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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CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's whisper breathed a prayer—
Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid.
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid—
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose shape upon the earth did press
Like a new snow flake, white and 'mute,'
And there, from slumber pure and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her slight and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees—
Our loveliest and our purest one
She, with a face so pure and bright
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee—
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

JOSE JUAN,

THE PEARL DIVER.

A few years before the states of South America threw off the Spanish yoke, I was staying one hot summer at San Blas, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of California. It was the entrepot of the flourishing commerce of Spain with the Islands of the Southern Ocean, with China, and the East. A busy population filled the streets, and ships from all parts of the world crowded the road stead; on the border of which there now remain but the ruins of arsenals and dockyards. San Blas retains only the remembrance of her former activity and her picturesque situation.

So stifling was the heat of the city, aggravated by the myriads of mosquitos that infested the air, that I was glad to escape on an errand of business to a place some distance up the coast; and engaged a passage on board the galliot Guadaloupe, a small vessel of fifty-eight tons burden.—The captain desired me to take a lodging near the shore, as he might have to sail unexpectedly, and could, not afford to lose time. After waiting three days, a canoe was sent for me to the landing-place, and in a few minutes I stepped on board.—The deck was covered with heaps of the enormous and savory onions for which San Blas is celebrated, mingled with gourds and bananas. This collection of fruits and vegatables formed, with my trunk, the whole of the cargo. Our preparations were soon made, the onions were stowed away in the three canoes which we carried, the clustering bananas were hung up like long fringes on the starboard and larboard bulwarks, and then the vessel was abandoned to the discretion of the winds and the waves.

The crew was no less singularly composed than the cargo. Our Catalonian captain, Don Ramon Pauquinot, had under his orders a French sailor, deserter from a whale ship; a Mexican, who pretended to act as second mate; a Kanaka, or native of the Sandwich Islands; a Chinese unwilling to cook or work; and lastly, two young Indians from one of the tribes in the interior of the country, in the capacity of cabin-boys. The captain, when he was not quarrelling with his sailors, passed his time in pacing up and down the deck smoking and examining his store of gourds and onions. The Frenchman took upon himself the office of steering, and looked with contempt on all other persons in the vessel. The Mexican lay idle all day in one of the canoes, strumming upon a guitar, and effecting to be highly indignant if the captain presumed to give him any orders. The Chinese pretending to be busy either with cooking or the ordinary ship's duty, did neither the one nor the other. The Kanaka was the only one who really worked; he cooked the rice, bananas, and *cecina* or dried meat, which alone constituted our fare.

We had been out fifteen days, and were yet far from our port: the water putrified in our casks under the burning rays of a vertical sun; the cecina and rice were unendurable; when one evening, as the sun was disappearing behind a fog bank on the distant horizon, the Frenchman beckoned to me, and on my obeying the signal he said, 'Look yonder; we are approaching the Isle of Cerralbo; and behind is that of Espiritu-Santo.'

On my inquiring what we were to think of it, he replied, that although the captain yet considered himself sixty leagues from Pichilingue, we were in reality that distance beyond it, making an error of one hundred and twenty leagues in a voyage of little more than double that length. When the captain was informed of his blunder, he said to me, 'Lucky 'tis no worse, or I should have to keep you longer, but never mind, everything is included in the passage-money, and after resting a little at Ceralbo, I will carry you back to Pichilingue.'

By the time we were near the Islands the sun had disappeared; we could just distinguish the huts forming the temporary hat itations of the population, when amid loud outcries from the shore, two canoes, with a man in each, one of whom seemed to be pursuing the other, were seen rapidly skimming across the channel which separates the two islands. The attention of our whole company, particularly that of the Indians, who looked on with intense delight, was at once absorbed in the deep interest of the chase. The captain took his telescope, and after gazing a few minutes, said, turning to me, 'He is lost.'

'Who?' I inquired.

'Who? the man yonder in the canoe trying to get away!'

'What makes you think so?'

'Jose Juan is in pursuit,' was his answer.

