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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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The following is from the Nashville Banner; and speaks for itself. The Reverend of the dialogue we may assume to be the president's correspondent, parson Gwin, of Tennessee:

Twelve years since.—So great were the apprehensions of the people of the U. S. in 1824, in reference to the dangerous tendencies of the caucus system, that not only reason and argument in all their modes were resorted to, but the pen of the poet was frequently put in requisition against the common enemy. As a sample of the political poetry of that period, we shall quote a couple of stanzas from an effusion that created quite a sensation, and went the rounds of the anticus papers; we well remember with what zest it was read by the original Jackson party in this quarter. The Crawford or Caucus party were termed Radicals; hence the epithet of *Rads:*

II.

Wend you with the Rads to-night—
Sixty-five perchance they'll muster,
There'll be none of mind or might,
But some threescore in a fluster.
General *Chandler* will be there,
Tough as steel and bold as Hector;
Eassett, with Virginia air;
VAN the ALBANY DIRECTOR;
FORSYTH, with his foreign graces?
Edwards, Williams, in a stew?
Flatting brains and dirty faces,
With the blushes reddening through;
Shallow knaves, with forms to mock us,
Straggling, one by one, to caucus.

III.

Wend you with the Rads to night;
A motly crew, and bad the best;
Winging from the south their flight,
With *two* poor stragglers from the west.
'Tis the tide of faction flowing—
'Tis the [illegible]
Lloyd, of Maryland, is going;
DICKERSON, and HOLMES of Maine,
Western *Thomas* looking grimly;
From New York a *haggard jew*,
Led by *Lot Clarke*, seeing dimly,
Spectacles and vapour through—
Shallow knaves, with forms to mock us,
Straggling, one by one, to caucus.

Now let us, for a moment suppose, that in the very act of chanting this ditty, some *Rip Van Winkle* of the *original Jackson party*, overcome by the drowsy god, had fallen asleep in some 'Sleepy Hollow." Let us further suppose, that he had slept undisturbed until the present moment—and having had his nap out, was quietly proceeding on his way, humming aloud.

'And Van, the Albany director.'

At the precise point of time, he is overtaken by Parson ——, who accosts him thus:

Parson. What do you mean, sir, by attacking General Jackson; and in a carnal song too?

Rip Attack General Jackson!—Why I have *fought* under him, and would *die* for him. I was merely singing about that arch intriguer, Van Buren, who, you know, is so much opposed to the Old chief. I wish I had him here!

Parson. Why, where has the fellow been these twelve years? Don't you know, sirrah, that General Jackson was elected President of the U. States in 1828?

Rip. (With surprise and delight.) Oh, glorious day.

Parson. That Mr. Van Buren, whom you have the assurance to call an arch intriguer, was his Secretary of State; is now Vice President of the U. States, and so completely identified with Gen. Jackson, that every word uttered against him, is a direct attack against the General!

Rip. Lord save us! Where have I been? What is this world coming to? I meant no harm, sir. I'll go on with my song: (sings,)

"FORSYTH, with his foreign graces"

Parson. Stop Sir. I cannot permit you thus to abuse Gen. Jackson in my presence.

Rip. *Abuse* General Jackson! I'm only singing about Forsyth, his bitter enemy. Don't you remember he was one of the Seminole committee in the Senate?

Parson. Mr. Forsyth, is now Secretary of State under General Jackson, and his 'bosom friend'—of course any disparagement of *him is a direct attack upon Gen Jackson.*

Rip. I beg pardon I will be careful in future not to say any thing against Mr. Forsyth; but let me go on with my song—(He sings

"DICKERSON and HOLMES of Maine."

Parson. Shut your mouth, sir, and cease that song. You are attacking the President again.

Rip. How?

Parson. Mr. Dickerson is the Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Jackson, & therefore any disrespectful allusion to him, is *an attack upon Gen. Jackson.*

Rip. Well, well! Seeing you dislike my song, let us chat a while. I discover you are fond of politics. *Col. Wilson* of the *Gazette* gave that Clay fellow, KENDALL, of the *Frankfort Argus*, an excellent hit the other day.

Parson. 'That *Clay* fellow Kendall!' How dare you speak in such derogatory terms of Gen. Jackson's Post-Master-General. Opposition, sir, to Mr. *Kendall*, is direct and dastardly opposition to Gen. Jakson.

Rip. W e-u-g-h! I'm done *Tempora mutanter, &c.*

Parson. What is that you are saying against General Jackson, in that heathen tongue?

Rip. I intended no offence I only said, times change, and we change with them.

Parson. How now, sir! Do you mean to attack General Jackson by saying he has changed?

Rip. Certainly not. I have not the least doubt he is now just what he was 12 or 20 years ago. Oh, what a fine letter it was, which he wrote to Mr. Monroe. 'Exterminate,' says he, 'that monster called party spirit.' 'The chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never indulge in party feelings' 'Consult,' said he '*no party* in your choice,' &c.

Parson. (*Seizing him by the collar.*) How dare you sir, make such a dastardly attack upon Gen. Jackson?

Rip. Let me go, I pray you. I meant no disrespect to the President, whom I honor and revere above all men living.

Parson. Base hypocrite! You are only *looking out* for a pretext to assail him. You could not have cited those passages with any *good intent.* You manifestly intend to give Gen. Jackson a most dastardly stab You are an *enemy in disguise.* You are at heart *anti Jackson.*

Rip. I thought——

Parson. What right have you to *think* at all? Gen. Jackson knows what is best. He can think for us all, & thereby save us much trouble. I want no better evidence of your being an enemy of Gen. Jackson than of your presuming *to think for* yourself—especially on the subject of Mr. Van Buren's merits.

Rip. Then I had better return to the hollow, and go to sleep

Parson Exactly, my good fellow—And hark you, take as many of the *people* along with you to that hollow as possible. The more they *sleep* the better. Van Buren is always 'wide awake,' and will be sure to see that *things are fixed.* [Exit Rip]

Parson (*Solus*) I *think* the experiment will work. If we can but get the people into the *Sleepy hollow*, WE ARE SAFE.

SINCERITY

I'll never consent, while I breathe, to treat a scoundrel with deference, at the expense of an honest man, to disappoint a friend—to spare the feelings of a fool, because he is a fool, and a stranger, no, not even a stranger, an intruder.

Now you are in earnest, *now* I believe you.

That I am: I see friendship, love, common sense; and common honesty sacrificed every hour, to what is called politeness. I see women every day—*out of respect, as they say, to their husbands*—tricked out with better dress, with better looks—and with better humour to receive strangers, than to receive a husband; the rogues, persuading the good, easy fool, when they give other men a cleaner table cloth; and a better dinner, that they do it out of love and respect for *him!*

Abominable! they treat the lord of their affections, the partner of their bed, the father of their children, worse than any other man, they do indeed, there's no denying it.

'Tis all a wicked, profligate, cold hearted lie, and they know it. They call it hospitality; Worse and worse. Hospitality is not ostentatious; Hospitality is simple and sincere. No, they want to please a stranger to decrive him, even for an hour, to appear better off in the world, richer and more comfortable than they really are. They are secretly tired of home, of plain, quiet, comfortable, beautiful decency, which makes home so dear to man. Such women are sure to be sluts and hypocrites, just in proportion to the difference they make between their household and the world; the stranger and their husband. And they go slip shod about the house, their caps o' one side, hair flying loose, and themselves fitter for a horse pond, then a marriage bed, or a dinner table, till, in mercy to their husbands, some stranger knocks at the door.

Oh, but if you ask a man to dinner with you, you must give him something better than pork and beans.

Not if I eat pork and beans myself,
But he'll be offended.

Let him. He's a fool, if he expects to be treated at my own house, by my own wife, better than I myself am. Sir, I can tell, by looking at the plate of a man, exactly how he is esteemed by the woman at the head of the table.

Of course. The higher she esteems him, and the more she loves him, the better he will be helped.

Exactly the reverse. The l[illegible] will be the worse off; and [illegible] particular, dear f[illegible]

somebody to whom the family are under great obligation, you may know him by the drumsticks on his plate, the muddy cider, and the small claws of the lobster.

But after all, if we can't be free and easy with our friends, with whom can we be so?

Free and easy? Codfish and potatoes? Is that what you call being free and easy? Make your friends eat pudding and goose out of the same plate But so it ever is, we always treat them worst, who treat us best, a man will borrow money of his best friend to pay the rascal that put him in jail, and then let his friend whistle for the money, or come to a downright quarrel with him; if he should refuse to lend him any more, for the same purpose.

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT.

As to the matter of profit, I would inquire in what manner an acre of ground, in the ordinary course of cultivation, can be made so profitable as in the cultivation of fruits. Good fruits will always find a good and ready market. After the trees are set out the ground may be cultivated for many years, with little or no injury to the crop, and with great benefit to the trees. The trees, themselves will require little other labor than pruning, and this requires one day annually If the fruit be judiciously selected it would sell in the market for more than the whole crop of corn, potatoes or grain, and pay for gathering and marketing.—Even in the Newburyport market, good peaches will bring from three to four dollars a bushel, cherries and plums from four to five dollars, pears from one dollar fifty cents to two dollars, and apples one dollar a bushel. Take for instance a premium crop of corn or any other grain, after deducting labor, &c. fifty dollars would be a liberal amount for profit, and yet I cannot but think an acre of good fruit would yield a profit of four times this amount

Fruit is also one of the greatest luxuries which God, in his providence has given to man. Have you not been at the festive board loaded with all the dainties which wealth and taste could collect from this and other climes? And have you not seen that those ripened in our own sunshine have always been preferred? What foreign fruit can compare with the mellow blushing apple, the lucious pear and the peach which fills the room with its fragrance? And yet all these we may have with very little labor and very little expense. If I am told that accidents often attend the cultivation of fruit which disappoint our expectations, I would inquire what crop of the farmer is not liable to accident? Frost, and drought, which often injure fruit, are no less injurious to the tillage crops.

Ripe fruit also contributes greatly to health. I have seldom known a family of children accustomed to the daily use of ripe fruit, who have much occasion for a physician. *It* prevents in both old and young, dysenteries, cholics, and various other ills which flesh is heir to, and gives the form of health and strength so essential to our happiness. This is a cheap medicine, much cheaper than that presented by a physician, which we must pay dearly for, and his visit beside.

Every farmer should be well acquainted with the operations of grafting and budding. It is an art attended with no difficulty and may be learned in one hour. A little practice will enable any person to perform the operations with great rapidity and success. I deem a knowledge of these simple arts so important, that I would make them an essential part of a young gentleman's education.

The peach is probably the most short lived tree of all our fruit trees, but it is renewed with very little trouble. Plant a peach stone in the place where you want a tree to grow, and it is very sure to come up and flourish. The better way is, however, to have a nursery. Take a few feet of ground in the garden, and in the fall plant a number of stones. At two years growth the tree may be budded with fruit which you know to be excellent, and in the fall of the year the tree may be transplanted to the place where you wish it to stand. Let it have a southern aspect, at the south side of the house or barn, or on the south side of the hill.& it will for several years produce fruit abundantly, which will repay all your labor & trouble. When it decays let it be renewed by another. In the same manner other fruits may be produced.

Mosely's Address.

METHOD OF SAVING SEED.

As the fruit ripens, the tree should be shaken every morning, and the fruit that falls gathered with that which may have fallen of itself. Put the fruit into a tub and press and rub it till the berries are completely worked into a common mass. They should then be washed in water until the pulp is completely separated from the seed. During the procees of washing, the water must be repeatedly changed, and in pouring off the dirty water, the seed which swims must be suffered to escape, as it is not good. When the seed is thus perfectly cleansed and separated, it must be spread on cloths in the shade to dry. When *perfectly dry*, it should be bottles, well corked, which kept where they would never l to *light, air* or *dampness.*—Mulberry seed are of an oblong triangular shape, and of a dull, dark yellow color, and very full of oil.

VARIETIES OF THE WHITE MULBERRY.

The white Mulberry is a tree not known by its fruit. Two varieties bear white berries, one red and another black, and trees have been known to bear different kinds of fruit on the same tree.

PATIENCE OF A DOG.

The week of last week a terrier dog was observed near the spout of a house at Gravesend, which he never left day nor night for eight days, living only on the food thrown to him by casual passengers. It appears that he chased a rat, which escaped up the spout, and this occasioned him to watch at the spout for so long a time, until it was resolved to saw the spout, take it down, and drive the rat out, which the dog instantly killed and then returned home.

Port. Adv.

A TOUCH OF YANKEE CHARACTER.

At the auction of Prescott last week at Hopkinton a tin pedler drove up with his load in front of Perkin's Inn, just after the box had been cut down, and addressed the crowd as follows: 'Gentlemen, I am requested to return thanks to you on behalf of the late Abraham Prescott, for your punctual and polite attendance on his last moments, and to inform you that a few articles of tin ware, are to be disposed of for the benefit of the widow."

Here he held up a tin coffee pot.

'*Gentlemen, please give me a bid for the coffee pot.*'—(Green Mountain Democrat.

Ardent in Betting.—Two gentlemen at a tavern having summoned the waiter, the poor fellow had scarcely entered when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. 'He's dead!' exclaimed one. 'He'll come to!' replied the other. 'Dead—five hundred!' 'Done!' retorted the other. The noise of the fall and the confusion which followed brought up the landlord, who called out to fetch a doctor. 'No, no! we make no interference; there's a bet depending.' 'But, sir, I shall lose a valuable servant!' 'Never mind! never mind! you can put him down to the bill.'—*Paris Advertiser.*

A KING ENTITLED TO VOTE.

Among the many curious [illegible] during the voting [illegible] Windsor, entered to vote contained the following:

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	PROFESSION.
William the Fourth	Windsor Castle.	King of G. B. & Ireland

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

Washington, Feb. 23, 1836.

The sitting of the House to day has been full of interesting incidents. Immediately after the reading of the Journal, the Speaker intimated that he had received several messages from the President; which, by permission of the House, were read. The first was the one I had the gratification of listening to yesterday, in the Senate, relative to the mediation, &c. Some debate arose as to the number that should be ordered to be printed; Blair's friends of course endeavoring to get as many as possible ordered, and those who are on the watch to prevent too much food being cast into the jaws of that cormorant, urging the propriety of limiting the number. Some one of 'the party'—I really forget his name,—proposed 40,000! some one else 25,000! and Mr. Cave Johnson 10,000! A most excellent suggestion was made by Mr. Lay, of New York, to amend the motion for ordering additional copies, by inserting the provision that they be laid on the desks of the members, on or before the first day of June! It is a notorious fact, that the copies of the Anuual Message, which were ordered, are still coming slowly along, three or four at a time.

That good old *Democrat!* Parker, signalised himself by a speech in favor of the largest number. He wished to distribute a copy to every hamlet in the country—not in the form of a perishable newspaper, but of a neat pamphlet or book.

John Quincy Adams became quite rhetorical in his advocacy of the largest number. He strained his piping treble to its utmost screak, and raised his arm aloft, as he assigned as additional reasons for spreading the message far and wide, the *moral* of the conclusion with which it terminated, namely, the recommendation to prepare for war, & the quotation of the almost inspired words of the Father of his country.

Notwithstanding the support of this new leader of the party, the largest number was not voted; but the motion to print 25,000 additional copies was carried.

The House had first agreed to lay the message and documents on the table, and print; but at the suggestion of Mr. Adams, that vote was re-considered, and they were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The other messages of the President merely intimated that he transmitted certain reports from the Secretary of State, and of the Treasury, relative to our affairs with France. They were laid on the table and printed

Most of the members, I doubt not, laid the flattering unction to their souls, that by adjourning over till to day they had escaped the horrors of petition-day, and all the 'disgusting and fatigueing' discussions on Abolition, (these epithets are not mine; they emanated from the chatterbox of the House, Mr. Attorney General Beardsley!) So thought the learned and read Speaker himself. But they all counted without their host.

Just as the Chair had announced the orders of the day, Mr. Adams rose and asked whether *the first day of the meeting of the House* in each week; was not set apart for the presentation of petitions and memorials? Polk looked rather awakward when this question was put, but he soon recovered his complacency, examined the rule, and decided that Adams was right. Every one had taken for granted that it was the first day of the week—not of the meeting of the House!

Of course, the first thing that came up was the question of order pending at the adjournment on Monday of last week—namely, whether the decision of the Chair, that every member had a right to demand the question of receiving on the presentation of a petition praying the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, should stand as the judgment of the House?

Miller, of Pa., moved to postpone this question of order, till Monday next, for the purpose of receiving petitions that would occasion no debate.

Mr. Vinton of Ohio opposed this motion, on the ground that it could not possibly do any good. The same question would arise again, and speedily. It was impossible, he thought, to *evade* it.

Mr Wise, you may easily imagine, was not long in his seat, when an attempt was making to give this matter the *go-by* He got the floor; and in that bold energetic manner which distinguishes him, he proceeded to state the question.—'It is' said he, 'shall the question of Slavery be any longer postponed by this House?'

Chair. 'No sir! the question is solely on the motion to postpone the point of order.'

Mr. Wise. 'Then sir! I wish to know whether the gentleman from Pennsylvania, means by this present movement to [illegible] subject to, or [illegible] be presented If so; then I say as a Southern man, as a slave holder and the representative of slave holders, that we will not submit to be trifled with, in this way—If Southern rights are to be thus postponed, evaded, and trampled upon, it is impossible to say what will be the consequences.'

The question was then taken on the motion to postpone and decided in the affirmative.

It was not long, however, before the whole matter was again brought up.—Mr. Adams, who is always first in a row, now a-days, presented a petition from certain citizens of New York praying for the abolition of slavery in this district; and moved its reference to the Select Committee, under Mr. Pinckney's resolution.

I looked for Wise or Peyton to spring to their feet, but Mr. Shepherd of N. C. was before them; and demanded the question on receiving; and in the same breath, moved to postpone the preliminary question to Monday next.

Mr. Adams grew quite indignant, at this attempt to thwart him. 'A singular attitude indeed does this House present!' said he. 'The resolution of the member from South Carolina, adopted the other day, is expressive of the decisive will of this House. Is that to be defeated by a mere technical formality? Or is the House competent to execute its own orders? I appeal to our own past action, which, I maintain, has decided already that these petitions shall be received.

A great deal of confusion now arose; several members making conflicting motions, and suggestions Shepherd attempted once or twice to make some explanation; but loud cries of 'order! order!' interrupted him

The Chair blundered on, apparently quite at a loss what to do: at last he got out the question on postponing the petition—but just here, Cambreleng levelled his glass, and discovering that the hour of one o'clock had arrived, bolted out with 'Time sir, to go to the special order!' Again numberless suggestions were made, as to what ought to be done; for every member seems to pity the poor Speaker, and be disposed to diminish his embarrassments. At last the 'PREMONITORY SYMPTON' of the Magician was persuaded to propose a postponement of the Special Order, for the purpose of receiving such petitions as would not read to debate.

Again did John Quincy Adams rise, and, this time, he opposed his new ally, the little New Yorker. He was decidedly opposed to every measure that went to discriminate between petitions that should be, and those which should not be received. The question, was notwithstanding taken, on Cambreleng's motion, and decided in the affirmative. The question then recurred, on postponing the question, of reception of Mr. Adams's petition, and also carried in the affirmative.

