THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.] GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10, 1854. [NUMBER 6.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE "*Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company*" located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, are for lowness of rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in Insurances, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring of it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be gained. ☞ The Managers are:

Borough—George Swope, D. A. Buehler, Wm. H. Stevenson, A. B. Kurtz, S. R. Russell, E. W. Stable, S. Fahnestock, C. W. Hoffman, D. McConaughy.
Menallen—Wm. B. Wilson,
Cumberland—Robert McCurdy,
Straban—Jacob King,
Franklin—Andrew Heintzelman,
Hamiltonban—Amos W. Maginly,
Liberty—John Musselman, jr.,
Reading—Henry A. Picking,
Latimore—Jacob Griest,
Mountjoy—Joseph Fink,
Berwick—Matthew Eichelberger,
Oxford—John L. Neel, J. R. Hersh.

President—GEORGE SWOPE.
Vice President—SAMUEL R. RUSSELL.
Secretary—D. A. BUEHLER.
Treasurer—SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK.
Executive Committee—ANDREW HEINTZELMAN, ROBERT M'CURDY, JACOB KING.
Sept. 16, 1853.—tf.

A DAGUERREOTYPE FOR 50 CENTS,

CAN be had at Weaver's Gallery in Chambersburg street. Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, and will be put up at this Gallery in all the different styles of the day, at prices varying from 50 cents, to $6 00. So now is the time for obtaining the cheapest likeness ever offered in this place. Persons will find it to their advantage to call soon while the opportunity is before them, and in order to secure a satisfactory likeness, subjects are requested to wear dark apparel.—Gentlemen should wear black, with black vest and cravat, and ladies should avoid dresses of pink and blue. Plaid and contrasting colors are very suitable for children.

I return my sincere thanks to my numerous friends for their past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same, hoping by strict attention to business to satisfy the tastes of all who may visit my gallery.

SAMUEL WEAVER.
April 29—1853.

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me by Note or Book-account, will please call and pay the same on or before the *first day of March next*. All who neglect this notice will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

ABR'M ARNOLD.
Jan. 5, 1854.—tf

NOTICE.

THOSE persons who know themselves to be indebted to me of long standing either by note or book-account, will please call and pay the same on or before the first day of March next—all those who neglect this notice will find their notes on account in the hands of an officer for collection, as longer indulgence will not be given.

GEO. ARNOLD.
Dec. 23, 1853.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

LADIES, THIS WAY!

Miss McClellan

HAS opened, at the corner room in the FRANKLIN HOUSE, (McClellan's) Centre Square, Gettysburg, a neat and well selected assortment of

FANCY GOODS,

of every variety—comprising Bonnet Silks, Satins, and Velvets, Ribbons, Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, French worked Collars, Cambric, Jaconet and Swiss Edgings, insertings and muslins, &c &c., and generally every discription of Fancy Goods, to which the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of town and country is invited.

Nov. 18, 1853—tf

SELLING OFF TO CLOSE.

HAVING sold my House, I will sell my entire stock of STORE-GOODS, whole sale, or retail, for what they may bring, without regard to cost. Call soon; the Goods MUST BE SOLD. This is the last chance for bargains. Likewise for sale, a light,

BUGGY & HARNESS,

Tenplate and Cooking Stoves, Household Furniture, Pamphlets, Addresses, Catalogues, Programmes, Speeches; and a full set of the "*Star & Banner*," from its first number, to this date.

J. M. STEVENSON.
Gettysburg, Jan. 20, 1854.—tf.

HOT CORN! HOT CORN!!

Superior to Uncle Tom's Cabin—Second Edition ready this morning.

25,000 COPIES PRINTED.

HOT CORN, or Life Scenes in New York, illustrated, including the Story of Little Katy, Madalina, the Rag-poker's Daughter, Wild Maggie, &c. Price $1 25. Call and look at it, or send to head-quarters at KURTZ'S Bookstore.

SHAWLS, Bay State, Blanket, plain and figured Cashmere, White Grape, Mons de Laine and Thibet Wool, of different prices, cheap at

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

TO THE LADIES OF GETTYSBURG AND VICINITY.

