EASTON GAZETTE.

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NEAR THEE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"I would be with thee—near thee, ever
near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit power to
cheer thee
And thou to see me, but as some bright
star,
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiv-
ing
That when thou gazest I still brighter
grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom
heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have
thee know

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent
ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul
is bound;
Mirror'd within thee as within a river;
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the
ground!
That, when I died and unto earth re-
turn'd,
Our natures never more might parted
be,
Within thy being all mine own inurn'd—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed
in thee!"

PAGANINI AND MARIANA.

"A DREAR November night had lowered over the Great Babel—London. The chill autumnal mist swayed heavily in the air, and hung in dew-drops from the slanting eaves.

"There was no brilliancy in the lighted shops, and nought save the sullen glare from the lamps above; and houseless dogs crept shivering into door ways and houseless Want huddled itself beside them on the stones; while hastily and cheerlessly the human current passed outward, longing for the warm chimney corner, where well known faces would revive the spirits, and merry voices ring musically round the hearth.

"The pale milliner tripped lightly on her way, and forgot her palpitating heart and bleeding fingers in the joy of emancipation from the toil that was destroying her. Sleek Fashion rolled on its carriage-cushions along the thoroughfare, and, yawning its last yawn, became sensible to external objects. Tawdry Vice leered from the vagrant's eye, and sturdy Labor elbowed its way along the *trottoir*—all, the prince and the peasant, the good and the bad, pursued their paths in silent haste—all, save the poor mendicant musican, who stood playing unheeded to the busy crowd.

"Unnoted, indeed! for what had the thronging wayfarers to do with music on such a night? Though his melodies might awaken visions of many a land—of sunny France, in the age of chivalry—of the latticed bowers of Spain, and the rustic pipings that floated over Tyrolean hills—what were these to the prosaic citizens of Cheapside?

"Yet the player did not droop, though his efforts—and they were of feeble skill—excited little charity in the multitude.—Again and again he resumed the violin with freshened energy, until his frame trembled with cold, and the spirit of Hope gradually retreated before Despair. Then he swept the raven curls from his brow; and, while the night dew soddened into his frame, he bent despondingly over the instrument.

"'No pity for thee, Mariana!' he muttered, tearfully: 'nothing to sooth the agony and sweat of thy dying moments! Ah, why did we leave Italy?'

"'You come from Italy?' said a stranger, approaching the poor musician.

"'Si, signor,' answered the player; and he looked imploringly upon his questioner. 'We are from the banks of the bright Arno—my sister and I, signor; and the death-stroke is on her. Oh, help me, help me, for the sake of Mariana!'

"'Mariana!' exclaimed the stranger, with a sudden start.

"So wild and agitated had his whole countenance grown at the mention of *that* name, that a flash of lightning could scarcely have illuminated his features with more fiery lustre.

"The musician gazed earnestly upon the form before him, but saw nothing to explain the interest it had excited. The stranger was slight, even to attenuation; his hair hung down his shoulders in thick masses; and it was not until he turned from the pale, meagre cheek to the black eyes and olive complexion, that the gazer recognized some of the traits of a countryman.

"'I see it now, signor!' said the musician: '*you* are from Italy; you too, have dwelt in my beautiful Florence, beside the Arno. Is it not so?'

"'I have,' was the faltered reply.

"'Ah! then you know how sad it is to languish for home, when oceans roll between the foot and its native soil And *she*,' continued the musician—'*she* raves of the skies of Italy in the delirium of her parting soul—our poor sicken Mariana!—You start at that name, signor!,

"'It recals,' said the stranger, 'an echo of youth, a forgotten dream—let it pass!'

"His thin white hands wandered over his face as if to shut out the world for a moment, or hide some fleeting emotion.

"'But you are in want,' he added, after a pause; 'then I will aid you, for the love of Italy—*and of Mariana*.'

"And, as the last words crept from his lips in the faintest whisper, he took the violin from the musician's hand, and slouching his hat over his eyes, assumed a position beside him on the curb.

