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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NATIONAL INDUSTRY. In France national industry is greatly encouraged by the annual exhibition of manufactured articles, and the award of premiums and other rewards for superior skill. On a late occasion of this kind Louis Phillippe delivered to the fortunate competitors, 'in an earnest manner; the riband of the Legion, on the gold, silver, or bronze medal as the ward indicated.'

'At six o'clock,' says the Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer 'about two hundred of the exhibitors—those who had obtained either the cross or the gold medal—partook with the royal group and the public functionaries of a dinner spread in the grand gallery of the palace. A congress of Emperors would not and could not have been more luxuriously and sumptuously entertained.—The plain clothes of the exhibitors formed a strong contrast with official costume of princes and courtiers. Most of the plain guests were of humble origin and accustomed to the workshop How new—and how strange for themselves—such guests in the palace of the Bourbons feasted with all possible magnificence and courtesy. The King rose to offer the first toast—'National industry; to its past and future progress' Next the Minister of Commerce, who had the post of honor beside the Queen, gave 'His Majesty;' and then the Minister of Finances, 'Her Majesty;' and you may conceive the acclamations after each bumper of such champagne. Between seven and eight o'clock the monarch and the royal party took their seats in the centre balcony on the middle story, facing the garden of the Tuilleries, to hear the concert of two hundred musicians, who were in the parterre below, in an elegant pavilion, so festooned and lighted as to resemble a huge basket of luminous flowers. The dinner guests were seated within the palace, where they could enjoy at ease the regale of eye and ear. The music lasted nearly an hour, at a quarter before nine Louis Philippe gave the signal for the fire works and remained to witness them with the little Count de Paris on his knee the whole setting. He returned, as soon as they were over, to sleep at Neuilly, the royal cottage, or procession of equipages went through the crowds on the route at the slowest pace, with lighted torches, which a bright moon rendered unnecessary beyond the limits of the artificial illumination.

This I am persuaded excelled any spectacle of the kind ever afforded in modern times. There seemed to be a series of enchanted palaces, and two walls of fire of various hues, from the square or Place de la Concorde through the Champs Elysees, to the Triumphal Arch, which was one blaze in collored and multiform radiance. An Englishman undertook the large basins in the gardens, and contrived lanterns which represented enormous flowers, such as tulips and anemonies.—The scene beyond was that of an endless magnificent fancy ball room. I refer to miles of perspective. All the public edifices glittered with curious and significative devices; the hotels of the principal embassies corresponded; the pyrotechnics, the most engaging part of the marvels, for the spectators of every degree, deserved the admiration which burst forth in universal shouts. Thirteen hundred men were brigaded for the service of the lamps. these however, were so many that the operation of kindling them could not be completed before 11 o'clock.'

Exhibitions of this kind are well calculated to excite emulation, and to produce artistical excellence; and we are not therefore, supprised to learn, that the articles submitted for inspection, exhibited great skill and beauty. Every civilized nation seems to be aware of the necessity of extending support and protection to its own artizans and laborers; and we may see from the toast of the French King, that he considers the encouragement of national industry essential to the well being of his country. In no country is the duty to foster home labor more incumbent upon government than in the United States. Experience has shown, that under a tariff for protection the nation prospers, an impetus being given to business of all descriptions—whilst, by the reverse policy all trades languish and poverty and ruin result. This is so manifest that no man possessed of clear reason, and who honestly employs it to develop truth, will venture a contradiction. At the close of the compromise act, the trade of the United States was prostrated, and the people were out of employment; out of spirits; and out of money. Under the tariff act of 1842 business has revived; confidence is restored; and men can once more 'earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows.' Shall that act then, be repealed and our manufacturers, mechanics and laborers, be agian thrown out of employment? Never. Our government will not and dare not, be guilty of an act so suicidal—so destructive of the great interests of the country. We repeat that government dare not do so rash and ruinous an act; for the perpetrators of it would be immediately and indignantly hurled from power. The interest of the country demand that domestic industry shall be protected—and however leading men of particular sections may exclaim against the policy, it never will be abandoned. It is like the heart's blood of the people necessary to their existence; and they will not relinquish it.

It is ignorantly supposed that farmers are not interested in maintaining a protective tariff. Never was there a greater error, as will be seen by the following statement made by Gen. Talmadge, at a late meeting of the "Farmers' Club" of New York. We ask the farmers of this state to give it a careful examination, and then answer the question, whether they are willing to abolish a law which prevents foreign wheat and flour from driving out of market the product of their own farms? This is a great national subject, which should be examined without prejudice, and with a single view to the general welfare.

"*Farmers' Club.*" August 25th, Gen. Tallmadge gave an interesting account of the introduction of the Marino and Saxon sheep into this country. Before 1800 we had a long legged coarse-wooled sheep, whose wool was worth from six to ten cents per pound. Colonel Humphries, our Minister to Spain, and Chancellor Livingston who was in Paris, caused Marinos to be imported. They were eagerly sought for by our families, the Government protected the new staple, and it was gradually spreading over the nation. In 1826 the Saxon fine-wooled sheep were imported, and Congress sustained the plan by protection. The price of wool in 1828 was from sixty to eighty seven cents per pound While that price existed wheat was sold by our farmers for from $2 to $2 20 per bushel. Then came a change in our national legislation the compromise act was adopted, and wool went down to twenty-five cents per pound. The sheep, not being worth their feed and care, went rapidly to destruction. They were killed for mutton or tried for tallow. Thus have our finest sheep been destroyed. The public prints of Dutchess county have stated truly that before this period the quantity of wool annually raised in that county, over and above that used for home consumption, was 700 000 pounds, which, at an average of sixty-five cents, produced an income of $455 000. Before 1842 the product diminished to 300.000 pounds, and the price was reduced to from twenty-one to twenty-five cents per pound, producing an income of only $75 000. Taking into account the loss from the sacrifice of the sheep, it is just to state that the county of Dutchess has sustained an annual loss of about half a million of dollars! Following out this fact to its results, said Gen. Tallmadge, it will not be difficult to account for our pecuniary embarrassments, loss of national credit, repudiation &c.—One hundred millions of dollars would not make the land whole for what it has lost from this cause alone.

As a consequence of this change in our national policy, our agriculturists found themselves thrown back upon the culture of wheat, instead of wool and wheat.—Wheat was then worth two dollars per bushel; now it is ninety cents per bushel. On this subject Gen. Tallmadge made some very interesting statements. The price of transportation on wheat from Chicago to Buffalo is ten cents per bushel; from Buffalo to Albany sixteen cents; thence to New York three cents; total twenty-nine cents. Deducting storage, commissions, &c., farmers at the West can obtain only forty cents per bushel for their crop. Flour is transported for seventy to seventy-five cents per barrel.—From information derived from the most authentic sources it appears that wheat may be imported (when taken for balast instead of sand) from Bremen for from six to eight cents per bushel; if taken as freight the cost of import tion would still be only nine cents. From Marseilles and Havre all charges to New York are but seventeen and a half cents; from Liverpool sixteen and a half cents. The cost of wheat in Europe varies from twenty five to fifty cents per bushel. Thus may be seen the danger of competition with the serfs and lazzaroni of Europe. One of our merchants pays only thirty five cents freight and charges on a box of oranges from Sicily to New York, while it costs him seventy five cents to send that same box to Buffalo and from thirty seven to forty cents to Boston. The Sicilians vessels are navigated at even a less cost than the Germans, the wages of seamen being only from five to six dollars per month, they finding themselves.—Here is the contrast of European and American labor. We are four fifths of us cultivators of the land Do we want to be brought in competition with the paupers and lazzaroni of Europe? If, said Gen T., our farmers want this competition, I for one will not oppose their desire.

Gen. Tallmadge then made some observations upon the culture of silk in this country, expressing his conviction that it had succeeded altogether beyond public expectation. The late Silk Convention had done great good, and he hoped the Farmers' Convention about to be held would do as much and more for the general interests of agriculture.

Mr. Wakeman inquired why it was, if wheat was so cheap in Europe; and freight so low as had been stated, that we were not supplied with the article from that country?

Gen. Tallmadge explained, that foreign wheat was kept out only by the duty of twenty five cents per bushel. Formerly the duty was fifteen per cent. ad valorem, and wheat was then appraised so low that the duty was reduced to nothing: twenty five cents per bushel is equal to seventy five or one hundred per cent. ad valorem on some kinds of foreign wheat.

OPINIONS IN ENGLAND—OUR CONTEST.—The London Atlas, a well informed and high toned Free Trade journal, not very tightly harnessed to the car of Party, has (July 20th) the following Editorial leader on our Presidential contest:

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

As far as it is possible to anticipate from the accounts recently received from the United States, the triumph of the Whig candidate Clay, in the approaching struggle for the Presidency, appears almost assured. The democratic party have unaccountably passed over the only two public men whose names could have been put in competition with that of Mr Clay as statesmen and men of ability—namely, Van Buren and Calhoun, and have selected a certain Mr. Polk, of whom nobody ever heard, and who commands no confidence and respect. Their strength also is divided by the presence of a third candidate the present president Tyler, who without much chance of success will carry with him the official influence that might otherwise have turned the scale in an evenly balanced contest between the two parties.

As regards English interests, we look upon the probable return of Mr. Clay with mixed feelings. On the one hand he is certainly by far the most respectable candidate and the Whig party on the other side of the Atlantic are by far the most intelligent reasonable, &respectable party. A democratic President is something like a Feargus O'Connor or Tom Duncombe in power who may at any moment dash through all the laws of nations violate all official etiquette, and involve us in a war for some North western boundary or Oregon territory, in order to get up a popular clamor and carry an election.

Repudiation, also, is a doctrine which finds much more favor among the whole hog democrats than with the staid & respectable Whig who has sufficient intelligence to comprehend the maxim that in the long run 'honesty is the best policy.' Undoubtedly, therefore with Mr. Clay as President & the Whig party in the ascendant in Congress, we should feel much more comfort ble in regard to our foreign relations, & might look forward with more confidence to an adjustment of the awkward questions respecting the Oregon frontier which if neglected, may at some future period lead to serious embarrassments. On the other hand, the election of Mr. Clay must, we fear, be looked upon as to a considerable extent a confirmation of the principle of commercial restriction. He has always been the consistent advocate of a Protective Tariff and the cause of the Whigs has always been identified with that of the New England manufacturers, who aim at acquiring a monopoly of the home market by the aid of prohibitory duties. Nor can we wonder that such is the policy of the most respectable and intelligent statesman of America, when we consider that by our corn laws we shut the door in the face of any attempt to negotiate a commercial arrangement on the footing of a fair and substantial reciprocity. We take nothing from the United States but that which we cannot possibly do without—their cotton and tobacco, excluding the staple produce of the great agricultural States of the West by a sliding scale ingeniously framed so as to throw the maximum amount of impediment in the way of access to the English market. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they retaliate & meet high duties on American flour by high duties on English manufactures? At present the corn law question seems to have gone to sleep, no one feeling the pressure sufficiently in years of a bundance & commercial prosperity to make it worth while to agitate. And yet it is just during this period of prosperity, when the presure of the corn-law is least felt in the shape of immediate distress, that it is in reality doing most harm to our permanent interests. It is confirming foreign nations every where in the protective system, and sowing the seeds of exclusions and prohibitions, by which when too late we shall find our markets curtailed, and our trade shackled. A liberal commercial policy twenty years ago would have secured us access to the markets of Germany, and would have prevented the growth of the manufacturing sytem of the Zollverein. A liberal commercial policy three years ago would have prevented passing of the restrictive Tariff of the United States, and would have given a decided ascendency in that country to Free Trade principles, and to the Free Trade party. A liberal commercial policy adopted ten years hence, as from present indications would appear to be the probable result, may very possibly fail to recover what previous blunders have lost us. To offer to admit American and German corn in exchange for British manufactures when the manufacturing system of Prussia, Saxony and New England have acquired strength and become consolidated, will be very like what the old saying describes as 'barring the door after the horse is stolen.'

A HUNTER IN EXTREME PERIL.—The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr. Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth In 1807, he was on a trapping expedition, with two companions, on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game, and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat for about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn brake, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him, and having crossed the river he soon laid down. This was about noon, when the animal, having again grazed, was resting himself in a cool place.—Percival now crossed the river in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull, being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the green woods.

Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds was easily mastered and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he, therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would be down again ere long The bull now stopped and Percival was within twenty yards of him watching an opportunity to strike him mortally, but the beast seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper he was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he, also, immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but, as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him Before, however the beast could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary; and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, flung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he, therefore, frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival—it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours fruitless labour the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigor, and became slower in his motions. He would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals, and, even then, he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honor to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family.

He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to the side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm; which was paralyzed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intollerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptons of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested awhile, recommenced his rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and mannagement, contrived, in the course of half an hour, to stab and cut him in a dozen places. The animal now became weak from the loss of blood, and, although he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes.—Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldly animal when he had lost his sight.

He bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury. He leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head against the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his high shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and eat it.—*Featherston Laugh.*

THE PIRATES' WAKE.—The Halifax Herald of the 6th ult. copies from the 'Cross,' a small religious print published in that city, the following description of 'wake of two of the Saladin pirates in the Chapel of the Holy Cross Cemetery. It will be interesting to readers of all denominations:

'When the bodies of Hazelton & Jones had been laid in the little church of the Holy Cross on Tuesday, hundreds upon hundreds poured into the Cemetery; and entering the Church bent upon their knees to offer a prayer for the souls of the departed. The Biers were covered with clean linen—numbers of candles were lighted around—the coffin lids were removed, discovering the bodies in undisfigured repose—and the tears of pity fell hot and frequent, upon the cold remains of the stranger children of misfortune.

Every one who viewed the remains was astonished at the appearance they presented.—Not a trace of agony—not a disfigurement was visible They looked as if resting in the repose of an innocent healthfulness.

As night approached crowd after crowd might be seen directing their steps up Spring Garden Road and turning towards the church yard, to swell the masses already collected. A full moon was propitious to the labor of affection, and harmonized by its mild beams with the sympathy so extensively awakened On they came, many bearing fresh plucked flowers with which they strewed the bodies and floor all around diffusing an odour as sweet as the gentle charity that made the offering. The scene was sustained all through the night—and morning's dawn found many a man and woman upon their knees united in suppliant prayer for the erring victims before them

About midnight, the scene was really delightful. Numbers of elegantly dressed females mingled among those who who knelt round the coffin. The bodies were strewed profusely with roses The place was finely illuminated, and from the depths of hundreds of hearts the prayer rose up strong and constant:—'Lord have mercy on them—Christ have mercy on them!'

We know that some will complain of the kind heartedness that like Heaven forgets lamented and expiated crime.—They will say it tends to encourage guilt We have no fear or feeling of this kind. We have no right—after the laws of our country have been satisfied, and our God must be presumed to have been satisfied—we have no right to be more wise than Heaven and Earth, in the measure of our punishment. God knows, the sacrifice of life which our Maker has given, ought to be enough. It is questionable in its morality—because its absolute social necessity can never be proved—and great should be our presumption, if we would add to the possible guilt of our jurisprudence, a penalty which our jurisprudence itself does not sanction. We would not do one act or say one word to stay the exercise of human affection which distinguished the people on Tuesday night.

Besides, it would be strange indeed if a man should commit piracy for the honor of having a prayer offered for his soul or a few flowers scattered over his lifeless remains.

