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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MR. SLICK.

His sayings and doings.

The Confessions of a Deposed Minister.

Since I parted with you, squire, at Windsor, last fall, I've been to home.—There's been an awful smash among the banks in the States,—theyv'e been blowed over, and snapped off, and torn up by the roots like the pines to the southward in a tornado:—awful work, you may depend. Every thing prostrated as flat as if had been chopped with an axe for the fire. It's the most dismal sight I ever beheld. Shortly after I left you I got a letter from Mr. Hopewell, a tellin' of me, there was a storm abrewin', and advisin' of me to come home as soon as possible, to see arter my stock in the Slickville bank, for they were carryin' too much sail, and he was e'en a'most certain it would capsize when the squall struck it. Well, I rode night and day; I nearly killed old Clay and myself too (I left the old horse to St. John's;) but I got there in time, sold out my shares, and gist secured himself, when it failed tetotally,—it won't pay five cents to the dollar; a total wreck, stock and luke.—Poor old minister, he is nearly used up; he has small potatoes now, and few in a hill. It made me feel quite streakee to see him, for he is a riel good man, a genuwine primitive Christian, and one of the old school. Why, Sam, says he, how do you do, my boy? The sight of you is acilly good for sore eyes. Oh! I am glad to see y'u once more afore I go, it does me good—it happifies me, it does. I vow—for you always seem kind o'natural to me. I did'nt think I say we have mayvernment, no law, and should ever take any interest in any thing ag'n;—but I must have a talk with you—it will do me good—it revives me. And now, Sam, said he, open that are cupboard there, and take that big key off the nail on the right hand side—it's the key of the cellar, and go to the north bin, and bring up a bottle of the old genuwine cider—it will refresh y'u arter your fatigue; and give me my pipe and tobacco, and we will have a talk as we used to do in old times.

Well, says I, when I returned and uncorked the bottle,—minister, says I, its no use in a talkin',—and I took a heavy pull at the cider—it's no use a talkin', but there's nothing like that among the Blue-noses any how. I believe you might stump the univarse for ci ler—*that* caps all—it's super excellent—that's a fact.

I shall stump out of the univarse soon, Sam, said he. I'm e'en a'most done: my body is worn out, and my spirits are none of the best now,—I'm a lone man. The old men are droppin' off fast into the grave, and the young men are troopin' off fast to the far West; and Slickville don't seem the place to me it used to do no more. I'm well stricken in years now; my life stretches over a considerable space of the colony time, and over all our republic: my race is run, my lamp is out, and I am ready to go. I often say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Next birth day, if the Lord spares me to see it, I shall be ninety-five years old. Well, says I, minister, you've seen great changes in your time, that's sartain; haven't we grown cruel fast? There ain't such a nation as ourn p'rhaps atween the poles. gist at this present time. We are a'most through to the Pacific, and spreadin' all over this great Continent; and our flag floats over every part of the world. Our free and enlightened people do present a'most a glorious spectacle—that's a fact. Well, he sot still and said nothin'; but takin' the pipe out of his mouth, he let go a great long puff of smoke, and then replaced his pipe ag'in, and arter a space, says he, Well, Sam, what of all that? Why, said, I, minister, you remind me of Joab Hunter: he whipped every one that darst try him, both in Slickville and its vicinity; and then he set down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeerd of him, and none on 'em would fight him.

It's a law of natur', Sam, said he, that things that grow too fast, and grow too big, go to decay soon. I am afeerd we shall be rotten afore we are ripe.—Precocity ain't a good sign in any thing. A boy that outgrows his strength is seldom healthy; an old head on young shoulders is plagny apt to find afore long the shoulders too old and weak for the head. I am too aged a man to be led away by names—too old a bird to be caught by chaff. Tinsell and glitter don't deceive me into a belief that they are solid, genuine metals. Our eagle, that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird: and an aspirin' bird; but he is a bird of prey, Sam,—too fond of blood,—too prone to pounce on the weak and unwary. I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but them stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves risin' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom: tell me what freedom is? Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are sartainly free But is that freedom? Is it havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt.

