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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MISCELLANEOUS.

The following graphic & thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated ELIHU BURRITT, the learned Blacksmith, of Rhode Island:

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, upon those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel.—The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the lime stone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, & their knives are in their hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains and draws himself up carefully to his full length he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts—The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall—He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that 'freeze their young blood.' He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the winds he bounds down the channel, and the situation of that fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, 'William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes near the top!' The boy don't look down. His eyes is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there.—He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasted blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier!—how he avoids every flinty grain! how economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each again he cuts. How every motion is watched below. There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets.—His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next again he cuts—That niche is the last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there;—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity!—Hark! a shout fall on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him and with the words, God! mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

E. B.

THE MINERAL REGION OF MARYLAND—AMERICAN RAILROAD IRON.

Correspondence of the N. Y. American.

MT. SAVAGE IRON WORKS (MD.) Aug, 1844.

I have derived so much pleasure from witnessing the manufacture of American Railroad Iron at the 'Mount Savage Iron Works' near Cumberland, Maryland, that I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the subject at this time, when so much is said in relation to 'Protection to American Manufactures.' The American people have paid many millions of dollars to the foreign manufacturers for railroad iron—and but for the present Tariff, would pay them many millions more within the next ten years; whereas with the present we shall hereafter make most of our own; and, what is still better as in this case, mainly with foreign capital.

Being on a visit to Baltimore last week I visited the Cumberland coal iron regions merely to see the operation of rolling rails road iron. With letters of introduction to Col. Young, formerly of the Ulster and West Point Iron works, and in company with several gentlemen from Baltimore who were enjoying the cool breezes of Frostburg, I was shown every part of this immense establishment, which now employs in its various departments over five hundred men, and supports a population of near two thousand persons.

The plan of operations, we understand, embraces twelve furnaces, with rolling-mills and other works to correspond; but at present two only of the furnaces are erected—the largest being 14 feet in diameter, and 50 feet high, the other of nearly the same dimensions, and one immense rolling mill, with two sets of rollers and 8 or 9 puddling furnaces, in which they are now rolling, beside other iron, from 25 to 30 tons per day of railroad bars of the bridge form, weighing 18 pounds to the yard—designed for their own use in laying a road from their works to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Cumberland, about 10 miles, I witnessed the operation of rolling these bars, weighing about 300 lbs. each, which was done apparently with great ease, and from what I there saw, I am free to say that, with the present protection upon iron, we shall be able in less than five years to furnish all the railroad iron required in this country, at prices less than we imported it when duty free.

The facilities here for manufacturing cheaply cannot be surpassed, if equalled—with the exception of cost of Labor—even in England. The furnaces are situated at the base of the hill, and so far below the entrance to the coal mines and ore beds, and limestone quarry, which require no effort to drain them, that the cars with these materials may be brought to the mouth of the furnaces by gravity; and the rolling mill is still lower than the furnaces, so that the 'pigs' may be taken out in the same manner. The descent from these works to Cumberland is nearly 700 feet to the mile, so that a locomotive will take down more loaded cars than it can take back empty ones.

This Company have a contract, we were informed, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to transport 175 tons per day of coal iron, for five years at the cost of 1½ cents per ton per mile, or $2 61 per ton to Baltimore; and probably a much greater amount will find its way to tide water by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as it shall be, as it surely will soon be, completed to Cumberland thus giving life and energy to enterprise and employment to thousands through the instrumentality of this one Company, who draw their capital wholly, I believe, from the other side of the Atlantic.

Yours, truly, D. K. MINOR.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

The plentiful crops of apples, this season, have caused the finest fruit to be a mere song in our markets, and many farmers are obliged to re-convey their loads home again being utterly unable to sell them. One day last week, a countryman with a bag of apples on his shoulder, which he had tried in vain to sell as he came along, entered a store in Second street near Vine, and addressed the shop-keeper, who had already declined fifty similar trades during the day, with—

'Mister, can I sell you a bag of apples to day?'

'No!' impatiently replied the shop-keeper—'you can't give them to me!'

'I'll be darn'd if I can't, then,' rejoined the farmer. And suiting the action to the word he slipped the string of the bag, shot the apples into one corner of the shop, and made tracks for his wagon!—Phila. Courier.

From the London Punch.

GONE TO THE DOGS.

The papers have informed us of the death and burial of Yeos, a grayhound to which her Majesty and Prince Albert were both 'greatly attached.' The death of the beast appears to have been so sudden that the Queen suspected foul play, and Mr. Brown, of Windsor, who is it seems, the royal dog doctor, was immediately sent for, that a post mortum examination might take place immediately.—Several of the servants gave evidence at the inquest. The following extracts will show how carefully the investigation was conducted.

