EASTON G ZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or Ill-conducted, is the Great
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manner
Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
s us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From the London Court Journal.

DIARY OF A FOREIGN LADY OF RANK.

The Count St. Paul was quite one of the merveilleaux during the time of Louis XVIII. He was a tall, fine looking man prodigal in whisker and mustache, and silent and grave enough to interest the imagination. I have always observed that grave and silent people have always more imagined about them, than the lively or the talkative; so much is supposed to lie beneath the dark still water. I have my doubts; vivacity is quite as often a mask as gravity, and either must be supposed to be a mask before it is at all interesting.

The Count had only just returned from his travels, and was, therefore, expected to be very entertaining; this, however, appeared to be the farthest thing in the world from his intentions. He was rather inclined to lock the hero, than to narrate the adventures of one. However Byron was just coming into fashion in Paris, and it was suggested that the Count St. Paul was no bad representative of Lara. Nothing like setting people's fancy to work; it at once does *l'impossible* During Mde. de Stael's *engouement* for M——, the original of Lord Oswald in Corinne, she reconciled all his real dullness by calling it *profondeur*. Every day when he sunk into his usual evenings silence.—half sleep,—half stupidity.—she used to say, *Mais voila comme il pense*. It was equally taken for granted with the Count St. Paul; as he did not talk he was supposed to think.

In the mean time, he gave splendid *fetes*, played high and lost, though not often; still his losses were the only subject on which he was [illegible] be confessed that he made the most of them. If not very flattering in his words, he was so in the actions to the ladies—He gave a ball, because the pretty Comtesse de C—— said he ought to do it, and he was prodigal in his presents. In his costume he was superb, he shone with "barbaric pearl and gold." There was one chain of singularly delicate workmanship which he always wore. He had worn it from a boy, and there were mysterious hints of a miniature being appended to its glittering links. About this time, all Paris was talking of some daring and unaccountable robberies that had lately taken place. These robberies were entirely confined to gold and jewels: pearls, diamonds and rubies, disappeared at an awful rate. Mdlle. de S——, a young lady whom it was said the Count St. Paul greatly admired, lost an emerald bracelet, of great value, one evening at a ball, the Count, as well as others, remembered seeing it on her arm while she was waltzing with him; and the same evening he lost the gold chain he always wore. In short, "who was robbed yesterday?" became a leading question in all fashionable conversation.

This had gone on for some time, when one morning there was a review. The Count St. Paul was at the head of his troop; he was in a cavalry regiment, & excited great admiration, by his splendid accoutrements, & his English horse. He was looking remarkably well. In plain clothes, some of his detractors said that he lacked the *air distingue*,—that air so easy to feel, so impossible to describe. But, to day, the judgment was dazzled by gold lace, plumes and embroidery; and the Count St. Paul was allowed to be the handsomest man on the ground. The king had just spoken to him, and he fell back a little in the royal circle, which was very much pressed by the crowd without. In those days Louis courted popularity; and the multitude were permitted to come near enough to benefit by some melodramatic speech of "Where can a king be better than surrounded by his people, or a Bourbon than among Frenchmen?" One man, dark, sullen, & ferocious looking, pushed in very rudely before the Count St Paul who ordered him away Still the man remained, though in personal danger from the curvetting of the fiery charger, which its master rather excited than checked. This produced some confusion, and the Count, rising in his stirrups, ordered two police officers near to turn out "*cet insolent*." The man obeyed, but first he turned full round, and said, "Robert you shall repent this;" but as he spoke he was hurried off.

