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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Advertisements

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HOPE.

The future is man's immemorial hymn,
In vain runs the present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim
In life, in death, he is hasting
The world grows old, and young and old,
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth,
To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for old age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death can not dim it.
Its rays will gilde even fathomless gloom;
When the pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,
Never call it the dream of the rhymer—
The instinct of nature proclaims it aloud—
We are destined for someting sublimer.
The truth, which the witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper deepliest feels.

[*Schiller.*

TWO STRANGE STORIES.

In a recent collection of German Criminal Trials abounding in singular illustrations of the human mind, we find the two following tales, for an admirable condensation of which we are indebted to the *Athenæum*.

The first is that of a native of Berlin, of low extraction, named Grosjean; who, under the assumed name of Carl Grandisson, made a splendid figure in several parts of Germany—appearing and disappearing at intervals throughout a period of *twelve years*, as a wealthy merchant travelling with his family for pleasure. At Heidelberg, especially, and in the neighborhood of that city, he twice resided for a length of time, on each occasion with his wife and family—an object of general esteem and admiration. His establishment was of the richest kind; his entertainments were noble and frequent; his manners, except for a certain tendency to boasting were thought to be in the highest degree winning and delightful. The public regard acquired by a prosperous air and sociable dispositions was enhanced by the domestic virtues and admirable conduct of his very handsome wife. She seemed to be a pattern of propriety—cheerful and amiable when in company, but greatly preferring retirement; in which she devoted herself with exemplary care—especially during the frequent absence of her husband on short business journeys—to the education of two lovely and well-conducted children. After this happy family had lived for some time in Heidelberg, universally popular and admired, in 1802 some questionable circumstances took place in connection with the members of a family that had become intimate with the Grandissons in which an unaccountable loss of money came to be talked of, with some other strange transactions; but all in a manner that appeared to reflect chiefly on one of the young men of that family, who had fallen, as it seemed hopelessly in love with the merchant's beautiful wife. The matter came to no certain conclusion; the youth fled, and the Grandissons left Heidleberg in consequence of the disgust which this occurence caused. Eight years later they reappeared there with the same splendid equipage and living in the same admirable manner. This second sojourn lasted for three years; when a mere accident led to the discovery of the facts which render the case surprising. The wealth of Grandisson was the fruit of a regular plunder of the public mails, which without any accomplice in the act, he had systematically carried on for years with entire impunity. His short absences were employed on expeditions of the kind; during which he must have committed almost countless robberies of large sums of money and other valuables, without detection in a single instance—returning to the bosom of his family with the plunder which he had collected. The discovery was brought about, during one of these absences by a letter, intended to extort money, from one who had accidentally found out some of his minor speculations and had traced the offender at last to his abode. It then became apparent that the whole life of this flourishing person had been a series of every kind of theft. While the wealth gained by his larger felonies was expended in keeping up a stately appearance, he could not repress the petty desire of stealing any trifle that fell in his way, in shops, dwelling-houses—nay, even in the very place where he lived on the footing of a grand personage. Yet of this not a suspicion was raised until the detection of his greater robberies had come to pass. The condition and history of the wife are hardly less curious than this long success of a wholesale system of plunder combined with the incessant practice of the meanest pilfering. She appears to have been at once conscious of her husband's iniquities, studious to conceal them, wavering between fits of abandoned conduct and long intervals of domestic propriety—but on the whole, sick of the deception which she was made to practice and sincerely desirous to give a virtuous education to her children. Both husband and wife were mere adventurers at the outset. The man began his course of crime, when a valet, by robbing his master; and soon afterwards entered upon'a career of pretences, treacheries, and felonies, on the grandest, as well as on the smallest scale—so dexterously planned and so long undetected, that the story of them sounds more like a romance than a reality of the nineteenth century. To complete the tale, it may be added that the culprit when apprehended at Berlin, escaped punishment by committing suicide, in a manner showing desperate resolution, before his examination could take place. The subject will be found highly remarkable in all its details: and might furnish the modern writer with a theme more amusing and far less odious than many of the "criminal novels" can boast of.

