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INGE TRUSS.
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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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[FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.]

BYRON, MOORE AND HUNT.

These are the three greatest poets of the age. They are the only poets who have characters of their own, who are above imitation. Byron is dark and magnificent; grand and impressive; you hold your breath while he is pronouncing his inspiration. Moore is light, fanciful and luxuriant—when he sings, you are looking about you for smiling eyes and lips to return your expression of delight: you can almost fancy yourself by the foaming goblet—and underneath the wreathing of roses and grape vines; with butterflies flitting about and multitudes of naked cherubs dancing before you with their bows of myrtle and quivers of sunbeams. Hunt is exquisite—peculiar—and whimsical—when his spirits touch their nameless instruments you are standing tiptoe to catch the tricksy minstrelsy as it passes away in the heavens, or bending to the earth and listening as if some fairy fingers were at work below you. The former is the least of a poet. The second the most: he is all imagination—poetry and invention—all butterfly visions and loose, voluptuous dreaming. The third is not so fine a poet as the second—but a much more faithful one.—Byron is a dramatist: the others are poets. Byron has no imagination—but is wonderful at observation—he is made a poet by experience and feeling. Moore has no feeling—and would have been just as exquisite a poet if he had never seen a butterfly or a flower, provided he had dreamed of one. Hunt has exquisite feelings—but they are not searching—not consuming—they are chaste & holy; he too is made a poet by the fresh air and the leafy garlands, and red berries of the mountain's ash and such inspiring subjects. Both of the latter have abundant imagination, that of Moore is the richest—and that of Hunt the most delicate. Byron's woman is a creature for worship—for the awful idolatry of love—that falls prostrate in its homage; she is the inhabitant of a temple. Moore's is the companion of the banqueting room—or the wild honey suckle bower—a creature made only for love—who dissolves in your embrace. Hunt's is the companion of man—the mother—and the wife:—all delicacy and fine tenderness without sqeamishness or sickly sentiment; a creature to be clasped to your heart at all times in confidence and respect. Byron's paintings are all savage—the romance of the wilderness; the solitudes of the desert; the tumults of the ocean; mountains; thunders and torrents; banditti—spoilers—pirates; battle and slaughter; love, not the love, with which common minds are familiar, but the love that works on the brain, a silent madness: these are his themes. Moore is all sunshine: his pictures are all glitter fancy and finish; all warmth, all glow—thronging with phantasies—and breathing with music. Hunt's are indescribable: minuteness but not littleness; exquisite finish—but the finishing of a master that does every thing with a touch—but a touch placed not like Byron's once, as in desperation, that startles you into wonder or abhorrence; not like Moore's, as if one hand studied the other where he feigned to place it in the hurry of his inspiration—but merely put in exactly where it should be—exactly in the right place; a single word does this with Hunt, a single word! and he will express more by it than any other man on earth can with all the powers of language; every touch with Hunt's pencil leaves a smiling lip or a bright eye on the ivory. Byron is a misanthrope; Moore a voluptuary; Hunt a christian. The first approaches his Maker in awe; the second in carelessness (see his sacred songs;) the third in affection, as a son approaches a father. Byron frowns on every thing—views every object beneath the skies in gloom and hopelessness.—Moore enjoys life without feeling, without frowning or laughing, but in gentlemanly apathy. Hunt with a smile and a heaving of the heart. Byron is a proud man; Moore a vain one; and Hunt, the mind filled with unaffected simplicity, with a tincture of vanity, but not that of Moore's; his vanity, like his poetry, is his own and unlike that of any other man. Byron makes your heart swell; he lifts you from the earth; you bend when he nods, and shake when he utters his voice. Moore melts and enchants you, you are delighted with him, and ashamed of yourself, when you recover, for being delighted with him. You can think again and again of the emotions that the former awoke and feel more and more the dignity of your nature; you will unconsciously lift your head and breathe freer as you repeat his lines; but you will not trust yourself to think of Moore, you feel as if you had acted unworthy of your nature, like Achilles caught in petticoats. Hunt surprises you into unexpected admiration. The first describes creation, and all her wonders in a single sentence; the second dwells for a moment on every thing, but completes nothing; the third could write a volume on an insect; and would show miracles in the veriest stone. Byron speaks to you like a monarch, who is absolute from your veneration, as Buonaparte; the second like a Persian satrap, who is a despot from fashion, the third like some prince like Frederick the Great, who knows how to conceal that he is your master. The sway of the first is over the heart; of the second over the body; of the third over the mind. The dominions of one are definite, his is an empire it is true—but an empire the boundaries of which are stupendous as to be known by natives only, they are immoveable; a kingdom that is not to be enlarged or extended; those of the second are always contracting; of the third are always extending, augmenting in secresy.

