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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rs for every subsequent insertion.

SNOW.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

n the old posts, that hold the bars
And the old gate,
getful of their wintry wars
And age sedate,
capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
hay stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
wagon loaded for the mill
The eve before.

ia brings the water pail—
But where's the well!
magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell.
vanished—curb, and crank, and rail—
How deep it ll!

wood pile too is playing hide;
The axe—the log—
kennel of that friend so tried—
(The old watch dog.)
grindstone standing by its side,
All now *incog.*

bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed;
spot to scratch him a repast.
Up curves his head,
ts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

drowsy dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
from the window of his stall
A view he takes,
ile thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

HE MORNING VISITER.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on the rning of the 2-th of February, 1812, a tleman presented himself at the door of Schmidt, the affluent merchant of Leip- Being admitted to an interview, he ormed Mr. Schmidt that he was from nburgh, where, not finding affairs favble to his objects, he had come to see at could be done in Saxony; and, desbing himself as especially recommendto Mr. Schmidt's good offices, he reested that gentleman's advice with rest to the most advantageous mode of layout his money.

n the course of this conversation, which ted upwards of an hour, Mr. Schmidt ened his desk, and took from it a bill he amount of one hundred dollars, ich the visitor begged leave to inspect. ving done so he restored it to the own- who, whilst returning it to the place ence he had taken it, suddenly sank to ground, deprived of consciousness.— recovering his senses, he cried to the anger to assist him; but the stranger was ne.

When Mr. Schmidt arose from the floor, hich he did with much difficulty—for head was bleeding profusely—he saw chairs standing about in confusion, and desk open, and a moment's examinan showed him that bills to the amount three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to s aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, d his wife; who having bound up his eeding head as well as they could, the fortunate man, to whom indignation and spair lent strength, rushed into the street d making his way to the sheriff's office, dged information against the stran- r, giving the best description of him he uld. Notices were immediately sent to l the banking houses in the city, togeth- with the numbers of the missing bills, quickly as this was done, it was too . The house of Frege and Company ad already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr. Schmidt returned ome, took to his bed, and after an illness f some duration, died from the consequences of the wounds in his head, which he surgeons declared had been inflicted ith considerable violence, and by a lunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon ath the above particulars, adding that he id not know how nor why he had fallen or whether the stranger had struck him r not. An idea seems to have prevailed t the time that he had sunk to the ground mmediately after taking a pinch of snuff rom the stranger's box; but this fact was ot positively established. Of the appearnce of this ill-omened visitor he could ive very little description, except that he elieved him to be about forty years of ge. The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on that day in question, a stranger ad presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter; who had seen him in Mr. Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time; the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning, a rumor spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance hall by a clegyman, who asked her if she was going out and whether she should be long She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying. "Hanne! Hanne!" and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of anteroom, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohendorf, 24th January, 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with, blood, and from one spot the coloring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr. Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that just before he heard the maid crying help, he saw a middlesized man, in dark frock coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honor of having already been favored with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr Kunitz and a Demoiselle Junius a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object. Presently a rumor began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnessess recognized him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman, who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr. H—— remembered that a friend of his called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr. Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was a minister of Posenna an eloquent and far-famed preacher: an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning, and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr. Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the suprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr. Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the till now respected Dr. Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr. Tinius still lives, at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a deathbed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process; in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trial extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr. Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him, and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr. Tinius endeavored to prove an *alibi* but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in the house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer with the handle shorted, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head, had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends—respectable men generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other which whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honorable men were in that condition themselves. These letters refer to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr. Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid servants deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these words, *Deleatur et igni tradatur*; a piece of advice which strangely enough he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr. Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though doubtless not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was; in broad daylight in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kundardt. Circumstances there had been less favorable; and if booty were his object, he had been disapointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr. H——'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlor, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at the table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken yet there were moments wherein he betrayed irrepressible confusion, which he endeavored to mask by a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquantance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combined straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these careful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, bidding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography written previous to he occurence of the events above narrated. "The fact it that is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on those subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colors will remain unfaded and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification in patience being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not my honor, but their own that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promises of the dying saint—'So, my, son, shall the Lord fight for thee.'"