"With something of astonishment, but more of the listless apathy of despair, the poor player yielded without a remark.—And the stranger wiped the damp mist from the strings, and tuned the instrument afresh, until at last all was prepared.—Then it fell into the hollow of his breast—he raised the magic stick with a triumphant gesture, and a burst of impetuous harmony came like a torrent upon the bystanders.

"Ah! ah! the spirit of music has found its master genius now! It quails before him; it opens its richest harmonies with the hand of a prodigal. As the golden shower fell on Danae, falls the stream of melody at the touch of the stranger. Like the low wail of an infant's lamentation—like the joyous laugh of an Italian lazzarone—like the soft whisper of a maiden who tells her love—like the mournful sigh for one loved but lost, steal the golden notes from the Cremona. Every passion has found a voice, every thought of Love, or War, or Restlessness, or Peace, now flashes from the strings in cadences of unearthly skill.

"And O! thou hast charmed the inanimate things of clay. First one and then another pauses to listen in bewilderment; and the few become many, and the poor musician's hat grows heavy with the coins that pour in. Little sympathy had the multitude with his sorrow or famine, but they pay him now, as they would a successful mountebank, and he acknowledged it with grateful tears.

"Suddenly the stranger, who had given no symptoms of surprise at his success, came to a pause. He returned the violin to the player, arrested a public vehicle that was passing, and motioned his companion to enter.

"'Whither will you lead me now?' asked the musician, as they hurried through the crowd.

"'To Mariana!' replied the stranger; and they drove silently away.

"Following the direction pointed out by the musician, they threaded devious tracks throughout the maze of the great city. And far from the haunts of wealth, in a narrow, lonely street, where the darkness was doubly drear, their conveyance drew up, and the musician alighted, followed by the stranger.

"They found admission by a key which the tenant produced, and mounted the crazy stairs for some distance. At length, the musician stopped at a chamber-door. He listened, but all was still. Some anguish shook him; some dread to encounter the misery within, made him tremble; but, at a signal from the stranger, he opened the door, and they stole noiselessly into the apartment.

"It required no second glance to tell that it was the chamber of the dying.—There was a *character* about the disarray in which everything was scattered; there was a charnel breath in the atmosphere that hung around the lowly couch, which spoke in plainest language of the grave—

"The musician drew aside the curtains, so that the light of the lamp fell upon the occupant of the bed, revealing a female form of rarest beauty. The approach of death had left no charm from that matchless countenance, which seemed to have gathered up its lustre in one expiring flash of loveliness; but the long dark hair streamed in ebony waves along the pillow, and her eyes were closed with the exhaustion that succeeds pain.

"'She sleeps,' said the poor musician, kneeling beside her; 'and her dreams are not of this world, for she seems happy'

"As he spoke, a burning smile lit up the wan features of the girl. The musician was so wrapt in his watchfullness of her face, that he saw not the agony which shook the stranger.

"Still by her side, the watcher smoothed her pillow, and drew together the wandering tresses with childlike fondness.—While he busied himself in these offices of a devoted love, her countenance grew yet more bright, and an inexplicable splendor played around her parted lips.

"Suddenly her eyes opened; she started up from her couch, and, sweeping the dishevelled hair from her forehead, gazed wistfully around. The stranger stepped forward from the shadow in which he had stood; her eyes fell upon him, and she uttered a wild shriek of joy.

"'It is *he!*' she cried, and her arms clung round his neck—her head sank up on his breast with enraptured gladness,—'it is *he!*'—the lost lover who was mine in happy Florence. Did I not say that he would come again, to rest upon my bosom!'

"'Mariana!' said the stranger, while tears fell from his eyelids like summer rain; 'look at me; say that you forgive—that you will yet be mine!'

"Again the unutterable splendor rested on her lips.

"'And you have won fame,' she continued, without heeding his last words; 'I foretold *that*. What could arrest the genius of Paganini!'

"'Why speak of fame now?' gasped the listener through his sobs; 'tell me of yourself, Mariana—that you will yet live to bless me.'

"Hush!' she exclaimed, interrupting him with a hasty gesture. Her eyes grew fixed; she pressed him closer to her fluttering heart. 'They told me you were false,' she whispered in his ear; 'but it was not so; you love me now; you have loved me ever, and we shall meet again!'

"'We will never part!' exclaimed Paganini, clasping her frantically, as if to arrest her wavering spirit by the bonds of his embrace; 'let *my* home be thine; and our hands shall be united, as our souls have ever been. Tell me that you will live, Mariana, to be mine!'

"'I *will* be thine,' she murmured faintly; 'I *will* be thine—in—in heaven!'

"And her head sank forward until the cheek touched his. A slight quiver crept through her frame; a long deep-drawn sigh escaped, and her loving spirit had flown. It was but the dust of Mariana that lay folded in the arms of Paganini!"

THE BRIDGE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I have been intensely interested to-day in listening to a description, from a well-informed and competent source, of the great bridge over the gorge that 'separates the dominions of the Queen from those of the President.

If any thing could be wanting in the attraction of the country about Niagara to turn thither the tour of the multitudes in the pleasure season, this bridge will supply it. Its thousands of tons of weight of the strongest iron cord that the ingenuity of the iron-master can devise, find a safe support in wrought iron anchors, built in the solid rock one hundred feet below the surface so that before it could yield, the very rock-bound earth would forsake its tenacity. A large wooden frame work is to be placed so that no undulating motion can be experienced. In full sight of the cataract the surge of angry waters far beneath the sullen storm-beaten rock all around, the quick locomotive will put forth all its quickness to rush beyond the peril of its journey. This glorious work is already begun, the money for its cost paid in and available, the excavations completed, and the contractor is to pass on horseback by the middle of next June. Its firmness is to be such that, with all the burden of a powerful locomotive and a long attendant train of cars, it is not to vibrate one inch in the centre. The railway is to occupy the centre, two carriage ways on either side and two footways.

What a magnificent spectacle this road in full use will present! A road of this kind, over the Menai Straits, in Wales, is famous for the daring displayed in its construction. That over the Niagara will soon be world famed. It will be an iron link of civilization between the ruling powers of the world, and will never be severed.

One of the first thoughts that presents itself in reference to the construction is as to how the wires are to be thrown across. The steamboat now used below the Falls is to take over two cables, to which stands of iron are affixed. They are to be drawn over till two ropes of iron are drawn over, on which a temporary pathway is to be placed; and when I inquired where workmen *could* be found that had nerve enough to work effectually under such circumstances, the answer, so characteristic of American strength of action, was, "O, there are always plenty of Yankees who have both the courage to work there, and the ingenuity to work well."

The great railway in Canada, which is to connect with this mighty work, presents some admirable features. Its grade is over twenty feet, and a very large portion of the distance is on a straight line. On one line perfectly straight ninety miles are laid out. All the highways of the country are to pass either over or under the road by depression or elevation to be entirely removed, so that there will be neither obstacle nor hindrance to a flight which will put more life into the provincial dominion of her Britannic Majesty than it has yet seen. "That same" province of Canada West has yet to see great days. England expends millions on sections of her great dominion far less worthy of her notice and fostering care.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF WASHINGTON.

"Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed Bonaparte; 'twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Americans happening to be at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honor of an introduction to him. Scarcely were passed the customary salutations, when he eagerly asked, "How fares your countryman, the great Washington?" "He was very well," replied the youths, brightening at the thought that were countrymen of Washington; "he was very well, General, when he left America." "Ah, gentlemen! rejoined he, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of Revolution!"

From the N. O Delta.

SPEECH OF S. S. PRENTISS,

OF NEW ORLEANS.

Fellow Whigs—I came here to-night as a private citizen, to exercise my rights and perform my duty as a good Whig, desirous of promoting the harmony and united action of our great and glorious cause. Though I have mingled deeply in the political contests and fought many of the party battles in a neighboring State, yet since my residence in this city, private duties and interests have withdrawn me in a great measure from political affairs, and it is only now as one who has no aspirations beyond the position of a mere private in the ranks that I appear among you to-night. I am still a warm, devoted, enthusiastic Whig, such as I have ever been since I learned to distinguish between right and wrong, and such as I expect to be when the grave shall demand my mortal frame. I understand the object of this meeting to be, to secure harmony and union in our party,—to secure a representation in the National Convention, which is to determine to whom the great Whig banner shall be confided in the coming contest. We must sink all personal preferences and predilections in the great good of our party. We come together to offer up the affections and partialities of our hearts upon the altar of Whig harmony. As a staunch veteran Whig, who has never deserted his standard, never swerved from his duty and devotion, or turned his back upon the enemy, I come to give my counsel, humble as it may be, in furtherance of the purpose of this meeting—Whatever opinions we may heretofore have held about the modality of Conventions, and I have been among the strongest of their opponents, we must all be now convinced that their action is indispensable to the union and harmony of the party. What is mere personal individual action in great political contests, but the folly of the soldier who at Buena Vista would have shouldered his musket and proceeded alone against the bristling bayonets and serried ranks of the Mexican host! It is only by keeping together,—by, in military phrase, preserving the touch of the elbow, that success is achieved in military operations; and so it is in party contests, which are mere civil battles between large masses. We must act, then, together. We must throw all our personal preferences into the crucible of a Convention, so that we may draw forth the pure gold and present it to the people for their admiration and enrichment. This can only be done by counselling together—by meeting our brethren of other States in Convention—by examining well the chart of the whole Union, calculating the prospects and arriving at just and satisfactory conclusions. If the State of Louisiana could elect the President, I acknowledge there would be no necessity for such consultation; but our sister States have something to say in this matter, and their will and counsel must be heard—their might and influence acknowledged. We must not expect to force our individual preferences on others. Had I the choice of a President,—did it rest with me to indicate the successor of the present occupant of the Chief Magistracy, I should not be much puzzled to select—I should cling to my first love—I should shout aloud the name of that veteran statesman, who has attained the very highest eminence on the pedestal of fame,—under whose banner I have so often been proud to fight—whose white plume I have so often followed in battle, when, like that of the gallant Harry V., it tossed to and fro in the conflict, but never bowed to power nor was stained by cowardice;—I should give my choice, my vote for——(but ere the name passed Mr. P.'s lips, there was a tremendous outburst from the crowd which shook the building and made the name of *Clay* reverberate through the immense room in tones of thunder.)

But (resumed Mr. Prentiss, when silence was restored) it is not for me to choose for the whole party. I hold that the Whig party is laboring for something else besides the elevation of an individual. Fortunately we have many noble leaders among us, adorned with all those high virtues and capacities which fit men for the exalted office of Presidency over this free people. Our country is scarcely less prolific of great mental and moral excellence than of those of physical growth. We have many profound statesmen who would bear the Whig banner with honor and success,—have generals who would marshal our forces to glorious victories, but they are all of inferior consideration to the great interests of the party. The Whig party, as I understand it, is contending for certain fixed and definite principles. It is the party that has always existed in this country, and must ever so exist. So, too, there must be a Democratic party. This party is made of two branches. The one extreme includes the wild radicals, whose devotion to liberty runs into licentiousness—who are so fearful of despotism that they would relax all law and political order. The other extreme consists of those selfish demagogues who are looking to their own interests, and only use the mass to help them to power. Between these two, in the golden mean, rests the great Whig conservative party, by its position and power preserving the harmony and security of our political frame, and saving our constitution from the wild excesses of reckless radicals, or from the cold selfishness of calculating demagogues and placemen.

There must ever be such parties in this country. We shall rue the day when the no-party idea is carried out—when we shall have no political issues or contests to fight. Then the people will lie down like a great giant, to sleep in peace and quiet, whilst demagogues will carry on their nefarious purposes with impunity and success. God save us from no-partyism! God save the Whig party from the disgrace of deserting its standard at the present important epoch of affairs. The conquest of a vast empire,—the immense additions which have been made to our great territory, and the necessity of governing our new acquisition through proconsuls or other agents, will throw into the hands of this Government a power and corruption which will require all the vigor, union and strength of the Whigs to resist, to prevent the shipwreck of our Constitution and the downfall of our Union.

