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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VESUVIUS, HERCULANEUM, AND POMPEII, IN 1839.

Whoever sojourns at Naples, were it only but a day, experiences the irresistible desire of going to see what is passing at the bottom of that crater which perpetually smokes. It is especially towards evening, when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapors of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and deck its summit with a bouquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina, you find horses, donkeys, and conductors, who convey travellers half way up the mountain to the spot called the "Hermitage." This first ride is not an uninteresting one. Here Nature is not yet dead. You pass through vineyards, planted in ashes which yield the celebrated *Lachryma Christi* wine, two sorts of which there are much inferior to their fame; then come some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegetation, which the next eruption will devour; and, lastly, you reach the "Hermitage," surrounded on all sides, save one by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1813, and 1822. Here you alight, and enter a region of chaos. No more trees, vegetation, birds, or insects are to be seen—Every thing is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurous smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano, halting on your way to cast a glance at a lateral plateau, called La Somma, which was, no doubt, at one time the main focus of Vesuvius.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried lava, you will reach the top of the volcano in three quarters of an hour. Here the sight begins—a terrible, original, and unexpected one, notwithstanding all the descriptions given of it. Imagine a funnel five hundred *metres* deep, whose upper edges present innumerable crevices, whilst from the lower part rise clouds of sulphurous vapor, which escapes by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange color. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever smoking crater, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and the guide will urge you to walk in order to avoid accidents. The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and fattish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits a long chesnut-tree stick, fresh cut, and covered with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before those infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive within hand reach the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and almost limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphuric acid gas, which excite a cough, and soon compel the observer to quit the spot. The ground, if such a name can be given to the dangerous floor which covers the orifice of the volcano, is strewed with gray lava, ashes, melting sulphur, and pyrite substances, whence escapes at intervals, a white smoke, which affects your eyes and lungs, and yet you cannot retire without reluctance from that awful scene. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava large enough to form a mountain four times as bulky as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, small pebbles, and masses of boiling water which the wind has sometimes carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be easily approached even when its eruptions take place. The lava itself, whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness. One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if they be combustible, and envelopes and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculaneum has been sealed into a semi metallic mass, and, as it were, cast in the lava which now covers it. Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius, under a shower of ashes and little stones which have gradually though rapidly covered it, just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow in our severe winters. Such is the reason why so much money has been expended in uncovering but a few small parts of Herculaneum, namely, its theatre, which continues hid in utter darkness; whilst a third part of Pompeii has been cleared, exhibits itself to the open sky, and renders us contemporary with its inhabitants. Let us, therefore, hasten down the Vesuvius and view its ravages, which have been miraculously preserved for us in its whole splendor, a city of thirty thousand souls buried for eighteen hundred years past.

Herculaneum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius. They are now separated from it by inhabitants and cultivated spaces which have been conquered from the lava and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built *upon the roofs* of the first of those two cities, which was petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one descends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre where, it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1689 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738 with admirable success. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place since that period. The theatre is of Greek architecture, it is ornamented with a fine front, and with marble columns standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied twenty-one rows of steps, with a gallery above embellished with bronze statues.

One can still distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveller mingled astonishment and emotion There are also at Herculaneum a forum surrounded with porticoes and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a gaol with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisoners were chained—a melancholy feature of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of human society at all periods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond a doubt that Herculaneum was *drowned* in repeated eruption of Vesuvius.'

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth, and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculaneum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest. At Herculaneum there are only catacombs. At Pompeii the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings, the cellars are stocked as well as the tables, in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, & the skeletons of the guests round it, and then you enter everywhere on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few *metres* thick upon the ancient buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries—You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs, and walk over a Roman pavement worn out by Roman vehicles; you may enter the inn; there are the stables, with the rings to fasten the horses, close by is the farrier, with his sign over his door. If you penetrate in to one of those tombs, you will find urns containing ashes, hair and fragments of calcined bones. Every where are displayed inscriptions, unaffected, dignified and touching such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband: '*Scrutia to the friend of her soul.*'—Let us advance; we are in the town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry box cut into the stone.—Take the footways for there are footways at Pompeii, Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides, footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheel ruts, made eighteen hundred years ago.

