

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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[WHOLE NO. 255.]

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

SOLID JOYS.

I quit the world's fantastic joys,
Her honors are but idle toys,
Her bliss an empty shade—
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while and die,
Her glories flash and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me;
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heaven and thee!

O source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties, rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With raptures fill my breast;
Though robbed of all my earthly store
With thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

POPULAR TALE.

[SELECTED FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.]

The Proselyte from Judaism.

[CONCLUDED.]

The alteration in her countenance, since the time he had seen her, was indeed fully calculated to awaken similar feelings in one whose recollections were not half so warm as his own. The exquisite symmetry of her features had given way to lines of care and anguish, and the rosy tinge of beauty on her cheek, once delicate and fair, as if impressed with an angel's pencil, was turned into a snow-like paleness, faintly streaked with carmine, as if the pride of woman's loveliness was unwilling to leave its favorite throne. Yet still there was a hush of sweetness in the very composure of those softened features, that wakened a finer and more touching thrill within the heart, than could the full bloom and radiance of her charms. Kaunitz saw that the burning blush on his own cheek, faded up an answering suffusion in the wasted features of the lady, but it was of the purely intellectual emotion with which earth and its feelings have no community whatever, and the embarrassed young man felt himself greatly relieved, when the lady requested him to be seated, and addressed him in tones which, though weak and feeble, were of the sweetest courtesy—"I know not, sir, under what circumstances you have been brought here; perhaps they were violent; but there never was any human being I desired so ardently to see." Kaunitz answered her with some confusion, that he would forgive any violence which would make him the means of rendering her a service. "Ah," said she, taking his hand, and fixing her large dark eyes upon him, with an expression that touched his soul, "you little know the service you shall have to render me, or the relationship in which we stand to each other." The young minister colored again, and his heart almost stopped within him, as he felt a scalding tear drop upon his hand. She continued, "You do not know me, but still I venerate you as my deliverer, my instructor, as my father."

Kaunitz, with new sympathy, deeply awakened, begged of her to explain. "You will not think it strange that I should use such language when you hear my story; though you may have, perhaps, seen me in your church; yet—start not—I am a Jewish maiden, and was educated in the deepest abhorrence of that Jesus of whom I have often heard you speak in the most delightful terms. I might have remained so forever, and been like thousands of my sex and persuasion, happy and admired in my ignorance. But I had a young and beautiful friend, to whom, though proscribed by my relatives as a Christian, I was passionately attached. But in the very pride of her young beauty, she was stricken by disease—alas! destined to be mortal. As I watched by her bedside one evening she took my hand, and said to me, in a tone which sunk into my heart, for it was such as I had never heard her use before, "Zora, will you promise me one thing, and I will die happy?" I promised her solemnly, for I would have promised her any thing. "Zora, then," said she, "dearest Zora, will you only engage to love my Savior?" The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke, and they gushed from mine too; for I was horrified at her request. But she continued, "Oh, I am too weak to tell you of the happiness, and do light you would feel. But will you go and hear the minister of whom you have often heard me speak? He can tell you of the power of the religion of Jesus better than a dying girl. Oh, Zora, do tell me, that you will go?" She looked at me with such an earnestness of agony in her countenance, that I assured her I would do all she asked; and in delight she pressed my hand close to her bosom, for she was too exhausted to speak. In a short time I felt her grasp become weak and clammy, and, oh, mercy! she died even while holding my hand."

Here the tears of the beautiful girl choked her utterance, and Kaunitz, who well recollected the lamented young lady of whom she spoke, freely mingled his own, at this affecting narrative of her last moments. The lady seemed deeply touched by his emotion, and in a short time continued a narrative, to Kaunitz now become intensely interesting—"That request so earnestly entertained—and so solemnly registered to the

