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 MARTYRED PRINCESS.

The Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the natural splendor of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister the Archduchess Caroline who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness, as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render her a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Count at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.

Of all this however, Josephine was ignorant. She had heard of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to his ambassador.—Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be; when the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable. And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and blessed her, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes the audience who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.

That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.

Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of the music it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed and looked at the portrait, which she held in her hand; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination lends its brilliant illusions to reality. The images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of her apartment opened. It was the Empress.

Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother. Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition to her will; it was not to be wondered at, that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence rather than child like affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however, inclined to tenderness.—When her daughter offered her a seat, she advanced took the hand of the Princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.

"These are Italian books," she said, "and the music I heard is also Italian.—Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us? Alas, those bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people, with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often dear daughter of my heart, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne seldom allow to me a cheerful brow, or an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed."

Josephine was deeply moved. She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her wishes. She kissed that soft confiding face, and said.

"I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will—hear me now!" and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish that she, a Princess and a wife, should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.

At first Josephine listened in doubt, but as the truth broke upon her, she turned suddenly from her mother. At length she found words.

"No, no," she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress, "to observe his actions, to penetrate his utmost secret thoughts, that I may lay the information before the Austrian Court? to excite his confidence in order to betray it! No, no, this cannot be my duty. My love would then be nothing but——"

"Softly, softly Princess," interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes, "I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love."

"The character of a spy," said the Dutchess, as she raised herself with dignity, "does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa."

At this moment the expression of her face assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never before been visible in it. Her brow hitherto always serene, became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.

"I believe, indeed," she said with a derisive laugh, "that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience. Leave it to me to settle the business."

"Dear mother," cried Josephine endeavoring to detain her, "for God's sake, do not leave me with so much coldness.

The Empress withdrew her hand—their eyes met. As the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back fainting on her seat.

When she recovered her senses she, exclaimed sorrowfully, 'it is broken!' and she looked at the fragments of the broken chain to which the picture of the Duke of Parma had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broken it.—The Dutchess leaned against the balcony dissolved in tears.

It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong presentiment of a near threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight; the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies around her. Yet neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights nor the songs of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.

It was Martina, the confessor of the Empress. The features of this priest were modelled like those of ancient statue. His lofty brow gave his face at once a stern and penetrating expression. His demeanor was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, unpitying eye, without saying to himself—'This is a man who delights in human misery.'

He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black her usual color, and said, I see, with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of to night.

'What do you mean?' asked the Princess, 'I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress.'

'I believe it to be done for humility. The worldly decoration would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead.'

'I beseech you explain yourself,' cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.

'Your Imperial Highness very well knows that it is your turn to watch and pray to-night at the grave of the Archduchess.'

Josephine fell with her forehead against the wall, Pauline interposed with these words.

'The Empress will never permit it.—Every one knows that the Archduchess died with the small pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel.'

'On the contrary, her Imperial Majesty expressly demands that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither to lead the Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister.'

'Appeal to the Emperor,' whispered Pauline; 'but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there—But throw yourself at the feet of your mother, I conjure you.'

'I have just now seen her,' answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline hid her face with both hands.

'I wait,' said the priest, 'the pleasure of your Imperial Highness to follow me to the chapel.'

Josephine rose to obey.

'I will accompany you,' said Pauline, 'something might happen to you] in the night—'

'Your Imperial Highness must watch alone,' answered the confessor decidedly. 'Besides such is the custom.'

Martina was still speaking when a child rushed into the apartment of the Archduchess and hastened up to embrace her.

'Dear sister, thou wilt leave us perhaps forever. You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do.'

'Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows, thou wilt sleep quiet enough to night.'

'Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but will be happy. To-morrow, and I shall never see thee again.'

'To morrow! O, God—' At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.

'What is the matter with you?' asked the child. Why do'st thou weep? They told me that thou wast going to reign.'

'Good child, may heaven spare thee such nuptials.'

The little girl mingled her tears with those of her sister.

The Duchess repaired to the vault Her ladies followed her to the door.—When it was opened they perceived that its damp darkness was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.

Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the council chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an inoffensive vault, by the corpse of a sister who had died with an infectious disease. More than half the night was already gone.

The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Archduchess just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling before the altar, and her head bowed, as if in prayer; her body seemed shrunk, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her. No answer. He raised her—She was dead!