The mention of the name left me no wiser; and considering it useless to trouble the captain with further questions, I continued to watch the canoes. It was evident that the fugitive was trying to gain a creek among the rocks stretching out from Espiritu-Santo. It was the only place where he could reach the shore.—In spite of all his efforts, an adverse eddy prevented his making way, while Juan, who was further out, rapidly approached to cut him off from his retreat. The man in the foremost canoe, despairing of escape, rose to his feet, and when his pursuer was within a few feet of him, plunged into the sea. Juan immediately stood up, and seizing in one hand the line used by pearl divers, leaped in after him. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when a head appeared above the surface of the water; it was that of the fugitive swimming towards the shore with all the energy of despair. All at once, as though he had been carried down by a whirlpool, he disappeared. A thin white foam, caused by the boiling of little waves above the place where he had sunk, indicated that a struggle was going on below. Was it between Jose and his adversary, or with one of the ferocious sharks which abound on the fishing-grounds? The spectators, however, were re-assured by seeing that the foam showed no stains of blood; and soon after two heads appeared—Jose Juan and the fugitive. But it was at one seen that the latter supported himself on the surface of the water by the action of his legs only, for his arms were lashed close to his sides by Juan's cord. This marvelous feat, accomplished under the water, produced a shout of acclamation from every spectator, intermingled with cries of *Viva Jose Juan.*

The rapid approach of night hid the remainder of the scene from our eyes; at the expiration of a few minutes, however, we heard loud lamentations on the shore, accampanied with ironical bursts of laughter, and the confused noise of one man and a number of others; after which all was still. We subsequently learned that the fugitive was a diver, who had stolen and swallowed a large pearl; for the losses thus sustained, the leaders or captains of the various parties are responsible. Juan was one of these captains as usual, when he got his man on shore he made him swallow a dose of turtle oil which causing him instanily to vomit, and the pearl was recovered.

The morning after our arrival, at the captain's suggestion, I went on shore; where I met our Mexican, who communicated to me some particulars of the life of Jose Juan, in whom I began to feel much interested: among others, of his having once attacked and killed a shark which had devoured a fellow-diver, his intimate friend I had been at a loss, while walking about among the miserable dwellings, where to apply for a night's lodging; but now my mind was made up at once to go to Juan's hut, and request the owner's hospitality. The diver, who was a *metis*, as those are called born of an Indian father and white mother, received me courteously, and led me to his dwelling, situated some distance beyond the others, almost at the extremity of the Island of Cerralbo. On our entrance we found his young wife preparing the dinner, which consisted of a turtle, whose lower shell was torn off, simmering in its fat on a fire of glowing embers. I produced a bottle of excellent wine which I had brought with me, and seated on the ground we enjoyed our meal. Night came on; the stars shone through the open door of the hut; the sea rippled softly on the shore, when unable longer to restrain my curiosity, I begged Juan to tell me of his adventure with the shark. No sooner had I spoken, than a mortal pallor overspread the features of his wife; she looked with a supplicating glance at her husband, who with an impatient gesture motioned her away. When she disappeared, an expression of savage pride lit up Juan's features pouring out another glass of wine, he said 'I never felt more disposed for confidence. You said you would depart to-morrow?'

'To morrow at day break,' was my answer.

'Tis well,' rejoined the diver; 'you shall know my history,' and he rose and beckoned me to follow him. When we were out of the hut, he added, the land-breeze blows as usual, and to-morrow by ten o'clock, when it will cease, the Guadaloupe will be far away.'

He then seated himself on the bottom of an inverted canoe, and recommenced: 'At the beginning of last year's fishing season, there was one man that I met everywhere. Like, me, he was a diver; and, like, me pretended to have no family name. He was called Rafael. At the washing, under the water, in all quarters, in fact, we were sure to meet. These frequent opportunities of seeing each other made us very friendly; and the remarkable skill with which he performed all his avocations inspired me with a great esteem for him.—His courage was quite equal to his skill he had no fear whatever of sharks; he had he told me; a particular manner of looking at them which intimidated them' he was, in short an intrepid diver, an excellent worker, and above all, a merry companion.

'This went on very well, until one day a young girl came with her mother to live in the Island of Espiritu-Santo. Some business that I had there with one of the dealers gave me an opportunity of seeing her. I became passionately in love; and enjoying a certain reputation, neither she nor her mother looked with an unfavorable eye on my pretensions and presents.—As soon as our day's work was over, and every one thought me asleep in my hut, I went across in a canoe to Espiritu-Santo, whence I returned soon after midnight without any one suspecting my absence.

'Some days had passed after my first nocturnal excursion, when one morning going to the fishing ground before sunrise I met one of our old Indian women, who accosted me with the words—"Listen, Jose Juan; I have something to say that concerns you." She then went on, and much to my surprise; to tell me that I had a rival, Rafael, one of our divers, who threatened to do me an injury. That evening I discovered that she spoke the truth and that Rafael was actually swimming in the same direction as myself. All at once a wild cry burst across the water. There was no mistake; it was Rafael's voice.'

