GAZETTE.

Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—anners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

DAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1846. NO. 1.

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(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, Esquire of Marshfield.

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 large and permanent settlements—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 inaugurated, 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 neighbor, 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 eo 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 of 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 any 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. Yancey, 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 the surface most riously.

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 [illegible] 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 messenger as it 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 is 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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