A REMINISCENCE OF SIXTY YEARS, *by a Midshipman now seventy nine years old.*—In my youthful days, on one of my passages from Philadelphia to Havre, in the sloop of war General Washington, Joshua Barney commander we fell in with his Majesty's ship Jupiter, of fifty guns, at the mouth of the British Channel, having under her convoy a fleet from Barbadoes; this information we had from some of the vessels we spoke; consequently we knew the vessels which convoyed them was the Jupiter. We had been out but sixteen days; this was in November, 1783. We soon ran alongside of the Jupiter. Our deck was crowded with passengers, it being so shortly after peace, both French and Americans. They all brushed themselves up with the [illegible] a little pleasant chat but the commander of the Jupiter took up a small trumpet, and with a few words as possible, inquired "Where is that ship from?" Barney replied in a gentleman-like manner, "Sir, from Philadelphia." Here all conversation ceased. Commodore Paul Jones, with a number of officers, cast their eyes on Barney, and smiled. "Well," said our commander, "if he is not disposed to speak, *he shall hear*—call up the music." Accordingly the band on board of the vessel struck up Yankee doodle until we were out of their hearing.—*Daily Whig.*

THRILLING INCIDENT.

Col. John McDonald, of Ross County at a public dinner, related the following touching incidence. In 1787 Wheeling was besieged by a large army of British and Indians. So suddenly was the attack made that no time was afforded for preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Col. Silas Zane; Col. Ebenezer Zane, the senior officer, was in a block-house some 50 or 100 yards outside of the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but on every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block-house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to remove it.—On the afternoon of the second day of the siege, the powder in the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block-house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men, to see if any one would undertake the hazardous enterprise, at first all were silent—After looking at each other for some time, a young man stepped forward and said he would run the chance. Immediately half a dozen offered their services in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity to dare and the fortitude to bear her up in the heroic risk of life. *Her* brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt by saying a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and if she should fall she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of her clothing as would impede her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the block-house where her brother, Col. Zane, hastened to receive his intrepid sister. The Indians, when they saw her bound forth, did not fire a gun but called aloud, *'squaw, squaw, squaw!'* When she had told her brother the errand on which she came, he took a table cloth and fastend it around her waist, and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort with all the buoyancy of hope. The moment she was outside of the block-house the whole of the enemy's line poured a leaden storm at her, but the balls went whistling by without doing her any injury. She afterwards married a Mr. Clairville, of Ohio.

SWEARING OUT OF JAIL.

A new plan.—In a village down somewhere, a "bankrupt" was imprisoned because he couldn't pay his debts. It was customary with a certain clergyman to visit the prisoners once or twice a week, and give them advice and instruction. It so happened that on the day after the debtor was imprisoned the clergyman visited the jail and his attention was arrested by the vociferous language of some person in an adjoining cell venting the most horrid imprecations and blasphemies. The good man instantly hurried to the scene of confusion, where he beheld an individual standing on an old stool in a corner, ripping and swearing wholesale oaths at the walls, grates, floor and door of the jail, his fellow-prisoners, and every thing around him The minister approached the debtor, and said to him: "Friend, it is very wrong to swear as you do; why will you do it?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I've understood that a man may swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if I can't do it in fifteen. I'm going to set up all night and *do my d—dest!*"

[N. O. Picayune.

FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE.

What large tracts of land are sometimes tilled in the western States under the names of farms may be judged from the following articles which are found in the Peoria Press.

AN ILLINOIS PRIARIE FARM.—Mr Isaac Underhill, of Peoria, has a farm about 18 miles above this place, at Rome, on the Illinois river, which is the largest, or at least one of the largest in the state.

The first field of this farm that meets your view in approaching Rome, consists of five hundred acres, under what is sometimes called Virginia or worm fence, eight rails high. Three hundred acres of this are in wheat, principally put in last fall, and which was sowed upon the sod, last year for the first time broken up by the plough. From such ground a full crop is never expected, before the large furrows, which had lain in a solid body of matted roots for ages, are thoroughly decomposed and pulverized, which cannot take place in a few months. The wheat is now (July 9 h,) "white for harvest;" and it is estimated that parts of the field will yield twenty-five, and some, thirty bushels to the acre, though the whole may not average much over twenty bushels. The difference in the crop is mainly attributable to the time and manner in which the ploughing and sowing were done. The balance of the field is in corn and oats.