To preserve the wonted power of the Whig party, we must, I repeat, send our delegates to the National Convention, not as Taylor nor as Clay men, but as whigs devoted to the success and triumph of our party and our principles, rather than to the interest of any individual. If Gen. Taylor should be the choice of that convention, I consider his election beyond all doubt. I for one, whatever may have been and may now be my personal preference, should be proud to fight under the banner of that gallant old chief, the prestige of whose victories over a foreign enemy would give him irresistible strength before the people in a civil contest. I speak of General Taylor as a whig, a good whig, whose principles and views are those of the great whig party. I have no confidence in the independent no-partyism, which has lately exploded in this city. I trust not to the gifts of the enemy. Gen. Taylor, though for forty years engaged in the duties of the soldier—though devoted to the life and profession which are said to unfit men for civil office, has given such striking proofs of fitness for civil duties, that I for one should fear not to trust him with the delicate and responsible duties of the Presidency. He would call around him a cabinet of the first whigs—the soundest, wisest, and safest counsellors of the union—such a cabinet as has not been seen since the days of Washington, (loud cheers.) But should the choice of the party fall upon another distinguished whig—should it once more unfurl that battle-stained standard under which we have fought so many gallant fights, (immense applause, and cries of *Clay, Clay, Old Hero,*) should Henry Clay be the candidate, I should again, scarred and worn soldier as I am, seize my crutch and go forth to battle. Whenever the decision of the Convention is known, and whoever may be the choice, we will all burnish up our armor, organize our forces, select our brigadiers, colonels and captains, and be ready for the contest. The whig party does not rest with one individual alone. Persons are mortal, but whig principles are eternal. The bank, the tariff, and other temporary issues do not involve the whig party—they may be changed, overthrown or extinguished, and yet whig principles remain in all their vigor and strength. I am not ready to abandon that party and their principles for the chimera of independent no-partyism. I don't believe that we have yet reached a political millenium—that the lion will lie down with the lamb, and the little child may play with the asp. We have already seen the ardor of this independent no-partyism cool off in two weeks. Some of our friends were too quick on the trigger, but they have seen their error and are rapidly retracing their steps. When General Taylor was first named for the Presidency, it was thought that it would be acquiesced in by the Whigs all over the Union, but it turned out differently: hence the necessity of a National Convention. Let that Convention act, and we will all unite in support of its decision, though it may clash with our general preference. The whig party is not identified with a single individual. In our firmament there are many stars. You may strike out a few, and yet not leave us in gloom or darkness—there will be more left, shining not less brightly than those that have fallen. The whig party is certain of one victory in every four or five chances. The democrats will beat us at least three out of four times in the Presidential contest; but they are pretty sure to get things all wrong, and to require whig wisdom to set them right again. They will mismanage the engine, get the screws loose, and perchance pocket a few of them; but then, when things are so bad that they can't be made worse, good whig engineers will come in, and soon restore order and efficiency, and set the machine agoing again.

In conclusion, then, let us go into the choice of our candidate in the best and most harmonious spirit. The roll of our party abounds in brilliant and noble names, that would do honor to the Presidency. We are like the fair lady who looks into her box of jewels, and is sorely puzzled to determine which brilliant stone or glittering diamond shall glitter on her lovely brow. Let us not be guilty of the folly of quarrelling about individuals, when we have great principles to guard—to contend, to fight for.

Let the Convention select old Zack—who will withhold his support—his warm and cordial support—of one who has done so much for the national fame and character—one who has borne the Stars and Stripes thousands of miles into the centre of a hostile land, and has planted them where no civilized foot has ever trod before—whose exploits cast into the shade the fabulous achievements of the adventurous Cortez—who has, with a few scant regiments, conquered a vast Empire, and laid it at the feet of the people of this Union—one, whose great deed and gentle virtues—whose firm character and calm courage—have marked him as the Man of the Age? (Cheers.) But, should the choice fall upon the great Statesman, whose civic and political laurels yield not in brilliancy to the brightest chaplets that ever bloomed upon a Warrrior's brow, what Whig will falter or hesitate in his support? Since the days of Washington, what name has exerted so potent an influence upon the whig party as that of Clay? When has his clarion voice been heard that it did not kindle an ardor and zeal among all true Whigs greater than that aroused in warrior's breasts by the tones of the trumpet, the deep rolling of the drum, or the loud booming of cannon?—(Loud cheers, and cries of "Clay! Clay!—Hurra for Clay!"—which were so vigorous and so often repeated, that the Reporter lost much of Mr. Prentiss' very eloquent allusions to Mr. Clay—which, by-the-by, were very perceptibly more earnest and impassioned than his references to Gen. Taylor.)

Mr. Prentiss concluded his long and eloquent speech by urging upon the Whigs harmony and union, and a due subservience to the National Convention. His voice, however, began to fail him, and grew so indistinct that we could not catch the point of his concluding remarks: they were, however, very warmly applauded.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The following sketch of the character of Gen. Taylor is just and discriminating. We copy it from the New York Journal of Commerce:

The great mass of the people wish for rulers who have sagacity to discern and integrity to pursue the best interests of the country; or who at least can hold the helm so steady as to allow the ship of state to float safely on the current of her destiny.—The people wish for peace and security at home and abroad; not agitation of any sort at their cost, and for the benefit of demagogues.

Under all these circumstances, the advent of such a man as General Taylor cannot but be hailed with universal joy. It is not for his military prowess chiefly, that the people admire and love him. It is rather, that he is the friend of peace; though if war is his duty, firm as a mountain, and terrible as a tempest. It is not that his garments are crimson with blood, but that he has ever been careful of life, and never shed one drop of human blood in passion, or to gratify any selfish feeling. The people admire him because he is wise, sagacious, independent, modest, careless of himself and careful only of his duty. His career as a military commander has served merely to exhibit the great qualities of his mind and heart. Other military men may have exhibited equal skill and courage in command, and yet no other has attracted such deep affection.—Too many military men seem to think always of themselves. They fight for their own glory in general, and die asking chiefly for admiration. But General Taylor is admired because he never seems to do any thing for himself, nor seems to think of himself. His military despatches will never cease to be admired as models of graphic description and modest eloquence. His letter to the Secretary of War, drawn out by the call of Congress, will always be praised for its undisturbed dignity, in the midst of circumstances which would have unsettled the self-possession of almost any other man. His life is quite remarkable as a whole. He seems to have been successful in every thing, yet never exhibiting exultation. Not one bad deed is attributed to him. Temperate, social, friendly and judicious, he is never in difficulty. A gentleman who was at the table with him, at the St. Charles, during his late visit at New Orleans, where the wine flew merrily round every day, says that the General lifted a glass to his lips but once, and then he did not drink. All his opinions expressed to the Administration have been not only the opinions of a skilful Captain, but of a profound Statesman. *If* you are determined to maintain the Rio Grande as the boundary of Texas, said he, I commend the establishment of a post on its Eastern bank. When the Mexicans, contrary to all expectation, came over the river, he asked that his small army might be reinforced with five thousand men; never dreaming of invading Mexico. What would the President not give now, if he had done *only* what Gen. Taylor recommended?

The manner in which he treats the new honors which are tendered him, is in keeping with his whole life. He will not seek the Presidency. He will not accept the nomination or support of any party *as such*. He will not pledge himself to any party, old or new. He will not send out letters to lure votes. He will do nothing and be nothing but a good President if the people choose to have it so. Their votes will be for Gen. Trylor, not against any one else. There is an irresistible charm about all this, especially when contrasted with the game so much played heretofore. He will be a wise, benevolent, independent President of the nation.

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