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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Lord Chancellor Brougham lately attended and was examined before the Select Committee of the British Parliament "on the state of the Law as regards Libel and Slander." His evidence and opinions are of remarkable plenitude, force and interest. We subjoin some extracts.

"*Question.* Your Lordship has had some experience of the state of mind of the labouring classes of the people of England. Supposing good matter, wholesome matter, put before the people and the same price, and no lower and no higher than bad matter—blasphemy, obscenity and so forth—does your Lordship's knowledge of the education and state of mind of the people enable you to say which they would prefer?

Answer. I have not a doubt about it. It is in vain to say that some persons would prefer obscene matter, and some ribaldry, and some blasphemy, but it would be an insignificant portion of the whole country. The bulk, who are innocently and morally disposed, are more or less respectable, and would be ashamed to bring this trash to their cottages where their wives and children are; nay, I believe that they would not desire to read it themselves. I have had much intercourse with the people of all ranks, from the lowest to the middle ranks; I never entertained the least fear of them, even when most excited; I never have known things in a state in which I had any fear of the people, either of their morals or their loyalty, or their peaceable disposition, which is natural to Englishmen; and those only can be afraid of them who, unfortunately for both parties, are exceedingly ignorant of the people. Those who know them as much as I do, must know that they are very much the reverse of an object of dread, or distrust, or suspicion; that they are generally morally and peaceably disposed, and I should say very much disposed to respect and submit to those above them. Even the trades' unions do not offer to my mind any material exception; for I believe they have in many cases had grievances to complain of, and that they have erred in not taking the right way to get redress, by trusting to selfish, dishonest leaders, and by being imperfectly informed upon their own interests. I state my opinion as the result of a large practical experience, having had an intimate knowledge of the people in every way, and the more I have known, the less apprehension I have had about them. I have therefore not a doubt in answering the question in the affirmative. I must also add, that I am quite certain, if the stamp were taken away, where we circulate useful information to the extent of thousands, we should circulate useful information to the extent of millions; for we have been trying to get useful publications not only into parts of the country where men are gregarious—the manufacturing districts, in which they naturally and easily read; but into farmhouses and cottages, where the case is different. The great difficulty is to get the peasants to read—first, because they do not work together and next, because people working in the open air are sleepy when they come home; but in long winter nights, when they are not so hard worked, and have much more spare time, it is particularly desirable that they should not have recourse to beer shops or to bad publications. It would be of great advantage if we could furnish them with publications that have a tendency to make men good members of society, rather than those which are now propagated, and are read by great numbers teaching them that the most infamous of characters—a man, for instance, who is about to be executed for the foulest murder—from the moment he becomes converted to some particular spiritual doctrine, is safe from retribution in another world. I cannot conceive a more pernicious doctrine; and all which is said about absolution in the Catholic Church is not one whit worse even in its abuse, and I know it is very much abused.—Those publications which are in farmhouses, to my knowledge, for want of better, teach that if a man commits murder, and will only afterwards become a fanatic, he is in acceptance with Heaven and his murder forgiven! If a man have in his cottage, at a cheap rate, accounts of the debates, which they look to with great interest, and which it is their duty as well as their interest to read; the proceedings in courts of justice, which they also are delighted with reading; if, in addition to these departments, commonly called the news of the day, we could circulate four pages more, which could all be done for a penny without this pernicious stamp duty, we might give the cottager for one penny a newspaper with wholesome general information, which might be of use to him in various ways, besides giving him all the intelligence of the week. I am quite certain that this would be the effect of repealing the stamp.