But the great trick of the day now to be played out. That singularly obtrusive *oaf*, Mann of N. Y. moved—what? think ye?—why, to reconsider the vote, whereby the question of order was postponed to Monday next. True to the party wires that moved him, the Pennsylvania Miller was soon on his legs—to give indignant opposition to the proposal that was the very reverse of the motion he made half an hour before? No!—but to wheel about—eat his own words—and concur, in the arrangement of his friend from New York!

Oh! how I rejoiced when I saw Henry Wise take the floor! He is invaluable in showing up the servility—the tricks—finesse as they call it; but in reality the degrading and heartless intrigues of the *train bands.* Nothing could be better than the lashing he gave the two bog-trotters that had together plunged into the worst mire of the party. 'I rise,' said he, to make a prediction!—that the House will agree to the motion of the gentlemen from New York. I expected,—who did not expect, that the gentleman from Pennsylvania would concur in that motion?—I trust however the South will see the fact that when the Southern members make an appeal to the House, on a question affecting their rights and interests, it is disregarded—but when a motion on this exciting topic comes from the gentleman from New York it will be concurred in.'

The Virginian predicted rightly; Mann's motion did prevail. The motion to postpone was withdrawn; and the question recurred, on the appeal from the decision of the Chair.

This gave rise to a lengthened debate in which Messrs Lawler, of Alabama, Cushing, Wise, and Garland sustained the decision of the Chair; and Messrs. Beard, Grennel, Vanderpoel, and Manning opposed it. Cushing made an able speech, full of discrimination; and well reasoned throughout. Wise was very powerful; and cut up poor Beardsley dreadfully—calling him always 'The Attorney General of New York.'

I have already occupied space enough for one day; or I should notice these speeches at length—but they must be given to you at another time. About half past four the previous question was demanded—sustained—the gag was applied—the Chair was [illegible]

This extraordinary and tyrannical decision suggests many reflections—but I must defer them for the present. Y. L.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1836.

We had in the Senate to day one of the noblest displays of eloquence which this country can boast of. Webster, Clay and Calhoun, are all possessed of splendid and various oratorial powers—but I question whether in any of them the faculty of argumentative declamation is to be found in such perfection as in Mr. Preston.

This gentleman took the floor to day, when the Fortification Bill came up; and now, looking back to the most memorable scenes of public business, and recalling the highest passages of the illustrious triumvirate of branch of the Legislature, I can recollect nothing more beautiful and impressive than were some of the bursts of eloquence to day.

Preston has been cast by nature in an excellent mould for the externals of oratory. He is tall and sufficiently robust in form; and has a far more courtly presence and demeanor than any of the gentlemen I have mentioned. His face at first disappoints a man who is familiar with his high powers from having read his productions, and might be passed in a crowd without exciting any inclination to take a second look. But when he becomes excited by any strong emotion, it undergoes a complete change. The eloquent blood rushes to and from his cheek with the rapidity of thought—his eyes send forth beams of genuine feeling—and the flash of passion lightens up his whole countenance. Such his look in all his more remarkable passages; and his gesture and tones of voice are in admirable consonance with the subject and sentiment, and occasion; and so full of truth and dignity as to deserve the beautiful praise of Wordsworth—they *are* such

"As skill and graceful Nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene!"

I was listening attentively to the debate on the N. York Relief Bill, in the House, when it was whispered to me, that Preston was making a most interesting speech in the Senate. I hastened thither, and just as I entered the gallery, the orator was commenting upon that portion of Mr. Benton's speech yesterday, in which he pronounced the highest eulogiums upon the different distinguished Statesmen, who had recommended extensive systems of fortifications. He spoke of the omission from that catalogue of the name of his colleague (John C. Calhoun.) In connection with this, he alluded to the well known story of the funeral procession of a distinguished person in Rome, which was honored with the greatest ceremonies, and attended by an immense multitude, and graced with having the statues of the greatest heroes and patriots and sages of Rome carried before

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