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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A PRETTY TALE OF ROMANCE.

(From Galignani's Messenger.)

Our readers are already aware that the charming fair deserter, Madlle. Plessy, on abandoning the banks of the Seine for the Neva, was accompanied by a gentlemen on whom she had bestowed her hand, M. Arnold, favorably known in the world of literature. It is but a few days since that the papers announced the departure of the newly married couple from Brussels for St. Petersburgh, but the date of their quitting that city, we learn, was in reality considerably earlier, and if the account of the travellers, which we subjoin, be correct (but which, it is only right to mention, is derived from the *on dits* of the theatre, a source not altogether remarkable for strict veracity,) it will be seen that they have not only reached the Russian territory, but have already experienced a specimen of northern hospitality the very reverse of agreeable to a pair of lovers on their first matrimonial excursion. The story, a perfect literary romance, is told as follows:—On the travellers arriving at the Russian frontier, where, as all the world is aware a strict surveillance is excercised, the authorities demanded their business.

"We are going to St. Petersburgh," was the reply.

"Where are your passports?"

Madlle. Plessy, (as we still love to call her,) produced her engagement, duly signed and sealed by Guedenoff, with the approbation of the Emperor Nicholas.

"All right, you may proceed," said the official; and turning to M. Arnold. "And you sir?"

"I am this lady's husband."

"That is not sufficient," coldly returned the officer.

"Besides which, here is my passport, signed by the Russian ambassador in London."

"A passport granted in a foreign country is perfectly satisfactory, at least when there is no order to the contrary, but that unfortunately, occurs in the present case, for I have a communication from St. Petersburg in which you are an interested party."

"I! that's—strange."

"It is nevertheless a fact. I have here a formal order which prevents your entering the Russian empire."

"Prevents me entering Russia! Me!—Pray, may I ask what reason is given for this step?"

"Reason: singular question that. Do you imagine the government of our glorious country has any *explanation* to give you In our country, sir we bow in silence to an imperial order, and your ask- question proves that you would out of your element in Russia.—However, if you are curious on the matter, ask your own conscience; reflect a little. As a literary man have you never made any *mal apropos* remark on absolute governments? Has your name never figured in the ranks of opposition scribes? Mind, these are mere conjectures on my part, for the order contains nothing in the shape of explanation. I have no further observation to make, and must now request you to take farewell of the lady, and withdraw as soon as possible."

"Farewell! exclaimed Madlle. Plessy, do you suppose I will abandon my husband? My duty is to follow him, and, if he is not permitted to enter the country, depend upon it I shall not, I will not go to St. Petersburg?"

"Excuse me, madame," said the official, in his blandest tone, "excuse me, but you have put your foot in Russian territory and you must remain."

"What!" exclaimed the lady indignantly, "do you mean to detain me by force?"

"Most assuredly, madame," replied the inexorable man in office for not only have we the means but also the right to do so. Have you not signed an engagement which is binding on you? You are the property of Russia for ten years. Your engagement must be fulfilled."

It was in vain the young actress wept, entreated, and threatened by turns; for the first time in her life, perhaps, her powers were exerted in vain. The barbarous Muscovite was proof against all, and persisted in the strict execution of his orders. The bereaved, desponding and furious wife was *bon gre mal gre*, reseated in her travelling carriage, and started off in a gallop *en route* for St. Petersburg; whilst the unfortunate husband was conducted under an escort to a certain distance from the frontier, with an admonition that if he again attempted to enter the territories of the Emperor, he might probably make a longer journey than would be agreeable—to the deserts of Siberia!

It is estimated that the number of pounds of wool produced in Wisconsin the present year will exceed 50,000.

Further Extracts from the Foreign News.

EFFECTS OF THE CLOSE OF THE OREGON NEGOTIATIONS IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

[From Wilmer's Liverpool Times Dec. 4.]