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening the greatest variety of

Ladies' Dress & Fancy Goods,

ever offered to the public in this place—among which are

Highland Plaids, Paris Delanes, Debage, Poplins, M. Delanes, Persian Cloth, Coburg Cloth, Cashmeres, Silks, Bombazines, Parametta Cloth, Prints, Silk Warp and Mohair, Black Alpaccas, figured, changeable and plain Fancy color do., in great variety, Merinoes, Shally and Berage Delanes, with almost every other variety of Dress Goods; Sacking Flannels in great variety, scarlet and white Crape, Thibet Wool, Bay State long & other Shawls, broad silk Fringe, and Lace; Ribbons, a beautiful article; Trimmings of every kind; Bonnet Velvets, Silks and Satins, Sleeves, Collars, plain and embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs, very superior; Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c., with almost every article belonging to the trade.

The Ladies will please call, examine, and judge for themselves. Also,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts,

Cords, Flannels, and *Ready-made Clothing*, together with almost every other article in the way of Gentlemen's wear.—Also,

Fresh Groceries and Queensware,

ll of which will be sold as cheap as they can be had at any other establishment. Please call and examine the Goods.

Oct. 7, 1853.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of DAVID ZIEGLER, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a arge and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

GROCERIES,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS

Springs, Axles, Saddlery,

Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,

Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

n general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchashed for Cash, we guarantee (for the Ready Money,) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER,
DAVID ZIEGLER.
Gettysburg, June 13, 1851.—tf.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as at any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER

RETURNS his acknowledgments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and invites attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz:

Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS

and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS,

embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Sealing Wax, Portmoneaus, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the ☞ *VERY LOWEST RATES.* ☜

☞ Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in *Chambersburg street*, a few doors rom the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

Tell it Around,

THAT MARCUS SAMSON has just opened a splendid assortment of Pants of every variety and style which he will sell at prices that will defy competition here or elsewhere. Remember I buy for cash, and under the most favorable circumstances, which enables me to do just what I promise. No humbugging, call and judge for yourselves.

WAKE UP PENELOPE! GUNS! GUNS!

A large lot of Single and Double Barrelled GUNS & RIFLES, of a superior make, just received, and for sale cheap by FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

Oct. 14, 1853.

THE WOODS.

Wondrous are ye, worshipful and solemn,
Glorious, sylvan temples, echoing lanes;
Cluster'd roof, and interlacing column,
Pavement tessellate with golden stains;

Incense from unnumber'd cobiers stealing
Through your cloister'd aisles and arch ways dim;
Tuneful winds, with organ voices pealing,
Chanting softly now a choral hymn;

Oriel-openings, through your shimmering vistas,
Letting in the promise of the sky
On the trembling leaves, by sunbeams kiss'd, as
By bright Angels from on high!

White-robed thoughts with gentle ministrations
Ever at your peaceful altars wait;
Earnest musings, holy aspirations,
Enter still your ever-open gate.

For all periods ye have celebration;
Matins, vespers, vigils for the night;
Fragrant dews for fitting consecration;
Autumn's generous Communion-rite;

Wailing tempest, that with pomp funeral
In his snowy shroud dead winter bring;
Joyous Summer's flowery hymeneal;
Pure baptisms of the early Spring.

Thro' your shadowy precincts as we wander,
Buried memories lying 'mid the gloom,
Reverently, with inward glance, we ponder
The dim writing on each silent tomb.

And ye tell us of the slow unfolding,
Slow decay of leaf, and tree, and year;
And ye hint a kindred closeness holding
To the selfsame fate each various sphere.

And ye point us to the long enchaining
Linking generations into one;
Still the mighty Growths of Ages waning,
Still the Forest towering to the sun!

This the text and sum of your instruction;
This your living lesson for the day:
All things surely tend to their destruction;
All things rise as surely from decay.

True Kindness is often best Manifested in little things.