The Count just caught the dark and fierce features, and started as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt. He turned deadly pale; and only recovered his self possession by a desperate effort; and then but imperfectly. I remember hearing some officers, who were on the ground, talking of the circumstance, and the singular effect which it produced.—The general opinion was, that the man was a celebrated fortune teller who had warned the Count of his approaching death. The next day all Paris was enjoying a most delightful state of excitement. Everybody was more astonished than anybody had ever been before.—The Count St. Paul had been arrested in an attempt to escape from Paris the preceding night. Before this wonder had time to grow familiar, another succeeded. It was confidently reported that the Count had been concerned in all the late robberies. His house had been examined; and after a minute investigation, a sliding pannel had been discovered, and in a recess were found many articles of great value, and among others the very bracelet of Mdle de S.

But the third wonder distanced all its competitors. The Count St. Paul proved to be no Count at all; he reversed the celebrated discovery in the Anti Jacobin, "he was no night templer, but a waiter." He was, in reality, the confidential servant of the real Count, who had died on his travels, in an obscure village in Spain. The valet at once saw the advantage of his singular likeness to his master, and taking possession of his papers, clothes, money, &c. resolved on personating him. Robert Hermanety, which was, if I recollect right, his real name, had lived before on his wits. He had left Paris in a fright at a swindling transaction which had attracted the attention of the people. But no one remembered the obscure swindler in the Count St. Paul, old habits were, however, too strong, and he gradually renewed his connexion with a gang of pickpockets, with whom he had formerly been on the best terms in the world. The secret was well kept; and was at last discovered by one excluded from it. The man who recognized him at the review was a former associate, with whom he had quarrelled, and who was aware that he had left France as domestic to the real Count. All the facts were brought completely home to him, indeed he did not even attempt a defence, and the career of the Count St Paul was terminated by being sentenced to the galleys.

The following anecdote is related of a distinguished lawyer of New Hampshire. The incident took place at the Court House in Exeter, N. H. on a Saturday [illegible] ago.

The two great guns of the New Hampshire bar, Messrs. P—— —— M—— —— and P—— —— B——, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The Judge was half asleep, the Jury in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before those interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four o'clock, an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the Court House—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison. Mr. B. the younger *gun*, sat with his arms folded and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney General examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By and by Mr. B opened his eyes cast a glance at the grey hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the Attorney General, said audibly—"I'll defend this man." He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes—but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments we ever heard. The testimony which clear as noon day, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement—and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears.—Without leaving their seats the Jury declared the prisoner "Not Guilty!" The weeping man with clasped hands leaned forward, seemed to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender. 'Let him out, Constable,' said Mr. B. *'and now you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again.'* The Jury started in wonder—and we left the Court house laughing, yet sorrowful.—Galaxy.

EMIGRATION.

Maryland throughout all associations at this moment, bears marks of the flood of emigration which is sweeping from the Atlantic towards the 'far West,' severing family ties of every endearing relation—dispersing kindred to the four winds—breaking up the domestic circles, and leaving many a lonely fire side, if not a cold and cheerless hearth. We have been informed by respectable authority, that within the last two months, upwards of 2,000 emigrants from the counties of the Western Shore, below this, have crossed the Potomac River at one single ferry! That ferry (the one at Alexandria) of course is the principal though by no means the only thoroughfare on the great route from those counties. The number consisted mainly of coloured people, whose labor in the Cotton and Sugar regions is found to be so much more valuable than it now is, or likely ever to be, in Maryland. We withold from indulging in a single reflection upon this theme, full as it is of matter of thought.—*Md Repub.*

From the Farmer and Gardner

A GREAT YIELD OF CORN.

