

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 MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 8.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MAY 25, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 368.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of
the Court-House.

CONDITIONS:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two DOLLARS per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not attend attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOROUGH ACCOUNTS.

Moses McLEAN, Treasurer of the Borough of Gettysburg, from May 8th, 1834, till May 2d, 1835.

DR.

To outstanding tax in hands of C. Chritzman, Collector, on duplicate of 1832, \$37 59
Do. do. duplicate of 1833, 18 00
Balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement, 224 40
Borough Tax assessed for 1834, 317 74
Road do. do. 1834, 226 71
Cash received of Michael Degroff, stall rent, Market-house, for one year, ending 1st August, 1834, 5 00
Do. do. Nicholas Codori, 5 00
Amount paid over by Burgess, for Licenses for shows, &c. 18 00
\$552 44

CR.

By orders paid as follows, viz:
Samuel H. Buehler, in trust for officers of election, 1834, 5 00
R. G. Harper, printing from 1823 till 1834, 34 00
Henry Little, opening Court-house, &c. at election, 50
Jacob Lefever, printing from 1831 till 1834, 8 00
"Active Free Company," 8 00
Michael Rupp, care of Engines, part of 1834, &c. 3 50
H. Ramby, winding Town-clock and oil for do. 1833, 10 02
S. H. Hall, balance of salary as High Constable, 3 20
Ezekiel Buckingham, 11 months salary, High Constable, 88 00
"Vigilant Fire Company," 39 03
P. Weikert, roofing Engine-house, (York-street,) 7 35
Charles Mann, removing nuisances, Lafayette Committee, (on Petition of Citizens,) 23 85
Jacob Culp, Street and Road Commissioner, 253 00
David Sweney, do. do. 165 14
S. S. Forney, building Culvert and Grate, 1829, 44 00
J. Little, Street and Road Commissioners, 1834, balance, 50
Paid Clerk of Quarter Sessions, for order to open a street, 2 75
M. C. Clarkson, Burgess, 1834, 5 00
Salary of Council, 1834, 25 00
C. Chritzman, Collector, fees and releases, 38 88
Clark and Treasurer's salary, 30 00
Balance of duplicate of 1834, in hands of Collector, 52 01
Balance in hands of Treasurer, May 2d, 1835, 3 95
\$852 44

A small portion only of the School fund having been yet paid over or expended, it is deemed unnecessary to publish that part of the accounts at present.
May 18, 1835. 31-7

Militia Elections!

AN Election will be held by the Enrolled Militia of the Second Brigade, Fifth Division, Pennsylvania Militia, on Monday the 1st day of June next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 6 P. M., for the purpose of electing

ONE BRIGADIER GENERAL,
ONE BRIGADE INSPECTOR,
ONE COLONEL and LIEUTENANT COLONEL for each Regiment,
ONE MAJOR for each Battalion.

Elections to be held at the following places, viz:—For the 1st Battalion, 80th Regiment, at the house of Mr. Baily, (formerly King's,) in Franklin township; Second do. do. at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg; First Battalion, 89th Regiment, at the house of Mr. Smith, (formerly Mr. Eimich's,) in Hanover; 2d do. do. at the house of David Bell, in Abbottstown; 1st Battalion, 90th Regiment, at the house of Harvey Hammond, in Lewisburg; 2d do. do. at the house of Moses Myers, in Petersburg, (York Springs.)

Every member of a volunteer troop or company attached to a volunteer battalion, will vote for Brigadier General and Brigade Inspector, at the above election, in the respective battalion in which he resides.

Captains of Companies will furnish copies of the rolls of their respective companies.

The Major of each Battalion is required by law to superintend and conduct each of the above elections. (See 14th section Militia Laws.)

SAMUEL E. HALL,
Brigade Inspector, 2d Brig. 5th Div. Pa. Militia,
May 11, 1835. 10-6

THE GARLAND.

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

THE MIND IS A GARDEN.