Fail not, friend, to put this away in the cabinet of your memory, as a gem to be looked at when falling into a misanthropic mood:—

A correspondent residing in Louisville, Kentucky, writes to us as follows: Permit a constant reader of your excellent journal to communicate a small item to your well-stored columns, and one which I assure you, at the time it occurred, appeared to me as very distinctive of a generous nature. A thinly and poorly clad little girl, apparently about six years of age, was wending her way from market with a basket of beans. As she was passing along the street on which my office happens to be located, her basket—which was very old and dilapidated—gave way, and her beans rolled out on the pavement. She set her basket down, and commenced gathering up her lost treasures; but just so fast as she would restore them to the basket would they again ooze out from the crannies, and again find their way to the pavement. The poor child persisted in this useless labor for a long time, during which hundreds of unsympathizing and uncaring people had passed her without notice, although the poor little thing was sobbing at her useless labor as if her little heart would break. Not so, however, a kind hearted physician of my acquaintance, who chanced to pass at the time.—His quick eye, ever alive to perceive, and his good heart always ready to respond to all appeals to his better nature, at once comprehended the cause of the little one's distress, and suggested the requisite assistance. Kindly approaching the friendless child he soothed her by a few gentle and timely words, and taking a newspaper from his pocket, he spread it in the bottom and around the sides of the old basket, and getting on his knees on the pavement, with the child's assistance, restored her beans to their now safe depository, and sent her on her way home, not only with her eyes dried of their tears, but with a living consciousness, ever after to be remembered, that the Bible story of the "Good Samaritan" was not alone traditional. This was a mere street occurrence, the like of which, I would fain believe, occur hourly in our goodly city; but do you know that little act has caused me to think much more of that physician's heart than I should if I had seen his name paraded in the newspapers, set opposite to a thousand dollar subscription to some public charity?—*Home Journal.*

The best part of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

The longer we live in this world of roses and thorns, the more we learn to revere those philanthropic axioms, "Bear and forbear," "Live and let live,"—and to reverence a faith, whose Christian founder has made it a condition of having our trespasses forgiven, that we should forgive the trespasses against us.

It is every way creditable to handle the yard stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape which he measures.

"Madam," said John Wilkes, to a lady to whom he wished to make himself agreeable, "I am a plain man." "Exceedingly plain, sir," rejoined the lady. Even John Wilkes was silenced.

As the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strengthens a strong one.

Liberality and generosity of feeling are the surest tests of a gentleman.

Actions, looks, words and steps form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.

A Mr. Frost, who edits a paper down in Ohio, in apologizing for lack of editorial in a late number, states that a *slight Frost occurred* at his place, on Wednesday last. Delicate, that!

THE PROSELYTE FROM JUDAISM.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

At the close of the last century, there were still many persons living in the city of Vienna, the Capitol of Germany, who recollected the fervid eloquence, and interesting appearance, of Gabriel Kaunitz. He was a Reformed Clergyman, educated at Halle, and while yet very young, was installed Pastor of a congregation in Vienna, shortly after the Treaty of Dresden had settled the troubles in Germany.

The war had, long since, occasioned a laxity of religious feeling throughout the empire; and the elegant Maria Theresia, when she found herself seated upon the Throne of her fathers, seemed anxious to obliterate all remembrance of her adverses in the variety of amusement which she patronized in her brilliant court, and which she furnished in every profusion which her accomplished taste could imagine, or her wealth supply. An apathy of feeling so natural, an example so influential, produced a state of society on which the holy ardor anh more than ordinary abilities of the young clergyman, would be well calculated to produce a powerful impression. It was a very usual thing to see the narrow little street called Gruffhausen, crowded with crested and coroneted carriages, and his church, there situated, filled to overflowing with an admiring audience, composed of the *elite* of the society which thronged the city of the Kaisers, and who at that time of the general controversies in the Roman Catholic courts, which preceded the downfall of the Jesuits, gloried in manifesting the fashionable liberality by attending the ministry of the opposite faith. Kaunitz was indeed a remarkable young man. With deep and ardent piety, there was connected in his character a warm and gifted mind; and the lofty enthusiasm with which he proclaimed the Doctrines of the Reformation, had many attractions for the volatile population of Vienna. His abilities were not a little enhanced, in the opinion of his auditors, by a commanding person and fine countenance, to which a delicate complexion, shaded by a profusion of dark brow locks, and lit up with a pair of eyes ordinarily of a sleepy, melancholly tincture, but when engaged in his subject, roused up and animated with a lustre which gave an intellectual and interesting appearance. Kaunitz, however, regarded his popularity in no other light than as an additional means of doing good—and, time after time, he addressed the crowded assemblies which filled his church, with no other feelings than those engendered by the zealous discharge of his duty.