More terrible and strange is the case of Gesche Margarite Gottfried at Bremen.—This monstrous woman was perhaps, of all recorded poisoners, the most secret, fatal, and inexcusable. No strong passion or necessity impelled her to the commission of her deadly crimes. The number of her victims was greater than in any other case that we have heard of; and the choice of these—amongst whom were father mother, two husbands, all her own children, and several devoted friends, from whom she had received nothing but benefits—the manner in which she executed her murders—the indifference with which she reverted to them—betrayed the most profound wickedness and cruelty. She had none of the vehement emotions which had actuated a Brinvilliers or a Tiquet.—She seems to have been alike incapable of love, gratitude, or compassion. The meanest inducements and the temptations of a vulgar selfishness, were her only visible incentives to these enormities, which however, were only the darkest part of her depravity—her life being spotted throughout with other sins that need not be insisted on. She was proved by her own confession to have dispatched, in the course of twelve years, fifteen of her relations and friends, and given poison without fatal effect to at least an equal number!—But the surprising part of this monster's history has yet to be told. Consummate in hypocrisy from her earliest youth, she succeeded until the very moment of discovery—in continual intercourse with respectable people, in the populous city of Bremen, in this nineteenth century—in passing herself off as the most amiable of human beings! She has been admired by all who knew her as the pattern of grace, kindness and Christian submission. The deaths which struck down all belonging to her, as they successively occured, only heightened the interest in her pretended sorrows. One of the most eminent preachers in Bremen, Draseke, publicly recommended her from the pulpit to the prayers of the pious as "a sufferer strong in Christian patience." This marvellous success of her long deception is the more curious, as her way of poisoning had nothing to distinguish it from the rudest attempts. Arsenic was given, with scarcely a precaution against discovery, to one victim after another People began to think that there was a fatality attached to the woman, as death was seen to fall across all who came near her; but no shadow of suspicion of unfair means seems to have arisen until the very last moment—when one whom she had often dosed before, discovered poison on the food which she had prepared before the worst had befallen him. The case, whether as an instance of unatural wickedness and of consumate and skilful hypocrisy in the criminal, or as as a proof of the height to which these may, even in our own days rise and rage undetected for years within a narrow domestic circle of the middle classes is certainly the most remarkable of all the stories of poisoning that we have seen related. After a long imprisonment, during which confession was extracted by degrees from the miserable creature, she was at length beheaded in Bremen, in 1831;—keeping on the hateful mask of glozing sanctimoniousness and affectation to the last moment. Everything thing about her partook of the quality of false seeming and vile pretence. On her apprehension, the prison attendants had to remove from her miserably shrivelled body as many as *thirteen corsets*, by means of which with paint and other appliances, she has kept up the appearance of a buxom and blooming widow. The character altogether seems to approach nearly to what we may conceive of an inferior demoniac nature—destitute of all the higher capacities—without a single warm feeling, or even a strong passion of any kind—frivolous, sensual, vain, selfish, false, deliberately and busily cruel incapable of anything better than a certain specious fawning hypocrisy, an ape-like propensity for mischief, and a command of external appearances proceding from the callousness and coldness of a nature originally poor and utterly depraved by a long practice of every kind of sin. To complete this picture:—she died apparently without a sense of her abominable guilt or any awakened feeling of remorse. The account of her protracted career of crime almost without motive, and of deception without a parallel, has not, we believe, been exhibited in any English book; and the curious in such records may regret that it is not translated at large for the edification of those who do not read German.

MANSIONS OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY.

The occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to the seat of one of the most powerful of the Bristish nobility—Burghley Hall—has been improved by the London letter writers to give full details of the manner of life in one of them. Here we have a glimpse of Burghley Hall:

A word with regard to Burghley Hall, which is one the most splendid and extensive of the mansions of our nobility erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—The mansion has received some recent additions, which, if not in perfect keeping add much to the picturesque beauty of the structure. The principal front, which has a northern aspect, is upwards of two hundred feet in length. In the centre is the entrance porch, the gates of which are of a highly decorated arabesque pattern of bronze, richly gilt, and approached by a flight of semi-circular steps, which were covered, as well as the vestibule and the various corridors with crimson cloth.—A parapet of fretwork in stone surrounds the entire building, and the turrets at the various angels are surmounted by octangular cupolas and gilt vanes. The courtyard is surrounded by a corridor, at the angels of which are magnificent sculptures and vases.

All the apartments are exceedingly lofty and of large proportions; those set apart for her Majesty and Prince Albert being on the south side of the edifice, and commanding a series of delightful views over the surrounding country, and immediately in front a sloping lawn and beautiful sheet of water. It is unnecessary to say her Majesty's apartments are fitted up in the most costly and *recherche* style. They are approached by the grand staircase, at the bottom of which are two large and massive bronze vases, and in the centre a bust of Queen Elizabeth. The approach is between four pillars of lofty proportions, the walls being hung with tapestry, and the recesses ornamented with sculptures. At the top of the staircase is the ante-room, and beyond this the Queen's drawing-room. The suit opens beyond this into the Queen and his royal Highness's private apartments, all the decorations of which are of the most elaborate and costly description. The fauteuils, ottomans, couches, &c., are of the richest velvet, and the fitting-up of the dressing rooms of silver gilt.

All the apartments are crowded with paintings by the most eminent masters, among whom may be enumerated Carlo Dolci, Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Holbin, Rubens, Corregio, &c.—Most of the ceilings are painted by Verrio, and one of them nearly on the whole of the heathen mythology is depicted. On the ground floor, at the foot of the grand staircase, is the breakfast-room, a noble apartment and very magnificently furnished.

The great hall, called the banqueting-room, is also hung with a number of pictures, including one of his royal highness Prince Albert in his state robes. The ceiling is of carved oak, and the decorations, although less florid are in keeping with the rest of the edifice. In a recess in the centre of the hall is a large silver fountain, and two cisterns, of the same costly material, the handles formed of lions rampant, the arms of the family. The fountain weigh's upwards of three thousand ounces, and is said to be the largest piece of plate in Europe.

EXPERIMENTS IN BLACKSMITHING.

Sawing heated iron or steel, is not known or thought of by blacksmiths; and when several forks or branches are to be formed from one stock, even if the branches are to remain, eventually, nearly in contact and parallel to each other, the usual method is to split the end of the iron with an awkward cold chisel; on which account, the branches must be bent asunder for the purpose of hammering, shaping and squaring the end of each; after which they are brought together as well as may be, usually retaining a roughness in form, if not a deficiency in size and strength, near the juncture of the branches. Instead of this tedious process, the iron when heated may be put into a vice, and the ends may be readily split with a suitable saw, which would save much labor in hammering and sawing. A saw for this purpose should be thicker at the edge than at the back, and with uniform teeth about one 12th of an inch apart. The saw when used must be often dipped in water, to prevent its becoming too much heated.—There is also a method of sawing or cutting hardened steel which is not so generally known as it should be. A circular piece of common thin iron plate, or sheet iron being adjusted to a lathe, or by other means put in violent rotary motion, will readily cut off a file, a cutting tool, or tempered steel spring, without drawing or reducing the temper. There is much mystery in the effect of this buzz, and its cutting property is attributed to electricity. It answers a very convenient purpose, however, when the shape and form of articles are required to be altered without effecting their temper. It furnishes a convenient method of cutting teeth to large saws, but is objectionable on account of the newly cut surface being left so hard that it cannot be readily filed by the common file. Connected with the subject of "mysterious effects," it may be stated that a bar of iron of almost any size, may be instantly sundered while hot, by the simple application of a common piece of rolled brimstone. A knowledge of this fact will be useful, when some piece of iron work is to be severed, but which, as sometimes is the case, is so constructed and situated that no ordinary chisel or cutting tool can be brought to apply. Holes may be instantly perforated through bars or plates of iron by the application of pointed pieces of brimstone. This phenomenon is curious, although it seldom affords much utility.—*Scientific American.*

PROTOSULPHATE OF IRON.