Sarah Scrub, the scullery-maid, was now brought in, and cautioned by Mr. Brown that her testimony would be taken down & might be used elsewhere against her. Her examination then proceeded—Knew the dog Yeos. Saw her last alive poking her nose into a dish of sweetbreads on the pantry dresser. The dog was allowed to go everywhere by her Majesty's command, and was not to be thwarted in anything. The dog was a very great favorite with the Queen and Prince Albert. Witness was in the habit of feeding Yeos; gave her a *pate de foie gras* the day before her death. She seemed in good spirits, and ate it with appetite.

By Prince Albert—Did you make him too rishe by too much of de nastie salt butter?

The Witness replied distinctly that fresh butter had been used.

Prince Albert—Can you sware dat?

Witness—I can.—(Great sensation.)

Dr Præ'orius, who had been watching the case on the part of Prince Albert, thought it would be useless to carry the criminal part of the matter further. He (Dr. Prætorius) would candidly admit he had no stronger evidence to offer.

Mr. Brown—Then I suppose, Doctor you withdraw from the inquiry?

Dr. Prætorius—Certainly, unless you think there is enough for a remand. In the case of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, which a good deal resembles the present a remand was allowed. Or to come to later times, if we are guided by the rule in the prosecution of Madame Laffrage—

Mr. Brown (interrupting)—No, Doctor I think we must not do that.

The surgeon then assuming the office of Coroner, proceeded to sum up as follows.—This affair was apparently involved in a good deal of doubt, until this inquisition was held. The deceased (weeping) might have been poisoned, or might not, and here the difficulty comes in to determine whether he was or wasn't. On a post mortem examination, there were a good deal of vascular inflammation, about the coats of the nose, and I have no doubt the affair of the sweetbread, which was possibly very highly peppered, had nothing to do with these appearances. The pulse had, of course, stopped; but, as far as I could judge from circumstances, I should say it had been pretty regular. The ears were perfectly healthy, and the tail appeared to have been recently-wagged, showing that there could have been nothing very wrong in that quarter. The conclusion at which I arrive is, that Yeos came to his death from old age, or rather, by the lapse of time; and a deodand is therefore imposed on the kitchen clock, which was rather fast on the day of the dogs death, and might have accelerated his demise.

This verdict having been regularly entered the inquest was broken up, and the scullery-maid set at liberty.

PILES.—A correspondent of the Southern Planter, says: 'Having suffered as much from this disease as any man living, I feel disposed to communicate through your pages the remedy which gave me relief. Take about one gallon of Jamestown leaves (Stramonium) boil them till the strength is obtained, strain the liquor and add six large table spoonfuls of lard and one of beeswax; boil slowly until nothing remains but the lard and the wax, it is then ready for use. Anoint the part affected with this ointment until relief is obtained. In very obstinate cases when there is a continued and painful protuberance of the intestine, it will be necessary to spread the ointment on a soft rag and keep it in place by a T bandage. When the protruded part can be easily returned to its proper position, the ointment should be applied previous to this being done, as it facilitates the operation and acts better—The patient should live on the lightest diet, keep as quiet as possible, and if necessary, take an occasional purge of the mildest kind. Whenever there are symptoms of a return of the complaint, apply the ointment and it will check its further progress. I have no hesitation in stating and that from experience, that this remedy has no superior and it needs only to be known to be duly appreciated. I generally prepare the ointment in my yard as the stramonium has a very offensive smell, and the vessel in which it is made if used for cooking purposes, should be thoroughly cleansed by burning to avoid any deleterious effects that might ensue.'

A SPECK OF WAR.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, TAHITI, AND MOROCCO.

☞We alluded yesterday to the trouble between England and France. The subject is one of deep interest. We have therefore read our files by the Steamers with much attention, with the object of culling out every thing of the least importance having a bearing upon the points at issue, and likely to engage the attention of our readers. We have before us various articles, in which the difficulties are discussed, by the leading Journalists of Paris and London. The London Times, in the course of a cautiously written leader, reviews the whole case and remarks that 'the French Government is more reluctant than might have been expected to acknowledge the errors of its agents, and is protracting the negotiations on the pretext of making further examination into the conduct of Mr. Pritchard.'

'This,' says the Times, 'is an irrelevant subject to introduce, so far as the question of international law is concerned. Mr. Pritchard's person, as Consul of Tahiti, was inviolable at the time that he was violently arrested and imprisoned by M. D'Aubigny. His seizure was a direct violation of the law of nations. The law of nations does not require that an Ambassador or Consul should be a sensible man, or a well-conducted man, to give him the benefit of its protection—Whether or not Mr. Pritchard had made himself obnoxious by conduct at the time or by previous acts, it made no difference. He was Consul; and no country can see its Consul or Ambasador laid hands on without requiring satisfaction.'