On a certain evening, however, when he was more than usually animated, while speaking on the sublimities of the Redeemer's love, his eye was arrested by the countenance of one of the most beautiful females of Vienna, and who seemed to drink in all he said, with an eagerness he had never before witnessed in any of his hearers. She was a fair, dark haired young lady, and her large hazel eyes had in them such an expression of radiant softness, which at once finds and wins the heart. The young minister was much, very much pleased with her attention, and when her lovely features were lit up, and she would recline her brow in her white and delicate hand, he thought he never saw a form on earth look half so engaging. Indeed there was in her appearance that touching charm of superior beauty, irresistable in its very softness, which would excite interest in any situation; but which then, in that place of holiness, connecting the heart in ready association with the seraph forms of a heavenly world, would make an impression on a mind predisposed to catch the illusion altogether ineffaceable. Thus did Kaunitz return home after the service was over, and of all the thousand faces he had seen, *that* only had left its image on his heart. He could not be in love; his soul was too much devoted to his God to cast itself away before any meaner shrine; but often when his feelings were distracted and the world pressed heavily upon him, in its cares and its anguish, those enchanting features would recur to his mind, and bring joy and freshness in their recollection; nor could he conceal from himself, that he walked to his church, on the following Sabbath, with a quicker and more anxious step than formerly.

An assembly, brilliant and crowded as usual, waited for his appearance; but he gazed upon it with his wonted abstraction, until his eye, in the same spot, rested upon the same fair young countenance, gazing on him, with an expression in which the purest innocence seemed elevated and refined by a deep and absorbing devotion; and then the young minister felt his heart tremble with an involuntary delight, and his spirit was awed, he knew not how, in the presence of an unknown and simple girl. Nothing in the world finds a surer avenue to the affections, than a deep attention on the part of others to any opinion we may express. Thus Kaunitz could not but feel a strange fascinating interest in the evident and unusual deference with which the young stranger seemed to regard all he said. She seemed to hang on his lips with all her soul, and as he became animated or affecting in his discourse, her countenance suffered a corresponding change; her fine eye at one time brightening with the loftiest hope, or at others suffused with a tear she cared not to conceal. During the service, Kaunitz had leisure to observe this strangely interesting girl with more attention than he had opportunity at first; but there was that about her which baffled alike his suspicions or his conjectures. She seemed in all the crowd to be alone. Her person was hid from observation in a large cloak, and there was an evident anxiety about her to shrink from the gaze of any eye but the one, and that his own, which she regarded with such awe. He only felt convinced she could be of no common rank; her whole appearance—the delicacy of her small white hand—and one jewel of dazzling lustre, wreathed among the golden ringlets on her beautiful brow, told that the sweet maiden was of rich connection and of proud descent.

The strange melancholy feeling which had oppressed the mind of Gabriel Kaunitz throughout the week, had a corresponding influence on his choice of a subject, and he dilated with such pathetic energy, on the wondrous story of salvation, and the affecting sufferings of the Saviour, that numbers of the congregation were powerfully moved; and the young creature, in particular, whose features he took such delight in watching, was so overcome with weeping, that she fell fainting in her seat. In the bustle which ensued, Kaunitz suffered the keenest anguish, that his situation prevented him from rushing to offer her that assistance which it would have soothed and delighted him to give. She soon recovered, and as she refused to leave the house, he made up his mind as soon as the service was concluded, to ascertain if possible, who she was, and administer that consolation which his sacred duty told him she required. With this view, when he had finished, he hastily descended the pulpit, and made his way through the dense multitude, who were pressing out. He recognized the form he sought, standing for a moment against a pillar; the light from one solitary lamp in the portico, fell upon her agitated features, harmonizing in touching beauty with their pensive loveliness, and shed over her face a tinge that spoke of holy thought, such as the impassioned pencils of the early painters had impressed on the angelic lineaments of their Madonnas and their Virgins. She appeared irresolute, and in doubt, as if she had lost her carriage, or was waiting for some one in the multitude. Yet then, when she was indeed before him, Kaunitz, for the first time in his life, felt a timidity in the discharge of his duty, and a thousand scruples of delicacy he believed could not have entwined themselves with the motive which was his object, made him shrink from addressing her. He had not long to reason with hisrimidity, for a close carriage driving up, he saw the young lady—who manifested some surprise, if not alarm—ushered into it by a couple of gentlemen, when it drove off at a rapid rate towards the country. In the solitude of his retired apartment, the young clergyman often revolved everything connected with this interesting convert in his mind. Her rich and fascinating beauty would rise to his imagination; the pensive lustre of those dark, soft eyes, liquid with tenderness and radiant with unuttered thought, as they gazed upon him; the exceeding eagerness with which she imbibed all he said, and the gush of feeling that would subdue and soften down her lovely countenance, when her heart was touched with his theme, would all cross his mind in vivid reminiscence, and call up scenes and thoughts on which his fancy loved to dwell. Even the very mystery which hung about her, only wove the strong spell of her recollection closer round his heart.—He could not picture who she was, but he could frame a thousand imaginings of who she might be; and the shadowy and tender feelings by which his spirit seemed connected with hers, formed a link, which in the brighter world of his own thought, made her more dearly and intimately known.