The news from the Western shores of the Atlantic recently, has excited more than ordinary interest. The Great Western," on her last trip, brought home a document which created nearly as much amazement as if a shell had been unexpectedly thrown with hostile intent, into a friendly citadel. The number of the *Washington Union* which claimed the whole of Oregon for the United States, and repudiated all negotiation on the subject, was scanned with painful feelings—was presumed to speak the sentiments of President Polk, and to foreshadow the tone of the forthcoming Message. The effect was such as we have described it. War and all its odious horrors stared every one in the face. There appeared to be no escape from it—no loophole left by which an honorable exit could be made. Men move in masses—think and sympathise in herds—and "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," issuing simultaneously from a thousand lips, show how readily, under provocation, reason is subservient to passion. The poet has finely portrayed it:

"Honor! thou blood stained god,
At whose red altar sit war and homicide,
Oh! to what madness will insult drive thy votaries!"

Writhing under the influence of this excited feeling, the Caledonia arrived on Friday, with intelligence a week in advance of the Great Western, and the nature of her despatches had an emollient effect on the national pulse, which now beats again with comparative coolness. It was then found that the article in the official paper was not understood, by those on the spot, to have an official character—that Mr. Polk had not yet thrown away the scabbard—that the Whigs, with their three P's—"peace, prosperity, and progression"—were inimical to war, and that Mr. Webster, at Boston, had made a speech of a pacific and elevated character, in which an appeal to physical force on the Oregon question was denounced as folly and madness.

We have before stated, and the repetition of the present time is almost superfluous, that, as regards England, people here care little in what way the Oregon dispute may be patched up; the value of the territory is hardly rated beyond a pin's fee and right glad would be the thinking intelligent portion of the country, if the 49th parrallel of latitude would hit the views and the taste of the American government and people. The annoyance, the irritation, arises out of what is conceived to be the "bullying spirit" with which the United States claim is advanced, which naturally wounds our national pride, and creates frame of mind little calculated to produce amity or end in forbearance. The refusal of the President to refer the dispute to arbitration looks like a "foregone conclusion," and is pointed to as a proof that the worst may still be apprehended from obstinate councils.

It has transpired during the last day or two, that Mr. Polk has repeated to the English cabinet the offer which they have rejected two or three times during the last quarter of a century, namely, to divide the territory by the 49th parallel of north latitude, and that they still adhere to making the Columbia the boundary, each nation being free of its waters. It is our curse to have a monopoly of some kind or other, always to defend; some "vested interest" about which the people in the aggregate know and care as much as a cow does for astronomy. The nation if noses had been counted, would have accepted this offer by an overwhelming majority, but then the interests of the people, and the interests of a powerful incorporated company diverge, and the government, like a harsh stepmother, pets the favorite and plunders the family.

It is painful to speak of warlike preparations in the same breath that we refer to a misunderstanding with a friendly country as it savors somewhat of the Milesian mode of settling a controversary with uplifted shillelah. But the fuss and pother—the activity and incessant energy which prevail to the English dockyards, the surveying the coast and the steam navy—all indicate a "black cloud" some where; it may be in the west or in the south, but the "powers that be," seem to be impressed with a belief that events are transparent enough to make this activity and outlay necessary. Captain Austin visited Liverpool last week by orders of the Admiralty to guage the capacity of the first class steamers as regards the carrying of heavy metal. The British and North American, the West Indian, and other vessels have undergone similar inspections. *Cui Malo!* "Coming events cast their shadows before; and our prayer is that all this horrible making ready for the worst may prove superfluous, and that the "events," whatever they are, in which they have their origin, may "come like shadows, so depart."

The Oregon Question in France.—The Journal des Debats of the 1st instant, closes an article on the Oregon question, as follows:

