

Star & Republican Banner

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1887.

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THE GARDEN.

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

THOU WERT NOT THERE.

BY LEUTENANT G. W. FAYSON, U. S. A.
Thou wert not there—from morn till night
All passion-tost, I chid the day;
For though the sun went down in light,
The hours he mark'd still seem'd to stay;
With lingering touch I swept the string,
But vainly rang the whiling air;
Time hasten'd not his loaded wing—
Thou wert not there.

Thou wert not there that eye to see,
To know the long—long watch it kept;
That eye whose light but shone for thee,
Whose every tear for thee was wept.
It was not strange for days and days
Its glances roved with vacant stare;
Thou wert not by to fix its gaze—
Thou wert not there!

Thou wert not there—yet fervor bound—
My throbbing brow with cords of flame;
And strangers heard, who linger'd round,
My wandering tongue pronounce thy name,
They watch'd my temples' deepening glow,
They saw the grief my spirit bore;
While thou—the cause of all my woes—
Thou wert not there!

THE ANGELS' BIDDING.

Brother, come up—oh leave the earth
And all its sordid cares awhile,
And re-assert thy heavenly birth,
Where all creations glories smile—
O hither come!

Brother, come up—our skies are fair,
No clouds come o'er the face of day,
No storm deform the balmy air
That loves around our hills to play—
O hither come!

Brother, come up!—the flowers that bloom
In earth's fair garden, fade and die,
But here they wait their soft perfume
Through heaven's sweet vales eternally.
O hither come!

Brother, come up—let earth still lure
The heart that loves a changing scene—
Be thine the realms that still endure,
In beauty perfect and serene.
O hither come!

THE REPOSITORY.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, the father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the milk liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each engaged again with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch-forks they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening. "Now, my boys, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning or soldier learning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat anything in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping first. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the furthest on a dead level, shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anxious inquiry back upon the lovely object of village rivalry. The maidens left their rooms and quitted frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the sine qua non of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present he had, therefore, every advantage over his fellow athletes.

The arena allotted for this hymenal contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena! Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Bouden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches." "Well done Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homesteads." Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Henry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half—Hurray for Charley! Charley'll win!" Cried the crowd good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat that," and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry." Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking in the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?" "Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?" "All, young sir," replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial." The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a saak he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch," shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm pale and distressed.

ceive from my hand the prize you have so well and so honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with exclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger, was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half-assuredly, shake her head, and look again, to be still more puzzled.—Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill.

"I suspect, colonel," said the general, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

CONGRESSIONAL.

EXTRACTS FROM Mr. Webster's Remarks

In the Senate, on the Bill imposing additional duties as depositories of the public moneys, on certain officers of the Government.

Mr. President—When I heard of the suspension of the banks, I was by the side of the Ohio, on a journey, in the course of which I had occasion, frequently to express my opinion on this new state of things; and those who may have heard me, or noticed my remarks, will bear witness that I constantly expressed the opinion that a new era had commenced; that a question of principle, and a question of the highest importance had arisen, or would immediately arise; that hereafter the dispute would not be so much about means as ends; that the extent of the constitutional obligation of the Government would be controverted; in short, that the question, whether it was the duty of Congress to concern itself with the national currency, must, inevitably, become the leading topic of the times. So I thought whenever I had the pleasure of addressing my fellow citizens, and so I feel—and think now, I said often on these occasions, and I say now, that it is a question which the People, by the regular exercise of their elective franchise, must decide. The subject is one of so much permanent importance, and public men have become so committed, on one side or the other, that the decision must as I think be made by the country. We see an entirely new state of things. We behold new and untried principles of administration advanced and adopted. We witness an avowed and bold rejection of the policy hitherto always prevailing. The Government has come, not to a pause, but to a revolution. It not only stops, but it starts back; it abandons the course which it has been pursuing for near fifty years, and it reproaches itself with having been acting all that time, beyond the limits of its constitutional power.

It was my second proposition, sir, that the Message, the bill, and the amendment, taken together, deny, in substance, that this government has any power or duty connected with the currency, or the exchanges, beyond the mere regulation of the coins.