The first terrifies you and provokes your condemnation. The second delights you and when you should condemn, you are too frequently prevented by the artifices of your heart; or the subtlety of his music; the third delights you also, he never terrifies you, but you are frequently startled.—The first is an organ, all grandeur and sublimity, with trumpets, harps and hautboys; the second a flute, full of voluptuous breathings, forever singing and sighing; the third a musical box, a glassichord or some nameless instrument in miniature perfection to be played upon by insects.

One is a man, a bad one I grant you, but a great one. The second is an elegant profligate, all finish and touch—the Chesterfield of poets with no heart, and filled with the mockery of passion; a sort of fashionable high flown sentimentality; qualified for the seduction of a school girl—but not a full grown woman of spirit in the maturity of intellect—and a judge of men; a man not dangerous to men, but abundantly so to the sickly creatures of fashionable life—whether masculine or feminine, and to the latter more by his writings than language. Moore could wheedle a pretty woman out of a nosegay, but Byron would make her throw her crown at his feet if she was a princess, and step from her throne to kneel to him. Moore never could be a great man in any situation, nor indeed could Hunt. Hunt is too good, and Moore too vain for such things. Byron has too much dandy affectation. Moore too much flutter and splendor and flourish; Hunt too much delicate littleness and propriety. The second would be unworthy of friendship, the first would be too dangerous for such a sentiment, and besides unqualified for it, from his unsocial, sullen habits of meditation; but the third! he would be the dearest of intimates. The first could not understand your thoughts and would not communicate his own; would be haughty and repulsive. The second officiously impertinent in his sympathies, forever humming a song in your ear, and utterly lifeless but in the company of coxcombs and women; unworthy of confidence, unfit to be trusted, with too much levity and buoyancy for feeling and too much of the familiar *Dandyism* for the dignity of friendship; & too little vehemence, thought or originality for a lover. To the third you might yield your soul as a friend and your heart as a lover, in confidence and security. He forever would excite an unqualified devotion in the chosen one of his affections: Something of a hallowed surrendering of the spirit, that can only be seen in his own poetry; the second would enkindle the flippant tenderness of novels, the enthusiasm of sixteen that fades, and dies; but the third a maiden like affection that blushes trembles and loves in truth and secrecy. A love for the first would be largely mingled with awe, and nothing of suspicion; nothing of jealousy; for the second there would be none of the former but much of the latter, and little or no respect; for the third it would be that affection that comes & dwells in throbs and tears without reproach, with enough of dignity and equanimity to give sanctity to endearment, and enough of tenderness to tremble easily, with a holy respect, but no reverence, no awe.

Byron is a poet of observation and memory; Moore of imagination, pleasure and fancy; Hunt of the finest feelings and most scrupulous taste. The first should write nothing but tragedies; the second nothing but songs; and the third nothing but the scenery of nature in its purity and simplicity. The first we recognize every where with an involuntary stooping of respect; the second we only know in blyther moments; of one we remember the thought, of the other the language. One comes upon us when we hear a manly sentiment expressed in thought, be it where it will; the other when some note in a concert reminds us of melodies we have heard in our sleep. The first is the most original; the second the most beautiful; the third the most imposing.

One is recognised by his daring, by the reaching of his thought and noble carelessness of trapping that distinguishes his heroes; the second by his expression and the glittering gems of his harness; the third by his peculiarity, the "swaling feather" and thigh "heaped with strength and turned with elegance." One is the poet of thought, the other of harmony, and the last of epithet.