"A war between America and England will be a calamity for the civilized world, and by degrees every maritime nation may be drawn in to take part in the conflict, in consequence of the vexatious interruptions which neutrals will not fail to meet with in the desperate struggle which will desolate the surface of the ocean. But for England and for America it will be such an overturning of interests, that we cannot but think that whatever the language of the President, in his message, may be, the cause of peace will not on that account be irretrievably lost. If war should break out, New York, New Orleans & Boston would be closely blockaded, and their merchants ruined; but at the same time what injury would be inflicted on British commerce, which covers every sea, by American cruisers. What would become of Manchester if a supply of Indian cotton failed it? and how would the south-western States of the Union, whose principal produce is cotton be supported without that market? What a shock would it even be for the constitution of Union itself? We must therefore, still hope that there will be found in America courageous orators, who from the tribune of the Congress, which is about to open, will make heard the accents of truth to the American people, and that their eyes will be opened. The English Cabinet on its side, will understand that the immense interests of British manufactures demand that silence shall be imposed on the susceptibilities of national honor, and that even should President Polk be so blind as to pronounce the imprudent words that are talked of, it is to be hoped that peace will continue to spread over Great Britain and the United States the benefits with which it has loaded those two great nations, to the great advantage of all other countries."

GERMANY.

N. P. Willis, an attache to the United States Embassy, left some days back with despatches for the Washington Government

There is not much news stirring in Germany, the religous excitement continues, and in Switzerland, it is believed there will again be fighting this winter. Food is scarce and high, and all this leads to make the people emigrate to the United States, where they are permitted to choose their own road to Heaven, and have plenty to eat.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—A Glasgow (Scotland) paper contains the following noble tribute to this veteran satesman:

"Wherever and whenever fraud has framed a mine to subvert a pillar of the Constitution, or power has meditated a blow against the people, or against a citizen, or against an exile, or against a slave, against any thing in the shape of free sosciety, or against any thing in the shape of a man, *John Quincy Adams*, of Massachusetts, has been seen watching the design with eagle eye, and in the moment of the attempted perpetration of the crime, the conspirators fell—the intended victim rose free and safe—and the deliverer, unrewarded and unthanked, sets himself again on his endless watch over the cause of freedom and humanity.

The late Judge Story.—The London Morning Chronicle, after noticing the life character and eminent legal attainments of this late jurist, announces the following complimentary tribute to his memory from the London bar:

"We rejoice to learn that a committee is forming of members of the Bar and eminent Solicitors in the Law Institution, for the purpose of setting on foot a public subscription, in honor of Mr. Justice Story.—We believe it is intended to offer to the benches of Lincoln's Inn a marble statue of this eminent Transatlantic Judge as a tribute of respect due to an accomplished lawyer, whose immortal works are equally estimated in the 'mother country,' and in the American United States."

Royal Gift to an American Author.—We have just learned of a most flattering compliment that has been recently paid by a crowned head of Europe to an American writer, Mr. A. J. Downing, of Highland Gardens, New York, who published not long since, a most charming book on landscape gardning. Mr. Henry Wikoff, who arrived yesterday in the Acadia, from Liverpool, has brought over with him an autograph letter from the Queen of Holland, together with a magnificent ruby ring encircled by three rows of fine diamonds, in acknowledgment of the pleasure her majesty derived from the late perusal of Mr. Downing's book. A compliment like this from a royal personage to an American author is certainly quite novel, and what enhances its value is the new mode made choice of. The gift of a jewel is the familiar form that a crowned head usually selects to express royal approbation, but it is the first instance of the kind we know of where an autograph letter was added to give a stronger emphasis to such a testimonial. We record with great pleasure this marked compliment to the talents of a fellow countryman, and congratulate Mr. Wikoff upon his honorable commission.—*Boston Post.*

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Ireland to a friend in Baltimore, dated November 30, 1845:

"I suppose you imagine from the newspaper accounts that we shall all starve in Ireland before next harvest. No such is feared here, as there is quite a plenty of provisions in the country if they are left in it. A great deal of the potato crop has rotted; but even if one fourth of the whole was lost, (which I doubt,) there is yet an average one remaining sound, as, in the memory of man, there has never been such an abundant one, both as to the quantity planted and the return from the planting.

"I had from three English acres of land about eight thousand stone of potatoes—(stone 14 lbs.)—in quality like flour; nor did I lose eight stone of the whole of them, having taken timely precautions. The best are now selling in this market at 2 1-2d. (5 cents) per stone.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

We learn from the Boston Journal, that the annual celebration of the Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Landing of the pilgrims on the rock of Plymouth, was celebrated in that ancient town, on Monday last. Three trains of cars left Boston in the morning, for Plymouth, all of which were densely crowded. All the way stations furnished a large quota of passengers; and the good old town of Plymouth beheld such a concourse of strangers, as is not often seen in her usually quiet streets. The concourse present was immense.

