the Easton Gazette.

Speech of Mr. H. delivered at North Bend, in Talbot County, Sept. 19, 1840, and since written out by special request.

Mr. J. at the conclusion of some remarks, moved that Mr. H. address the club. Mr. G. seconded this motion, and expressed a wish that the Secretary, state Whig prospects in Talbot county; we had heard from every portion of the country and the State, except our own county. Mr. T. subjoined: that the Secretary employ neither doctor nor granny, but deliver himself.

Mr. H. then rose and said,

Mr. President, I will deliver myself. I am not, and have not, been burthened with any thing, except Eæsop's famous fable, of "the mountains in labor;" which I had intended to read to the Club, and which I consider peculiarly applicable to the past, and present Executives, of these United States. My apology for reading this fable, is, that the work from which it is taken is very rare, and therefore, not available to the members of this body generally. Besides, had Mr. Van Buren, lived in the days of the writer, or did Eæsop now live, he could not have drawn a more perfect portraiture of the little Majician. But sir, enough of this. Let Eæsop speak for himself and the club judge for itself. * * * *

If there lives a man, to whom this fable is particularly applicable, that man is Mr. Van Buren. There is no promise in the catalogue of good, that he has not made to the American People. Every thing that the most fastidious could conceive, or the purest patriot of your land wish, has been promised with prodigal liberality.

To every branch and department of industry, golden promises have been given, given, but to be broken. What promise, has your President redeemed? Of all there is but one: and that one, to *follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor*, in persecuting unto the death, the currency of your country. Whilst his hand was uplifted to strike the fatal blow, you implored and importuned him to forbear; in mercy, to allow yourselves and little ones bread, and for your prayers, he gave you a stone! You continued to plead and importune him, not to prosecute his ruinous purposes: he listened, with a deaf ear to all your remonstrances, and gave you his stinking Sub-treasury scheme—a scorpion, when you asked a fish!!

I could go on Mr. President, to an almost illimitable extent, in giving the false and broken promises, and exposing the corruptions of the Van Buren party of this country. This, however, is not necessary. The various speakers who have addressed you from time, to time, have not failed to give the administration, its portion in due season. It is enough sir, for me to know, and for you to believe, that the people of this country, have been humbugged and mal-treated, by the powers that be.

Trusting that this surface sketch, of national affairs, will be satisfactory to the meeting, I will now attempt to gratify our friend who wishes a report touching Whig prospects in our own county. For once I am at fault. How shall I report of Talbot county? What shall I say, of this capricious, coquetting, turgeversating lady?

Shall I say, that she is tired of her tricks, her idols and her honors, and that like the broken down coquette, and its wrinkles and premature old age, she is now ready to give the homage of an undivided heart, to her first suitor—her first and only love? I will say it. She is daily renouncing her whims, and from the festive board of reason, is gathering strength and determination of purpose for the coming contest. It is true, that for the last two years, she has been in a lethargic state, suffering defeat, more from a want of energy than means. But this respite in her efforts, may be likened to a carniverous bird, who lights on a barren rock for a moment, 'to whet his beak and replume his wing, for a more daring flight and a more deadly onset'

Sir, have you ever seen a maiden, whilst upon the very threshold of ruin, wrested from the hand of the spoiler, and have you noted her tears and blushes at the remembrance of the past? If you have, you can readily comprehend the position of Talbot County. Like the maiden, she stands with streaming eyes and burning cheeks, but in those tears and blushes, you read her determination, *to sin no more*.

It has been said, but with what degree of truth I am not prepared to say, that reformed rakes make the best husbands. If this be true, surely reformed shrews make the most devoted wives. Old Talbot, stands then, ready to receive the congratulations, and welcome once more to her embrace, the Whig Counties of Maryland; and they in turn, stand with outstretched arms, ready to welcome their prodigal, but repentant sister *Home*.

Sir, at the coming elections, this re-union, for which the Whigs of Talbot have been struggling, will be consummated!

Then, and thereafter, from liberty's outer wall will float, the Star spangled Banner, bearing on its ample folds in characters of living light, this inscription, Talbot County, "DISENTHRALLED REGENERATED AND FREE!!"

From the New York Courier, Nov. 2.

