

# GETTYSBURG STAR,

AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.

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III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till ordered and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens call'd with care."

## When I was in my Prime.

BY CATHERINE BOWLES.

I mind me of a pleasant time—  
A season long ago—  
The pleasantest I've ever known,  
Or ever now can know;  
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills  
So merrily did chime;  
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,  
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,  
From every bounding spray—  
I've never pull'd such primroses,  
Set thick on bank and brae—  
I've never smelt such violets—  
As all that pleasant time,  
I found by every hawthorn root,  
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,  
Was gorgeous, then, and gay,  
With gorse and gowan, blossoming  
As none blooms now-a-day,  
The blackbird sings but seldom now  
Up there in the old time,  
Where hours and hours he used to sing,  
When I was in my prime.

Such uttering winds came never then,  
To pierce one through and through;  
More softly fell the silent shower,  
More balmily the dew;  
The morning mist and evening haze—  
Unlike this cold gray time—  
Seem'd woven waves of golden air,  
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now  
Were finely flavored then;  
And hazle nuts! such clusters thick,  
I never shall pull again;  
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich  
As fruits of sunniest clime!  
How all is altered for the worse,  
Since I was in my prime!

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

She laughs and runs a cherub thing,  
And proudest is the doting sire,  
To see her pluck the buds of spring,  
Or play by the winter fire.  
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,  
In many a wavy curl;  
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek  
Of the infant Yankee girl.

The years steal on, and day by day,  
Her native charms expand,  
Till her round face beams in the summer ray  
Like the rose of her own best land.

There's a music in her laughing tone,  
A darker shade on the curl,  
And beauty makes her chosen throne  
On the brow of the Yankee girl.

She is standing now a happy bride,  
At the holy altar rail,  
While the sacred blush of maiden pride  
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.

Her eyes of light is the diamond bright,  
And these are over the bridal gems,  
Of a happy Yankee girl.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the Mother's Magazine.

## Integrity of Washington.

During the administration of Washington, as President of the United States, an application was made to him by a gentleman for a lucrative and highly responsible office within his gift. The application was made with more confidence of success from the fact that this gentleman had been the companion of the General throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, during which he had received, on various occasions, indubitable marks of his kindness and partiality. He had become in the estimation, if not of himself, of his friends, in a degree necessary to the happiness of Washington, and had therefore, in their opinion, only to apply for an office to receive it. It was a boon, which while it would secure competency and ease to a friend, would bring that friend into frequent intercourse with his patron and former friend in arms.

For the same office, there was, however, a competitor; but he was decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington, and having made himself conspicuous among the opposers of his administration, no serious apprehensions were felt from this quarter. Towards such a man—a well known political enemy—Washington could surely feel under no obligations, and was not likely to prefer such a one to a personal friend and favorite. Every one acquainted with the pretensions of the applicant was at no loss to judge as to the President's decision, and the current opinion was in favor of the friend and against his competitor.

Judge, then, the general surprise when it was announced that the political opponent of Washington was appointed to the office, and the former associate of the General in the toils and the deprivations of a camp, was left destitute and neglected.

When this decision was known, a mutual friend who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the President on the injustice of the appointment.

"My friend," replied the illustrious man, "I receive with a cordial welcome—he is welcome to my heart—but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power, but as President of the United States, I can do nothing!"

Who can read this incident in the life of this distinguished man, and not admire his purity? The temptation to hazard the public good for the benefit and gratification of a friend—and such a friend—must have been powerful. Some might have persuaded themselves that the public good would not suffer—at least they would have been willing to make the experiment. But Washington appears to have proceeded in this instance, (and in what similar instance did he not?) upon just and conscientious principles. His friend, with all his estimable qualities, had no business tact. His enemy was a gentleman of strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality, which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. The decision of Washington, therefore, was just, honorable, and patriotic.

But whence this admirable, I may almost say, singular integrity? Was Washington an exception to the infirmities of our nature—Or was his piety of a higher order, and more efficient in its influence? The first is inadmissible—the latter improbable. But the true explanation of his sterling integrity is to be found, I think, in that happy and efficient maternal influence, which it is well known was exercised upon him in his earliest days. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was about ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon his mother. All accounts concur in the admission that she was an extraordinary woman; possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. These qualities she was particularly desirous to engrave upon the heart of a beloved son, and with what success the history of his life displays.