From the Spirit of the Times.

A LIVE YANKEE "SNORED" OUT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Reader—do you *snore* in your sleep? You *don't*? Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a 'snorer?'

The varieties of the *genus* 'Snorer,' is very extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has a good time at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking snorer, who makes a regular business o' it, but keeps it all 'in the family,' and, peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in next room) who mumbles and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven, any object of pity—one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolent disposed—more than another, commend me to your out-and-out snorer.

To appreciate his qualities fully—you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of last commers—and after the jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours—as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively, (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment which nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you!

Your weary head touches the pillow; but an unusual nervousness troubles you; and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is midnight before you compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning—and though the night is warm, and the vermin are active you are determined to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lightning,) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embraces of Morpheous, your eyes suddenly agape—wide open—and as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself, what's that?

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place—a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, a blast—'whoo——of ph.—and the sound rolls away in a long drawn, unearthly sigh, like the last effort of a suffocating man to recover his breath—and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded canal Packet.

It was near midnight when he came on board, at Pittsburg, from one of the Ohio steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been out west, so he said—and was satisfied to go *home* again!

The cabin was cramed and an upright was allotted to him in the middle of the floor with some other. He was a live Yankee—and occupied considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting the bed-clothes and caring for his tin, which he stowed away under his pillow. He finally mounted the piece of furniture, which some lady-writer compared to a fence rail, covered with two strips of tape, and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in his cot, muttering to himself something about being 'shelved up between heaven and airth'—but he finally turned over as I supposed, for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes—burst out with—

'Ara——r roo——whie—u!'

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he would'nt have reached the cabin floor quicker than he did as t was! And there he stood 'in his tracks'—his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side of his cot—as he yelped out—

'Hel *low!*'

'Phop—o——'

'Wot's *that?*'

The unconscious sleeper was relieved, momentarily—and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed about the cabin cautiously—but his fellow lodgers were all sound asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I supposed he had at last gone to the 'land of nod' for the night—another,

'Ker—r—r—the——'*whoo!*' burst from the throat of the snorer on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause—a,

'Per—shee——swelu—ooh' escaped the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprang to the floor—with

'Hel *low*—I say——'

'Ah-peoo!'

'Thunder and earthquakes!'

'Wh—e—w!'

'Wot *is* it?'

'Ar-ker-ker——sloo—oo——'

'*Don't!*'

'Tchoo——'

'No it ain't me——'

'Er—y—hou!'

'Blast your picture—it *ain't*—'

'Ah—*tish!*'

'I say yer *lie!*'

'Er—a—*hou!*——'

'Wy, it's *you*—yerself, continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—and yer've made noise enough to skeer the divil or stop a camp meet'n!'

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's breast, a sudden '*whoof!* escaped him and the Yankee could bear no more!

'Help, vere!'

'P'she—eu!'—said the snorer.

'*Do!*'

'Ah—shoe——'

'For Heaven's sake!'

'Hup—kir——'

'Cap'n—help—*yere!* The man's dyin—I say *Mister!*—Murder!—help!'

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened [illegible] it right heartily. The snorer turned over suddenly upon his side and the effects awakened him.

'What's the row, neighbor?' he inquired of the Yankee who stood over him with a light.

'*Row!* Thunder and light'nin'—aint year dead yet? Wal, I reck'n yur's *one* uv'em stranger! Mishigan thunders a fool to *yur's* snorin'—by gra-hus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to night hang *my* picture!' he added—and, in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay until morning.

At day light he landed—and as he parted with the Captain, he declared that he had heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snorin' beat *all* the high pressures he *ever* heard.

"TAKING IT COOL."

BY SOLITAIRE.