Byron smites his harp in the night, leaning over the dark blue ocean, as his warrior's barque goes bounding over the waters, while the gale blows freshly on his naked brow; the second touches his lyre in sunshine, with bosom open, and the purple grape distilling its juice on his lips, and white bosoms pouting around him; the third sits with "elbow on the grass" telling his stories that make your heart leap, where fountains rise and "shake their loosening silver in the sun."

Byron tells of devotion thus:

"Bound where thou wilt my barb! and glide my prow!
But be the star that guides the wanderer thou!

And Moore in imitation of the same, says:

O haste! the barque that bore me hither,
Can waft me o'er yon darkening sea;
East, West, alas! I care not whither,
So then out safe, and I with thee!

But Hunt, he paints his woman with the "patient mouth" and you are 'all of a tremble' with his picture of her surrendering affection. Byron succeeds best in manly heroic; Moore in the lyric, and Hunt in the flowing dancing twelve syllable measure, and the simple unaffected narrative of the heroic.

In one word, Byron is a hero, a monarch; Moore a coxcomb, a *petit maitre*; and Hunt a free hearted noble fellow.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, November 10.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE ELECTION.

Many amusing anecdotes might be told of the election. Omitting all details of broken heads, bloody noses and outrages of different descriptions we prefer giving only a few of a more amusing character, which have come to our knowledge.

At one of the polls, a gentleman of miscellaneous appearance, who looked as if he did not live any where, presented himself before the inspectors and tendered the Jackson Ticket. A byestander who thought the subject looked like a very suspicious independent voter, asked him where he lived? This was a question apparently more easily asked than answered. The catechumen stood scratching his poll, and looking seventeen ways at once. Another byestander, of a more benevolent turn of mind took compassion on his embarrassment and whispered to him 'Maiden Lane.' 'Yes, I live in Maiden-lane, your honor,' said the voter. 'What's your number?' asked the querist. The ragged gentleman drew on his own invention for a solution of this problem; and named at random a number which unfortunately for him was that of a house in which one of the inspectors resided, who would not recognize him as a member of his family. And so the poor man lost the honour of recording his vote for the Hero of New Orleans, at that poll. What success he may have met with at the others we cannot tell.

Another apocryphal looking voter, being interrogated as to his domicile after various quirks and shifts to evade this delicate inquiry, said he lived in Oak street. He was told that that street was in the Seventh Ward. No it 'ant, said he—its in no ward at all; its a boarding house. Probably there was some queer association in his mind with a ward in prison, or the hospital.

It was considered exceedingly fortunate that the election continued but for three days as the more there were who had voted the more there were to vote, and it is believed that had the Jackson funds held out the number of votes would have increased in a geometrical ratio for a week longer.

The poor Adams men were either too honest or too ignorant of the art of swelling majorities for these glorious times. Yesterday two men boasted of having voted the Jackson ticket each in five different wards. And at the poll of one of the wards when an actual voter of the ward came up, who had been known to have voted in two other wards on the same day, the inspectors gravely decided that his vote should be received the third time, because he had a right to vote in his own ward and it was the other two votes that were illegal!

In one of the upper wards, where there were many Irish voters, they were attracted to the Jackson electioneerers by the portrait of Robert Emmett—the Irish martyr of '98. A curious idea this truly. Who would suppose that because an Irish patriot was executed for treason thirty years ago, by the government of Great Britain, every Irishman was now in duty bound to vote in favor of Jackson candidates in New York! But the device had the intended effect.

In another ward, an honest tar came singing up to the door where a Jackson agent was tendering tickets, and bore to for a moment. 'Well messmate,' said the landsman, 'here's a ticket for Jackson' 'Hold up a little,' said Jack.—'None of your hickory for me.' 'Take a vote for Adams, then, my hearty,' said the Jackson runner, pulling a Jackson vote out of another pocket—'Avast again,' said Jack: 'shiver my timbers if I like Adams neither. I want to vote for Commodore Porter—none of your land-lubbers for me.' Aye, that's right, replied the pertinacious Jacksonian, pulling a Jackson ticket out of a third pocket, 'Here's a vote for the gallant commodore.' Jack seized the precious vote with hearty glee, and it soon went plump into the box. So much for the glorious privilege of the right of suffrage, when exercised by intelligent freemen!

