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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[The subjoined poem was recited not long since by the wit, poet and vocalist, whose, name it bears at one of his Irish Evenings.—The impression it made upon the audience, showed the power of its author to affect as well as to amuse. An Irishman is a natural friend of America, and Mr. Lover, in these pathetic verses, gives expression to a feeling which thousands of his countrymen share.]

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows, now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet, take thy harp and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be.
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
That girds the emeral shore;
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
That wafts her o'er the sea;
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tune is now unlike
Thy voice of prouder days;
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise, on every hill,
Columbia's glorious name.

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A LOUNGER.

NO II.

DEAR EDITOR:—What a heavy weight a promise is to a conscientious man!—You can scarcely realize how much I have been troubled by the few words that formed the closing sentence of my last letter. I have thought of fulfilling the implied promise it contained, when I rose from my humble couch in the morning; I have thought of it as I wielded my hammer by day; I have thought of it before my prayers at night. Morning, noon and night, however, have passed in daily succession, without relieving my conscience of its burthen and without inflicting another homily on your patience. Early morning was dedicated to household duties,—noon to labor—and night to rest: and, although I have had several attacks of my tertian, since I last wrote, yet, you know, that he who has no time to be sick, is apt to bear up much longer than one whose every whim is gratified and every pain ministered to.

One night during the past week (and I beg you to congratulate me for it) just as my fever was beginning to rage and as I was seizing on my pen with a convulsive grasp, to expend my excitement, a *friend*, —not one of your palaty, smooth tongued, fair-weather friends, who are ever ready to squeeze your hand most affectionately and to count your society most sedulously as long as fortune smiles, but who, "swift on their downy pinions fly" from you, at the first blast of adversity, not such a friend—but a true, sincere, single-hearted friend, came to my house, and insisted, nay compelled me to make use of an extra pit ticket, that he had procured for the purpose of seeing "Les Danseuses Viennoises"—urging that it would relieve my excited nerves—that it "takes one fire to put out another's burning." We started off together for the theatre—old Holliday. It was a place I had not been in for years, ever since the day of my marriage indeed: for to a poor man a family is a terrible drawback to any other but *domestic* enjoyments. We waited in anxious expectation at the door, that we might be the first to crowd to the back seat of the pit. The rush to see these wonderful performers was very great. Long before the hour of commencing, the lower tier was crowded with the beauty and the fashion of the city—bright eyes and lovely features lighted up the dress circle and added to the excitement of the evening. It is useless to argue against it, but even at my age, Dear Editor, the hey day past and the fire of youth expended, there is nothing that so completely rivets my attention or takes captive my senses as a row of lovely women. Those who are worn out in visiting places of public amusement and whose faces are as well known at the door as those of the actors, can but poorly realize the freshness of the enjoyment that is felt by a poor laborer, to whom every thing presents the appearance of reality, if I may use the seeming paradox. My friend and myself sat in silence awaiting the rising of that mysterious curtain, that separated us from the arena beyond. At length it was withdrawn and the magic band of dancers came tripping in, dressed for the "pas des fleures," and holding in their little hands long wreaths of flowers that seemed to have been born with them. Are you still a lover of the beautiful, dear Editor? Have the plodding duties of a country editor yet done their work in almost extinguishing your former vivid imagination, your fond delight in every thing that was graceful and beautiful? If not, you have missed the richest treat—the finest exhibition of graceful figures, of beautiful positions, of ravishing tableaux that were ever presented to the admiring gaze of your humble correspondent. I was delighted with the "pas des fleures." I was in raptures with the "pas tyrien," and I could not, for the life of me, help joining in the encore as the tiny fairies ceased their beautiful movements in the "pas orintal." I wish you had been present—how much more graphically could you have presented the wonderful performances of these little "Danseuses" to your patrons. But you *must* see them, dear Editor, and if they return (and I am told they will) I will part with my last —— rather than have you miss the sight.

What a contrast! What a vast discrepancy between the "fairies" of last week and the political fairies of this—between attending a theatre and attending a primary"—between listening to the music of orchestra and listening to the hum drum monotony of a political speech. We are in the midst of it! A new Governor is to be made and the wire-workers of party are putting in motion the strings by which they drag and haul us mechanics at their will. I have determined not to be "used" any longer, and I will tell you *why* in my next, for I feel much better at present and will therefore close by reassuring you that I am an honest FABER.

MOORE AND SOUTHEY.

Moore's social position has doubtless done much for him, but in return, he has adorned it. The companion of the wealthy and great, the fashionable and gay, Moore has become a classic at the dinner table, as well as in the Library. Realizing the ancient idea of the bard, himself poet and minstrel, he also realizes the ideal of the poet, a witty courtier and accomplished gentleman; we mean the ideal of the era of Charles II., not certainly of the commonwealth. He is certainly of the school of Charles's wits, with more feeling and variety; but he has nothing in common with the austere grandeur and magnificent self-denial of Milton. Of the closest follower of Milton, at the present day. Wordsworth, Moore is the very antipodes.

And yet the Irish wit, patriot, and songwriter, is thus described by a master who scrutenized his views closely enough, "one who knew how to bestow praise and to deserve it; an ornament of private and of public life; a satirist beloved by his friends; a wit, and a patriot to boot; a poet and an honest man."

As a poet, like many "builders of the lofty rhyme," Southey must rest his claims to be remembered on a few short pieces. His long narrative poems are prolix, involved, and mechanical. The author was a writer by profession, could turn out a quantity of elegant prose within a given time, and for a consideration; so he thought poetry could be likewise manufactured without the aid of inspiration, or the favorable impulse of imagination, but by sheer force of labor, method, learning, and voluntary power. Thus may the true poet form his unpremeditated lay,"

Poets wider apart in their constitution of mind, habits of life, or the aim & tendency of their efforts, than Southey and Moore could not easily be found. Southey, for the most part, grave, serious, and philosophic; uniformly religious and pensive on serious subjects; a wise teacher and master spirit, domestic, studious: Moore, a gay, social man of the world, a courtier, a wit, a gallant. With the one, wisdom and truth are the end of his labors; with the other passing pleasure and gaity of spirit. Southey, like Chaucer's scholar, "Sounding in moral virtue, was his speech:" while Moore is for toasting ladies' eyes, and joining in a jovial chorus of good fellowship.

They are poets for different ages and opposite sides. Moore for the young and thoughtless, especially of the feminine gender; Southey for the mature thinker and reflective man. Both paint love, but how different?

In Southey's noble lines,

> "*They sin who tell us love can die,*
> With Life all other passions fly;
> *All others are but vanity.*"

Moore's lovers generally,

> "Sigh, yet feel no pain,
> Weep, and scarce know why,
> *Play an hour* with Beauty's chain,
> *Then throw it idly by.*"

His lovers are fashionable, men of society: Southey's are true men, with the poetic temperament, even if wanting the accomplishment of verse. Something in this is to be ascribed to national peculiarity and individual characters. The light hearted Irishman feels as acutely but less deeply, and sooner forgets his grief, than the sober, meditative Englishman. The gaity of the one does not fairly balance the pensive melancholy of the other. Both are poets, of a different strain and an opposite school.

FORTUNES IN GREAT BRITAIN INHERITED BY AMERICANS.—The intimate relationship existing between so many families in Great Britain and the United States, is every day producing extraordinary events. There are a great many of the subjects of Queen Victoria who have become rich by the death of relatives in America. The amount of wealth thus received by fortunate Englishmen, if added up, would be found to be very large. I know of eight cases in this State which have occurred within four years. Sometimes the luck is on the other side, and Jonathan gets a fortune in Europe. Two cases of that kind are said to have lately occurred, and to an enormous amount.

The first is the distribution of the famous Townley estate, and in the division of which it is believed that the family of the Lawrences in this State will ultimately obtain over £25,000,000. The other is a wind-fall, amounting to $20,000,000, which is said to be inherited by a gentleman, in New Castle, Maine, of the name of Jennings.

Many of the oldest titles in England and Scotland have been claimed and obtained by natives of the United States. If disposed, I could relate some romantic tales touching that subject—so romantic that they would be deemed extravagant in a novel, yet I know them to be true.

For instance, who would believe that the true heir of the last duke of Queensbury, so famous in English life and history, was a native in this city, born in Beaver street His mother kept a school in Broadway, on the site of Delmonico's Hotel, and the writer was a pupil in her school, and her son, young *Douglass*, was for a time under sexton in the old Wall street Church. Soon after he was sent for and went to England, appeared before a judicial tribunal in London; a question arose as to the fact of his being an idiot, and it was decided that he was "*non compos mentis*," and for this reason he did not succeed to the title. He was, however, allowed and received a house and 2000 pounds sterling a year, for the maintenance of himself and mother, on which fund he lived many years. If I were to give all the details connected with the history of this affair, it would hardly be credited; yet there are some old and respectable residents of this city, who are acquainted with all the facts.

The late Earl of Casillis was born in the old house now occupied by Mayor Mickle, fomerly the residence of Mr. Prime. and some years after the peace of 1763, he went to England as Mr. Kennedy, and succeeded to the titles and estates of the Earl of Casillis.

A young clergyman of the name of Ogville claimed an old Scotch title. His claims were recognized, but he died a few weeks before the day on which he was to receive his patent.

The title of the Earl of Lithlingow, in truth and justice belonged to one of the Livingston family in this city, but his claims being badly advanced, he did not succeed in obtaining it.

Gen. Alexander, better known as Lord Stirling, was doubtless the true Earl of Stirling, but his political opinions and the hostility of the government prevented him from obtaining his title.

A few years since, a wine merchant, long known and highly repected in this city, where he resided nearly forty years, succeeded his brother, a baronet, one of the most distinguished commanders in the British Navy.

One of the most intelligent and distinguished of the Mayors of London, was a merchant for many years in Pearl street, near Wall; and his partner who was also a merchant in this city, became a Baronet and left an estate in Scotland valued at $2000 000.

Sir Alexander A., of this city, many years a distiller, is well known as a member of one of the noblest familes in all Scotland.

There are several other cases of claims to estates in Great Britain by citizens of the United States, that have come to my knowledge, but which I do not feel at liberty to refer to, as some of these claimants have declined the honors within their reach, for reasons they deem cogent and polite; and others are not desirous of becoming subjects of observation and remark.—*Gaz. & Times.*

FANNY BUTLER says:—"If I had travelled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants. Since residing in the United States, I have returned to Europe, and travelled in Germany, and have had some opportunity of comparing smoking & spitting on the Rhine to the same articles on the Hudson, and really hardly know to which to award the preference; and after raving at every inn I put up at in America for insufficient ablutionary privileges, find myself now in one of the best hotels in Paris, with a thing like a small cream jug for a water vessel in my bedroom, and a basin as big as a little pudding-bowl; moreover when I asked for warm water this morning for my toilet, they produced a little copper pot, with an allowance such as the youngest gentleman having the faintest hopes of a beard, might have found insufficient for his purposes—in short, I believe England the only place in the world where people are not disgustingly dirty, and I believe as a dear friend of mine once assured me, that exceedingly few people are clean there."

A LADY of admirable taste has sent us the following passages pencilled in her reading:

"WHEN I open my eyes," says Beethoven, "I cannot choose but sigh; for what I behold is at enmity with my faith: and I cannot but despise the world which has no conception that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy. It is is the wine that inspires new creations, and I am the Bacchus that crushes out this noble juice for mankind, and makes their spirits drunk: and when they are sobered again, they see what a world of things they have fished up to bring with them to dry land again. *I have no friend.* I must needs live alone with myself, but I well know that God is nearer me in my art than others: I commune with him without fear; evermore I have acknowledged and understood him, and I am not fearful concerning my music; no evil fate can befal it; and he to whom it is become intelligible must be free from all the paltriness that others drag about with them."

"Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure according to the temperament of him who hears it. The mistakes of most people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so; it is by the re-action of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* comes by the senses, the form by the mind,) that the pleasure is constructed. And therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another."

"Music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Music is the only unembodied entrance into a higher sphere of knowledge, which possesses man but he will never be able to possess it.—One must rhythm in the mind, to comprehend music in its essential being. Music gives presentiment, inspiration, of heavenly knowledge, and that which the spirit feels sensual in it, is the embodying of spiritual knowledge. Although the spirits live upon music, as one lives upon air, yet it is something else spiritually to understand it—but the more the soul draws out of its sensual nourishment, the more ripe does the spirit become for a happy intelligence with it. But few attain to this; for as thousands engage themselves for love's sake and among these thousands, love does not reveal itself, although they all occupy themselves of love, in like manner do thousands hold communion with music, and do not possess its revelation."
—*Beethoven.*

MR. MELVILLE, in his new work, "Omoo," mentions a curious contrast between the Indians of North America, and the Islanders of the Pacific:—

The giving of nicknames is quite a passion with the people of Tahiti and Imeeo. No one, with any peculiarity, whether of person or temper, is exempt; not even strangers.

A pompous captain of a man-of-war, visiting Tahiti for the second time, discovered that, among the natives, he went by the dignified title of "Attee Poee"—literally, Poee Head, or Pudding Head.—Nor is the highest rank among themselves any protection. The first husband of the queen was commonly known in the court circles, as "Pot Belly." He carried the greater part of his person before him, to be sure; and so did the gentleman by George IV.—but what a title for a king consort!

Even "Pomaree" itself, the royal patronymic, was, originally, a mere nickname; and literally signifies, one talking through his nose. The first monarch of that name, being on a war party, and sleeping over night among the mountains, awoke one morning with a cold in his head; and some wag of a courtier, had no more manners than to vulgarize him thus.

How different from the volatile Polynesian in this, as in all other respects, is our grave and decorous North American Indian. While the former bestows a name, in accordance with some humorous or ignoble trait, the latter seizes upon what is deemed the most exalted or warlike: and hence, among the red tribes, we have the truly patrician appellations of "White Eagles," Young Oaks," "Fiery Eyes," and Bended Bows."

ANECDOTE OF HUME.—This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly winded through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburg Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in and stick fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation, but she, glancing at his abbreviated figure, passed on without regarding his request. He shouted lustily after her, and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. 'Are na ye Hume the Deist?' inquired she in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance! 'Well, well,' said Mr. Hume, 'no matter, you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good, even to your enemies.' 'Christian charity here, Christian charity there,' replied the woman 'I'll do naething for ye till ye turn Christian yourself—ye maun first repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed; or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I faund ye.' The sceptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

WEALTH.

Few men that have been in public life, were more deservedly esteemed for purity of character and sonnd judgment, than the celebrated William Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, during the administration of John Quincy Adams.—His ideas of wealth embrace useful truths, and deserve to be pondered by all, in this age of grasping avarice:

"Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself, who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out but for the purposes of lucre and ostentation—who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord—as if they were made for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandisement. Such a man may be rich; but trust me, he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence;—be content with that—and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men—let them feel the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the way worn pilgrim. I wish you indeed to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, and philosophers, and philanthropists, who in various ages have blessed the world; was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Epammondas, of Fabrius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame?—Their wealth was in their mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized—and such alone are worth serious struggle."

THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

These priests of the Celts, or Gauls, resembled, in many respects, the Brahmins of India: they formed a distinct cast, possessing the greatest authority, being the learned men and philosophers of the people, and having also very great authority in the government of the state. Julius Cæsar has left more information concerning them than any other writer. According to him, they performed all public and private sacrifices, explained the doctrines of their religion, distributed all kinds of rewards, and determined the punishment which should be inflicted on offenders.—Whoever opposed their decision was excommunicated by them, and thereby deprived of all share in religious worship. They could even pronounce this curse against a whole people; and, in fact, their power had hardly any limits. They appointed all the highest officers in all the cities, and these dared not undertake any thing without their advice and direction. They were free from taxes and all public burdens. Instructions in religious and all other kinds of knowledge, the art of war alone excepted, was intrusted to them.—They gave oral instructions in the form of verses, which often had a hidden meaning, and which were committed to memory. According to Cæsar, they believed in the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration through different bodies. They taught, moreover, the nature and motions of the heavenly bodies, the magnitude of the universe and the earth, the nature of things and the power of the gods. They also practiced astrology, magic and soothsaying. According to Pliney, they were not ignorant of natural philosophy and physic. They had a wonderful reverence for the holy mistletoe (a parasitical plant, which grows particularly on the oak and which, even at the present time is celebrated as a remedy for epilepsy.) This they looked upon as the holiest thing in nature, and as a panacea, they likewise esteemed the oak sacred, from which circumstance they have derived their name. The Druids had a common superior, who was elected by a majority of votes from their own number, and who enjoyed his dignity for life. Their principal seat was in Britain. The temples of the Druids bear a strong resemblance to those of India.

CAUTION TO LAWYERS.—Judge Strawbridge on Saturday informed the Bar that he was greatly annoyed by the new-fashioned paper upon which the lawyers had got into the habit of writing their pleadings. Their documents now, instead of running in the old-fashioned style, from the bottom of one page to the top of the next, kept a straight-ahead downward course, like the morals of the age—the pages running into one another like so many links of Weathersfield onions. The Judge remarked that this was a bad style of getting up pleadings; that the tail of their documents was too long, too much like the sea-serpent, which was all *tail;* and that it reminded him of the very bad habit of *running to vine*, characteristic of some of the vegetables on his farm on the banks of the classic Tchefuncta. He trusted that in future the lawyers would accommodate his nerves with documents written in the plain, old-fashioned, *up and down style.—N. O. Delta.*

A young lady who was formerly a member of a church of the old school, had left it and joined another. One Sunday morning, as she was on her way to meeting, she met her old minister, who bowed to her very coldly, and said—'Good morning, daughter of the devil.' 'Good morning, *father!*' she replied.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.

Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I 'stranger, that's a whapper.' Says he, 'lay there, stranger!' and in a twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'that isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'you are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, aren't you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols,' which he held cocked in his hand, 'shall cure your disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger!' So I knelt down and apologised. I admire the Western country much; but cure me if I can stand so much etiquette, it takes me so unawares.

IN MEXICO.

A soldierly correspondent of the Alexandria Gazette, writing from China, Mexico, holds the following language—

I have been sick but one or two days, and that was from sleeping in the rain all night, on our march from Camargo to this place. We scarcely ever pitched a tent all hands preferred to bivouac, the nights usually being plesant, and no dew. On the night above alluded to, we had selected a most beautiful spot on a little ridge out of the dust of the Camp, protected by thick chapparral. To be sure it was covered with stones about the size of a walnut which to sleep on do not inconvenience you in the least. After tatoo I wrapped myself up in my overcoat, took a big stone for a pillow, and laid down, and you may be sure was soon asleep. The rain pattering in my face awoke me. I covered my head and turned over thinking it would soon hold up. I was next awakened by finding myself rolled down the hill, the rain having absolutely washed me from my sleeping place, and was fast taking me into San Juan. You may think this is all romance, but it is true. ——— did not think it prudent to sleep out that night but took shelter in a wagon. The rain, however, drove him out, and he retreated underneath, perching himself on a barrel.

Every man in the camp was soon upon his feet for sleeping was out of the question. You would hear a man wading about in water, cry out (in imitation of the steamboat-men) "three feet large stop her." Another "no bottom." ——— sung out you "don't say there is no bottom. Well I ple-hedge you my wo-rd the thing's out now certain."

I think to look up a right fair, fresh, and tolerably good looking American girl, after having for months seen none but the sallow faced, unhealthy looking women that inhabit this country, would be the greatest treat in the world. The Mexican women have pretty eyes, and can look as loving as you please; but their favorite amusement is, what should be the bounden duty of all good nurses, who have small children to attend to.

'My son,' said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him, on the opposite side, a Frenchman, just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume; 'my son, look there! If ever you forget God and his prophet, you may come to look like that!'

We remember a case tried in this County, by a Locofoco justice of the Peace, one of Gov. Thomas's appointment. After gravely hearing the witnesses on both sides he entered judgment as follows:

"*Chutchment that the tefendan, pay the plantif, a loat of woot, and costs.*"

Subsequently a Fifa issued directed to a Locofoco constable, who returned it (instead of *Nulla Bona*) "MAGNUM BONUM."
—*Fred. Examiner.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.—The farmer's life is shunned by many because it seems one of mindless drudgery. It ought not to be so. If our farmers would study and reflect more, they might do less hard labor, and yet accomplish more in the course of a year. Ten hours work in summer, and eight in winter, ought, with good management, to give any man a good living. He who works so hard that he cannot read or reflect after the labors of the day are over, because of fatigue, does not plan wisely. Let no man shun work when work should be done; delve, delve forever is not the end of Man's life. The farmer's evenings should be devoted to mental acquisition and rational enjoyment. To sup and tumble into bed is a hog's fashion, and highly injurous to health.—But let the farmer have about him the choisest works of his own auxiliary avocations; let these form the subject of study and conversation at least two evenings in a week, while the newspapers the newest and oldest volume, each having their allotted seasons. Two or three dollars contributed by each family in a neighborhood or school district, would go a great way in the purchase of standard books at modern prices. These are but hints which each reader will modify as his judgment shall suggest. I plead only for the essential thing of making home pleasant, and its hours of relaxation hour of instruction also.—*H. Greely.*

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