Yes, we know what we are a talkin' about' we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is, p'rhaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and so glibly: but it may not be so free to all comers as our country is. But what is freedom? My little grandson, little Sammy, (I had him named arter you, Sam,) told me yesterday I was behind the enlightenment of the age; perhaps you, who are ahead of it, will answer me. What is freedom? A colt is free,—he is unrestrained,—he acknowledges no master,—no law, but the law of natur'. A man may get his brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse or the wild ass? If not, what is it?—Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular spirits? Is it in the absence of all subordination, or the insufficiency of all legal or moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. *That is freedom*

Why, minister, said I, what on airth ails you, to make you talk arter that fashion? If you had abin drinkin any of that are old cider, I do think I should have believed it had got into your brain, for it pretty considerable stiff that, and tarnation heady. How can you go for to say we have mayvernment, no law, and no religion, when it's generally allowed we are the most free and enlightened people on the face of the airth?—I did'nt say *that*, Sam: I was definin' freedom in its general acceptation. We have got a government somewhere, if folks could only find it. When they sarched for it at Texas, they said it was to Canady lines; and when they go to Canady lines to seek it, they say it is gone to the Seminole war; and when they get there, they'll tell 'em they've been lookin' for it; but it hasn't arrived yet, and they wish to gracious it would make haste and come, for if it wor there, three thousand Injians could'nt beat us three years runnin', and defy us yet We've got law too, and when the judges go on the circuit, the mob holds its courts, and keeps the peace.—Whose commission does the mob hold?—The people's commission. And whose commission does the supreme judge hold? The Presidents. Which is at the top of the pot then? Can the judges punish the mob?—No; but the mob can punish the judges. Which is the supreme court, then? No; we have law. Yes, said I, and the prophets too; for if you ain't a prophet of evils, its a pity. I fairly felt ryled, for if there is any thing that raises my dander, and puts my Ebenezer up, it is to hear a man say any thing ag'in the glorious institutions of our great, splendid country.

There you go ag'in, said he; you don't know what you are talkin about; a prophet *used* to be a person who foretold future events to come. What they be now in Webster's new dictionary, I don't know; but I guess they now be those who foretell things after they happen. I warn't aprophesyin'—I was speakin of things afore my eyes. Your ideas of prophets are about as clear as your ideas of freedom. Yes, we've got law, and written law too, as well as written constitutions—(for we despise that on written law, the common law of the ignorant British; we despise it as a relic of barbarism of the age of darkness and fable,) and as soon as our cases that are tried afore the mob courts are collected and reported by some of our eminent mob orators, these state trials will have great authority. They'll be quoted to England with great respect, I know; for they've got orators of the same breed there too,—the same gentle, mild, Christain-like-philanthropists. Pity you had'nt sported that kind of doctrine, says I, minister, afore our glorious revolution. The British would have made a bishop of you, or a Canter Berry, or whatever they call their Protestant pope. Yes, you might have had the cannon law and tythe law enforced with the baggonet law. Abusin' the British don't help us, Sam. I am not *their* advocate, but the advocate for law, just and equal law, impartially administered, voluntarily obeyed, and when infringed, duly enforced. Yes, we have religion, too, from the strict good old platform, through every variety and shade of tinker, mormonite, and mountebank, down to the infidel, men who preach peace and good will, but who fight and hate each other like the devil. Idolatry like ourn you won't find even among the heathen. We are image worshippers, we have two images. There's the golden image, which all men worship here, and the American image. The American image! said I; do tell what on airth is that? I do believe in my heart, minister, that you have taken leave of your senses. What onder the sun is the American image? An image of perfection, Sam, said he; fine phrenological head—high forehead—noble countenance—intelligent face—limbs Herculanean, but well proportioned—graceful attitude—a figure of great elegance and beauty,—the personification of every thing that is great and good, *that* is the American image,—*that* we set up and admire, and every body thinks it is an image of himself. Oh! is is humiliatin', it is the degradin'; but we are all brought up to this idolatry from our cradle: we are taught first to worship gold, and then to idolize ourselves.