The second field, which is nearest Rome, and separated from the first named, by the road leading from Northampton to that place, consists of two hundred acres, which is enclosed with a beautiful and excellent board fence. This was done at an expense of $1265, which was about the cost of the fence around the five hundred acres. This field contains wheat, rye, oats, and corn, and shows what the La Salle prarie can do when under full subjection to the hand of the cultivator. The wheat here presents a scene beautiful beyond description. It overtops the fence, which exceeds five feet in height; it is a clean well headed and even, and must produce thirty five bushels to the acre. A description of the rye and oats would be such as might excite doubts of its truth in the minds of those who have never seen the crops of our prairie state. The corn, though fine, is not so well grown as it is at the same time of the year in ordinary seasons.

The third field, which lies north of the second, will be of mammoth size when completed, which will be in a very short time. Much of it is now under fence, broken up, and a part of it in corn. It will consist of sixteen hundred acres, all under one fence.

The whole farm comprises about two thousand three hundred acres, and has a straight line of fence on one side, three miles long.

Mr. U. expects this fall to be able to put seven or eight hundred acres in wheat. Much of this will be in ground a second year under cultivation, and with an ordinary season, the next year's crop of this and the sod wheat, or what will be put in new ground, may reasonably be calculated to yield at least, an average production of twenty five bushels per acre.

The breaking or ploughing of the prarie costs Mr. Underhill $2 50 per acre by contract, and wheat sold here nearly all last winter at 75 cents per bushel; if it came a little under that on some days it went higher on others. We add these prices to the preceding account, that the reader may form some idea of what can be done in the way of prairie farming in Illinois.

Mr. U. is now building two large barns, 30 by 50 feet, on the bank of the river, at Rome, where there is one of the best steamboat landings on the river. The first of these was raised last Saturday, and the frame of the other will be ready to go up in a short time!

SPEECH OF MR. WALLACE ON THE TARIFF.

The arguments anti-protection and free trade gentlemen of the South who endeavor to induce the West into their interests by Southern sophistry, contending that the agricultural States by aiding the manufacturers of the North are destroying their market at the South, were very judiciously met by Mr. Wallace, of Indiana in a speech on the Tariff Bill on Saturday the 16th inst. Mr. Wallace stated that the average annual product of the State of Indiana were upwards of twenty millions of dollars. But all this was of no use without a market.

They had two contending markets, and both had their friends upon this floor; they were the foreign and the home market.—They could not control the first of these, the second they could. As much had been said of the great foreign market, he would inquire what was its actual value in Indiana? How much of her staple products went to it? Had gentleman inquired?—They certainly could not, or they would not ask her to sacrifice her all for such a benefit. From 1790 to 1838 a period of 48 or 49 years the aggregate amount of the exports of wheat from the United States was but 10 283 471 bushels; being seven millions of bushels less than the single State of Ohio produced in 1840. Such was the fact. Had they the consolation of knowing that things would be any better in future? Not at all. They were like to grow worse. From 1790 to 1800, the first ten years of the period he had named the export of wheat amounted to 5,359 000 bushels giving an average of about 500 000 bushels a year; while from 1828 to 1838, the last ten years of the period, it was but 685 000 bushels in all, or about 70 000 bushels a year; an amount that might have been filched from the granaries of Indiana and scarce have been missed! And this was the wonderful, the invaluable market, for which Indiana was to give up protection and a tariff!

How stood the case as to flour? From 1790 to 1838 [illegible] from the United States was, in value, $42,972,800, or about $877,000 a year; an amount which Indiana alone could produce the present year. But this was not all. If we compared the first ten years of the period with the last ten, we should find that the increase of export was but 160,000 barrels a year. Was this very encouraging? Was there anything cheering in such a prospect?—With a population of seventeen millions, we exported only one hundred and sixty thousand barrels more of flour than when our population was but five millions.

How much American flour did Great Britain consume? In 1792, 172,815 barrels; in 1837, not a barrel, in 1838, 8,295 barrels. In 49 years but five millions of barrels. To save this pitiful market were we are to stand in awe of England? How had the tone of certain gentlemen been recently changed? Before these tariff bills were introduced into the House, what more common term of reproach than "British Whig?" But since these bills made their appearance the sounds had never once been muttered. A wonderful change seemed to have come over the spirit of gentlemen's dreams. Now a speech of the British Prime Minister could be introduced on that floor as an argument to show that free trade must be the order of the day. All this to save such a pitiful market as he had shown?