"Take it cool" is a very common piece of advice often gratuitously tendered to a young gentleman of warm temperament when he is about to tear his undergarment, but the advice is often disregarded to the great detriment of superficial surfaces,—and the discoloration of exposed parts of the human face divine. In the above-mentioned case the advice might be profitably followed but there are circumstances which forbid the quiet and unmoved contemplation of an approaching crisis. To say to a man who is seated in a falling building—"take it cool," would be a mockery of his situation, or to whisper to three hundred passengers upon a magnificent steamship as she is running, with a full head of steam, bows on the mainland, to "possess themselves of a frigid state," would be a downright aggravation of their position. It is also sufficient cause for hostile rencontre to grin at a defeated candidate, and tell him to "take it cool;" but there are cases when as a modern romancer would say, "in point of downright provocation rise in sublime magnitude above all these," and we will endeavor to make good the assertion by presenting an example.

In the wild days of Missouri—no one, we presume will dispute its present civilized state—a number of more excitable and adventurous young officers of our gallant army were stationed at Council Bluffs, to guard the frontier from the incursions of the wild and then powerful tribes which roamed in that immediate neighborhood. In their isolated position they had little to destroy the monotony of life except an occasional march to check some tribe which was warming into hostility, or inventing and playing off tricks upon each other.—It mattered not how outrageous or dangerous, or ridiculous any devilment practiced upon one officer by another should be, they never for once grew angry, but the victim merely set his wits to work to, if possible surpass his own case by retorting upon his adversary. A Lieutenant who was particularly good at these practical jokes, because his dignified and cool manner made him less suspected than his comrades, had played off one upon a brother Lieutenant who had a delightful lisp. A short time after, at an evening card party in his quarters, the dignified joker was expiating to several officers, among them his lisping victim, how very becoming it was for a man, under all circumstances, to keep cool, and remarked, moreover, that in his own case it was a constitutional habit in the face of the most threatning consequences, to retain a nerve which defied surprise. Then the advantage of such a temperament was enlarged upon, the chances it afforded of escape from danger particularly pointed out, and a general assent given to its great value in the possession of a military man.

"Well, Jim," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do thopothe a thell with an inch futhee thould drop itthelf into a high walled angle in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp thooterth, and where it wath thertain if you poked out your nothe you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the other, winking at the circle, "why take it cool, *and spit on the fusee!*"

"Yeth, thath true," answered the lisping Lieutenant, apparantly, perfectly satisfied; and another wink traveled round the circle of optics.

The party broke up and all retired for the night, except the patrols, who continued their round, as we believe they generally do on military posts, until morning goes into fragments, when the air of bustle and activity began again its hum in the barracks. The soldiers were passing from their several quarters, and soon there were a number gathered upon the parade. Presently several officers assembled, and were talking in a cluster, when along came the lisping Lieutenant; he looked at the group and immediately passed into the quarters of his dignified friend, who was still in the bed.

"Ah is that you, Charley?" said the sleepy Lieutenant, lazily opening his eyes.

"Yeth Jim," said the lisper, "I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how d—n cool you *can* be!" saying which he walked deliberately up to the fire burning upon the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre *a powder canister!* and instantly retreated.

There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground—the rear being built up for a defence against attack. The occupant took one glance at the fire, saw the canister, and comprehending his situation in a moment, he dashed at the door, but his friend had it fast on the outside.

"[illegible]" shouted the occupant of the quarters.

"*Thpit* on the canithter, Jim!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost—he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now droping it, he raised the window out he bounced!—*sans culottes, sans* everything but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him, brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Lieutenant pulled a tall Seargent in front of him to hide his parade dress.

"Why did'nt you *thphit* on it Jim?" inquired Charley.

"Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered Jim.

"All I got to thay ith," said Charley, "that you might thavely done it, for I'll thware there wath'nt a thingle grain of powder in it!"

Under a volley now of the sharpest kind of shooting, the cool and dignified Lieutenant retreated into his quarters, perfectly satisfied to acknowledge, that, under some circumstances, "it is not very easy to *to take it coolly!*

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT OF UNION COLLEGE.

On the evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the college with the most *foul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one of them ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left the house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately creeped away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above, as follows: "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's marm Prex," said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?"—"Yes," again responded the Doctor.—"Here's son John, will you have him?"—"Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had regularly gone through with the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work came down, and straked it off for the college. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion, that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott.

Expulsion, fines and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting