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 INNER CHAMBER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'En se retrouvant pres d'une femme qu'on a beaucoup aime, on sent toujours une douce chaleur, reste du feu que nous brulait autrefois."

'Tis not the white and red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration.

I found myself looking with some interest at the back of a lady's head. The theatre was crowded, and I had come in late, and the object of my curiosity, whoever she might be, was listening very attentively to the play. She did not move I had time to build a life time romance about her before I had seen a feature of her face. But her ears were small & of an exquisite oval, and she had that rarest beauty of woman—the hair arched and joined to the white neck with the same finish as on the temples. Nature often est slights this part of her masterpiece.

The curtain dropped, and I stretched eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the profile. But no!—she sat next one of the slender pilasters, and with her head leaned against it, remained immovable.

I left the box, and with some difficulty made my way into the crowded pit. Elbowing, apologizing, persevering, I at last gained a point where I knew I could see my incognita at the most advantage. I turned—pshaw!—how was it possible I had not recognized her!

Kate Crediford!

There was no getting out again, for a while at least without giving offence to the crowd I had jostled so unceremoniously. I sat down—vexed—and commenced a desperate study of the figure of Shakspeare on the drop curtain.

Of course I had been a lover of Miss Crediford's, or I could not have turned with indifference from the handsomest woman in the theatre. She was beautiful—there was no disputing. But we love women a little for what we [illegible] them, and a great deal more [illegible] we do not. I had loved-read Kate to the last leaf. Flirtation is a [illegible] circulating library, in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume, and I gave up Kate to the next reader, feeling no property even in the marks I had made in her perusal. A little quarrel sufficed as an excuse for the closing of the book, and both of us studiously avoided a reconciliation.

As I sat in the pit, I remembered suddenly a mole on her left cheek, and I turned toward her with the simple curiosity to know whether it was visible at that distance. Kate looked sad. She still leaned immovably against the slight column, and her dark eyes, it struck me, were moist. Her mouth, with this peculiar expression of countenance was certainly inexpressibly sweet—the turned down corners ending in dimples which in that particular place, I have always observed, are like wells of unfathomable melancholy. Poor Kate!—what was the matter with her.

As I turned back to my dull study of the curtain, a little pettish with myself for the interest with which I had looked at an old flame, I detected half a sigh under my white waistcoat; but instantly persuading myself that it was a disposition to cough, coughed, and began to hum 'suoni la tromba.' The curtain rose and the play went on.

It was odd that I had never seen Kate in that humour before. I did not think she could be sad. Kate Crediford sad! Why, she was the most volatile, light hearted, care for nothing coquette that ever held up her fingers to be kissed. I wonder, has any one really annoyed you, my poor Kate! thought I. Could I, by chance, be of any service to you—for, after all, I owe you something! I looked at her again.

Strange that I had ever looked at that face without emotion! The vigils of an ever wakeful, ever passionate, yet ever tearful and melancholy spirit, seemed set, and kept under those heavy & motionless eyelids. And she, as I saw her now, was the very model and semblance of the character that I had all my life been vainly seeking! This was the creature I sighed for when turning away from the too mirthful tenderness of Kate Crediford!—There was something new, or something for the moment miswritten, in that familiar countenance;

I made my way out of the pit with some difficulty and returned to sit near her. After a few minutes a gentleman in the next box rose and left the seat vacant on the other side of the pilaster, against which she leaned. I went around while the orchestra were playing a loud march, and, without being observed by the thoughtful beauty, seated myself in the vacant place.

Why did my eyes flush and moisten, as I looked upon the small white hand lying on the cushioned barrier between us! I knew every vein in it, like the strings of my own heart. I had held it spread out in my own, and followed its delicate blue traceries with a rose stem, for hours and hours, while imploring, and reproaching, and reasoning over love's lights and shadows I knew the feel of every one of those exquisite fingers—those rolled up rose leaves, with nails like pieces cut from the lip of a shell! Oh, the promises I had kissed into oaths on that little chief d'œuvre of nature's tinted alabaster!—the psalms and sermons I had sat out holding it, in her father's pew!—the moons I had tired out of the sky, making of it a bridge for our hearts passing backward and forward!—And how could that little wretch of a hand, that knew me better than its own other hand, (for we had been more together) lie there, so unconscious of my presence! How could she, Kate Crediford, sit next me, as she was doing, with only a stuffed partition between us, and her head leaning on one side of a pilaster, and mine on the other, and never start, nor recognise, nor be at all aware of my neighbourhood. She was not playing a part, it was easy to see. Oh, I knew those little relaxed fingers too well! Sadness, indolent and luxurious sadness, was expressed in her countenance, and her abstraction was unfeigned and contemplative. Could she have so utterly forgotten me—magnetically, that is to say! Could the atmosphere about her, that would once have trembled betrayingly at my approach, like the fanning of an angel's invisible wing have lost the sense of my presence!