M. D'Orville, of Scotland, produces this article by a more simple and economical process than any heretofore adopted. A little powdered nitrate of soda is added to a quantity of protosulphate of iron, (green copperas,) which, when well mixed, is ignited in a crucible. The protosulphate of iron thus obtained is not chemically pure, as it contains a small quantity of nitrate, but it is sufficiently pure for all ordinary purposes of dyeing, calico printing, &c., in which it is now regularly applied with good results.

THE MULE VERSUS THE HORSE.

C. P. Holcomb, an energetic farmer near New Castle, Delaware, said lately to an Agricultural Club, which met at his house, "I mean never to buy a horse again, except for driving, and shall use oxen less than formerly. Four years experience with mules induces me to give them decidedly the preference. The late Nicholas Biddle once made a calculation of the expenses to the farmers of the United States of keeping up fences; a sum that would almost exhaust the British Exchequer, but the capital sunk in horses must nearly equal it—and much of this precarious and expensive instrument, I am satisfied may be saved by substituting mules."

METHOD OF DETERMINING THE WEIGHT OF CATTLE.

The following method of ascertaining the dead weight of cattle by measurement when alive, has been adopted to a considerable extent. It is found to be an expeditious mode; and if not to be implicitly depended upon, at least furnishes a very important assistance to the judgment of the dealer.

Rule.—Take the girth of the beast by measuring round with a string or tape close behind the shoulder blade, and the length by measuring from the fore part of the shoulder blade, along the back to that bone of the tail which is in a perpendicular line with the hind part of the buttock. Multiply the girth (in feet) by itself, and that product by the length, and then again by 42. The last product, divided by 100, will give the weight in Smithfield stones of 8 lbs. each. If stones of 14 lbs. are required, the multiplier will be 24 instead of 42.—*Baxter's Library, A. K.*

ANTIQUE NEWSPAPER.—A volume of the "Boston News Letter," containing some fifteen or twenty odd numbers, published in 1717 to 1725, was sold at Leonard's auction room, yesterday, for $14,50. The bidding for the volume was started simultaneously by a dealer in second hand books at 12 1-2 cents, and by an antiquarian, at $1,50. The competition for the volume was quite spirited.—*Boston Journal.*

NIAGARA.—But the grand new feature here, is the steamboat "Maid of the Mist," that runs, three times a day, from the Rapids, a mile below the Cataract, up that wild, fierce, whirling current, to and along the base of the mighty column which rushes from the summit "down below."

You are taken in carriages, nearly two miles, to the steamer. The road down the bank starts from the point on the American side which has been fixed upon for the terminus to the suspension bridge.

As the "Rapids" and "Whirlpool," in the former of which a boat would be torn to pieces, preparatory to being swallowed up by the latter, are just below the "Maid's" wharf, this voyage has a nervous look. But the precautions and guards against accident are so well and carefully provided as to inspire full confidence. The steamer has two engines, so that if one fails the other can be put in gearing in a minute and a half. She is found with two anchors and chain cables. She has also a small boat, by means of which a strong line can be run ashore the moment a necessity for doing so exists.—*Alb. Jour.*

"DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL."—The Trenton News counted twenty-six buildings in progress of erection a few days since, and learns a number more are contemplated.—The old "Capital" seems waking up!

——THE MARCH OF POETRY.—The fanciful and facetious "Town Facts" of the Pennsylvanian discovered the following achievement on a sign in Moyamensing—(where *is* the schoolmaster?)—

"Kakes and Bier
For Sail hear
By Johney Dere
Also Aail and Purture
Of the Rite Surter
For six cent & a korter
a Bottel."——

SINGULAR WAY OF COURTING.