"When the committee broke up yesterday, I had stated that I entertained a very strong opinion upon the bad effects of stamps on newspapers as connected with the subject of the committee's inquiry—the law of libel. I consider, in the first place, that when men talk of the abuses of the press, and of libels through the press, though the expression is general and applies to all publications, books, and pamphlets, as well as others, that yet, practically and substantially speaking, it relates chiefly to newspapers, in as much as these are infinitely more numerous, and a vastly greater number of them are purchased, and a still greater proportion of those purchased are read, than of any other works; so that when you talk of libels, and of the press as connected with libels, you really mean the newspapers rather than all the rest of the presses productions put together. Now let us only, in the next place, consider what the effects of those stamps are If any thing can be better security than another against the abuses of the power the press and the newspapers possess, it appears to be the security afforded by the respectability of those in whose hands those newspapers are. Therefore, I hold it to be quite clear that every thing which tends to lower the character of the persons who write and publish newspapers tends in just the same proportion to diminish the purity of those publications, and to lessen the security which the community has against the abuses of the press. For this reason, I have always considered that the laws made to restrain the press, though intended to check libel, have a very obvious tendency to lessen the security against libel. Whatever makes the trade of a newspaper precarious—whatever exposes those who conduct it to greater hardships, to more oppressions than the rest of their countrymen endure—whatever singles them out from the rest of the community as a suspected or a mal-treated class, a class for whom there is one law, one rule of conduct, there being another for the rest of the community—tends, *pro tanto*, to lessen the respectability of those who resort to that profession. Whatever makes them dependent more upon the caprice of prosecutors, whether public or private—whatever exposes them more than the rest of their fellow-subjects to penal visitations of courts and magistrates in general—has a direct tendency to lessen the respectability of the profession and of those who engage in it. In my time there have been two remarkable instances of injurious proceeding in this respect, the one by the law, the other by the practice of judges. I allude, first, to the making a conviction for a second offence (which was one of the Six Acts of 1819) punishable by banishment, though that has never been put in force; and I allude, next, to the tendency which has been observed on the part of several judges (*I* am sorry to say it, but I am bound to give my opinion)—a tendency to consider that the editors of newspapers are not entitled to protection when they complain of injuries to their character in the same measure in which the rest of the community are entitled. *I* cannot conceive any course more effectual to destroy the respectability of a class of men than that a judge when summing up to a jury on the trial of a cause in which the individuals of that profession complain of injury to their character by libel or slander, should treat them as though they were persons who had no right to complain of slander, who had no character to lose, and should direct the jury not to regard the character of those individuals as the subject of judicial redress. When *I* was at the bar, I remember a case of the editor of a newspaper prosecuting another editor for one of the foulest libels *I* ever read, and the learned judge who tried the cause, and who is now no more, said it was only the editor of a newspaper who had been libelled, and therefore he did not think it a case for conviction, though it would have been quite an undefended cause, and the conviction a matter of course, if any other person had been the prosecutor. There was an acquittal accordingly; just as if a newspaper editor may be with impunity slandered by any one who chooses. *I* cannot imagine any principle more directly tending to lower the character of those in whose hands the press is (meaning by the press the newspaper press,) and to throw that press into the hands of persons disreputable and capable of abusing its power by dealing in libel, either for lucre of gain, or to gratify private malice."

RUBBER FACTORY.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

Messrs. GALES & SEATON:—During a late visit of business to the Eastern States, I took an opportunity of examining some of the many public and private improvements made in various places, and as they all have reference to our comfort and convenience, I would take the liberty, through your paper, of giving a brief account of them.

The long known and valuable properties of the Caoutchouc, or India rubber has occasioned many attempts to convert this gum into its original or fluid state, so as to enable it to be applied as a coating to various surfaces, when its utility would be made more manifest; but the effort long proved unavailing, to any useful extent, until lately, when the fortunate discovery of a cheap solvent was made by ——, of Boston. The value of this discovery was duly appreciated by the citizens of that city, for a company was soon after formed to enter largely into the manufacture of various articles coated with this gum, and when *I* visited the factory it was in full operation and extensively patronised.

"The rubber factory," as it is called, is situated in Roxbury, a beautiful village about a mile from Boston, and embraces several buildings. One of the proprietors, captain D——, to whom I had a letter, was fortunately present, and kindly went through the whole establishment with me, except one room, which contained the *secret of the mode of dissolving the gum elastic*, only known to the inventor who now has charge of the factory. He prudently reserves to himself the exclusive right of working up the ingredients, the secret being under seal and deposited in bank, in case of the inventor's death. The first room we entered was the *ladies' shoe factory*, where numbers of prunella shoes were making without the use of either needle or thread, the tops, bottoms and lining being all cemented together with the rubber. These shoes were of the handsomest shape and warranted to be water proof.

This improvemnt promises to be a valuable acquisition to the ladies, as they suffer much by wearing shoes that are pervious to water. I was informed that these shoes would last out three pair of the common prunella, and cost no more. The next room we entered was the *garment factory*, where we saw a number of girls cutting out various garments, coats, jackets, pantaloons, &c. and putting them together without needle or thread, the coating of rubber which they had, forming a permanent cement to the seams. Others were making an article which will be very acceptable to mothers and nurses, namely, water-proof *aprons*, some of them handsomely ornamented around the boarders, and with pockets.

The third room we visited was filled with men's garments: coats, pantaloons, overcoats, caps, capes, life preservers, and many other articles, all finished & ready for sale. Here persons may fit themselves with complete suits of water proof clothes: the *sportsmen* will find here the means to enable him to wade through water and mud without fear of getting wet; the weather beaten *mariner*, the *watchman*, *coachman*, *fisherman*, may now bid defiance to wet or cold if ensconced in these water proof robes; and *shipwrecked* sailors, and others, cast upon the mighty deep, if girt with these life preservers, may ride secure upon the mountain wave; and if clad, also, with water-proof garments be doubly secure. When Mr. Durant, the celebrated æronaut descended in Boston bay, he took the precaution of girding himself with one of these life preservers, and to this, he said, he owed his safety when he fell into the water.

Several of the steamboats are furnished with those life preservers, and they serve the additional purpose of a pillow to lay the head on, as they may be folded. They are made to buckle round the waist being previous inflated, and as they are air, as well as water-proof, they remain in this state as long as you wish.

This is a most valuable article for our public ships, packets, steamboats and other vessels to possess, in case of shipwreck; as by this means many a valuable life might be saved, which otherwise would be lost.

In one of the buildings, up stairs, we found them manufacturing *hose* for fire engines; small pipes for conducting water above ground, traces for carriages, &c. This hose is made of stout duck, coated with the rubber, and cemented with the same; so that neither needle or thread are used. It may be made of any strength, as you can treble the thickness of the duck. It promises to supercede the leather hose, being considered more pliable, perfectly water tight; and not so apt to be injured by being trodden upon. I could not but admire the ingenuity of the contrivance of a substitute for the roller to preserve the rotundity of the small pipe, namely, by pumping *air* into the cavity as they proceeded, so as to keep it expanded. These pipes being made of several thicknesses of duck, remain of a cylindrical shape after being finished.

It is impossible to say to what useful purposes this elastic gum will be applied; it has opened a new era in the arts of life and from its pliant nature it must in many cases, be substituted for leather. To all who are exposed to wet or cold it proves a safeguard, and its economy is equal to its utility, for at this factory a person may clothe himself in a suit of water-proof garments, of a handsome exterior appearance, for the small sum of eleven dollars.

R. M.

October 2, 1834.

PRESIDENT JACKSON'S PATRIOTISM & FARMER JAKSON'S SIMPLICITY & ECONOMY.

It is stated in Poulson's Daily Advertiser, that President Jackson has sent to *England*, and purchased two carpets for the *White House*—one a Brussels carpet, at two thousand dollars, and another, of oil cloth, at two thousand dollars more! This Brussels carpet was landed at New York; and compared with American carpeting, and it was decided by competent judges that the American was 10 per cent superior in quality, while it cost 62 1-2 cents per yard, less in price! The foreign carpet cost $2,50 in England, while the American costs $1.37 1-2 cents in New York! Mr. Macauley is a Manufacturer of oil cloth carpeting in Philadelphia—and his manufactures have the highest reputation. He furnished the carpeting which served for Presidents Madison, Monroe & Adams, while they occupied the Presidential Mansion. Mr. Macauley sent in proposals to make the carpeting for President Jackson, and exhibited samples:—but Mr. Macauley was not a Jacksonman, and he was therefore *marked*. The foreigner was preferred and the two thousand dollars were sent to England, to pay for British labor while Americans, are starving for employment! This is the way in which General Jackson displays his "*judicious*" regard for American manufactures. The public money raised from American toil and labor, is sent abroad by this patriotic President to support British manufactures and pay British laborers, while American manufactures of better quality are rejected, and American laborers are crying out for employment!