A problematical freeman of the city, in reply to the question of residence, after having said he lived down yonder, & over yonder, at last confessed that he lived in Jersey.

The prominent emblem of the Jackson men was the hickory tree, many of which, with all their branches were brought to town and lashed up to the lamp-posts near the polls. One of them, of great bulk and stature, had been, as we are told, immemorially used as a whipping post for colored thieves somewhere in Jersey.

The Jackson wags cracked many small jokes at the expense of a coach, calculated to carry four insides, on the window of which was the legend—'The friends of the administration meet here.'

One artifice practised upon the honest hearted sailors, to induce them to vote the Jackson ticket, was representing to them that Mr. Adams was destroying our commerce, and that there would be a non-intercourse with England, if Jackson was not elected. And they fully believed that they were voting—not for assemblymen—but for Jackson as president. An honest tar who had voted under this persuasion, having heard the result yesterday, flew to communicate the tidings to his ship-mates, and did thus: "I say, Tom, Jackson's elected, and we can go to Liverpool again!"

[FROM THE ALBION.]

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

A Tale of Waterloo.

I overtook on the road a regiment of Highlanders, then on their march for Cork, where they were to embark for the Netherlands. It was a beautiful morning in the spring of 1815. The sun was shining bright, and the arms and accoutrements were glittering in his rays. The waving plumes, martial dress, and military music, soon dissipated the clouds of despondency from an imagination young and ardent, and opened a long vista of glory. In a few moments fancy had glided over the whole career, and restored me in high rank, and covered with honours to my native village, to my mother, and to my friends. The first step to this ideal promotion was easily obtained. In a few minutes I had the honour of being enrolled a private in the 78th Highlanders; and, before my arrival at Cork, was fully equipped in the garb of the warlike Celts.

I need not detain you with an account of my dull and uninteresting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable fight of Waterloo. The night before the battle I was pacing backwards and forwards, a solitary sentinel at one of our out-posts. There was a weight in the midnight atmosphere that spread an unwonted gloom over my soul. There was a silence throughout the whole of our army which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy as they passed the night in carousing around their watch-fires. I should not perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it; but not the silence of sleep. The stern and sullen sound with which the word & countersign were exchanged; the low but deep tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given; the sign of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resembled the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded, were all still more audible than the distant clang of the armourer, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and showed, that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety.

About the middle of the night I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinheritted and turned out of doors. The youth had soon reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous and affectionate; but her want of education, & entire unacquaintance with those polished manners & little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and artlessness had at first thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and, being ordered to the Continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which that night he accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he would not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to intrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, or rather doubled, all his fondness for the former, and portrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her while the tears ran down his cheeks, and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavoured to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck, wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day, when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry. Far ahead even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe hid him from my view. When the battle was over and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit during the entire of the night, I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that day the honor of standing. The moon was wading through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I commenced my search for my friend. The light was doubtful and uncertain; yet it was easy to keep along the track that marked the last career of Ponsonby. Shuddering, lest in every face I should recognise my friend I passed by, and sometimes trod upon the cold and motionless heaps, which now looked so unlike the "fiery masses of living valour" that, a few hours before, had commingled with a concussion more dreadful than the earthquake's shock. Altho' I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterwards began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire when a heap of slain, in a ploughed field, on which the moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice.—Literally piled on each other, were the bodies of five cuirassiers; and lying beneath his horse was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment, on finding by nearer inspection, that his head was supported and his neck entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation, in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers and inspiring its dreams!—And who knows but perhaps they were? The conviction now flashed on my mind, that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters we afterwards found on the person of the former proved that I was right in my conjecture. Driven aside by the gale of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable & unchanging is a true heart in woman. "She loves, and loves for ever." This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea; through the crowded city, and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn out tenement of clay, winged its way with his to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned this hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant, this dear child of my adoption, in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.—A. P. C.

[*From the Boston Lyceum, No. 3.*]

A BACHELOR'S DISSIPATION.

I do not deny that at sixteen I was a poet, a fashionable, a belle scholar, an adept in the solids of science, and wore a tall plume among my compeers in the literature of that day. Neither do I positively contradict that, at the very blushing of my flower of hope, I was goose enough to fall in love, was laughed at and resigned society and the honors consequent upon a degree and a distinguished part in the ceremonies of a commencement, for "Sylvan shades," and the solitudes of study. But the "whirligig of Time" went round, and the duties of a profession, pursued with a single eye to fame, brought professional practice; the world of business was opened to me, & in the drudgery of its details, I lost sight, and even memory, of the blissful bowers of the polite world, whose sweets were once so enchanting. Twenty years trudged along, like horses in a bark mill and twenty additional years found me something very like a bachelor for this term, added to sixteen, (the age of my abjuration of the fair) serves to bring something like crow's feet around a bright eye, and leads one to think with undue complacency, upon the comforts of being unnoticed. But my Mentor, and Tabitha, who had regulated my whole domestic course, from a sock to a shirt collar, told me in Cassendric prophecy, that it was necessary to marry;—previous to which an excursion among modern fashionables, was a paramount duty, in order to make a due selection. With something of a cold chill, I consented, which icy feeling was somewhat softened by a recollection of the puppy exclusion, and the contemplated inclusion of a bachelor tax, which hung in terrerorum over my unyoked body. My wardrobe (the sinew of war in such cases) was inspected, which was found to have suffered from the inroad of moths. When I had twenty years since left the bowers of the fair, I packed in an old chest with due caution a superfine coat, stockings and pantaloons, a thick substantial watch, with its accompanying key of massy silver workmanship; and on this grand occasion, when fashion was to play the gabardine to age, that the defects of time might be concealed by the curtain of dress it was, of all things, essential that the 'outward man' should be set off to the best advantage.

I would here digress to describe my coat. It was built in those days, when the coat denotes the man, and never did bridegroom survey with more delight the charms of his lady love, than did I contemplate myself in the glass, when first its budding beauties adorned my youthful shoulders.—its rolling collar its bright yellow buttons extending over the shoulders like two epaulettes, and claiming acquaintance with two on the back within kissing distance, and then the indefinite tail appended thereunto, of royal origin—oh! sir, a view of its comeliness went to my heart, & the recollection of whilome victories in the field of conquest, spurred me on to new achievements. I could have made love in blank verse to Diana herself; tender sayings came from their cells of thought, in which they had been long immured, and were ready to attack the fortalice of female hearts; twice did I tragically stride across the room, heedless of my cat, whose tail suffered from my anxiety to observe that of my coat, which became horizontal from partaking of my speed and extacy.

But to return. I arrived at the metropolis, was set down at my quondom landlady's mansion —She was formerly May in appearance, but alas, was now verging towards December. My friend soon after my arrival called cordially and the next evening, a darky thrust into my hand a card, directed in a fine crow-quill hand to 'Ichobod Singleton, Esq,' the contents of which were as follows;

"Miss Sophronia Syllabub,
at home—Wednesday evening
Feb.—At 8 o'clock."

I recognised the daughter of my friend in the address, but its singularity brought out the ungallant phrase "the d——l she is" My landlady explained, (as the blackmoor was off in an instant) that it intended an invitation to a dance and nothing of doubtful morality. Heavily passed the hour, till the moment arrived which was to resuscitate me as a fashionable. The intermediate space was occupied by the common avocations of existence to which was superadded the amusement of gazing from the window upon travellers, as they slipped, nobbled or tripped along the thronged streets. But the all important hour approached, and 8 o'clock found me at my friend's who ushered me into a brilliantly lighted saloon, where were the young and the fair impatiently waiting for the commencement of the dance. The half suppressed flourish of clarionet, and the demisemiquaver squeak of the fiddle, proclaimed

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