What, asks the editor, should be the line taken by England on such an occasion? He answers—'a firm, quiet, statesmanlike demand for satisfaction. The fact of this specific violation of international law should be stated and laid as simply and definitely as possible before the French Government. The question is not as to the animus or spirit of the parties—whether or not Mr. Pritchard provoked this violation of international law—whether or not the French officers have palliatives to show for themselves. The question is not as to what caused the violation, but as to the fact of the violation itself. If the violation took place, then whatever may have been the incentive to it, the party violating are bound to make reparation.'

He sums up the whole case briefly thus: 'It is only necessary to state that a row took place at Otaheite, and that in the course of that row the person of the British Consul was seized by French officers. The immediate and necessary result of this statement on the part of the English Government is the obligation to make reparation on the part of the French.

It is understood, moreover, that England immediately made a demand upon France for a satisfactory explanation.—Will it be given? And if not—will arms ensue between the two nations? France has evidently exhibited more reluctance than was expected under the circumstances—but it seems to us scarcely possible for a war to take place on the grounds stated. Recently in the House of Lords, the Earl of Aberdeen said that when the French established themselves in Tahiti, the necessary guarantees were given that the interests of British subjects would not be interfered with. As to Mr Pritchard, it made little difference whether or not he were recognised as British Consul at the time of his arrest. He was a British subject and as such entitled to protection. He should not desire peace at the expense of the honor of this country; but looking at the existence of a war party in France, he thought it wise and expedient that in all our negotiations with that country we should be cautious to preserve strict moderation and justice.—He used the word justice, lest moderation might be misconstrued. He had no doubt that a just, conciliatory, and moderate tone would prevent any disasterous results arising from occurrences which had taken place without the participation of either Government.'

At the last accounts, no satisfactory explanation had been given by France, the Government of that country professing a desire to investigate the conduct of Mr. Pritchard before acting. The London Spectator, alluding to the subject says: 'The prospects of peace begin to lower, with the access of the warfever in France. Fresh news from Tahiti furnishes us with the French version of the disputes in that lovely and ill used island, it does not exonerate the officers from charges of violent usurpation, but strengthens those charges, only making vague cross-charges against the English, of fostering resistance. The quarrel with Morocco is unsettled. Various parties in the Parliament at Paris use these accidents to embarrass the Ministry; and under the combined pressure, even M. Guizot begins to flinch a little; Count Mole squeezing out of him words that may mean that he was about to counsel a rather hostile bearing toward England—or may mean quite the reverse—but the peace Minister, at the best, is obliged to be equivocal.'

There is a report also, that M. Guizot has expressed a determination to resign, rather than rush into a war. The following paragraph from the London Dispatch a Radical paper indicates popular British feelings in that quarter: 'From the moment of the issue of Prince de Joinville's insane pamphlet, the war party of France has possessed itself of an idea that her fleet is vastly superior to that of England and that in the event of hostilities, the latter must strike its flag and & acknowledge the superiority of the former. The late affair at Tahiti—in which the French behaved with great insolence and cowardice, and in regard to which England has betrayed the white feather through her Minister, Lord Aberdeen—has given spur to the ambitious designs of 'Young France;' and the comments in the Parisian journals would lead us to imagine that at no distant period—probably before the King of the French pays a friendly visit to Queen Victoria—the two countries may be embroiled in a war. Let us hope to the contrary; but nevertheless, let England take that position in the scale of nations which her superior commerce and her indomitable courage and enterprise entitle her to hold. She is the mistress of the sea, and France and Russia would tremble for the safety of their ships, were they to come in contact with ours, notwithstanding the navy of Great Britain is not in that efficient state that, looking a our insular position, we could wish—Still, with sailors possessing brave hearts and undaunted courage, England has nothing to fear. The Prince de Joinville is said, when he paid a visit to Prince Albert, to have expressed a wish to have a brush with an English man of war—an expression so offensive, that a hint was given him to quit the Palace and return to the Tuileries. This belligerent young gentleman, it is evident, is too hasty for a naval commander, and it is not unlikely that his sour morose temper may some day place him in such a predicament as to leave him no other chance than that of gratifying his wishes to his heart's content"

The following also, from the same paper, will be read with interest.