I tried to magnatise her hand. I fixed my eyes on that little open palm, & with all the intensity I could summon, kissed it mentally in its rosy centre. I reproached the ungrateful thing for its dullness & forgetfulness, and brought to bear upon it a focus of old memories of pressures and caresses, to which a stone would scarce have the heart to be insensible.

I [illegible] be-he myself in writing this [illegible] snail. I watched those unmoving [illegible] with a heart ache. I could not [illegible] face, nor read the thought of the woman who had once loved me, & who sat with me, now, so unconsciously—but if a memory had stirred, if a pulse had quickened its beat, those finely strung fingers I well knew would have trembled responsively.—Was she forgotten me altogether? Is it [illegible]—can a woman close the leaves of her heart over a once loved and deeply written name, like the waves over a track; like air over the division of a bird's flight?

I intended to speak presently to Crediford, but every moment the [illegible] became greater. I felt no more [illegible] to speak to her than the stranger who had left the seat I occupied. I [illegible] back for fear of encroaching on her room, or disturbing the fold of her shawl. I dared not speak to her. And, while I was arguing the matter to myself the party who were with her, apparently tired of the play, arose and left the theatre. Kate followed last, but unspoken to, and unconscious altogether of having been near any one whom she knew.

I went home & wrote to her all night, for there was no sleeping till I had given vent to this new fever at my heart. And in the morning I took the leading thoughts from my heap of incoherent scribblings, and embodied them more coolly in a letter.

'You will think, when you look at the signature, that this is to be the old story. And you will be as much mistaken as you are in believing that I was ever your lover, till a few hours ago. I have declared love to you, it is true. I have been happy with you, and wretched without you; I have thought of you, dreamed of you, haunted you, sworn to you, and devoted to you all and more than you exacted, of time and outward service and adoration; but I love you now for the first time of my life. Shall I be so happy as to make you comprehend this startling contradiction?

'There are many chambers in the heart, Kate: and the spirits of some of us dwell most fondly and secretly, in the chamber of tears, avowedly in the outer and ever open chamber of mirth. Over the sacred threshold, guarded, by sadness; much that we select and smile upon, and follow with adulation in the common walks of life, never passes. We admire the gay. They make our melancholy sweeter by contrast, when we retire within ourselves. We pursue them.—We take them to our hearts—to the outer vestibule of our hearts—and if they are gay only, they are content with the unconsecrated tribute which we pay them there. But the chamber within is, meantime, lonely. It aches with its desolation. The echo of the mirthful admiration without, jars upon its mournful silence. It longs for love, but love toned with its own sadness—love that can penetrate deeper than smiles ever come—love that, having once entered, can be locked in with its key of melancholy, & brooded over with the long dream of a lifetime. But that deep hidden and unseen chamber of the heart may be long untenanted. And, meantime, the spirit becomes weary of mirth, and impatiently quenches the fire even upon its outer altar, and in the complete loneliness of a heart that has no inmate or idol, gay or tearful, lives mechanically on.

'Do you guess at my meaning, Kate? Do you remember the merriment of our first meeting? Do you remember into what a frolic of thoughtlessness you first permitted me to raise to my lips those restless fingers! Do you remember the mock condescension, the merry haughtiness, the rallying and feigned incredulity with which you received my successive steps of vowing and love making—the arch look when it was begun, the laugh when it was over, the untiring follies we kept up after vows plighted, & the future planned and sworn to! That you were in earnest as much as you were capable of being, I fully believed. You would not else have been so prodigal of the sweet bestowings of a maiden's tenderness. But how often have I left you with the feeling, that, in the hours I had passed with you, my spirit had been alone! How often have I wondered if there were depths in my heart, which love could never reach! How often mourned that in the procession of love there was no place alloted for its sweetest and dearest followers—tears and silence! Oh, Kate, sweet as was that sun gleam of early passion, I did not love you! I tired of your smiles, waiting in vain for your sadness. I left you and thought of you no more!