Deacon Marvin, of [illegible]ut, a large land-holder, and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship is said to have been as follows: Having, one day, mounted his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him; on coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty replied, "the Lord's will be done"

The Trustees of Saratoga village would not allow Tom Thumb to give his exhibitions without taxing him $25 per day for a license. As this was the *first time* that a license had ever been charged for any exhibition in Saratoga, the little General wrote a letter to the Trustees, stating that he was satisfied from their acts, that Saratoga could produce much *smaller* men than himself—he should therefore respectfully decline coming in competition with those who evidently had so much the advantage of him in point of *littleness*

A LADY was told the other day by a traveling gentleman that, in a certain country, every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by the government. "Ith it pothibul," said the lady, making her mouth as small as she could. The gentleman added, "that if a lady had a large mouth, she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious," exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed. made his escape almost immediately, and has not been heard of since.

A WOMAN at Andernach, on the Rhine, longed for her husband, murdered him, ate what she could of him, and salted the rest. Tulpius mentions another longing lady, who devoured fourteen hundred red herrings during her "longing." Ludovicus Vives relates the case of a woman who longed for a bite in a young man's neck, and who would have gone crazy had she not been gratified. Roderick a Castro tells us of another amiable female, who had set her heart upon biting off a bit of a baker's shoulder The husband bribed the baker at so much a bite, but the poor fellow would only "stand treat" once.

A VISIBLE KISS.—Some of our worthy antiquarian cotemporaries have recently exhumed and rejuvenated the following ancient Joseph:—A young and very pretty lady, riding in the Concord cars, was observed to have a piece of "court plaster" on her lip. When the cars had emerged from one of the long covered bridges into the light, it was observed to have disappeared, but they instantly detected it clinging to the lip of the young man who sat on the seat with her!—They both looked as innocent as if they "hadn't been doing nothing."

☞ It is a bitter consciousness, (none can tell how bitter but those to whom it has been given,) when we are wakened from our youthful dream of happiness by some stern reality, and know that from henceforth it may never be indulged again—when an all powerful, though an all-merciful, hand has passed over the beautiful vision we so fondly cherished, and its dazzling colors have faded beneath the touch, and we see that the form is the same, but the lustre can never be recalled. We may have thought that our minds are ready for the change,—we may have pictured it to ourselves, and sorrowed for the inevitable hour, and even prayed for strength to bear it—but the experience of one real grief will teach us what no preparation will impart. It will show us our own weakness, and the vastness of that mercy which stooped to share a nature endowed with such capacities for suffering. It will force us to look upon the future with a chastened and a thoughtful eye; and whilst it bids us bear thankfully in our hearts the remembrance of our early joy, as the type granted us by God of the blessings reserved for us in heaven, it will tell us that from henceforth the warfare of human life must be ours, and that, till the grave has closed upon our heads, we may hope but for few intervals of rest.—*Gertrude.*

GEN. TAYLOR.—The editor of the Louisville, Ky., Journal, (and a Whig he is, and has been for twenty years, as true as the needle to the pole,) says, in a controversy with the "Democrat," of that city:—

"We can tell the editor of the Democrat that it is *within our personal knowledge* that General Taylor thinks quite as badly of the conduct of the Administration, in bringing on the war and of its miserable inefficiency in the management of it, as we do."

Further, he says, in another article:

"There are a few, a very few Whig editors in the country, who, in the present aspect of things, seem reluctant to support Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, but we are perfectly satisfied that they will soon be as warmly enlisted in his favor as ourselves. We advise them as friends and brethren to say as little as possible now against his election, for we do assure them, that, the less they say against it, the less they will have to retract by-and-bye."