And, sir, is this not true? We are to judge of the Message by what it omits, as well as by what it proposes. Congress is called together in a great commercial crisis. The whole business of the country is arrested by a sudden disorder of the currency.—And what is proposed? Anything to restore this currency? Anything, with a direct view of producing the resumption of payment by the banks? Is a single measure offered, or suggested, the main purpose of which is general relief to the country?—Not one. No, sir, not one. The Administration conveys its measure to the Government itself. It proposes a loan, by means of Treasury notes, to make good the

deficiency in the revenue; and it proposes secure vaults, and strong boxes, for the safe keeping of the public moneys; and here its paternal care ends. Does the Message propose to grapple, in any way, with the main evil of the times? Seeing that that evil is one affecting the currency, does the Message, like that of Mr. Madison, in 1815, address itself directly to that point, and recommend measures of adequate relief? No such thing. It looks out for the interest of the Government, as a government? and it looks no further. Sir, let me turn to the Message itself, to show that all its recommendations, and, indeed, all the objects in calling Congress together, are confined to the narrow and exclusive purpose of relieving the wants of Government.

The President says that the regulations established by Congress for the deposit and safe keeping of the public money having become inoperative by the suspension of payment by the banks; and apprehending that the same cause would so diminish the revenue that the receipts into the Treasury would not be sufficient to defray the expenses of the Government; and as questions were also expected to arise respecting the October instalment of the deposits to the States, and doubting whether Government would be able to pay its creditors in specie, or its equivalent, according to law, he felt it to be his duty to call Congress together. These are the reasons for calling Congress. They are all the reasons; and they all have exclusive regard to the Government itself.

In the next place, let us see what measures the Message recommends to Congress. In its own language, the objects demanding its attention are—

"To regulate, by law, the safe keeping, transfer, and disbursement of the public moneys; to designate the funds to be received and paid by the Government; to enable the Treasury to meet promptly every demand upon it, to prescribe the terms of indulgence, and the mode of settlement to be adopted, as well in collecting from individuals the revenue that has accrued, as in withdrawing it from former depositories."

These are all the objects recommended particularly to the care of Congress, and the enumeration of them is followed by a general suggestion that Congress will adopt such further measures as may promote the prosperity of the country. This whole enumeration, it is obvious, is confined to the wants and convenience of the Government itself.

And now, sir, let us see on what grounds it is that the Message refrains from recommending measures of general relief. The President says—

"It was not designed by the Constitution that the Government should assume the management of domestic or foreign exchange. It is indeed, authorized to regulate, by law, the commerce between the States, and to provide a general standard of value or medium of exchange in gold and silver, but it is not its province to aid individuals in the transfer of their funds, otherwise than through the facilities afforded by the Post Office Department. As justly might it be called on to provide for the transportation of their merchandize."

And again—

"If, therefore, I refrain from suggesting to Congress any specific plan for regulating the exchanges of the country, relieving mercantile embarrassment, or interfering with the ordinary operations of foreign or domestic commerce, it is from a conviction that such measures are not within the constitutional province of the General Government, and that their adoption would not promote the real and permanent welfare of those they might be designed to aid."

The President, then, sir, declines to recommend any measure for the relief of commerce, for the restoration of the currency, or for the benefit of exchanges, on the avowed ground, that, in his opinion, such measures are not within the constitutional power of Congress. He is distinct and explicit, and so far entitled to credit. He denies, broadly and flatly, that there is any authority in this Government to regulate the currency and the exchanges, beyond the care of the coin. The question, then, is fairly stated. It cannot be misunderstood; and we are now to see how Congress, and what is much more important, how the country will settle it.

Mr. President, if, in May last, when specie payment was suspended, the President of one of the banks had called his council and directors together, informed them that their affairs were threatened with danger, that they could not collect their debts in specie, and might not be able to pay their creditors in specie, and recommended such measures as he thought their interest required; his policy, in all this, would have been no more exclusively confined to the interests of his corporation than the policy of the Message is confined to the interest of this great corporation of Government. Both in practice, therefore, and on principle, in reality and avowedly, the Administration abandons the currency to its fate. It surrenders all care over it, declines all concern about it, and denies that it has any duty connected with it.