Hear Juan sighed deeply as he continued—'I knew that Rafael was my enemy, and that he aimed at taking from me her whom I desired to make my wife; I knew likewise that his vengeance was deadly. But this was not a time for me to weigh feelings of selfishness. It was a gloomy night and a wailing voice came across the waves. Turning my canoe in the direction of the noise, I saw Rafael in the midst of a circle of foam. It struck me as strange that, instead of using his strength to swim towards the canoe, he remained struggling in one spot. But I soon became aware of the cause: a short distance from him, and a few feet below the surface, shone a phosphoric light approaching slowly nearer and nearer to him. Can you guess what it was?'

"No.'

'It was a tintorera, a shark of the most voracious species,' answered Juan, and continued his narration. 'A stroke of my paddle brought me close to Rafael; on seeing me he uttered a cry of joy, but he had not strength to speak. With desperate effort he seized the gunwale of the canoe: yet such was his exhaustion, that he could not raise himself from the water. His eyes though deadened by terror looked at me with an imploring expression of agony, so intense, that I grasped his two hands in mine, and held them fast. The streak of light under the water came steadily on; for one instant, one brief instant, Rafael ceased to strike out with his legs, a fearful shriek burst from his lips, his eyes closed and his hands relaxed their hold. The upper portion of his body fell back into the sea; the shark had cut him in two.

The diver paused in a struggle of inexpressible emotion. In reply to my inquiry, he said that, had he been a little more collected he might possibly have saved his companion; his teeth were set, and his voice resembled a hoarse whisper. Recovering himself, however,—'I have not yet come to the end,' he said, 'no sooner had Rafael's body disappeared under the water, than I plunged in myself, I had a hundred reasons for so doing. The tintorera, although he had rid me of a rival became hateful to me, and exasperated me by the brutality with which he had torn poor Rafael to pieces. The honor of the corporation of divers was insulted; I am, you know one of the captains. Besides once enticed with the taste of human flesh, the monster would have come to attack us next. And how could the alcalde expect me to be responsible for my friend if I had killed the shark that had eaten him?

'I did not go deep, as you may think; having to look above, below, and around me all at once. The waves roared over my head with a noise like distant thunder, but around me all was calm; a dark mass drifted against me; it was the mutilated trunk of Rafael; and I concluded the fish I was looking for could not be far off. In fact, a distant ray of light, at first scarcely visible, grew more and more distinct.—The tintorera was about the same depth as myself but gradually slanting upwards My breath was beginning to fail; I did not wish to give the shark the advantage of being above me. I rose to the surface, it was time; for so swiftly did the monster approach, that his fins brushed my body as he passed: and I could see his dull glassy eyes, and the rags of flesh yet hanging to his jaws which he smacked together with greedy satisfaction. I snorted rather t an breathed when I rose above the water. The shark was close behind me, his silver white belly plainly visible as he turned on his back, at the same time opening his tremendous jaws, bristling with frightful rows of teeth. Darting away in the opposite direction, I buried my dagger in the body of the fish, and cut a gash as far as my arm could reach. The tintorera, wounded to death, dashed upwards with a prodigious bound, and fell back, lashing the water with his tail. Luckily I was out of the way of the blows; but was half drowned before I could get out of the storm of bloodstained foam which he raised around me. A minute after at the sight of my enemy floating motionless and livid upon the water, frothing in the gaping wound, I raised a cry of triumph which was heard on both islands.

'Day was breaking as I regained the shore, exhausted by the efforts I had been obliged to make to surmount the fast increasing waves. The fishermen visited their nets; and almost at the same moment that I landed, the remains of Rafael and the body of the shark were drifted on the beach by the tide.'

THE LIVING TOMB.

The Troy Budget tells a most horrific story of a young Lady who was buried alive!

It seems that Dr. S. had a patient, whose symptoms were very peculiar. He was puzzled. The books were at fault for a precedent, and the doctor's patient died.

Mortified at this result, and more especially so from the fact that this was his first essay in the healing art, after having been dubbed an M. D., he determined to have the benefit of the case, if possible.—Working upon the better feelings of friends, he persuaded them to entomb the body until Spring; entertaining at the same time, the laudable purpose of exhuming the body at his leisure, and afterwards returning it to its place of deposit.

It may be a matter of surprise to some that there can be such a thing as collusion between a surgeon and a sexton; but those conversant with the manner of doing things in a city, can attest to many an arrangement for scientific purposes, of which friends would not approve were they first consulted. And so long as public opinion refuses to sanction the indiscriminate use of such bodies as the profession requires, the only alternative is to secure what one can—at least, so reasoned Dr. S., the evening he called on me for assistance in his enterprise.

His patient was a daughter of a wealthy man in town, who, having perfect confidence in his ability, had entrusted her to him, authorizing such counsel as the doctor himself should prefer.

Slowly but surely the poor victim had drooped and died. She was beautiful in the extreme—young and facinating. Dr. S. had striven to the utmost to save her, but vainly. She had died, and—was to be buried the next day.

As caution was needful, we arranged to attend the funeral, that we might be certain of every particular in the ceremony of burial, so that failure would be impossible in seeming the body afterwards. Strange motives actuate men under very ordinary circumstances, as every one may sometimes attest. I am confident those who observed Dr. S. at the funeral, little suspected the motive which prompted him to so great a display of sympathy as that occasion witnessed. It might not have been his first essay, but that it was his last I am confident.

As the young lady was universally beloved, a large concourse attended the funeral obsequies, and shed tears over her early tomb, when the coffin was opened for the last look, before consigning it to the sexton, I observed upon the glass a dampness like a breath upon a looking glass.—The horrible suspicion that she was alive flashed upon me!—and I whispered my suspicion to my companion.

Cooly taking his handkerchief from his pocket, to conceal by the act my manifest agitation, he rubbed the glass to convince me it was a mist upon the outside, occassioned by the humidity of the atmosphere.

A gentle rubbing rendered it perfectly clear, and this, apparently, satisfied him; but I could see, by the nervous working of his mouth, that he was not at ease. Perhaps, thought I, he is afraid we shall be suspected, if we show too much interest; or, may be he prefers to satisfy himself, before he excites the feelings of friends.

The interval between the depositing of the body in the vault, and the dispersion of the crowd, seemed endless. I was so impatient as to excite attention; and as I walked away, I overheard several remarks, which at any other time, I should have considered prejudicial to my reputation.

I had heard of instances in which the prematurely buried had revived, and sought to release themselves; and the horrors of such a condition so worked upon my imagination, that I could not refrain from urging the sexton to visit the tomb during the afternoon and evening—alleging the moisture upon the glass as my only reason.

Agreeably to my suggestion, he did so; and at ten o'clock, called, to assure me I need have no further alarm; she was as dead as a door nail.

About twelve o'clock, Dr. S. called on me for my promised assistance. I found myself so far under the influence of my former fears, that I consented to go only on the condition that he would apply restoratives, in case he removed her from the vault to his office.

This he promised, and we proceeded.—The keys, by the ready courtesy of the sexton, were already in his possession; and as a few shovels full of earth only obstructed our operations, we were soon at work within.

To remove the coffin from its place, and lift the lid, was but the work of a moment. We soon had the body out, and stretched upon a temporary table, made by laying boards across several piles of coffins.

The limbs of the poor girl were relaxed and I half fancied I could perceive a quivering of the flesh as we haised her from her narrow bed.

The glare of the lantern gave a tinge of redness to her cheeks, and altogether, I could not but believe life still remained.

To satisfy myself that it was not so, I secretly applied my lance to the left arm, while my companion was busy in unloosing and disrobing the body. At the first prick of the lancet, blood flowed, and almost immediately the girl opened her eyes, with a sigh like one recovering from a swoon.

Dr. S. sprang up like one demented.—Life in a tomb he had not anticipated. He had regarded my suspicions as but the effervescence of a weak brain; and had not cherished the remotest intention of fulfilling his contract to restore life, if possible.

Recognizing the doctor, after a moment's hesitation, she timidly inquired. "Where am I? How long have I slept? I thought they were going to bury me—I am glad it is a dream." What to say, or how to act, under such circumstances, we knew not, nor had we time to reflect; for her dim vision had recognised the place we were in, and also the probable errand in which we were engaged. With an expression of horror, I hope never again to see on mortal countenance, she sunk back into the stupor from which we had aroused her. In vain we tried the lancet, as well as every other means in our power. She was now apparently dead; and we could do no more than decently arrange her in the coffin, and put everything as nearly as possible in its former position.

With as much speed as practicable, we returned to our dwellings, faithfully promising to betray none of the secrets we that night participated in. * * *

The next morning the sexton called on me, and endeavored to relate the awful disclosures he had made on visiting the scene of the previons day's interment.

The coffin had fallen from its place, and poor Mary L—— was sitting bolt upright upon the stone steps—dead. She had recovered, and in her struggles, as he said, had freed herself from the coffin. In her agony, she had torn the flesh from her arms with her teeth, while the grave clothes lay in tatters all around her; and there alone in a living tomb she had died from fright.