The constant occurrence of these ideas so powerfully impressed the mind of Kaunitz, that it was with a degree of feverish anxiety no effort of self-control could altogether subdue, that he entered his chapel on the following Sunday; and his heart almost caught the thrill of anticipated delight as he lifted his eyes to the spot last occupied by the delicious creature.—She was not there; his deep disappointment was almost perceptible; he searched, with his looks, every corner of his church, but she was nowhere to be seen, and that very circumstance made him feel solitary and dispirited. He went through the service with unusual apathy, and returned to his home in spite of his every effort, with vexation gnawing in his mind.

It were a strange wonder in the philosophy of nature for which it would be difficult to account, how that one image could have interlaced itself, so finely and so firmly, with every other feeling of the popular and eloquent young minister. Admired and respected by a brilliant circle in society, and looked up to with deference by all, this strong and causeless attachment might, to the careless or superficial, seem strange, if not impossible; but to those who know the ingolings of the human heart, and the deep workings of the spirit—who have felt the strange and fascinating power with which out of a tone, a look, a glance, imagination can create and vivify in her enchanting empire, beings invested with all earth's charms, and all ideal loveliness; it will not seem wonderful that the enthusiastic soul of Kaunitz should shrine within itself that radiant form, until it became part and parcel of his happiness. But ardently as he wished it, he was not destined again to see his chapel enlivened with her presence. Sunday after Sunday he would resume his labors, but with a mind sadder than before. It was in vain that in his closet he would fling himself upon his knees and implore the divine resolution to strengthen him against a delusion so fraught with infelicity. It was in vain he would call reason to his aid, and ask himself, was it anything extraordinary that a giddy and fashionable girl should come on a few occasions to his church—that she should be affected by his preaching, and forget it as easily as it moved her at first. All this he knew; but when memory would conjure up that form, with its holy looks; the strong and intense attractions of her first impression would remain powerful as ever. Thus did he go on for a length of time, unblessed by that sight which would have been to him so cheering, and suffering visibly in his health, from the anguish he was unable to conceal. His congregation attributed his altered appearance to his great exertions, and besought him to moderate his labors; but the unhappy Kaunitz, who found his sunset consolation in those enrapturing exercises of piety, only went through his duties with the more unwearied assiduity.—Week after week thus rolled on, and that directed affection was warring away before the overmastering efforts of his reason, till he soon began to wonder how a delusion so strong could ever have taken hold of him; and to place the strictest guard over his conduct and his thoughts, he retired altogether from society, to the seclusion of his own apartment, and never mingled with the world, except when discharging the duties of his office. This resolution had its effect. In a short time he ceased to be the subject of such general regard; the visits of his friends became less frequent; and he was at length left altogether to the company of the single domestic he maintained.

One evening, in his study, as he was arranging some confused papers, he was alarmed by a loud and continued knocking at his outer door. He had scarcely time to revolve the circumstance in his mind of an interruption so unusual, when his apartment was opened, and two men, enveloped in large cloaks, entered it unannounced.