But more still. This plain Farmer Jackson, as he used to be called—the Tennessee farmer!!—has caused all the *plate* belonging to the President's house which has been collected since, and including the days of Washington, to be *melted up*, and a new set to be purchased—where, think ye? in *France*! For nothing but *foreign* labor and *foreign* manufactures will suit the taste of our plain simple and patriotic President! The plate which had been bought by the nation for Washington and his successors is too homely and old fashioned for the *Tennessee Farmer*, and he must needs discard them for a Parisian set from the hands of the Royal goldsmith of Louis Philippe or Charles the X!!

We call upon American manufacturers and all Americans who live by the sweat of their brow, to notice these facts. *If* there be one man in the nation who, more than another, should individually foster & aid laboring countrymen in obtaining the rewards of industry, it is the President of the United States, who is in the annual receipt of $25,000, of the People's money, and who is besides presented with large sums by Congress at stated periods, to expend in furnishing and ornamenting the Presidential Mansion. Regardless of the solemn obligation imposed by his situation, President Jackson has shown himself the bitterest enemy of the American manufacturer and laborer. He has opposed the tariff, he has paralized industry every where by his *Experiment* on the currency, and now he sends abroad large sums of the public money, which could have been more cheaply furnished at home. Manufacturers read and reflect upon these things.—*Del. Jour.*

To my old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1834.

Seein that you haint hearn from me now for a considerable long spell, I suppose you begun to think I had gone to Araby, where the gineral threatened to go once when the people began to send petitions to him last winter—but my good old friend, ever since I rit to you my last letter, I haint had time to do nothin in that way; and this is about the cause on't. When I wrote to you last, I was busy gettin my boots footed and greas'd, and all things mended and slick'd up, and intended to go to Saratogue, and all about them parts, to keep an eye on the "*next Government*;" but comin to look about me here, I found all the folks of the Government and "the Government" itself all off, & not a critter left here to keep things agoin but me and Mr. Forsyth, the new secretary of State, & as I have a great likin for Mr. Forsyth, & seein that he was rather new in the business, I thought I would stay and lend him a hand, and wait here till either the *present Government* or the *next Government* got back agin. Well, I hadn't been long at it afore *I* began to feel rather wamble chop'd and one day Mr. Forsyth says to me, Major, says he, what's the matter; well says I, Governor, I dont know exactly, but *I* begin to feel considerable streaked: well, says he I reckon I know what's the matter, and he came out with a long word that frightened me almos to pieces. I had hearn a good deal said about the old Torys of '76, and the new Torys of '34, and as my father and grandfather had battled agin the old ones, I didn't somehow fear much about the new ones; and I knew there was a good many kind of new Torys; there was the *present government* Torys, and the next government Tory, and the tape & twine *Torys*, and the safety fund One Dollar bill *Torys*, but here was another kind of Torys I hadn't thought on before, and Governor Forsyth said there was, a doubt they then had hold on me, and them was the Premonitory *Torys*.—As soon as the word was out of his mouth *I* sprang round like all possest; says I, Governor, do you think it is raly so? there is no doubt on't says he; why says I how you talk! for if that is so there is no time to lose says I, for so long as there is any ailan about Major Downing, that has got any kind of *Tory* about it, it is time for folks to look out.