ONE DAY LATER AND IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

By the ship Toronto, Capt. Griswold, from London, we have received the Hampshire Telegraph published at Portsmouth, of the 5th ultimo, which is one day later than we had before received.

It contains the following important intelligence apparently just received at Portsmouth, and is confirmatory of the account given by the Paris Correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser received by the last steamer, which we copied but through inadvertence, omitted to direct the attention of our readers editorially to its importance.

Portsmouth, October 3, 1840.

We have received Malta papers to the 15th September. The following is an extract:—

Malta, Sept. 15, 1840.

PACIFICATION OF THE EAST.

Fourteen days had elapsed without our receiving any intelligence from Syria or Egypt, and to day by the arrival of the French steam packet, we have received advices to the 6th instant and we are happy to announce that there appears every prospect of an amicable arrangement taking place between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, the latter having, in fact, acceded to the ultimatum, by consenting to deliver up the Turkish fleet, Candia, Andana, and that part of Syria which it is determined he shall no longer hold; but he asks it as a boon from his "beloved master" that he may retain the latter for life.

This is the substance of the important intelligence arrived. The communication was received by the Sultan's Envoy, Rifar Rey, with the highest satisfaction and he had left for Constantinople.

It is thus to be hoped that this question which threatened to involve all Europe in war, will be brought to a pacific termination, without resorting to coercive measures for carrying into effect the convention of 15th July. Admiral Stopford had sailed for Beyrout, whither also Colonel Hodges had proceded.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

THE STEAM FRIGATE.

As much desire is apparent in the city to know something definite in regard to the progress to completion of this vessel; we, with the laudable desire of allaying such curiosity, wended our way some days ago to the scene of operations, the Navy Yard. As we neared the building containing the vessel, the busy hum, and cheerful sounds of industry broke pleasantly on our ear—mixed and blended came the sounds of the grating saw the hammer's clink, the fall of heavy timber, and the strokes of the axe, as each of the busy multitude engaged on the vessel, applied his separate avocation. Having entered the building we turned our admiring gaze towards the hugh vessel whose enormous proportions were spread out before us. Having walked down the large space in order more fully to view her beautifully modelled shape, we, mindful of the cravings of our readers, turned our attention to obtaining the requisite information, and by the kindness of some of the gentlemen connected with the yard, we are enabled to lay forth the following particulars.

The frigate is built in the best and most durable manner of live oak obtained from the southern part of Georgia, and weighing 89 pounds to the square foot. The frame of the hull is supported in the strongest manner with live oak knees, etc., and in regard to bolts and fastenings of every kind, nothing but copper has been employed. She is double decked, the space between them being a little more than six feet, and in the centre of the vessel is a large space for the reception of the engines, at each end of which there is an iron plate bulk head or screen drawn completely across the vessel for the purpose (in case of a leak) of keeping the water in one part of the vessel, and also to guard against accidents from the fires of the engines.—They are at this time planking the upper deck, and the whole vessel is in such a state of forwardness that (were the engines ready) she could be launched in two months. She will be rigged in the same manner as a ship, and will require as her complement two hundred men. Her ordnance will consist of forty-two pounders and two bombs to throw ten inch shells—and when in full sailing order her burthen will be 1700 tons. Her weight is estimated at 500 tons. She is nearly as long as the steam ship President and one foot wider In her hold is constructed a repository capable of containing 800 tons of anthracite coal by which the engines are to be worked. In regard to the principal dimensions, we have obtained the following:

	ft.	in
Length from the counter to nigtheads	223	8
Extreme length to figure head	244	
Extreme breadth,	40	
Depth in hold	23	6

She will be ready for caulking in a few days. Taken as a whole this vessel is a splendid specimen of the skill of our artizans. No one should neglect to view so noble a testimony to the already high character which Philadelphia has attained for ship-building.

Leaving the scene of busy industry, we wended our way to another and yet more noisy scene—the engine and foundry establishment of Messrs. Merrick & Towne, who are busily engaged in making the engines for the frigate. Having obtained permission we wandered through the large establishment, which is filled with workmen, who in pursuit of their several occupations made noise enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers. In the first room we entered, a number of workmen were engaged in filing and polishing various parts of the huge en-

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