Yes, we have a government, have a law, and have a religion,—and a precious government, law and religion, it is. I was once led to believe we had made a great discovery, and were tryin' a great experiment in the art of self-government, for the benefit of mankind, as well as ourselves. Oh, delusion of delusions!—It had been tried before and signally failed, and tried on our own ground too, and under our own eyes. We are copies and not originals—base imitators. When he got this far. I seed how it was—he was delirious, poor old gentleman; his narves were excited, and he was aravin': his face was flushed, his eye glared and looked quite wild-like. It touched me to the heart, for I loved him like a father, and his intellects were of the first order afore old age, like a cloud had overshadowed 'em. I thought I should have boohooed right out. So, instead of contradictin' him, I humored him. Where was it tried, minister? said I; who had the honor afore us? for let us give the cred it where it is due. The North American Indians, said he, had tried it afore in all its parts. They had no king, no nobles no privileged class, no established religion. Their mobs made laws, Lynch laws too, for they had burned people before the citizens at Mobile were ever born, or were even thought on, and invaded also other folks' territory by stealth, and then kept possession. They too, elected their presidents and other officers, and did all and every thing we do. They, too, had their federal government of independent states, & their congress & solemn lookin' boasting orators. They, too, had their long knives as well as Arkansa's folks have, and were as fond of blood. And where are they now? Where is their great experiment?—their great spectacle of a people governin' themselves? Gone! where ourn will go; gone with the years that are fled, never to return! Oh, Sam, Sam! my heart is sick within me. Where now is our beautiful republic bequeathed to us by Washington, and the sages and heroes of the revolution? Overwhelmed and destroyed by the mighty waters of democracy. Nothin' is now left but a dreary waste of angry waters, moved and excited by every wind that blows, and agitated by every conflictin' current, onsafe to navigate, fearful even to look upon.

This is too excitin' a subject, said I, minister, and ad nits of a great deal bein' said on both sides. It ain't worth our while to get warm on it. As for an established church, said I, you know what an hubbub they make in England to get clear of that are. I don't think we need envy 'em, unless they'll establish our platform. If they did *that*, said I and I looked up and winked, I don't know as I wouldn't vote for it myself. Sam, said he, we are agoin' to have an established church; it may be a very good church, and is a great deal better than many we have; but still it ain't the church of the Pilgrims. What church, said I, minister? Why, said he, the Catholic Church; before long it will be the established church of the United States. Poor old man, only think of his getting such a freak as that are in his head: it was melancholy to hear him talk such nonsense, warn't it? What makes you think so? said I.—Why, said he, Sam, the majority here do every thing. The majority voted at first against an establishment; a majority may at last vote for it: the voice of the majority is law. Now the Catholics are fast gainin' a numerical majority. Don't you believe census or other tables? I know it, and I could easily correct the errors of the census.

They gain constantly—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets—as soon as they have the majority this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes and Persians, of Europe, the noiumus legs mutari people. What then will the natural order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this—I don't dread it; I hope, and trust, and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don't, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold, speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. *We shall be a Catholic country.**

Sam, my heart is broken!—my last tie is severed, and I am now descendin' to the grave full of years and full of sorrows! I have received my dismissal: my elders have waited upon me with the appallin' information that they have given a call to a Unitarian, and have no further need of my services. My labours, Sam, were not worth having—that's a fact: I am now old, gray headed, and infirm, and worn out in the service of my master. It was time for me to retire. Tempus abire tibi est. (I hope you hav'n't forgot what little Latin you had, Sam.) I do not blame them for *that*:—but a Unitarian in my pulpit! It has killed me—I *cannot* survive it; and he cried like a child. I looked on 'em, said he, as my children—I loved 'em as my own—taught 'em their infant prayers—I led 'em to the alter of the Lord, I fed 'em with the bread of life, encouraged 'em when they was right, reproved 'em when they was wrong, and watched over 'em always. Where now is my flock? and what account shall I give of the shepherd? Oh, Sam, willin'ly would I offer up my life for 'em as a sacrifice, but it may not be. My poor flock, my dear children, my lost sheep, that I should have lived to have seen this day!—and he hid his face in his hands, and moaned bitterly.

Poor old gentleman, it had been too much for him; it was evident that it had affected his head as well as his heart.—And this I will say, that a better head & a better heart there ain't this day in the United States of America than minister Joshua Hopwell's of Slickville. I am glad to hear you speak so affectionately of him, said I. It shows there are good and well hearts in Slickville besides his: but do you really think he was delirious? No doubt in the world on it, said he. If you had seen him and heerd him, you would have felt that his troubles had swompified him It was gone goose with him,—that's a fact. That he spoke under the influence of excited feelings, I replied and with a heart filled with grief and indignation, there can be no doubt: but I see no evidence of delirium: on the contrary, his remarks strike me as most eloquent and original. They have made a great impression upon me, and I shall long remember the CONFESSIONS OF A DEPOSED MINISTER.

*Reference is here made particularly to Nova Scotia.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

MR. GAY'S SILK MACHINERY.

Mr. Editor: There can now be no doubt, but that the culture of silk is destined soon to become one of the most profitable branches of national industry. Enquiry is aroused and interest awakened. A spirit of earnest adventure has gone forth among the people, and nothing now, short of another revolution, can put it down. Its march is onward.

We have every advantage, both as to the culture and manufacture of Silk. The soil and climate, of the greater number of our States, are as well adapted as those of any country on the globe.

We have already made the attempt and succeeded, both in the culture and manufacture. Mr. Gay exhibited to me, in the State of Delaware, some woven silks for ladies dresses, & some handkerchiefs as beautiful as any that ever came from the looms of China, Italy or France. In solidity they are superior to almost any of the imported article.

Mr. Gay, the ingenious inventor of the silk machinery exhibited in this city, is I have been told, originally from Connecticut, the land of industry and ingenuity, and richly deserves, with some other States, to be styled the *Universal Yankee Nation*. Mr. Gay was a pioneer in the silk business, and with slender means he early applied himself to the study of the silk culture, and to the perfection of silk machinery. After hard struggling, he put in operation the discoveries and improvements he had made and has now given to the world his machines for unwinding or reeling cocoons, and for making sewing silk. I have seen this machinery operate, and pronounce it, as far as my judgment goes, almost perfect. It is as simple as it *can* be to act properly and yet it has every thing necessary.—The traversing bar of the machine which unwinds the cocoons, is moved by a simple groove in a wheel, whereas in the Piedmontes reel, two or three wheels are required to move the bar. Mr. Gay's machine saves a vast deal of trouble.—Instead of taking the silk from the cocoons to the reel, and then from the reel to the spools this machine takes it immediately from the cocoons to the spools, thereby saving more than half the trouble and time. In his machine which doubles and twists the thread, I noticed a peculiar wheel, intended to lower and elevate alternately the spindles, so as to spread the silk on the spools. It is in the shape of a heart and I am told that a wheel of no other shape would answer, which from my knowledge of the science of Mechanics, I know to be true. Mr. Gay has discovered a substance, that when put on the silk, will render it compact and prevent the fibres from separating when running over a surface, and from sticking to a reel.

The machinery of Mr. Gay has been exhibited and admired in Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It is now operating in several of those States. I am told that Mr. Gay has received orders for his machinery in the District of Columbia from several persons.