A friend of ours, lately returned from a tour of that section of country in the vicinity of Grand River, informs us that the number of Panthers in that neighborhood, at this time, is beyond precedent.

He gave us accounts of three different attacks made by these savage beasts, upon residents thereabout, which happened at the time of his excursion. The first panther attacked the man and negro, who were in the swamp cutting wood. The stationer of his cart having been broken, the man had just cut a large stick to replace it, when a panther leaped on him, fastening his teeth and claws into the back of the neck. The negro ran immediately, but hearing his master's cries, turned and attacked the beast, who turned upon him; when the late enforcer seized the stick intended to repair the cart, and at one blow killed the animal by breaking his back.

The second instance was of a more ludicrous nature. It seems a Yankee scion had transplanted himself temporarily in that vicinity, and being of the usual enterprising disposition, did not rest long before he concluded to lay the forest under contribution for deer meat. Accordingly he sallied forth one day, on his shoulder the ducking gun, with which he often had perambulated the shores of Massachusetts bay, and favored by fortune, soon laid prostrate an enormous buck, so large that one half of the animal was all that he could possibly bear home at a time. He made a second trip to bring in the rest, which he found, but in doing this was unfortunately enough to loose himself. Night coming on, he chose for a resting place a spot in the centre of an old piece of dry cane, where he kindled a fire, and carefully disposed of his deer meat. Under these circumstances, Jonathan sat crouching before the flames, his gun reclining against a fallen cypress of large dimensions close by, and his mind intent on considering as to the applicability of the timber out of which wooden ware is turned, to the construction of steamboat boilers, on the supposition that it grew to sufficient size, and in the probable event of the Russian iron mines being exhausted, when he was disturbed by an almost simultaneous crackling of a great number of cane stalks close by. "I shouldn't wonder," said the

exotic, laying off his large straw hat to listen, if that wasn't somebody on a rail road survey—beech boilers would do pre-eminently for locomotives. No helt at all to carry, and not subject in the slightest degree to rust. Hallo, stranger, you wouldn't like to trade. A sudden intrusion of a ferocious looking beast cut short the Yankee, who tried the hollow of the cypress log, and on quitting his asylum after some time, found no vestige of his deer, and his straw hat in ribbons. "Well, I do declare, nineteen feet between the extremities and a fraction over. I rather think, that there's no deer meat, that it might be as well for me to take a sapling." Which he accordingly did; and at the last accounts was on his way back to New England.

The last occurrence was on the plantation of Mr. Carr, who was sitting in his house one evening, when an unusual noise was heard in the direction of his hog sty. Divining the cause, he caught up his gun and went out to reconnoitre. On the way to the enclosure, he discovered that the gun was unloaded. Nevertheless he continued, and falling in with a large panther, struck it over his nose with so much force, that the stock of his gun separated from the barrel, and the beast ran off into the woods. Returning to his house and loading his gun, (which was not materially damaged) he again went out accompanied by his wife with a tomahawk, and a young woman with an axe. The panther had made his retreat behind a bunch of palmetto, which it was necessary to cut down before he could get an opportunity to shoot the animal. This he did; and was in the act of resuming his gun, when the beast sprang on him, overthrew him and bit him severely in the head. The panther letting go elsewhere, suddenly made an attempt to fix his teeth to Mr. Carr's throat, which he only frustrated by grasping the animal's lower jaw with his hand, which was bitten through immediately. At this crisis the panther was attacked by two new foes. Mrs. C. with her tomahawk and a small dog which had followed them from the house, whereupon he made a second retreat into the bushes, carrying the dog off with him. Mr. Carr, having been very dangerously wounded, returned home, and sent for a neighbor named Mr. Ives, whose prowess in such encounters was noted, and who dressed himself in very strong clothing as some protection, heavily armed, and accompanied by a very savage dog, repaired to the retreat of the panther, which was easily discovered, from the cries of the first dog, which was with him still. Whilst in the act of searching for the panther, he again surprised this new combatant, and without giving him time to fire, sprang on and overthrew him simultaneously, and had fastened his teeth in the back of Capt. Ives' neck, when the dog attacked him, diverted his attention until Capt. Ives drew his bowie knife, and plunging it into the heart of the panther, put an end to his exploits.

Our informant states, that he saw the hide of this savage beast, which measured nine feet from the nose to the end of the tail.

A DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.—In Holland, it seems, it is the custom for persons to advertise the births, deaths, and marriages, that occur among their friends, instead of having them inserted among the articles of news, as with us. The following is a specimen:

"Notice.—After a sickness of a few days, my beloved husband died to-day. Deeply afflicted with my sick children, I repose in the hope of his resurrection; and I beg to commend myself for the sale of coffee, tea, and such matters, to the general satisfaction."

"KATRINA VAN SCHELOFFENSCHEWISSEL."

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Anecdote of Dr. Chauncey.

Dr. Cooper, who was a man of accomplished manners, and fond of society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe study which others engaged in. This, however, did not escape the envy and malice of the world, and it was said, in a kind of petulant and absurd exaggeration, that he used to walk to the south end of a Saturday, and, if he saw a man riding into town in a black coat, would stop, and ask him to preach the next day.

Dr. Chauncey was a close student, very absent, and very irritable. On these traits in the character of the two clergymen, a servant of Dr. Chauncey laid a scheme for obtaining a particular object from his master. Scipio went into his master's study one morning to receive some directions, which the doctor having given, resumed his writing but the servant still remained. The master looking up a few minutes afterwards, and supposing he had just come in, said, "Scipio, what do you want?"

"I want a new coat, massa."

"Well, go to Mrs. Chauncey, and tell her to give you one of my old coats," and was again absorbed in his studies.

The servant remained fixed. After a while, the doctor, turning his eyes that way saw him again, as if for the first time, and said, "What do you want, Scipio?"

"I want a new coat, massa."

"Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my old coats," and fell to writing once more.

Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few moments, the doctor looked towards him, and repeated the former question.

"Scipio, what do you want?"

"I want a new coat, massa."

It now flashed over the doctor's mind, that there was something of repetition in this dialogue.

"Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs. Chauncey to give you one!" get away."

"Yes, massa, but I no want a black coat. 'Not want a black coat! why not?'"

"Why, massa—I 'fraid to tell you, but I don't want a black coat."

"What's the reason you don't want a black coat? tell me directly."

"O! massa, I don't want a black coat, but I 'fraid to tell the reason, you so passionate."

"You rascal! will you tell me the reason?"

"O! massa, I'm sure you be angry."

"If I had my cane here, you villain, I'd break your bones! will you tell me what you meant?"

"I 'fraid to tell you, massa; I know you be angry."

The doctor's impatience was now highly irritated, and Scipio, perceiving, by his glance at the tongue, that he might find a substitute for the cane, and that he was sufficiently excited, said,

"Well, massa, you make me tell, but I know you be angry—I 'fraid, massa, if I wear another black, Dr. Cooper ask me to preach for him!"

This unexpected termination realized the servant's calculation; his irritated master burst into a laugh.

"Go, you rascal, get my fat and cane, and tell Mrs. Chauncey she may give you a coat of any color; a red one if you choose."

Away went the negro to his mistress, and the doctor to tell the story to his friend, Dr. Cooper.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE.—There he sat, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, looking as sour as an unripe lemon. "Bring up them culprits!" said he, and when they were brought up, he told them their rascality was scandalous and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sit in the outer porch of darkness, and not high minded intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace," said he, "to our great nation, and I hope I shall not hear the like of it again. If I do, I'll put you on your knees as sure as you are born! I hope I shall see you alive by wild cats if I don't."

LADIES RESERVED RIGHTS.—The London Weekly Chronicle says: "In New England, as soon as a young lady is engaged to be married, she suffers her finger nails to grow long, so that, in case she should be obliged to throw herself on her reserved rights, she may come up to the scratch." Come, come, Mr. Chronicle, a deputation of damsels may take a notion to go over in the Great Western and bring you up for the scratch. You'll get your Cockney eyes clawed out if they do.

A TOUCHER.—Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the longevity of the mad turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for I once found a venerable old fellow in my meadow, who was so old he could hardly wriggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain considering all things) these words: Paradise, Year 1, Adam."

From the Bradford Argus.