dead, you may be sure was kept, though it cost me many a pang of strange and shuddering reluctance. At length, deeply disguised, I hired a close carriage and went alone, for I dared not trust another with my secret to the place she had mentioned. It was to your chapel. You cannot appreciate the conflict of my feelings when, alone and unprotected, I found myself in a place and among a people I had always looked upon with abhorrence and detestation. But I had not listened to you long before I forgot every other feeling in a glow of awakened tenderness. It was of my own and ever dear Maria you were speaking; and you described her loveliness, her purity, her resignation, in a manner which filled my soul with the most exquisite emotion; but when you came to speak of her death, and to dilate on the efficacy of faith in the Redeemer, in the awful moments of dissolution, my soul was touched with wonder. "And is this," said I, "the Jesus I have heard reviled?" My very heart sunk within me at the reflection, and I thought God himself must forever condemn me for my impiety. I was in fact wretched in my mind, until as it were you opened the portals of heaven, and pointed out my departed friend, robed as an angel, singing the praises of her Savior in an eternal paradise; and declared, that transcendent bliss would be the lot of all, who, like her, would take that Savior for their portion; then, oh, then—my soul seemed to have changed its residence—so new, so delicious were the hopes and the feelings awakened in me; and I vowed that night, if I were not too great an outcast for mercy, I would live so as to join my lost and loved companion in her bright abode. That evening I purchased a New Testament, and words would be insufficient to tell the delight, the rapture with which I perused the wondrous story of Redeeming love. In a short time I found my chief delight consisted in attending your ministry, and in reading over the precious record of salvation. In spite of doubt and darkness I soon experienced the sweet serenity of being reconciled with God; and I sometimes fancied my beloved Maria was hovering near me on her wings of light, to cheer me in my path and to assure me of reward. Alas! my hopes were early overcast. Hitherto conscious of the irreconcilable enmity of my friends, I had kept to my own bosom the fearful secret of my altered opinions. But whether from observation or suspicion, they soon viewed me with a jealous eye; and great was my horror one night on leaving your chapel, to find that the carriage which had hitherto conveyed me was gone. In the midst of my embarrassment, my father and my brother drove up, and I was conveyed home more dead than alive between terror and alarm. Since that time, oh, could you know what I have suffered; every comfort was removed, and the most systematic and relentless persecution adopted. Once discovered, I well knew the iron opposition of my friends never could be softened; and I besought of the Jesus I had dared to love, to give me strength for the terrible conflict. Oh, my dear sir, how glad would I have often been, in the gloomy hours of solitude and privation I had to encounter, to have seen you—to have heard your lips explain once more those delicious truths at once my comfort and my bane. My repeated solicitations to that effect, were, however of no avail; and it was at last only when in the tremor of weakness, they had extended from me a terrible promise, that my relatives consented you should be brought. I cannot express the joy your presence has inspired. Oh, do tell me," she continued, while she clasped her hands, and her countenance assumed an expression of the deepest earnestness, "is there any hope of heaven for one so long an unbeliever? Can an outcast such as I am, enjoy any portion of that Savior's love, so long but unconsciously despised?"

As she was speaking, her beautiful but wasted features, would at times light up with an expression that seemed to the intensely interested minister, to glow like the prophets of old, with a halo of inspiration; and again he veiled in an imploring dejection, as if her very heart was withering within. When she finished a narration that melted the softened minister to tears, the exertion seemed too much for a frame so debilitated, and she sank back exhausted upon the sofa. Kaunitz, with unreflecting impulse, caught her in his arms. All consciousness seemed to be suspended—her thrilling eyes were veiled in their long dark lashes—and as her motionless and yielding form was pressed to his, the gentle pulses of her bosom seemed to be at rest, and life itself to have fled. Yet there was a holiness in the saint-like composure of that reposing form, he felt it would be profanation to disturb, and the deep silence of the place, broken only by the audible throbbings of his own heart, had something so sacred in its very stillness, that he felt his existence could have resolved into the kindred state of the lovely inaction in his arms, before his slightest breath would have recalled to life, by invoking infidel assistance, a spirit so purely and unequivocally destined for the skies. The warm tears, however, in which his agonized feelings had found vent, gushing unrestrained upon her features, brought back her hovering soul once more to earth. She opened her eyes, and her glance on the speaking tenderness of Kaunitz's gaze, beamed with an instant and joyous recognition. Her first words were of her melancholy but ever constant theme. "Oh, tell me," said she, "can I hope for pardon?"

The overpowered clergyman relinquished his hold, and affected with inexpressible

emotion, knelt down beside her, and in an eloquence of soul he had never felt before, besought the throne of Mercy to pour the full assurance of pardon in her heart. As he grew more fervid in the power of his God, he called upon the present Jesus to finish the redemption of a spirit so ripe for heaven—to remove the awful obduracy of her relations, and to strengthen that gentle mind with more than creature firmness in the ordeal of danger she would have to encounter. When he had finished, the lovely convert still remained in an attitude of intense devotion; her fair white hands were clasped upon her bosom; her countenance was upturned to heaven, but the agony of doubt had departed. Her soul seemed entranced in rapture, and her exquisite features were lit up with a beaming satisfaction, that partook of the radiance of anticipated immortality. Every trace of anguish and despair had left her features, for a joyous flush of resplendent satisfaction; and the unutterable delight, shining through the most perfect lineaments of mortal beauty, gave, in that exquisite moment, such an angelic lustre to her person, that the first impulse of the impassioned clergyman was to adore what seemed to be a revelation of heaven's own sinless and immortal loveliness. In that holy time, too, he felt in the kindred glow of his own excited spirit, all those ardent feelings of sympathy and admiration with which the casual sight of that fair creature had first inspired him, explained and re-ascended, but so refined by the redeeming influence of her stainless purity, that not a tinge of earthly love or passion mingled in his thoughts.

In a short time the lady rose from her knees, and the celestial animation of her face was clouded, but only deepened by the tone of solemn and emphatic seriousness in which she said, while she clasped her hands convulsively, "Oh, my God, I feel, I feel now that thy religion is worth all which I will have to suffer. Yes, my dear Maria, the blessed knowledge of thy Jesus, and the certainty of thy glorious eternity, is worth—"
—a cold damp came on her brow—"is worth, I feel, is worth dying for."

As she spoke the word to which her lips almost refused to give utterance, Kaunitz felt a shivering thrill of instinctive dread steal over his frame—the horrible mysteries with which his visit was accompanied, and the "terrible promise" she had mentioned, and her words now—all rushed, with numberless dark associations, into his freezing mind. He seized her hand, and gazed at her pale dark features with an unconscious agony. "Lady—, what suffering?—Worth dying for? Zora, dear Zora, what is it you mean?"

She returned his look with cold and chilling earnestness for an instant, but another smile of inborn happiness again lit up her fast sinking features with all their former beauty. "Yes," said she, "it is not for me to know the pleasures of your religion and live. Oh, God, support me!—This very night—Your arrival is the only mercy I could obtain.—This very night—even in a few short minutes, unless I abjure the religion of Jesus, I will be put to death!"
By my own dear father!—By my own relatives, in the presence of the full Sanhedrim, and with the great solemnities of our religion, will I be stoned to death!" Kaunitz's eyes grew dim; he stirred not—spoke not, but every word fell with a dark and withering distinctness on his heart. "Look here," continued the hapless maiden, summoning strength to rise, and walking to the side of the apartment, "look here, and you will be convinced of my fate!"

She drew aside a curtain. Kaunitz, with a chill as if his heart was turned to ice, saw a large heap of stones collected in the recess. He had not the power to move. The room was still as ever. But that ominous silence and its smothered noises now spoke fearful volumes. The full extent of the appalling tragedy flashed in instant comprehension on his mind. Then, too, he recollected, in crowding horror, many a dim tale of the relentless tortures with which Jews were said to martyr any of the converted sect who ever fell into their power; and when, in the same instantaneous act of mind, he thought of the spotless innocence and exquisite beauty of the delicate victim they had doomed before him, and as it were, made him a very party to the atrocious deed—his energies seemed to melt and dissolve in the weakness of intensest agony.—But the reaction to that paralysis of terror was instant. He already fancied he heard the tread of the murderers—the fearful preparations for the sacrifice—the unavailing shriek of the lovely victim. His blood seemed turned to fire at the thought, and his frame to iron. He stepped back, and he felt his body, as it were, swell beyond the stature of humanity, as he said, in a tone that echoed like thunder throughout the midnight stillness of the vast apartment, "By the God I serve, in whose power, and whose minister I am, this shall never be!" Instant and gathering noises collected like an answer on every side. Distinct and dread commotion was in the house. But this was no time for the infuriated man to parley with his fears or his recollections. Maddened with super-human excitement, he dashed against the door with a giant's might. In an instant crash, like the explosion of artillery, the whole partition went thundering to the ground, and a burst of dazzling light, from unnumbered lamps, streamed like the blaze of meridian day into the room. The very arcana of their mysteries—the Holy of Holies of the Jewish faith, in all its splendour,

was before him, with its Seraphim and Cherubim, and Ark of gold; its curtains of richest purple, its net-work of silver, and its countless lamps burning with frankincense, and glittering with costly gems. The glories of their revealed religion—the enchantment of the scene, stopped him not a moment, for in a simultaneous fury, host after host of armed and shouting wretches in their national costume, rushed into the room.—Nerved for the occasion with more than mortal power—to dash the intervening myrmidons to the earth, and to clasp the intended martyr in his arm, was, with Kaunitz, but the work of a moment. Ere they had time to overmaster his roused and terrific energies, he had snatched a dagger which an assailant had already at his throat, and as he sprang over his shrinking and shrieking foe every brandish of the weapon was bathed in blood. A huge window, streaming with painted story, was before him—with a tiger's bound he reached the casement; the glass shivered with the shock; the iron network behind yielded like a cobweb to his Herculean strength. All was dark and deep below. Without a thought of consequences, or quiver as to danger he clasped his rescued charge, in exultation, closer to his breast, and sprang into the vacuum.

It becomes painful to even trace the narrative. There is no heart so cold that would not catch a thrill of delight in the success of that triumph; nor is it in humanity to feel the glory and not feel the glow of its noblest feelings, interested in the preservation of that innocent and lovely martyr. The gallant attempt of the generous young minister was not, however, attended with the success which its reckless heroism deserved; and the terrible mansion was too securely adapted for its deeds of darkness to admit of an escape so easily.—Himself and his charge escaped unscathed indeed from that host of fiends, but it was only to fall again into their meshes with more certain fatality. A crowd of infuriated enemies was soon around him; egress seemed impracticable; and, weakened by his vast exertions, the heroic young man soon fell bleeding and insensible beneath their blows.

Awful as was the scene and excitement through which Kaunitz passed, there was a deeper terror on his mind—a blacker cloud upon his feelings—when he recovered his senses and found himself in his own room, surrounded by anxious and inquiring friends. The mysterious messengers had kept their oath. His wounds were not dangerous, nor even severe; but his instant perception of the absence of the lady, left a withering feeling in his heart, that darkened the future and extinguished hope.

His harrowing narrative caused an immediate and vivid commotion throughout Vienna. By the orders of administration—the officers of Justice, commenced a vigorous and extensive scrutiny—public opinion was fearfully excited—a cloud of accumulating suspicion seemed to gather over one of the richest banking houses in the city. One of the wealthiest Jews was arrested on the unequivocal testimony of the minister; but the financial embarrassment of the government, after the protracted war in which the empire had been involved, afforded the ample solution of state policy to the termination of the proceedings. Further official inquiry was dropped—the contractor was released—and, in a short time, the terrible narrative of the Proselyte ceased to be the topic of conversation. Kaunitz, however, was never after seen to smile. His pulpit was deserted, and he at length totally disappeared. Whether the threat consequent upon disclosure was fulfilled—or whether to hide the anguish of his spirit, he had removed to a foreign country, could not be ascertained.

Let us drop the curtain on this tragic story. The mind cannot presume to penetrate the undeveloped mystery of that unfortunate's fate, without recoiling on itself, and it is fitter for the honor of humanity, that that black transaction should repose forever in the darkness which all the authorities of the time could not remove, than that curiosity or research should throw the light of certainty upon awful doings, of which the bare surmise gives a shudder to the heart, and which the finest sympathies of our nature would prefer shrouding in appropriate and impenetrable obscurity. ORCATIUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

It is strange that any one should be opposed to Sunday schools. It is strange that any parent should neglect to send all his children to such schools. We know that idle objections are solemnly adduced against them, and political fears are felt or affected at their extent. Nonsense! Will our country ever suffer because her sons are intelligent? Will she ever have reason to regret that they are pious? These unostentatious schools may be the instruments of her salvation. Give us light—and liberty is safe. A nation of men ignorant, vicious and intemperate—cannot long be otherwise than a nation of slaves.

The influence of Sunday schools are not appreciated. The river which rolls majestically through the land may excite the greatest admiration—but it is the humble rivulet stealing through the meadow—its course only shown by the greenness of the vegetation—that does the most good. Sunday schools are doing incalculable benefit to this country. They are dispensing from ten thousand points the saving influence of truth and virtue. Let them be cherished.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime?
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?
Listen! and be now delighted;
Morn hath touched her golden strings,
Earth and sky their voices have plighted,
Life and light are re-united,
Amid countless carollings:
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice.
Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone,
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own.
But of all its wondrous words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of the child.
Harmonies from time touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
None of these amongst the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—
These, ere long, the ear forgets,
But in mine there is a sound,
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.
Ah! 'twere heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Here, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest shade of pain;
Here the deepest bliss, to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Here to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

LIVING PEACEABLY.

Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith than a house full of sacrifices with strife. How delicious that conversation is, which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy and complacency; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither devises mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is, to abide in a state of enmity, wrath and dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with cholera, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamor, and reproach, the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions. How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briars, obstructed with shrubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds or raging with storms; to hear harmonious concerts, than dissonant janglings, to see objects corresponding in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humors constant and moderate, than (as it happens in diseases) agitated with tumultuous commotions. How all the senses and faculties of man unannoyingly rejoice in these emblems of peace, order, harmony and proportion; yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability, or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty strength and vigor of every thing requires a concurrence of force, co-operation and contribution of health; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid, and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of man, chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it as its support.

How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content, and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour, each other. Not only philosophy has placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquility of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations, but holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most kindly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind; could not better express their sense, than by saying—"Be on earth peace and good will among men."

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Lawrence, the maniac assassin, still continues in his cell, and refuses to have any intercourse with the world. He says that he is "a king, every inch a king," and demands the reins of the government of the United States. The poor fellow is as mad as any madman need be.

On the 5th inst. two fires occurred about the same time, in the city of New York, which destroyed property to the amount of about \$100,000.

C. A. Harris, Esq. of Tennessee, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the War Department.

The Philadelphia Sentinel rebukes the Globe for its vile insinuations, that the late insane attempt on the life of the President

was to be attributed to the conduct of any public man or political party. The Sentinel is a Jackson paper, and its honorable course is a credit to its party.

A GRACELESS SET.—The present Legislature of New York, have dispensed with the customary services of a chaplain. There has not been an Assembly in that State for twenty years which has needed to be prayed for as much as this very Legislature!

It is understood that the Postmaster General has appointed Dr. RICHARD C. MASON, of Virginia, the Treasurer and Chief Clerk of the Post Office Department, in the room of the Rev. O. B. Brown, resigned.—Globe.

New York has succeeded in making her Penitentiaries productive. The income of the two State Prisons at Auburn and at Mount Pleasant, over their ordinary expenses, exclusive of the support of the female convicts, was \$28,892 42, for the last fiscal year, and over all expenses, six thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars.

At a large and respectable meeting of the Anti-Masons of Mercer county, held at the Court House, on the 22d ult. John McJannet, of Ohio, was recommended as a suitable candidate for the Presidency. A number of respectable prints in this State, Jackson, Whig and Anti-Masonic, advocate the claims of Judge McLean.

A resolution was adopted on the 21st Jan. in the House of Representatives of Ohio, for the appointment of a joint committee to inquire into the expediency of effecting a purchase by the State of Ohio from the United States of all the lands belonging to the U. States within the boundary of that state.

The bill to amend the act to incorporate the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal Company has passed through the House of Representatives of Ohio, by a decided majority.

The Baltimore Athenæum was insured for the amount of \$20,000. It cost about \$40,000.

Mr. Crockett said, we were now within three weeks of the close of the session, and what had we done? Nothing. A great number of bills had been made special orders, and among them one of great interest to his constituents, but they could not be reached on account of the long speeches. Last session seven months were spent in talking, and two months more this session. He had therefore come to the conclusion that this was a better place to manufacture orators than to despatch business.

A white man named Godfrey—aged 40, walked into the porter house 205 South street, in the city of New York, on Saturday night, and after drinking to excess, undertook, for a wager, to drink off a pint of brandy at a draught. He accomplished the object—won the wager—and dropped dead on the spot. Verdict Intemperance!!!

WHO SAYS THAT WOODEN CLOCKS WON'T GO?—A man residing at Cincinnati has accumulated one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in three years, by the peddling of wooden clocks throughout the southwestern country.

STONE PAINT.—Professor Hitchcock in his "Geology," speaking of the useful and ornamental minerals in this state, mentions the sulphate of baryta as a valuable paint. It is found in immense quantities, and of a superior quality, at Hatfield, about two miles west of the village, with lead ore imbedded. It is white, soft, and may be ground like plaster of Paris. [Northampton (Mass.) Gaz.]

The widow of Napoleon is having constructed at London a most beautiful and splendid state coach.

There is already confined in the jail of this county, for trial at the next April Court, a white man charged with having stabbed another man to death; a colored man for attempting to shoot another colored man; and two young men detected in drawing money on forged memorandums of the delivery of Straw, at the Straw Paper Mill in this place. Franklin Repository.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD.—Large quantities of five dollar gold pieces are in circulation. A friend of ours took two yesterday, neither of which would be observed from their general appearance. To us they had every appearance of the real gold coin. [N. Y. Adv.]

The New York Transcript, somewhat given to jocoseness, relates the following:

A CURLY-TAILED DOG, AND A CURLY-HAIRED MAN.—In a mixed company of gentlemen and ladies, at a boarding-house table the other day, one of the former related a very large story of a very little dog he had seen, whose tail he represented as curling so very strenuously as absolutely to lift his hind legs from the ground. A frizzled haired young man, who sat so far off that he merely heard something said about curling, and supposing of course that it related to hair, exclaimed, "That's just the way mine always does." The ladies tittered and the gentlemen laughed, at hearing which the curly-haired young man looked very much out of countenance, though he could not divine the cause of it, nor so much as suspect that he had compared his own head to a dog's tail.