Sir, the question then comes to be this: Shall one of the great powers of the constitution, a power essential to it, on any just plan or theory of government, a power absolutely necessary and indispensable to the proper regulation of the commerce of the country, be now surrendered and abandoned forever? To this point, we have come, sir, after pursuing the "experiment" of the late Administration for five years. And from this point, I am persuaded, the country will move, and move steadily, in one direction or another. We shall either go over to the gentleman from Missouri, and suffer him to

embrace us in his gold and silver arms, and hug us to his hard money breast; or we shall return to the long tried, well approved, and constitutional practice of the Government.

As to the employment of State Banks, for the purpose of maintaining the currency, and carrying on the operations of exchange, I certainly never had any confidence in that system, and have none now.

I think the State Banks can never furnish a medium for circulation, which shall have universal credit, and be of equal value everywhere.

I think they have no powers or faculties, which can enable them to restrain excessive issues of paper.

I think their respective spheres of action are so limited, and their currencies so local, that they can never accomplish what is desired in relation to exchanges.

Still, I prefer the employment of State banks to the project before us—because it is less of a project—because it is less dangerous; and, chiefly, because it does not surrender, effectually, and in terms, a great power of the Constitution.

In every respect, this project is objectionable. It is but another "experiment;" and those who recommend it so zealously, were the authors of the last, and were equally full of confidence and assurance in regard to that.

Who invite us to try this experiment?—What voice do we hear raised in its recommendation? Are they not the well known voices which we heard so often when the late "experiment" was begun? We know of but one accession. The voice of the honorable member from South Carolina is heard; it is true, now mingling with the general strain; and that is all. Where, then, is the ground for confidence in this experiment, more than there was for it in the last?

The scheme, too, is against all our usages and all our habits. It locks up the revenue, under bolts and bars, from the time of collection to the time of disbursement.—Our practice has been otherwise, and it has been a useful practice. In 1833, the Secretary of the Treasury admonished the deposite banks, since they had obtained the custody of the public funds, to accommodate the Public, to loan freely, especially to importing merchants. And now a system is proposed to us, according to which, any use of the Public funds, by way of loan or accommodation to the public, is made a criminal offence, and to be prosecuted by indictment! Admirable, admirable consistency!

But the great objection to the measure, that which so much diminishes the importance of all other objections, is its abandonment of the duty of Government. The character of this project is, severance of the Government from the People. This, like the mark of Cain, is branded on its forehead. Government separates itself, not from the banks merely, but from the community. It withdraws its care, it denies its protection, it renounces its own high duties.

I am against the project, therefore, in principle and in detail; I am for no new experiments; but I am for a sound currency for the country. And I mean by this a convertible currency, so far as it consists of paper. I differ, altogether, in this respect, from the gentleman from South Carolina.—Mere Government paper, not payable otherwise than by being received for taxes, has no pretence to be called a currency. After all that can be said about it, and such paper is mere paper money. It is nothing but bills of credit. Sir, we want specie and we want paper of universal credit, and which is convertible into specie at the will of the holder. That system of currency, the experience of the world, and our own experience, have both fully approved.

I maintain, sir, that the People of this country are entitled, at the hand of this Government, to a sound, safe and uniform currency. If they agree with me, they will say so. They will say, "it is our right; we have enjoyed it forty years, it is practicable, it is the duty of the Government to furnish it; we ought to have it, we can have it, and we will have it."

The language of the Administration, on the other hand is, "Good masters, you are mistaken. You have no such right. You are entitled to no such thing from us. The constitution has been misunderstood. We have suddenly found out its meaning. A new light has flashed upon us. It is no business of ours to furnish a national currency. You cannot have it, and you will not get it."

Mr. President, I have thus stated what I think to be the real question now before the country. I trust myself, cheerfully, to the result. I am willing to abide the test of time, and the ultimate judgment of the People; for it is a sentiment deeply infused into me, it is a conviction which pervades every faculty I possess, that there can be no settled and permanent prosperity, to the commerce and business of the country, until the constitutional duty of Government, in regard to the currency, be honestly and faithfully fulfilled.

Pittsburg, according to a late census, embracing the adjoining towns, contains a population of 44,000.

GALE AT NEW ORLEANS.—On October the 7th, a most tremendous and dreadful gale took place at New Orleans, and much injury was done to the city and to the shipping.—Chimneys were blown down, the masts of ships at the wharves were swept away, two steamboats were set adrift and so much injured as to be unfit for use. The roofs of several dwellings were carried away, and part of the marble front of the Citizens' Bank was blown down. Several lives were lost, and the destruction of property was immense.

VARIETY.

SPECIE.—The Columbia (Pa.) Spy Saturday, states that eight hundred thousand dollars in specie, were taken from that town on Wednesday last. It arrived from the West, in one of Leach's canal boats, and was forwarded to Philadelphia on the rail road. It was understood to be the property of the U. S. Bank.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.—The fees of the District Attorney of New York, for a single week, it is stated, amounted to \$45,000. Mr. Sanford, the former District Attorney, according to the Star, received at one swoop \$70,000 from the Government, for fees on bonds.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and now known by the name of the Count de Surville, has taken Brettenham Park, in Suffolk, Eng and, for a permanent residence. The arrangements of the household are on a most princely scale.

Laws.—Paley says, the care of the poor ought to be the principal object of all laws, for this plain reason, that the rich are able to take care of themselves.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science. Poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul when it first quickened, and should neither be styled art nor science, but genius.

SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—The Southern Convention which met at Augusta, Geo. adjourned early on the 18th ult. The report and resolutions submitted by Mr. McDuffie, from the select committee, appointed for that purpose, were adopted. When these shall be published, there will be opportunity for ascertaining the objects of the Convention, and means proposed to accomplish them, as also a suitable occasion for the expression of opinion as to the general expediency of the measure. In the mean time we may say that Conventions confined to geographical limits—whether northern or eastern, or western or southern, do not strike us favorably. Their tendency we think is inauspicious upon those social and business attachments—those moral ligaments, which bind the Union together, and which are none too strong already, as many fear, who are anxious for the long continuance of the Union.—Baltimore Patriot.

DEATH BY FIRE.—Two children of Mr. Adam Arnold, of Windsor township, York County, Pa., one aged 5 and the other 3 years, were burnt to death, by their clothes taking fire, on the 8th ult. Their parents were absent, and the children were left in the house with an aged grandfather. While the latter was engaged in reading, the children, who were amusing themselves in the kitchen, by some means came in contact with the fire, and before assistance could reach them, were so dreadfully burnt as to cause their death, in great agony, in less than an hour.

Forty-nine carrier pigeons were lately sent by the Albion Society from Brussels to Tours, a distance of 400 miles. The birds were started from Tours at nine in the morning on Sunday, and one of them reached Brussels on the same day at fifty-two minutes after five in the afternoon, having flown at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. This pigeon has won the first prize, consisting of a time-piece valued at 300 francs.—The second pigeon arrived twenty-nine minutes afterwards, and the third three hours after the first. The pigeon which arrived last had flown at the rate of 33 miles an hour.

HORRIBLE, MOST HORRIBLE.—The Vicksburg Sentinel, says, that an old man by the name of Grace, who had given "free passes" to negroes, having been arrested and discharged for want of evidence, the Marshal, in whose custody he had been, was on the 28th September, seized hold of by a mob of lynchers, stripped and severely flogged. A few weeks previous, Mr. Saunders a respectable planter of Madison County, was dragged from his bed, horribly mutilated, his ears cropped off, and his body scarred to the ribs! A week before this outrage on the Marshal, a mob of 4 or 5 broke into the house of Mr. Scott, of Wilkinson County, a respectable member of the bar, forced him out, and hung him dead on the next tree!

☞ We should be satisfied to hear (says the Chambersburg Whig) that every man in Mississippi who has in any way countenanced Lynching, or who has not done what he could to arrest its progress, shall have, in due time, been sent to his final account by an executive officer of the same blind and sanguinary tribunal.

FREDERICK CORPORATION NOTES.—The Frederick Herald cautions the public against imposition from forged checks purporting to be of the corporation of that city, and signed by Thomas Carlton, Mayor, which are said to be in circulation in Philadelphia and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The Herald states that all the genuine checks of the corporation of Frederick, are signed by D. Kolb, as Mayor. None have been issued above 50 cents.

PARISIAN COURAGE.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I," said she, "don't be afraid."

CATRICHS.—Call this a true history?—I claimed a raw critic striking down his bid upon Johnson's Lives of the Poets, which was one of the life of Blackmore, who wrote an elegant poem on the Creation of the World. "Only one line now!" The fellow says of this bare chested man's Creation, he wrote three books on the subject of Man!