Whom do you wish to be taken to?—You have but to speak—the names are written on the door of every house in large red letters. Here is an apothecary's shop, with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments and balsams still yielding a smell. Here are far different things, by my faith! Enter, you have nothing to fear; but I dare not tell you where you are, unless you have perceived the sign over the door. What think you of it?—and yet facing one of those houses stands a temple of Vesta!

Let us, then, pay a few visits, we are in a baker's shop, and here is the flour grindstone—suppose a stone sugar loaf, covered with an extinguisher also of stone—rub the one against the other, after throwing some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. But I have reserved a surprise for you; here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of that carbonized pancake? take and break it. Open that cupboard; you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintels, and eatables of all descriptions. A saucepan has been carried to the Naples Museum, containing a piece of meat, as well preserved as by Mr. Appert's process. What a number of meals Vesuvius interrupted on that woful day!

I, nevertheless, do not think that the Romans were great eaters. I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, even in the richest houses, but very trifling cooking apparatus, and minature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one dish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming, and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth century, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman domestic life. One must see those candelabras, lamps, vases, of all sizes, those charming little bronze calefactors. (for every thing was of bronze,) those tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields which fill up whole rooms at the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies—their combs, toothpicks, curling irons, and the pots of vegetable and mineral rouge found in a boudoir. Thus the Roman ladies used rouge and deceived people just as is practised now-a-days; they wore, like our ladies, those necklaces rings, and ridiculous earrings, which add nothing to beauty and diminish not ugliness. How times resemble one another, in spite of the space that separates them.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient enclosure have been recognised; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. The secret stairs by which the priests of those times slily crept to prompt the oracles have been detected. On beholding so many monuments which display in so lively a manner the importance of public and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold, a long that fall of earth, the vestige of the breast of a woman who was buried alive, and stiffened by death—behold the stones of that well, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine that guard house, covered with caricatures of soldiers—one might suppose that the Roman people still existed, and that we were but strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins! Murat employed upon them 2,000 men every year Only 60 men and £1,000 are now employed upon them. The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success It is not to Rome—devastated and disfigured Rome—that one must go to study the Romans—it is to Pompeii Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is! not to marry! or rather, perhaps I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads: no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home: nice social dinners, pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way; what the deuce is the reason *my* breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddless that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow!—They'll want it, I'm afraid, for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day?—There's my wife and her two sisters—tha 's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy and Sarah and Jane and Louisa, four more—eleven then there's the cook and the housemaid and the boy—fourteen; & the women that, comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewheres, let me see again, wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself! Faith I have so many to think of and provide for that I forget myself half the time. Yes that makes it, every day and no joke! and some how or other they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless their hearts it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat-cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding house with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick, no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor, no dawning intellects, whose developement he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet.

I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife [illegible] kes it, but there is no joke in having the [illegible] breakfast back an hour.—O, by the way I must remember to buy all those things for the children to day.—Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their schoolbill coming too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but that sort of a large family has no time for amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is: let me see, when does his birthday come? next month as I am a Christian, and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men now-a day, and Tom is quite of that mind I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots at thirty shillings a pair and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him, gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villian has learned to play billiards, and three or four times when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles and I can't help thinking somehow that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillow at night with no cares on their mind to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition.—No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villians don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day time, when I am out of the way. Then, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, brother Tom I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I after all.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

General Cass has used, as it is generally known, the advantages of his position, as Minister to the Court of Louis Phillippe, to make observations upon the condition of France, which he has published, in a small volume. The following is a passage from it, mentioning facts which should be known in this country especially at this time. The matter is concerning the army system in France and exhibits in a strong light the state of society throughout the kingdom, as it must necessarily be when every man is subject to do military duty for seven years, at the very period of life when his habits of industry and business, and his domestic associations as husband and father should be formed.

"It is difficult for an American to conceive an idea of the true state of the working class, upon whose passions these men continually operate. Perhaps thirty cents a day, or little more, may be the average price of labor throughout all France; and out of this the workman must clothe and feed himself. Then comes the season of interruption when the starving mechanics are thrown upon the community to seek the support of life as they can. With us, every honest, industrious man can reasonably expect to provide something in the meridian of life for its decline. By emigrating westward, he can procure a piece of land, and close his days surrounded by his family. But such occurrence in Europe would be little short of a miracle; and in his reasonable expectation of an eventful acquisition of property in our country, with the moral stimulus which accompanies it and this despair of the future which seems almost inseparable from the condition of a European laborer, I trace one of the most striking distinctions between a new society and an old one, and one of the surest guarantees for the perpetuation of our institutions.

