THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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STEADFASTNESS.

BY HORACE RUBLEY.

Be strong. O, suffering heart:
Arrayed in Resolution's linked mail,
Bid all weak fears depart;
Stand like the piles of Egypt's ancient art
Unshaken, firm, amid whatever storms assail.

In darkness, danger, pain,
In poverty, misfortune, sorrow—all
The woes which we sustain,
Still be thou firm, from idle tears refrain;
And yet around thy brow Success's wreath shall fall.

Banish that viewless fiend
Whose horrid presence men have named Despair;
Let all thy efforts tend
Through life unto some great, some noble end,
And Life itself will then a nobler aspect wear.

As to the approach of Spring
The dark old Earth grows young and fair again:
So would such purpose bring
Thee back thy buoyant youth once more, and fling
A joy into thy breast, unfult thro' years of pain.

Like the untrembling ray
Of some clear planet sheening thro' the night,
Pursue thy steady way;
And though through gloom and darkness it may lay,
Thou shalt at last emerge and walk amid the light.

Go, and from out the wells
Of ancient lore, from bards and sages of old,
And from the chronicles
Of deeds heroic, gather potent spells,
Such as shall nerve thy soul to action high and bold.

And thou at length shalt feel
That starry altitude the soul acquires—
Which dares the rack, the wheel,
"Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,"
And nobly triumphs or more nobly yet expires!

From Chamber's Edenburg Journal.

The Jeweled Watch.

AMONG the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the ——th regiment He had lately married the pretty portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and love in a cottage the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of house-keeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found nursemaids, and all the eteceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped in that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvelous and money making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heir-loomed. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the 'slave of the lamp,' or in other words, ready money, to set the investigation a going; and he at length succeeded in pursuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-disloation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eighth syllable title, of which eich ocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and, the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German Sancrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure; its light was brilliant enongh but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamps and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the per cent profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaing stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair, and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before entrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith! and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle, but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their axtreme poverty, they managed to preserve a descent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straights to which they were often reduced. Their litule cottage was always exquisitly clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment, but the soldier who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate, and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for a season a handsomely furnished house. Walking one morng on the sands, in a disconsolate wood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of Gen. Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What Dutton! is that you? it seems an ange since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service"

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for; tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and he was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general took him by the hand, and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse, you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thought accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, announced their rencontre to his wife. She poor woman, immediately took out his well saved suit, occupied herself in reparing as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome tempory dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, of civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talents for invention displayed by artists of different countries Watchmaking happened to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his vallet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef d' œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly-jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed until they adjourned to the drawing room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and rang for his vallet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened; he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing room?

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is, that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room [illegible] gentleman with ominous emphasis.

"That decison," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient; let us all be searched.

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations, and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for once, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Capt. Dutton alone took no share in what was going on; his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated muttered some excuse, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we'er watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit"

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying:—"Capt. Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and myself."

Dutton, trembling, unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host seemed grave and thankful.

Capt. Dutton spent some time in wondering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself upon a chair, and laying a small pocket on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said addressing it. In vain did his wife try to sooth him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to Gen. Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? in what way would he be received? How could he speak to the General without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon! The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission.—"*This* man, at all events,' he thought "knows nothing of what has passed."—Will the General receive him? Yes, he is ushered into his drawing room. Without daring to raise his eyes the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and myself to make it"——

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption "My misery is at its height; that is my only excuse. My wife and four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the General with emotion. But Dutton proceeded

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table I thought of poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pates* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witness of my cruel poverty.—Now General, you know all; and but the fear of being suspected by you of crime, my distress should never have been known!

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; beside, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence of mind I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the General, pressing his hand kindly. It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the General. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin—it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and family.

SOON after the Revolutionary [illegible] brave Yankee officer, a former captain, in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones." On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined not to be satisfied, and went on: "Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are *some* who call themselves rich." "My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town upon an Island, where there are but few carriages kept; but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners." "Indeed?" replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory; "I can't fancy where you find coachmen. I shouldn't think the Americans knew how to drive a coach." We find no difficulty on that account, Madam," calmly rejoined the captain; "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them." "To England!" exclaimed the lady speaking very quickly; "I think the Americans ought to drive the English instead of the English driving the Americans." "We did, Madam, in the late war," rejoined the officer; "but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!" There was no more "quizzing" of our American during dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the next question.

A SAD CONFESSION OF A FATHER.—Not long since a wealthy merchant of one of our cities poured into the ear of a valued friend his bitter complaints of his two and only sons. "My life is rendered perfectly miserable by their reckless dissipation and shameless profligacy," said he —That friend inquired of the merchant if he could bear plain dealing. 'Yes,' was the reply, "After what I have been made to suffer by my own household, I feel that I can bear anything from others." The friend laid his hand kindly upon the merchant's shoulder, and inquired,—Where did your children learn to drink intoxicating stimulants?" In the most impassioned manner conceivable, the wretched man exclaimed, "At my own table! and O, sir," said he "that reflection is the most bitter drop in the draught I am compelled to drain." Where on earth, with all his wealth, can that wretched father now find happiness?—He has thoughtlessly made his sons pass through the fire to our American Moloch, and the scorched and blasted victims will in all probability, torment his vision and wring his heart with anguish while he lives, or go before him to dishonored graves, dragging him with his load of sorrows after them.

Reader, may it not be thus with your sons, if you continue your present example.

ITALY.—A letter from an American citizen at Florence, under date of 22nd June, published in the Newark Daily Advertiser, has the following statements respecting recent political persecutions in Tuscany:

Several foreign journals have spoken of the protests of England against the banishment from Tuskany of the well known banker Pakenham—a relative of the British General who fell in the battle of New Orleans—about a year ago on the charge of being a protestant propagandist. After a spirited correspondence between the Ministers of the two countries, the Tuscan government has endorsed the act of banishment, and refuses the demand of Great Britain that the exiled banker be restored to his domicile and his rights as an unoffending British subject. The most significant inference drawn from his audacity on the part of so feeble a State, is that it acts with the counsel and is sustained by the power of Russia and Austria. Perhaps it is but the beginning of a new epoch. We shall see. Have patience. The time is comnig for an elucidation.

Corporeal punishments are still daily inflicted in all the cities of Italy for political offences, but especially for the Anti-Tobacco movement, and neither sex nor age spared. Maria Biagi, a worthy woman of Romania, received twenty lashes of the *bastone* on the bare back for having urged her own sons not to smoke tobacco, that pays a tax to the oppressors of her country! There was also an old woman of 70 years, (Maria Domencia Monti,) in a company of 27 victims doomed to perpetual banishment for a similar offence, and the detention of arms in their houses.—Mrs. Ceccanari, the wife of a member of the Roman Constituent Assembly, during the late Republic, landed at Civitia Vecchia a few days ago with her child, on her return to her native country, with a view to visit her old parents, and was seized by the police, taken to their office, and completely stripped naked, under the vile suspicion that she might have concealed in or on her person some treasonable matter! While some of the official brutes were handling her person, *raising her arms to look under her armpits and perpetrating* still more indecent reasearches, others were ripping open her shoes and the hems of her bonnet and garments! Finding nothing, they left her to redress herself, but carried off her port folio.

Reports of similar outrages come to us from Lombardy, and other parts of the Italian possessions of Austria. On the 14th inst, Carlo Borri was sentenced to 5 years close confinement, for a simple dispute with a Municipal guard at Milan, though no threat even of violence was made; another Italian was sent to prison for a year for expressing a doubt of the authority of an Austrian guard at a public office; a respectable druggist in the same city (Joseph Sala) has been sentenced to five years imprisonment for having in his possession some old revolutionary writings; a young law student of nineteen, with many others, have shared the same fate for the same pretended offence. I cite these cases as mere examples of the course of persecution. A repetition of the names and sentences that daily swell the various official bulletins of proscription would fill sheets of paper. The American people, who live in a land of freedom, where every family cultivates and enjoys its own "vine and fig tree," without fear or danger, can have no conception of the distressing state of things in these oppressed countries—where no man can talk freely with his wife and children without exposure to death or banishment. It is within bounds to say, that thousands of the worthiest men and women are at this moment languishing in the prisons of Italy for no other offence than advising their friends not to smoke tobacco, and perhaps depricating the foreign rule of their own native land. The very spirit of cruelty seems to have become incarnate, and its physiognomy is Austrian.

The state of things in this city has become intolerable, and many families are seriously meditating a removal to Sardinia, now the only free country in all Southern Europe. Our illustrious countryman, Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, has broken up his establishment, and gone on to Paris with his whole family. He assures me that he can never return while the present system of espionage continues. Mr. Browning, the British poet, and his more gifted and charming wife—Elizabeth Barret Browning—have also left for the same city, sick at heart with what they have witnessed and felt since the inauguration of Austrian tyranny in the city of their residence. Mr. B. has, by the way, just published a volume of poems in London, into which she has breathed her noble spirit of indignation. Let me commend it to your attention. Buchanan Read has left for Graenfenburgh with a view to a trial of the warter cure for his failing eyes. Commodore Morgan has also left us with his family. But time fails me, as the mail horn sounds. More anon. *Au revior.*

"Father, what does the printers live on?" "Why Child?" "Because you said you hadn't paid him for four years, and still you take the paper." "Wife spank that child."

A SCENE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Wm. Farmer, an Englishman, has furnished the Boston Liberator with an account of a visit to the Great Exhibition, made by William and Ellen Crafts, and Wm. W. Brown, fugitive slaves from the United States. We extract a portion of the letter of this Wm. Farmer, from which it will be seen that the visit of these fugitives was made the occasion to provoke and insult every American present, but fortunately for the English fanatics, their indignities were treated with silent contempt.—Mr. Farmer says:

A small party of anti-slavery friends was formed to accompany the fugitives through the Exhibition. Mr. and Mrs Estlin, of Bristol, and lady friend, Mr.. and Mrs. Richard Webb, of Dublin, and a son and daughter, Mr. McDonnell, (a most influential member of the Executive Committee of the National Reform Association,) together with myself, met at Mr. Thompson's house, and, in company with Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, and Miss Amelia Thompson, the Crafts and Brown proceeded thence to the Exhibition. Saturday was selected, as a day upon which the largest number of the aristocracy and wealthier classes attend the Crystal Palace, and the company was, on this occasion, the most distinguished that had been gathered together within its walls since its opening day. Some 15,000, mostly of the upper classes, were there congregated, including the Queen, Prince Albert and the royal children, the anti-slavery Duchess of Southerland, (by whom the fugitives were evidently most favorably regarded,) the Duke of Wellington, the Bishops of Winchester and St. Asaph, a large number of peers, peeressess, members of Parliament, merchants and bankers, and distinguished men from almost all parts of the world, surpassing in variety of tongue, character and costume, the description of the population of Jerusalem on the day of Penticost.

In addition to the American exhibitors, it so happened that the American visitors were particularly numerous; among them the experienced eyes of Brown and the Crafts enabled them to detect slave-holders by dozens.

Mr. McDonnell escorted Mrs. Craft and Mrs. Thompson; Miss Thompson, at her own request, took the arm of Wm. Wells Brown, whose companion she selected to *be for the day*; Wm. Craft walked with [illegible] arrangement was purposely made, in order that there might be no appearance of patronizing the fugitives, but that it might be shown that we regarded them as our equals, and honored them for their heroic escape from slavery.

Quite contrary to the feeling of ordinary visitors, the American department was the chief attraction. Upon arriving at Power's Greek Slave, our glorious anti-slavery friend Punch's "Virginia Slave" was produced. The comparison of the two soon drew a small crowd, including several Americans, around and near us. Although they refrained from any audible expression of feeling, the object of the comparison was evidently understood and keenly felt. It would not have been prudent, in us to have challenged, in words, anti-slavery discussion in the World's Convention; but everything that we could with propriety do was done to induce them to break silence upon the subject. We had no intention verbally of taking the initiative in such a discussion; we confined ourselves to speaking at them, in order that they might be led to speak to us; but our efforts were of no avail. The gauntlet which was unmistakeably thrown down by our party, the Americans were too weary to take up. We spoke among each other of the wrongs of the slave; it was in vain. We discoursed freely upon the iniquity of a professedly Christian Republic holding three millions of its population in cruel and degrading bondage; you might as well have preached to the winds. Wm. Wells Brown took Punch's "Virginia Slave," and deposited it within the inclosure by the Greek Slave, saying audibly, "As an American fugitive slave, I place this Virginia Slave by the side of the Greek Slave, as its most fitting companion."—Not a word of reply or remonstrance from Yankee or Southerner. We had not, however, proceeded many steps from the place before the Virginia Slave was removed We returned to the statue, and stood by the American by whom it had been taken up, to give him an opportunity of making any remarks he choose upon the matter.—Whatever were his feelings, his policy was to keep his lips closed. We promanaded the exhibition between six and seven hours, and visited nearly every portion of the vast edifice. Among the thousands whom we met in our preambulations who dreamed of any impropriety in a gentleman of character and standing, like Mr. McDonnell, walking arm-in-arm with a colored woman; or an elegant and accomplished young lady like Miss Thompson, becoming the prominading companion of a colored man? Did the English peers and peeresses? Not the most aristocratic among them. Did the representatives of any other country have their notions of propriety shocked by the matter? None but Americans. To see the arm of a beautiful English young lady passed through that of 'a nigger,' taking ices and other refreshments with him, upon terms of the most perfect equality, certainly was enough to 'rile,' and evidently did rile, the slave-holders who beheld it; but there was no help for it.—*Clipper.*

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