## Our Country.

'Tis said America is free;  
That taught here reigns but liberty,  
Once 'twas—our ancient sires do say,  
Once 'twas—but in an earlier day;  
Once did our sires with spirits strive,  
To gain the land in which we live,  
And vowed their motto 'e'er should be,  
'To 'live and die' for Liberty.  
They fought, they bled, and burst the chain,  
Which held their noble souls in vain,  
And tyrants who in death have slept,  
Have felt how well their vow was kept,  
In every land beneath the sky.  
Our stars and stripes majestic fly,  
Proclaiming widely far and near,  
That freedom sits unrivaled here.  
But now our sires would look with shame,  
Upon their sons who freedom claim,  
And boast that Liberty is vain.  
Their sires had bled and died to gain,  
Could they now view our halls of state,  
Which once were filled with souls too great,  
To quail beneath the tyrants hand,  
Our hired assassins furious band,  
Methinks that there they would behold,  
Statesmen who sell their souls for gold,  
And quail beneath the assassin's eye,  
Who strives to mar our Liberty.  
There they'd behold the glittering knife,  
That seeks a Statesman's purchased life,  
And vile, and numerous mobs declare,  
That they will hold possession there.  
Is this the freedom which we boast,  
Proclaimed aloud on every coast?  
Methinks that they would then exclaim,  
Our precious blood was spilt in vain,  
The land which it was spilt to free,  
Has doled back to monarchy.

"MAY WE BE THERE TO SEE."—John Prince, the great Canadian Tory says that if he "ever enters Detroit again, it will be at the head of a regiment of men. Why, now, Squire, you ain't serious, tho!" It might frighten the old women and babies. You really ought to be talked to.—Buffalonian.

EPITAPH.—The most curious, and at the same time the most sensible epitaph we have ever met with is the following on a child six years old:

"Since I am so quickly done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for."

Not Slow.—As a train of cars was passing along one of the rail roads a few days since under full headway, the engineer observed an old woman running towards the train from a house he was about passing, waving her hands and exhibiting great anxiety lest the train should go by without stopping. Supposing that her errand was important, he checked the locomotive and moved slowly until the old lady—who had nearly run herself out of breath—gradually approached within hailing distance. "Well marm," cried the conductor, "what do you want?" "I want," replied the dame screeching at the top of her voice, "I want to know if you want to buy my squashes!" The way the steam was put on the locomotive for the next five miles was a caution to land turtles.

QUAKER COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—"One can hardly meet a more interesting character than a Quaker gentleman of easy fortune, who lives upon the estate of his father in the country. His house and ground are the pattern of neatness. There is a venerable and respectable air in the large shade trees, and well trodden walks that surround his antique dwelling. He rides in a square topped chaise, drawn by a sleek fat horse, which has never been abused, and looks as contented and patient, and well satisfied as his master. His salutation is cordial and independent. He has a dignity of deportment which flows from an eternal peace of mind. You may rely in perfect confidence upon what he says. You will find him well acquainted with agriculture, and with general science. He reads more than men of his rank among the world's people, and is better versed in governments. His principles are well educated by the means of keeping their eyes open; for every point of conduct is a bright lesson to them of what is right. If this character does not approach to true dignity and honor of man, I should like to know what does?"

Youth is the time to acquire knowledge, Manhood the time to use it.

It is estimated that we have no less than eight thousand seamen and \$12,000,000 worth of capital engaged in whole fishing on the coast.

Quaker's Morality.—A gentleman in the upper part of this city thought to have a little amusement at the expense of an old lady, and proposed to give her a figure silk dress, if she would hold her fingers two minutes in the mixture of salt and snow. The offer was readily accepted, and the experiment commenced. "It is cold," said the lady. "Take it out then," said the husband. "But the dress!" "Ah, you will lose it," said the lady. "I must have it," said the lady; and she persevered most heroically till ten minutes expired, when, on withdrawing her finger, it might as easily have been broken off as any finger on the hand of Lot's wife, being completely frozen; and the husband has the double amusement of paying a round bill to his doctor.—*Alb. Trans.*

ANTINOMIAN DOCTRINE.—Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite D. D. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of every place of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you sir," asked Rowland, "hold the 10 commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. "The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, 'John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall.'

## TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

From the North Star.

## "Who is the most Guilty?"

P—B— was a young man of promise; he spent his early days in the town of D—, Vt., where the writer of this sketch spent the most of his days, up to the time of entering the travelling connection. When I left our native town, about eleven years ago, he lived on the homestead farm. He had married an industrious wife, who had taken his hand, with fond hopes for future prosperity and happiness. I knew not, at that time, that he was more inclined to habits of intemperance than others of his age. This was before much had been done in our country to stay the tide of intemperance.

I heard nothing from him after this time, till something more than a year since; when I was called to attend the funeral of an infant, in the village where I now labor. The father and mother of the child were both the unhappy victims of the deadly trade of rum. And here, to my surprise, I met my old friend P. B., assisting the miserable family, on this mournful occasion. I at once perceived that a great change had come over him. His whole appearance told too plainly that he had met the destroyer. As I gazed upon him I hardly dared believe my own eyes. But I soon saw by the sunken, bloodshot eyes, squall countenance, the tremulous voice, and trembling limbs, that he had fallen a victim to the trade

of death. I was induced to make some inquiries into his condition. I ascertained, that by indulging in habits of intemperance, he had lost his property and character, and a few years before, had left D—, under very unfavorable reports, and with his unfortunate companion and children, found his way to this place. But the worst is not yet told. The natural effects which follow intemperance, were seen in all their force in his case. He was indolent, and all or nearly all of the little he earned, was paid to the seller of wine for rum.

At the time I saw him, his health was so reduced by intemperance, that he was unable to earn a cent. He provided nothing for the support of his family, and he was dependent on the labors of his wife for his daily bread. His unfortunate, but still affectionate wife, was obliged to go out washing almost every day in the week, to get bread for herself and children; yes, to obtain food for him who had been the cause of all her misery! One of the neighbors informed me, that she had to leave an infant child at home in the care of a drunken father, when she went to her daily task! She was often obliged to walk nearly half a mile at noon, to nurse her infant, and then return to her work fatigued and disconsolate!

And why this poverty? Why must an innocent woman be reduced to such wretchedness? Why must she be made the slave of a drunkard? We answer, because men, rather beings in the form of men, will take the last farthing from her, (unfaithful husband) for rum. All that she earns she loses! She is a poor, wretched, and distressed woman, for strong these men would take a bill of sale for the wife and children of their victims, did not the law prevent it, could they dispose of their rum at good profit.

This poor victim of the avarice of grog-shop proprietors, is still unable to labor, and though I have been informed he is making some efforts to reform, yet his constitution has received a shock from which it can never recover, even though he should drink no more. And my hopes that he will leave his cups are faint, when I see at almost every corner of our streets, the snarers and traps, of wretched men, who, for money, will rob in decent wives and children of their bread, and sport with their groans and tears!

During the past season, this wretched man had a shock of palsy, brought on by the use of spirits, which for a season he was unable to get out of the house of speech; and you may see, in the streets, an object of pity, and a warning monument of the awful effects of the traffic in strong drink.

We are ready to ask, again, why all this? Why must this man go down to the grave a victim of intemperance? Why must an innocent and unoffending woman have all her hopes cut off, and she doomed to servile labor to get bread for herself and worse than fatherless children? Why must she, with thousands under similar circumstances, be chained by the ties of youthful affections, and marriage vows, to a drunken husband? Why must innocent children suffer under this withering curse? We answer, because rum-selling is tolerated. And is it true, that a trade which brings with it, as a necessary result, such woes, is important for the public good? Can our liberties be preserved in no other way, only by lawfully sustaining the cause of all their sorrows? If not, I would say, "Go, liberty!" If we cannot have liberty without giving license to this wholesale robbery and murder, we had better have a despotism. For despotism with temperance is better than drunken liberty.

## Horrid Murder.

Dear Herald—I have just been thinking of the effects of that vice which you have wisely resolved to expose to the view of an intelligent community. You must be successful in your laudable attempt, for

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

Yet not with a drunkard's eye, since he has none that is capable of realizing its hideousness. Permit me to give you an instance of crime unparalleled in any country, which I have witnessed in our own otherwise happy Illinois.

Cornelius McGuire, formerly a citizen of the State of Tennessee, was raised by respectable parents, who gave him a tolerable English education. When young, he professed religion, and was respected by all who knew him. He came to this state at an early day, and married a Miss Conner, in the neighborhood of Vandalia; where he resided 15 or 18 years, and was blessed with a large family of intelligent children. From a temperate or moderate drinker he became a confirmed drunkard. His wife, seeing the danger which hung like a mountain's weight over her and her innocent and helpless children, (as he told me when it was too late,) expostulated with him with the tongue of an angel; entreating him with all the foud and persuasive arguments of which she was possessed to desist from his course of folly and dissipation. But instead of hearing her, and profiting by her council, he became enraged and stabbed her with a knife. He was then arrested and put in prison, where he lay one year. His wife recovering from her wound, which was severe but fortunately was not fatal, he was released from prison. He then