But there were peculiar circumstances connected with the sin and death of these unhappy Irishmen. They were both young both 'unhacknied in the ways of crime'—both fell victims to the machination of a practised villian—and both repented sincerely and fervidly their early and solitary wickedness. Had they never set foot upon the deck of the Saladin, they might never have entered the walls of a prison. They had never entered a prison's wall before—They had never so much as entered a Court. Had they not met Fielding, crime had never found entrance into their souls.

On Wednesday morning at seven o'clock some hundreds collected to the funeral of the culprits. They were borne on the shoulders of eight of their countrymen to their last home. They were buried on the Hill side by side Rev. Mr. Connelly impressively read the burial service. The last trumpet alone, will disturb their repose.'

FROM THE BALTIMORE CLIPPER.

A DISCOVERY. The editor of the Annapolis Herald, in reply to some observations of ours on the subject of the tariff, refers to the tariff of 1790, and remarks: "under that low tariff *of only 7½ per cent. average duties*, our manufacturers took the start and rapidly grew up to vigorous manhood, and successfully overcame the competition of foreigners." This is a discovery which the wise men who have preceded us failed to make and the merit of having made it should be awarded exclusively to the editor of the Herald. If the editor of the Herald be old enough to remember the condition of this country during the last war, he cannot fail to recollect, that the deficiency in domestic manufactures was sadly felt—so much so, that almost the first act after the close of the war was, to lay a tariff for the protection of domestic industry The act of 1790 was inefficient to this respect, and did not enable our manufacturers to "successfully overcome the competition of foreigners." About the period when that act was passed, Mr Jefferson entertained and expressed the opinion, that our work shops should be in Europe.' But he lived to change his opinion, and to declare, that in order to be an independent nation, we must manufacture for ourselves, and that domestic industry should be protected. During the long wars between England and France, and until our commerce became harassed by the British orders in council and the Berlin and Milan decrees of Bonaparte, domestic manufactures made slow progress in the United States public attention being directed almost exclusively to commercial pursuits. The war with England found us in an unprepared and in a comparatively destitute situation It proved to us the folly of depending upon foreign manufactures, and the indispensable necessity of making for ourselves. The sentiments of the country underwent a change; since which time, every distinguished statesman has admitted the propriety of imposing such duties as will foster our manufacturing establishments. Experience proved that the minimum duty of the compromise act would not effect that object, and the country became clamorous for an increased duty. Public meetings were held without distinction of parties, at which resolutions and memorials were adopted setting forth clearly and distinctly the necessity of a protective tariff. It was passed in 1842 in accordance with public sentiment, and in its operation has restored the country to prosperity. Under its influence business of all kinds has revived. Why then shall we repeal or modify the present tariff, and repeat an experiment which had well nigh ruined the country? It would be folly and madness It dare not be done. Free trade is a rank humbug—an imposition, which would bring starvation to the laboring portion of the community; and it appears to us that no American possessed of common sense or a patriotic spirit can become the advocate of such a policy. We will never contribute our aid to make the American Eagle the prey of the British Lion; nor to elevate foreign laborers over our hardy and industrious fellow-citizens. No, no; we go for our country, first, last and always.

We conclude this article with the following declaration of Mr. Jefferson; remarking, that the principles which he advanced in 1816, we entertain now; and believe to be as sound and applicable to the interests of the country at the present moment as they were when uttered. Similar sentiments have been expressed by Washington, Madison Monroe, J. Q. Adams, and Jackson. The preference of British to American interests is of recent orgin; and may be considered a new light or a 'blue light,' but it is not a light by which we shall be guided.

'We have experienced, what we did not then believe, that there exist both profligacy and power enough to exclude us from the field of interchange with other nations; that to, be independent for the comforts of life, we must fabricate them ourselves. We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist. The former question is suppressed, or rather assumes a new form. The grand inquiry now is, shall we make our own comforts, or go without them at the will

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