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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From the Susquehanna Register.

MR. WILDE OF GEORGIA.

Amongst the members of the present Congress, distinguished for their powers of mind, and the gift of eloquence—Mr. Wilde, of Georgia, stands conspicuous. His force, precision, and skill as a debater—his graphic and lively descriptions—his searching sarcasm, and withal, his dignified and gentlemanly bearing towards his opponents, conspire to render any of his speeches, upon whatever subject, a rich intellectual treat. The reading of his late masterly comments upon the removal of the public money—has suggested to a friend to furnish us the subjoined striking and rhetorical sketches contained in a speech made by Mr. Wilde, on the Tariff question, a year or two since. We have prefixed to each, the name of the eminent individual supposed to be referred to.

"I had the honor to be a member of the 14th Congress. It was an honor *then*. What it is *now* I shall not say.—It is what the twenty second Congress has been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day, as they deserve; nor is this the fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature cannot recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.

[MR. LOWNDES]

"Pre-eminent—yet not more proudly than humbly pre-eminent—among them was a gentleman from South Carolina now no more; the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen. One no less remarkable for gentleness of manners, and kindness of heart than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise—if ever man deserved it—of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him. The true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean, who consecrated by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in the republic was neither to be sought after nor declined—a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.

[MR PICKNEY.]

"There was, also a gentleman from Maryland, whose ashes now slumber in your cementery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and a statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scene of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them indignantly rebuked me.

"These names have been historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no need of such reserve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice.

[MR. RANDOLPH.]

"Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia—whom it was superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally read. Whose satire was universally feared. Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently with wrapt attention. Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period. Who was a more dexterous debater; a riper scholar; better versed in the politics of our own country; or deeper read in the history of others; above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy; or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver.

[MR. CALHOUN.]

"There was also a son of South Carolina, still in the service of the Republic, then undoubtedly the most influential member of this House. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis abstraction, and condensation; and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematicians have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the flight which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language with him was merely the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

[MR. CLAY.]

"*It* is equally impossible to forget or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious.—Deficient in refinement rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct than animated and impressive.—But swept away your feelings with it like a mountain torrent and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. It may be that his past associations had not tended to exalt it.—Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered than raised by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and even since, except when that imprudence so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he had generally the good sense or good taste to adopt a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men—of friends or adversary. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence with which he replied to the taunting question—"What have we gained by the war?"

[MR. WEBSTER.]

"Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, & hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep sepulchral unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so powerful—it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red hot iron."

IMPROVED BRICK MAKING.

Improved Pressed-Brick-Making.—The subject of the subjoined Letter is one with which we Editors cannot be supposed to be familiar. But we can and do vouch that the Letter is from a very respectable source, and that its statements may be implicity relied upon.

Nat. Int.

GENTLEMEN: As your readers are all interested in every substantial improvement which takes place in our country, I have taken the liberty to send you such information as *I* possess, with respect to a discovery in the art of manufacturing brick which has been recently introduced to the notice of the public.

A company of public-spirited individuals in the town of Mount Vermon, Ohio, have, after a series of experiments, carried on for the last three years, finally succeeded in manufacturing the very best quality of brick from dry clay. They have a press now in operation which makes ten thousand bricks in eight hours; and these of a quality far superior to those made in the usual mode. By this new process the labor and hazard of drying is obviated, and the press can be worked in all kinds of weather. The bricks are taken directly from the press to the kiln, and are, when set, ready for burning.

It is thought by those who have carefully examined the subject, that this new mode of manufacturing an important building material, has an advantage over the former process amounting to *forty per cent*. We will suppose, however, that the saving to the public is only twenty-five per cent. and that there are only sixteen thousand brick houses built annually in the cities, towns, and villages of the United States.—Supposing the average amount of bricks in each house to be 50,000, and the avarage price to be $4 per thousand. Even this would produce an annual saving of eight hundred thousand dollars. But this is probably less than one half the actual saving which would result to the community from a general use of the machine in question.

The circumstance which gives this improvement a peculiar claim upon the attention of the people at large, its durability and beauty of the building material which it brings into use. The brick have been subjected to all the usual tests, and are found to be capable of resisting the action of frost, water and fire to a much greater extent than those made from mortar in the usual way.—Add to this, the smooth and perfect surface which they present, when laid into a wall; and it must be admitted that little more can be desired in this branch of improvement.

The persons who have spent so much time and money in perfecting this highly useful machine certainly deserve well of the public; and when the benefits resulting from their discovery shall become known, they will no doubt receive a generous patronage. They have not, I believe, yet obtained a patent, but have taken the necessary steps to secure one. The names of the persons who are said to be entitled to the patent, are N. Sawyer. E. Harkness, and S. G. Freelove.—I would, were I sufficiently acquainted with the science of mechanics, give you a description of the machinery, by means of which such desirable ends are attained; but not being learned in those matters, I have only attempted to give you the results.

I have seen the press or engine in operation, and the bricks cast from it both before and after their being laid into a wall. They possess, to the fullest extent the two most desirable qualities which can belong to building materials, viz: *strength* and *beauty*.

A FRIEND OF REFORM.

Mount Vernon, (Ohio,) July 22, 1834.

POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian says: "That potatoes of every description degenerate or run out, is a fact well known to many practical farmers. *I* am informed that few of the sorts that are in use now were cultivated twenty five years ago; *it is not the case with potatoes only, but with many other useful vegetables.*—The pink-eyed potatoe has been cultivated for a longer time & more extensively than any other sort now in use, & for plain reasons,—no other sort has been equally productive, quantity & quality considered. *In* this and the adjoining county perhaps hundreds of acres of the same land have been planted every three or four years, I believe for the last twenty. The consequence is that much of the land that is now cultivated with this root is deprived of that principle which is necessary to produce it in an improved or retain it in its original state. It may be objected to these views, that individuals have sown their crops on land that has lately been broken up from old turf, yet their crops have been equally deficient. To this I would answer by asking a question:—Are you aware how your sets were grown? and, if I may use the term, did you know your seed's grand-mother and great-great-grandmother? The mischief may for years have been accumulating. That this valuable root has been injured by planting the same soil too often, I have no doubt; but we have also sufficient evidence to convince us of the necessity of more extensively raising new varieties from seed. The justly celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, Esq., states, that in his time, the oxnoble potato was the most productive: but, he adds, "*I* have known it decline of late."

It may be argued as the pink-eye is of a fine sort, we ought to use some efforts to preserve it. In order to effect this, I would suggest that it be sown in a soil newly broken up from old turf, and for several years successively—on no account plant them on land that has grown this root for many years before. That luminary in agricultural science, Sir H. Davy, when writing on the tendency to degenerate in the apple trees, remarks, 'The decay of the best varieties of our fruit-bearing trees, which have been distributed through the country by grafts is a circumstance of great importance There is no mode of preserving them, and no resource except that of raising new varieties by seed.' As plants are capable of amelioration by peculiar methods of cultivation and of having the natural term of their duration extended so, in conformity to the general law of change, they are rendered unhealthy by being exposed to peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, and liable to premature old age and decay. Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq has shown by his researches the importance of raising new varieties of wheat, which is easily effected, merely by sowing different kinds together. He states, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1799, when almost the whole crop of corn in the island was blighted, the varieties obtained by crossing alone escaped, though sown in several soils and in different situations. It is to be regretted that the sciences connected with agriculture are not more ardently pursued. The practical man has some excuse; his duties require the exertion of his physical powers; consequently his mind to a certain degree is unfit for studies of a higher nature.

How to have green Corn in the Winter.—The simple process of preparing it is this:—The corn must be taken from the stalk when it is full in the milk, or in that state in which we generally use it—the husks stripped off, and the ears thrown into a kettle of boiling water, where it may remain half as long as you boil for present use. This will harden it so that it may be easily taken from the cob. It may then be spread in the sun till it is thoroughly dry. In preparing for the table, it may be soaked from twelve to fifteen hours, and boiled in the same water. But care must be taken not to boil it too much, as that will make it hard and diminish its sweetness.

N. B. To get the corn from the cob, every alternate row may be punched off with a sharp stick; and the remainder wrung off with the hands. Corn thus prepared would command almost any price in the winter.

N. Y. Com. Adv.

NINETY YEARS.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas how many of the lively actors, at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years! What are they? A 'tale that is told:' a dream, an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as a man advances in age. [illegible] longitude man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole; until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in the town and country, and substitute others in their stead?—Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten? Ninety years! says Death, 'do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to day and to-morrow, and one is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not.'

Thomaston Journal.

Chinese Mulberry—The Mulberry seed, furnished to several persons in Massachusetts, by the Missionaries in China, have been extremely prolific, and the propects are highly flattering for the manufacture of New England silk. The following extract from an intelligent and enterprising gentleman in Northampton, received within a few days, will be read with interest. "My prospects brighten every day, as it regards the silk business. I receive encouragement from every quarter. Gentlemen of the first respectability, possessed of capital, are ready to engage in it. My trees have grown wonderfully. I shall sell twelve or fifteen hundred dollars worth this season, and shall propagate largely next season, if my life is prolonged. I wish you would come up here and settle yourself down. You will find it a delightful employment, to produce so rich a substance from the soil. *It* is a business which competition cannot affect excepting for the better. For it is a fact that the more they are engaged in it, the better it will be for each one. The time is not far distant, when New England will produce SILK equal in value to the Cotton of the South—of this no one can doubt, who has given any attention to the subject. *I* have already calls from Gentlemen from every quarter, to see my trees and obtain information about the business. I am now planning a building to be erected the coming winter for the feeding of worms—two hundred feet long by twenty-four feet wide, two stories high—which I shall place below the garden next the woods. I have sold one thousand trees to a gentleman for $250; and to others $500 worth more; my number will soon be taken up."

Boston Courier.

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

From the United States Gazette.

THE TOMATO.—An article on the use of the Tomato, in assisting and regulating digestion published first in the New York Farmer is going the rounds of the papers. The writer of that piece suggests the possibility of making from it "a sauce" which would keep through the year. I had supposed most persons accustomed to the use of the castor were familiar with Tomato Castup, the best of all articles of the kind I have met with, but as some of your readers may not know how to make it, and with a hope that this communication may meet the eye of the writer above referred to let me say this vegetable if sliced in fine pieces, seasoned with Cayenne pepper, and a few cloves simmered slowly for three or four hours, and then strained through a fine seive, and bottled close, will make an admirable Castup, which will keep for years and ever improve.

I used a very choice bottle of it last year which was made in my family in 1827. But it should also be known that this fruit will ripen some time longer than the natural season, if a plant root and all be pulled just before frost and suspended in a dry airy apartment, as branches well loaded may be cut and hung up or laid on the floor. By this process I have enjoyed them till late in November.—or the *ripe* fruit may be kept through the entire winter and even until it comes in season again by putting it up just as it comes from the bush in strong brine.

To have it in the greatest perfection, the seed should be selected from the largest fruit: there are varieties, and the largest kind are preferable because they have fewer seeds and more pulp. I have raised them weighing 3-4 of a lb.—as the plant grows and extends itself, the branches should be kept from trailing on the ground by forked sticks or poles, and suffered to extend themselves as widely as they will; the fruit is thus preserved from an earthy taste, and a *single plant* in a rich soil and well attended to with plenty of sun and water, will fully cover six square feet and produce abundantly. The cultivation of this vegetable is well worth the attention of laboring men and poor women who have ever so little ground attached to their houses, because it yields so much—is a *great* improvement to so many simple dishes—as *hash* and soup—and it is both wholesome and good in the raw state, if sliced and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Among the many sharp and qeer things said during the examinations of the rioters in Charlestown, the following deserves a place in the papers as a good answer to the frequent "why did'nt *you do it*."

Capt. Quinn of the Boston Engine No. 13, was under examination and cross-examination ostensibly in relation to a member of his company who was arrested as a rioter. He was kept on the stand some two or three hours, and had replied to almost every kind of question that a lawyer could think of, when he was asked if, "when he arrived with his engine, he thought twenty resolute men could have cleared the hill of the rioters." After a moment's thought, he said "yes."

Question. Do you think that you could have picked twenty men from your company, who would have cleared the hill?

Answer. Yes, I do.

Question. (exultingly) Why, then, sir, did'nt you do it?

Answer. (moderately) Why, sir, I did'nt know, that the circumstance of my being a foreman of a Boston engine entitled me to *assume the powers* which *belong* to the *magistrates of Charlestown*.

The extent of the land (says the Liverpool Chronicle) cultivated for *strawberries*, has been within a few years much increased, and has been estimated at more than a thousand acres for the supply of London alone. The women employed in gathering and conveying strawberries to London cannot be estimated at less, during the time they are in season, than *two thousand*.