So horrible an end had overwhelmed her. I had suppossed her dead when we left her.

That night—its scenes and recollections are graven with an iron pen upon my mind. Ah! there's a creeping chillness comes over me, as I thus recount that scene of "life in the tomb."

To save the feelings of friends, the sexton arranged the corpse again in the coffin, carefully hiding every vestige of the fragments which had been scattered around; and when the contemplated interment in the cemetery occurred the process of decomposition had so far taken place, as to render it impossible to determine that any change from the first order of buriel had occurred.

REASONS FOR TURNING LOAFER.—Among the many reasons which are effectual in urging a man to turn loafer the following may be named as a few of the most powerful;—

1. You are never bothered with tailors' or bootmakers' bills.

2. Poor relations are a kind of folk that don't make frequent calls upon your purse.

3. You have no work to do, and may lounge the streets to your hearts content.

4. You are never in danger of being roused from a sound sleep, with "Joseph get up; your breakfast is waiting for you."

5. You run no hazzard of being knocked down for your money.

6. You are at liberty to enjoy the undisturbed luxury of sucking molasses from a hogshead through a wisp of straw.

7. You are free from the constraints of fashionable etiquette

8. You have no fear of getting corns on your toes from new boots.

9. You are in the way of becoming a philosopher, by observing with solicitude "the changes of the moon," and noting the alternate approach of fair & foul weather by the direction of the winds.

10. You are never obliged to take your "eye-opener" or your "phlegm cutter" at your own expense.

11. You are never likely to be denounced by the rabble as a purse-proud aristocrat.

12. And you enjoy the distinction universally accorded, of being a *public man. N. Y. Sun.*

Mrs. J. G. Bennett is writing blue-stocking letters from Europe for her husband's Herald. In a late epistle about Venice she says, 'never shall I forget the fifteen days I passed at Venice—the *delightful repose a body* and mind; such perfect tranquility,' &c. In the next sentence she says, 'many a time have I opened my window about two in the morning—for I could not sleep for the mosquitoes,' &c. 'Delightful repose,' with a vengeance!

Death of a Powerful Monarch.—A great Emperor of India, little known in Europe, but who, nevertheless, was the chief of thirty millions of men, has recently died. We mean Min Meah, the ruler of Anam, Sovereign of all Cochin China, of Tonquin and of Cambodia. The event is important. Min-Meah, after the example of the Emperor of Japan, and the former example of the Emperor of China, had constantly refused all relations with foreign powers. It is said that his successor is determined to open the ports of the empire of Anam to the vessel of all commercial nations.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel."

WALKING.—Walking is good; not merely stepping from shop to shop or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out into the country, to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and quiet lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is at first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face of the commonest highway is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such time to be believed.

DRIED STRAWBERRIES.—Last summer, by way of experiment, when strawberries were plentiful, I attached threads to their stalks and hung up a few which were over ripe to dry. I placed them inside a window facing the south, where they remained from June last to the present time, (March) They have just been tasted, and the result is most satisfactory. That sweet refreshing acid which is peculiar to the strawberry in full perfection; the flavor of the fruit, without any watery taste, is delicious; it desolves in the mouth as slowly as a lozenge, and it is infinitely superior to the rasin, which so soon brings on a feeling of satiety. The strawberry thus dried is a stomachic. The experiment may be tried when the fruit is so ripe as to be scarcely worth gathering, without any further trouble or expense than being hung up. —*London paper.*

Horace Walpole tells the following anecdote of Dodington. Dodington was in the habit of falling asleep after dinner. One day, dining with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, &c, he was reproached with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove his assertion, offered to repeat all that Cobham had been saying. He was challenged to do so. In reply, he repeated a story; and Cobham acknowledged that he had been telling it. 'Well,' said Dodington, 'and yet I did not hear a word of it. But I went to sleep because I knew that, about this time of day, you would tell that story.'

POSITIVELY DELICIOUS.—A Sunday paper, published in Cincinnati, gives the following a correct version, for the use of all doubting husbands, of the "Wife's Commandments." Listen:

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.

2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her, and to serve her for I am a jealous wife visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectably.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern thou shall not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin; nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum seller.

11. Thou shall not visit Billiard Hall, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor heaps of money that lie on the table.

And the twelfth commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than 9 o'clock at night.

"Of all professions," says Goldsmith, "I do not know a more useful or a more honorable one than that of a schoolmaster; at the same time I do not see any more generally despised, or one whose talents are less rewarded."

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