Judge Warren, as President of the Pilgrim Society, presided at the dinner table, supported by the following Vice Presidents. Col. John B. Thomas of Plymouth; Henry Crocker of Barnstable; Abbott Lawrence and David Sears of Boston; and J. H. Clifford of New Bedford. On the right and left of the chair (as is usual on such occasions, old Governor Carver's chair was used by the presiding officer,) were seated Gov. Everett, Josiah Quincy, Rev. Drs. Pierce, Wayland, Kendall, Hon. Rufus Choate, Hon. Mr. Davis of Plymouth, George S. Hillard of Boston.

The greatest hilarity in song and sentiment prevailed till a late hour at the festive board, but we have only room to-day for the following extract:

Judge Warren said that he received a letter from J. Q. Adams, in which he expressed his regret that his public duties would prevent his attending the Pilgrims' Festival. He enclosed as a sentiment, the following:

The future Representative of Plymouth Rock in the Councils of the Nation—May a double portion of the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers rest on his constituents in making their selection, and on him when elected.

To this sentiment Judge Warren responded as follows:

John Quincy Adams—He always represents a rock.

Judge Warren spoke of the lands which were assigned to Governor Winslow, and which are now in the possession of Daniel Webster, as a guest.

Daniel Webster—His home is among the memorials of the Pilgrims, his warm heart always responds to their praises, and his giant intellect is ever ready to uphold their principles.

Websters name was received with the most rapturous cheers.

We give below his letter which was not read to the assembly:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17th, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR:—Until to-day, I had not given up all hope of being at Plymouth on the 22d. But the state of some important questions in the Senate, in regard to which I can do nothing more, I wish to record my vote, confines me to my place.

I am happy to learn that so many gentlemen from New York will be with you; come up to the Rock, to lay claim to kindred blood, and to unite in commemorating the memory, and the virtues of the fathers.

It was on the third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and nine, that a small vessel which, for five or six months had been tossed upon the ocean, sometimes on the coast of New Zembla, and along the fixed ices of the Northern sea, and sometimes as far South as the Chesapeake, at last made her way in the protection of the land, and let go her anchor, to take hold of bottom, to which nothing that floated on the sea had ever before been moored.

She showed a small and tattered flag, bearing a modest *Crescent*. She herself was called the "*Half Moon*." The man who trod her little deck, with the authority of master, was HENRY HUDSON. She was now riding inside of Sandy Hook, and her little *Crescent*, dimmed by time and weather, was displayed over what is now the outer harbor of New York. Here, was the origin of New York.

HENRY HUDSON was a man, whose enterprising character, active life, and lamentable end, render him one of the most interesting personages in our early American annals; but he little thought what he had done, either for himself, or for paternity, when he brought civilization to the mouth of the river which now bears his name.—According to the fancies of those times, he was seeking a passage to India; and, like others, was no doubt, disappointed to find, that he had run against a continent.

When he looked over the bay, and into the river, and upon the high mountains, and unbroken wilderness, which presented themselves, what a country was before him! But it was a country, the extent or importance of which, *he* did not at all comprehend. Disappointed in his hopes of getting to India by this route, he was thinking of fishing, furs, and the profits of trade with the Indians—not of the transfer, from Europe, of political power, in time to come and of ultimate empire. And what a *future*, what a history to come, was before that country, the first step in the settlement of which he had then taken!

That *future*, however, was not discovered; that history to come had not displayed itself, even faintly and dimly, to the most sagacious mind of the age. The early voyagers to this continent, adventurous and enterprising as they were, yet looked principally to the finding of mines of gold, and to making sudden acquisitions of wealth. The real and true importance of the discovery and settlement of North America, hardly appears to have been perceived by any. It lay in the future and was concealed from sight.