Well says he Major, if you like another name better, says he, I'll give it to you, and so says he, you've got the Kollaree. Do tell, says I, if that's all I'll soon fix that; and why didn't you say so at first, instead of tellin a body about that other plagy ailin? and with that I went to work right off putting things to rights.—The first go off I took a leetle less New England in my switchell; but that didn't do much good; then agin I took a double dose; but that ony made things worse—it was like porin warm warter down ones back on a cold frosty mornin; it felt plagy good whilst you was at it, but in a minit arter it was worse and worse; at last I stop'd all kind of hard licker, and arter a little spell I felt pritty church. I stuck to this plan a few days, and kept cool and good natur'd, and eat nothin but good sound food, and drank nothing but clear cold water, and above all I kept up pluck and trusted to Providence for the rest; and in less than one week there warn't a mite of no kind of premonitorys, nor any kind of tory about me and I was as sound as a grannit But I had a pretty tuff time on't I tell you, for according to the natur of all these kind of ailins that has got any *tory* about em; if you don't stop 'em they go on and go on, till folks go into what the Doctors call the *colaps* and then you turn as blue as an indigo bag, and then Kamfire and Laudnum and burnt Brandy and Kian peper and mustard and hard rubbin aint no kind of use—it's all over then.

I and Mr. Forsyth us'd to have a good many long talks about it, and when I was busy battlin again them plagy premonitorys he used to call and see me, and I would talk over matters with him. One day, says I, Governor, did you ever have a notion that there is a plagy strong likeness between the natur of a man and the natur of a nation? Well, says he, Major, I dont know exactly that there aint, and then agin *I* think there aint none at all. Very well, says I dont commit yourself, but *I've* got a notion says I, that there is a plagy strong likness. Now says I look at me; look at that are leg and that are arm, and this hand, and see this breast, says I, (and I give a whack on it with my hand like a sledgehammer on an anvil;) now says I, aint that all together a pritty considerable pattern of a man? is there any kind of rot about that, says I? nothin says he that I know on, except that plagy premonitory: well says *I*, that aint nothin yet, and scarcely feel it; yes says he but if you dont put a stop to it, Major, it will I reckon lead to trouble putty soon;—well, says I that's true enuf, Governor, and I know as far as experience goes many as stout and strong a chap as I am now, on Thursday aint been worth the labor of berryin him Saturday. Now says I, that's the nature of man; and now let us look at the natur of a nation, and instead of goin all about creation let us look at home—here is a pattern of a nation worth lookin at, and there aint nothin in any part of creation that can hold a candle to it.—Twelve million of folks all strung together by a constitution and a set of laws, made by themselves for their own security and happiness—and every thing so accurately ballanced and check'd, that nothing but wilfulness can throw it out of gearing. But, says *I*, like me, it has got some ailin now about it—there is premonitorys, says *I* at work upon it to a sartinty, and there must be a stop put to em, or things will look blue emuf pretty soon, and nothin will save it from colaps, then all's over with us; and we shant be a bit better off than some of the Portagees and Spanish nations in South America.

There aint, says I no man living, who thought he would do so much good as the Gineral thought he could, afore he got to be the Government, but some how it turns out tother way, & I believe it all comes from the listenin Gineral to the kind of folks who like themselves better than they do him or the country, and turnin away from him his best friends and the best friends of the country.—The worst on't is says I, the Gineral thinks that every man who has a different opinion of his measures, is not ony his enemy but the enemy of his country. When the Gineral writ that letter to Mr. Munro, and tell'd him to be the President of the country, and not of a party, every sound patriot said *thats sound doctrine*. When he said that members of Congress hadn't ought to be appointed to office under the Government, every body said that's pretty sound doctrine; and when he said that the patronage of the Government hadn't ought to come in conflict with the purity of elections, every body said that's *rale sound doctrine*. He said a good many more sound things, but these are enough to talk about now. Well, now every man who aint of the Gineral's party is considered a scamp, and not to be trusted—that *aint sound doctrine*, for I have a notion there are a good many folks as pure and patriotic as ever lived, who aint of the Gineral's party. Then agin the Gineral has appointed more members of Congress than you can shake a stick at; but tho' that aint accordin to his promise, yet I dont complain on't, for its hard for any class of men to be cut off from servin the country if they are fit for it—so that was a bad promise better broke than kept.