"An illustration confirmatory of this state of things, is furnished by the law of conscription. By this law every young man after the age of twenty is liable to serve in the army. He draws for his chance of enrolment, and is then called as his number and the exigencies of the public service may require. He serves seven years precisely, at the time of life when he ought to be forming himself for eventual duties, and laying the foundation of any respectability he may hope to acquire. It is precisely the period which with us, if lost, would be lost irreparably. The average annual demand of conscripts in France to keep the army at its requisite number, is eighty thousand; and this immense amount is every year drawn from the class of population in the very springtime of life, to be returned—such of them indeed as have the luck good or bad as it may be to return—seven years after without any preparation for eventual usefulness.

"But the memorable fact in all this institution is the pay which these poor soldiers receive—a pay which, after making the deduction which goes to the Government, of indispensable supplies, amounts to ONE CENT a day, twenty-five dollars and a half for seven years services. And yet this process of military supply seems firmly established and engrafted on the habits of society; nor have I seen among all the propositions with which the public has been excited, since my residence here, for the amelioration of the existing institution of the country, a single allusion to this greatest of all practical oppressions. And I cannot account for this apparent indifference to a subject which strikes every American with astonishment unless it results from the conviction that bare support is all the laboring classes can procure by the most fortunate exertion, and this may as well be in the army as elsewhere."

Such is the system in France, and with certain modifications in other countries in Europe, the governments of which on account of its operation, are to be "strong." To our apprehensions a large standing army is at once an index of a despotism feeble in itself, and resting for support upon the arms of the soldiery. Just in this particular does our republican institutions differ from all other forms of civil polity in existence. Its strength is intrinsic. Its safeguard the affections of the people. Every where but in the United States, the municipal authorities are protected from the people. The operation of laws among us is respectful acquiescence in the necessity and justice of them. In foreign countries it is through the organized coercion of a military force.

An Englishman who was at Bunker Hill Whig celebration, in September last gives the following account of the scene, in a letter to the Liverpool Mercury.

The day after my arrival in Boston an event occurred which I was happy to have the opportunity of witnessing. The day appointed by the friends of General Harrison, the Whig candidate for the Presidency, for a general convention of his supporters; and delegates came from all parts of the country. The town was crowded with strangers, of high and low degree—all was excitement. The morning rose propitious; the sun was in full splendor, the sky broad and clear, as only an American sun can be. At nine o'clock in the morning, the Common assumed a most animated appearance.—Human beings singly or in groups, were spread over the whole surface. At every entrance company after company poured onward, in marching order. About 11 o'clock the procession was formed, and began its movement to Bunker's Hill.—It must have contained at least thirty thousand fighting men. Each division had its leaders, bands, banners, and devices—some of the latter were odd enough There was much, both of the humor and seriousness of party. The park was full, the streets were lined, the balconies were brilliant with beautiful ladies, who waved handkerchiefs until their little hands were wearied; while the men below shouted huzzas until their throats were sore. I never witnessed so impressive a spectacle, so impressive an exhibition of popular demonstration.

Meetings were held in the evening in the different public buildings of the town, and were addressed by orators from all regions of the Union. I went to hear the great Webster, but, as he presided, his speaking was limited to a few introductory remarks. I was pleased, however, to see him, and to gaze upon his manly and massive form. I have described this gathering, not for its outward show, not for its pageantry, not for the addresses of its speakers, of which some were poor, and many unjust—I have described it for the pregnant and expressive phenomena which it presents to every reflecting mind. Organised and unorganised, the whole number of people out on this occasion must have amounted to 100,000, yet a more perfect order could not have existed in the tranquility of a drawing room. Must it not have been that the great mass were above the sordid wants of life, enlightened on the whole, content with their institutions; or if dissatisfied, confident of a remedy in their power; free from the oppression that drives men to madness, and from the poverty that deadens them to despair? Where was that riot, that disorder, that turbulence which, it is said are the necessary concomitants of democratic government? Not a limb was hurt, not a child was bruised not even a lady's robe was soiled. Compare this with the mobs of monarchies. Compare it with any election mob in our country. Compare it with an assemblage of Manchester working men, meeting together under a vague instinct of common distress, and separating to find their distress as far as ever from a remedy. What a contrast! And the contrast is equal in its moral and physical aspects. There you saw men with the erect stature and strength of manhood independent and energetic, men whose very looks told you of a good feeding, and the absence of tithes and corn laws; told you that they came from homes fit for civilized beings. Our popular meetings are generally composed of crowds squalid in attire and weakened with want. Throughout the whole of that day I did not observe one intoxicated man, but from morning until night, I could see evidence upon evidence of liberty, education, industry and virtue. In America the Government work for the people, in England the people work for the Government.

I shall here glance at one other scene of which you may perhaps tell your ladies. And first, I must state a preliminary circumstance. Fifteen years ago a monument was founded on Bunker's Hill, to commemorate the heroes and heroic deeds of the revolution. It was carried up half way and so it has since remained. The ladies at last have put their hands to work, and now, through their exertions the funds are raised for its completion—They established a fair in a public building called Quincy Hall, and thither came the beautiful saleswomen of the surrounding towns, or sent the productions of their industry and taste. The hall had a most interesting appearance, not only from its ornaments and articles, but also from the elegant beings who presided at its tables. There you might have the nicest thing your heart could covet, from the gentliest dealer; mild however she seems she has the spirit of a heroine, and you must first give your money for the monument. You might from one purchase a watch guard and receive with it the most winning smile, and another, would hand you an ice or a custard with the grace of a Hebe. Nay, you could have a daily newspaper; and while buying it see the lady at her printing press. It was an interesting evidence of what enthusiasm can prompt and accomplish, to see those delicate women for whom one would think the breeze of heaven too rough, toil from morning to night, and from Monday to Saturday, with the constancy and effort of shop-women all for a sentiment, a principle, a consecrated memory. Daughters of the brave, they revere the liberty which so many purchased with their lives. When the last stone is laid on the monument of Bunker's Hill, proudly may they regard it, piously their children after them, and should Bunker's Hill again need heroes, they are worthy to be their mothers or their wives.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—The talent of the New Englanders in bargain making is proverbial in America and the inhabitants of the little barren island of Nantucket, if we were to judge from the following anecdote, would seem to carry off the palm from all others in this accomplishment. One of the party at the table, alluding to an illustration of this characteristic of the Nantucket population, which, according to Sam Slick, had occurred in the professional practice of Mr Webster, asked him whether it was true. He said it was essentially correct; and proceeded to state the real incidents as follows. A Nantucket client had asked him to go to that island to plead a cause for him. Mr. Webster, after mentioning the distance, the loss of time, and the interruption to his other practice, said that he could not go unless he received a fee of a thousand dollars. The client objected to paying so large a sum, for pleading one cause—Mr. Webster replied, that the fatigue and loss of time in travelling to Nantucket, and remaining there probably during the whole circuit, amounted to as great a sacrifice on his part as if he pleaded in every cause on the roll.—'Well, then,' said his client, 'come, and I will pay you the thousand dollars; but you shall be at my disposal for the whole sittings, and I shall let you out, if I can.' Mr. Webster went, and was sub-let by his client, who drew the fees to relieve his own loss. Judge Story, who was present, remarked, that he often heard the anecdote mentioned, but never before heard it authenticated He added, 'the current edition proceeds to tell that your client let you out for eleven hundred dollars, saved his own pocket entirely, and gained ten per cent. on his own speculation.' Mr. Webster stated with great good humor, that, as his client had not reported the amount of the sub fees which he drew, he could not tell whether this addition was correct or not. Sam Slick's report of this occurrence is not entirely accurate.

STEALING ON CREDIT.—A farmer in Connecticut was once greatly puzzled by the sudden disappearance of his sheep. One after another was missed from the flock, without any solution of the mystery, until at last his suspicions rested on one of his neighbors. Accordingly, as the sheep disappeared, each one was entered on the book against the suspected man, and the price carried out. At the end of the year the bill was sent to him, and without making any words on the subject he prudently paid it. Another year passed, and the absence of a number of sheep had added numerous items to a new bill, which was presented, as on the year previous. This time, however, the lover of mutton demurred, and insisted on its being reduced, protesting that he had not taken an eighth part of the number charged to him.—"Well," said sheepy, "if I must pay, I suppose I *must*, but the fact is, some scamp has been *stealing on my credit*."

New Haven Register.

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