Bacon was doubtless the most profound and universal genius of the age, and he wrote an essay on "Plantations;" but all his views were limited and narrow. He not only did not comprehend the force of such motives as those which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth, but he seems never to have imagined that political rule, authority and power could spring up on this Continent, even in those "next ages," to "name and memory."

It did not occur to him, nor to any of his contemporaries, to exclaim to his country,

"In other realms, another England see,
And what thou art, America shall be!"

The commerce of New York did not shoot rapidly forward at first, nor make great progress, in early times. For several years, it only exhibited a respectable invoice of otter skins and beaver skins. And at the end of a century, it was thought to be high praise that "*the city contained eight hundred houses, the very meanest worth a hundred pounds; & a parish church with a minister, who had settled on him a hundred pounds a year.*" The high destinies of New York were then still in the future.

It would exceed the necessary limits of this letter to allude to all the events, brought about by human agency, to which New York owes her present greatness, and future prospects. Two may be mentioned: and first and chiefly, the establishment of the present general government.—Never within her broad borders was there acted a scene of so much true grandeur and importance, of so much sublimity, as when on the spot which HUDSON had found a wilderness, filled with fierce savages, the constitution of the United States was first put into operation and George Washington inagurated, amidst enthusiastic acclamations, as the first Chief Executive Magistrate of the great American Republic.—New York had surrendered her noble bay rivers to the use of a common commerce. *Vicet cedendo.* By that very act, she placed herself at the head of that common commerce. No acquisition within her power, or within her thoughts, could have been so useful to her, as this profitable relinquishment, this gainful and glorious surrender, of important rights, clearly and exclusively her own.

The other great event was the construction of the canal, which has carried the ocean up to the lakes, and brought the lakes down to sea; followed, as it has been, by other magnificent woks of public utility.—Ever honored be the names of Morris and Clinton, and of those who so readily embraced their conceptions and aided their designs, Van Rensselaer, De Witt, North, Eddy, and Porter.

It is to the honor of our old Bay State that she gave early and decisive proof of the favor and support to this stupendous project of New York enterprise. Then, as now, she regarded the prosperity, and the high commercial prospects of her nighbor, not with jealousy, but with sympathetic hope and joy. Then, as now, she could say, in the language of the delighted shepherd of Virgil,

"Non co incided, miror magis."

In 1811, De Witt Clinton, then a member of the Legislature, introduced "a bill to provide for the Internal Improvement of the State." It bore this admirable preamble:—

"Whereas, a communication, by means of a canal navigation, between the Great Lakes and Hudson's River, will encourage Agriculture, promote Commerce and Manufactures, facilitate a free and general intercourse between different parts of the United States, and tend to the aggrandizement and prosperity of the country, and consolidate and strengthen the UNION."

The Act authorized the Commissioners to apply to Congress, and *to the other States*, for co-operation in this great work; and the Commissioner reported, that "Massachusetts, in language characteristic of the impartial and dignified wisdom of conscious greatness, had instructed her Representatives to use their influence in favor of the application of New York."

So may it always be! May there never be any contention between these States, but a competition of generosity, or a struggle for eminence, in objects of common utility!

It is time, my dear sir, to bring this letter to a close. I propose as a toast:—

The Crescent of New York—May it go on to fill its orb; and from that orb may there always proceed rays of Intelligence and Morals, Religion and Liberty!

I remain; with most true regard,
Yours, &c. &c.,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

To the Hon. CHAS. H. WARREN.

The ceremonies of the occasion were concluded with a splendid ball at Pilgrim's Hall.

Death from Bite of a Hog.—The wife of Joseph Hill, aged 65 years, of Newton, Sussex Co., was bitten in the hand, a short time since, by a hog, causing a wound which in spite of every application, spread through and affected the entire arm, until finally the malignant virus reached the body, and entering the vitals, terminated her sufferings by death on Thursday last. —*Newark D. Adv.*

In France there are 1,700,843 *physicians*, and only 1,400,657 *sick!*

Correspondence of the Balt Patriot.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1845.