A DUEL AT ST. DOMINGO.

Translated from the Le Courier des Etats Unis, for the N. Y. Times.

Some years previous to the negro insurrection at St. Domingo, aided and seconded by England, in hatred for the succors which France had supplied N. England with during the war of independence, this fine French Colony was at its summit of grandeur and prosperity. Culture and industry had amassed for it more gold than its mines could furnish to the avaricious Spaniards; this metal was in active circulation, and with it advanced luxury and superfluities of pleasures. Beneath the burning sky of the tropic, passions naturally warm become inflamed and ungovernable, when wealth, which alone, is able to generate them, comes and offers new inventives.

At the period of which I have to speak, 1788, the passion which predominated amongst the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo, was that of gaming. But those games where calculation or address equalized the chances of fortune could not suffice them for their love of play; there must needs be some of those games where chance would govern every combination of the mind, at those games where heaps of gold mount upon the table, where a throw of the die would stagger a fortune, or in like manner accumulate an enormous sum. It was at dice in fact that the gamesters sought for feeling capable for stimulating their dull senses, and it was not unusual to see a whole plantation, a cargo of negroes, cast as a stake upon the fatal board.—They would throw upon the table some dozen dice, mix them, and the player would pick up at hazard with his dice box three by which he would learn his fate.

Well, then, in 1788 (trusting to my memory) there served in capacity of captain, in the regiment of Port-au-Prince, the son of a rich sugar merchant belonging to the colony. Captain Severy numbered twenty five or six years, and in addition to being placed at the head of a large fortune, had, by inclination, embraced the military profession. None could rival his address at small sword none surpass his dexterity at his pistol; at once, brave even to rashness, he did not disabuse his fatal skill, and in general could make good sport of those who dared to measure with him; he was boasting even to insolence, had scarcely among his numerous duels received any scratches, and had already left a long track of blood in society. Still he possessed good qualities. Severy was more dreaded than beloved, for his frankness, his sense of right, could not restrain his fatal *penchant* for duelling. It is necessary to add, that he was a gamester.

One evening, in a play-house, a place of resort for the gamblers of Port au-Prince, the inmates were amusing themselves at *gourdailler* till the society was sufficiently numerous to animate the play. In these gaming receptacles they style *gourdailler*, simply playing *gourds*, (dollars,) which was, in then slang phrase, throwing snow balls till the party arrived. An officer of the French marine, captain of a frigate, who had been residing for some time in their colony, entered at this moment into the gambling room. In passing a table where they were playing, he gave a look, and perceived some pieces of money before the players.

"Who makes up the game?" cried a voice.

"I" replied the captain,) (whose name has escaped me.) He then came and carelessly threw a dice, then turned away to a sideboard to finish his glass of lemonade; meanwhile, the gamblers continued the play.

"Commandant you have won," exclaimed Severy, who was one of the players; pick up the stakes;" and he pushed towards his fortunate adversary several heaps of gold.

At the sight of this immense sum, the French officer, who fancied but to have risked a few dollars, recoiled in amazement, then pushing back the tray of gold which was presented to him: "I should believe myself wanting in delicacy, were I to appropriate that sum as having lawfully gained it." 'Tis but right to tell you, gentlemen, that in making up the game, I thought to have risked but the moderate sum which *I* had perceived upon the table. I neither wish, nor ought to regard that gold as my own."

"Take it, sir," says Captain Severy. "You have as much right to it as you would have had to pay, had you lost."

"You deceive yourself, if you imagine that: I should not have believed my honor stained in refusion to acquit a debt which I had not contracted, and consequently I should stain it by appropriating a sum I had not gained."

"You would have paid, Mr. Commandant," returned Severy, elevating his voice and laying stress upon the words: "You would have paid. 'Tis I who tell you.'

There was in the language, and still more in the Captain's tone, an idea of provocation which did not escape the marine officer. He likewise retorted in a bitter tone, and it was soon too late, when the friends of the two gamesters were willing to interfere, to prevent an awkward result Each of the parties considered himself so grossly insulted that any medium to their respective wrongs became impossible, and a duel inevitable.

"Sir," says Severy to his opponent, "not wishing to have over you the advantage which every body knows my address at the sword and pistol would give me, I ought to offer you more equal

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