'But now—(and you will be surprised to know that I have been so near to you unperceived)—I have drank an intoxication from one glance into your eyes, which throws open to you every door of my heart, subdues to your control every nerve and feeling of my existence. Last night, I sat an hour, tracing again the transparent and well remembered veins upon your hand, and oh how the language written in those branching and mystic lines had changed in meaning and power. You were sad. I saw you from a distance, and, with amazement at an expression upon your face which I had never before seen I came and sat near you. It was the look I had longed for when I knew you, and when tired of your mirth. It was the look I had searched the world for, combined with such beauty as yours It was a look of tender and passionate melancholy, which revealed to me an unsuspected chamber in your heart—a chamber of tears Ah why were you never sad before! why have we lost—why have I lost the eternity's worth of sweet hours when you loved me with that concealed treasure in your bosom? Alas! that angels must walk the world, unrecognized, till too late!—Alas, that I have held in my arms and pressed to my lips, and loosed again with trifling and weariness, the creature whom it was my life's errand, the thirst & passionate longing of my nature, to find and worship!

'Oh Heaven! with what new value do I know number over your adorable graces of person! How spiritualized is every familiar feature, once so deplorably misappreciated! How compulsive of respectful adoration is that flexible waist, that step of aerial lightness, that swan like motion, which I once dared to praise tridingly and half mockingly, like the tints of a flower or the chance beauty of a bird And those bright lips! How did I ever look on them, and not know that within their rosy portals slept, voiceless for a while, the controlling spell of my destiny—the tearful spirit followed and called to my dreams, with perpetual longing! Strange value given to features and outward loveliness by qualities within! Strange witchery of sadness in a woman! Oh, there is, in mirth and folly, dear Kate, no air for love's breathing still less of food for constancy, or of holiness to consecrate and heighten beauty of person.

'What can I say else, except to implore to be permitted to approach you—to offer my life to you—to begin, thus late, after being known to you so long, the whorship which till death is your due. Pardon me if I have written abruptly and wildly. I shall await your answer in an agony of expectation. I do not willingly breathe till I see you—till I weep at your feet over my blindness and forgetfulness. Adieu! but let it not be for long, I pray you!'

I despatched this letter, and it would be difficult to embody in language the agony I suffered in waiting for a reply. I walked my room that endless morning, with a death pang in every step—so fearful, was I, so prophetically fearful, that I had forfeited forever the heart I had once flung from me!

It was noon when a letter arrived.—It was in a handwriting new to me.—But it was on a subject which possessed my existence, and it was of final import. It follows:

'Dear sir—My wife wishes me to write to you, and inform you of her marriage, which took place a week or two since, and of which she presumes you are not aware. She remarked to me, that you thought her looking unhappy last evening when you chanced to see her at the play. As she seemed to regret not being able to answer your note herself, I may perhaps convey the proper apology by taking upon myself to mention to you, that in consequence of eating an improper quantity of unripe fruit, she felt ill before going to the theatre, and was obliged to leave early. To-day she seems seriously indisposed. I trust she will be well enough to see you in a day or two, and remain, Yours, truly,

'SAMUEL SMITHERS.'

But I never called on Mrs. Samuel Smithers.

SKETCHES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDICAL DELUSION REVIVING THE DEAD—Mantaccinni, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favored by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favors with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title of 'the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a single touch or a simple look.'

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius, anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris and modestly announced himself at Lyons as 'the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.' To remove al doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumor and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his boume de vie. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money.—At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valorous fearing for his shoulders began to manifest signs of uneasiness. 'You know nothing of mankind, said the quack to his servant, 'the quiet.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—'Sir, the great operation you are going to perform has broken my [illegible] I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to 'yourself.' In an instant after two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications entreated him not to raise them old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of fifty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy.

In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess, which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens, were differently and violently agitated, some by fear and others by curiosity, so that the cheif magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said: 'Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion; and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family? I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt but to go a way, & thus restore the tranquility of the city. In justice however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.' This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.—Physic & Physician

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A WIZARD IN LONDON.

The Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, now travelling in Europe, is writing home a series of the most interesting letters. In one of his letters from London he describes a visit to the exhibition of the famous 'Wizard of the North.'