The Zanesville, Ohio, Gazette of the 12th inst. contains the following article, which we do hope will stimulate the corn growers throughout the country to emulate Mr. Renick. His land was doubtless a rich bottom of alluvion soil; but then even with ordinary land, much may be done in the way of melioration.—*Lime, ashes, weeds, leaves, stable manure*, and the countless other materials which enter into the composition of the food of plants, will do much to bring up the low standard of production which outtains on a majority of the corn growing lands. Much of which does not produce more than 3 and 4 barrels to the acre, and when from 5 to 8 barrels are harvested, it is considered, in many parts, a wonderful crop; and in truth, as matters now stand, so it is. Forty bushels to the acre is considered a profitable crop; but if 157 bushels can be raised on an acre, the *average* crop on *good lands*, (and all lands may be made good) should be brought up to the standard of 100 bushels to the acre. We have always thought there was too much space between the rows of corn, and this, and many other proof within our knowledge, go to confirm our belief. The giving of this premium by the Agricultural Society, of Pickaway county, Ohio, reminds us that the whole western shore of Maryland, is without a single Agricultural Society.—This thing should not be be so; their patriotic brethren on the eastern shore have managed their affairs better, they have kept their society in active existence dispensing its lights of husbandry in every direction, and doing good that blessings may follow in their train

By the way, we hope to see a new face put upon the husbandry of the *Eastern Shore*. With the aid of their inexhaustible beds of *shell marl*, and *green sand*, should they adopt the mulberry and silk culture, there is nothing to prevent the citizens of that beautiful peninsula, from making it the garden spot of America.—We have already made our article somewhat [illegible] slip, or we would dwell more at large upon the local advantages of that interesting portion of our brave little state.

"A premium of Ten Dollars was awarded on Monday 26th ult. at the Agricultural fair in Circleville, to Mr. Asahel Renick, for the best acre of corn, *one hundred and fifty seven bushels, and one peck!* The corn grew on Darby creek bottom, in Pickaway county, and received no extra cultivation; the hills were 3 feet apart."

A cornfield large enough for a German Principality.—The Providence Journal states that a gentleman who recently returned to that city from a tour through the western states, saw a field of corn in the state of Ohio which contained fifteen thousand acres of land. He rode fifteen miles by the side of it.

MR. GIRARD.

We have heard it remarked, that the late Stephen Girard never sold any real estate, his plan being to keep what he had, and get what he could, by purchasing almost every lot adjoining his own, which he could induce its owner to sell. He was shortly before his death in treaty with several individuals for real estate, the sale of which was not consummated in consequence of some temporary intervention of difficulties. Mr. Girard, however, did sell one lot, perhaps many, in this city, which he had purchased.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Girard once, perhaps about the year 1790, purchased the lot of ground on the north east corner of Arch and Eighth street, but as the water accumulated upon it so much as to lead to the apprehension of danger for the health of the citizens, the Board of Health directed him to abate the nuisance Mr. G was fretting over this order, which had perhaps been repeated, when Mr George Flake, a painter, and a respectable citizen then and now of Philadelphia, entered the store to see about painting a vessel which Mr. G. owned, perhaps his only ship. Mr. Girard told Mr. F. that he must buy that property. 'But,' said Mr. F. 'I do not want it.'

'I'll sell it to you cheap.'

'But I cannot pay for it.'

'You shall have it for 160.'

'I have not that sum to give.'

'I will take it out in painting.'

Still Mr. Flake did not wish for the land, and went home. Shortly afterwards Mr. F. again visited Mr. Girard, and the latter at once commenced upon the subject of the lot of ground. Mr. Flake again expressed his determination not to risk the purchase. 'But,' said Mr. Girard, 'here is the deed made out and you must take it.'

Mr. Flake took it accordingly. It is that large lot on which stands so many small frame buildings, yielding a fine income. We tell the tale as 'twas told to us.

The first property beside the [illegible] ve, which Mr. Girard bought in Ph[illegible]del-

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From the New England Galaxy.

STEAMBOAT RACING.

How much [illegible] said of steamboat racing! How many long faces [illegible] words are spoken and who may be [illegible] against the Captain 'blow up' [illegible] unfortunate as to have a speed. He is [illegible] sequence of a trial of derer, but [illegible] sidered by some a murmortal—for [illegible] something worse than the lives of [illegible] less, he who can risk tify a feeling [illegible] new fellow beings to gratunworthy [illegible] gratify or to sustain an Does any [illegible] almost a demon—the press [illegible] happen from racing?—poor wretch [illegible] down *en masse* upon the tain, and were [illegible] may chance to be capry of his [illegible] to be tried before a jademned to be [illegible] men, he would be conclergy. [illegible] ing without benefit of

And yet in [illegible] instances the Captain is the most [illegible] ant man on board—the one who wields [illegible] weapon of his judgment to the [illegible] last, and gives not the mastery to [illegible] strings until sympathy and excitement [illegible] flaunted the sword of the [illegible] tioned counseller.—We will relate [illegible] anecdote in which we were concerned [illegible] shew the ignorant *how* a race is [illegible] up and to whom the blame belongs.

We were [illegible] from New York to Albany, in the [illegible] mer of 1833, and in the morning of a [illegible] beautiful day we stepped on board the [illegible] North America. Competition had reduced [illegible] the price of a passage, and of course [illegible] increased the number of passengers [illegible] our boat was crowded. Soon the [illegible] ble vessel, that skims most the same [illegible] floating palace, departed majestically [illegible] wharf. At almost the same [illegible] the Ohio of equal size and beauty [illegible] left a neighboring ship bound on the same [illegible] course. As we went rapidly up the river [illegible] passengers were engaged in watching [illegible] progress of our majestic competitor [illegible] a little astern of us, she proudly [illegible] through the waters, her wheels leaving [illegible] behind them a long line of foam and [illegible] troubled waters, her pipe belching out [illegible] dark smoke, and her decks [illegible] us, and [illegible] of our length in our rear. Now the curiosity of the thronging crowd around us began to be somewhat excited, and question and answer went round as to the probable comparative speed of the boats—and what would be the result *should there be a trial of speed*. When almost abreast of us, the interest grew stronger—we began to feel ourselves concerned in the honor of the boat in which we were: a vague sensation that we should be disgraced if she were beaten, made our eyes more intent on our competitor, and a glow of excitement to crimson our cheeks

All this while, our Captain was quietly occupied in his duties. Occasionally he turned a glance from the corner of his eye at the Ohio, but halted not an instant from his occupations. A battery was soon opened upon him from the now excited passengers.

'Captain,' cried one, 'she's going ahead!'

'Can't help it, sir—I've nothing to do with her.'

'Captain,' says another, 'don't for heaven's sake let her beat. Put on a little more steam!'

'Can't sir, and won't sir. I've responsibility enough now on my shoulders without running any risk'

'Captain,' screams one from the upper deck, 'the Ohio'll beat. Go ahead! put on the steam!'

'Captain,' roars one from the stern, 'for all that's Christian we shall be done up. Why don't you strike ahead'

Captain,' comes a voice from the bows—'On with her! on with her! Hurra for the North America! Put on the steam! Creation—how they go ahead!'

At this moment a loud echoing 'Hurrah!' came to our ears from the other boat and a hundred hats were waving in the air The Captain couldn't quite stand that, and he winked to the engineer Our speed suddenly increased and as we gained on our adversary, a loud, long shout burst from our anxious crowd!

'That's it! that's it! Go ahead! On with her! Now we're even with her—we're ahead!—give her another peale!' And hereupon our deck resounded with another shout.

This was not lost on the Ohio. She evidently put on more steam, and puffing and blowing began to regain her advantage. Then battery No. 2 was opened on the Captain. He withstood it manfully for a time. We felt fast in the rear—vexation and disappointment were visible on the countenancies of all—and a second shout rung like a peal of victory from the other boat. Even this, however, moved not our commander—though it was a hard shot to withstand; but soon after, a sentorian voice through a speaking trumpet, crossed the waters—

'Captain ——, when shall we say you'll be in at Albany?' and we could hear the rascals laugh

Our veteran's calmness was altogether annihilated by this taunt—he disappeared for a moment, and the cause was soon explained by a more violent dash [illegible] ing of the wheels—then he raised his own trumpet, and mounti[illegible] the wheel house, roared out, pre[illegible] speech by an oath that would [illegible] a mod erate sized steamer—

'Don't cry before your'e hurt. When I get in, I'll tell them 'spoke the Ohio about ten miles below!'—then turning round, he doubled his fist and exclaimed, —'By — we'll beat 'em!'

'Now came the tug of war!' Our excitement amounted almost to agony. To beat was all we thought of. The boilers' bursting we should have laughed at—we actually counted the revolutions of the Ohio's wheels. Away—away—we went, both the boats coming nearer and nearer to each other. Soon we were within speaking distance, and taunts and sarcasms were bandied from deck to deck. Now it seemed as if we might have jumped from one boat to the other. The foaming eddies from the dashing wheels met and mingled in mad tumult, as if they participated in the struggle—now one boat applauded a witty speech from one of its own party—now a roar issued from its rival at the answer. But the vessels kept side by side.

We were both to stop at —— and our Captain swore he would get in first, for that he considered the point of victory. He was on the outside, and therefore had disadvantages to contend with—but still he was resolved. When within a few miles he stood off from the Ohio to obtain wider space for action. His aim was observed, and the Ohio steered closer to the shore. We came near the town—intensity of interest now made the parties as still as death—almost the breathing was suspended—nothing was heard, but the creaking of the heavy machinery and the dashing of the wheels. A crowd of curious citizens soon lined the wharves, and this added fuel to the flame. The Ohio began to slacken, sure of victory.

'Now, Engineer,' cried our Captain, 'put on all she'll bear!'

We went like lightning—towards the same point with our rival. Nearer—nearer we came to her—closer—closer!

'You'll strike us,' shouted our rival Captain—'bear off!' It was too late—crack we came together—our prow struck her wheel house before we turned at all. Then there was a crash of wood, and screams, and [illegible] the wheel house of the Ohio was torn away, and we went up triumphantly to the wharf.

The next day the papers were unanimous, that Captain —— ought to be tried for endangering the lives of his passengers.

H.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

[THE SUBJECT CONTINUED]

The question of the Surplus Revenue alone, connected as it is with all the relations of the Government, will furnish abundant employment & scope for the intelligence and patriotism of the new Congress. The amount of this surplus, which, it is now said, will, on the first of January next, come to more than *Twenty Millions of Dollars*, almost exceeds belief. But, even this is not the whole amount of the surplus means of the Treasuary; for there is; in addition to the surplus revenue, the stock belonging to the Government in the Bank of the United States, amounting to Seven Millions of Dollars, swelling the disposable means of the government to twenty seven or twenty eight Millions of Dollars.

The Revenue of the government, out of the abundance of which the surplus has arisen, is derived, as all our readers know, from two sources; the Customs, or Duties upon goods imported from Foreign Countries, and the Sales of the Public Lands of the United States. The income from the former source has, by all accounts, been this year greater than was computed, or could have been anticipated. There remains no doubt that without unexpected emergency calling for large expenditure, the revenue of the government, under the present system, is beyond the wants of the government. One question, therefore which will offer itself, as a means of proportioning the revenue to the ordinary expenditure, will be that of a reduction of the duties on imports, below the progressive rate of reduction already established by the tariff compromise of 1833. A proposition of this nature will offer itself, however, we hope, only to be rejected, unless, so far as it may appear, upon full examination, that the interests of production or of commerce require some variation of the established rates of duty. Our impression is, that the Manufactures of the United States, so essential to the independence of the Nation, are now barely protected by the duties on the foreign articles and that any further reduction, therefore, would overwhelm them in ruin, and thus cut off one great channel of national prosperity. On questions of this grave import, far transcending in consequence the party politics of the day, we like to fortify our own views by the deliberat judgments of the sages and patriots whom the People have delighted to honor, and whose opinions are handed down by the public records for the instruction and guidance of their posterity. We quote therefore from another Message of President JEFFERSON to Congress, when he anticipated annual surplusses of revenue: 'The question now comes forward, to what objects shall these surplusses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of impost, after the entire discharge of the public debt, and during those intervals when the purposes of war shall not call for them? Shall we suppress the impost, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression, in due season, will doubtless be right, but the great mass of the articles on which impost is paid are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance, and application to the great purposes of THE PUBLIC EDUCATION, ROADS, RIVERS, CANALS, and such other objects of public improvement, as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers By these operations new channels of communication will be opened between the States; the lines of separation will disappear; their interests will be identified, and their union cemented by new and indissoluble ties.'—The sagacious mind of Mr. JEFFERSON knew what the public good required, and he boldly and freely recommended it to the attention of Congress.* He appealed to their patriotism, their intelligence, and public spirit. He scouted the idea of abandoning the interest of Manufactures, though then of inferior magnitude and suggested, in consequence of the probable redundance of the revenue, the suppression of duties only on a few articles of general and necessary use, such as have already, far beyond his reckoning, been made free of duty.