"And scattered truth is never, never wasted."
The mind is a garden—and youth's sunny morn,
Is the season for planting; the rose and the thorn
Will spring up together—then let us take care
That none but the sweetest of roses grow there.
This soil is so fertile, so rich is the ground,
That the smallest of seeds may in plenty be found;
Here plants of all kinds, both of falsehood and truth,
Are sown and are warmed in the sunshine of youth.
If the seeds of deception, of envy and strife,
Are sown and are sown in the spring-time of life,
When the autumn of age chills the breath of the air,
We must gather the fruits of our little "parterre."
But let us be wise, and pluck up by the roots
All plants such as these, ere we taste of their fruits;
And place in their stead those that nature design'd,
To adorn and improve and embellish the mind.

In one peaceful spot shall the olive branch flourish;
This the pure stream of Religion shall nourish;
Here to shall the plant of kind Mercy spring up,
Refresh'd from the o'erflowing of Charity's cup.
O, let the young gems of fair Knowledge abound,
To scatter their truths to the plants all around;
So likewise the Laurel, with its arms spreading wide,
In friendship shall shield the sweet rose by its side.
When the sun that has cheered us in life's early days
Shall withdraw from the garden the light of his rays
From the flowers as they wither, O, may there arise
A grateful perfume that shall reach to the skies.

SELECT TALE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Blacksmith of Clonmel.

[By James Sheridan Knowles
CHAPTER THE LAST.

THERE was a burning that night. In the morning the main street was filled with groups of people momentarily expecting the arrival of the incendiaries, who, it was reported, had been taken. Phil Brennan had not yet come home. Early was Margaret up and at the door with her child in her arms—I forgot to mention that she made me sleep with her, and that we rose at the same time. Breakfast passed—an hour did she delay it. No signs of Phil. It was now nearly twelve o'clock. O! what an anxious wife was she that morning! Never shall I forget the misery of her looks. 'Twelve o'clock struck. The agony of suspense became intolerable.

"Phil Brennan! Phil Brennan!" she exclaimed, in a moaning voice, "is it right of you to treat me thus? Where are you? What keeps you? Why do you not come home to your wife and child?" and then she would strain her eyes up and down the street, till I thought they would start from her head.

The groups in the street increased. The particulars of the outrage had arrived. A whole family had been burnt! Margaret Brennan groaned as she heard the circumstance related by one who came up to a group, of about a dozen people, who had assembled near her door. This group presently increased to a crowd. Whoever was passing, hearing that something was going on, was sure to stop; and the man had to tell his story over and over to satisfy new appeals of curiosity.

"And so they are taken?" remarked one.
"How many of them are there?" inquired another.
"Three" replied the man who spoke first.
"Do you know any of their names?"
"One of them—" he would have gone on but his eye fell upon Margaret Brennan, and he stopped short. She observed it—I saw she was ready to drop. She crossed herself! looked up to heaven and leaned for support against the post of the door.

"They are coming!" cried he that asked the last question.
Margaret Brennan started from her declining posture, looked wildly in the same direction as the speaker.
"No," it is only Jerry Lynch and some of his friends, who have been in another direction on the hunt for the boys."

Three or four horsemen approached—Jerry Lynch at their head. O! what a look of appealing deprecation did the daughter cast upon the father!—and, how did the father return that look?—with the flushed smile of malignant exultation! Nor was he content with that. He turned his horse toward her; and while, with clasped hands and a look of piteous distraction, she regarded him—

"Remember the day when you married Phil Brennan!" he cried, in a tone, that carried despair in it, even to my heart.
"Remember it!—and remember your father's curse!"

He turned again to go on, but the horse grew suddenly restive—reared—fell—and the rider came with violence to the ground! Jerry Lynch lay insensible on a bed in his daughter's house. His head had sustained some injury in the fall—but what, the medical man, who was promptly in attendance, could not immediately tell. But that angel of a daughter! How did she stand by the side of her unnatural father—forgetful for a time of the husband, who, but a few minutes before, had been the subject of her most harrowing apprehensions!

"O, not this way!" she would cry; "O, not this way! If the curse is to fall, let it not be in this way! He has been unkind to me, but he is my father! Let him not be brought into his daughter's house to die!"

Thus she continued bewailing him for upward of an hour—when, a noise in the street attracting her attention, the thought of her husband seemed to flash upon her. She became almost breathless, and pressing her hand upon her heart, as though she felt it bursting, she falteringly asked me to

go in the next room, which looked into the street, and bring her word what was the matter.

I obeyed, so far as to go and look out. I saw a flashing of bayonets at the further end of the street, and a dense crowd approaching. I grew suddenly as cold as ice—sick—could hardly breathe. I heard the beating of my own heart—it was slow and heavy. The military were in a strong body, and were surrounding something. I looked for a head towering above all the rest, for I had entered into Margaret Brennan's dark foreboding—but, to my momentary relief, could not see one. The course came slowly on. Three deep, as they call it, were the soldiers; their firelocks sloping toward the crowd. A car, I saw, was in the centre; but, as yet, I could only perceive the horse's head, the soldiers were so thick about it. I drew nearer and I could catch a glimpse now and then of some persons who were lying bound upon it. It was presently close to the house—at last right opposite to it. Two of the men, strangers, lay with their faces toward me; one with his back to me—I shook from head to foot. He turned as he passed. I heard a piercing shriek in the room, and a fall—Margaret Brennan lay lifeless upon the floor beside me. The man was Phil Brennan!

So absorbed was I in what was passing in the street, I was utterly unconscious of her having followed me. We were joined by some neighbours who had assisted in carrying her father into the house, and had remained there.

No sooner had she come to herself, than she got up from a settee, on which they had placed her, and went and put on her cloak.
"Take care of my poor father," she said; "I am going to Phil; I shall return the moment I have spoken with him. Don't care for me! I know that the worst that can come will come, and now I am prepared for it!" She paused as she opened the door. "Where's my baby?" she inquired, half abstractedly. "I have forgotten my baby! O, it is asleep in the next room!" At this moment we heard the child move. She went into the room, and returning with the infant in her arms, proceeded direct to the jail. "No one could be admitted to Phil Brennan!" I had instinctively gone along with her.

People must do their duty. The jailer had his orders. The case was one of aggravated crime, and the prisoners must be kept alone. Still, not a foot from the jail-door would Margaret Brennan stir, till the hour when the privilege of admittance ceased, and visitors were, at last, ejected for the night. A woful wife, she then returned to her home, and ascended to the room whither her father had been conveyed.

Sensibility had returned, but there was partial paralysis. The use of the left side was gone. Neither the hand nor the foot of that side could the sufferer stir. There was also a difficulty of articulation, and an evident dulness of perception in the organs of hearing and of sight; but he knew his daughter the moment she plaintively accosted him. From her he glanced to her child—from her child to her, and back again—and then he would throw his eyes round the room—and lift to his forehead the hand, the use of which he retained—and press it there, moving it backward and forward, as one who tries to recall the recollection of something.

But I never saw any thing so striking as the change which had taken place in the expression of his countenance. All asperity had vanished, and meekness and deprecation appeared in its stead. At length, he seemed to have found the impression which he wished to recall. He beckoned to his unhappy child to come round to the other side of the bed. She did so, and bent her head to hear something which she thought he wanted to say. He showed by his looks that he was misunderstood, with difficulty raised his arm till he could get his hand round her neck, then drew her cheek toward his lips, and kissed it. This was what she did not expect—she withdrew her head a little, with the impulse of surprise; but the next moment returned the hallowed salutation of reconciliation in a flood of tears, and sat down on the side of the bed. The old man looked as if he could have wept too—but the power seemed to be gone.

"Your husband?" he articulated, with difficulty.

Margaret Brennan, recalled to the situation of Phil, clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"In prison?" he added. "Heaven forgive me! send for Mr. ——— and Mr. ———. Lose no time! I have none to spare—quick! quick! let me make what atonement I can."

The persons he named were sent for—they came. Jerry Lynch seemed to gain new strength when they entered the room. Other persons were also summoned. His will, drawn up and witnessed, was executed before twelve o'clock. He left his whole property to his daughter. This done, he sank into a state of stupor, rather than of repose. For several days no change took place in his situation. Injury—serious injury—had been sustained, and no one could calculate the issue.

Meanwhile, the time of Margaret was divided between her husband's prison and the sick-bed of her father. Her duties to the latter discharged, hastily she repaired to the former; but not a foot within the walls could she obtain ingress. The magistrate

could not allow it. The sheriff, a man of great benevolence, could not grant it. It was necessary that all communication with the prisoner should be cut off, and the commission was about to sit. The judge came into town. In the eyes of Margaret Brennan, no funeral was ever half so dismal as the array of the cavalcade that ushered them into Clonmel. The howl of the *Millegone* was melody to the trumpets, whose flourish did the honours of their portentous procession. One day they sat—another. The third was appointed for the trial of Phil Brennan and his accomplices. Numerous, that morning, was the crowd that garrisoned the front of the prison—strong was the escort that waited to conduct the prisoners to the court-house. The unfortunate men appeared—the guard surrounded them—the march commenced. The slanting bayonets kept strangers, acquaintances, friends and relatives aloof—but there was one eye fixed upon Phil Brennan that was blind to the grove of steel that begirt him. In one and the same moment it saw him; and, reckless of the thronging populace and defying guard, closed in his arms—as Margaret Brennan sprang through and flung herself upon the neck of her husband. They did not try to force her away—they could not—they would not. The sheriff a humane man, as I remarked before, happened to be passing at the time; he whispered the sergeant—she was permitted to walk beside her husband to the court—to enter the dock along with him.

At eleven o'clock, the trial commenced—at five, it was concluded. One of the prisoners, an ill-favoured wretch, half brute, had turned approver. He swore positively to the fact, Phil Brennan and the other man were among the foremost of the incendiaries. A member of the bar—able, as proverbially kind-hearted—volunteered his services on behalf of the accused. By this gentleman, the witness underwent a severe cross-examination; but his testimony remained unshaken. Still the evidence was hardly sufficient in itself to found a verdict upon. The judge inquired if there were not any other witnesses?

"None, my lord, of whose evidence we can avail ourselves. A boy, we find, escaped from the house; but fright had deprived him of the power of speech; and he can neither read nor write."

"Is he in court?" inquired the judge.
"He is, my lord. We are going to produce him; but he can be of no other service than to identify the prisoners by signs—provided he knows them."

"Let us try," said the judge.
A little boy was put into the witness's box. He had a fine, open countenance, with a remarkably quick and intelligent eye; but he seemed to labour under a feeling of most oppressive uneasiness.

"Little boy," said the judge, "do you know what an oath is?"
The witness nodded.

"Do you know where the person, who takes a false oath, is likely to go?"
He nodded again.

"Is it to heaven?" demanded the judge.
He shook his head, with an expression which left no doubt as to his fitness for standing where they had placed him.

"Swear him!" said the judge. He was sworn.

"Bring all the prisoners to the front of the dock," directed the judge. It was done.
"Look there, little boy," resumed he; "tell me, if any of those persons are known to you?"
The boy looked at the dock, and nodded.

"Which of them?" demanded the judge.
"Give him your rod, Mr. Usher, that he may point the person or persons out."
The usher did as directed, and the boy placed the rod upon the head of Phil Brennan.

"No other?" asked the judge.
He shook his head.
"And that man, you swear, was at the fire?"
He nodded.

"You have been unable to speak since that night?"
He nodded, and then shook his head mournfully.

"Let him go down," said the judge.
The boy's face, which before was as pale as ashes, now became as red as if every drop of blood in his body had rushed into it. Alternately he stretched out his arms to the judge, raised them to heaven, and pointed to Phil Brennan.

"Poor boy!" cried the public prosecutor, "he appeals to us and to heaven for justice upon the man who murdered his family!"

Now, the agitation of the little fellow became perfectly appalling. His chest heaved, and the muscles of his throat began to work as if he were in the act of strangulation; he wrung his hands—clasped them—threw his arms wildly about; and, at last, became perfectly black in the face—and, in this state, was removed.

The jury retired for half an hour—at the expiration of that time they returned into court, and a verdict of guilty was recorded. Margaret Brennan lay lifeless on the floor of the dock! The prisoners were asked what they had to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. Phil Brennan turned to his companion in misfortune. The unfortunate man, overwhelmed by the announcement of his fate, looked as if the faculties of thought and sense were utterly suspended—he glared wildly in the face of the judge. Phil, with a countenance still clear—still bland—still resolute and confident, bowing to the judge and to the court, addressed himself to speak:

"I am an unfortunate man," said he;

"but I am an innocent one. I belonged to the Shanavats; but I never yet joined them, nor would join them, in a housebreaking or a burning. I was at the fire; but I did not know that it was intended. I went to their meeting at the risk of my life, to tell them that from that moment I withdrew myself from their association. I did tell them so. They threatened me with death! I dared them to do their worst—for I was well armed, and they knew me. Perhaps I had not been here to-day, or on this earth to-day, had it not been for the burning of that cottage. I saw the blaze break out—a different party had set fire to the thatch. The house stood about a quarter of a mile from the place where we were talking. I forgot myself and them—every thing but the inmates of that house! I bounded from them. I reached the scene of destruction. Heaven forgive the destroyers! In defiance of those who surrounded the house, I burst open the door. I found a little boy at my feet. I snatched him up—but paused—then, for the first time, recollecting that death was without as well as within—for me as well as for him! I made up my mind to try to escape, with the boy, thro' the midst of them. I sprung to the door, expecting their shots. Not one of the party was to be seen! Something—I knew not what, I since know—had scared them, and they had fled. I set the boy down, and entered the house again, in the hope of rescuing some other of the inmates. In defiance of the burning thatch, which was falling on me fast and thick, I burst open the door of another room, but could see nobody. I called, but nobody answered me. I was choked with the heat and the smoke, and made a rush to the door. I stumbled into the arms of the military, and was secured. I asked for the boy. They reviled me, and mocked me; and, taking my weapons from me, asked me, 'what I had been doing with these?' They brought me to prison—from prison I have been brought here. I have been tried and found guilty by the jury, and no blame to them. The informer, to save his own life, has made away with mine! You are going to pass sentence of death upon me, and I shall be hung. No matter how soon I die—my wife lies dead already upon the floor of the dock! I am innocent of the burning as she is!"

A dead silence ensued. The judge slowly took his cap and put it on. At this moment a considerable degree of confusion appeared to prevail in a quarter of the court, within a few paces of the dock.
"Silence," cried the official, whose duty it is to maintain order.
The confusion increased.
"What is the matter?" demanded the judge; "that this interruption is permitted at such a moment as this? Who makes this noise?"
"The boy who was in convulsions," answered one of the spectators, "and was removed, has contrived to get back, and seems now to be falling into them again."
"Remove him again," said the erior.
The command was obeyed; the boy was lifted, and way made for the person who was carrying him. The little fellow was about ten years old. His eyes were now red and starting. The muscles of his countenance were agitated fearfully. His mouth, agitated, was wide agape. As the person that had charge of him was passing the dock, the little fellow caught hold of the iron spikes with which it was surmounted, and there he held in spite of every effort to remove him.

"Remove him by the dock," directed the judge.
"Give him to me!" exclaimed Phil Brennan, extending his arms to lift him over. The boy instantly let go his hold, clasped Phil Brennan round the neck, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, or rather shrieked: "Don't kill him! don't kill him! He saved me from the fire! Don't hang him! don't kill him!"
It is impossible to describe the sensation produced in the whole court by this extraordinary incident. As soon as silence was restored, the judge demanded if any friend or relation of the boy's was present.

"Yes, and so please your honour," cried an old woman, who had kept as close to the boy as the throng would permit her. She was ordered to be conducted to the witness's box. When there, she stated that the boy, who happened to be her grandson, had come to her house late on the night of the fire; that fear seemed to have utterly deprived him of the power of speech; that from that moment to this, he had never spoken, or uttered any sounds save what were perfectly unintelligible; that she had accompanied her grandson to the court to take care of him; and that, as to the prisoners at the bar, she had never spoken to any of them, nor knew anything about them. The boy was then again put into the witness's box and examined, and clearly corroborated that part of Phil Brennan's statement which related to the little fellow himself. The issue may be easily guessed.

At eleven o'clock that night, Phil Brennan and his wife—who, with prompt and active medical assistance, was at last restored to consciousness, and narrowly escaped a relapse upon hearing of the unlooked-for happy turn that things had taken—presented themselves at their own door. Joyfully was it opened for them, but sad were the looks of Margaret when she heard that her father was past hope. His mind, within the last two days, had begun to wander; and it was evident that a crisis which would prove fatal, was fast approaching. She and her husband on tiptoe entered the room

where Jerry Lynch was lying on his death-bed. His breathing was hard and loud, his face white, his eyes glazed and almost fixed. The clergyman and the doctor, with some friends, were standing at the other side of the bed.

"How are you, father?" inquired Margaret Brennan.
His eyes made a slight motion toward the quarter where the speaker stood.

"Have they hung him?—have they hung him?" was his reply.
"No, father? no? He is saved! he is here!"

"Accused be the witness! accused be the jury! accused be the judge!" he exclaimed; and his frame began to writhe, and the foam to rise from his mouth.

"Father!" cried his child.
"Well, Margaret?" he uttered suffocatingly.

"Phil Brennan is here, and alive and safe," rejoined Margaret.

"Hal hal!" cried he, with a strength of voice far beyond what he could command several days before. "Hal! hal and there is the cart, and he is in it. Stop the execution! Murder! murder! Why do they take him to the gallows! I never told them! I have no hand in hanging him! I cursed him, and I cursed you, but I recall the curse. Why do they tie him up! Murder! murder! They will not turn him off.—They will!—They do! There he is swinging!" Here the old man uttered a faint shriek. "Cut the rope! cut the rope! cut it! cut it! He is dying! dying! He is dead!"
—The last breath passed with the word!

Phil Brennan was now a man possessed of a decent independence. Every thing began to prosper with him. Loving and beloved, he was the happiest and best of husbands. He became the father, too, of a numerous progeny. But his eldest child, and not his least dear, partook not of his blood. It was no other than the orphan witness whom Phil took home with him upon the day of his trial—and from that time adopted and seated as his own.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says: "She had twelve births in her ladies' cabin." "O life of me!" exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been!"

No Lawyers are allowed to reside on the island of St. Helena; nor is a newspaper permitted to be printed there; an almanac every year being the only production of the press.

EQUAL DISTRIBUTION.—The Argarian principle is gaining ground in New York—almost every morning some family in that great city is enlarged from extraneous sources, by the addition of a little baby, whose parents being over provided, are willing to "shake their superfluous" to those whose tables have fewer children rising round them like olive branches. The editor of the Commercial Advertiser tells, in his usual pleasant way, of a present of that kind, made a few nights since to the foreman of his office.

The editor of a New Jersey paper in announcing the appointment of Amos Kendall as Post Master General, says he was pretty sure before he heard of it, that something or other had happened in that department, for he received a day or two previously "nigh on to half a bushel of papers at a lick—the arrears of all the papers for a month." Amos comes in, says he, like a northwester.

ATTEMPT TO ROB.—A gentleman riding out in a gig, near Baltimore, on Monday, with a lady, was stopped by a villain, who demanded his money. The gentleman sprang from the gig to attack the fellow, who fired at him and ran; the ball passed through his coat collar.

There once lived in Charleston a family named Frog, and the father and mother carried their infant to one of the churches to have it baptized. "What is the name of the child?" said the minister, at the same time taking up a handful of water, ready to pour upon the infant's face. "In truth," replied the father, "we have not yet made up our minds in that particular, and do not know what to call it." "Oh," says the facetious Judge Burk, who happened to be present, "sure there's his honor Judge Bull, is a very good friend of yours; suppose, Dennis, you call him after the Judge?" "With all my heart," replied the father, "be it so." And the clergyman, instantly pouring the water upon the child's face, and repeating the name, the unconscious parents found their darling baby was neither more nor less than a Bull Frog.

AN INCIDENT.—A gentleman a short time since delivering a temperance address before a crowded house, depicted in glowing colors the domestic evils resulting from the use of alcohol. He said the man might be present who had expended his patrimony at the grog-shop—had abused his children—and even, within a short period had beaten his wife.

"Tut, tut, tut," sputtered out a little man, rising hastily, and exhibiting to the amused audience a nose beautifully sprinkled with carbuncles—a roscate cheek—and an inflamed eye; "d-d-do you in-s-s-sult me in p-p-public? I can-s-s-speak in public as well as you. I didn't strike my w-w-w-ife but once last week."

He sat down. It was a powerful impetus to the eloquence of the speaker. [Zion's Her.