They both seemed above the common rank; and one of them had such a noble and commanding figure, but a countenance so gloomy and reserved, that he struck the simple clergyman with awe. Kaunitz requested them to be seated. "We have not time," replied the elder of the two; "your religious assistance is requested immediately, by a member of your congregation, in the greatest distress." The young man looked at them with unfeigned astonishment. He was not aware of any of his parishoners being unwell, nor did he know any of the members who belonged to the evident rank of the strangers. He had not time to answer, when the other continued, in a somewhat peremptory tone, "Get ready immediately; the case is urgent, and the distance is considerable." The astonishment of Kaunitz was still more great; but he found words to reply, "My services are always at the command of any one who may need them, but I know not of any of my flock at a distance from the city. May I hear the name and cause of this sudden requisition?" "Neither!" said the stranger, with peculiar emphasis, "it is a case of extraordinary occurrence, and of vital importance; and we must insist upon your immediately accompanying us;—that shall reward you," putting a heavy purse of gold upon the table. "Gentlemen," said the minister, though with strange feelings, "I want no payment for the discharge of my duty. I am at my Master's disposal. I am ready to go with you."

The taller of the gentlemen deliberately drew from beneath his cloak a large handkerchief. "You must submit," said he, "to have your eyes bandaged." "Sir," said Gabriel, instantly surmising that he was intended to be made the dupe of some vile artifice, perhaps for seducing female innocence, "I will not consent to any such arrangement. For the callings of my duty, for the purpose of religion and charity, I am always prepared; but I never will lend the sanctity of a minister of Christ to a deed of darkness." The stranger seemed ruffled by his excitement, but continued in a tone faultering with command, while his eye at the same time flashed a determination before which the young man involuntarily quaded. "Gabriel Kaunitz, you *must* come with us; the duty you shall have to perform will not in any way compromise your character; but the unqualified compliance with every thing we request will be insisted on, aye, even, if it should be necessary, at the forfeit of your life. And more, sir; before you leave this house, you must swear upon your knees that you will never disclose anything you may see." The clergyman trembled with undissembled terror. A thousand dark images of despotic power, of Jesuits, Inquisitions, and State policy, rushed into his mind, and he besought the strangers, in an earnestness of agony, to respect the decorum of his character, if not the sanctity of his office.—the only answer he received was by one of them taking out a richly bound book, which he opened and laid upon the floor. Kaunitz perceived it to be a Hebrew bible. "To show," continued the spokesman, "that we want nothing from you which we will not do ourselves, we will guarantee to you, in the most solemn manner, the preservation of your life," and each kneeling down, kissed the holy book with devout reverence, and raising their right hand to heaven, swore as they had mentioned. "Now kneel down," said the mysterious visitant, while the other, without speaking, drew from beneath his cloak a long glittering dagger that flashed brightly in the gloom of the apartment. Cold perspiration started to the pale brow of Kaunitz, but conscious how futile, even dangerous, would be resistance, and breathing an inward prayer to his Maker for support, he did as he was directed. The words were dictated to him, which slowly and reverently were repeated by Kaunitz, sacredly pledging himself, at the forfeit of his life, not to disclose anything he might see. He was then allowed to rise, and the other, advancing up and holding the dagger to his throat, said, while his teeth gnashed with savage fierceness, "Should that oath be broken, no power on earth shall save you from our wrath. The fate of Kartz will serve you for a warning." The clergyman spoke not, but recollected, with innate shuddering, a converted Jew pedlar, who was murdered in the market-place about two years before, with circumstances of appalling mystery, and to which the utmost exertions of the government could never find a clue.

Kaunitz now felt himself a passive instrument, and offered no resistance to the strangers as they bandaged his eyes with such scrupulous care that he was severely hurt by the tightness of the strecture. He was led to a carriage standing near the door which the moment the parties were seated, drove off at a furious rate; in what direction, the terrified clergyman could not at all conjecture. Thus they continued for a considerable time; and as they still went on, the feelings of Kaunitz partook more of wonder than alarm, as he felt convinced, by the frequent turnings, and the uninterrupted rattling of the pavement, that they were going not into the country, but were traversing, over and over again, evidently to deceive him, the different streets of the city. The companions in the extraordinary proceeding maintained an imperturbable silence, and when the long continuance of their drive allowed the feelings of Kaunitz to wander from the more immediate terror by which he was at first engrossed, he indulged in a thousand agonizing speculations as to what could be the object of this mysterious adventure. The evident rank of the strangers, their fierce anxiety for his presence, their dreadful adjuration to secrecy, and their awful denunciations of vengeance—all oppressed his mind with a terrible anxiety of fruitless conjecture. Secrecy so jealously guarded, must, he had no doubt, have some dark object for its purpose—what, he felt totally unable to divine; and with a mind full of the gloomiest forebodings he threw himself upon the potection of his Maker, and with a trembling heartt awaited the result.

For nearly four hours, Kaunitz conjectured the carriage continued its circumgyrations, and when it did stop at last, his feelings were wound to such an intensity of excitement, that his heart audibly thumped against his side. As he was led down from the vehicle, he could not help remarking, that he stepped not upon the soil of the sward as if he had been in the country, but upon flags, smooth and well worn. Such conjectures, however, though carefully noted in his mind, found no betrayal in his conduct. He was conducted through a large hall or apartment, and then over such apparently interminable flights of stairs and ranges of passengers, that the building which enclosed them must have been vast as a palace of romance. He at last found himself at rest, and his feelings were wound up to a tension of painful curiosity and dread, as his stern conductors were removing the bandage from his eyes, which was no sooner accomplished than they left the apartment.

Kaunitz found himself alone in a spacious saloon. The furniture was of the richest character; one solitary lamp of massive silver, burning near an inlaid sofa, partially revealed a dome-like roof, and walls glittering with fresco paintings or costly tapestry, while rows of chrystal, depending from superb chandeliers, and flinging back the dim light in a thousand tairy hues, gave a shadowy splendor to the room, comporting well with the minister's idea of eastern gorgeousness. There was, notwithstanding, something ominous in the dull silence of that apartment, which shaded the heart of Kaunitz with a dread he was unable to shake off; and in the unnatural quiet, his morbid ear thought it could detect stifled noises looming in dull distinctness, as if a multitude was hushed by force or fear into a startling stillness, more fearful than the loudest clamor. In this state of excited apprehension was he standing, irresolute and alarmed, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall figure in a cloak and mask, entered, leading by the hand a lady, whose graceful and splendid form was ill concealed by a deep black veil which completely covered her from head to foot. She was led in silence to the sofa, and the instant she was seated her conductor withdrew, without saying a word, locking the door behind him.—While the young minister, in visible alarm, awaited the full development of this mysterious adventure, he could not help gazing upon the lady with feelings of deep compassion, as the victim of some nefarious scheme, in which she was probably to be an unwilling agent. No person again immediately entered the room, and the lady removed the veil which enveloped her person. Oh, God! to what a thrilling agony were those sensations deepened, when Kaunitz recognised the very feature, so long, so indelibly imaged on his soul. A thousand feelings of slumbering love and delicious recollection, called into instant life by the remembered glance, gushed in deep suffusion to his face, and an instant reaction sent them back as coldly to his heart. It was indeed that lovely creature, for whom, without knowledge and without consciousness, he had from the first entertained an interest that trembled into intensest passion; and for whom, even now, with no other claims than those innate yearnings of the heart, he felt awakened within him sympathies and propossessions of profoundest force.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Wash for Old Apple Trees.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph recommends, as a most valuable and efficacious wash for fruit trees, a solution of common, unslacked house ashes. He says: "If an old tree be thoroughly washed with this, it will almost immediately take a new start, and the smell of the application is so offensive to most insects that they will not trouble the tree or fruit while it retains its strength. If applied in the first of summer, the rains will wash it into the crevices of the bark, and its alkalescent properties will destroy the moss and also the eggs of such insects as may have been deposited therein."

TO GIVE BUTTER A FINE FLAVOR.—To a peck of fine salt add one ounce of crude salammoniac, and two ounces of salt-petre, both finely powdered; mix them well with the fine salt; work your butter until the buttermilk be entirely extracted. Then put it into wooden firkins, salting it with the same mixed salt, until it is palatable.

SINGULAR CASE.—Dr. Walker, of Portland, Me., one day last week, took from the face of Mr. Gilmore, near the right eye, a porcupine's quill, about two inches long. Last Winter Mr. G. killed a porcupine, and in eating some of the flesh got the quill into his throat, whence it gradually worked its way to his eye, causing him considerable inconvenience in its peregrinations.

A boy in Jamaica was driving a mule the other day; the animal was sullen, stopped, and turned his arched neck upon the boy as if in derision and contempt:

"Won't go, won't you? Feel grand, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jackass!"