One of the objects to which a portion of the surplus revenue will of course be applied, will be the completion of the permanent defences of the country, for which, if the appropriations be specific, no disbursement will be considered too large which is in the means of the Treasury and the calculations of a judicious expenditure. Fortifications of sea port towns, roads and canals for Commerce between the States, provisions of ship timber for maratime defence, and light house and other guards of coast and [illegible] appear to us to rest all upon the same foundation, and to be all equally worthy of the beneficent care of the General Government.

Most important, however, in connexion with the general subject of the Revenue, is the complex question of the Public Lands. It is the revenue from this source, far outstripping all computation, which has within this year greatly augmented the means of the Treasury. If all be true that we hear, the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands for the current year will be between ten and eleven millions of dollars! Every reader will perceive at once the magnitude of the question, how this great fund shall be hereafter applied, for the common benefit of those who have a common property in the public domain. That question will again undoubted arise, and is of itself enough to attract the eager attention of all our readers to the doings of Congress. If any specific disposition should be made of the revenue hereafter to accrue from the sales of Public Lands, it will put an end at once, the reader will perceive, to all question as to the reduction of the revenue from the Customs, which will not materially, if at all, exceed the ordinary wants of the Government.

We have not adverted to other use for the public money than such as are of a general and ordinary character, because we will not allow ourselves to entertain the belief that there is any thing in the state of our Foreign Relations to lead to any extraordinary expenditure, such as to consume the surplus revenue. Under whatever aspect the French question, for example, may be presented to Congress by the Executive, we will not entertain the apprehension that it can lead to a hostile termination of the differences between the two countries. We believe that such a result is not necessary, and we know that it is deprecated by the PEOPLE of both countries. The President of the United States, drawing near the close of his official term, can desire nothing better, when he retires to private life, than to leave his country as he found her, in peace and amity with all the

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*It is to be remarked, that Mr JEFFERSON uttered this recommendation, whilst suggesting in the same breath that the objects recommended were not within the constitutional power of Congress. The question of *constitutionality* had not then been debated and settled as it has since been. We can therefore adopt his recommendations, without the incumbrance of scruples, which subsequent expositions of Congress have superseded. Mr. JEFFERSON himself, however, with all his honest scruples on the subject, was yet of opinion, that Congress did possess *some* powers over objects of Internal Improvement; for in his subsequent message, in November, 1808, recurring to the probability of a surplus revenue, he recommended its appropriation to objects of that description, 'UNDER THE POWERS WHICH CONGRESS MAY ALREADY POSSESS, or such amendment of the Constitution as may be approved by the States.' If this be not an admission of the possession by Congress of *certain* powers over the subject, and the expression of a doubt whether they did not already possess *all* necessary power, we don not know what other rational construction can be put upon it.

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