Farmers, come forward! With Mr. Gay's machinery, your daughters in a few days, nay in a few hours, may learn to make as good sewing silk as any from Italy, and sewing silk is worth from ten to twelve dollars per pound. Farmers, come forward like men, and the poor worn out fields around you, will yield silver and gold as pure as those you now cultivate with so much toil and expense in corn. Put those old fields in Mulberry and with Mr. Gay's machinery you may reap in three months, far more than you do in the whole year, and this may be done by your daughters and small children. They may walk in purple and fine silk, and that of their own manufacture too, for in these machines of Mr. Gay, you may twist it ready for your loom. By the bye, I had forgotten to mention that Mr. Gay was the man who applied the Power Loom to weaving silk a thing which was declared to be impossible. Without flattery, I believe he has done, and is now doing more for the silk cause in our country than any other man. In his experiments and improvements he stops not at expense. I have understood, that he has expended fifteen thousand dollars in bringing his machinery to its present state. May his exertions for the public good be richly rewarded, and unlike the inventor of the Cotton Gin, may be never need a penny. How vast is the benefit derived from one machine like the Cotton Gin or Gay's Silk Winder and Twister! The people are not aware how much they are indebted to such men as Gay and Whitney.—Their monuments may truly be said to be more lasting than brass or marble—they must endure while industry has a name or society exists.

EXAMINER.

American Hotel, Pratt Street.

THE DEFAULTERS.

Extract from the speech of Henry A. Wise, in the House of Representatives, December 21, 1838.

'First came the explosion of the pet banks—*now* come the explosions one after another, in quick succession, of the sub-treasurers who were, or are to be, substituted for banks, and I will show you that they prove all I ever charged to be true.

I said that in December, 1836, when Gen Jackson gave his certificate that all was well, honest, fair, this very leg-treasury, Swartwout, at New York, was in default $336,718. Well sir, now it appears that, in twelve months after, he was in default to the tune of $1,016,-755! and, three months after that time, was a defaulter in the still larger sum of $1,225,705,69!!—*Previous to my attempt* at investigation, he had been stealing public money at the rate of $56,000 per annum. *After the cat was belled*, he stole in one year $680,236,63, and in the next three months $208,780,37. Yes, sir, after the President had given him a certificate of honesty, and *you* sir, and the House, and the committee, and the Executive, had shielded him from all scrutiny, he stole in one year the sum of $680,236,65, and in the next three months at the rate of more than $800,-000 per annum—his defalcation averaging, throughout this official career, the sum of more than $170,000 per annum *for seven years—and this, too, we are told without the least suspicion!*—A jew may believe it—but I don't!'

Sir, I said the other day that I did not rejoice in these public losses and calamities, though I confessed I did feel a thrill of triumph at having gained a victory for the truth. The pet bank system and the sub-treasurers have exploded, as I said they would, and exposed their hidden enormities, concealed until they could be concealed no longer; but I do not rejoice at it. I made me no booth to sit and watch for the destruction of corrupt Nineveh. But, sir, there is one poor human being on this earth—alone now in the world—wrecked in reputation—blasted—slighted by men not half as worthy as he is—whose soul at scenes like these, does rejoice, must exult. Who and where is he? Sir, if you will go down Pennsylvania avenue to the corner of four-and-half street, beneath Mrs. Peyton's boarding house you will find a grey-headed man stricken in years: his name is Tobias Watkins! That man, for *borrowing* money of public officers, funds in their hand, not converting funds in his own hands to his own use, was imprisoned on the 14th of August, 1829, and tried on three several indictments, on all which he was convicted and fined, on one of the sum of $750, on another $390, and on the third $3000. He was sentenced to be imprisoned three months on each indictment, in all nine months; and though imprisoned in August 1829, he was not released until March 1833. Kept in jail three years and six months for a real or fictitious defalcation of $3,000! Where are now the defaulters of this reform administration? Where is Swartwout, after embezzling public money for eight years in succession, till he had taken and carried away a million and a quarter? Where is Price? Where is Graiot? How long since their carriage wheels proudly hurled the Olympic dust of the fashionable streets and avenues of your metropolis of court and of fashion! No marshalls at their heels—no district attorneys prosecuting against them tripple indictments; they ran away, or walked away, unforbidden, and none to hinder them! Where is Boyd? that land officer defaulter, who appealed to *'the misfortune of speculation,'* to elect him to the Senate of his State, of Mississippi? These are all innocent and unfortunate or escaping defaulters! These are full handed public plunderers, pet plunderers, and go 'unwhipped of justice.' Sir, so was Tobias Watkins unfortunate. He was born and bred a *gentleman*—dazzled by the tinsel glare of this metropolis of 'splendid misery, and shabby splendor,' (as it was once, with equal force, truth and beauty, described by that unequalled orator of Virginia, John Randolph)—of liberal minds and habits too, had lavished some three thousand, improvidently, thinking in his heart, that he should be able to replace that sum, and more, and 'make all strait,' and he was imprisoned for his imprudence for nearly four years and made to bear a felon's brand! Ah! sir, but he was a *gentleman*—he belonged to *all* the decency,' to the silk stocking gentry'—he was not one of your Locofoco defaulters—he was not *unfortunate* to the amount of millions—he was not too full handed to be touched by the rude hands of the tipstaff—he was not a defaulter of the great democracy, and, poor fellow, he suffered for being a *gentleman*. By the by, sir, that word reminds me of that fact that it was during, or not until the past summer, your party first discovered that your President was a *gentleman!*—The discovery was made first, I think, by grannie Ritchie. That venerable gentleman took me to task for finding some gentlemen in Petersburg, and as a set off, it seemed, boasted that President Van Buren too was actually a gentleman! Very strange! that a made President, the successor of the 'ILLUSTRIOUS; in 1837, they did not find out to be a *gentleman* until the summer of 1838! They must surely have been trying to make him out a Whig. For myself, I always knew he was, in the ordinary sense, a gentleman; and it was mortifying to me to see that the Enquirer, by implication at least, had supposed until lately, that the President of the United States could be other than a gentleman—judging I mean, from its boast of the sudden discovery; but my colleague there, (Mr. Dromgoole) will not, however, recognize Mr. Ritchie as a genuine Locofoco editor, (Mr. Droomgoole said, no, no he is a Conservative.) There is a cheering consideration connected with this discovery, though by the Administration press; it is the brightest omen which has occurred for years of Mr. Van Buren's downfall. Yes, sir, that cry of *'gentleman'* upon him by his friends will finish him—with the party which supports him they might as well have cried 'mad dog!' It is a certain prognostic that he is going down. From the hour that father Ritchie made that fatal discovery, the man's doom was sealed. But, sir, the gentleman defaulter, Watkins, as I was saying, met his fate; and now that he has been purified by the fires of the law, we may be permitted to do him justice, and to make him the instrument of retribution. I call him up; I invoke his wrongs, his sufferings, his injuries, his expiation, to rise in judgment against his persecutors to condemn them. Where is he now? In a station where he is, no doubt, far happier than in his day of precarious and terror haunted show, when he toiled as a poor slave in one of the stalls of your document factories called Departments. He is now an humble apothecary; and here I will say, for the benefit of all who would be honest, and who wish to be clean, that he keeps for sale the best of *'palm soap'* and chloride of lime, and other chemical compositions, to take off the spots of locofocoism, and to cleanse from all corruption! I recommend to certain sub-Treasury gentlemen to go and buy; but what if they be once washed white as snow, they will like the hog, return to the wallowing in the mire.

THE LAND BILL.—The old continental states should look into this proposition of giving the immense national domains to the new states, and every Legislature now in session should express an opinion on this subject. The measure proposed is like disinheriting your eldest and dutiful child, and leaving all your property to your youngest son. The Lands belong to all the people, and all should equally share in their benefits and advantages.—[N. York Star.

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