At 12 o'clock to day I was on board the *Spitfire*, at the Navy Yard, to witness some of Capt. Taylor's experiments with his diving bell and diving armour. Notwithstanding the severeity of the weather, there were about two hundred people present, ladies, members of Congress and other persons, on the wharf and on board the vessel, which was moored some twenty or thirty yards out in the stream.

The experiments were very successful and gratifying in the highest degree to those who were witnesses of them. The diving bell is a heavy, oblong contrivance made of copper, and hung about with weights, the size of a half a bushel. Six or eight persons might stand up in it.—There is a platform near the bottom of the bell, not extending fully across it however, on which the persons stand who *wish to go to the bottom!*

On this occasion, the Hon. Mr. Yancy, and two other gentlemen, named Sullivan and Robinson, obtained the consent of Capt. Taylor to go down in company with him. All but Mr Robinson encased their nether limbs in India Rubber inexpressibles and the four then got over the side of the vessel and up under and into the bell. which was then gently lowered by tackle to the bottom, some two fathoms deep. A tube, about an inch in diameter, is attached to the bell, through which fresh air is constantly pumped or forced for the benefit of the inmates while under water. This forces a constant body of air to escape from under the bell, which sends the water and mud bubbling to he surface ominously.

The gentlemen remained under water about twenty minutes, and while there lit a lamp and wrote a message (which they sent up in a rubber satchel attached to a cord) that they would like a bottle of champagne. Whereupon one of the hands on board put on the submarine armour, made of rubber, with copper fastenings around the waist, and a heavy copper head with a glass window in front, and was hoisted overboard with the bottle of champagne in hand, looking (the man, not the bottle) for all the world like a huge terrapin, somewhat elongated! He took the champagne down to the gentlemen, handing the bottle in at the rim of the bell, which rested not on the bottom but as I suppose, on the weights attached to the rim and then walked off round about, sometimes on the bottom and sometimes splashing up to the surface. It was really amusing to see this sub-marine message at last hoisted up the side of the vessel, looking far more like a sea monster than a human being.

Enclosed I send you a statement furnished me by one of the gentlemen who went down in the bell with Capt. Taylor:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1845.

Having, with some friends visited the Navy yard for the purpose of witnessing the experiments of Capt. Taylor with his sub-marine armour, I have thought it it not improbable that my experience in the vasty deep would be interesting. The vessel, from the decks of which our experiments was made, was the schooner Spitfire, recently a prize to the U. S. brig Truxton, as a slaver on the coast of Africa. At the appointed time, with Capt. Taylor, the inventor, Hon. Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, and another gentlemen whose name is unknown to me, we descended. The first sensation, after being immersed beneath the surface of the water, was one of extreme uneasiness in the whole region of the *tympanon*, with a sensation of oppression on the chest, which increased constantly until we had reached the bottom of the river. After this a note was sent up by Capt. Taylor, and an answer received, with a bottle of very passable Champagne, which was drank below the water. Some ten minutes before a lamp had been lighted, by means of which we were able to distinguish each others faces. While below and stationary, there was but little difference between the sensation we experienced and that most of us are familiar with in a close room.

As the bell was raised again, the same sense of uneasiness returned, which became more intense as we reached the surface of the water. After the rim of the bell had passed the surface of the water, and the cold air rushed in, the contrast of the atmosphere was so great as to excite much pain. We remained below probably twenty minutes.

The bottle of wine was brought down by an Assistant of Capt. Taylor, myself and companions remaining in the bell.

F. R.

A Curiosity.—Mr. Jacob Werlein, of the Union Hotel, called at our office on yesterday evening with an oyster shell, which he opened himself. Growing out of the middle of the shell on the inside, was a protuberance perfectly resembling the head of a dog; the eyes and nose of the dog were perfect, the shape of the head as exact as it is possible to be. The length of the protuberance, measuring the neck and head, is about an inch. It does not seem possible that a sculptor could have given a better immitation. The expression of the face is perfect. It is evidently an excrescence from the shell of the oyster, of the same material, but the mystery is how it should ever have taken that shape. In a word, it is as decidedly a curiosity as any thing we have ever seen.—*Vicksburgh (Miss.) Intelligencer.*

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