But what lifts my dander is about the Government offices mixin in elections, for right in the face and eyes of what the Gineral said, there aint no sich active folks at the polls as the folks who have got office. Now, says I, there is the head men of the hull on em—the *next Government* himself—what is he about, says I—I suppose, says I, he was so afraid that the "patronage of the Government" would come in conflict with the purity of elections—that nothing would do but he must go and look to it himself, and see that all went right. Well Major, says Mr. Forsyth, that is no doubt true enuf, for there aint no man so particular about these matters as Mr. Van Buren. Well, says I, that makes me think of old Jethro Gleason, the miller, and his two sons—every time the boys was busy baggin up a grist to the customers, old Jethro was sure to come in, and says he Eliu haint you taken the toll out? Yes sir, says Eliha, I took it out; and then he'd go to the other boy, and says he, Elam, have you taken the toll out? O yes, daddy, I look to that always myself—you young rascals, says old Jethro, I dont believe a word on t; and with that he'd dip the toll out the third time to make sure on't.

But, says I, all that is nothing to what I think is the worst of the premonitorys, and that is the plaguy editors all about trying to stir up one class of folks agin another—the *poor* agin the *rich*—just as tho' a man who, by industry, has got a litle aforehand in the world, was a natural enemy of a man who had no property—Every man, says I, who is able to work and earn a livin in this country, is, according to my notion, a rich man; for tho' he ha'nt got as much money as some others, he sleeps sounder, and has a better appetite, and the laws protect him alike with others—if he gets sick and can't work, and his family is in want, who does he go to for assistance? Does he go to these party editors and office holders?—or does he go to families of property and character for assistance? And when poor foreigners come to this country and want work, who gives it to them?—do political newspaper editors and political office holders give it to them?—do they build houses and work farms, and thus give honorable employment to thousands and thousands of poor and honest foreigners?—not one on en'm—but they are cruel enuf just to serve party purposes, to tell these poor foreigners, to knock down the rich and their houses, and that the rich always *griad* the *poor*. and all that kind of slang—it is too bad—that's worse than Kollaree—that's agin law and agin common sense; and I never think on't without bilin right up

Now 'says I,' these are the premonitorys, which I am afraid are going on worse and worse; and if not stop'd will go right into a cold sweat and collaps. But, 'says *I*,' there is a remedy—and that is for every man, rich and poor, to look to the laws—obey the laws—go to the ballot box and put in your honest vote, and do all he can to keep the peace, and suffer no bad man to advise him to the contrary. Aint that a good remedy says I, 'Governor."—*It* is so Major, says 'Mr. Forsyth." "Wont that keep off the collapse?" says I. "It will so," says he.—"Wont things git blue" says I, "if it aint attended to?" "I am afraid so," says Mr. Forsyth—"Then," says I, "if I go clear of collapse and Kollaree by droppin all kind of hard lickers, and by keepin cool and watching agin things gettin worse with me, and folks all about the country take my advice at elections; and obey the laws, and commit no riots, these National premenitorys—like these things that are now hanging on to me—will go off; and the nation, like me, will be again as tuff and as sound as old granit.'

And with that, Mr. Forsyth jumps up and took my hand, and says he, 'Major, that's rale sound doctrine; and there aint no true patriot in the country that wont say so." "Well then," says *I*, "dont it turn out that what I said was true, that there is a strong likeness between a man and his ailins, and a nation and its ailins?" there is no doubt on't," says he; so that was an end of the premonitory and kolaree business.—Now my good old friend Mr. Dwight, I have ony a few words more to say. I hear tell that riots and devilry is feared at your next election, and its enuf to bring on kolaree to think on't, that sich a fine city, the pride of the country, and the envy of all creation, should even be disgraced by a riot. *I* wont believe it, for when you come to think on't, riots very seldom injure the folks intended, but frighten poor innocent women and little children, and come plagny hard too on the police and law officers, for they are bound to keep the peace, and must do it at the risk of life; so that no good comes on't but much evil. But if by any chance bad folks will make riots (and none but bad folks will) let every good citizen stand by the officers of the law—and let the cry be *support the laws—keep good order.*

Your friend and the friend to the laws,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia 2d Brigade.

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