We went last night to the Adelphi Theatre, where the leading attraction was 'the Wizard of the North,' whose wonder working powers of magic, if we may believe the show bills, have procured for him a command to repair to St. Petersburgh to exhibit before the Emperor Nicholas. This man is indeed a 'Wizard.' The delusions practised cast Monsieur Adrien, Signor Blitz, and all other Magicians into deep shade. Let me astonish you with a few specimens He came into the boxes and obtained a five pound note from one gentleman, and asked another (any one who chose) to write a sentence upon a slip of paper. The note and paper were folded so that the Wizard could not see either the number of the former or the sentence upon the other, and then laid upon a plate, set fire to by a taper, consumed, and the ashes blown about the stage. The 'Wizard' then announced the number of the Bank note, repeated the sentence written on the slip of paper, and a Page returned these articles to the owners in a box which the 'Wizard' had not touched. He then handed a box to a gentleman nearest the stage, and requested him to deposite any article he chose in it, and to pass it around for similar deposits by ladies and gentlemen promiscuously, he standing upon the stage. When the deposits had been made, he requested that the box should be placed where he could see it, with the lid down, and standing at least sixty feet from it, he named, & described with great minuteness, every article which it contained. He requested ladies and gentlemen to loan him their handkerchiefs, which were thrown to him from all parts of the Theatre When collected and counted, to the number of 17, they were placed in a large Ewer, into which a servant poured a large bucket of water. Having been thoroughly saturated, the handkerchiefs were rinsed and wrung, and then spread; one by one, into another vessel, upon each one of which some blazing magical elixir was poured; and within five minutes the handkerchiefs were placed upon a salver and returned to the owners washed, dried, ironed, folded and perfumed! And all this was done openly, without turning away from the audience, and without any of the lumbering accompaniments accompanying ordinary jugglery.

He thus describes a visit to the Thames Tunnel:—

MONDAY, July 17.

I have been through the Thames Tunnel. This is to London what the Croton Water works are to New York, the great achievement of the nineteenth century. There is nothing at either entrance of the Tunnel which indicates that you are in the vicinity of this extraordinary improvement. We passed over it in a steamer in the morning without being aware that other masses of fellow beings were quietly walking through a subterraheal passage below us! The visiter is directed, 'This way to the Tunnel [illegible]' by a board on the corner of a street.—You descend a winding stone stairway of one hundred steps, and enter into the Tunnel, which is well lighted up with gas, and affords us a cool pleasant walk, after four hours' exposure to the sun.—The Tunnel has two avenues, each wide enough to allow twelve or sixteen persons to walk abreast. Half way through a Printing Press is stationed, 'By Royal Authority,' which is throwing off sheets containing an account of the Tunnel.—I told the man I would purchase two of his sheets, provided he would allow me to 'pull' them myself. This, upon learning that 'I knows the ropes,' as they say at sea, he consented to. I have, therefore, an account of the Thames Tunnel, printed by myself, standing midway between the London & Surry sides of the river, seventy feet below its bed, with steamers, and ships passing directly over my head!

The Tunnel is two miles below London Bridge, where another bridge, which was much wanted, would have proved seriously injurious to the immense commerce of the metropolis. In 1823, after the failure and abandonment of several plans for tunnelling the Thames, one was submitted by (now Sir J. M.) Brunel, which received the confidence of capitalists, and in 1825 he commenced his operations. But he encountered difficulties and obstacles for years at every step of his progress that would have disheartened and appalled any man but one whom the emergency had produced to accomplish this mighty enterprise.—Quicksand beds were among the most troublesome & perilous obstacles met with. The top of the Tunnel's arch, about the middle of the river, approaches within ten feet of the bottom of the river. Four times, during its progress, the Tunnel and shafts were filled with water, and the irruption of 1827 threatened to destroy the enterprise; but by the most incredible efforts all was overcome by its indomitable architect, and in 1835, seven years afterwards, Sir J. M. Brunel was enabled to resume the work.

The progress of this great work was necessarily very slow. Sometimes, with favorable excavations, two feet would be accomplished in twenty-four hours, working as they did, with changes of hands, day and night: where the excavation was difficult, only two feet would be done in a week; and for the last three months, so great was the labor and so formidable the obstuctions, that only three feet and four inches progress was made! In August, 1841, fifteen years after the ground was broken on the London side of the Thames, Sr. J. M. Brunel decended a shaft from the Wapping side, and passed through a small drift way through the sheild into the Tunnel.' Less than two years thereafter, in March, 1843, the magnificent work was completed. The whole expense of construction is stated at £614,000 sterling. The toll is only a penny for passing through the 'Tunnel, and, but for the getting up stars,' it would pay well. 'Until passengers are let down and taken up by an engine, it will not take foot-passengers from the bridges.