The advise is from a good quarter, and worth remembering

CUBA.—The following extraordinary article appears as the leading editorial in the New York Sun of Friday. The appetite for new territory would seem but to increase with indulgence:

Cuba under the flag of the United States.—When in Havana last winter, we had a consultation with a meeting of the most influential and wealthy men of that city upon the union of Cuba to the United States, and promised to lay the matter before the people of this country as soon as the Mexican question had been disposed of. Mexico, to all intents and purposes, is now in our possession. All parties in the United States, and even foreign nations look upon that question as settled so far as conquest and occupation are concerned, and we now hasten to fulfill our promise, and that promise must be our apology for this article. Cuba by Geographical position, necessity and right belongs to the United States it may and must be ours.

The moment has arrived to place it in our hands and under our flag. Cuba is in the market for sale, and we are authorised by parties eminently able to fulfil what they propose, to say that if the United States will offer the Spanish government one hundred millions of dollars Cuba is ours, and that with one weeks notice, the whole amount will be raised and paid over by the inhabitants of the Islands. One week is all they ask, if our Government will make the offer for them to act upon, and which Spain is ready to accept. This is no vision, but a fixed fact, of which we have seen, and now hold the most undoubted proofs The possession of Cuba will complete our chain of territory, and give us the North American Continent. It is the garden of the world, the key to the Gulf, and the richest spot of its size on the face of the earth. From Florida point to its north eastern coast is only fifty miles, bringing the Island almost within cannon shot and sight of the United States. Cuba yields to Spain an annual revenue of seven millions of dollars, besides supporting 25,000 soldiers, expending at least a million a year upon fortifications, and paying another million in salaries to civil and military officers—in fact her total revenue to Spain, is over ten millions, which will double the moment it comes under the United States.

Cuba produces the best sugar, coffee, tobacco and tropical fruits in the world. It has gold and silver, and the richest copper mines known. Its harbors, surface of the country and climate and fertility, and in less than five years its revenue would more than pay the entire purchase money asked by Spain. Cuba must be ours! Stretching from Florida to Yucatan, it commands the Gulf and coast of Mexico. It is larger than Ireland—nearly as large as all the New England States, containing 43,500 square miles of the most fertile soil under the sun. To us it is indispensible. We want its harbors for our ships to touch at to and from Mexico—for the accommodation of American and English transatlantic steamers—for its products and trade, as the grand key to the Gulf of Mexico. Give us Cuba and our possessions are complete. Spain is ready to sell, the Cubans are waiting for us to make the purchase, and to come at once into the Union. Let the thing be done; we pledge ourselves that the hundred millions will be forthcoming to meet the offer, and that Cuba will prove the richest conquest ever made by the United States.

A Washington letter in the New York Courier, dated July 22, says—

It is certain that the British Minister is exerting himself to the utmost to induce the goverment of Mexico to accede to our proffered terms of peace, and that he has hopes of success even before the capture of the city, although he regards the prospect as better when the city shall have been taken, especially if there shall be another battle in which Santa Anna will be disgracefully beaten, and probably seek shelter by becoming a voluntary prisoner of Gen. Scott.

Under all the circumstances it is difficult to form any decided opinion whether the Government of Mexico will or will not accept these terms; but if rejected now, the capture of the City, and another defeat of Santa Anna, will in my judgment ensure a pacification. It is quite possible, however, that even when this shall be accomplished, Gen. Scott and his army may still be required to spend some short time in Mexico to prevent another of those political revolutions which is as much one of the staple productions of Mexico as the lava of their volcanoes.

REV. J. N. MAFFITT.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Sun, says, John N. Maffit; the most famous Methodist Clergyman of the United States has been back to the scene of his troubles in Brooklyn, and preached to an immense audience, with the greatest acceptation.—When he appears to have lost all influence with his church, he re-appears, and at one leap, is full in favor, and distances all who make charges against him. Like some eminent politicians, wherever he is, he takes the lead and keeps it, without an apparent effort.

FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—At the Whig Convention for this district, held at Chestertown, on the 29th, ALEXANDER EVANS, Esq. of Cecil county, was unanimously nominated as the Whig candidate. The attendance at the Convention was very full, and the best feeling prevailed.

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