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 UNLUCKY PRESENT.
AN ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. L———, minister of C.——, in Lanarkshire, (who died within the present century,) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels.' He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion. Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners—a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr. L. ———became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the same time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem.—No pot on earth could match it in symmetry. It was an object altogether lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if you like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra [*superfluous*] pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just take a present on't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, waen he gangs to the schule."—"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then he trudged, bearing this little culinary article alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he had got half way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head; where as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot: but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in* or at least *into*, the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood: the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new born child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favorite offspring. What was worst of all the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor to make it slip back again; the contracted part or neck of the *patera* being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretems* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help. Or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction.—To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to the lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *Death in the pot.*

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent: and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot ensconced minister of C———. Pressed by the urgency of his distress, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

"Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted;
Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted;
And a' the town-neighbors gather'd about it;
And there was h , I trow,"

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to consi erations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of his release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer: "better a chap i' the chafts than dying for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but assuredly the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C———.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

We publish to day another of the letters lately received from an American gentleman on his travels in Europe—a description of one of the most interesting and perfect of the ruins of Ancient Rome.

Extracts of letters from Europe.

ROME.

The Colosseum is surely the most majestic of ruins. Elliptical in form, more than sixteen hundred feet in circumference, and one hundred and sixty in height it is pierced by three ranges of arches, one above another, whose narrow intervals are adorned with columns of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders respectively. Above is a range of quadrangular windows and composite pilasters surmounted by a light and appropriate cornice. This vast edifice is composed of tufa stone. One of the blocks which I observed more particularly, though in the third story and only of the ordinary size, measured at least eight feet in length by three in height and four in thickness.—The walls however are often faced internally with brick, which is also used in the arches that support the staircase in the substruction of the seats, and in some other parts of the edifice. The arena within is about three hundred feet long and two hundred broad. Around the arena rises a wall pierced by doorways through which the gladiators and wild beasts entered. This was called the Podium, and from this ascended the first range of seats, set apart for the emperor his family and court, the senators, the magistrates, and (proh! pudor) for the vestal virgins. Above this, separated by a broad passage and a perpendicular wall arose another range of seats, and still above, divided in like manner from the second, towered a third. Even beyond the top of this range, there was a gallery surrounding the whole edifice, adorned with columns, though unprovided with seats, and appropriated to the populace. The seats were nothing more than a series of broad stone steps, none of which are now remaining. The foundations upon which they were laid are however still firm throughout almost the whole of the circumference. The various staircases survive only in part. Owing to this fact, and to their great number it is next to impossible to ascertain, even upon the spot, their exact arrangem nt—an arrangement which rendered it easy for a child to find any given place in the cavea and enable the amphitheatre to discharge itself of its one hundred thousand spectators in the course of a few moments. I say one hundred thousand spectators, for although eighty-seven thousand only could be seated, there was room for twenty thousand more in the gallery above.—There were as many walls around the amphitheatre as there were ranges of seats differing in height according to the several ranges which they supported, and all pierced with arches corresponding with those of the external wall. The external wall is demolished for about half of its circumference, but the second still presents itself behind the breach a new bulwark against the ravages of time. The effect produced by this peculiar architecture by arches which multiply as you advance or retire, presenting themselves now obliquely and now full in front here singly, and there in long sweeping vistas, is wonderfully varied and imposing. It is rendered still more picturesque by its ruined state; for not only do the fallen partitions and the broken staircases create a greater variety of outline and open as it were, the hidden recesses of the building to the investigation of the eye, but the whole interior is overgrown with moss, with shrubs waving wildly in the wind with vines twined gracefully around its crumbling arches or hanging in natural festoons from its unequal walls, and even with the fresh though short lived flower—a contrast at once both to its decay and its endurance. An additional effect is of course produced by the vastness of the fabric and the massiveness of its construction, illustrating, as they do, the power of mechanics, the impress of mind on matter, and presenting an imposing instance of the wealth and magnificence of ancient Rome.

The Colosseum is, on these various accounts, perhaps the best place to meditate upon the fallen city. As I stood upon the highest point to which I could ascend and turned from the contemplation of its massive ruins to the view without,—as I looked down upon the columns and arches of the Forum and the Sacred Way, or regarded the mouldering walls which are scattered over the whole surface of the neighboring Palatine, or through the arches of the amphitheatre itself, perceiving towards the south nothing but scattered ruins a region uninhabited—when I marked the silence and desertion of this the most populous region of the ancient mistress of the world, I was ready to exclaim, the city doth indeed sit solitary!—without, surrounded by a desert and an atmosphere of death, and covered within with the graves of her ancient magnificence! In vain I endeavored to call up before me, the thronging multitude the glittering pomp the imperial pageant; in vain I endeavoured to paint in my mind's eye the Roman form and step—the graceful habit of the "gens togata,"—the veiled matron and the stoled philosopher,—the slave, the freeman and the artisan, and all the strange varieties of ancient life. The present impression was too strong, the stern reality of desolation too powerful, to afford any scope to the imagination.

Such, however, was not the case when I visited the Colosseum by moonlight.—There is a spell, a magic influence in this queen of night which releases the imagination from its usual restraints, and suffers, and indeed excites it to recall the images of the past, and penetrate into the obscurities of the future. As I looked through the broken wall of the Colosseum upon the ruined palace of the Cæsars, I could picture to myself the splendid throng which waited on the Emperor in his progress hither from the imperial abode. I could see the anxious crowd arise to welcome him as he entered the Podium. I could perceive the waving signal and the commencement of the games. The lion bursts roaring from his den and as soon dispatched by his numerous and wary adversaries. The gladiators enters the avenue & greet that audience, to whom their mortal agonies are only an amusement. I could mark the progress of the fight between countymen and friends condemned to aim the sword at kindred bosoms. The failing strength of one at length deserts him,—He lies at the mercy of his adversary. The victor forbid to follow the dictates of his own heart—condemned to obey the decision of the mob stands with sword suspended, ready to sheath it in its scabbard, or in the body of his unresisting opponent. Meantime the silent victim, scorning to ask for mercy, lies upon the earth; and feeling that life with him is near its close, transports himself in memory to the pleasant fields where it began—"thinks of his young barbarians all at play, and of their Dacian mother." But the thumbs are turned downward, the signal of inexorable cruelty, and his last dream is interrupted by the sword which penetrates his heart.—The soul sickness as it turns away from scenes like these, enacted in an age of knowledge and refinement, and shudders at the monstrous mixture of moral depravity with the elements, and not only the elements, but the actual developement, of moral greatness. I was glad to be recalled to existing realities. The increased grandeur of the edifice by this doubtful light, the death-like silence which prevaded these once crowded precincts, the melancholy hootings of the owl who alone from time to time raised his boding voice among the ruins, the motionless, stillness, and the long drawn breath of my companions, were all calculated to produce a powerful effect. Nothing could be more picturesque than the varied effects of the moonlight, here pouring like a stream into some vaulted passage through a single aperture in the roof, and there breaking on the darkness through successive arches; in one place shedding itself on the advancing partitions of the cavea, leaving intervals in shadow; and in another covering with a flood of silver radiance the broad and lofty surface of the external wall. I could have lingered here for hours, but was too soon disturbed by the ingress of a number of noisy Germans, who, so far from being awed to silence, began forthwith to sing in voices sufficiently coarse and discordant. Startled and disgusted at hearing their Teutonic jargon among the Flavian ruins, I rapidly departed.

From the St. Thomas Times, June 10.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Desirable Match———,resident in ———,of the North side of this Island, is extremely desirous of forming a matrimonial engagement. His wish for a considerable time back has been fixed upon this interesting subject; but his utmost endeavours have hitherto proved unsuccessful, though extremely assiduous in his attentions to various of the fair sex.—His qualifications and accomplishments are great, and he flatters himself, that no objection can be made to his person.—He possesses a sweet and most agreeable temper, such indeed, as he is sure, would render any lady happy, besides a most melodious voice, and good teeth. He is wealthy, and his affairs are prosperous, but his capital is principally embarked in maritime speculations, which however he would feel desirous of investing in some less precarious way. The lady would, from these considerations, be expected to possess considerable personal attractions and accomplishments, and a fortune commensurate, say 5, 6, 7, 8, or even $10,000. Letters from Ladies or Guardians, containing propositions, may be addressed to X. Y., and will meet immediate attention. The utmost secrecy may be relied on.

☞To prevent all unnecessary trouble no widow need apply.

One of our Adventures.—"Will you please to let down the carriage window," said Alice, smilingly—"see! what a beautiful rain-bow arches above us; it will not rain any more."

"Most willingly;" I replied, and as the glass slid down, a gush of wind from the magnolia, filled the carriage with its fragrance.

A thunder gust had just passed over, and the dark drapery of heaven, bordered with gold and purple, hung gracefully in the west, while the arch of peace bound the orient with its glory. The rich foliage, feathering up in heaps from detached forest-clumps, contrasting their dark green mantles, with the bright, sunny robes of the weeping willow, as it trailed along the herbage, all of them wet with rain, and dripping profusely in the sunshine; a river, that moved silently through a natural arcade of elm-trees, dimpling as it flowed from the incessant drops of the branches; together with the coolness of the air, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers, presented a banquet pure enough for the most celestial appetite.

At this moment, the carriage stopped at a small tavern, to water the horses; & while the driver was engaged at the well we were entertaining ourselves with the aspect of a small cottage-looking house, which stood next to us, almost smothered by roses and honey-suckle. "What a charming spot," said the enthusiastic Alice, "I wonder who inhabits it; surely the genius of such a place, must be as beautiful as its own Eden. It is probable some young cottage girl's abode, who watches the expiring lamp of an old father, and whose hours of pastime are devoted to these shadowy beauties. Oh for a glimpse of her through that lattice, circled so irregularly by the prodigal multa-flora!—Will you be so obliging, sir," she continued, her eyes rooted to the spot; "as to pluck for me, one of those elegant roses?"

As there was no other gentleman in the carriage but myself, the privilege of assisting the fair Alice belonged to me; so ordering the steps to be let down, I hastened to the dwelling place of the sweet Arcadian. It was some time before I could fix on a bunch of roses to satisfy me; as in a library of rare works, we wander from one to another without the power of selecting. At length I found some, clustering together with peculiar beauty and resolved to pluck them,—but just as the wet stem was shaking the rain drops on my bosom, the lattice opened with a slam, and a parchment face, uglier than one of Macbeth's witches, bacon-neck and writhed, screamed in my ear.

"Get out! you rotten old rascal; if you stick your nose into my premises you had better encounter a stumped-tailed bull in fly-time & down went the window like thunder.

I hurried back to the carriage. The ladies were dying with laughter, and Alice was snuffing sal-volatile, in hysterics.—*Emerald.*

More Hints to People of Moderate Fortune.

Early teach children to take the whole care of their own clothes. Talking will do no good, so lon as their own carelessness is supplied by another's attention Make them depend on themselves. In all probability there will be times when care and anxiety must come upon them; at all events it is wise to prepare them for such contingencies. In this country we are too apt to let children romp and idle away all the time they are out of school, till they are fourteen or fifteen; and then how soon the pitiful rivalry of fashion and vanity begins!

The fact is, children can be so educated as to take a pleasure in their duty; they can find enjoyment in usefulness; and is it not well that they should find their happiness in sources over which time and circumstances have no power?

"Begin early" is the great maxim for every thing in education A child of six years old can be made useful; and they should be taught to consider each day lost in which they have failed to do some little thing for the benefit of others. The eager inquiries they make whether they have done any good, and the innocent and gleeful pride they evince when they receive assurance that they have is sufficient proof that habits of usefulness are not naturally felt as a bondage.

It is wise to keep an exact account of all you expend; even to a paper of pins. This answers two purposes t makes you more careful in spending money; and it enables your husband to judge precisely whether his family live within his income. No false pride, or foolish ambition to appear as well as others, should ever induce a person to live one cent beyond the income of which he is certain. If you have two dollars a day, let nothing but sickness induce you to spend more than nine shillings. If you have one dollar, do not spend more than seventy-five cents. If you have but half a dollar a day, be satisfied to spend forty cents.

To associate with influential and genteel people, with appearance of equality unquestionably has its advantages; particularly where there is a family of sons and daughters coming upon the theatre of life; but, like all other external advantages, it has its proper price and may be bought too dearly. They who never reserve a cent of their income, with which to meet any unforeseen calamity, "pay too dear for their whistle." whatever temporary advantages the may derive from society.

Self denial in proportion to the narrowness of your ncome, will eventually be the happiest, and most respectable course for you and yours. If you are prosperous, perseverance, industry and good character will not fail to place you in such a situation as your ambition covets; and if you are not prosperous, it will be well for your children that they have not been educated to higher hopes than they will ever realize.

If you are about to furnish a house, do not spend all your money, be it much or little. Do not let the beauty of this thing and the cheapness of that, tempt you to buy unnecessary articles. Doctor Franklin's maxim was a wise one; 'Nothing is cheap which we do not want.'

Buy merely what is absolutely necessary, and let experience of your wants and your means dictate, what shall be afterwards obtained. If you spend all at first, you will find you have bought many things you do not want. Begin cautiously. As riches increase, it is easy to increase in hospitality and splendour, but it is always painful and inconvenient to decrease.—After all these things are viewed in their proper light by the judicious and respectable.—Neatness tastefulness and good sense may be shown in the management of a small household and the arrangement of a little furniture as well as upon a larger scale, the consideration gained by living beyond one's income is not actually worth the trouble it costs. The glare there is about such false and wicked parade is deceptive; it does not in fact procure valuable friends or extensive influence. More than that, it is wrong—morally wrong so far as the individual is concerned; and injurious beyond calculation to the interests of our country. To what are the increasing eggary & discouraged exertions of the present day owing? A multitude of causes no doubt tend to increase the evil; but the root of the whole matter is the extravagance of all classes of people! We never shall be prosperous till we have sufficient moral courage to make pride and vanity yield to the dictates of honesty and prudence! We never shall be free from embarrassment, till we cease to be ashamed of industy and economy! Let women aid in the needed reformation. Let their husbands and fathers see them happy without finery; and if their friends have (as is often the case) a foolish pride in seeing them decorated, let them silently and gradually check this feeling by showing that they have better means of commanding respect.—Let the exertion of ingenuity, economy, and neatness, prove that good taste and gentility are attainable without great expense.

[Mass. Jour.

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