BUSINESS.

A gentleman called yesterday morning at the counting house of one of the iron merchants of this city, to purchase fifty tons of pig iron. In the course of the negotiation, the merchant was led to inquire to what purpose the iron was to be applied?

'To make weights for Yankee clocks.'

'Why what can you do with so many clocks?'

'They are shipped to England.'

'Think of that! Fifty tons of iron for clock weights, each clock requiring, probably, less than five pounds. We saw it stated some time since in an English paper, that these clocks were being introduced into the manufactoring districts of Great Britain, and almost every workman was becoming the owner of one of them.—*U. S. Gazette.*

THE DEBTOR.—The man is in debt; he is obliged to look in the face of people and perhaps poor people he cannot pay. It is a situation infinitely irritating and mortifying. We are a people, I know, to a proverb, reckless, of debt—reckless, at least, about plunging into it; but no man can be in it & find the situation an easy one. No man can, without passing, I had almost said, through worse than purgatorial torments, become callous to the demand for payment. It turns the whole of life into a scene of misery and mortification—makes its whole business and action a series of sacrifices, and shifts and subterfuges. Home itself—the last refuge of virtue and peace—the very house that has lost its independence in its splendor, that is not protected from the intrusive step and contemptuous tone of the unsatisfied creditor has lost its charm. It is no longer a sanctuary; and is but too likely to be forsaken for other places of resort. Many a man, not only in the city but in the country, has gone down in character and self respect, in virtue and hope, under the accumulated weight of these overwhelming embarrassment.—Dewey.

AN ANCIENT RECIPE FOR THE CURE OF THE GOUT.—The ingredients for the remedie cannot be had without a little theftie, but as no one's stock will bee endangered, the sufferer will bee contented to run a little riske, in order to obtain great relief:—1st. Hee must pick a hankercheif from the pocket of a maide of 50 years, who never had a wish to change her condition. 2nd. Hee must wash it in an honest maker's pond. 3d.—Hee must dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous. 4th. Hee must scent it in a doctor's shop who never kill'd a patiente. 5th. Hee must mark it with a lawyer's inke who never cheated a client. Applye it to the part affected, and a cure will speedilie follow.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

We find the following very laughable story in a late Liverpool paper. A gentlemanly looking personage walked into the house of Mr. Turrets, the Seraph Hotel, and accosting the waiter asked with a patronising air, what he could have for dinner. He was informed that there was some soup and some nice roast beef and boiled mutton ready. 'Is there nothing better? I can have those things at home any day; but say, what can you provide? I want the best dinner I can have for my money.' 'With pleasure, sir; by five o'clock,' said the waiter, 'you shall have a *very* good dinner: turtle soup, [good said the inquirer] turbot and lobster sauce, [good again] a couple of spring chickens boiled, and a little ham with new potatoes, [that will do] beautiful lamb chops, sir, and asparagus, [ay, now you are on the right track] apricot jam and other tarts, a custard and jelly, [ay, ay] a little salad with a nice dressing, and some Stilton [very good] and a choice desert.' 'That will do; and what of wines?'—'Sparkling champagne, sir: but perhaps you will like a little cold punch to the turtle? 'By all means.' 'And a little nectar to the tarts?' 'Certainly.'—'And then we have a capital bottle of Burgundy?' 'Excellent! that will do—that will do.'

At the appointed time the gentleman was in clover. He enjoyed a dinner worthy of a nabob and quaffed the best beverage which 'the vine covered hills and valleys of France' could afford. On rising to depart, satisfied to his heart's content with good things, he threw down a sixpence and took up his hat'. 'Thank you sir,' said the waiter eyeing the little coin. 'Would like the bill, sir?'

The bill! I want no bill,' was the cool reply' 'I have paid you!' 'Yes, sir my fee, sir, and thank you.' 'No, sir, it is for the dinner, according to the bargain. I ordered you to bring the best dinner you could for *my* money: you did so, and I am satisfied; *that's my* money; it's all I have & you cannot have more.' In a moment the waiter was down stairs

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