'May a war be averted; but whatever may be the result of the affair at Tahiti, we think, before six months—in which time according to the National, England could not man her fleet—France would cry peccavi. 'Landing on the English coast.' 'Firing our arsenals & dock yards' 'Destroying our magnificent ships on the stocks,' may read very fine, and warm the breasts of the war party in France, but we apprehend it would not be found so easy a task to reach Chatham, or Plymouth or Portsmouth, as it is for the Editor of the National to write a paragraph full of trash and absurdity. The fact is our defences are great; and England has the means of calling into action at a short notice, such a vast steam and canvas power that no armament in the world could sweep us from the seas. The National chuckles over the fact that England has been, more than once, successfully invaded, and thence proceeds to argue, that another descent upon the shores of England might be made with almost a handful of men, and a few ships. The National alludes to times gone by, when bows and arrows were our only weapons of defence, and not to any period since our cliff-bound coast has had the advantage of forts mounted with artillery, the roar of whose thunder alarmed Buonaparte when he threatened to invade us, and even induced him to abandon his intention. Since writing the above, we find that the Tahitan affair continues to be the source of dangerous and excited feeling between this country and France.—The French Government, it is said, is more reluctant than might have been expected to acknowledge the errors of its agents, and is protracting the negotiations on the pretext of making further examination into the conduct of Mr. Pritchard.

This is a perfectly irrelevant subject to introduce, so far as the question of international law is concerned.'

All this, be it remembered, in relation to the Tahita affair. Another trouble is likely to grow out of the rumored occupation of Tangiers by the French and the alleged determination of France to possess herself of Morocco. Alluding to this, a London Journalist says: 'That which might have naturally been expected, and what we foresaw and predicted, is coming to pass. The first act of the drama, which will terminate in the vast empire of Morocco, or at least a large portion of it, falling under the power of the French, has commenced. The prologue was sufficiently explicit as to the scenes which were to follow, and therefore little surprise can be occasioned by the withdrawal of the flimsy veil that covered the designs of France. Her energies are concentrated to this point, and it needs no ghost from the grave to tell us that she will succeed in carrying out her views. Circumstances, moreover, have presented opportunities for enlarged dominion which were never before dreamt of, and of which she will take timely advantage. The unexpected and regretted abdication and retirement of Mehemet Ali, from the Pashalick of Egypt, who, by his great and active mind, and enlightened administration, has raised his country into more importance than we think she is now likely to retain, will be looked upon by France as an auspicious event. Whilst she is attending at Morocco, she is not neglecting Egypt, and having gained a footing in the former, she will extend her power over the latter, so that, in time, she will have absolute sovereignty over a part of Africa, bounded on the one side by the Atlantic, and on the other by the Red Sea. It is not merely by physical force that France is successfully carrying out her designs. Her diplomatic skill is consummate, and she depends upon this as much as upon her enormous military force. Her tactics have been admirable.'

Our readers will perceive from the foregoing, that much unkind feeling prevailed at the last dates between England and France—that France had insulted Great Britain through her Consul—that the British had demanded an explanation—that France was hesitating—and that while this was the condition of affairs at home, France was pursuing a policy at Morocco opposed to British interests, and in violation, perhaps, of an understanding between the two Governments.

A traveller in Europe, writing from Cologne to the editor of the New York American, says of the great cathedral—

One looks at it with wonder, unable to reconcile what he knows of its dimensions with its apparent lightness and grace. The choir is the only part finished, and it is universally acknowledged to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is 425 feet high from the ground to the cross upon the roof; and within there are 380 feet from the pavement to the crown of the arch. The workmen are now putting the last touches to the interior of the choir, and the columns and walls are neatly covered with gilding, frescoes and statues. The wall's of the nave are also rising rapidly thanks to the interest taken in the building by the present King of Prussia. The exterior presents at present a most singular appearance, when one retires to a sufficient distance to embrace the whole in one view. The choir, with its countless air pinnacles and profusion of fantastic sculpture, has been long enough finished to have an air of antiquity. Next to it is the nave, all new and unfinished, bustling with workmen and machinery. Beyond this are the two towers, the highest of which is but 200 feet high, and which appear as if but commenced, in the same state in which they were abandoned 500 years ago—the old machine for raising the stone still upon the top of one of them. But five centuries have left traces of their passage upon the unfinished work; the sculptures are decayed; long grass waves from the summits, & the towers are a venerable ruin, without having ever been completed.

The same traveller, speaking of the celebrated clock in the cathedral of Strasbourg, says—

The so much talked of clock is in the cathedral, and occupies a space of forty feet high and twenty wide. This clock was for a long time out of order, and no one could be found capable of repairing it. At last an artist appeared; who, after long and minute study of the machinery, agreed to put the clock in motion again for the small sum of three hundred thousand francs. As he was the only person who would undertake it at any price,

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