Now a word by way of contrast. He would look for a moment at their home market. This market was emphatically the growth of the "American System." It was the creation of the protective policy. From tables given in the last census, he found that the value of the foreign market was ONE hundred millions of dollars; while that of the home market was EIGHT hundred millions. He was indebted to the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Cushing) for facts which placed this question on high ground. It appeared that the annual imports for all articles from other States into Massachusetts was over 42 millions of dollars, whereas her whole foreign trade was but 87 millions. Mr. W. here read from a memorandum of cargoes of seven vessels which entered the port of Boston in one day, a list of the various items of these imports by the coasting trade.—Massachusetts consumed 620,000 barrels of flour, the greater part of which must be drawn from other States, besides pork, beans, lard, &c. to the amount of $2,800,000 more. Taking all the New England States together, with a population of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, they raised but 2,000,000 of bushels of wheat. The average consumption was calculated to be 3½ bushels per head. They must then have consumed nearly 6,000,000 of bushels from other States which was equal to 1,200,000 barrels of flour.

Was this the market Indiana was invited to break down? to give up for a market abroad? Could gentlemen suppose her people were so destitute of common sense? If they did, they were egregiously mistaken.

Heretofore her only outlet had been by way of New Orleans: but now, thanks to the genius of internal improvement, they were within five, six, and seven days of New York and Boston. Before another year they might enjoy the gratification of reading in the Boston papers: "Arrived at the Railroad Depot so many barrels of pork and so many sacks of corn from Indiana in eight days." Were the people to destroy or risk a market such as this? And that, while it was their obvious interest to see every man, woman, and child in all New England converted into a manufacturer? He believed they understood their own interest a little too well for that.

But gentleman said, will you build up this market at the cost of the South?—Will you sacrifice the cotton interest?—Never: not at all! And could he be satisfied that such a result would follow, he should pause before giving his vote for the bill. but could it do so? Did past experience justify any such conclusions? It did not. Facts proved that these grasping, these 'plundering' manufacturers, had got to consuming 300,000 bales of cotton a year, and that the quantity had been increasing from year to year at the rate of something like 10,000 bales a year for fifteen year past. If this was ruin to the cotton interest, Mr. W. was prepared to increase it. Yes: he could behold a million of bales wrought up in the same way without shedding a solitary tear.

But they were told the bill would defeat the whole purpose in passing it which was to obtain revenue to carry on the Government. And who told them this? A gentleman from South Carolina. And why was the bill to do this? Did experience justify the prediction? Was it because this bill imposed higher duties than had ever been levied before? Did it go higher than the tariff of 1828? Or was it because that tariff yielded no revenue? Was that the ground on which South Carolina cried out against it? that she claimed its repeal? that she threatened a dissolution of the Union? that she unfurled the black banner of nullification? No; on the contrary, it was because it gave too much protection and too much [illegible] that he left gentlemen to explain their own inconsistency. The truth is, we never yet have had a tariff high enough to bring our imports down to the amount of our exports; even when the tariff was at its utmost height, such had not been the result; and what was very singular, the imports were the greatest when the tariff was the highest. And yet, gentlemen's argument was, that if we passed this bill we should get no revenue. Mr. W. preferred experience for his guide to their vaticinations.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

GIRARD COLLEGE—ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

This splendid monument of mistaken liberality attracts more strangers than any other object in the region of Philadelphia. Its condition does not change much, and very slow progress is now making in the main building. The columns are up and completed on one side, while those on the other are yet unfinished. The front end of the building is without its columns. Those on its rear are partially up. The building fortunately is covered, and the work upon the ceiling of the interior at last has begun. This vast edifice is occupied by six spacious apartments. From cellar to attic every thing is arched, of stone and brick, without anything of a combustible nature. Hence, if centuries are occupied in completing the work, there is no fear of sudden or premature decay: Great quantities of marble are now on the ground, ready for use, but the appropriation admits of but few hands and only slow progress. *It* is uncertain when the college will be finished and, what is more, it is matter of doubt whether the present generation will ever see it done. Mr. Girard spent many years in acquiring the fortune which he bestowed upon his adopted city. That fortune, from various adventitious & unfortunate circumstances, is nearly scattered to the winds.—The little which remains of it is now mostly piled up in useless stone and marble, designed for good, but as yet without any results except as grow out of feelings of common mortification and chagrin.

TROUBLE AMONG THE LAWYERS.

The immense number of attorneys who have left their snug country homes for a precarious subsistence in New York has increased the number of practising lawyers in this city so much that many of them are starving, many have had to abandon the profession, and some 'tis said live on loans, redeemable in 1895 and 1896, without interest. Certain it is, there are over 1000 lawyers in the city, and not business enough to maintain decently 300 *How* the rest live, is a curious and interesting subject of inquiry.

N. Y. American

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